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(MF, inc, cockold, oral, lac)

Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration

By Klrxo

Charlene's voice trembled as she sat next to her sister, Claire. The tears streaming down her face were a testament to the weight of her words. "I'm such a failure as a mother," she sniffled, her shoulders shaking.

Claire's eyes widened in surprise. "You are not. Why would you even say that?"

A deep, heavy sigh escaped from Charlene's lips. "I was talking to Tiffany, my son's girlfriend yesterday... and she told me the worst thing a mother could possibly hear."

Claire leaned in closer, her expression filled with concern. "What did she tell you?"

Tears continued to flow as Charlene replied, "She told me she loves Eddie and doesn't wanna break up with him, but that he's the worst guy she's ever been with when it comes to having sex." The words felt like a physical blow, heavy and suffocating. Charlene's heart ached with disappointment and guilt as she relayed the painful confession.

Claire's gasp echoed through the room, her hand flying to cover her open mouth in shock. "Oh no," she whispered, her heart aching for her sister, Charlene.

"I should have been more careful with his sexual education," Charlene's voice was strained and filled with regret. "I should have made sure he had the skills necessary to please a woman."

Claire tried to offer words of comfort but knew there was nothing she could say to ease her sister's pain. The thought of a woman being disappointed by her son's lack of sexual prowess was unbearable. Determined not to experience that same level of shame with her own son, Eric, Claire felt a fierce determination ignite within her. She would make sure her son was fully prepared for the intimate world of women.

Weeks later, as Claire's husband, Fred, walked past his son's bedroom, his eyes caught the sight of something peculiar hanging on the doorknob. Upon closer inspection, he realized they were his wife's dainty thong panties. His curiosity piqued, he carefully removed them from the handle and made his way into the kitchen to confront his wife about their presence in their son's room. The thin white lace fabric with floral lace edging felt delicate between his fingers as he held onto them, wondering what could have led to this strange discovery.

"Honey, why were these hanging on Eric's door handle? Aren't these yours?" Fred asked.

Claire turned away from the sizzling stove, her oversized tit-melons swaying beneath the loose fabric of her nightgown. She shifted her gaze to the delicate panties in her husband's hand, then fixed him with a sharp glare of annoyance. "Yes, they are mine," she declared firmly, her voice laced with frustration.

"What are they doing on Eric's door handle?"

"That's between Eric and I, Fred. It doesn't really concern you."

Fred's heart raced as he tried to make sense of his wife's response. How could it not concern him? He was Eric's father, after all. "Claire, I think we need to talk about this. It's not something we can just brush aside," he said, his voice tinged with concern. "It's our son's behavior we're talking about."

Claire let out an exasperated sigh, placing the spatula down on the counter. She was a beautiful dark-haired 38-year-old, who had given birth weeks ago to her third child, shortly after her chat with Charlene. Her voluptuous bosom was a veritable milk-factory, nearly bursting from the confines of her silk nightgown. Her breasts swayed heavily with each movement, the weight of them blatantly evident. Her round, supple bubble butt curved out like two perfectly formed half moons, swaying seductively with each step she took on her long, toned legs. Every movement was a graceful dance, drawing attention to the curves and contours of her enticing figure. She turned to face Fred, her eyes filled with a annoyance. "Fred, I understand your concerns, but this is something Eric and I have already discussed," she explained, her tone softer now. "It's a part of growing up—a natural curiosity."

Fred furrowed his brow, struggling to comprehend what Claire was implying. "Curiosity?" he repeated skeptically. "But these are your... panties, Claire."

"Yes, they are," Claire affirmed, her voice steady. "And it's important for us to respect Eric's privacy and personal journey. He's exploring his own desires and interests, just like any teenager would."

Fred's mind began to race with conflicting emotions. He understood the concept of adolescence and curiosity, but finding his son in possession of his wife's intimate clothing was something he couldn't easily dismiss. "But, Claire, how did they even get there?" he asked, his voice trembling slightly.

"Eric puts them on his door handle when he's through with them so I can put them in the wash?"

"How's he even getting them though? Is he sneaking into our room and going through your laundry hamper?"

"No, honey, it's not like that. There's nothing secretive going on. When Eric needs a pair to use he just asks me," Clair confessed.

Fred was hit with a wave of shock and disbelief. He couldn't comprehend how his son could openly ask his mother for her underwear. "Wait, so when he asks you, you just walk into our room and get him a pair?" he questioned.

His wife let out a small laugh and playfully shook her head. "You really don't understand panty fetishes, do you?"

"Apparently not."

"When Eric asks for my panties, it's important that I give him the ones that I have on," Claire explained.

"But why?" Fred asked, genuinely baffled.

Claire gave him a knowing smirk, as if she was about to share a little secret. "Because, when they're worn, Fred, they carry my scent. It's a part of a woman that a boy craves."

Fred's mind whirled with the implications of what Claire was saying. He knew about the carnal desires of teenagers, but this was something he'd never even considered. "And you're okay with this?"

She nodded. "Yes, I'm fine with it. It's all part of him learning about his desires and exploring his sexuality. I see it as a normal part of growing up. He's just curious, Fred. He's not doing anything hurtful or dangerous."

"Yes, but it just seems so...weird and wrong."

"You'd be surprised by how common it is," said his wife with a small smile, turning back to the skillet sizzling on the stove. "In fact, most of the moms I know have some sort of panty arrangement with their sons. It can be a powerful motivator." She sprinkled in some spices and continued, "Eric and I even have an agreement that if his grades ever slip, there will be no more panties."

Fred couldn't believe what he was hearing. His wife was casually discussing their son's fascination with her underwear and even

admitting to providing them for his use. It took a moment for him to process the information, but he finally managed to stutter out, "So... you... just... give them to him whenever he asks?"

Claire nodded, a small smirk playing on her lips. "Yes, I do. It's a part of our routine now. Eric enjoys it when I slip the panties straight off my body, so he can experience them while they're still warm and fragrant. Plus, there's something about a boy watching his mother slide her delicate panties down her smooth shaven legs that heightens his senses and adds to the pleasure."

"You take your panties off right in front of him?" Fred asked in horror.

"Of course," his wife answered. "It's essential for a young man to have some visual stimulation before masturbating."

Fred stood there, utterly stunned. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, confusion, and disbelief. He couldn't believe the openness with which his wife was discussing their son's... fetish.

"But why?" he stammered. "Why are you okay with this?"

Claire's lips curved into a smile, her eyes filled with understanding. "Fred, you have to realize that Eric is still a young man, only just beginning to discover the world of women. Part of that discovery involves seeing them naked, learning their scent and taste - all vital things for someone his age to learn."

Fred, however, couldn't shake off the lingering unease. He couldn't comprehend how his wife could so easily discuss their son's fetish, let alone participate in it without any qualms. "But isn't there a point where we should draw the line? Is this really what our son needs to learn?" he protested.

"Naturally, there is a limit to everything," Claire reassured him. "As I mentioned earlier, there's an agreement with Eric. If his grades slip, then there will be no more panties for him to enjoy."

"I don't think there should be any panties, period. It's not normal."

"Fred, you're undermining his natural curiosity," Claire countered, her voice firm. "This is just a phase he's going through, and if we deny him the opportunity to explore, he might seek those experiences elsewhere."

"Elsewhere?" Fred's voice trembled with concern. "Like with another girl?"

"No, Fred," Claire shook her head, her eyes softening. "I mean, the internet, or magazines, or who knows where else. This way, I can ensure he's being educated about the right things, in a controlled environment."

The thought of his son exploring the world of adult content on his own made Fred's blood run cold. He could almost feel his heart stop for a moment, but he quickly gathered himself. "Alright, maybe you're right," he conceded, his voice barely above a whisper. "But I don't like it."

"You need to stop being so selfish and trust that I know what's best for our son," Claire retorted, her tone sharper than before. "Fred, I've been taking care of Eric ever since he was born. I've dealt with toddler tantrums, teenage hormones, and everything in between. I know what I'm doing, and I know this is the best way to handle Eric's... situation."

The sound of a crying baby drifted from the nursery. "Can you wrap up here, honey? I have to go upstairs and attend to the little one," Claire said.

The smell of breakfast wafted into Eric's room, rousing him from his sleep. He padded down the hallway and saw his mother in the nursery, sitting in the rocking chair while feeding the baby. "Hey, mom," he whispered, not wanting to disturb the child.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Claire said, giving him a soft smile.

Eric's gaze traveled up her curvaceous figure, starting at her perfectly painted toenails and ending at the huge, naked tit-melon that was covering his younger sister as she nursed. He could feel arousal stirring within him even though he had only been looking at her for a few moments.

A mischievous grin spread across Claire's face as she observed him fidgeting uncomfortably. Her eyes darted down to his crotch, fixated on the growing tent forming beneath the fabric of his boxer-briefs. She couldn't help but feel a sense of power and satisfaction at the sight, like a teasing cat playing with its prey.

"Are you okay, little muffin?" his mother asked, a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

"Yeah, just a bit... you know..." Eric stuttered, trying to hide the bulge growing in his shorts.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Claire reassured him. "That's only natural. It's good for you to be aware of your desires. It's part of growing up."

Eric's face flushed with surprise and embarrassment as his mother continued, "There's no shame in understanding your body and what it craves."

Claire took note of his reaction as she uncrossed her smooth, shaven legs. She exfoliated daily and used coconut oil to give them a silky soft sheen. The mother parted her thighs, giving him a glimpse of the crotch of her beige panties peeking out from under her nightgown.

Eric gulped, staring in fascination at the crotch of her most delicate attire. The beige fabric was sheer mesh and appeared to be damp in the crotch, clinging to her labia. He could see the puffy outline of her womanhood beneath the thin barrier, the dampness betraying its existence. His heart raced as he became entranced by the sight before him.

"There you go, sweetheart," she said, knowing she had just given him a tiny glimpse of heaven while patting the sleeping baby on her back. "Now go on and get dressed so you can eat breakfast."

Eric nodded, his gaze still locked onto her crotch. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the damp fabric that encased her sex, as if it were a forbidden fruit. A sudden rush of desire coursed through him, his body yearning for more.

Claire, however, noticed her son's fixation on her crotch. She smiled knowingly, basking in the forbidden, erotic display. This was her moment to take control.

"You know, Eric," she began in a sultry voice. "I don't think I've given you my panties when they're wet before."

"Wet?"

Eric asked, astonishment coloring his voice.

"That's right, honey," Claire continued, a wicked smile spreading across her face. "You see, when moms wear panties, they sometimes get wet from... well, from us."

Eric's face flushed bright red as his imagination ran wild with possibilities. He could already feel the blood rushing to his face.

"If you're interested," his mother continued, "I can give you a special pair of panties after I've made them wet," she offered. "You'd have to do a little something for me in return though."

"A little something?" Eric asked, his voice barely audible. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Claire's smile widened, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Yes, see, some of the moms have been raving about the health benefits of sperm. Not just any sperm...young, virile sperm like yours."

"Oh, they have?"

"Uh-huh. How would you feel about making a trade, a few times a week. My wet panties for your... 'product'?" She batted her eyelashes and bit her bottom lip, playfully exaggerating her sultry moment.

Hearing this, Eric's eyes lit up with excitement as he exclaimed, "I would definitely be on board with that!"

Claire couldn't help but chuckle at her son's enthusiasm. "Good. As soon as you get home from school I'll soak my panties for you. You better get going though or you'll be late."

"Bye, mom," Eric said, smiling widely as he turned to leave.

Once Eric had left the room, Claire let out a sigh of relief. She wondered for a moment how she could have Eric capture his ejaculations for her. Blowing his wad into a condom made the most sense, but she didn't want to deprive Eric from feeling the exquisite friction on his naked glans while he beat off. She decided to get advice from the other moms who'd been doing it for awhile.

"How are you guys getting the sperm from your son's penis into to the mixing cup?" she asked her friends over coffee later that morning.

Her busty, dirty-blond friend, Emily, was the first to answer. "I usually have him ejaculate directly into the mixing cup. Young semen has such a rich taste when it's freshly pumped from the balls," she shared.

"For a young man, sometimes it can be awkward and ruin the experience to ejaculate into a cup. However, there is a special sex toy available that works perfectly for this purpose," Claire's redheaded friend, Pam, shared.

"A sex toy? What kind of sex toy?" Claire asked, intrigued.

"It's called the Sperm Collector," Pam explained. "It's designed to be worn like a condom and actually pumps the penis to ejaculation. The wide rim catches all the semen while allowing the penis to move freely for a more pleasurable experience."

"That sounds perfect," Claire said, her mind already racing with ideas. "Does it stimulate the glans? Are you sure it won't diminish his pleasure at all?"

"Not at all," Rachael chimed in. "In fact, Tim says he loves using it when he masturbates. He says it feels like he's cumming inside a warm, wet pussy."

"Especially when it's used with heated lubricant," Pam added. "It feels magical on a boy's penile flesh and really stimulates the nerve endings."

Claire's eyes widened in delight. "I've gotta get one of those for Eric. To think, all these years I've been making him clean up after every spill, and here he could have been enjoying the process mess free."

"And he can still enjoy the sensation of your silk panties around the flesh of his cock. He just won't be cumming into them like he's done before," said Rachael, a knowing smile on her face. "It's a win-win for everyone."

"You'll definitely notice a difference in the way you feel after you start adding his semen to your protein shakes every morning," Pam added, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "You'll have more energy, clearer skin, and an overall sense of vitality."

"And it tastes amazing too," said Emily, licking her lips at just the thought of her son's flavorful semen.

"It sure does," Rachael agreed. "I can't stand the taste of my husband's sperm, but Sean's young semen is like nectar. Sweet and tangy, with a hint of salt. I think I'm actually becoming addicted to it."

"You're making me hungry just thinking about it," Claire joked, laughing along with her friends.

"Well, you'll have a constant supply now," Pam said, winking at her.

"So true," Emily added. "There are certain things in life you can count on, and teenage sons masturbating is one of them."

The moms all burst into laughter, their conversation filled with a mix of naughtiness and excitement.

"Speaking of masturbation," said Claire, "I'm wondering just how wet to make my panties for Eric. I don't wanna shock him, but I do wanna make sure they're plenty moist and fragrant when I give them to him."

"That's a great question," Pam replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "At first, the key is to get your panties wet, but not too wet. You want them to be saturated with arousal, but not so much that they're dripping. It's all about the anticipation, my dear. The thought of your son knowing that his mother was just wearing those panties, and that they're imbued with your feminine essence, will be enough to make him absolutely wild with desire."

"True," Emily agreed. "Once Tim started getting used to seeing my panties damp, that's when I started squirting while wearing them during masturbation and really saturated them. He'd spend hours using them, jacking off."

"So, I need to build up to it if I want to start soaking my panties for Eric?" Claire asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes," Rachael said, nodding her head. "Start with just a little bit of dampness, and work your way up. You don't want to overwhelm him with your womanly fluids. Think of it like a slow-burning seduction."

"Okay," Claire said, nodding in agreement. "So, what's the best way to make them moist and fragrant, then?"

Pam was quick to share an idea. "One way is to wear them while you're aroused. Maybe when you're watching TV, cooking, or even just relaxing. Just make sure to adjust your sitting position so your pussy is pressed nice and snug against the fabric of the panties. The heat and moisture from your vulva will work their magic."

Emily chimed in. "When you wanna soak your panties with cum, just incorporate them into your masturbation routine like I do. Rub your clit while wearing them, let yourself get really turned on, and then finish yourself off. That way, your juices will seep right into the gusset of the fabric," she suggested.

"And I don't know about you guys," Rachael added, "but I always let my son remove my panties. Why not let him experience the thrill of peeling a girl's panties off her aroused pussy, rather than just handing them to him.

"God, that's so true," Pam nodded. "It makes the experience so much more intimate and exciting. He'll feel like he's earned them."

"So, to sum it all up, I should start with a little dampness and build up, incorporate my panties into my self-pleasure routine, and let Eric remove them from me?" Claire asked, her mind buzzing with excitement.

"Bingo!" Rachael exclaimed. "Just remember, this whole process is about pleasure, enjoyment, and building their confidence. Don't forget to have fun with it. After all, isn't that what being a mom is all about?"

"That sounds like a plan," Claire said, smiling at her friends. "I can't wait to get started."

And so, armed with newfound knowledge and excitement, Claire began her journey into the world of mommy-son sperm trading.

Later that day, just before Eric was due home from school, Claire reached down beneath her skirt and began to gently rub her clit through her panties. She knew this was exactly what she needed to do to wet her panties just enough for Eric. She could already feel the warmth building between her legs as her vaginal muscles began to tighten and loosen.

Claire slipped her fingers under the waistband of her panties and adjusted them, pressing her slick pussy against the fabric. She moaned softly as the pressure against her swollen clit now felt even more intense. The material of her panties felt wet beneath her fingertips as she continued to rub herself.

Her mind wandered to thoughts of Eric, imagining him spawled on his bed, beating his teenage boner while holding her panties to his nose.

As she neared her climax, Claire knew she had to be careful. She didn't want to soak her panties too much, but still needed to leave a noticeable wet spot for Eric to find.

With a final, shaking breath, Claire finger-fucked herself through her panties, causing her juices to leak out and saturate the material. The hot fluid originated from secretory glands located near her urethra, known as the Skene's glands. The sensation was intense, and she could feel the moisture between her cuntal flanges.

Claire knew she had achieved what she set out to do. She quickly stood up and adjusted her skirt, feeling the slick, wet sensation between her legs.

As she waited for Eric to come home, she couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation. She knew that her plan had worked, and that her son would soon be coming home to a treat that she had so carefully prepared.

When Eric finally arrived home, Claire greeted him with a warm smile and some casual conversation. As they sat in the living room, Claire could tell that Eric's eyes were drawn to her body. First her huge tits, which she knew was his favorite part of her. She wore a button up rib-knit tee with her skirt, leaving several buttons undone to allow him to admire her tremendous tit-cleavage. Eric's eyes then moved to her hips with peculiar interest. She knew that he could smell the aroma of her wet panties, and it was driving him wild with curiosity.

"I bought you something today, but it won't be here until tomorrow," said Claire. She had paid the extra for rushed delivery for his Sperm Collector and couldn't wait for Eric to try it out.

Eric's eyes widened, and his smile grew wider. "Really? What is it?" he asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"Well," Claire began, her eyes twinkling with amusement, "it's a new dick sleeve. It's like a Fleshlight, but specifically designed just for teenage boys like you. It's called the 'Sperm Collector,' and it's meant to help you collect and store your precious seed like a pro."

"No way!" Eric exclaimed, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "Is it like a sex toy? Can I use it to jerk off?" he asked, his voice high-pitched with anticipation.

Claire could tell that Eric was becoming even more anxious, so she decided to play along. "Yes, I suppose it is a sex toy. You can use it to collect your sperm and even jerk off into it. It's made from a special material that helps to preserve the freshness and potency of your semen, so we can pour it right into my protein shakes."

"But," she added, "I must warn you, it's not your average jerk-off toy. It's designed to be a bit more challenging, to make you work harder for your reward. There are several levels of resistance that you'll have to overcome to collect your load."

Eric's eyes widened. "Really? Do you think I can handle it?" he asked, his voice cracking.

"Of course you can," Claire replied reassuringly. "It's designed for teenage boys like you. You're strong and full of energy. But remember, it's not a race. Take your time and enjoy the sensation when you're using it."

Eric couldn't believe his luck. He had always been curious about girls' panties, but he never thought he would get a mom who would share

hers with him. He couldn't wait to try out the Sperm Collector and see what all the fuss was about.

His mom continued speaking. "For today though you can just cum into my wet panties like you normally do. I'll scrape your fresh load of semen into my mixing cup the best I can."

"Wet panties?" Eric asked, his voice high-pitched with anticipation.

"Yes, sweetie," Claire replied with a smile. "I was rubbing my clit earlier to make sure my panties are extra moist and fragrant for you."

"Can I have them?" Eric asked, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Of course, you can have them," Claire responded, her voice dripping with seduction, "but you have to take them off me first."

Claire sat on the edge of the sofa, her mostly bare legs stretched out in front of her. Her skin glimmered with a soft sheen, almost like satin. Her feet were arched, toes gripping the floor, highlighting the toned muscles in her legs. She could sense her son's anxiety. "Don't be afraid, sweetheart. Have you ever taken a girl's panties off before?"

He shook his head.

"Then let me show you how," Claire said, smiling. "Just slide your hands up under the hem of my skirt, and feel for the waistband of my panties."

Eric knelt in front of her, took a deep breath and did as he was told. He had never been between his mom's parted legs before and it was quite a rush. His hands trembled slightly as he slowly inched them up, until he felt the elastic band of her panties.

"You've got them, son," Claire said softly. "Now, just hook your fingers over the band and pull them down slowly, feeling the dampness and the scent of my arousal. And remember, take your time, we're in no hurry."

Eric bit his lip and took a deep breath, concentrating on the feel of his mother's skin under his fingertips. He slowly began to pull the panties down, his eyes narrowing with anticipation as the fabric stretched taut over her mound, exposing a hint of her damp flesh.

He felt the moisture between her legs as the panties grew wetter, and the damp fabric clung to his fingertips. Claire moaned softly as Eric pulled the panties further down her thighs, feeling the pleasure build in her body as he revealed more of her private parts to him.

"That's it," she murmured. "Just a little more. You're doing great."

Finally, the panties were at her ankles, and Eric hesitated, his eyes wide with awe at the sight before him. Claire looked down at him, her eyes full of need and desire.

"Finish the job, sweetheart," she said softly. "Pull them off me and take a good look at what you've done."

Eric took a deep breath and finished pulling the panties off Claire's feet. He gazed at her wet, shaved pussy, flushed and glistening with arousal. He could barely believe his eyes, feeling a surge of lust and hunger coursing through his veins. Then, he looked at her dainty panties, the damp fabric making his eyes fill with wonder.

"Go ahead," Claire whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Take a sniff. You've earned it."

Eric hesitated for a moment, then brought the panties to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent hit him like a freight train, filling his nostrils with the heady aroma of his mother's arousal.

"Oh my god," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "They smell so strong."

He breathed in deeply once more, savoring the scent, but then he wondered about the taste. He brought the damp fabric to his lips and took a tentative lick. The flavor was unmistakable, rich and sweet, like nothing he had ever tasted before.

"Do you like it?" Claire asked, her voice soft and seductive.

Eric nodded, his eyes wide and dazed. "It's amazing," he whispered, still unable to believe the situation he found himself in. "I love the taste."

"I can see that," Claire said, her voice low and sultry. Her eyes darted down to his crotch, lingering on the thick slab of his bulging boy-meat. "You're fully hard, aren't you?"

Eric blushed and nodded, feeling the bulge in his pants flex with hardness.

"Well then," Claire said, standing up and giving him a sultry look. "Why don't you rush to your room and take care of that. You're gonna really enjoy those panties. I think it'll bring your masturbation to a whole new level of excitement."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He jumped up from the floor and dashed to his room, his mind racing with thoughts of his mother's wet panties and the taste of her arousal.

As he closed the door and locked it, he fumbled with his pants, desperate to release his erection. He yanked his pants down and pulled out his boner, which was throbbing with need. He looked down at it, marveling at how hard it was, how much he wanted it to be inside his mother.

He grabbed his mom's panties from the nightstand and took a deep breath, inhaling the scent once more. It was overwhelming, intoxicating, and made him harder than ever. He then took a small taste, savoring the sweet, musky flavor.

He lay down on his bed and spread the panties over his erection, feeling the damp fabric against his skin. The silky fabric was warm and soft, and he could feel the moisture spreading over his cock. He closed his eyes and imagined his mom's body pressed against his, feeling the heat and wetness of her pussy against his penis.

He began to rub the panties against his cock, feeling the friction and the sensation of the damp fabric against his skin. He moaned softly, letting out a stream of small, high-pitched noises, and gripped the panties tightly, rubbing his cock more vigorously.

He couldn't believe how good it felt, like nothing he had ever experienced before. He was imagining his mom's face, her eyes gazing down at him as he pleasured himself, and he was so turned on that he knew he wouldn't last long.

He started to thrust harder, pushing the panties against his cock, feeling the dampness spread over his penis, and he moaned louder, his body tensing with each thrust.

He felt the familiar sensation building in his groin, the heat and pressure growing stronger with each passing second. He knew it was time, and he clenched his fists, bracing himself for the explosion.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Eric cried out, his voice high with excitement as he came. His body shook with each spurt, and he could feel the warm, sticky liquid coating the crotch of the panties.

He lay there, panting heavily, his heart beating wildly in his chest. He couldn't believe how good it felt, and he knew that he would never be able to go back to the way things were before he started using his mom's panties.

"What are you making?" Claire's husband asked when he arrived home later.

"A protein shake," his wife replied, scraping Eric's gooey semen off the gusset of her panties.

"Are those your panties?" Fred asked in shock.

"Yes, Eric was using them earlier. I'm just cleaning out all his semen before I throw them in the wash," she answered. Claire inhaled

deeply, Savoring the intoxicating scent. It was a heady mix of musk and desire, lingering in the air like a promise of pleasures to come. It was a powerful reminder of the raw, primal energy that had just been released in her son's bedroom, and Claire relished in it, savoring every last drop of its essence.

Her husband interjected, "Wait a minute, why are you adding his sperm to your shake?"

"A lot of moms are doing it now. It's all the rage," Claire replied, mixing the concoction in her blender. "Apparently, it's high in protein and other nutrients, and it's a natural way to enhance your health and sexual vitality."

Fred stared at her in disbelief, his eyes widening as he took in the implications of what she was saying. "You're telling me you're drinking your son's semen?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I explained it to you yesterday. I trade my panties for what he fills them with. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement - I assist him, and he assists me."

Claire leaned back and took a sip of her shake. The taste was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. It was sweet and tangy, with a hint of saltiness that lingered on her tongue. She could taste her son's essence in every sip.

"Claire, that's disgusting!" her husband scowled, watching her lick the scrumptious cream from her lips.

"It's not disgusting. It's natural, and good for my body," she replied, her voice calm and confident. "It's a modern form of nourishment, Fred. You should be happy that I'm getting myself back in shape after having the baby."

"But this is wrong," Fred insisted. "You can't be drinking that stuff."

"Oh, don't be so prudish, Fred. It's just semen. It's a natural part of life and sexuality."

"But it's from your son!" he exclaimed, disgust clear in his voice. "You never asked me for MY semen."

"Not to sound cruel, but you have middle-aged man semen and it tastes disgusting. Eric's cum is fresh, delicious, and full of vitality. I'm sure your crusty old cum would taste like spoiled milk by comparison."

"Gee, thanks."

"I'm not being mean, honey, I'm just stating the facts. Besides, it's my choice to make. I'm a grown woman, and I can drink whatever I want. If you want to continue being upset about it, then that's your problem, not mine."

Fred sighed heavily, defeated. He knew that arguing wouldn't do any good. He just had to hope that Claire would eventually tire of this crazy new lifestyle they seemed to be living.

Claire finished gulping down her shake and gave him a satisfied smile. "So, what do you want for dinner tonight?"

"Whatever you want," Fred sighed, resigning himself to the fact that he would never understand his wife's new obsession.

The next day, when her son returned home from school, Claire excitedly burst into his room with a small box in hand. Her six inch stiletto slip-on mules clicked delicately against Eric's floor as she sashayed towards him, hips swaying and tits jostling beneath her blouse. "I have something for you!" she announced, beaming with anticipation.

"It must be the Semen Collector," said Eric as he tore open the package. Sure enough, inside the box was the latest model of the Semen Collector, a device designed to capture and store his semen.

"How does it work?" Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Oh, it's quite simple. You attach it to your penis, much like a Fleshlight, but it has a pump on the inside that does all the stroking for you. It's suppose to feel just like a real pussy, you can even adjust the internal sleeve for greater friction. The best part for me is it collects your semen into a receptacle that detaches, so I can dump it directly into my shakes" Claire explained with a sly smile.

"Can I try it now?"

Claire giggled at how eager he was. "Well, I know you're probably want panties to your nose while you do this. Want me to get mine a little wet before you take them off me?"

"Sure!" the boy grinned. "I'll never pass up an offer like that."

"Bring your new toy and come down to my bedroom," she instructed. "I'll get my panties wet then help you practice using it for the first time."

Eric eagerly followed his mom, feeling the excitement build within him. He couldn't wait to try out his new toy and feel the sensation of a realistic pussy. As she walked ahead, he couldn't help but stare at the curve of her hips, highlighted by the tight denim skirt. Her movements were a sensual dance, her buttocks swaying with every step, and he couldn't wait to get to the bedroom and explore all that awaited him with his new toy.

"Sit down on the edge of the bed, honey," Claire instructed, her voice sultry as she moved to her bedside table.

Eric's eyes were glued to her every move as she reached into her drawer and retrieved a vibrating wand sex toy. He watched in awe as she sauntered towards him, her ample bosom trembling with each

step. As she settled onto the mattress next to her son, her voluptuous hips shifted sensually, drawing his gaze even further.

"What's that for?" Eric asked, staring at the wand.

Claire grinned with mischief, her feet slipping out of her heels. "This will help get my pussy wet for my panty-sniffing sweetheart," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction.

With a practiced grace, she swung one leg onto the bed, her foot confidently planted on the mattress behind him. Her body turned towards his, and as a result, her thighs splayed open, offering Eric a tantalizing view of the lace-edged fabric covering her most intimate area.

The panties were a deep shade of burgundy, perfectly framing Claire's womanhood as they stretched across her pubis. The lace trim added a delicate and alluring touch to the fabric, teasing at what lay beneath.

"I like those," Eric said, his eyes locked on the panties.

Claire giggled, "I knew you would. I bought them specifically for you. Now, let's get them nice and wet and fragrant."

She clicked on the wand and the vibrations hummed through the air as it came to life. Claire guided the wand over her panty-covered mons, sending a shiver of pleasure through her body.

Eric watched in fascination, his eyes glued to the panties as they absorbed the erotic vibrations. He could feel himself growing hard, his cock straining against his jeans.

Claire's hand moved with fluid and practiced motions, guiding the vibrating wand over the smooth fabric of her panties. Her body trembled and her lips parted slightly as she felt the pulsing vibrations intensify. Eric's eyes were wide with fascination, his attention solely focused on the enticing sight before him.

The vibrations grew stronger, and Claire's breathing became heavier, her body twitching involuntarily with each pass of the wand. Eric could feel his own breathing growing labored as well, his heart pounding in his chest.

As the vibrations continued to intensify, Claire let out a soft moan, her body arching slightly, her stiff-nippled tits heaving as she felt the pleasure building within her. Her eyes were closed, lost in the sensation, when she suddenly stilled, her body trembling as she climaxed.

Eric watched in awe, his cock throbbing in his jeans. Seeing his mom orgasm for the first time was quite the thrilling experience. Her mouth made noises he'd never heard her make before and the look of pleasure on her face was absolutely fascinating.

As Claire caught her breath and clicked off her toy, she opened her eyes and grinned at her son. "Have I got a treat for you!" she said, her voice full of mischief.

"I can't wait," Eric replied, his excitement growing palpable as he stared down at her crotch.

"Yesterday you had a pretty easy time removing my panties," said Claire, sprawling back on her bed. "Today we'll make it a bit more challenging."

"How so?"

"You'll likely be removing a girl's panties during the heat of passion, so I want you lay down here between my legs on top of me and take them off while I'm clinging to you and kissing on you."

"Really?! You'll let me do that?" Eric asked, like his ears had deceived him.

"It's important that we practice this now, honey, so when you get into a situation like this with a girl at college you're not feeling awkward."

Eric eagerly obliged, laying down between his mother's legs. The feel of her warm skin under his touch sent shivers down his spine. He could smell the musky scent of her arousal and hear the soft sounds of her breath as she moaned and whispered sweet nothings in his ear. Claire resisted the urge to toss her silky limbs around his well-toned body and squeeze him tightly.

As he fumbled with the lace of her panties, she was clutching him, twisting her fingers in his hair, and kissing his neck passionately.

"That's it, take them off me, honey" she murmured, her voice thick with lust.

His hands trembled with a combination of eager anticipation and nervous excitement, as if he held the delicate wings of a butterfly in his grasp. The smooth fabric of her panties slid down her hips and legs like liquid, revealing her soft and supple skin underneath. Their proximity and intimacy sent a surge of electricity through his body, making his hands shake even more as he completed the task of removing her underwear.

As he rose victorious, Eric found himself kneeling between the expanse of his mom's thighs, his prize clutched tightly in his hand. The heat radiating from her bare skin gave him chills, and he couldn't help but stare at the glistening folds of her femininity.

With her knees drawn back and her alluring feet suspended in the air, Claire's smile was a mix of amusement and desire as she watched her son take in the sight before him - her naked, exposed pussy begging to be explored.

"Smell them, sweetheart," she encouraged. "Smell what I made just for you."

Eric brought the panties to his nose and inhaled deeply, savoring the intoxicating scent of his mother's arousal. It was a heady mix of her musk and the scent of her creamy juices that had seeped into the fabric during her passionate climax.

He brought the damp lace to his lips, savoring the taste of her on his tongue. The salty-sweet flavor sent a jolt of desire through him, and he could feel his own cock throbbing with need.

"That's it," Claire purred, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste the pussy, honey. You don't have to be embarrassed in front of me."

Eric, feeling a strange sense of pride and arousal, nuzzled his face into the damp fabric, the scent and taste of his mother's arousal filling his senses. He could feel his own cock throbbing with need as he savored the taste of her on his tongue.

Claire's eyes darted down to his cock-bulge, then back up to his face. "Isn't it wonderful?" she asked, her voice thick with desire.

"Uh-huh."

"Doesn't it make you wanna fuck a girl, honey?" she whispered. "To slide your erect cock inside her wet pussy and feel the warm, slick walls of her vagina pulsating around your tender shaft?"

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "Yes, Mom," he replied, his voice shaky with desire. "It definitely makes me think about that."

Claire sat up slightly and patted the mattress beside her. "Lay down here on your back, and bring the panties and your new Semen Collector with you."

Eric eagerly obliged, sprawling out beside his mother. "Good, now get your clothes off while I get your new toy ready for you to use," Claire urged.

Eric quickly removed his clothes, and heard the familiar buzzing sound as his mom turned on her vibrator. He watched in shock as she laid down next to him on the bed and started stimulating her naked pussy with it. He was puzzled because she had just mentioned preparing his toy, but unknown to him, she had a valid reason for starting with this activity first.

He felt as though he had a front row seat to a forbidden show, sitting next to his voluptuous mother as she pleased herself. His eyes were glued to her supple figure, taking in every movement of her limber body and the way her jutting breasts rose and fell with each heavy breath. Unconsciously, his hand reached down and squeezed his aching boner, unable to tear his gaze away from the alluring sight before him.

Claire caught her son squeezing his cock through the corner of her eye and grinned lasciviously. "It's OK, honey, you can pull on it. Pleasure your cock, there's no shame here. I'll explain why I'm doing this once I finish."

Eric hesitated for a moment before obediently taking his hand and wrapping it around his cock. He started to mimic the rhythm of the vibrator, pumping it slowly up and down, watching as his mom's pleasure increased.

Claire's eyes widened as she noticed her son matching her masturbating tempo. "Oh, honey, we're going at the same pace as if we're fucking each other," she moaned, her voice thick with desire.

This was music to Eric's ears. "That's cool, right?" he gasped, yanking his boner with full length strokes.

"Of course it's cool. It means we enjoy the same sexual rhythm."

"This isn't wrong for us to do though, is it?" the boy asked, feeling a tad ashamed.

"We're not doing anything wrong. We're just enjoying our bodies together and discovering new things about each other," Claire answered.

Lying beside one another, their bodies shone with sweat in the muted glow of the room. With an intense hunger driving them, they each pleased themselves with fervor, their eyes fixated on the other's nakedness. A wild mix of lust and malice raced through their hearts

as they strove to outdo each other. The scent of sex and desire hung heavily in the air as they moved with increasing frenzy, determined to reach new levels of ecstasy.

"I love how you stroke the shaft of your dick, honey, " Claire cooed, her eyes fixed to her boy's prick. "Make sure you sweep your hand completely over your crown with every stroke. The glans are the most sensitive part of your boner and you wanna make sure you squeeze on its entire length just like a pussy would if you were fucking a girl."

"Like this?" Eric asked, taking full-length strokes of his teenage cock.

"That's perfect," Claire grinned, watching her boy enjoy the flesh of his penis. By her estimation, Eric's boner must have been well over nine inches in length, the thick stalk bursting with blood-rich veins. Finally, just before climaxing, Claire lifted the wand and gasped breathlessly. "I think that should do it?"

Eric's heart pounded in his chest as he clutched his cock, trying to control his breathing. "What should?" he choked out, his eyes wide with anticipation.

"The reason I wanted to rub myself first is so we could coat your cock with natural lubricant," Claire explained. "That'll make your Semen Collector feel even more like a real pussy."

Eric stared at his mom in disbelief, his erection throbbing harder with each word she spoke. "So you just... used yourself to get me ready?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, then reached down between her legs to gather her juices on her hand. "See?"

She reached over and rubbed her wet fingers around the head of his cock, spreading her juices over the sensitive bulb, delighted in how hot and engorged it felt beneath her fingers. Eric moaned softly, his eyes locked onto her hand as she coated him with female secretions.

"It makes me so happy to know that my hot, slippery juices will help you enjoy this even more," Claire said, releasing his cock and taking the Semen Collector from his lap.

She carefully positioned the toy over his erection, sliding it down the length of his cock and adjusting it to fit snugly against his cock-root. Eric watched in awe as his mom expertly secured the device, and since it was made of clear material they could see his boner through it, making it seem almost like a second skin.

"Are you ready, son?" she asked, her voice a mix of excitement and motherly concern.

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "I think so."

Claire leaned forward and kissed him softly on the lips, brushing her fat tits against his chest. "This is gonna feel incredible," she whispered. "Just remember to breathe and let go of any inhibitions you may have."

"Got it, Mom," Eric replied, his voice shaking with anticipation.

She clicked on the Semen Collector and it buzzed to life, pumping around the erectile flesh of her son's cock.

Eric felt an electrical surge run down his spine as the device began to work its magic on his erection. It was as if his boner had come alive, pulsating and swelling with every pass of the vibrator. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and he could tell that the toy was providing a much more authentic pussy-like experience than anything he had ever used.

"Oh, you're liking that, aren't you, sweetheart?" Claire cooed, hovering beside him.

"It feels amazing, mom," Eric moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his cock throbbed with pleasure. He couldn't believe that the wonderful slipperiness of his prick was from his own mom's fuck-oil.

"I knew it would," Claire mused, her cunt dripping as she watched the meat of her son's erection slip through the clear chamber.

Eric's pink cock-flesh, pressed against the spongy walls, mingled with her slick fluids and his pre-ejaculate and put on a graphic display within the transparent cylinder, mesmerizing the mother. "Now, just imagine that's it's pussy wrapped around it, tight and wet."

Eric's mind raced as he tried to imagine his mom's pussy around his cock. The thought of it made him harder than ever, his precum leaking out of his cockhead, mixing with his mom's secretions.

Claire watched in awe as her son's cock swelled and pulsated, entirely under the control of the Semen Collector. She couldn't help but reach down and touch herself, feeling the wetness that still clung to her fingers.

"You see, honey?" Claire whispered. "That's just a sample of what you'll feel when a girl is sucking and fucking your cock."

"I love it!" he gasped.

Claire leaned down, getting a closer look at her son's boner as it dug rhythmically through the tube of the new toy. It was like a majestic sword, gliding through a velvet sheath, pulsating with a strength and vigor that could only be matched by the force of a raging river.

"Your cock is so hard," the mother whispered, watching the muscle and tendons strain at its root. "Just imagine how good it'll feel when it's wrapped in the pink flesh of a wet pussy."

Eric felt his cock twitch at his mom's touch, his mind racing with thoughts of her and the Semen Collector. He could feel the vibrations pulsing through his member, making it feel as though it were being stroked by a real pussy, and he knew that he was on the verge of losing control.

Claire wanted to increase the stimulation on his young body, to begin testing his staying power, so she leaned down across him, pressing

her heavy tits against his lean chest. They felt exquisite to the teen, even through her tight blouse, blanketing him with fluffy softness. Her breath was warm on his ear. "Let go, baby," she whispered. "Let the Semen Collector guide you, and let your cock do the rest."

Eric's body shook as he felt the combined sensations that were coursing through him. The Semen Collector's vibrations, the feel of his mother's plush body against him, her sweet smelling perfume lingering in the air, it was all so overwhelming.

Claire continued to whisper dirty things in his ear to increase his excitement level. "Just imagine that you're fucking the most beautiful woman in the world," she purred, "with her tight, wet pussy clenching onto your cock as you thrust deep inside her."

Eric's mind was swirling with lust, and he could feel his body responding to his mom's words. He bucked his hips, driving the his flexing prick through the clear chamber, wanting to feel the satisfying friction of a wet pussy.

"That's it, baby, push harder," Claire moaned, her voice thick with desire. "Fuck her deeper and faster!"

Eric's body was aflame with desire as he thrust deeper and faster into the Semen Collector, his mind consumed with the vision of his mother's pussy clinging to him. Claire's words were like fuel to his fire, and he could feel the build-up of tension in his loins. "Yes, that's it, honey," Claire cooed, her voice feather-light. "You're doing it just the way girls like it."

As Eric's pace quickened, so did his breathing. The pleasure was building, reaching a crescendo as Claire continued to whisper dirty encouragement. Subconsciously, he began to grind his hips against the striking device seeking to maximize the sensations he was experiencing.

"Just let go, my darling," Claire whispered in his ear. "Let your cock take you where it wants to go."

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as he felt his orgasm building like a tidal wave, crashing against the shores of his pleasure. With each thrust, the vibrations of the Sperm Collector became more intense, sending shockwaves through his cock, making every nerve ending scream in ecstasy.

Claire, sensing his impending release, reached down and began to stroke her son's cock through the Semen Collector, matching the rhythm of his thrusts. "That's it, honey," she cooed, her voice a mix of motherly concern and lustful fulfillment. "Let it all go."

Eric couldn't hold back any longer. His body arched and his heart pounded as he let out a loud groan, his orgasm hitting him like a freight train. Spurt after spurt of thick, hot cum began to flow into the Semen Collector, accumulating in a creamy pool back in the receptacle chamber.

"That's my boy...let it wash over you," the mother mewled, making sure every ounce of his ejaculation was milked from his quivering organ.

"How's your son liking his new toy?" Pam asked Claire as they lay out at the beach with Rachael in skimpy bikinis, sunning their voluptuous bodies.

"He's loving it," Claire replied with a smirk. "He ejaculated four times yesterday using it."

"That's about how many times Darren is using his," Rachael chimed in. "Do you notice how much sweeter the boys cum tastes when they have a powerful ejaculation?"

Pam turned to look at Rachael, a sly grin on her face. "I definitely do. It's like their testosterone turns into pure honey when they reach that point." She paused to lick her lips, as if savoring the memory of the

last time she tasted her son's release. "And you know how much we moms love sweet things."

Claire couldn't help but laugh at their conversation. "It's a win-win for all of us," she said. "The boys get to enjoy new and interesting ways to masturbate, and we get to indulge in their sweet creations."

Rachael nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. Plus, it's a great way to keep them out of trouble and occupied." She gave a sly wink. "And it's not like we're forcing them to do anything they don't want to do."

Claire adjusted her skimpy bikini top before her areola could peak out over the hem. "I can't help but think about how much harder my son would cum if I made some sort of sexual contact with him while he was masturbating. "

"You mean like kissing or licking his body?" Rachael asked.

"Yes, or maybe massaging his balls while he's pumping his cock with the Semen collector."

"Oh, I like the way you think, Claire," Pam giggled. "You know, you do have those big, milk-filled titties, have you thought about letting him suckle while he masturbates?"

"No, but based on the way he stares at them constantly I don't think he'll object to the idea one bit," Claire snickered.

"Boy love big tits," Rachael added, "and ones that are filled with milk are like the ultimate masturbatory fantasy. It's like a little cocktail of hormones and desires all rolled into one. It's no wonder he can't keep his eyes off of them."

Pam nodded in agreement. "I once read that boys are often drawn to larger breasts because they subconsciously associate them with a sense of security and comfort. It's why so many of us moms with big breasts have such devoted sons."

Claire pondered this for a moment before speaking up. "I've always wondered if that's why my son is so attached to me. Maybe he sees me as a source of protection and comfort."

Rachael laughed as she lay back on the towel, gently rubbing her breasts through her bikini top. "Who wouldn't be attached to such a beautiful, busty mother? It makes carrying these big things around even more fulfilling," she stated, glancing down huge, bikini-clad mammaries.

"Well, we are enjoying THEIR sweet nectar. What's wrong with them enjoying ours too, right?" Claire pointed out.

Pam let out a hearty laugh. "You make a good point. Maybe we should start thinking of ourselves as bountiful fruit trees, bearing sweet, aphrodisiacal fruit for our sons."

"Yes, and the more they 'harvest' from us, the sweeter and more irresistible we become," Rachael added, running her fingers over her fantastically plump breasts, causing a faint flush to rise to her cheeks. "Imagine how good it would feel to have our sons suckling from our tits while they're using their Semen Collectors on those big horny dicks of theirs.c

Claire raised an eyebrow, intrigued by the suggestion. It was a tantalizing thought, to feel the warm, wet mouth of her son on their nipples while his sperm was being collected for future use. It would be the ultimate display of maternal nourishment and erotic pleasure, a merging of two powerful instincts into one intoxicating experience.

Knowing that her son may leave hickies on her breasts from aggressive tit-sucking, Claire made sure to inform her husband of her intentions. She didn't want any suspicions or misunderstandings to arise and make it seem like she was doing something improper behind his back.

"Before you run off to work, there's one more thing I wanted to mention," said Claire as she sipped from her sperm-rich protein shake.

"What's that?" asked Fred.

"Since I am helping him with sensitive matters, I've been thinking of ways to strengthen the bond between Eric and I so I think I'm going to start letting him suckle on my breasts while he masturbates."

Fred's jaw dropped in disbelief. "What?! So you are going to let him suck on your breasts while he's, well... you know, taking care of business?"

Claire smiled coyly. "Yes, Fred. I think it might bring us closer together and help me feel more connected to him as a mother. Plus, it might just make his... 'harvest' even sweeter," Claire said, taking another mouthful of her protein shake and letting her son's sweet ball-nectar linger on her taste buds.

Fred's troubled expression revealed his discomfort with the thought. "Claire, you have a newborn to nourish. Eric shouldn't be depleting your milk supply."

"Oh, Fred," replied Claire, "I'm not taking from our newborn. My milk supply is more than enough to sustain both the baby and Eric. In fact, the extra stimulation from nursing Eric might even increase my milk production."

Fred still looked skeptical. "But Claire, is it really necessary? Surely there are better ways to strengthen your bond with Eric."

Claire shook her head. "I have faith in this method, Fred. Masturbating and breastfeeding are two natural and normal parts of life. It's not uncommon for mothers and sons to engage in a combination of these two activities."

"I'm surprised you're letting him do this," said Fred. "You've hardly let me touch your breasts at all since the baby came along."

"Honey, you and I have our own ways of showing affection and connecting with each other," Claire reasoned. "This is meant to be something special, just between Eric and I."

"Yes, but shouldn't a husband be aloud to play with his wife's breasts?" Fred asked with a jealous pang in his stomach. "You've hardly let me touch them since the baby was born."

"Maybe I'll let you give them more attention once Eric goes off to college, but right now it's important that I use my breasts as a masturbatory aid for him. Besides caring for the baby, my whole focus is on making sure Eric has the hardest, most satisfying ejaculations that he can."

"Why's that, so you can chug them down after he's finished?" Fred asked sarcastically.

"Well, even though my primary motivation is to help our son, I will admit, there's something undeniably satisfying about savoring the sweet, creamy essence of his cum. It's like a little reward for all the hard work I've been doing."

"Well, you can come up with a hundred ways to justify it, but I still think it's weird and slightly disturbing," Fred said.

"So, you're saying you'd rather have your son ejaculate in his hand or a cum rag and waist all those nutrients?" Claire shot back. "I think not."

"That's what I had to do when I was his age. My mother wasn't helping me to jerk off and letting me suck her breasts, nor was she drinking my cum when I was finished."

"Times have changed, Fred," Claire said gently. "And we are a family that is committed to exploring new ways to strengthen our bonds and make each other feel special and desired. I don't see anything wrong with using my breasts to give our son pleasure while he masturbates and then allowing me to enjoy the benefits of his ejaculation."

"You said all your friends are doing this?"

"All of them who have boys Eric's age, yes," Claire replied. "We're all committed to helping our sons to reach new heights of pleasure and sexual discovery before going off to college. That's why I've decided to start teaching Eric new techniques to increase his sexual stamina."

"New techniques?" Fred's curiosity was piqued. "What kind of techniques?"

"Oh, you know, things to help him last longer during masturbation and potentially with a future partner," Claire said.

"But how?" Fred asked, genuinely intrigued. "What kind of techniques are we talking about?"

"Well," Claire began, "I've been doing some research and there are a few things I think will be helpful. One is called 'edging'. It's when Eric brings himself almost to the point of orgasm, then stops and waits for the feeling to subside before starting again. This can be repeated several times until he eventually climaxes. It's supposed to increase his control over his ejaculation and also make his orgasms more intense."

"That sounds...intense," Fred said, trying to wrap his head around the concept.

"That's not the only technique we'll be trying out," Claire continued. "I've also read about something called 'Kegel exercises' that can help strengthen the pelvic floor muscles, which can lead to better control over ejaculation resulting in unforgettable sex for both him and his partners."

Fred shook his head, feeling both bewildered and jealous by the idea of his wife helping their son with his sexual exploration. "I don't know, Claire. It just seems like something that should be left to the boys to figure out on their own."

"I disagree. We should be giving Eric every advantage we can. We parents are his first and most important teachers, and I want him to have the best possible experiences with sex and pleasure. As his mother, it is my responsibility to help him grow and learn. If that means teaching him new techniques or showing him how to use his body in a way that will make him healthier and more in control of his sexuality, then I am more than willing to do it."

After Fred left for work, Claire decided to check up on her son. She knew he'd be masturbating before school and wanted to assist in any way she could.

Opening the door to his bedroom, Claire saw Eric lying on his bed, his hand movement steady and rhythmic, with her panties to his nose. She approached him cautiously, not wanting to disturb his concentration, and whispered his name. He didn't respond, lost in the pleasurable sensations he was experiencing.

She thought about how wonderfully erotic it would be if he opened his eyes and saw her hovering there beside him completely naked. "*Oh, why not,*" Claire thought, then, in one swift motion, she removed her nightgown and stood before him, her huge, heavy tits exposed and erect nipples pointing towards him.

Eric's eyes flew wide open and his breathing quickened. He fumbled, but managed to pause his hand's motion just in time to take a moment to enjoy the sight of his mother standing before him, nude and alluring.

"Hi, mom," he said, his voice husky and deep, sounding different to her.

"Hi, honey," she replied, her voice soft and sultry, "I came to see if I could assist you. Would you like me to help you edge?"

His eyes widened further, if that was even possible, and he nodded eagerly, his hand resuming its rhythmic movements.

Claire pulled back the blanket then sat down beside him, her oversized boobies bobbling on her ribcage upon impact. She watched intently as her son continued to stroke himself, his eyes locked on her jutting breasts. She was completely enthralled by the sight of Eric's fist squeezing up and down the length of his slippery, pink cock-meat.

"Honey, when you imagine fucking a girl's hot pussy, how long do you imagine your session lasting?"

"As long as possible."

"Good answer, sweetheart," Claire's voice was so soft and gentle, it sent shivers down Eric's spine. "And when you imagine that moment of release, when you're deep inside a girl and you're ready to unload your hot cum inside her pussy, what goes through your mind?"

"Just about how good it feels," he managed to choke out, his voice high-pitched and vulnerable. His breathing grew more ragged, and he fought the urge to cum.

"That's right, Eric. It feels good. But imagine if you could push past that feeling, and take control of your penis. Imagine if you could prolong the pleasure, and make your partner feel even more incredible than before. Wouldn't that be an amazing gift to give her?"

"It sure would, Mom," Eric gasped, his eyes never leaving the swell of her tit-melons. "I want to do that for a girl, I really do."

"That's the spirit, sweetheart," Claire purred, reaching out to place a gentle hand on his chest, just above his heart. "And I'm going to help you get there. You see, there are ways to train your body to last longer during sex. You can learn to hold back the orgasm, and make it even more intense when you finally let go. It's all about control, son."

Eric nodded, feeling his heart race as he watched his mother's hand glide over his chest. He could feel the warmth of her breath on his face, and the smell of her arousal was intoxicating.

"Now, I want you to try and hold back your orgasm this time. Concentrate on the sensations in your cock, and try to ride the wave of pleasure instead of letting it crash down on you. Can you do that, Eric?"

"I'll try, Mom," he said, his voice thick with lust and anticipation.

She peeked down at the cock slipping through his hand. "Would you like me to take over? Believe it or not, honey, I know your cock as well as you do. I know about every ridge, every vein and area that makes you ache the most."

"You do?"

"Of course. Even before I met your father I was jerking off boys your age in High School and college. I became quite an expert in the art of giving a handjob."

"I'll gladly let you take over," Eric said, his voice shaking with excitement. He knew he was in the hands of a master, and he could only imagine the pleasure that awaited him.

Claire nodded, her eyes never leaving his cock. She slowly reached out, her fingers lightly grazing his thighs.

She pawled out next to him, plastering her meaty melons against the side of his chest as she took his cock in her hand. Eric shivered, his heart pounding in his chest. He watched as his mother's hand began to stroke him in a rhythmic motion, her fingers gliding up and down the length of his shaft.

"What do you think about that?" Claire murmured, her voice low and seductive. "Does it feel good, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yeah," Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the pleasure wash over him.

"Most women need much more time to reach orgasm than a man does? You have to learn to be patient, Eric. Teach yourself to savor the moment, to prolong the pleasure, and to make it more intense for both you and your partner. It's a skill, and like any skill, it takes practice."

"I'll do my best, Mom," Eric managed to choke out, his voice breathy and weak. His breathing grew ragged and shallow, and he could feel the orgasm building inside him like a tsunami, threatening to overwhelm everything in its path.

"That's the spirit," Claire purred, her hand speeding up slightly as she worked him harder. "Focus on the sensation, Eric. Feel every inch of my hand as it moves up and down your cock. Feel the warmth of my breast against your chest, the softness of my skin, the wetness of my lips as they brush against your cheek. Let those sensations consume you."

"Mmmmm...yes, Mom," Eric replied, his tongue nearly hanging out lustfully as he watched his mom's pretty hand beat up and down his boner.

Together, they watched his slippery member slide through Claire's tight grip, slick with the glistening pre-ejaculate that coated its surface. As they shared this intimate moment, Claire couldn't help but be impressed by how he was performing so far. The way his manhood was thrusting and straining against her hand, she imagined it plowing through her own pink flesh and bringing her to the edge of ecstasy. She couldn't deny the anticipation building within her as she felt his pulsing hardness in her palm and wondered what pleasures it could bring.

"I'm really close!" Eric panted, his breathing ragged as his orgasm neared.

Claire knew she had to act fast, or he would come before he could learn to control his ejaculation. "Take a deep breath, Eric, and try to focus on the sensations in your cock. Don't let the urge to cum overwhelm you. You're doing great."

Gritting his teeth, Eric took a deep breath and let it out slowly, his mind focused on the pleasure coursing through his body. Claire continued to stroke him, her hand moving in a steady rhythm, her touch firm yet gentle.

As Eric struggled to hold back his climax, Claire could feel the heat radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles, and the pumping of his cock in her hand. She knew he was close, but she continued to encourage him, reminding him to focus on the pleasure and to stay in control. "Let me know when you're on the very edge of ejaculation and I'll clamp my fingers around the neck of your cock to prevent you from coming," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

"I'm...so...close," he gasped, his voice cracking.

Claire nodded, her hand never slowing down. "That's it, Eric. Just a few more seconds. Fuck my hand as long as possible before we pause."

Eric's breathing was so ragged now, it nearly matched the feverish rhythm of the hand that continued to stroke him. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit!" he moaned, his body shuddering in her grip. "I'm right there, Mom," he panted, his cock twitching in her hand, straining for release.

Claire stopped stroking and her grip tightened around his manhood, firmly encircling it just below the curved edge of his coronal ridge. The intense pleasure that had been building within him was stopped in its tracks, held back by her skilled touch. "Relax, my love. Let your climax slowly fade away," she urged softly, her voice laced with tenderness and understanding.

Eric's eyes closed involuntarily, his face contorted in a mix of agony and pleasure. He could feel the throbbing in his cock, the pulsations

that had been building up to a crescendo now abruptly halting. He let out a ragged sigh, his heart pounding in his chest. The euphoric sensations that had been coursing through his veins just moments ago now slowly dissipating, and he took a shaky breath.

"It takes a lot of discipline to master this technique, Eric," Claire continued, her hand still firm around him. "But with time and practice, you'll be able to last much longer during sex. Trust me, your partners will appreciate it, and it will make your orgasms even more intense when you eventually do climax."

Eric nodded, his breath still ragged as he stared into his mother's eyes.

"Before I begin stroking you again, would you like to do something that will heighten your arousal even more?" Claire inquired, a sly smile playing on her lips.

"Um...what do you have in mind, Mom?" Eric asked, his heart still racing from the intense pleasure he had just experienced.

"Would you like to suck on my titties?"

"Seriously?!" he exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief and arousal.

"Yes, I think it will add a whole other layer of pleasure and excitement for you."

"I'll be honest, it was something I wanted to do yesterday, but was too afraid to ask you."

"Today marks a fresh start on your path of sexual exploration," Claire remarked with a sly smile. "Your sister has yet to feed this morning, so my breasts are brimming with rich, creamy milk for you to savor. Just as I relish the taste and nourishment of your cum, you can now indulge in the unique pleasure of nursing from me." Her words hung heavy in the air, thick with desire and temptation.

Eric's mind raced with excitement as he nodded eagerly, his eyes fixated on his mother's milk-engorged breasts.

Claire moved into position, her nipples erect and begging to be sucked.

As Eric leaned forward, he was surprised by how squishy and warm his mother's breast felt on his face, the weight of them exhilarating. He took one nipple into his mouth, suckling gently, tasting the creamy milk that flowed from its ducts, the sweet nectar leaving a warm, tingling sensation in his throat.

Claire moaned softly, arching her back as she felt her son's lips wrapped around her nipple. "Oh, Eric, I can tell already that you're gonna be good at this," she whispered, her voice thick with arousal. Her hand was still clenched around cock and she slowly began stroking again.

As her fist moved up and down his shaft, Eric was lost in a world of sensations. His mind was a whirlwind of pleasure and longing, his mouth firmly latched onto his mother's nipple, his lips spread out across her areola, feeling the milk flow into his mouth. His face was masked in tit-flesh and he could feel the meat of her melon rocking back and forth in rhythm with her strokes.

He could feel the tenderness of her nipple in his mouth and the sweet, warm liquid flowing down his throat as he sucked on her. The smell, taste and sensation of her breast filled him with an unmatched feeling of connection and intimacy, unlike anything he had ever experienced.

Claire moaned softly, her hand speeding up its pace, her son's precum coating his cock with each quick pull. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles and the throbbing of his cock in her hand. It was as if she was connected to him on a primal level, their bodies reacting and responding to each other in perfect harmony.

Claire's voice was soft and gentle, almost like a lullaby, as she spoke to her tit-sucking son. "Oh, sweetheart," she cooed, savoring the feeling of their bodies intertwined. "Now that your body has calmed down, we'll slowly bring you to the edge again."

With a confident and practiced touch, she caressed his manhood, her circled fingers gliding in a perfect corkscrew motion, along its length, circling over the sensitive head with the familiarity of a mother tending to her child. The softness of her touch belied the underlying strength and control she possessed, making him tremble under her skilled ministrations.

Eric's young buttocks clenched with pleasure and anticipation, his hard length standing tall in his mother's skilled hand as she stroked him with deft and tireless movements.

His lips curved into a feral grin, his pleasure evident as he snarled with delight. Milk escaped from the corners of his mouth, like tiny streams of white running down his chin. He felt himself being swallowed by a cocoon of ecstasy, completely consumed by the overwhelming pleasure. The world around him faded away as he gave in to the all-encompassing sensation.

Claire could tell her son was close to cumming again from the sounds he made and the way his prick was swelling and twitching in her hand. "That's it, sweetheart," she whispered, her voice thick with lust, "just a few more strokes and then I'll squeeze the tip again."

Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the imminent release building within him. He bucked his hips, thrusting his cock into his mother's hand as she continued to stroke him, her skilled touch sending shivers of pleasure down to his core. "I'm...so...close," his tit-smothered voice gasped, milk spewing from his mouth.

A mischievous smirk tugged at the corners of Claire's lips as she gave him two more firm and jarring strokes before tightly clamping her fingers around the head once again. The sound of their heavy

breathing filled the room, his boyish voice cracking as he protested, "I can't stop this time!"

Claire realized that he had passed the point of no return so she began stroking his cock earnestly again, determined to bring him off hard.

"Cum, honey!" she urged, her grip tightening around his shaft. Her hand moved up and down at lightning speed, her palm sweeping wetly over the sensitive head with each pull. She could feel the heat radiating off him, his desperation evident in the way his hips thrust towards her hand.

With his face pushed against the spongy weight of her tit, Eric's eyes rolled back in his head, his entire body trembling as he gave in to the pleasure. His back arched, his ass lifting off the bed, as he let out a primal roar.

His cock twitched and throbbed in his mother's hand, and the moment finally came.

She could feel the first spurt of warm cum spray out against her hand.

Claire's eyes remained fixed on her son's arousal, knowing the intense power and release of a teenage ejaculation. With anticipation and desire, she opened her mouth wide and waited for his next burst of pleasure. As expected, a long rope of thick white semen erupted from Eric's pulsating cock, splattering against the back of her throat and filling her mouth with its salty taste. She savored the moment, feeling both aroused and satisfied as she swallowed the pool his essence.

As Eric reached the peak of his orgasm, Claire's hand tightened around his throbbing member. She skillfully worked her fingers up and down, coaxing out every last drop of his release. His body tensed and twitched in response to her skilled touch, his senses overwhelmed by the intense pleasure coursing through him. It was like being consumed by a wave, crashing and cresting with each

stroke of her hand. Finally, as his release came to an end, he let out a deep groan and collapsed back onto the bed, spent but completely satisfied.

As Eric's breathing slowed and his body relaxed, Claire continued to gently stroke his erect cock, savoring the feel of him in her hand. She could feel the heat radiating off him, the beads of sweat dripping down his forehead, a testament to the intense experience they had just shared.

"Well done, honey," Claire whispered, her voice gentle and loving. "Oh, you came so good and hard."

Eric appeared embarrassed by his actions, but couldn't help feeling a warmth in his chest. He glanced up at his mother, her warm smile and knowing eyes making him feel safe and calm. "Thanks, Mom," he managed to say, his voice still hoarse from the pleasure.

"I was watching your bedside clock," said Claire. "You lasted nearly forty five minutes while we used the edging technique before you ejaculated."

"Is that good?" he breathlessly asked.

Claire smiled, her eyes twinkling with pride. "Oh, yes, that's excellent, honey. But what's even better is, do you notice how your penis isn't going soft?"

"Yeah, is that normal?"

"For a boy your age, yes. You have a short refractory period, which means your body recovers quickly from an orgasm and you're ready for another round."

Eric's eyes widened in surprise and excitement. "Really? I guess I do feel I could go again?"

"Of course you can, my little stallion," Claire teased, a playful gleam in her eyes. "And I bet you'd last even longer the second time. Why

don't we use your Semen Collector this time around though so not a drop of your creamy cum goes to waist."

Eric nodded eagerly, his cock flexing at the thought of repeating the experience with the aid of his new toy.

Claire reached for the device from the nightstand and slid it onto the head of her son's erection, expertly securing it in place.

"There we go, all set for round two," Claire said with a grin. "And I have one boob that's still completely full for you to enjoy."

"Awesome," the boy blurted, licking his lips eagerly.

"This time I think I'll straddle you," Claire suggested, a wicked sparkle in her eyes. "That way with a me on top of you and the Semen Collector pumping on your erection, it'll feel like you're really having sex with a girl."

"You mean like a role play?"

"Exactly," Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And I'll be your experienced girlfriend, teaching you the ins and outs of making love."

Eric couldn't help but feel a surge of butterflies in his stomach as he imagined himself with a beautiful woman. The idea of roleplaying this scenario thrilled him, adding an extra layer of excitement to the experience.

He eagerly agreed, his cock leaping at the thought performing such an intimate role play with his own beautiful, busty mom. Even if his cock wasn't actually inside his mother, he could certainly imagine it was.

Claire straddled her son, her moist labia glistening under the soft light of the room. She lowered herself onto the Semen Collector, feeling the warmth of his cock through it, sliding against her moist folds. She

leaned forward, letting her giant, stiff-nippled boobs dangle above his excited eyes.

"I'll reach down and click off the device whenever you edge, ok?"

Eric nodded eagerly, eyes wide and mouth slightly agape. He was so turned on from watching his mother's humongous tits bobbing in front of him. He licked his lips in anticipation, the sound of his own breathing becoming louder with each passing second.

Claire turned the Semen Collector on and it began to pump, mimicking the sensation of a girl's pussy on Eric's erect penis.

The boy groaned in lust as his mother began thrusting her hips, riding the sperm collector like it was his cock. Her wet slit slid up and down, her folds glistening in the dim light.

"You're doing great, honey" Claire encouraged, her voice breathy and sultry.

The weight of her bare, voluptuous tits caused them to bounce heavily on her chest with each thrust, creating a mesmerizing ripple effect as they collided with her rib cage. The soft flesh jiggled and swayed like gelatin, reflecting the intensity of her movements. "Just imagine that your fucking a hot girl and your cock is squeezing through a real pussy."

"You make it easy for me to imagine that," he said, his eyes drifting down her torso to the her shaved pussy as it glided over the Semen Collector's shaft.

"I want to make this experience as lifelike and intense as possible for you," she purred, her voice low and seductive. She leaned forward, her oversized jugs swinging tantalizingly close to his face. With a fluid motion, she glided her ample hips up and back, grinding her slick pussy against his throbbing toy with fervent determination.

"Wow!" Eric moaned, his eyes wide as he watched her milk-engorged udders jiggle against his face. "This is...amazing!"

"Sex is amazing, honey. That's why it's so important to control your release and prolong your pleasure."

"Speaking of that...I'm feeling really good," he confessed, his eyes locked on her gaping tit-cleavage.

"Imagine that you're an athlete in peak physical condition, controlling your body's response to the most intense sensation you've ever felt," Claire coached him, her voice soft and soothing. "You're controlling your breathing, flexing your muscles, and working hard to endure this incredible experience."

Eric took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing on the sensations coursing through his body. He could feel the Semen Collector pulsating against the throbbing meat of his erection, mimicking the feel of a woman's tight canal.

Claire's hips continued to move rhythmically, her wet labia gliding up and down the shaft. On every backward pivot, her fleshy prepuce was peeled back, exposing her glans. The pulsating suction of the sex toy against her grape-sized nubbin adding to the intensity of the experience.

"I can feel the pressure building," Eric whispered, his voice growing hoarse with desire.

"That's right," Claire encouraged, riding him tirelessly. "You're edging, honey. Do you feel that knot of pleasure coiling in the head of your cock. It's the sweet spot, the edge of the cliff. Just a few more strokes and you'll tumble over, but we won't let you. We'll stop you just in time."

"I can feel it," he groaned, his eyes squeezed shut as he gritted his teeth.

"That's good," Claire purred, her voice low and seductive. "Just a few more strokes, and then we'll stop you. Can you feel yourself getting closer?"

"Yes," he whispered, his voice barely a thread as his body tensed.

"That's it, honey," Claire praised, her tone still sultry and inviting.

"You're doing so well, you're on the verge of losing control."

"I can't take it much longer," he sighed, his voice wavering with anticipation.

"I know," Claire whispered, her voice soft and reassuring. "I can see it in your eyes. But you have to hold on just a little longer, just a few more strokes. Keep fucking this girl as long as you can."

Eric felt a sudden surge of energy, meeting his mother's thrusts with a primal need to release his seed inside her. "I'm not gonna cum yet!" he gasped in resolve.

"You're a fucking animal," Claire cheered, her voice getting lost in the passion of the moment. Her hips bucked wildly, her chest heaving with each breath. Her face was flushed with passion, her eyes gleaming with desire. "You're gonna make me cum, sweetheart!"

Hearing his mom say this was like pouring gasoline on a fire. Eric's eyes widened and his heart raced with excitement. He knew he had to make his mom cum, to give her the pleasure she so desperately wanted. But he also knew he couldn't cum just yet. He had to hold on, to resist the intense pleasure washing over him.

With renewed focus, Eric began to thrust back, matching his mom's movements. The Senen Collector pulsed and sucked on his cock, mimicking the sensations of a real pussy. He felt a burning fire building up inside him, but he clenched his jaw and pushed it away.

"Keep going, honey," Claire panted, her eyes locked on her son's thrusting hips. "I can feel how close you are, but I need you to hold on just a little bit longer."

Eric's hips bucked wildly, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His mom suddenly began trembling, her muscles clenching and releasing, and a look of pure bliss washed over her face.

"I'm close," she moaned, her voice shaking with the intensity of her climax. "I can feel it. Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Hearing his mom's climax nearing was like a trigger for Eric's own release. The fire inside him was about to burn out of control, but he knew he had to hold on, to make his mom cum first.

"Keep going, mom," he panted, his voice strained with effort. "Cum on me."

With her hips flying wildly up and back, Claire arched her spine, causing her ballooning tits to swell and shake uncontrollably from her chest. Her stunning face contorted in a powerful mix of pleasure and ecstasy as she let out a primal scream that echoed through the room. The silky strands of her hair whipped around her face in an erotic frenzy. She was lost in the throes of orgasmic bliss, completely consumed by the intense sensations coursing through her body. Her son could do nothing but watch, mesmerized by the raw beauty and unbridled passion of his mother's climax.

As Claire's climax reached its peak, her pussy tightened around the sperm collector, sending Eric's senses into overdrive. He felt his cock throb and pulse with the rhythm of his mother's orgasm, the pressure building with each powerful thrust. "

"I can't hold on any longer," he groaned, his eyes locked on his mother's convulsing body as she screamed in pleasure. Her pussy clenched around the toy, and he knew that he had to let go.

With a final push, his body shuddered, and his cock erupted, sending streams of hot, thick cum gushing into the Semen Collector. His hips bucked wildly, his face a mask of pure ecstasy as he felt the orgasmic release wash over him.

Claire's own body trembled, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the waves of pleasure crash over her. Her pussy clenched and released around the tube of the device, helping to milk her son dry as her own orgasm subsided.

As the last spasms of ecstasy subsided, both mother and son lay there, spent and gasping for breath. Claire slowly lowered herself onto her son's chest, her massive tits flattening out like soft bread dough on his teenage chest.

"That was incredible," she whispered, her voice barely a whisper. "I can't believe how intense that was."

Eric smiled weakly, still caught up in the rush of endorphins that coursed through his veins. "I guess that's what happens when you edge yourself to the point of no return," he managed to croak out.

Claire giggled softly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well then, I guess we'll have to keep you home from school until we get it right."

"You won't hear any objections out of me," Eric chuckled weakly, still feeling the aftershocks of their intense encounter. "Besides, I'm running late already anyway."

"Alright, let's go for round three of humpy-cummie time, but first I need to go feed your baby sister."

Eric watched his mom slip from the bed and move towards his doorway naked. She was a vision of sex appeal, her body still glistening with sweat and cum, her naked ass undulating, her fat tits jiggling with every step she took.

Claire peeked back, watching him slip his slimy erection from the tube of the sperm collector. "Don't you dare start round three without me," she warned with a wink and a playful grin.

Fred made the impulsive decision to come home for lunch, a rare occurrence since he normally ate at his office. The ten-minute drive seemed endless as he eagerly anticipated being greeted by the delicious scents of his wife's cooking. However, upon entering the house, he noticed something was off - his wife was not bustling about in the kitchen like she usually was. "Honey?" he called out, the sound

echoing through the empty halls, but received no answer. A sense of unease settled over him as he navigated through the quiet rooms, wondering where his wife could be.

He headed up the stairs to check if she was in the bedroom, but he could immediately hear loud and disturbing sounds coming from his son's room, the sound of two voices panting with heated intensity. He cautiously opened the door, peering inside and finding his son Eric and his wife, Claire, naked and entwined in a passionate embrace.

Claire lay on her back, her toned mommy-legs wrapped tightly around Eric's waist. Their sweat-soaked bodies pressed together in a fervent embrace, moving rhythmically as if engaged in passionate missionary-style lovemaking. But upon closer inspection, Fred noticed the Semen Collector device nestled between their crotches, revealing that this was merely simulated sex.

The air was thick and humid, heavy with the musky scent of sex. It hung like a tangible fog, suggesting that perhaps the entire morning had been filled with passionate activity.

Fred's body froze, paralyzed with shock as he witnessed the disturbing scene before him. His own wife and son, locked in an obscene embrace, their bodies writhing in a heated fuck-rhythm.

Eric's bed rocked back and forth, creaking under the intensity of their passionate movements. The boy's face was buried in the soft flesh of Claire's breast, his lips hungrily sucking at her nipple as she moaned in pleasure. The sight made Fred feel sick to his stomach, a twisted knot forming in his gut as he struggled to process what he was seeing. This was by far the most depraved and obscene thing he had ever witnessed. He couldn't tear his eyes away, but he also couldn't move, as if his body was frozen in disbelief and horror.

"You're gonna make me cum, honey!" his wife's voice rang out, her hips rocking urgently, meeting Eric's thrusts in counterpoint. Fred

watched his wife scratch her long nails down Eric's back, her pretty face contorting with pleasure.

Fred never could have imagined watching his wife experience pleasure with another man, let alone his own son. It was like an out of body experience, as he had always been the one to bring her to climax. But now, he found himself a mere spectator to her ecstasy as he watched her writhe and moan in the arms of another. The sight was both titillating and unsettling, like a forbidden peek into a world beyond his own. A mix of emotions swirled within him - jealousy, arousal, curiosity. He couldn't tear his eyes away as every sigh and gasp from his wife's lips felt like a betrayal and yet also a revelation. This was not something he ever thought he would witness, but now that it was happening, he couldn't deny the strange fascination it held for him.

Claire arched her back and let out a primal scream that echoed through the room. These were not the familiar sounds of pleasure that Fred had grown accustomed to in their 20 years of marriage, these were raw and untamed. Her body trembled beneath Eric as she surrendered to the waves of ecstasy crashing through her. And in that moment, Fred knew that this was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard his wife make.

He found himself captivated and overwhelmed by the fluid, sensual movements of their naked bodies entwined. Eric's physique, youthful and chiseled, perfectly complemented his wife's mature, voluptuous curves. It was as if they were two puzzle pieces coming together in a sexual symphony - every touch, kiss, and thrust fitting seamlessly into place. The air crackled with raw passion and desire as their bodies moved in perfect synchronization, creating a sexual experience that felt like it was crafted just for them.

"I'm close!" Eric called out, his breath ragged.

Claire's body tensed and contorted around Eric's thrusting form, her muscles tightening and straining as she clung to him with her smooth

skin, like a mommy fuck-harness, amplifying the intensity of his orgasm.

Fred watched in shock as his son's orgasm wracked his body, his face twisting into a mask of pure ecstasy. He could see Eric's big, hairless balls clenching in their sack with every grunt and groan that escaped his son's mouth.

For several tense minutes Eric and Claire continued to fuck with animalistic fervor. The sweaty, slick bodies moved in perfect sync with one another, each movement designed to pleasure each other sexually.

Finally, their bodies slowed to a halt, the spent pair gasping for air like they had just completed a marathon.

Fred cleared his throat from the doorway, making his presence known.

Claire and Eric froze, both turning their heads to look at Fred, their faces a mix of shock and embarrassment. "Honey, what are you doing home?" his wife asked.

"I decided to come home for lunch," Fred answered. "I certainly didn't expect to find this."

He stepped away from the door as Eric watched him with a worried expression. Claire noticed her son's concern and reassured him, placing a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We're not doing anything wrong," she said soothingly.

Fred confronted his wife the moment she stepped into the kitchen. "Whatever you were doing in there WASN'T part of the agreement we had," he said, his voice trembling with anger and disbelief.

"It most certainly was," Claire shot back. "Eric was sucking on my breast while being stimulated by his masturbation device, all of which I told you about. We were doing nothing that you and I didn't agree on."

"It looked like a whole lot more than that."

"Look, Eric and I may have been going through the motions of sex, but that was only to make it more realistic for him. There was no penetration going on whatsoever."

"You may try to twist things around, Claire, but I know what I saw. You were engaged in a sexual act with Eric. I don't know how you can justify that as part of our agreement."

"Call it what you want, but I was merely to broadening Eric's horizon sexually and helping him become more confident in his burgeoning sexuality," she explained defensively. "He's my son, after all. I want to make sure he is well-prepared for the future."

"The way you were climaxing in there makes me wonder if it was just as much for your benefit as it was his," Fred snarled.

"A woman's climax is simply a physical reaction, Fred. It's not something I can control or prevent from happening."

"Sure you can, by NOT doing what you two were doing in there," Fred snapped back.

Claire sighed, her eyes softening as she looked at her husband.

"Fred, I understand your emotions are running high right now, but please try to understand. This was not about me getting pleasure from Eric, it was about helping him learn to enjoy intimacy and feel confident in himself."

"But it wasn't supposed to be this way!" Fred shouted. "I thought we had a clear understanding of what our agreement entailed."

"We did, but sometimes situations change, and we have to adapt," Claire reasoned. "I know this is difficult for you to accept, but I truly believe that what Eric and I were doing was for the best. Eric needs to learn and grow, just like you and I did when we were his age. And if I can help him along that path, I will."

Fred paused, feeling a sudden surge of protective anger towards his son. He knew Claire was right, but it was still hard to accept the fact that his own wife and son were engaging in such intimate acts. He took a deep breath, trying to find some level of rationality amidst the chaos of his emotions.

"I know you're trying to do what you think is best, Claire," he said, his voice still trembling with anger. "But I can't help but feel like you're pushing the boundaries of our agreement. Maybe it's time we reassess our terms and come to a new understanding of what is and isn't acceptable."

Claire nodded slowly, understanding the gravity of the situation. "You're right, Fred," she said. "We need to have a serious conversation about where we stand and what we expect from each other. But for now, I think we both need some time to cool off and process what just happened."

Fred agreed, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on him. "You're right. Let's give each other some space and come back together in a day or so after we've had time to think things through. I'm gonna head back to the office."

"I'll see you after work," Claire said, giving him a weak smile.

As Fred left the house, he couldn't shake the feeling of unease that his wife's actions had left him with. His mind raced as he tried to make sense of what he had seen. How could he reconcile his love and respect for his wife with the knowledge that she had engaged in such intimate acts with their son?

He drove back to his office, but didn't go in. All he could think about was whether his wife and son went right back at it after he left.

"Dad sure seemed pissed," Eric pointed out after Claire came back to his bedroom.

"He'll get over it," Claire replied. "He just has to accept that my relationship with you has evolved."

She smiled at her son, who was lying on the bed, exhausted from their intense session. He had ejaculated four times that morning and she couldn't be more proud. "I know it might be hard for him to understand, but I truly believe that what we did was for the best. You're growing up, Eric, and you need to learn how to navigate intimate relationships. It's my duty as your mother to help you learn."

Eric nodded, still catching his breath. "I know it was weird, Mom, but it felt so good. And you were right, I did feel more confident afterward."

Claire ran her fingers through his hair, gently ruffling it. "You're my son, and I'll always be here for you. We'll talk more about it later, but for now, let's take a shower and get cleaned up."

"Together?" Eric asked, his eyes lighting up.

"I certainly don't think there's any harm in us showering together, even though I know your father wouldn't like the idea," said Claire. "He just needs to stop letting his jealous feelings get in the way of what's best for you."

The air was thick with palpable sensuality as Claire's robe slipped off her shoulders, revealing her curves and eliciting a primal response from Eric. Her every movement was a celebration of her womanhood, her body swaying in perfect harmony as she led her son towards the bathroom with the confidence and grace of a goddess, her big boobies bobbling with every step. In that moment, it was as if they were the only two people in the world, caught in a magnetic pull towards each other. And as they entered the shower, the warm water enveloped them, a physical manifestation of the intimate bond between mother and son.

Eric stood in awe as Claire's skilled hands worked the bodywash over his skin, cleansing every inch with delicate care. The soft scent of lavender filled the air, calming his nerves and heightening his senses.

As she lathered his cock and balls, he felt himself becoming helplessly erect all over again, unable to resist the tantalizing touch of her fingertips on his sensitive flesh. He closed his eyes and let out a blissful sigh as she continued her meticulous ministrations, lost in the pleasure of her touch.

With Eric's body still covered in sudsy bubbles, Claire pressed herself against him and moved her lips to his with a fiery hunger. Her breasts, slick and soapy, slid over his skin like oversized melons made of the softest satin, her hardened teats scraping against his flesh. The warm water from the shower rained down on them, heightening the intensity of their passionate embrace. As they clung to each other, the steamy air filled with the heady scent of soap and desire.

Eric felt her hand wrap around his cock, slowing stroking its meat between their entwined bodies. "Would you like to ejaculate again, sweet boy," she asked him, her eyes glistening with lust. "I know you have a high tolerance for pleasure, and I want to push your limits even further."

Eric felt his body tense with anticipation as he looked at his mother, knowing she was right. His heart raced and his breath quickened as he realized that this would be his fifth ejaculation in just a few short hours, something he had never experienced before. But he also knew that he had never been with someone as skilled and experienced as his mother. He trusted her completely, and there was a primal desire within him to push himself further, to see just how far he could go under her expert guidance. "I would love to cum again," he whispered, "but I'm not sure if I can handle it."

"Of course you can," Claire reassured him. "Trust in me, and let me show you just how much pleasure you're capable of experiencing."

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Claire backed him into the corner of the shower. Her body pressed against his, their skin slippery and warm from the water cascading down on them. She left a trail of

kisses and nibbles along his neck, her pink tongue dancing against the sensitive nerves and tendons. With skilled movements, she pulled on his sudsy pecker, causing him to moan in pleasure. The steamy air around them seemed to intensify, as if the very atmosphere was alive with lust and desire.

She expertly worked her magic on him, using her mouth and hands in a way that was both tender and intense. Every stroke, every kiss, was designed to elicit the maximum amount of pleasure from his young body. "Fuck my hand, baby," Claire whispered. "Fuck it like it's a hot, wet pussy-hole."

Eric's hips thrust forward, driving his pulsing erection through the tight grip of Claire's hand. The sensation of her large, soft breasts squashed against his bare chest only heightened the intense desire coursing through him. Claire had a masterful touch, knowing exactly how much pressure to apply around his shaft to simulate the feeling of a real vagina. She reveled in the power and strength of his throbbing member in her grasp, able to feel every vein and muscle pulsating beneath the smooth skin. It was a clear indication of his arousal and she couldn't get enough.

Eric's eyes fluttered shut and a deep groan escaped his lips as Claire's skilled hand glided down his dick tracing a slippery path all the way to his balls. With just the right amount of pressure, she encircled his nut-filled sack with her fingers, gripping it firmly yet tenderly. Her long fingernails added an extra layer of sensation, delicately tracing along the sensitive flesh while simultaneously pulling on the cord of his vas deferens. Every nerve in Eric's body felt electrified by her touch, aching for more as she expertly worked her magic.

"Do you like that, baby?" she cooed. "Do you like to have your cock AND your balls stroked on?"

Eric moaned in response, his voice wavering with pleasure. "Oh, yes, yes, Mom. More, please, more."

Claire couldn't help but smile at his pleas for more, her heart swelling with maternal pride and love. She knew exactly what he wanted, and she was more than happy to give it to him. With an experienced deftness, she continued to work her hand up and down his shaft, feeling the smooth skin and pulsating veins beneath her touch. Her other hand came up, gently cupping his scrotum, allowing for a little more pressure to be applied.

"Honey, would you like me to show you a way that we can make this ejaculation even more intense?" Claire asked.

"More intense?"

Claire leaned in close to whisper seductively in his ear. "Imagine, Eric, imagine if we were able to push your orgasm to its absolute peak, to a level that you never thought was possible before."

Eric's heart raced, and his breath quickened at the thought of such intense pleasure. "How could we possibly make it more intense, Mom?"

"It's called prostate stimulation. When you achieve an erection, your prostate gland becomes engorged with blood, making it sensitive to touch. By stimulating it, we can create a sensation that feels like a 'super-orgasm'."

Eric couldn't believe what he was hearing. He had always thought that his orgasms were amazing, but the thought of experiencing something even more intense sent a thrill down his spine. He looked up at his mother with questioning eyes, and curiosity dripped from every pore.

"But how do we do it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Well, it's simple really," Claire smiled as she began to explain. "We'll need to pull your legs back, and then I'll carefully insert a finger or two into your rectum. Once inside, I'll be able to feel your prostate gland, which will be located just beneath your belly button. With a

little swiping of my finger, I'll stimulate it in a circular motion and you should be able to feel the intense pleasure building up inside you."

"Wow, I've never even heard of that before," Eric said, his mind running with curiosity and lust. "It sounds intense, Mom."

"It is," she assured him, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Are you ready to give it a try?"

"Here in the shower?"

"Yes, but I'll need to continue stroking your cock while stimulating your prostate at the same time, to provide you with the dual stimulation you need to reach the peak of ecstasy. In order to best do that, I think we need to be in the 69 position. Are you familiar with that, honey?"

Eric nodded, his mind racing with a mixture of lust and anticipation. "Yeah, I know what the 69 position is."

"Okay, you lie down on the shower floor first and then I'll climb on top of you."

Eric obeyed, his heart pounding as he imagined the new level of pleasure his mother was promising him. He lay down on the wet, soapy floor of the shower, his erect penis pointing upwards. Claire knelt down beside him and then climbed on top of him, her large, soapy breasts brushing against his chest as she positioned herself over his face in the 69 position.

"Oh, wow!" Eric gasped, staring up at her shaved pussy, slick with water and arousal, hovering inches above his face.

He felt his mom take a firm grip at the base of his cock with one hand, while she reached down with the other and slowly inserted two fingers into his ass. "This might feel a little bit weird at first, honey," she whispered, "but just focus on the pleasure. I promise it will be worth it."

With that, Claire began to stroke Eric's penis while her fingers probed his rectum, searching for the elusive prostate gland.

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as the sensation of his mother's fingers penetrating him filled his body with pleasure.

"There it is," Claire muttered, her finger brushing against the sensitive gland. "Now, just focus on the feeling. Let the pleasure consume you."

Eric's breath hitched as Claire applied pressure to his prostate, the sensation sending waves of pleasure coursing through him. He could feel the intensity building, his vision growing blurry as his body surrendered to the pleasure.

Claire's finger continued to massage the gland, and Eric's hips bucked with each stroke of his mother's hand. He could feel the base of his erection throbbing, the tightness of his balls pulling tightly against his body.

"That's it, son," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire. "Let it all go. Let the pleasure take you."

Eric's entire body trembled as he surrendered to the intense euphoria building within him. His moans filled the steamy shower as Claire's fingers continued to work their magic, the pleasure growing more intense with each passing moment.

"Would you like to suck on my clit while we do this, honey?" Claire asked. "I think that would intensify your ejaculation even more."

Eric's eyes widened at the thought of pleasing his mother in this way, his heart pounding in anticipation. "Anything for you, Mom," he whispered, his voice filled with desire.

Claire grinned at the sound of his consent, then lowered her soaking wet pussy onto his face.

As Eric's tongue darted between her swollen lips, he could taste the sweet juices oozing up through her slit. In response to his eager mouth, Claire's hips bucked and her pussy clenched around his face, grinding against his tongue as she groaned in pleasure. She continued to massage his prostate and jerk him off, the combination of sensations building to a crescendo.

"Oh, Eric, that feels incredible," she whispered, her voice shaking with desire. "Pry your tongue under my hood now. Find my clit."

Eric slid his tongue under Claire's fleshy prepuce, seeking out the fat, sensitive nub hidden beneath. He flicked it gently with the tip of his tongue, sucking on it lightly and nibbling on it with his teeth.

Claire's hips jerked in response, her pussy clenching harder around his face as an orgasm began to build. "Yes, yes, baby," she moaned, her voice low and breathy with desire. "That's it, that's perfect."

Eric took a moment to appreciate how lucky he was. He was lying there under the hot spray with his mother's pussy-flesh on his face, sucking her clit while she pleased him in the most intense way. His erection felt like it was about to explode and he could feel the pull of his scrotum becoming tighter. The combination of having his mother's fingers inside him and stroking his boner while he pleased her was something he had never experienced before and was unlike anything he had ever felt.

He began to buck his hips in time with his mother's strokes, his erection throbbing with each motion. He moaned into her pussy, the sound vibrating through her body and making her hips buck even more.

"Oh, baby, I can feel it," Claire panted, her voice thick with arousal. "You're going to cum so hard for me, Eric. Just let go and allow the pleasure to take you."

Eric nodded, his mind a blur as the intensity of the sensations began to peak. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing in time with the

pulsing of his heart. He could feel his orgasm building, his balls pulling tighter against his body.

Claire's tongue darted across her lips in a slow, deliberate motion as she watched Eric's throbbing erection glide through her tightly clenched fist. The sight of his glistening mushroom head, pulsing with desire and stretching upwards, nearly took her breath away. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, and the scent of their arousal filled the air. It was a primal and intoxicating display of lust, and she knew her own impending orgasm would be extremely intense.

"Oh God, yes, suck my clit harder, Eric!" Claire cried out, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall. She could feel her orgasm building with every passing second, the tightness in her pussy growing more intense.

Eric focused on her clit, sucking harder and nibbling on its tender pink meat with his teeth as she continued to pleasure him. He could feel the pulsing of her fingers inside his ass, the stimulation of his prostate building to a fever pitch. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing with each motion.

Claire groaned, her hips bucking in time with Eric's. "Oh God, I'm so close," she panted. "Suck my clit harder, baby. Make me cum."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He redoubled his efforts, sucking and nibbling on her pink pearl with renewed vigor. He could feel her body tremble and shake in response, her pussy clenching tightly around his tongue. He could feel her fragrant juices running down his face, hot and slick as she continued to ride his mouth.

But Eric's focus was quickly diverted as something new was happening. His scrotum had tightened to the point where his balls felt like they would explode, and he could feel a swelling in his groin unlike anything he had ever felt. It was like a tidal wave of pleasure was building up, and he knew he was about to cum.

"Oh, Mom, I'm gonna fucking cum!" he moaned, his voice choked with desire. "I'm going to cum so hard!"

Claire's hips bucked wildly in response, her pussy clenching around his face as she cried out in pleasure. "Do it, baby! Cum with me!"

With a jolt, Eric's body shuddered violently as his orgasm finally hit him like a freight train. He could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing as the warm, creamy liquid of his ejaculation spewed forth from its tip in powerful bursts that rose four-feet into the air then splattered down on their writhing bodies. Each pulse of his erection sent shockwaves of pleasure from his groin to the very core of his being, and he let out a long, drawn-out moan of pure bliss.

Meanwhile, Claire's own orgasm was reaching its peak, and she could feel her pussy clenching harder than ever around Eric's face as she fucked it shamelessly. Her breathing grew ragged, and she cried out in pleasure, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall.

"I'm cumming, baby!" she moaned, her hips bucking wildly as the powerful waves of pleasure washed over her. She could feel the intense contractions deep within her core, her tits trembling with each one as she milked every drop of pleasure from the orgasm.

Eric didn't stop sucking her clit, his tongue never wavering despite the unbelievable feelings coursing through him. He wanted to savor every last tremor of her orgasm, every spasm of her muscles clenching around his face.

As Claire's pleasure reached its crescendo, she felt her desire and arousal intensify even more. A torrent of her sweet, feminine juices burst forth from her core, spilling into Eric's waiting mouth and trickling down his flushed cheeks. The heat radiating from between her thighs was almost unbearable, and she could feel herself losing control as waves of ecstasy washed over her body.

Finally, the intensity began to subside, and both Eric and Claire went limp in the embrace of the steamy shower. They lay there, their

bodies still connected, panting heavily as they basked in the afterglow of their shared orgasm.

"Oh, Mom," Eric whispered, his voice hoarse with pleasure. "That was the most incredible thing I've ever experienced."

Claire pulled her fingers from his ass and climbed off him. Starting at his balls, she kissed her way up his body, planting soft, tender pecks up his boner, onto his chest and then finally on his lips.

Eric let out a deep groan as she settled on top of him, her body pressing against his with the weight of her enormous, wet breasts. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, tongues dancing and dueling frantically inside his mouth. He could feel her breath mingling with his, their bodies flush against each other. It was a moment of pure lust and desire, and he didn't want it to end. After nearly ten minutes of kissing like lovers, they finally broke apart, but Eric couldn't help but sigh in contentment. "Damn, I could stay here all day," he whispered, gazing into her eyes filled with the same intensity he felt in that moment.

Claire smiled warmly at him, her lips still swollen from their passionate embrace. "You and me both, baby," she replied softly, running her fingers through his damp hair. "But I should probably get out and feed the baby. She'll be waking up soon."

"Yeah, I understand. It can't all be about me," Eric joked, trying to disguise his disappointment.

"Well, it can ALMOST be all about you," Claire teased, laughing lightly as she fed him another kiss. "In fact I've been entertaining the idea of doing something that could bring us even closer together. It's the next logical step in our relationship, honey, and one that I think you'll like a lot."

"What is it?" Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Well," Claire began, a twinkle in her eyes, "I think I should put your father and I's relationship on the back burner so to say, just until you go off to college. I wanna focus all of my sexual attention on you and make sure you're well-prepared for life outside of our little nest."

"Haven't we kind of been doing that already though?" Eric asked, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Oh, sweetheart, this would be a whole new level of intimacy." Claire explained. "I'd be moving into your bedroom with you and we'd be acting more like a husband and wife than mother and son."

Eric gulped, feeling a mixture of excitement and unease. "Are you serious?" he asked, not quite believing what he was hearing.

Claire smiled, her eyes glinting with mischief. "As serious as a heart attack, baby," she replied. "And I think it'll be the perfect way for us to cement our bond and prepare you for your future."

"Yeah, I suppose it would," Eric responded, still in shock at the proposition.

"As your mother, I feel obligated to prepare you for the responsibility that comes with marriage. Your age is approaching when a wife will be expecting you to make love to her every night, perhaps even for hours on end. It may seem intimidating now, but it is a beautiful and important aspect of married life. I want to ensure that you are ready for this commitment and all that it entails." Her words were tinged with a mixture of concern and wisdom, her eyes conveying the weight of her words as she spoke.

"And moving into my room with me will help with this?" Eric asked.

Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Absolutely, my love. It'll be a whole new and exciting chapter in our lives, and it will strengthen our bond as mother and son. We'll be able to explore your desires and fantasies together, and I'll be there to guide you through any difficulties or challenges you may face sexually."

Eric swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. This was a lot to take in, but he knew deep down that he trusted his mom completely.

"What about dad though? What's he gonna think of you and I sharing a bedroom?"

"Well, your father will have to deal with it in his own way, but I'll make sure he understands that this is for your benefit," Claire reassured him. "He'll see that I'm merely preparing you for a life of unbridled passion and pleasure."

"Won't he be mad if you stop having sex with him though?"

"He might be at first, but he'll need to understand that we're ALL making sacrifices for your future," Claire answered. "Don't worry, in the end I think he'll support me in doing what's necessary for your growth and development."

The next day, Claire nervously paced the living room, awaiting her sit-down with Fred. She knew it would be a difficult conversation, one filled with resistance and emotions running high. But she was determined to stick to the new plan - for her and Eric to share a bedroom. The anticipation built in her chest as she rehearsed her arguments, determined to make Fred see reason.

"Are you serious, Claire?" Fred asked minutes later, his voice rough with disapproval. He sat heavily in the armchair, his arms crossed over his chest. "First you give your panties to him to sniff and taste, then you're letting him drink from your breasts and practically having sex with him. Now you wanna to stop having sex with me and move into Eric's room?"

"I love you, Fred, but I can't ignore the fact that Eric is growing up and needs to be prepared for his future," Claire reaffirmed. "By the time he goes to college, we'll have spent years helping him become a responsible, confident adult. But if we don't address his sexual

education and development now, he'll be ill-equipped for the challenges he'll face."

Fred grunted, skepticism clear in his expression. "And moving into his bedroom is going to teach him that?"

Claire sighed and sat down next to her husband, taking his hand in hers. "Fred, I understand that this is a lot to take in, but hear me out. By sharing a room with Eric and being intimate with him every night, I can guide him through any difficulties or challenges he may face sexually. It's not just about the physical act, but about the connection and understanding that comes with it. I'm not suggesting that we stop being a loving couple, you and I, but I am suggesting that we put our son first for a little while."

"By allowing you to have sex with him?"

"Yes," Claire answered bluntly. "It's the only way for him to truly learn and be prepared for a real wife."

"It's sex with your son though. It's obscene, AND against the law!"

"So is the little adjustment that you did to your taxes last year, Fred. I never told anyone about that, and in that same way, I expect you to keep the arrangement we have going under this roof a secret," Claire warned.

"What about MY sexual needs?" Fred asked. "What am I suppose to do?"

"You'll just have to go back to masturbating for a little while," Claire laughed nervously, trying to lighten the mood. "But I promise it won't be forever. Once Eric goes off to college, we can go back to having a normal sex life."

"We can't even have sex once a week?" Fred asked, desperate for something. "Just once?!"

"No, Fred. All of my sexual attention needs to be focused on Eric," his wife answered. "Think of it like this: if Eric were a car, and he needed to be prepared for the road ahead, you wouldn't just take him out for a spin, would you?" Claire prodded. "You'd first make sure his tires were properly inflated, his oil was changed, and his engine was running smoothly before you let him hit the road, right? Well, the same applies to his sexual well being. I need to make sure he's ready for anything life might throw at him and in order to do that, I need to spend as much alone time with him as possible."

Fred sighed, his forehead creasing with frustration. "But Claire, you're MY wife. Things aren't suppose to be this way."

"Yes, sweetheart, they're not," Claire agreed, her voice soft and understanding. "But sometimes we have to do things for the greater good. And the greater good right now is making sure Eric is prepared for life outside of our home." She squeezed Fred's hand, her expression pleading. "I know it's not ideal, but I believe with all my heart that this is what's best for our son and our family. Can you trust me on this, Fred?"

Fred looked at Claire, her eyes full of love and concern, and despite his reservations, he nodded reluctantly. "Okay, Claire. I trust you. But you better make sure this works out."

"I promise, Fred," Claire whispered, planting a gentle kiss on his cheek. "Now, let's get started on switching bedrooms."

As Claire, Eric and husband began the process of moving Claire's belongings into Eric's room, the air was thick with tension and uncertainty. Eric felt a mix of excitement and nervousness as he watched his mother gather her things, preparing to share his bedroom with her.

Fred, on the other hand, could barely conceal his discomfort, glancing at Claire with a mix of sadness and resentment. But he said nothing, knowing that his wife had made her decision and he had to respect it.

"Are you sure you two don't need the bigger bed in here? Eric's is only a full-sized mattress," Fred pointed out.

"Yes, Fred, we're sure," Claire reassured him, her tone firm. "Do you remember when you and I got married and how we were fine with a full-sized bed?"

"Yeah."

"Why was that?"

"Because we wanted to hold each other and have sex all the time, I guess," Fred replied.

Claire nodded, a smile playing on her lips. "Precisely, Fred. Whenever Eric and I are in bed, we'll probably be... 'entwined' in some way. I'm not moving in here just so I can lay next to him. I have a job to do and I won't be successful if I don't stay focused on it constantly."

Eric shared an awkward but excited smile with his dad.

"Yeah, yeah...I get it," Fred replied, grumbling under his breath as he helped move the last of his wife's belongings.

"Do I get to leave my posters up, mom?" Eric asked.

"How about we make a deal," Claire grinned. "You can keep the sports posters up as long as I can put up a mirror across from the bed."

Fred scowled at the suggestion. "A mirror? Seriously, Claire?!"

"Yes, Fred. It's important that I'm able to monitor his sexual performance from that angle, especially when I'm trying to teach him new techniques and positions," Claire explained.

"I didn't need to hear that," Fred groaned, rubbing his temples in frustration. The thought of them both looking back and watching Eric's teenage penis slam into his wife's pussy was disturbing to him.

"Well, then you shouldn't have vocalized your objection to the mirror," Claire retorted, her voice icy. "And that reminds me, once your finished helping us move, you won't be allowed in Eric and I's bedroom at all."

"What?! Why not?" Fred asked, his voice raising in protest.

"Because it's OUR private space, Fred," Claire replied. "It's important that Eric and I have a place where we can be intimate without any distractions. Imagine if Eric were learning piano and you interrupted him during practice every time he played," she continued, attempting to pacify her husband. "He wouldn't be able to focus, right? The same applies here. We need privacy, so please respect that."

"Fine" Fred sighed, resigned to accept the new arrangement, even though it seemed ludicrous to him.

With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Claire suggested to Eric, "Why don't we go shopping, honey? I think it's time for us to pick out some cozy new bedding and perhaps even new curtains for our bedroom." Excitement bubbled in her voice as she continued, "Let's find something that truly reflects the special sexual bond that we share – something uniquely us."

"I'll be downstairs watching the game," Fred grumbled, making no effort to hide his frustration.

As they strolled through the bustling mall, Claire clung to Eric's arm, making him feel like a proud and protective husband. The image of her ample bosom jiggling enticingly beneath her form-fitting blouse and the sound of her delicate 4-inch heels clicking against the tiled floor sent his desires into overdrive. Every step she took was graceful and alluring, causing heads to turn and eyes to linger on her seductive figure. Eric couldn't help but feel dizzy with desire as he walked alongside his stunning mother.

"Let's go in there," said Claire, pulling him towards a lingerie store.

Inside the store, Eric felt his face heat up as he realized what he was about to see. The walls were lined with racks of colorful lace and satin, and the air was filled with the scents of perfume and arousal. His mom hugged him from behind, flattening her tit-melons against his back as she brought her lips to ear. "We'll always be naked in bed, of course, but it's nice to have a few special pieces to make things interesting," she whispered seductively.

"What though?" Eric asked. "There's so much to choose from."

"What about these baby doll nighties over here," Claire suggested, guiding him to a rack of intimate apparel. "Imagine me wearing one of these with nothing underneath."

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of the sexy lingerie. "That would look so hot, mom," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Claire brought her lips close to his, staring intently. "You could reach beneath it, grab on to my buttocks and lift me against the wall for a nice hard fuck."

"That sounds nice," Eric gasped.

Claire smiled and continued, "And what about these stockings over here. Would you like to feel soft, nyloned legs wrapped up around you sometimes while we fuck, honey?"

Eric felt a thrill of excitement at the thought of his mother wearing something like that for him, and he nodded emphatically. "Yes, mom, that would be amazing."

"Or maybe some lace panties for you, baby," Claire crooned, leading him to a different section of the store. "Imagine burying your face against these while I have them on, feeling my wet slit against your nose."

Eric's cock twitched at the thought, and he felt himself getting hard. "Oh, mom, that sounds so hot," he murmured, his voice barely audible above the sounds of the shoppers around them.

Claire gave him a sly smile and held up a pair of black lace panties. "These are ours," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

In that moment, Eric realized that he was in a grown-up world now, a world where his desires were not just fantasies, but a reality. He felt a rush of adrenaline and awe as he looked at the lace panties in his mother's hand, knowing that soon, he would be stripping them off his crotch and burying his cock deep in her pussy.

Fred's jaw dropped in surprise as he entered Eric and Claire's bedroom, his eyes widening at the sight before him. The bed was covered with a colorful array of lingerie, ranging from delicate lace camisoles to daring crotchless panties and sheer mesh body stockings. There were even garter belts and sexy teddies scattered amongst the piles of lace and satin. "What the hell is all this?" Fred exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief and amusement as he looked over at Claire and Eric. They both wore mischievous grins, clearly pleased with their purchases.

"Eric and I made some purchases today," his wife simply answered with a mischievous smile spread across her face.

"I can see that," said Fred, his eyes roved over the scattered items on the bed. He saw various sex toys, ranging from sleek cock rings to vibrating plugs and a colorful array of flavored lubrications. Each item promised pleasure and excitement, their purpose clear yet intriguing.

"I paid for all this stuff I assume?" Fred asked, his stomach in a knot.

"Yes, you did and we thank you, Fred," his wife replied. "This is a great way for you to contribute to Eric's sexual learning."

"All these things were really necessary for that?"

"Absolutely, honey," his wife replied with a coy smile. "Eric needs to learn that there are endless ways to experience sexual excitement and pleasure. This lace lingerie, with its delicate straps and intricate

designs, and these toys of soft silicone and buzzing motors will open up a whole new world to him. A world of forbidden desires and unexplored pleasures that he has only begun to discover with the use of his Semen Collector."

"We never use any of these types of things together," her husband pointed out.

As his wife gently spoke, her words laced with a hint of concern and amusement, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment. "Not to be mean," she said, placing a hand on his arm, "but these types of things aren't really made for a guy your age, honey." She gestured towards the toys and lingerie laid out on the bed in front of them. "These are made for men and women in their sexual prime, like Eric and I are. People whose bodies are conditioned for serious sexual activity," she continued. As he looked at the delicate fabrics and intricate designs, he couldn't deny that they seemed more suited for younger, more adventurous couples.

Fred lifted a box from the bed and read its cover. "Duel anal vibrators?"

His wife took the box from him. "Fred, you need to go out of here and not concern yourself with what Eric and I are doing. You have your own life and your own hobbies. This is our private space, and it's where I plan on helping our son explore his desires and needs. Just because you can't understand or relate to it, that doesn't make it wrong or invalid."

Fred sighed, feeling defeated. He backed away from the bed, looking at the toys and lingerie one last time before leaving the room. As the door closed behind him, he could hear Claire and Eric giggling, their voices muffled by the door.

"Why are you and Eric sharing a bedroom?" Claire's daughter asked at the dinner table.

Claire shifted in her seat, her gaze darting over to her husband with a hint of discomfort. It was clear that she had not anticipated her daughter's curiosity about their recent move and subsequent change in living arrangements.

"Well, sweetheart, you know how your father snores a lot, and sometimes it keeps me awake," Claire began, her voice soft and gentle. "Your brother offered to share his room with me, so that I could get a good night's sleep. Isn't that thoughtful of him?"

"Yes, but isn't that kind of weird though?"

Claire tried to think of an analogy that would explain the change in a way she could understand. "Eric and I sharing a room is kind of like how friends share a room when they go on a vacation. We're just sharing a space to make things easier for all of us."

"Couldn't you just set up a bed in the nursery?" Claire's daughter asked, jealous that his brother was getting his mom all to himself.

"That's the baby's space, and it's important that she not be disturbed by any noise or light. We want her to have a calm and peaceful room to sleep in," Claire answered, anxious to change the subject. "Who wants dessert? I bought an apple pie today."

Both Claire and Eric were filled with a potent mix of nerves and excitement, their bodies tingling with anticipation as they prepared for their first night together. It was as if they were two newlyweds on their wedding night, eagerly awaiting the start of their journey into physical intimacy. They had already explored each other's bodies before, but tonight felt like a new beginning, a chance to deepen their connection and explore new depths of pleasure.

Fred was sprawled out on his bed, the glow of his laptop screen casting a soft light on his face. In the doorway appeared his wife, radiating elegance and sensuality in a stunning satin robe that hugged her curves in all the right places. Her delicate feet were adorned with high heels, their arches visible through the straps as her

pointed toes peeked out from beneath. Fred couldn't help but feel a pang of envy towards Eric, knowing that he would soon be basking in the presence of such breathtaking beauty.

"Eric and I are going to bed now," Claire stated, twisting the knife in her husband's gut.

"Yeah, and then we all know what happens then," Fred said sarcastically.

His wife couldn't help but smirk. "Try not to think about that, ok? Yes, Eric and I are gonna be having a ton of sex, but if you just sit in here and dwell on it you're only hurting yourself."

"What if he gets you pregnant, Claire. Have you thought about that?"

"Yes, actually I have. If I did have a baby with Eric, he or she would still have our family DNA. It would be just like if YOU had impregnated me and we would treat it as such."

"Alright, well, I still have another hour of work to catch up on. Goodnight," Fred replied with a heavy heart, knowing that his wife would be spending time with another man, more specifically their son.

As Claire approached her and Eric's bedroom, she felt a rush of adrenaline, the anticipation of what was to come electrifying her with each step. Her heart raced as she thought about the intimacy they were about to share, the bond that would be formed between them as they explored the world of physical pleasure together.

Eric's eyes widened as he saw Claire enter the room, the lace panties she had given him earlier were held to his nose and he savored their pungent scent. She closed the door and locked it behind her, secluding them in their love-cave. "Hi, baby. Are you ready for a wild night?" she asked slipping the robe off her shoulders, exposing her voluptuous naked body.

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of her super-sized tits and shaved pussy. He was already naked and fully rigid beneath the blanket, his

cock aching for attention. His boner flexed on his loins as Claire crossed their bedroom, her tits trembling, heels clicking delicately on the floor. "I'm more than ready," he stated, his heart racing.

"Good, because I have an itch at the back of my pussy that only your cock can scratch," she whispered, glancing down at the bulge in the blanket.

As Claire's fingertips grazed over the blanket, her body shuddered with desire. With a swift motion, she pulled it back to reveal Eric's teenage fuck muscle. It stood before her like a carved pillar of stone, thick and powerful. Veins pulsed along the surface, engorged with blood and working in perfect harmony to create a vessel made for pleasure. The sight alone sent electricity coursing through her veins, igniting a fire deep within her core.

Claire's body settled gently onto Eric's, their lips meeting in a fiery kiss that ignited their passion. The anticipation of the night ahead filled them both with wild excitement. She held onto him tightly, rolling onto her back as she guided his body on top of hers. Her knees bent and spread open, creating a perfect cradle for their passionate union to take place.

As Claire felt Eric's body weigh down on her, she let out a soft moan of pure joy. Her hands caressed his strong shoulders and upper arms, feeling the muscles tense and relax with each movement. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock, guiding it towards her entrance.

Eric's eyes locked onto hers, his face a picture of pure anticipation. He slowly entered her, feeling the tight warmth of her pussy enveloping his shaft. Claire let out a soft gasp as the head split the walls of her vagina apart, stretching her in a pleasurable sensation.

Every nerve in Eric's body screamed with pleasure as he felt his erection slide smoothly into the heated, wet walls of Claire's vagina. Every inch was engulfed and enveloped, filling him with a sense of

complete satisfaction. He could feel the tip of his penis pressing against the tight ring of her cervical entrance, sending sparks of excitement through his entire being.

"Fuck me, baby," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire.

Eric complied, thrusting into her with a fervor that made her moan with pleasure. The bedsprings creaked and groaned under the weight of their passion, the only sound in the room aside from their heavy breathing and the echo of their bodies slapping together.

Their lovemaking was intense and passionate, their bodies moving in perfect harmony to the rhythm of their hearts. Claire's big breasts jiggled with each thrust, her nipples rubbing against Eric's chest, creating a delightful friction. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into her with each movement, holding him in a grip that only a loving mother could.

Unfortunately for Fred, his bedroom shared a wall with his son's and he could faintly hear the sound of his wife and son going at it in the next room. He tossed and turned, trying to tune out the noises that invaded his solitude. Every creak and groan of the bed, every thud of the headboard, every moan and grunt, pierced his heart like a knife.

He imagined Claire's legs wrapped around Eric, her curvy body arching to meet his every thrust. He imagined their bodies, sweating and writhing under the sheets, tangled up in each other's limbs. He imagined his wife's face, contorted in pleasure, her eyes locked on Eric's as she reached a climax.

"Oh, yes! YES!" Claire's pretty voice rang out from the next room, shaking Fred to his core. He clenched his fists, trying to control the jealousy and anger that bubbled inside him. He had shared his life with this woman for years, loved and protected her, and now he was being temporarily replaced by his own son.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Eric and Claire's bodies surged toward each other, the sensation of their intertwined forms creating a perfect

rhythm. They moved with a frenzied energy, their passion taking them to new heights of pleasure.

"Fuck me, harder!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing off the walls.

Eric complied, his thrusts growing faster and harder, driving his erection deeper and deeper into the hole that had birthed him. He wanted nothing more than to please his mom sexually, to make her cum over and over from the power of his cock.

"Yes, fuck your mother!" Claire panted, clawing her nails into her son's back as they fucked. "Make me yours, Eric!"

It was as if their bodies were two puzzle pieces, fitting together perfectly and creating a beautiful picture of passion and desire. Her son's cock was like a key, unlocking the deepest parts of her pleasure and filling her with a sense of completeness. And the forbidden nature of their relationship, the thrill of breaking societal norms, only added a fiery intensity to their lovemaking.

Arching her back, Claire moaned loudly as the pleasure surged through her body, the familiar warmth spreading within her. She gripped her son with even more intensity, extending her legs out over the bed in a wide V, urging him to push her closer to the edge of ecstasy. Her eyes locked onto his, her face a picture of pure pleasure as she reached her peak.

As the climax washed over Claire, her whole body trembled in a orgasmic response. It was like a fierce tango, their bodies entwined in a passionate dance, each movement a symphony of desire. The waves of ecstasy crashed over them, their bodies moving in perfect harmony as their climax reached its crescendo. She was a siren, calling out to her lover with each moan, her legs folding back down, wrapping around him like a vine, pulling him deeper into her. And with each thrust, her grip tightened, her pussy clenching around him, milking him with a rhythm that matched their primal beat.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Hearing his mother scream out his name was enough to tip Eric over the edge. He thrust deeper, slamming his hips against her, the forceful impact sending him spiraling towards his own climax. His cock twitched and throbbed inside her, pulsing with each beat of his heart. "I'm cumming, Mom!" he cried out, his voice a mixture of shock and ecstasy.

With a primal, frenzied rhythm, he thrust his cock into Claire's tight, warm tunnel of flesh. His body shook with the intensity of his release as he emptied himself inside her, unleashing a torrent of hot, teenage semen that pulsed and twisted through her unprotected pussy. The fiery pleasure consumed them both as they wrestled in mutual climax, their bodies locked together in an electric embrace. It felt like hours had passed before they finally collapsed against each other, spent and breathless from their carnal dance.

"I wonder if dad heard us," Eric whispered as him and Claire clung to each other, catching their breath.

"Do you ever hear him and I having sex?" Claire asked.

"All the time," Eric replied, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Well, then I suppose he IS getting an earful then," Claire snickered, "but he should be proud of those sounds he's hearing. Those are the sounds of a son who is maturing into a powerful, sexually confident man, brought about by his mother's love and affection."

After a short respite, Claire and Eric began fucking again, this time with Claire taking the top position. Eric's tongue hung from his mouth as he looked up and watched her meaty mammaries leap up and down on her rib cage like a couple overfilled water balloons, bouncing and rippling. He couldn't wait to suck on those fat, rubbery nipples and feast on her warm tit-nectar.

Claire was in heaven as her son's thick cock stretched her to the limit. She could feel his shaft throbbing inside her, stimulating her sexual nerve endings and sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. She squeezed him tighter, trying to pull him deeper into her, but it felt like he was already buried to the hilt.

Eric loved watching her slap her wet bare crotch against his and swivel up and back with deep, grinding penetration. His tender cock meat felt like it was being stirred around inside a bowl of molten hot lava, his knob licking the wet, tight lips at the back of her vaginal tube.

"Oh, shit, that feels good, mom," he gasped, his body sweating and trembling under her harsh, strenuous, sexual prowess.

Claire's face was a picture of intense pleasure as she felt her son's thick shaft grind through her wet cunt. She was in a world of her own, her body consumed by the insatiable drive to fuck her son until they passed out from exhaustion.

"Fuck up into me, Eric," she moaned, her voice thick with lust. "I need to feel that dick of yours pounding through me."

He bucked like a bronco beneath her, straining against her weight as she rode him harder and faster. Her tits jumped up and down with each movement, and Eric couldn't help but marvel at the spectacle. The rhythm of their lovemaking echoed through the thin walls, filling their bedroom and seeping into his father's, who lay awake in bed, listening to the sounds of his son and wife making love.

"Oh, fuck, I'm so close," Claire moaned, her voice ragged with desire.

As Claire's body tensed with the overwhelming sensation of her impending orgasm, she began to buck wildly, her son's cock hitting the base of her throbbing hole with each powerful thrust. Eric gripped her hips tightly, his fingers digging into her flesh as he tried to hold himself in place, letting her take control of their passionate coupling.

"I'm cumming, baby," Claire cried out, her voice hoarse with raw emotion. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!"

It was all the boy could do to keep from cumming himself as he watched his mother's face contort into one of pure bliss, her eyes rolling back in her head. He could feel the warmth of her climax enveloping him, the walls of her pussy clenching and releasing around his steely hard cock in a rhythm that matched the pounding of his heart.

With a knowing smirk, the mother leaned over, her ample bosom bouncing and swaying in front of Eric. She was aware that he couldn't resist staring at her milk-filled hooters, his eyes fixated on their every movement. As she began to fuck him, she positioned herself so that her tits danced around his face, brushing against his cheeks and tantalizingly close to his lips. The sensation of her rippling melons against his skin caused Eric's penis to flex in response, slicing through her snug birthing tube like a hot knife through butter.

"Suck on them, baby" Claire pleaded, her voice breathy and aroused. "Suck on your mother's tits while I fuck you."

Eric captured a nipple, sucking it into his mouth. His lips spread out across her swollen areola, his tongue darting back and forth over the sensitive nub of her teat. Warm tit-milk burst from her ducts, coating his tongue in a surrender of sweet, creamy liquid. His mouth devoured her, sucking and nibbling until she cried out in pleasure.

Claire's hips were positioned in a way that caused her meaty, round buttocks to bounce up and down, the layer of ass-fat beneath the sweat-glistened skin rippling deliciously. With each thrust, her thighs tightened and her back arched, driving him deeper inside her. The heat between her legs intensified as she rode him with abandon, her body slick with sweat and desire. Her chest rose and fell with labored breaths, feeling his mouth hitched to her breast, eagerly sucking out her milky essence.

Eric relished the sensation of being enveloped under Claire's heavy, supple breast, the weight pressing down on his face as he suckled greedily like a ravenous newborn. The warmth and softness of her flesh was like a comforting embrace, filling him with a sense of contentment and pleasure.

Over the next hour, Claire experienced orgasm after body trembling orgasm, cumming so much on her son's cock that her ejaculate ran down off his balls, creating a big, sticky wet spot on the bed beneath them.

Eric snarled, his eyes rolling back as he pushed his face deep into the meat of her melon and chewed at his mom's nipple like a ravenous animal. Her tight pussy pumped like a vice around his pulsing cock, dragging out her son's climax and making him wail in ecstasy. With each spastic twitch of Claire's womb, Eric felt a new and powerful sensation course through his body.

"Hold on to my body, baby, then fuck me really hard, but don't cum," his mother directed. "I want you to edge your cock just like we used to do with your Semen Collector."

Claire wrapped her arms tightly around Eric's neck, pulling him deeper against her tit as she spoke. Eric's hips thrust upward, meeting the demands of his mother's request and driving his cock into her at a punishing pace.

"Yes, yes, that's it, baby," Claire moaned, her voice full of desire. "Push me, fuck me, make sure you're using all of your cock. I want to feel that big, throbbing dick fill me up."

Eric grunted and groaned, his hips working overtime as he continued to thrust in and out of Claire's soaked pussy. His balls tightened, his cock twitching and throbbing with each thrust. He could feel the tension building as he teetered on the edge of orgasm. He suddenly peeked out from under Claire's tits, his face sweaty and sticky with

breast milk from spending the past hour laving at her nipples. He looked into her eyes, which were dilated with passion and lust.

"I'm gonna cum, mom," he panted, his voice thick with desire.

"Don't you dare," she growled, her hips bucking harder against him, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Slow your thrusts and edge yourself. Don't you dare cum until I say you can."

The force of her command was undeniable, and Eric slowed his movements, his cock still pulsating inside his mother's tight, wet pussy.

"That's it, baby," Claire breathed, her voice filled with lust. "Just edge yourself. Tease me, fuck me, make me yearn for your release."

Their bodies were locked in a passionate dance, their love-organs throbbing and twitching with excitement as they moved together in perfect harmony. Claire's velvety walls of flesh encapsulated Eric's hard boner, molding it to her every curve with an intense pressure that sent shivers down his spine. The tightness of her womanhood enveloped him like a warm vice, pulling him deeper into the wet warmth of her core. With each movement, she bathed his erect member in her slick, lubricating oil, heightening the pleasure and intensity of their intimate connection. It was a symphony of sensations, each touch and movement sending waves of ecstasy through their intertwined bodies.

With Claire's expert guidance and use of the edging technique, Eric was able to push himself further than ever before. His body trembled with effort as he fought against the waves of pleasure threatening to consume him. Meanwhile, Claire had lost count of her own climaxes, releasing a steady stream of hot girl-cum around Eric's swollen member. The bed sheets beneath them were soaked through, evidence of their passionate and intense lovemaking.

Eric lowered his muscular frame onto her, pressing her voluptuous body into the soft mattress beneath them. Claire could feel the heat

radiating from his skin as Eric eagerly reached down to grab handfuls of her ass-meat. She knew what was coming next – a rough, intense pace that would leave both of them breathless. Anticipating his movements, Claire folded her strong, matronly legs up high around him, her ankles resting against the center of his back. This allowed Eric to thrust deeply and fiercely into her, his powerful hips driving their bodies together with each savage thrust. The sound of their flesh slapping together echoed through the room as Eric's big balls bounced against her asshole like a door knocker.

Their bodies moved together with a feral intensity, like two untamed beasts in the heat of mating season. Fingers dug into flesh, mouths clashed and devoured, and moans filled the air as they gave in to their carnal desires. There was no room for shame or inhibition in this primal dance, only the unbridled passion and hunger that consumed them both. The scent of sweat and sex mingled in the air, adding to the heady atmosphere of their wild coupling. In that moment, nothing else existed except the raw primal urge to fuck.

Claire's desire to bring out Eric's untapped potential burned like a hot flame within her. She wanted to transform him into a sexual beast, one who would leave every woman he slept with breathless and begging for more. As his boner throbbed with anticipation inside the welcoming tube of her pussy, Claire whispered words of encouragement, just as his coaches had done back in school. Her voice was laced with challenge, daring Eric to push himself to new heights of pleasure and passion.

"Keep going, baby," Claire coached him, her voice filled with lust. "Push yourself, give me your best. I want to feel every inch of that cock deep inside me."

Eric clenched his teeth, his muscles tensed as he thrust harder and faster, his cock swelling in her tight, wet pussy. Claire moaned with each movement, her body arching up to meet his. She ran her hands

through his thick, sweat-soaked hair, pulling him closer to her, the muscles in her neck straining as she breathed heavily.

Their bodies moved together in a feverish dance, their skin slick with sweat and desire. The bed creaked beneath their pounding, their flesh slapping together with each brutal thrust. The sounds of their bodies colliding filled the room, mixing with the scent of sweat, sex, and lust.

With every faltering movement, Claire's heels pressed firmly against Eric's hips, urging him to thrust harder and faster. Her body moved with his, guiding him with her own motions to ensure they were in perfect sync. "Don't slow down," she gasped between ragged breaths, "when you feel a woman's pussy clenching like that." She arched her back and dug her nails into his skin, lost in the pleasure of their primal dance. "That's when she needs your hard and relentless fuck-thrusts the most." The sound of their bodies colliding filled the room, joining the symphony of moans and heavy breathing as they pushed each other to new levels of ecstasy.

Eric let out a low groan as his entire body tingled and melted into the embrace of his mother's warm, soft curves. The scent of her skin and the feel of her body against his sent shivers down his spine.

"Not yet, baby," Claire cooed, her voice laced with desire as she felt his boner flex and strain against her. "Push yourself, savor the sensations but don't let them consume you completely yet."

She shifted her hips beneath him, using her silky, sweaty legs to pump her ass from the mattress, guiding him deeper inside her for maximum pleasure. "That's it, just like that...long thrusts, all the way to my womb." Her words filled him with a delicious heat as he lost himself in the rhythm of their lovemaking.

Claire's eyelids fluttered closed as Eric's cock plunged deep inside her, hitting all the right spots with a perfect angle. The sensations rippled through her body, igniting every nerve ending and sending

sparks of pleasure radiating from her G-spot to every cluster of sensitive tissue along her walls. She felt like a balloon being rapidly filled with air, ready to burst at any moment from the intense pressure building inside her. With a loud cry, she urged him on, her voice trembling with desire. "YES! RIGHT THERE!" she screamed, begging for more. "Fuck me harder! Make me come!!" Her body was a live wire, electrified by his touch and desperate for release.

Eric couldn't believe his luck. His mother, the woman who had raised him and taught him everything about the world, was now beneath him, begging him to fuck her harder and deeper. Her body trembled with want, her breaths coming in short, sharp gulps as he pounded her pussy. He felt a surge of power, knowing that he held the key to her most intimate desires, a platform that he had always been denied. His balls slapped against her ass with every thrust, and he could feel the sticky liquid of her cunt coating his cock with every stroke.

Claire arched her back, her body writhing in the most powerful climax she had ever experienced. Every muscle in her voluptuous frame rippled beneath her flawless skin, as if trying to break free from its constraints. Her nails dug into Eric's sweaty back, leaving red marks in their wake, and her trembling feet arched downward, her perfectly painted toes clenching in pure ecstasy. With a primal roar against her son's shoulder, she tried to show some level of restraint knowing that otherwise her cries of pleasure would be heard throughout the entire neighborhood. Her hot female ejaculation erupted from between their pounding crotches, splattering onto the bed and drenching them both in waves of bliss. As Eric's young muscles continued to pump his tireless member straight to her womb, she was grateful for this moment of uninhibited passion with the man of her dreams.

As the waves of pleasure from Claire's climax began to recede, Eric's thrusts became more desperate and frenzied. His body was a taut bowstring, ready to snap as he fought off his own release, determined to keep going. Claire's voice quivered and shook with each powerful thrust, her words a mantra of encouragement and desire. "You've

been so good, baby," she moaned, her fingers gripping at him in ecstasy. "Let yourself go now. Give me everything you have."

As soon as Claire's permission dropped, Eric's body seized up, his cock twitching violently inside his mother's warm, tight, cuntal embrace. His eyes rolled back into his head, and his mouth fell open as he let out a primal groan of pleasure. He could feel the imminent release, the familiar waves of bliss washing over him like a tidal wave. His balls tightened, and his cock throbbed and pulsed, sending shivers of pleasure through his entire body.

Claire's grip tightened around Eric's neck, her breaths shallow and ragged as she watched her son's face contort in agony and ecstasy. Her eyes filled with pride as she watched him release his load inside of her, his body trembling and shaking with the effort to control himself.

"Cum, baby," she urged him, her voice full of excitement and lust, cradling his teenage body against her softness like only a mother could. "Squeeze it all out through your cock."

After a few more deep, quivering thrusts, Eric's penis stopped spurting and he collapsed on top of Claire, his chest heaving and his face drenched in a sheen of sweat. They lay there for a long while, basking in the afterglow of their intense 3-hour session.

Claire smiled up at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with the memory of the nearly two-dozen orgasms she'd just had.

"That was incredible," she finally managed to say, her voice still breathy with arousal. "You've really honed your edge control skills, baby."

Eric gave a weak chuckle, still catching his breath. "I guess I've had some practice." He looked down towards his spent member as it slipped out of her, glistening in a warm cocktail of their secretions. "I couldn't have done it without you, Mom."

They drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, their bodies sweaty, sticky and entwined, the smell of their passion and pleasure still hanging in the air.

"Did you two ever get to sleep last night?" Fred asked as they had breakfast the next morning.

Claire and Eric exchanged a mischievous smile. "Not much," Claire replied with a smirk. "But it was worth every moment of lost sleep. I saved my critique for this morning though because I thought maybe you'd like to hear it."

"Critique?" Fred inquired.

"Critique?" Eric added with a curious smirk.

"Yes, sweetheart," she answered. "The whole point of this is to better your skills so that you experience the best sex possible. That being said, it's important that I provide you with feedback so that you can continue to improve."

"I see the value in a critique, but I'm not so sure I wanna hang around for it," Fred stated with a roll of his eyes.

"So, you don't care how your son is doing in the bedroom department?" Claire asked, feigning offense. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Sure I care, Claire. I just—"

"Well then be quit and listen. If you care, at least stay and show some support."

"Fine," Fred grudgingly agreed, folding his arms over his chest.

"Now, Eric," Claire began, looking at her son "overall, you did a fantastic job last night. Your edge control was exceptional, and your technique was impeccable. There were times where you could have

held off on your orgasm for a bit longer, but that's just a minor adjustment that you can work on for next time."

"I can do that," said Eric, then listened to his mom continue.

"Your thrusts were deep and rhythmic, which is a great start. However, I think you could benefit from a bit more variety in the angles and speed of your thrusts to keep things interesting."

"That's a good point," said Eric, nodding.

"Once you've gotten more comfortable with the speeds and angles," Claire continued, "We can experiment with different positions and techniques. I think you'll find that the more you broaden your repertoire, the more satisfied both you and your future partners will be."

Fred listened on in disgust as his wife continued to offer their son feedback. "My orgasms were all incredibly intense, one in particular was the strongest I've ever had. But I think you could have pushed harder to give me even more climaxes. I was on the cusp of multiple orgasms several times, but you never quite managed to push me over the edge."

"I'll work on that," Eric promised, looking determined.

"One more thing, darling," Claire added. "I loved the way you built up the intensity and used my bodily responses to guide your thrusts. It's clear you're listening to my needs and responding accordingly. That's a crucial part of good sex."

"Got it, Mom," Eric said, feeling a rush of pride. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Fred finally chimed in, feeling a bit inferior to his son. "Well, seeing as you two went at it half the night, I'd hate to have you critique MY sexual performance."

Claire and Eric laughed. "Our marital sex is different, honey," his wife pointed out. "It's about connection and intimacy. Most of the girls Eric dates won't want that. They'll just want fucked long and hard so that's the type of sex that Eric and I are focused on in order to prepare him for those experiences."

Since it was Saturday, they decided to take a family hike at the local trail. The sun beat down on their heads as they trekked through the dense forest, sweat trickling down their faces and bodies. Despite the heat, Claire and Eric couldn't keep their hands off each other. They held hands, stole kisses and kept whispering sweet nothings to each other, much to Fred's chagrin. The baby was attached to Claire by an infant backpack and luckily, their other daughter wasn't with them, spending the day with a friend, otherwise she would have noticed her mother and brother's flirtatious behavior as well.

After a few hours of hiking, they reached a beautiful clearing by a crystal-clear river. "Fred, would you mind taking the baby for a bit. Eric and I wanna take a dip." Claire requested, her voice breathy with arousal as she eyed the cool, inviting waters.

Fred rolled his eyes but complied, taking the baby in the backpack and strapping it over his shoulders. He wandered off a little ways to give his wife and son some privacy.

Claire and Eric stripped naked and dove into the river. The cool water felt incredible against their skin, and they floated together, their arms and legs intertwining in the water with Claire's huge tits mashed between them like two wet pillows.

Despite his inner voice warning him to stay away, Fred found himself drawn back to the scene. His eyes widened as he saw his wife and son, fully immersed in the water up to their necks. Their arms were wrapped tightly around each other, holding on as if they were afraid

to let go. And then, to his surprise, they were kissing with the passion of two soulmates reuniting after a long separation.

Fred felt his heart race as he watched his wife and son. He tried to look away, but he couldn't seem to tear his eyes from the scene unfolding before him. Claire's lips were locked with Eric's, their tongues dancing together in a wild, desperate frenzy. He felt like an intruder in his own family's intimate moment, unable to look away from the raw and primal display of desire.

"How's the water?" Fred asked, eager to disturb them.

Claire and Eric's lips parted and she looked her husband's way in annoyance. "The water's good. Honey, why don't you hike on ahead with the baby and Eric and I will catch up in just a little while."

"Let me guess...so you two can take care of some funny business, right?" Fred said with a smirk, fully aware of what was going on.

"Well, there may be times that Eric is in a situation like this with a girl," Claire replied. "It may be good practice for him."

"I can't believe this. You're seriously gonna have sex with your son in public?" Fred spluttered, feeling both betrayal and a strange mix of arousal.

"Public?" Claire's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Where's your imagination, honey? This is nature, not a street corner. Besides," she added with a wink, "We'll be practically invisible under this water."

"Alright, you guys just be quick," Fred advised, walking up the trail with the baby.

Claire's heart pounded with excitement as she tightened her grip around Eric, her eyes locked on his with a sultry gaze. With one hand, she reached beneath the water and brought his rigid cock to her waiting vaginal entrance. "Fuck me," she whispered, her voice filled with desire and need. Without hesitation, Eric leaned in and their lips met in a passionate kiss as his throbbing member penetrated her

slick folds. The blood, muscle, and sinew flexed powerfully beneath the flushed skin of his throbbing cock. Veins bulged and pulsed with every beat of his heart as he felt Claire's velvety inner walls part around his mushrooming glans. With a satisfying give, her tightness enveloped his sturdy stalk, each inch sliding deeper into her slick corrugated canal until the mouth of her birthing tube was suctioned tightly around his pulsating cock-root.

"Oh, shit," the teen whimpered, feeling like his mom's pussy was custom made for his cock.

The trail wound its way up the hill, hidden from view by thick trees and foliage. But little did Claire know that her husband, Fred, had found a vantage point above them. His heart sank as he looked down from the hillside trail. The river below sparkled with crystal clear water, reflecting the sunlight and revealing every detail of the entwined bodies in its depths. He could see his wife, strong and motherly, her legs wrapped tightly around Eric's hips as she clung to him like a spider to a fly.

Fred's eyes widened as he watched Eric's hands tightly grip the round, voluptuous globes of Claire's ass. He was standing on the river bottom, using it as leverage as they moved together in a passionate rhythm. Each thrust of Eric's teenage cock seemed to go deeper and deeper into Claire, her body arching with pleasure as she moaned uncontrollably. Fred couldn't help but notice how her humongous tits pressed against Eric's chest, their massive size pushed out at the sides in a provocative display. He could only imagine the pleasure that Eric must have been feeling with their fatty warmth sloshing against him.

From the corner of her eye, Claire caught a glimpse of her husband covertly observing them. A mischievous grin spread across her face as a rush of excitement coursed through her naked body, knowing that her husband was watching her passionately entwined with

another man. She made no mention of it to Eric, not wanting to disrupt his theirs and make him feel self conscious.

Instead, she wrapped her legs around him even tighter, her nails digging into his back, signaling her desire for him to fuck her deeper and harder. Eric seemed to pick up on the cue, thrusting faster and harder with each passing second. The water around them churned as they moved together like animals, their bodies colliding with a fervor that could only be described as wild.

Fred's heart was filled with dread. Claire was his wife and they had shared so many loving memories together, which included raising Eric. Now, there they were, his wife and son shamelessly fucking like animals in the wild, with both of them seeming to enjoy every dirty second of it.

"Oh, fuck my ass off, Eric!" Claire cried out, loud enough so that she knew her husband could hear her. She locked lips with her son, giving him the lewdest kisses imaginable while feeling his boner plunge through her overheated cunt.

Eric was overcome by the intense heat radiating from the mature body pressed tightly against him. Strong, muscular thighs gripped his hips with unwavering strength, urging him to continue his movements. The weight of enormous breasts pushed and rippled between them, their hardened peaks digging into his skin. Long nails dug into his back, marking him with a mix of pleasure and pain. And inside his mouth, a thick, forceful tongue whipped around like a wild serpent, exploring every corner and igniting a primal response within him. The raw animal energy exuding from this encounter was both exhilarating and overwhelming.

Eric had never had sex under water before. It felt like a dream, almost weightless as they moved together, their bodies gracefully undulating in a ballet of lust. The cool, refreshing water caressed their skins, heightening their senses as they copulated. He could feel Claire's

tight, wet pussy gripping and constricting around him, pushing him closer to the edge.

As they moved, Fred found himself unable to look away. The sight of his wife and son entwined, fulfilling their most primal desires was both arousing and deeply unsettling. However, despite his growing discomfort, he couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene before him.

Beads of sweat formed on Eric's forehead, dripping into the water like tiny droplets of fire, while Claire's large chest heaved with each erratic breath. Her eyes locked with his, a mixture of pure lust and raw, unfiltered desire.

Eric remembered the feedback he had received that morning, particularly the part about changing up his angle of thrusting.

And so, without warning, Eric went at her a different way. Claire gasped in surprise, her eyes going wide with pleasure as he plunged deeper, hitting a spot she never knew existed inside of her. "OH MY GOD, ERIC!" she squealed, wrapping her legs even tighter around him, pulling him closer as if trying to suck him inside.

As the head of Eric's cock dug against her G-spot with extreme force, Claire's orgasm hit like a bolt of lightning. The intense pleasure radiated through her entire naked body, making her shake uncontrollably. Unable to contain herself any longer, she let out a blood-curdling scream that echoed through the forest, reaching Fred, who was still watching from afar.

Fred's heart was in his throat as he watched, unable to look away, as his wife reached the peak of her pleasure. Her body writhed and trembled beneath Eric's touch, the sensation of his large cock plunging into her sending her spiraling higher and higher. It was a surreal moment for Fred, seeing Claire give herself over so completely to another man. What made it even more unsettling was the fact that she seemed to be cumming harder than she ever had with him, despite their years of lovemaking. But he couldn't deny that

Eric's size was impressive, his cock remaining fully erect and stretching Claire in ways Fred never could. The sight was both arousing and disturbing, but all Fred could do was stand there, consumed by a mix of emotions.

Eric's breath came in frantic huffs as he felt her birthing tube pulsating around him, milking his erection with its spongy pleats. In the cool water, it was easy to sense the warmth of Claire's ejaculation engulfing his throbbing cock. The sensation was both intense and euphoric, sending shivers down his spine. He could feel every inch of her body pressed against his, their shared pleasure amplified by the soothing ripples of the pool. As they moved together in perfect harmony, Eric couldn't help but lose himself in the intoxicating mixture of pleasure and desire.

"I'm gonna cum!" Eric panted, clutching Claire's hips tighter, his fingers digging into her flesh. He thrust harder and faster, his cock slamming into her with aching need.

Claire's eyes widened with anticipation, her breaths coming in short gasps. She knew what was about to happen, and she was eager to feel it.

The water around them churned with a magical hue, the result of the intense friction between their bodies. The sound of splashing water filled the air, a primal symphony of flesh and desire. Fred watched on, his heart pounding with a mix of excitement and dread, as his wife and son reached the pinnacle of their passion.

"Fuck, yes, Eric!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing through the forest. "I'm cumming with you!" The words seemed to ignite a fire within Eric and he beat his dick through the tube of her pussy like a savage. With one final powerful thrust, he unleashed his seed deep within Claire's most secret and sacred place. The sensation was indescribable, as if all of the desires he had ever had were suddenly realized in this one moment.

Claire shared a mutual orgasm, locked in a primal embrace, their bodies convulsing as if possessed by some other-worldly force. The water around them seemed to boil with the intensity of their passion, the churning waves an embodiment of their lovemaking.

Fred watched in awe as his wife and son seemed to merge into a single entity, their bodies entwined in a dance of desire that defied all logic and reason. Never had he seen such raw, unbridled sensuality, and never had he felt such a mix of emotions. Part of him was filled with rage and jealousy, but another part could not help but be turned on by the sight before him.

When they met back up on the trail Claire and Eric were fully dressed as if nothing had ever happened. A moment ago they were fucking feverishly and now they were just a mother and son walking together on the trail, hand in hand.

Eric went off to take a leak before the journey home. While he was gone, Claire's voice dripped with honeyed sweetness as she turned to her husband and posed a question. "Darling," she cooed, her eyes glinting mischievously. "Do you mind if I give Eric a blowjob on our way home?"

Fred's jaw dropped at the question. "Oh come on, Claire, you can't be serious?"

"It's not like we're gonna do it in front of you. We'll be in the back seat," she assured him.

"Can't you two at least wait until we get home?"

"Eric and I will only have an hour to fuck when we get home. He's meeting up with his friends for a party this evening."

"So, an hour is plenty of time to give him a blowjob," Fred said, a hint of irritation creeping into his voice.

"Honey, Eric already asked me if he could fuck me doggie style when we get home," Claire explained. "It's a position we haven't gotten to practice together yet. Besides, I'd really like him to experience getting a blowjob in the back seat of a car. You must remember how exciting that was when you were younger?"

Reluctantly, Fred surrendered to the idea and watched as Claire and Eric playfully scrambled into the back seat of his spacious SUV. As they began their journey down a quiet backroad, Claire tilted her head towards Eric's ear and whispered seductively, "Care to guess who's about to give you the best blowjob of your life?" With a mischievous grin, she reached over and expertly unzipped his fly, teasing him with anticipation.

"Really? Here?" he excitedly asked, glancing up at his father.

"Uh-huh," Claire smiled, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Carefully unzipping his shorts, Claire reached into the fabric and pulled out Eric's hardened penis. She positioned herself on her knees beside him on the seat, her long hair tumbling over his lap like a cascading waterfall. With a sly grin, she leaned down and extended her tongue, its pink tip curling seductively as it began to dart and swirl over his glans, eliciting an immediate response from Eric.

Eric exchanged an awkward look with his father, who peered back through his rear view mirror. Fred could see the thrill in his son's eyes and knew his wife's tongue must be working its magic on him.

Claire hummed with pleasure as she enveloped Eric's cock with her lips and sucked hungrily, her head bobbing up and down with a rhythm that matched the thudding of his heart.

From the moment she first tasted it, she had been addicted to the taste of her son's cock. It was the biggest and tastiest she had ever had the pleasure of sucking on, and she couldn't get enough. The precum that dripped from its tip was like a sweet nectar, driving her desire to devour him even further.

Eric let out a low, guttural moan as he watched Claire's lips stretch to obscene lengths as she slipped them up and down his throbbing pole. He could see the outline of his erection, clearly defined against the skin of her throat as it bulged each time her lips sank nearly to the base of his cock.

The tension in the air was palpable as this risky and exhilarating act was carried out with his father's full knowledge. Each time he stole a glance at the rear view mirror, he could see the envy burning in Fred's eyes. It added fuel to the fire of his thrill-seeking nature, a wicked sensation coursing through his veins.

Claire sucked Eric's erect penis in different ways, showing her cock-sucking skill. She used her tongue to swirl around the head, flicking the band of skin that connected his foreskin to his glans, driving him wild. She then took him deep into her throat, making lewd gagging noises as her lips formed a tight seal around the root of his shaft. When she pulled off, a plopping sound could be heard as her saliva dripped from Eric's dick, making it glisten wonderfully, accentuating every blue vein.

"Mmm, do you like the way it feels to have your cock sucked in the backseat of a car, honey?" she asked her son, her eyes a bit watery from having his dick so deeply embedded in her throat.

"I love it, mom," he replied, clutching the edge of the seat in his excitement.

Claire glanced up at her husband and said something that would continue to justify her actions in some way. She wanted Fred to truly believe that she was doing this for the betterment of their son's sexual knowledge. "You know, I've always been a firm believer

in teaching through experience. You need to learn what it's like to give and receive pleasure in order to truly feel comfortable doing it with girls you might be interested in," she said, her eyes never leaving Eric's dick as she spoke.

"That makes sense to me," Eric stated as he nodded in agreement. "I'll definitely put this experience to good use when I find someone special."

Claire gave her son's dick a few more daring licks, her tongue darting and swirling around the head before she took him in her mouth once more. Eric let out a low gasp as he felt her lips envelope his shaft again, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

As Claire continued to suck her son off, Fred found himself struggling with his feelings. On one hand, he was proud of his wife for being so adventurous and sexually open with their son. He knew that this kind of openness would make Eric a well-rounded and confident man when it came to his own relationships. On the other hand, though, Fred couldn't help but feel a mix of jealousy and arousal as he watched his wife pretty head bob up and down on their son's cock in the back seat of his car.

He was well aware that she savored the taste of Eric's cum, evident in the way she added it to her morning protein shake. But it wasn't just the flavor that drove her wild; he could tell by the lustful glint in her eyes that the sheer size and hardness of Eric's manhood also stirred something primal within her.

The lewd, wet sounds of cocksucking echoed from the back seat, confirming just how much his wife was reveling in the act. Her lips and tongue worked tirelessly on Eric's throbbing member, eliciting moans and gasps from both of them. The musky scent of arousal filled the car, mixing with the heavy breaths and frantic movements of their bodies.

"Fuck," Eric gasped as his climax built, his hands tightening on the edge of the seat. "I'm gonna cum, mom."

Claire hummed in response, pulling her son's erection out of her mouth just far enough to use her hand and mouth in tandem. She

stroked his rigid shaft at its root, her fingers slipping and sliding against its smooth texture as she sucked hard on the head.

"Come on, baby, let it out," she urged him, her voice throaty and sensual. "Show me what you can do."

Eric's breaths became ragged and erratic as he felt the sensation of release building in his loins. He closed his eyes and let out a loud groan, his hips bucking against Claire's mouth as he surrendered to the ecstasy of his orgasm.

With each powerful spurt of cum, Claire kept sucking, her tongue swirling around the tip and tasting her son's sweet nectar. She hummed in satisfaction as she swallowed down his load, savoring the salty taste of his climax. It was one thing to taste it in her smoothies, but to draw her son's fresh semen up from his balls through his boner, like a delicious milkshake through a straw, was extremely satisfying.

As the final droplets trickled out of Eric's penis, Claire pulled away, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She looked up at her son with a grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Well, I think that's a lesson well-learned," she said, her tone teasing. "But I did say it's important for you to learn how to receive AND to give," she added slyly, her eyes twinkling with wicked delight as she brought one foot up on the car seat, spreading her legs.

Eric's tongue darted out, moistening his lips as he gazed upon the outline of her vulva. The fabric of her thin hiking shorts clung tightly to her body, revealing the curves and contours of her crotch with tantalizing clarity.

Claire's gaze shifted over to her husband, a playful smile dancing on her lips as she continued speaking. "Don't you agree, Fred? A man should know how to give proper oral just as much as he enjoys receiving it," she quipped, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

Fred's gut sunk since he knew his wife was suggesting that Eric devour her pussy on his backseat. "I..." Fred stammered, unable to find the right words to express his disbelief. He swallowed hard, trying to suppress the anger and humiliation that boiled within him.

Claire snickered in response to Fred's discomfort, her eyes gleaming with amusement. She then looked at Eric in a flirtatious manner. "Of course your father agrees, so why don't you unwrap my pussy like a Christmas gift and eat it like it's the last meal you'll ever have."

Eric didn't need to be asked twice. With a eager grin on his face, he moved between his mother's parted legs and began to pull down her hiking shorts. He eagerly peeled them off her shimmering legs, revealing the heart-stopping sight of her vulva encased in sheer, pale yellow panties.

Claire giggled, watching Eric lick his chops like a hungry dog while staring at the flanges of labial flesh through the transparent cloth of her panties. "Come on, baby...get to the pussy," she wickedly whispered.

He quickly yanked them off of her like kid about to devour a candy bar. Claire's scent wafted up from her pussy, sweet and tangy, making Eric's cock throb with anticipation. He licked his lips one final time, his eyes devouring her.

Without further ado, Eric dived in, his tongue pressed against her sensitive folds from the moment it touched her. He pried the flanges her juicy labium apart, offering her a variety of oral techniques—swirling his tongue around her clit, flicking with just the right amount of pressure, and even nibbling on her lips with his teeth.

Meanwhile, Claire moaned in pleasure at the simple-yet-effective tongue technique. She reached down to run her fingers through his hair, gently pulling his head closer to her, wanting him to give her more. "That's it, honey, show me what a skilled pussy eater you are."

Eric licked and sucked on Claire's clit with relentless determination, biting down gently every now and then to add just the right amount of pain to her pleasure. As he probed her hole, savoring the tangy flavored of her secretions, he could feel his mother's pussy muscles tightening around his tongue, a signal that her orgasming was imminent.

Claire reveled in the way Eric's skilled mouth devoured her with fervor. He had only pleased her orally twice before, but it was as if he had been doing it for years, his tongue and lips expertly exploring every inch of her delicate folds. "Oh, God," Claire moaned, loud enough for her husband to hear. "You wouldn't believe how incredible this feels, Fred. It's like a thousand electric shocks coursing through me at once." She couldn't help but compare Eric's talents to her husband's lackluster attempts. "He may be half your age, but he's a hundred times better than you at licking pussy," she taunted playfully, relishing in the satisfaction of finally being truly satisfied by a lover.

"Thanks, Claire, that's great to hear," said Fred sarcastically, his voice dripping with venom as he watched his wife's body shake with pleasure.

"Now, honey, there's no reason to feel jealous, we all have our strengths and weaknesses. I just appreciate Eric's willingness to learn and the effort he puts in. Besides, he's been practicing a lot lately, and it shows."

"Well, you're probably the last person he should be 'practicing' on," Fred grumbled, knowing that he couldn't compete with his son's sexual prowess.

"That's a rather selfish statement, Fred," Claire chided. "You didn't hear me complain when you taught Eric how to drive, did you?" She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and continued, "Or when you showed him how to shave? I know every facet of what Eric should be learning in the realm of sexuality, so it only makes sense for me to be

the one he practices with." Her voice was firm, but underneath there was a hint of longing and desire.

Eric seemed to drown out their conversation as he feasted on Claire's wet and swollen folds. He held her thighs tightly, his face buried in the velvety warmth of her womanhood as his wiggly tongue delved deep into her slick tunnel. Each flick and swirl of his licker was met with a moan of pleasure from Claire, the sweet scent of her arousal filling the air around them. It was as if he couldn't get enough of her, savoring every drop of her fragrant juices and reveling in the tangy flavor that lingered in his mouth.

Eric eagerly feasted on her delicate folds, his intense focus reminiscent of a dog devouring a juicy steak. While licking, he gazed up at her exposed abdomen and the impressive size of Claire's breasts bouncing under her tank top, her erect nipples visibly pushing against the fabric. She gripped his face between her thick thighs and trailed her bare feet down his spine, her bare buttocks rhythmically moving on the car seat.

Claire arched her back, her head thrown back with pleasure, her eyes shut tightly. She whimpered softly in a blend of lust and contentment. Eric's tongue was like a magic wand, igniting a fire within her that burned brightly, threatening to consume them both.

Fred could only watch in awe, unable to comprehend the sensations his wife was experiencing. He felt like a spectator, an outsider, as he witnessed the intense chemistry between his son and wife. A wave of deep disappointment and shame washed over him as he realized that he had failed to give his wife the same kind of pleasure and satisfaction.

Claire reached a climax, her body shaking violently as her cries of pleasure filled the car. She clenched her teeth, trying to hold onto the wave of ecstasy that had taken her over. Eric continued to lick and suck on her clit, prolonging her orgasm and drawing out every last sensation.

Eric's mind swirled in a haze of pleasure as he couldn't decide which tasted more succulent, the creamy tit-milk flowing from Claire's nipples or the tangy, pulsating ejaculatory juices emanating from her urethra. The intimacy and exchange of bodily fluids between them heightened their connection, causing him to quiver with delight. He savored every drop of her essence, knowing that she relished his semen just as deeply, solidifying their intense bond.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Claire exclaimed loudly, gasping for breath as she felt her body tremble with the aftershocks of her orgasm. "I can't believe how good you've gotten at that, honey."

Fred saw his son rising from between Claire's legs, juices dripping from his chin as he licked his lips clean.

As they arrived back at their house, Eric and Claire eagerly assisted Fred in unloading the car. Their laughter bubbled over as they playfully flirted with each other, acting like infatuated teenagers.

Fred rolled his eyes in mock annoyance as he watched his wife pull Eric close, her fat tits pressing against him as she showered him with kisses. "Do you two ever take a break from touching each other?" he joked, a hint of jealousy laced in his words.

"Honey, I pumped a bottle for the baby before we left this morning," Claire stated, slowly pulling her son by the hand out of the kitchen. "Would you mind feeding her? Eric and I need some alone time for awhile."

"I got it," Fred answered, waving them off as he opened the fridge and grabbed the baby's bottle.

In the bedroom, Claire and Eric's clothes scattered to the floor like autumn leaves in a gusting wind. Eric's cock stood at attention on his loins, pulsing with desire as he eagerly watched Claire slink onto the bed. Her massive breasts bobbed and swayed every which way,

their weighty contours enticing him further. Pausing on all-fours, she presented her rounded buttocks to him, beckoning him closer with each tantalizing wiggle.

"Come on, honey," she purred, wagging her bare derriere in invitation. The delicate folds of her sex glistened with wetness and her swollen clit peeked out from between them, while the tight circle of her anus throbbed between her smooth butt cheeks.

With eager anticipation, Eric gave his throbbing member a few preparatory strokes, feeling it pulse with need as he mounted Claire's haunches. His breath came out in short, excited gasps as he rubbed the head of his engorged penis against her slick slit, eagerly collecting her warm, sticky juices. The heat emanating from her sex was almost tangible, making him shudder with pleasure. He couldn't wait to enter her and experience the fullness and ecstasy that their bodies would create together.

"Fuck meeee!" Claire cried out with desire, hinging her hips, eager to be pounded from behind.

With a grunt, Eric thrust into her in one swift motion, burying his entire length inside her. Claire yelped and moaned as his cock filled her up, the sensation of it stretching her out, pushing past her tight muscles with an intensity that both thrilled and pained her.

She threw her head back and cried out again, the sound muffled by the pillow as she clenched her fists in the sheets.

Eric held onto her hips, grinding himself against her, trying to adjust to the thickness of her tight, wet depths. He felt like he was going to burst as he felt her clutching him, her muscles pulsing around his throbbing erection. He groaned as his hips moved in sync with hers, their bodies slapping together with a satisfying wet noise.

"Oh God, Eric, fuck me harder!" Claire screamed, her voice rose with each thrust. She thrust back against him, making her luscious ass cheeks ripple upon impact.

Eric loved watching the meat of her mature ass ripple like jelly as he thrust into her, reaming her out. Her oversized tit-melons swung back and forth in perfect unison, like two giant pendulums. He could feel himself gaining speed, the tightness of her sex gripping him, pulling him in closer with each thrust.

“Slap my ass, baby,” the mother directed, her breathing laborious. “It's important to slap a girl's ass when you're fucking her from behind.”

Eric let loose with a hard, sharp strike to his mom's ass, making her butt-meat ripple.

“Again!” Claire squealed and her son responded with another loud smack to her heaving buttocks. It made him feel powerful, like he owned her pussy, and was encouraging her to keep throwing it back on him by giving her savage slaps to the ass. He could tell it was getting his mom worked up as well.

Claire screamed out suddenly, her voice echoing through the house as her orgasm took her, twisting her into knots as she was slammed by her son. She felt the familiar building tension inside her, starting low and growing like a heated coil spiraling out of control. Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, and she could feel the walls of her sex convulsing, gripping Eric's cock as he pummeled her from behind.

Her body jerked and trembled with pleasure, her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest. She screamed out as the orgasm racked her body, her lips parted and her head thrown back, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she felt the sensations ripple through her entire body.

Eric employed the edging technique, skillfully controlling his arousal and delaying his release. He was determined to make this moment last, to let his dad hear the sounds of his wife reaching climax multiple times - something that he was sure never happened when they had sex.

As the pair continued to fuck with a fervor that bordered on the animalistic, Fred could hear the unmistakable sounds of their lovemaking. He clenched his fists, trying to hold onto his anger as the reverberations of their passion shook the very foundation of the house.

After feeding the baby and putting her down in her crib, Fred couldn't help but stop outside his wife and son's doorway.

The sound of Eric's body slamming into Claire's and the squelching noises their genitals made together filled the air. Each thrust resounded through the house.

Claire screamed out loud, her voice echoing through the house. Her own moans and groans of pleasure mingled with her son's grunts, punctuating their passionate encounter.

Against his better judgment, Fred reluctantly opened the door and peered into the room with a mixture of shock and horror. His wife lay on the bed, her back arched, while Eric ravaged her with primal force. Her lithe legs were entwined around his broad back, her splayed thighs cradling him as he thrust into her with unbridled intensity. The sight of his son's impressive blue-veined girth pounding deeply and wetly into Claire's exposed core was both vulgar and mesmerizing, captivating Fred's gaze in a way he never would have thought possible.

With a heavy sigh, he closed the door to their bedroom and made his way through the house to escape the increasingly feverish sounds of their love-making. The distant rumble of thunder echoed outside, adding to the charged atmosphere. He sought solace in the garage, surrounded by familiar tools and projects, hoping to distract himself. But every few minutes, despite his best efforts, Fred couldn't help but hear the faint sounds of his wife's orgasmic screams coming from upstairs. Each one served as a painful reminder of the intense pleasure that Eric was providing her - pleasure that Fred couldn't seem to give her.

Claire sweet talked her son into staying home instead of going out with friends and they fucked for nearly two hours, right until the very last minute before Claire's daughter was due to return home from her friend's house. In a frenzied rush to compose themselves, they quickly separated and tried to regain their composure.

"Are you alright, mom?" Stacey asked as she watched Claire hastily make her way across the hallway, clad only in a towel. Claire's body glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and disheveled, giving her the appearance of having just completed a grueling marathon. "I'm fine, honey," Claire replied with a forced smile. "Eric and I were just doing some intense yoga exercises in our bedroom." The truth was far from that, but Claire wasn't about to reveal the steamy activities that had taken place just moments ago. She prayed that Stacey wouldn't notice the flush on her cheeks or the slight tremble in her voice.

As the family sat down for dinner and went about their usual evening routine, Claire and Eric couldn't help but steal longing glances at each other across the table. As soon as bedtime arrived, they were back to their insatiable desire for one another, eagerly exploring each other's bodies in a frenzy of sucking and fucking. The air was thick with the heady scent of passion as they writhed on the bed, trying out different positions to satisfy their insatiable cravings.

Eric reveled in the feel of Claire's squishy breasts pressed against him all night, his mouth never tiring of sucking and chewing on her flesh as he drank down her milk like a man possessed. And when it came time for him to climax, she expertly milked his cock until he thought he couldn't possibly produce any more cum.

The familiar scent of dinner cooking in the kitchen filled Fred's nostrils as he arrived home, tired from a long day at work. His wife greeted him with a kiss, her expression serious and determined.

"Fred, there's something new that I'd like Eric to explore," she began, "and I thought it was important to mention it to you."

His eyes rolled instinctively at the thought of another one of his wife's ideas for their son.

"Well, what is it this time?" he asked wearily.

Claire's gaze bore into his own, her lips forming a nervous smile. "You know how strongly I feel about Eric learning and mastering sexual things," she explained. "There's something crucial that we haven't explored yet, and Eric is fully on board with trying it out tonight."

Dread settled in the pit of Fred's stomach as he braced himself for what was to come. "What is it?" he asked hesitantly.

"Anal sex," Claire replied boldly. "I know it's not something you've been eager to try, but some guys like Eric get quite excited by the idea."

A chill ran down Fred's spine as he imagined his son engaging in such an act, but he knew he couldn't deny his wife's wishes. "Claire, is this something that is truly necessary for you to do on top of everything else?" he asked with a furrowed brow. "I mean, how many times a day are you two engaging in sex now as it is?"

"I don't know, at least five or six times," she replied casually, as if it were a normal occurrence. "But that's not the point. This is something Eric is going to experience, something that girls may even request from him specifically. It's important that he feels comfortable and knows how to properly engage in anal sex, and it's my job to teach him." She looked determined, her eyes shining with a sense of purpose.

Fred let out a heavy sigh, his frustration evident in the furrow of his brow and the tense set of his jaw. "And even if it did matter, would that stop you?" he asked, his voice laced with exasperation.

Claire's laughter tinkled like bells as she shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. "No, I suppose it wouldn't," she admitted with a mischievous glint in her eye. "But you should be grateful that I'm keeping you informed. After all, Eric and I could be indulging in all sorts of activities in there at night without your knowledge." Her smile widened into a playful grin as she continued, "But I believe in transparency in our marriage. And Eric needs to know that he has your unwavering support."

Fred's face contorted in a mixture of anger and hurt as he spoke. "I don't know how much support I can give to someone who's constantly having sex with my wife."

Claire's scowl deepened, her eyes flashing with frustration. "How selfish of you," she snapped back. "You're only thinking about the physical pleasure that Eric and I are experiencing, but you're missing the bigger picture here. Eric is about to enter the most sexually charged phase of his life - college. It's a playground for young men to explore their desires and with Eric's striking looks and impressive...endowment, I have no doubt that he will be indulging in all sorts of sexual escapades with countless girls. I need to ensure that he is prepared in every possible way." The tension between them was palpable as they faced off, each wanting what they believed was best for Eric's future.

Fred groaned, his frustration evident in the way he slumped his shoulders and rubbed at his temples. "Yeah, alright...I've heard this all before," he said with a heavy sigh.

Claire placed a gentle hand on his arm, her eyes softening as she leaned in to speak. "You know, I can't help but feel like there are other deep-seated reasons why you don't like what Eric and I are doing," she shared, her voice tinged with empathy. "You see him possessing me sexually and you don't like it. You see him doing things to my body, making me climax in ways that I never could with you. Am I right?"

Fred hesitated before finally nodding, his jaw set in resignation.

"But Fred," Claire continued, her tone gentle yet firm. "It doesn't make you any less important. You need to understand that." She reached up to cup his cheek affectionately. "You're a smart person and a hard worker who provides well for our family. Those are your gifts and they're wonderful."

Her words seemed to soothe some of Fred's tension, but Claire wasn't finished. "Eric has a different set of gifts," she explained. "He was blessed with good looks and...an exceptionally large penis." A faint blush colored her cheeks as she thought about Eric's crotch. "And his skills in the bedroom are extraordinary."

She took a deep breath before adding, "Plus, he's so much younger than you are. He's always hard and ready for sex, which is no fault of yours." A touch of sadness crept into her voice as she spoke these words. "You just can't compete in that category."

Despite the hurt and insecurity bubbling inside of him, Fred couldn't help but admire Claire's honesty and compassion as she tried to comfort him. He knew that their relationship would never be the same, but he also knew that he loved her enough to let her do what she felt was necessary for their son.

Eric's body shuddered with pleasure as he watched his lubricated knob slip seamlessly into the socket of Claire's asshole. The throbbing ring eagerly swallowed him, pulling him deeper and deeper inside her. She crouched above on their bed, her feet planted firmly as she lowered herself onto his cock. Her body was bent in half above him, offering him a perfect view of her huge dangling tits and the intense expression of desire on her face.

"Let's take it slow at first, baby," Claire advised. "Let my ass adjust to the size of your cock."

Eric nodded in agreement, his eyes never leaving the sight of his cock sliding into his mother's ass. It was something he had always dreamed of but never thought he would actually get to experience. But now, here he was, deep inside her, feeling the warmth and tightness of her anus around his teenage boner. He reached up to cup her breasts, massaging and kneading them as he began to thrust slowly.

Claire's moans filled the room, a mixture of pleasure and pain as her body adapted to the invasion of her most private orifice. She leaned down, kissing Eric passionately, their tongues dancing together as their bodies moved in tandem. She could feel his cock growing even larger inside her, stretching her ass to its limits.

Claire's ass cheeks rested against Eric's upper thighs as she buried his prick all the way inside her anal orifice.

The sensation was overwhelming as Eric let out a satisfied sigh, his engorged cock submerged in the slick, heated depths of his mother's anal passage. With each thrust, he could feel every inch of his sensitive tip pulsating against the tight walls of her rectum. The heat and pressure only intensified the pleasure, causing him to moan in ecstasy as they moved together in perfect rhythm.

As Claire's body adapted to the fullness of Eric's cock inside her, she quickened the pace and depth of her movements. Her fingers gripped tightly onto the headboard as she impaled herself on his throbbing member, pushing it deeper into her tight asshole with each forceful thrust. "Baby, fuck my ass!" she cried out, her voice trembling with pleasure as their flesh smacked together in a primal rhythm. The bed creaked beneath them, adding to the lewd sounds of their passionate lovemaking.

After several minutes of butt fucking ecstasy, Claire reached down with one hand, while holding the headboard with the other and began to rub the swollen nub of her clitoris. This added a whole other layer of pleasure to the mix, making the experience even more taboo and

intense. She could feel herself getting closer, the orgasm building within her.

"I'm gonna cum, baby!" Claire panted, her voice filled with urgency.

Even though it wasn't easy, Eric used his skills to hold off his ejaculation, so he could enjoy fucking his mom's asshole as long as possible. Watching her pretty face grimace as she let out a shrill cry of pleasure was a beautiful thing to behold. The way her asshole pulsed around his steely prick was almost more than he could bear.

Even though Claire had breastfed the baby just before they went to bed, warm nectar still dripped from her milk-engorged tits like droplets of honey. It pooled on Eric's chest in sticky splatters, inviting him to taste its sweetness. His desire to gorge himself on Claire's melons grew with every second, like a hunger that couldn't be satisfied until he tasted her sweet milk.

"Can I suck your tits, mom?" he asked, his eyes glued to the sight of them.

"Do you really expect me to say no to that?" she asked, lowering down and planting her knees astride his hips.

Eric planted a pillow under his back so he was reclined instead of laying flat, placing himself in the perfect position for vigorous tit-sucking. Before he began breastfeeding, Eric loved to wedge his face in the valley of her gaping tit-cleavage, kissing his way around between her spongy contours like he was drowning in a sea of huge, rippling boobie-meat. He had become quite possessive of his mom's big udders.

Finally, he latched onto Claire's left breast, groaning in delight at the sweet nectar that flowed into his mouth. The pressure of her soft, heavy tit on his face sent shivers down his spine. He sucked hard, drawing on the nipple like it was a lifeline, his eyes locked on the sight of flesh in front of him.

As he suckled avidly, the milk gushed into his mouth, filling him with a sense of fulfillment that he had never known before. It was more than just a craving—it was a deep, primal urge that seemed to awaken something within him.

Meanwhile, Claire's body continued to convulse with pleasure as Eric's hungry mouth worked on her tit. She could feel her own climax building with every pull of his lips, the intense sensation of sucking and butt fucking combining to send shockwaves of pleasure through her entire body.

Finally, she couldn't take it any longer. With a final moan, she climaxed, her entire body trembling as waves of ecstasy washed over her. Her asshole clenched tightly around Eric's cock, pulling him even deeper into her taboo depths.

Eric's cock was slick and hard, a well-oiled piston smoothly gliding through the tight cylinder of Claire's back passage. Her velvety anal walls molded perfectly to the shape of his sinewy boner, sending intense sensations of pleasure coursing through his body with every movement. The heat and friction between them intensified as they moved in perfect rhythm, reaching new heights of passion and desire.

Claire's ass flew up and down like a basketball bouncing rhythmically on Eric's crotch, making a lewd smack every time her body collided with his.

"Do you like the feel of mommy's asshole on your cock, baby?" Claire asked, her voice full of lust.

"Oh fuck, yes, mom," Eric's tit-smothered mouth groaned, his hips bucking in response. With a savage hunger, he clamped his teeth around her large, rubbery teat. He tugged on it with an intense force, stretching it out from the wide, thickly-textured ring of her areola. It was like a dog gnawing on one of its favorite toys, determined to get every last bit of enjoyment out of it. Milk squirted from several ducts

surrounding the swollen nipple, Eric's teeth digging into its tender flesh. The taste of tit-nectar flooded his mouth as he hungrily swallowed it down, feeling a primal satisfaction in using Claire's body as his own personal plaything. He clawed at her skin, suckling and nipping at her motherly flesh with reckless abandon. She let him be as rough as he pleased, indulging in the raw pleasure of their uninhibited passion.

As they continued to fuck, their movements grew more urgent, their moans of pleasure becoming louder and more intense. The bed creaked and slammed against the wall with each approximation, a slap in the face to Fred who was attempting to sleep in the next room.

With each thrust, Eric felt as though his cock was being crushed by the walls of Claire's anus, like two tight fists around his dong trying to milk the cum out, but it only made him want to fuck her more. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up close to his body, and knew that he was close to filling his mother's ass with his cum.

Claire could sense that Eric was on the brink of climax, and she reveled in the sensation of his cock throbbing inside her shitter. She reached down between her legs, cupped his balls in her hand, and began to stroke them gently, scratching lightly on the flesh of his nuts with her long, painted fingernails.

"Cum inside me, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Fill my ass with your hot cum."

The words sent Eric over the edge. With a loud groan, he thrust deeply into his mother's ass and held his cock there as he sprayed her rectum with his warm cum. Hot jets of sperm oozed from the tip of his cock and splashed against the walls of her anal tunnel, filling her ass completely with his juicy release.

Claire's anal canal tightened around his cock, chewing on his erectile flesh, milking every last drop of his sperm, as she clenched and unclenched around his throbbing shaft. She raised herself up and

down, slowly milking Eric's cock dry before collapsing down onto his chest, both of them spent and utterly satisfied.

As they lay there, still connected and panting heavily, Eric raised his head to look at his mother's beautiful face, her eyes burning with the same intensity that he felt in his own.

"Thank you," he finally whispered, his voice trembling with emotion.

"You're welcome, baby," she replied, kissing him tenderly on the lips. "I'm glad we're getting to experience everything together. I want you to enjoy every inch of my body."

Sometime in the middle of the night, Fred was jolted awake by the unmistakable sound of Eric and Claire locked in a heated fuck. The rhythmic thumping of their headboard against the wall echoed through the room like a tribal drum, revealing the intensity of their lovemaking. Curiosity and arousal stirred within him as he imagined Eric hovering over his wife, her legs spread wide in the air as he thrust into her with wild abandon. He heard sounds coming from her that he had never heard before in their 20 years of marriage - primal moans and gasps of pleasure that he knew he could never elicit from her.

For what felt like an eternity, he laid there in the dark room, listening to the rhythmic thumping on the wall. The sound slowly grew more intense, building up to a climax every few minutes that made his heart race with anticipation. He imagined his wife's body quivering and spasming with pleasure, her voice erupting in squeals of ecstasy. His son's stamina was impressive, as the thumping continued for thirty minutes, then an hour, until it became even more intense and erratic. It seemed as though Eric's body was pulsating and thrusting at the same time, reaching a peak of pleasure as if he was spilling out inside her. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the knocking ceased altogether.

The once bustling room fell silent once again, the only sound being the soft murmur of the air conditioning. But ten minutes later, a rhythmic pounding echoed through the walls, breaking the quietude. It was different this time, each knock precise and deliberate, as if they were following a carefully choreographed routine in their sexual dance. Fred couldn't help but wonder which position his wife and son were trying out now. In their marriage, he had found it challenging to keep up with her insatiable appetite for new sex positions, especially considering his pudgy figure and lack of physical fitness. Meanwhile, his wife seemed to be as limber as a ballet dancer thanks to her religious Pilates practice. And he had no doubt that Eric, with his chiseled physique and stamina of an athlete, had no trouble at all satisfying Claire's every desire in any position they chose. The thought made Fred feel inadequate and insecure in comparison.

In the next room, the sounds of passion filled the air as Eric and Claire entwined in a primal dance. They were in the leg-glider position, with Claire lying on her side and one arm propping her head up. Her legs were spread out on the mattress, one extended straight up into the air like a beacon of pleasure, her toes pointed towards the ceiling. Eric straddled her grounded leg, using it as a base while her other leg rested against his shoulder for leverage. The rhythmic movement of their bodies created a symphony of desire as he thrust into her with varying angles, expertly pleasuring her with his rigid cock. His eyes were fixated on her supple breasts, watching them bounce and quiver in perfect harmony with their union.

Claire beamed with pride as she watched Eric's progress over the past week. From timidly pleasuring himself with her wet panties, he had quickly learned the art of edging and transformed into a sexual powerhouse. His mattress became his stage, his body his instrument, and Claire was sure he could conquer any sexual challenge that came his way. She knew he would leave every girl craving more, unable to resist his irresistible charms.

For three blissful months, Claire and Eric's passion knew no bounds. They reveled in each other's bodies, entwining themselves in pleasure until the early morning light. Sheets tangled and soaked with their combined essence, they collapsed into a deep slumber, only to wake up and start all over again. Their raw desire and unbridled lust knew no limits. And it was no surprise that one of the countless times they beat their tireless pissers together, an act of passion resulted in new life being formed within Claire's womb. Eric's potent seed broke through her ovum and impregnated her with another child, sealing their love and connection forever.

Fred's eyes widened in shock, but his wife's persuasive words easily convinced him. She argued that their son Eric needed the experience of impregnating a girl and would also benefit from learning to please her as her body changed during pregnancy. At college, Eric was popular with the ladies, fucking plenty of hot, young pussy and gorging himself on their plump, bouncy tits, but each time he returned home for break, Claire's belly had grown larger and her breasts were becoming swollen with milk. And during his stay, they did nothing but engage in passionate intercourse until they were physically spent. The air was thick with the scent of sex and sweat as they explored each other's bodies day and night, much to Fred's displeasure.

Despite Claire's attempts to return to a normal sexual routine with her husband, the passion and intensity she had shared with Eric made her encounters with Fred seem almost laughable in comparison. And as much as Fred tried to ignore it, he couldn't help but notice the way his wife would practically pounce on Eric at the door every time he visited, leading him straight to the bedroom for what she called 'practice' sessions. It was clear that she was determined to keep honing Eric's already impressive skills.

The air was thick with longing and desire as they moved together, their bodies fitting perfectly like two pieces of a puzzle. And in those moments, Fred couldn't help but wonder if Claire truly belonged to

him or if Eric was the one who now possessed her heart and body forever.

THE END