

Mom's UNHOLY desires

By Klrxo

“Bless me father for I have sinned,” a sexy female voice confessed. “It's been three hours since my last confession.”

“Three hours?!” the priest asked in disbelief. “That's not very long to go without sinning.”

“Yes, I know, I've um...been struggling a lot.”

“Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?”

“I had sex with my son, and...”

“And what, dear?”

ONE WEEK EARLIER

“Come on guys...you're gonna be late for school,” Chelsea shouted as she scrambled to find her keys. The beautiful mother had long fiery-red hair and a perfect complexion. Her friends from church always told her that she was a striking image of the Aussie actress, Isla Fisher.

Chelsea's young daughter, Eve, was the first to hurry down the stairs. “Have you seen my book bag?” she asked in a distressed tone.

“It's by the front door, honey,” Chelsea answered. “Where's your brother?”

“Probably still sleeping.”

The mother quickly climbed the stairway to fetch her son. Her conservative dress clung to her luscious curves, which included a thick, round ass and tremendously-large breasts. Her heels clicked loudly as she marched to her son's room and, without thinking, threw open the door.

“Henry, we need to...”

Chelsea gasped and turned her head as she realized her son was on his bed masturbating.

“Henry! What are you doing?!” she asked in shock, even though she knew the answer.

“I'm just um...getting up,” the boy awkwardly answered, covering his junk. “Can I have just a few minutes, mom?”

The mother backed out of his doorway, blushing by what they both knew she'd just seen.

“We'll be in the car. You need to hurry!” she admonished, then rushed away.

When she got downstairs her husband, Teddy, was gathering his things. He was a handsome, 40-something version of her son, in a sharp suit and tie. "I forgot to mention that the Parkers are joining us for dinner tonight. I hope that's ok?" her husband asked.

"The Parkers?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes, they're the new members of the congregation that just moved here from California."

"Oh, yes, the Parkers...of course," his wife smiled. She had completely forgotten that they had extended that invitation upon meeting them the previous Sunday. Teddy was the pastor at their church and they tried to make it a point of having new families over as a welcoming gesture.

"Are you ok? You look distressed," Chelsea's husband asked, noticing how his wife looked as though she had just witnessed something shocking while upstairs.

"Yes, I'm fine," she answered, forcing a smile. "The kids are just slow-going this morning. It's got me a little stressed."

The truth was she wasn't fine. Even though she had just caught a quick look at what Henry was doing, the vision of his cock was frozen in her mind like a still-image. Even with his hand wrapped around the base, Chelsea saw a substantial-amount of cock-meat sticking up in the air, including one of the fattest knobs she'd ever laid eyes on. Not that she'd seen a ton of penis's in her life, but her son's was still the largest she'd ever beheld. *"I can't believe he was just...laying there stroking on it!"* she thought, but then reminded herself that it was a normal thing for boys his age. *"All boys masturbate. I suppose I was bound to catch him at some point."*

The car ride was awkward, with Henry hardly looking over at his mom. They were both clearly embarrassed by what happened earlier. Chelsea finally broke the silence when she stopped the car to drop him off at the high school. "Have a good day, honey. Stay focused, ok?" she admonished.

"See ya, mom!" Her son responded, getting out as quickly as he could.

Once back home, the mother set about her daily cleaning tasks. She was a traditional housewife, but now that both her children were in school, she also did a lot of volunteering at their church. 'The Rexburg Church of the Holy Savior' was a splinter sect that closely resembled the catholic church, especially in it's religious traditions. One thing that was different, however, was that priests and nuns were allowed to marry and have children. Chelsea's husband, Teddy, was one of two pastors at the church. The other was Father, Hanson, who was soon to retire from the ministry.

As she swept the upstairs hallway, Chelsea stopped suddenly when she reached her son's doorway. It was the same view she had earlier, minus the naked, masturbating teenager on

the bed. The image of Henry's big horny cock suddenly appeared in her head, making her insides tingle. ***"STOP!"*** her mind shouted. ***"Think about something else!"***

She continued sweeping, trying to shake the image of her handsome son beating off his huge cock on his bed. However, like someone who'd been put in a trance, she was drawn inside her boy's bedroom and walked over to his bed. The mother inhaled deeply, letting the potent teenage pheromones that lingered in the room sweep through her senses. She was so in tune with her sensory facility that she could pinpoint exactly what it was she was smelling. It was part sweat, part cologne and part male-sperm, probably from Henry's earlier ejaculation. Her body responded like any hypersexual female's would. First, with a warm tingling sensation that swept through her mature frame. Then, the big pinks caps on her tits got swollen and stiffened beneath her bra, resulting in nipples that became extremely turgid. Her clitoris engorged, causing her fleshy hood to retract, exposing her throbbing glans. ***"You need to get out of here!"*** her mind admonished.

She began to turn towards the door, but something caught her eye. She knew what it was. She'd seen it before and knew it's purpose. Most of the time, when collecting Henry's laundry, she would just quickly throw it in the basket, without giving it much thought, but not today. Not after what she'd seen her son doing earlier.

Chelsea pulled the rag out from under her son's pillow. It was an old kitchen towel that Henry had taken to use as his cum-rag. Usually it was stiff and crusty, but this morning it was dripping with a fresh load of cum.

"Oh, good Lord!" the mother said out loud, putting one hand over her mouth in shock as the other held the rag by her fingertips. Huge streaks of pearlescent-colored jizz ran down the fabric and began dripping down onto the teenager's bed. ***"That can't all possibly be from one ejaculation, can it?"*** the bewildered mother asked herself.

Against her better judgement, Chelsea brought them to her nose and sniffed. Her reaction was quick and drastic. Her heart-rate increased, while her entire body gave off an aroused shudder. Chelsea's eyes seemed to roll back involuntarily from the warm musky aroma of her boy's cum-load. Down between her legs, her love-nubbin throbbed almost unbearably. She knew if she even touched her clitoris she'd begin having a mind-blowing orgasm. ***"GET OUT, NOW, CHELSEA!!"*** her brain screamed.

The mother dropped the cum-rag and rushed from her son's room. She had nearly stripped naked by the time she reached the shower. She quickly turned the water on, then jumped in with her bra and panties still unremoved. When the cold water struck her, she gasped sharply. Then, her back thumped against the shower wall and she quickly crammed her hand into her panties. The water had caused her silky white bra to become translucent, revealing the true enormity of her breasts. Her hardened mammilla were pinkish-purple in color and looked thick and rubbery in texture. Her boobs shimmied heavily, back and forth, even while still being contained, as her body trembled from the contact she was making with her clit.

The housewife's sexy legs suddenly bowed inward and trembled delightfully. Her pretty head arched back, so her wet red hair hung down, while she gave off the most wonderful orgasmic cry that a mother could make. Her finger strummed her fleshy clit like a bass guitar string, while she felt the warmth of her female ejaculate run down her thighs.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned," she whispered an hour later as she sat in the confessional booth at church. "It's been a week since my last confession."

"God's forgiveness is great, dear," Father Hanson, the senior pastor at the church reminded her. "Tell me what you've done."

"I walked in on my son...um, masturbating his penis this morning," she answered. "It...gave me...very unholy desires."

"I see," Father Morgan muttered. "You're not alone, dear. Many mothers face the same struggle as you. Be strong. Show penance and God will forgive."

"Thank you, Father."

After Chelsea had exited the confession booth she felt like a weight of guilt had been lifted. She was met by Sister Charity, the church's nun. "Chelsea! It's so good to see you!" Charity beamed, then glanced over at the booth. "Nothing like a good confessional to get the morning started right."

"Yes," the mother blushed. "How have you been?"

"Good. Your husband has me busy with all sorts of tasks this morning. Say, umm...how's that handsome son of yours, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Henry? He's, uh, good," the mom answered, trying not to let her mind drift back to that morning. "Just busy with baseball and trying to keep his grades up."

"Ah, yes...school, and speaking of that, I've been doing some private teaching lately, here at the church, and I think Henry would benefit from one of the sessions I do."

"Sessions?"

"Yes, well as we know it can be a very awkward and confusing time for a boy Henry's age, sexually I mean."

"Oh, right," Chelsea nodded in agreement. "Very confusing."

"Yes, that's why, with the permission of the church, I've been offering private tutoring sessions in sex education. What would you think about Henry attending some lessons?" Charity asked.

“Well, I um...think that would be up to Henry. I mean, technically he's 18 now, so he's certainly adult enough to handle it, but it would have to be his decision.”

“I agree. I'll speak to him about it this Sunday,” Charity said. “I just always like to keep the mothers informed in such matters. Sometimes, they even like to sit in and offer some perspective on the topic. So, if he does agree...you're more that welcome to join us.”

“Oh...well, thank you. I'll um...think on it,” Chelsea replied.

“Do that,” Charity said with a pretty smile. “It was so good to see you, dear.”

After popping in and saying a quick hello to her husband, Chelsea headed back home. That evening, they had the new family, the Parkers, over for dinner. While the husbands chatted it up out on the deck, Chelsea sat in the living room next to Sandi Parker.

“The girls are having a blast out there!” Sandi smiled, looking out the window at their daughters as they played on the swing-set.

“I know. I can't believe they're only a month apart in age,” Chelsea added.

Sandi's eyes drifted to Henry, who still sat at the table eating, but was too far away to hear the mothers conversing. “Your son is gorgeous!” Sandi confessed. “He must really have a lot of young harlots at school chasing him?”

“Not that he ever mentions, but I suppose he probably does.”

Sandi's eyes lingered on the boy a moment, imagining herself bent over naked in front of him. Her face suddenly saddened. “Can I ask you something...personal, Chelsea?” she asked.

“Sure,” the mother replied.

“What would you do if there was something you wanted in the bedroom, from your husband, of course, but he wanted no part of it?” Sandi asked.

“Well, um...I don't know, I...”

“I'm sorry,” Sandi blurted. “I've only just met you. I shouldn't be asking such questions, or coming to you with my marital issues.”

“No, it's fine. I mean, I don't know how much help I can be, but I'm always willing to listen.”

“Jerry and I have a good sex life, but it's always the same, night after night. I mean, it's not over in two minutes, I don't mean that, but he's just not willing to try it in different ways,” Sandi admitted.

“Different...positions you mean?” Chelsea asked.

“Yeah, it's always the traditional missionary position or laying behind me. For years I've been wanting to try it doggy-style, but he's unwilling.”

Chelsea shook her head in confusion. "Do he say why?"

"He says it's the way animals do it and that God didn't intend for humans to have sex that way."

"Oh, well I don't know why a person would ever think that," Chelsea giggled.

"Right? I mean, your husband's a minister. Does he refuse to have sex with you that way?" Sandi pried.

Chelsea uncrossed her legs uncomfortably. "Well, my husband and I don't actually have sex much these days," she admitted.

"You don't have sex?"

"No, um...because he's a pastor, he's only allowed to have marital sex for the purpose of procreation."

"Good grief, I never knew that about the ministry," Sandi stated. "It's a wonder that you don't have a dozen kids running around then."

Chelsea giggled, but then got a more serious expression on her pretty face. "I'm not really able to have kids anymore. I had an emergency medical procedure a couple years ago that unfortunately prevents me from having any more," she explained.

"So, wait...are you saying that you and Teddy don't have sex at all then?"

"Yes...we haven't had sex in years, sadly."

"Oh my God...that must be so hard for you?" Sandi said consolingly.

"Some days no, but most days yes."

"I feel so awful," Sandi admitted. "Here I am feeling sorry for myself that I only get it a certain way and you don't get it at all."

"You don't have to feel bad, Sandi...really. We all make our choices in life. Marrying a minister was one I made, and now I'm living with it the best I can."

"You must masturbate constantly!" Sandi giggled. "You ARE allowed to masturbate, right?"

"Yes, and trust me I do," Chelsea admitted.

"Well, I know you hardly know me, but if you ever need someone to talk to don't hesitate to call me. We're sisters in Christ."

"Amen to that, and thank you," Chelsea said, sharing a hug with her new friend.

A few days later, the families got on their Sunday best and went to church. Being a pastor, Teddy was expected to be up front, but his wife and kids sat on the church pews, sharing a row with the new family, the Parkers.

Henry despised church. It was the most boring part of his week. Today, however, he was kind of excited to be sitting between his mom and Sandi Parker. Both of them had their sexy legs crossed, which made their dresses ride up to the middle of their thighs. Henry marveled at how silky their freshly-shaved legs look and how they gave off a slick-looking sheen. He imagined what it would be like to have such legs wrapped around him, while he sheathed his dong in their hot pussies.

As Father Hanson's sermon went on and on, the boy's eyes peeked over at his mom's breasts. It wasn't that her dress was immodest by any means, but her tits were just so damn large that they could make any top seem obscene. He breathed in deeply, taking in the scent of their sweet perfume and the hint of something else. Turning his head slightly, he set his lusty eyes on Sandi's big knockers. While not quite as large as Chelsea's, the blonde-haired mother's boobs were still substantially larger than most women in the congregation.

After gawking for a moment, Henry's eyes drifted up to Sandi's face and saw her peeking over at him with a knowing smile. He quickly diverted his attention to the sermon, clearly blushing.

"He was just staring at my tits!" Sandi thought. Her eyes drifted to his crotch and suddenly went wide by what she saw.

Chelsea's cellphone buzzed on her lap. She looked to find a text from Sandi. It read:

"I hate to point this out at a time like this, but I think your son has a boner. 😳"

Chelsea's eyes got as big as Sandi's did as she peeked over at her boy's crotch. It was obvious by the tented fabric of his dress-pants that he had a raging boner. She quickly looked away as her heartrate increased.

"Teenage boys! 😳" the mother texted back.

Sandi did her best to suppress her giggle, then texted back.

"What do you think got him like that? Our legs maybe? 😳"

"I've always heard that boys his age can get spontaneous erections. Maybe that's all it is," Chelsea texted back.

Her eyes darted down and lingered on her son's bulge. *"Good grief...it's so hard I can see the shape of the tip pushing out from beneath the fabric,"* she thought, then forced herself to look away.

Her phone vibrated as Sandi texted her again. "Also high testosterone levels and healthy blood flow. Supposedly erections are at their most rigid at that age. 🍆-hard! 😊"

"Good grief. I can't believe I'm having a conversation about erect penis's during church," Chelsea thought.

Both moms were having a difficult time focusing on the sermon. Their eyes kept returning to the boy's erect cock-bulge, staring at it wantonly. They were fully conscious of how erect their nipples were inside their bras and how slippery cuntal nectar was secreting from their Skene's glands, just beneath the crotch of their panties.

"Just curious...what makes you think it's US that made it that way?" Chelsea texted Sandi.

"Well, he's sitting between two grown women. He can probably smell our pheromones. Plus, we both have nice legs and are large-chested. For most boys, that's a turn-on," Sandi messaged back.

"I suppose...maybe...🙄...but in church?!" Chelsea replied.

"Let try something and then we'll know for sure," Sandi suggested.

"Try something??"

"Yes. Let's uncross our legs, then cross them again the other way and see if his penis twitches," Sandi suggested.

"I don't know, Sandi. I don't think I really wanna encourage that sort of thing."

"Aren't you curious to know if YOU'RE the reason your son is getting an erection in church?" Sandi asked.

"Maybe I'm afraid to know."

"We're not doing anything inappropriate. It's just readjusting our legs...that's all."

They watched the boy's cock intently as they uncrossed their sexy legs. This definitely got the teen's attention. Both moms stared in shock as the spike of Henry's boner twitched, while they crossed their naked legs again.

"Did you see that? Did you see it twitch?" Sandi texted.

"Yes, there was definitely a reaction and the tip seems to have mushroomed a little bigger than it was before," Chelsea responded, her heart nearly racing out of her chest.

"That was most certainly a penile throb that we just witnessed. We'll know for sure here in a second, if a big wet spot starts to form on the tip."

The mother's hearts were beating a mile-a-minute as they both stared at the crown of Henry's penis. Just as Sandi had predicted, a wet-spot began to soak through the fabric of his pants on the peak of his cock.

Chelsea quickly texted her. "You were right. His pre-ejaculate is staring to soak through his pants."

"That means he's not just hard, Chelsea...he's aroused 🍆," Sandi replied.

Henry wasn't oblivious to the fact that his mom and Sandi Parker were staring at his package. He was well endowed, with a penis that was nearly nine-inches long when fully erect, so he was proud to show it off. Plus, he knew the rules of the priesthood, and that his parents hadn't had sex in years. He knew his mom must be secretly craving a big dick like his.

After the sermon they stood to file out of the rows. Standing behind his mom, Henry 'accidentally' bumped her thick ass several times with the tip of his boner as they made their way out of the building.

"Such a beautiful sermon, wasn't it?" Sister Charity asked them as she stood just outside the church.

"Inspiring!" Chelsea replied, even though she hadn't listened to a word of it. Her mind was too occupied by what was going on beneath her son's pants.

"I'm not sure if he told you, but Henry and I had a chat before the meeting," Charity said. "He's interested in the sexual education sessions and is completely comfortable with you joining."

"Really?" Chelsea asked, then looked over at her son. "Are you sure, honey? I don't wanna make it seem awkward by me being there."

"No, it's fine," the boy replied. "Sister Charity said that you could probably give some valuable input."

"Well...sure, I mean, I'll help out in any way I can."

"Great!" Charity beamed. "How does tomorrow afternoon at 3 sound?"

"We'll be there," the mother assured her.

Teddy had to stay and attend to his church duties, so the mother took her two children home. She turned to her son when they stepped in the door. "Henry, can we chat in your room?" she asked.

"Sure, mom," he answered.

The teen followed his mom upstairs and Chelsea could practically feel his eyes on her meaty buttocks the whole time.

When they arrived in his bedroom, Chelsea closed his door, while her son sat on his bed. "Am I in trouble?" he asked.

"No, but there is an issue I need to discuss with you," she stated.

"What is it?"

"Honey, you can't just go getting erections at church."

"Erections?"

"Yes, erections, Henry. Your penis was hard during Father Hanson's entire sermon," the mother chided.

"Oh, I guess I didn't really notice."

"Well I did, especially when you were poking it against my butt while we were walking out."

"Oh," the boy muttered, realizing that he was actually getting another boner, while glancing down at the swell of his mom's huge tits. "Sorry, I guess I didn't realize it was touching you."

His mom fed him a doubtful look. "I have a hard time believing that. Tomorrow you'll get a session with Sister Charity and she'll probably teach you that there's a time and place for those sorts of things and it's not at or during church," his mom chided.

"Well, good thing I'm not at church anymore then," Henry stated, glancing at his crotch.

"Henry!" his mom exclaimed, looking down at it.

"What? It's not like I can prevent them, mom."

"No, but we're standing in your bedroom talking. Why's it getting erect."

She noticed her son's eyes drift up her body, starting with her dainty feet, with their painted toenails that were arched in her mules. "Better yet, forget it...I probably shouldn't know," she stated, then walked out.

Chelsea went to her bathroom, stripped naked and masturbated furiously, while laying on the floor. Despite how she tried, she couldn't shake the image of her boy's monster erection. She had brought her pillow in the bathroom with her, so she could use it to muffle her orgasmic screams.

"Maybe it's NOT a good idea for me to sit in on Sister Charity's sessions!" she thought, knowing anything sex-related might trigger her sexually. "No, I'm going! Sister Charity needs me to be there to offer input and support. I just need to maintain my composure and keep my own feelings at the door."

Sister Charity had her own private office at the church. It was 3pm sharp when she received a knock at her door. She answered, wearing her traditional robe and veil. "Chelsea, Henry...come in!" she cheerfully greeted.

She closed the door and turned the lock, then led them over to the sofa in her office. "Please, be seated. Would the two of you like some water?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Chelsea replied.

"I'm OK too," said Henry.

Charity sat in a comfy chair across from them and looked directly at the boy. "Henry, as you know, I have a boy your same age...Noah."

"Yeah, Noah and I are friends."

"I know you are, and you're both at a similar place in your sexual development. Recently, Noah had sexual intercourse with a girl for the very first time, and soon you will be too, if you haven't already???"

Both Charity and his mom stared at the teen, waiting for his response. "No...I um, haven't had sex with anyone yet?" he timidly muttered.

"He's a virgin. I wasn't expecting that," Chelsea thought.

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. You'll lose your virginity at the time and place that God sees fit," she assured him. "It's important, however, that you have the knowledge and skills to engage in sexual activities effectively and responsibly. Sex is a powerful gift, Henry, that our Holy Father has bestowed up on."

"Alright," the boy nodded. He felt his mom take his hand and squeeze it reassuringly.

"There are two components that are necessary for sexual intercourse," Charity explained. "A penis, which is something God gave males, like yourself, and vaginas, which were bestowed upon females, like your mother and I."

She glanced down at Henry's bulge. "A man's penis becomes erect, which is what allows him to penetrate the vagina and spill his seed inside a woman. Is your penis erect right now, Henry?"

He glanced at his mother, reluctant to answer. "Yes...sorry!" he muttered.

"His penis has been erect a lot here lately," Chelsea added.

"It's ok for your penis to be erect at the appropriate times, Henry, and this is one of them," Charity noted.

"It is?"

“Yes...this is a time of learning. A safe time and a safe place. Why don't you stand up and remove your pants, so your mother and I can point out the important parts of your male anatomy and how they function.”

Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. *“Is she serious?! She wants him to take out his penis...here?”* she asked herself.

Henry stood up and removed his pants, while Sister Charity joined his mother on the couch, so they sat side by side. The women's eyes widened as they watched the boy's hardon spring from his briefs, pointing at an upward angle in full hardness. “My goodness, Henry...the good Lord has certainly blessed you with a large, healthy penis,” the Sister exclaimed.

“It gets this way a lot,” the teen confessed.

“Yes, we noticed, honey,” Chelsea smirked. “I was just explaining to Henry yesterday that there are certain times and places where having an erection may not be appropriate,” the mother said, mesmerized by his erect dick.

“While that's true in theory, sexual arousal can happen just about anywhere...and a male, especially Henry's age, is powerless to stop a penile erection, once it starts,” the Sister explained.

“That's true, I suppose. He was really struggling with one during church yesterday.”

“What was it that got you so erect in church, Henry?” Charity asked. “Did you see an attractive female that got you aroused?”

Henry glanced at his mom, knowing that SHE was that attractive female. His mom knew it too. “Yes ma'am,” he muttered.

“Was it one of the Anderson girls? They are quite beautiful and have large breasts.”

“No...I mean, they are beautiful, like you said, but it wasn't them,” the boy answered.

Charity noticed his eyes drift to the swell of his mother's breasts for a moment. “Oh, I see now. No need to be embarrassed, Henry. It's actually quite common for a mother's body to capture her boy's eyes during church.”

“It is?”

“Of course. A mother's legs...her feet in their heels...her heavy breasts. All of those things can make a boy aroused.”

“True,” Henry agreed.

“Tell me...were you fantasizing about having sexual intercourse with your mother, while at church?”

Henry peeked over to see his mom looking right back at him, waiting for his answer. "If I said yes, would I get in trouble?" he asked.

The mother sat there for a moment, awkwardly contemplating his question. "Well, I don't want you to think you're gonna get in trouble by being honest...so no, no matter what you say you won't be in trouble, I promise," Chelsea assured him.

"In that case...yes, I WAS having those fantasies," he confessed.

Chelsea got a wild tingling in her belly. Even though she suspected her boy was having inappropriate thoughts about her, hearing him admit to it made it seem so much more real.

"Tell us about your fantasy, Henry. Were the two of you at home, alone together?" the Sister asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"We're you on top of your mom, on your parent's bed perhaps...having rough, passionate sex together?"

"Uh-huh."

"Henry, thank you for being honest. It makes my job as a teacher so much easier when a boy is as transparent as you are," Chastity said, then looked at his mother. "Chelsea, would you mind speaking to me out in the hallway for moment?"

"Sure," the mother answered, then followed Sister Charity out of her office, so they could speak in private.

"Thank you for setting your judgements aside and letting Henry confess his true feelings," the sister said.

"Of course. I'm here to listen and help the best I can...not scold him."

"In that case, how would you feel about being naked in front of Henry?" Charity boldly asked.

"Na...naked?"

"Yes. I think it would be appropriate, even in God's eyes, for his mother to be the model for a lesson in female anatomy."

Charity glanced down the hallway, towards her husband's office. "Sister Charity, I appreciate your willingness to have me involved, but I'm not so sure Teddy would be alright with what you're suggesting."

"Oh, well you certainly seemed ok with remaining in the room, while your son was naked," Charity pointed out. "And you did just say that you were here to help the best you can, did you not?"

“Yes, but...I AM his mother. I doubt God would look too favorable on me for being naked in front of him.”

“So what you’re saying is that my suggestion, as a sister in the church, is unholy?”

“No, no...I didn't mean that, it’s just...”

“It's fine, Chelsea,” Charity smiled. “Perhaps you're much too timid for this task anyway. I'll just ask one of the other mothers in the congregation to help me out.”

Chelsea felt suddenly jealousy at that suggestion. “No...I'll do it,” she muttered.

This got a big smile from the sister. “You'll do it? Are you sure?” she asked.

“Yes. It IS just for educational purposes after all. God knows what our true intentions are, right?”

“Yes he does.”

Henry's cock twitched at the sound of his mom and Sister Charity's heels CLICKING against the hard floor. Because her gown was so long, the boy couldn't see Charity's heels. However, his mom's he could see, and they were sexy as hell. Chelsea’s dainty feet, with their freshly painted toenails, were arched wonderfully in four-inch mules that complimented the color of her dress.

“Chelsea, before you sit, why don't you take off Henry's shirt, so he can be completely naked for us,” Chastity asked.

“Sure,” the mother said awkwardly, then lifted her boy's shirt off. She fed him a little smile as they stood there a foot apart with his long erection pointed at her. Her heart skipped a beat as her eyes drifted down his chiseled torso to his jutting erection, which stuck out as stiff as a tree branch.

“Henry, why don't you sit down here between your mother and I, and let's talk about your penis,” Charity suggested.

The boy sat down on the sofa and Chelsea sat down next to him, she became conscious of how aroused she was getting. Her nipples were thick and erect and her vagina was incredibly moist.

“There you go,” the sister whispered. “Now lean back, so your boner can rest on your abdomen.”

Henry's heart raced excitedly as he sat between the two beautiful women, watching them gaze down at his stiff peter.

“A man's penis is made up of so many wonderful parts, but there's three basic areas that are the most important to remember. The balls, the shaft and the glans,” the sister instructed.

"I'll be explaining the function of the first two, then we'll let your mom talk about the importance of your bell tip."

Henry peeked up and shared an awkward, but eager smile with his mom.

He gasped as he felt the sister's hand gently clasp one of his plump nuts. "The balls, or testicles are like storage tanks for your sperm," she said, then looked over at his mom. "Chelsea, why don't you handle the other one."

The mother nervously reached down and took her teen's testicle in her hand. Her fingers explored the plump nut as the sister continued speaking.

"Your balls are emptied upon ejaculation, but quickly refill, as your body produces fifteen-thousand sperm every second."

"Wow, that's a lot," the boy gasped, watching their pretty hands squeeze on his nuts.

"It is a lot," Chastity agreed. "That's why your balls feel so full, Henry. Right now there are probably billions of sperm in your testicles, waiting for a chance to serve their purpose, which is to impregnate a woman."

***"I don't ever remember Teddy's barks being this big,"* the mother thought as she dug her long nails into her boy's tender nut.**

They watched the teen's dick flex in reaction to the way their hands were massaging his big nuts. Charity slowly slid her fist up around the base of his thick dick. "The second important area of your genitalia is your shaft. The length of it will determine your depth of penetration inside a female vagina. I will say, Henry, that you look to be at least nine-inches, which means you'll have no problem fully penetrating ANY female," Charity told him.

Chelsea's let out a heavy breath as she thought about what it must be like to have such a cock thundering through her.

The mother's hand followed the sister's, circling up around the meaty stalk. She couldn't believe how warm and thick it felt. There was simply no way she could get her entire hand around the thick meat of his erection.

"I have noticed, in the locker- room shower, than I'm bigger than most of the guys," Henry stated proudly.

His mom gave him a pleased smile. "You should feel proud and grateful that God has blessed you with such a large...perfectly-formed penis, honey," she stated.

"That's true, Henry," Charity added. "With a penis like yours, you'll have an overwhelming number of females pursuing you for coitus."

"I won't mind that!"

Both women giggled at his comment. "You best be careful, young man. You don't need to be getting a bunch of women pregnant with this thing," Chelsea warned.

The teen watched in utter fascination as the two hands circling his prick subtly pumped up and down. A dollop of pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit.

Charity was quick to point it out. "Look at that, Henry. Pre-ejaculate has seeped up from your balls and is weeping from the tip. It makes wonderful lubricant on your glans. Chelsea, why don't you show him."

The mother's heart was beating a mile a minute. She released her grip on his shaft and slipped her fist over his engorged tip. Her hand made a lewd, creamy sound as it stroked his fat bulb, with the aid of his slippery pre-cum. "Your glans are the most sensitive part of your penis," she whispered. "This is the part that slips through the pink walls of a woman's vagina first and experiences the most friction."

"The friction it's getting now sure feels good," Henry admitted, while peeking over at the swell of his mom's heaving breasts. He could clearly see the fat nubs of her tumescent nipples poking out from beneath her clothing.

"Does that mean she's turned on?" he thought.

Sister Charity slowly stroked his shaft, while Chelsea continued to massage his slippery crown. His mom continued explaining the function of his knob. "Honey, when you ejaculate, your sperm will flow through the slit of your knob and into a woman's vagina, but you don't wanna shot off to quickly. God has given us females the ability to orgasm also."

"That's right," the Sister smiled, tugging on his stiff prick. "And it often takes a big, strong erection like yours to make that happen, Henry. That's why it's important that you develop something called...staying power."

"Staying power?"

His mom explained. "Honey, staying power is the ability for a boy to have intercourse for awhile, maybe even hours, without submitting to his urge to ejaculate."

"How do I get more of that?"

"Well, Henry, I'm glad you asked," Charity interjected. "A boy improves his staying power through practicing a technique called 'edging.' Edging is when you bring yourself right to the brink of cumming, then slow down and let it subside," Charity explained. "Would you like your mom and I to show you how to edge your penis, then you can practice on your own at home, while you masturbate?"

"Sure," Henry replied, then looked at his mom, "if that's alright?"

Chelsea fed him a reassuring smile. "It's all being done for the purpose of helping you, honey. God knows our hearts are in the right place. So if Sister Charity believes that edging you is the right thing to do, then we should do it."

"Ok, then," he agreed, with a anxious smile. The boy stared down his chiseled torso at the two pretty hands that were working him off. He marveled at their long painted fingernails and how they squeeze and pulled at his tender erection so skillfully.

The two women adjusted their body position, turning so they were facing each other on each side of him. Their fists whipped up and down the boy's jutting prick with corkscrew strokes. Chelsea's hand was on the upper-half, while Charity's was wrapped around the thick base.

"Stimulate his frenulum," the sister whispered to Henry's mother.

Chelsea stuck her thumb up and let it plow against the band of her son's sensitive frenulum. This made Henry shudder in pleasure. "My goodness, he's just SO hard!" the mother huffed, while stroking rhythmically. Her tongue slipped out and licked her lips almost involuntarily as she watch his fat purple knob slip wetly through her pumping fist. Chelsea was getting so sexually aroused that she could feel the fuck-oil seeping from her cuntal crevice .

"Forgive me Lord, but I can't even imagine how good that thing would feel inside me!" she thought, marveling at just how sturdy and muscular her boy's cock looked, even while being vigorously jerked by their hands.

Henry could see both his mom and Sister Charity's mammoth mounds jumping around beneath their gowns while they stroked him. He always had a hard time judging the size of the Sister's breasts beneath her nun's gown, but now that he could see them shift around heavily he knew they must rival the size of his mom's giant tits.

"I'm feeling really good!" the boy announced; his dick tingling exquisitely.

"Let us know right before you're ready to cum, Henry," Charity advised, pumping at his thick shaft.

"I'm ready right now!"

Both the sister and his mom stopped stroking, releasing his prick and letting it spring back against his abdomen. "Good job!" Charity shouted. "Let the sperm settle back into your balls now, Henry."

Both women had their eyes fixed to his cock as the boy struggled to regain his breath. "You can see his glans throbbing," Chelsea excitedly whispered.

"Yes...look how the ridge of his knob has mushroomed out," Charity added.

"I think he's gonna spurt some," Henry's mother giggled.

"Maybe just a little."

Henry's penis twitched and a bubbling gob of semen oozed out of his peter-tip. "Sorry," he sighed.

"Oh, honey, it's ok," his mom cooed, rubbing his thigh tenderly.

"Don't apologize, Henry. It's normal for a little bit of semen to escape during edging. As long as it's not a full-blown ejaculation your fine," the sister consoled.

"So that didn't count as cumming?"

"Oh, honey, no," his mom answered. **"When you cum your penis will spurt out big long ropes of ejaculate. That was only a tiny spurt you just had. It was caused by powerful contractions beneath the root of your erection."**

"Would you feel comfortable edging yourself now, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Yes, I think I could."

"Good. Now that we've discussed your penis, I'd like to move on to female anatomy. Tell me...have you ever seen a naked woman before?" Charity asked. **"Not on TV or the internet. I'm talking about a real naked woman, in the flesh."**

"Oh, um...a real one? No," he answered.

"We didn't think so. For that reason, your mother has agree to assist in your learning by getting completely nude for you today, so you can see a female's sexual body parts."

Henry could hardly believe his ears. The first naked woman he'd get to see in real life would be the one who'd given birth to him. The woman he'd been fantasizing about for years.

His mom looked at him questioningly. **"Are you alright with that, honey? I mean, I know it would help you, but I don't have to take my clothes off, if you don't feel comfortable with it."**

"No, I do feel comfortable with it!" he blurted.

"Alright, as long as you're sure," Chelsea stated as she stood up off the couch.

First, the red-headed mother slipped her sexy feet from her heels and pushed them aside. Then, she unbuttoned her dress. Henry gasped out-loud and his boner jumped on his crotch as he watched his mom slip out of her dress, so she was now only in her underwear. As big as it was, her embroidered black bra looked much too small for her monstrous breasts. Pounds of creamy, bulging tit-flesh was spilling out the cups. The boy marveled at her mile-long cleavage; a fleshy cavern that could easily swallow his entire head.

"Holy wow! They look even bigger in just her bra!" the boy thought.

His mom's panties were bikini-style. She had a well-formed crotch, with puffy outer lips, that came together to form a delicious camel-toe.

The boy's heart raced as she reached around to unfasten her bra. Chelsea tugged at thick straps, releasing the row of hooks. Her melonous boobs sprung from the flimsy sling and rested wobblingly on her chest. Henry never imagined that such huge, thick-textured areolar-rings would cap his mom's tits. Even though she hadn't nursed in years they were dotted with Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples were long and rubbery, clearly engorged from arousal.

She flashed him a little smile, while hooking her thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties. She shucked them down her lovely legs and stepped out of them. Henry took a big excited gulp as he stared at his mom's mons pubis. A neatly-trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned her vulva. Chelsea had prominent inner lips of labium that extended slightly from between her puffy outer flanges.

"Wow!" the boy muttered.

"Get used to it, Henry," Charity said with a wicked smile. "You'll soon be seeing lots of girls this way."

"Yes, maybe...but probably not ones with boobs that big."

"Not necessarily true," his mom smiled blushing. "A lot of girls at your school are pretty heavy up top, honey."

"THAT heavy though?" her boy asked, staring at her giant rack.

"OK, Maybe not quite as big as me, but still pretty large."

"Do you like huge, heavy breasts on a girl, Henry?" the Sister asked.

"Yeah, they look really soft and squishy."

"Chelsea," Charity asked, looking over at the mother, "would you be OK with him squeezing them, just so he can know what big breasts feel like?"

The mother seemed a bit reluctant, but nodded. "Sure, if it's for learning purposes that should be ok," she replied.

"Henry, why don't you stand up then. Perhaps the two of you could start by sharing a hug," Charity suggested. "That way Henry can feel what it's like to have big heavy breasts crushed against his chest."

Mother and son embraced for a delicious tit-squashing hug. Henry had never felt anything so wonderfully warm, soft and spongy against him. Her hardened nipples prodded against his flesh teasingly. When they separated, the teen stared at his mom's huge ballooning knockers like a kid in a candy store.

“Go ahead, honey...you can squeeze on them,” his mom softly assured him.

Henry reached out and took two great-big handfuls of tit-flesh. His fingers sunk into his mom's fatty boobs, getting a sense of their immense size and weight. He looked up at his mom a moment to see her giving him a blushing smile.

“Are these the two things that are getting you erect while we’re at home?” she asked teasingly.

“Uh-huh,” he responded.

Charity stood beside them, watching the boy handle his mother's oversized boobs. “A woman's breasts play an important part in sex between two people, Henry,” she said.

“Why's that?” he asked.

“A woman gets aroused by having her breasts squeezed and sucked on. When she gets aroused, slippery sexual fluid will secrete from her vaginal walls. This will aid in lubricating a man's penis during sexual intercourse.”

“Can I try sucking?” Henry brazenly asked, looking up into his mom's eyes.

Chelsea seemed stupefied for a moment. It wasn't that she didn't want him to. She desperately did. Having her tits sucked on was one of the things she missed the most about sex. However, she wasn't sure if that was stepping too far over the line. She looked at Sister Chastity for guidance. “Is that ok?”

“For the sake of education, I believe God would understand,” she answered. “Why don't the two of you move back to the sofa, where you can be more comfortable while Henry sucks on your nipples.”

Chelsea sat down first. Her knockers bobbed as her ass hit the cushion. She looked at her boy and patted her lap. “Come lay your head down, honey,” she softly invited.

Henry was quick to comply, sprawling across the couch and laying his head on his mom's lap. Before he knew it, her engorged nipple was lowered to his mouth and he began sucking.

Chelsea clenched her toes as a powerful surge of arousal swept through her sexy body. Her boy's entire face was smothered beneath her tit. His mouth was circled around the fringe of her areola, so he could gorge himself on the flesh of her papilla.

The mother looked down at her son's hard pink dick as it bobbed stiffly on his loins. “*My goodness he's just...beautiful!*” she thought, watching his hips squirm. Pre-jizz dripped from his peter-hole showing his arousal-level.

“Ohhh, look how excited he is,” Charity beamed, kneeling down on the floor next to the boy.

“He can hardly keep his hips still,” the mother giggled, fascinated by his humping movements.

"That's because a boy's sexual instinct is to thrust. He's inadvertently going through the motions of sexual intercourse."

"He's leaking a lot from the tip too," Chelsea observed, staring at her boy's cock-head. "I don't think his penis has lost one bit of it's rigidity."

"Teenage erections usually don't," the Sister stated. "Once they become engorged with blood they can remain completely turgid for hours."

"That's SO amazing!" the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's boner with goo-goo eyes. She was like someone who'd been food deprived staring at a juicy sirloin steak.

They watched his dick throb and twitch, making another gob of pre-spunk drool from his meatus. "More goo!" his mom giggled, then gasped from the feel of her boy sucking hard at her nipple.

"Yes, he has a healthy flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid. That'll make him VERY effective at making babies."

"Because of pre-cum's high PH levels, right?" Chelsea asked.

"Exactly! The vagina's PH is highly acidic. A high volume of pre-ejaculate will change those levels and promote sperm survival."

"Sounds like my son has a penis made for breeding," Chelsea stated with a smile, while watching her boy slowly thrust his pecker up and down. "And he's certainly got the moves to go along with it."

"Sucking on your nipples is highly stimulating him. Why don't we put our hands back on his erection, to offer some relief," Charity suggested.

Henry snarled with lust, gasping for air, since his entire face was sunk down into the squishy softness of his mom's tit. He felt their hands around his prick, beating it's tender length with perfect corkscrew strokes.

He suctioned his cheeks, pulling more flesh into his mouth. His tongue lashed around, beating against the rubbery nub of his mom's distended nipple.

"Such a big hard boy!" his mom's voice cooed, staring at his cock.

"Ready for wild sexual intercourse!" Charity added.

"Whoever it's with will get SO much pleasure!" Chelsea stated. "I just know he'll have them crying out in ecstasy!"

"Is your mother right, Henry?" the Sister asked. "Are you gonna provide women with wild orgasms? Are you going to make them bathe your prick in their female ejaculations?"

Their hot words and squeezing strokes were making the boy's dick tingle with wonderful sensations. They could tell by the frantic pumping of his hips that he was about to cum, so they stroked him faster. "Someone's about spurt I think!" Charity announced.

"Do you want me to cover it with my hand?" Chelsea quickly asked, since her circled fist was closest to his tip.

"No, let this handsome boy throw his ropes into the air!" Chastity responded.

No sooner did she say that then Henry let out a guttural grunt and a huge geyser of cock-cream erupted from his penis. The two women watched in lustful fascination as a half-dozen cords of semen pulsed from his piss-slit, rising high into air before splashing down onto the teen. The boy whimpered against his mom's big tit as he felt their experienced hands milk his load out.

After they cleaned Henry up and got dressed, Sister Charity led them to the door. "I'll see you both in two days for our next lesson," she informed them.

"Thank you, sister," Chelsea muttered sweetly.

"Yeah, thanks," Henry added, still in shock by what had just happened.

On their way out they ran across Henry's dad in the hallway. "Hey, what are you two doing here?" he asked.

Both Chelsea and her son had guilt written all over their faces. "Sister Charity is working with Henry on some things...and um, I was just sitting in to offer any assistance if she needed it," his wife explained.

"Oh, that Sister Charity... always so generous to share her time and her wisdom," Teddy remarked. "Speaking of time, that reminds me...I have some missionary work to assist with this evening, so I'll be home later than usual."

"That's fine, honey," his wife smiled. "I'll keep a plate of food in the microwave for you."

There was an awkward silence as Henry and his mom drove home. Chelsea finally peeked over at him. "You don't feel bad...about what we did today, do you, honey?" the mother asked.

"No...you and Sister Charity were just helping me, right?"

"That's right. Like she said...you're just at a tough age and it's important that you have the information and knowledge that you need to feel confident around girls."

"That's true."

"Even though in God's eyes we were doing nothing wrong, it's probably better that you not talk about what went on today with anyone, ok?"

"Sure, mom...I won't say anything to anyone."

"You're an angel," she stated with a warm smile.

After serving dinner that evening and helping her daughter with her homework, Chelsea soaked in a hot bath. She couldn't help but stroke her clit and get herself off in the tub to thoughts of what had occurred earlier that day.

Once out of the tub, she did her hair and makeup, then sprayed herself with a little perfume.

***"I'm just saying goodnight to Henry. You'd think I was going on a date or something,"* she told herself.**

She went to her closet and pulled out a colorful garment, looking at it in contemplation. *"I couldn't possibly wear this, could I?"* she thought.

"Studying for your test?" the mother asked as she stood in her son's doorway a short time later.

Henry was hardly able to answer as he took in what his mom was wearing. It was a turquoise robe made of sheer mesh. Easily the most revealing thing she had ever worn in front of him and she was clearly naked beneath it. "Yeah...for my, um...English test," he muttered, as his eyes drifted down her freshly shaved legs.

"Need any help?" she asked.

He certainly wanted to see more of her body, so he agreed to letting her help him.

"I hope you're OK with me wearing this in front of you?" his mom asked, stepping towards his bed. "I figured it would probably be good for you to see something like what a girl might wear for you sometime."

"I like it a lot," the boy confessed, while watching his mom's heavy breasts tremble with her every step.

Chelsea joined him on the bed, curling her legs to the side in a sexy seated position. She examined the papers he was studying, while letting her son gawk at her scantily clad body.

"It's nearly ten years old," the mother muttered.

"What is?"

"The robe I'm wearing. The last time I wore it was when your father and I were trying to get me pregnant with your sister."

"Why so long ago?"

"Well, intimacy isn't something your father and I share much these days, honey," she answered.

"Because of the ministry?"

"Yes. It's ok though...I know your father's doing the Lord's work and that's what's most important," Chelsea said unconvincingly.

"You must miss it though?" Henry asked.

"Intimacy?"

"Yes."

"Well, sure...I miss it, but it's just the way God wants it, so I accept that," the mother shared.

"What do you miss most about it?" Henry asked.

"I guess the closeness and that feeling of just...being connected."

Henry watched her readjust her silky legs. While doing so, he got a glimpse between her smooth thighs. It was just long enough to see that she had shaved her pussy. *"Holy smokes! She got rid of the hair down there!"* he excitedly thought.

The teen decided since his mom was being so open that he'd pry a little deeper. "Did you have a favorite way you liked to do it?" he asked.

Chelsea smiled, a bit surprised by his question. "A favorite...position you mean?"

"Yeah."

"Probably doggy," she answered with a slight blush.

"How does that one work?" Henry asked, although he already knew, he just wanted to hear his mom describe it.

"Well...in the doggy position, a woman is on her hands and knees, and the guy is, um...mounting her from behind," Chelsea explained.

"Mounting her how?"

"Well, just, um...kneeling behind her and penetrating her vagina that way."

"Can you show me?" the boy brazenly asked.

"Show you?" his mom asked in surprise. "Honey, we can't..."

"I don't mean actually have sex. I just mean show me how the position goes, with our clothes on."

"Oh, well...I suppose just for educational purposes there would be no harm in it," she said. "Get up onto your knees, honey."

While he did that, Chelsea maneuvered up onto her hands and knees. The boy gasped at the site of her luscious ass, which he could clearly see through the transparent mesh robe. Resting on all fours, the mom's tits nearly spilt out of the gown as their weight pushed against the flimsy fabric. She peeked back over her shoulder. "So, in the doggy position a woman is on all-fours, like this," she stated.

"So, what do I do?" Henry asked, playing stupid.

"Come up behind me and hold my hips."

Henry paused for a moment and stared at his mom's posterior. The buns of her rounded ass were slightly spread, allowing him a peek at the pink crinkled ring of her asshole. Below that were the outer lips of her vulva, closed up like a fleshy clamshell. He scooted forward and bumped his erect crotch against her meaty buttocks. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yep, this is pretty much it. Once a man's penis is inside... the rest is just thrusting."

Henry began to hump his crotch against his mom's butt, simulating a doggy-fuck. "Thrusting by the guy, right?" he asked.

"No, not always," his mom answered as she began humping her ass back against him. "A woman can thrust too."

"Oh, cool!" the boy gasped, watching the rounded cheeks of his mom's ass ripple as they beat against his midsection.

"You'll get lots of girls wanting you to do them this way," the mother stated, smiling back at him.

"I certainly won't mind that."

"I bet you won't," Chelsea giggled. Their bodies continued to smack together as neither one of them seemed in any hurry to stop. "A lot of girls like their asses slapped in this position," the mother pointed out.

"Can I slap yours...just for practice."

"Oh dear God, am I really gonna let him slap my ass?" she thought.

"Just for practice," his mom reiterated. "Pull my robe up over my buttocks."

Henry did as she said, exposing her lovely derriere. Her fleshy half-globes continued to hump back against him, meeting his thrusts. "Ok...give it a good slap, honey!" she directed.

Henry drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard, making her butt-meat ripple. "Can I do it again?" he excitedly asked.

"Yes, once more!" the mother answered, becoming more sexually aroused by the second.

A loud SMACK reverberated through his bedroom as Henry's hand made contact with his mom's ass again.

"We should probably, um...stop now, honey," the mother suggested as she lowered down into the sitting position on his mattress.

"You're right though...that is a cool position."

"I've always thought so," Chelsea blushed. "I'm sure you'll have plenty of opportunities to enjoy it with your future conquests," she winked.

"My friends all talk about the cowgirl position, but I don't know much about that one either."

"Oh, well...that's a position where the woman's on top," Chelsea explained. "She straddles a man...like a horse and rides him that way."

"Wow, that one sounds cool too. Can you show me?"

"As long as we're both clear on why I'm doing this. It's just for learning purposes," his mom sternly reminded him, while rising up onto her knees.

"Of course," the boy replied, then sprawled out onto his back.

The mother gawked at the big tubular-shaped bulge beneath his underwear. A question popped from her mouth almost without thinking. "Did you wanna take your briefs off?"

Henry could hardly believe his ears. He certainly wasn't gonna say no to that one. "Sure," he answered, then quickly removed what was left of his clothing, releasing his big dick.

"You're playing with fire here, Chelsea," the mother warned herself, knowing that her pussy was naked also.

Chelsea threw her leg across his midsection, then planted her knees astride his hips. When her heated vulva made contact with the boy's erection, they both gasped in unison.

Henry's eyes were as big around as silver dollars as he gazed up his mother's torso. The turquoise robe was so transparent that she might as well have been wearing nothing at all. From this vantage point especially, her boobs looked absolutely ginormous. They ballooned out from her chest, her nipples thick and erect. His mom peeked down at him over her boobies and smiled. "Now can you see why your friends talk about this one so much?" she asked.

"Yes...totally!"

"I can show you what women do in this position, but first...we should point your erection back behind me, so it doesn't accidentally slip in," she suggested, rising up a bit.

Henry reached down and moved his boner, so it pointed backwards through the crack of his mom's ass. "Like that?" he asked.

"Perfect!"

Chelsea began moving up and down as if she were riding her son's cock. "A woman can do it sitting upright, like this," she said, then leaned down and rested her extended arms astride her son's head. "Or, in more of a leaning position, this way."

The wonder-stricken teen gawked at his mom's fat tits as they bobbed right above his face, threatening to slip free from the gap in her robe. He gazed down his torso and could see his mom's naked vulva humping against his lower abdomen, leaving little wet marks. "I like this one!" he said with excited breath.

"Me too!" his mother answered with obvious sexual excitement in her voice.

The boy's dick suddenly sprung back and slapped against him and his mom's pussy-lips mashed down against it. "Oops!" he muttered.

His mom giggled. "That's ok, honey...we'll be careful," she stated, continuing to hump against it. She looked over at his door. "Speaking of being careful...we should probably throw your blanket over the top of us, just in case your sister were to come in."

"That's true," Henry agreed. His mom grabbed his comforter and draped it over them, so they became shrouded in near darkness. Now her body seemed to really be moving with heated intensity. Henry felt the squishy swell of her big tits squashed down around his neck as the two of them began to writhe wildly.

"Lord, help me, he's so hard!" the mother's brain swirled as she dry-humped her son's cock. Her cunt-lips were flanked around his shaft and her fleshy prepuce had retracted back, mashing the bulb of her glans against her boy's thick, muscular cock.

Henry sighed with delight. The feel of her big sloshing tits wasn't the only thing registering in his brain. The hot, slick wetness of his mom's cuntal flesh, grinding against his cock, felt divine.

"Wow!" he whimpered, listening to his mother pant lustfully as she humped shamelessly on top of him.

Out of nowhere he felt her lips on his, kissing him tenderly. At first they were quick and innocuous, but soon they became more passionate and their tongues began making contact.

Henry's knob slid past his mom's cuntal opening, coming dangerously close to slipping in. Once again, his peter-tip became lodged in the mouth of her vestibule, feeling her searing juices. This time, his knob began to inch inside of her vagina.

Suddenly, they were nearly startled out of the skin by a knock at the door. "Chelsea, are you in there?" Her husband asked.

The mother was so out of breath from the thrill of what just happened she could hardly answer. "Yes, honey, I'm um...helping Henry study for a test. I'll be right out. Dinner's in the microwave."

"Alright, thanks, hon," he replied.

Henry peeked up from the pocket of his mom's enormous cleavage. "Can we do this a little longer, while he's eating?" he asked.

"Honey, no, it's much too risky," she answered, climbing off of him. "Besides, I can't let your father see my in this," she continued, closing her mesh robe. "I need to get to my bedroom before he comes back upstairs."

Henry reached down and squeezed his hard prick, while watching his mom rush towards his door. He could clearly see her naked buttocks undulating beneath the robe as she walked.

Chelsea paused at his door and peeked out to make sure her husband wasn't out there, then she looked over at her boy. Her eyes immediately went to the cock that he was gently stroking. The site of him doing that nearly made her melt with desire. "Pull one out, ok?" she softly said.

"Pull one out?"

"A cum-load. Pull one out of your balls for me tonight."

"Oh, right, um...sure!" the boy nodded.

"And, be sure to finish studying for your test, ok?" she said softly.

"Sure, mom," the boy responded, laying there holding his erect cock.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," Chelsea confessed as she sat in the booth the next day. "It's been four days since my last confession."

"Our God is one of compassion and forgiveness," Father Hanson's soothing voice responded from the next booth. "Tell me the sin you've committed, dear."

"Last night, my son and I were being...inappropriate and I nearly had sex with him."

"Nearly...but you didn't, I presume?"

"No, only because my husband came home, otherwise I don't know that I would have had the strength to stop myself," Chelsea admitted.

"God gives strength to those who call upon his name. Show remorsefulness and you will be forgiven."

"Thank you, Father."

Later that day, Chelsea sat in the local coffee shop when Sandi Parker walked in.

"Hey, Chelsea...thanks for meeting me here," she whispered as she sat down next to her friend at the table.

"Of course. Is everything alright?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes...I mean, no, not really."

"What's wrong?"

"You're the only one I feel like I can talk to. The only one who understands," Sandi replied.

"You remember I told you about my husband and I's...issue, in the bedroom?"

"I remember."

"Well, I asked him for doggy-style sex again and this time he actually got angry at me for asking."

"Why would he get angry about that?" Chelsea asked.

"Oh, I don't know...probably because I hound him about it three times a day, every day, but the point is I'm at my wits-end here," the mother vented in frustration. "Chelsea, I hope I don't sound like a floozy, but I need to be pounded from behind so bad it's killing me!"

"Well, maybe if you just sit your husband down and explain to him that..."

"No," Sandi interrupted. "I've tried reasoning with him about it. I just can't get through. I know this sounds horrible, but I'm actually starting to entertain the idea of cheating on him."

Chelsea got quiet for a moment as she reflected on how closely she'd come to actually cheating on her own husband.

"Why are you not saying anything?" Sandi asked. "You think I'm terrible, don't you?"

"No, I don't think your terrible. I'm sorry, your problem just reminded me of something I myself am going through right now."

"But I thought you said you and your husband weren't having sex anymore?" Sandi asked.

"We're not, but... Oh, never mind," Chelsea muttered, shaking her head as if too ashamed to discuss it.

"No, what is it? Tell me," Sandi insisted, placing her hand on Chelsea's.

"Just like you've been entertaining the idea of cheating on your husband...I've also been tempted to cheat on Teddy recently."

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"With...anyone in particular?"

Chelsea flashed her a smile. "I think you know," she muttered.

The blonde mother smiled knowingly. "I can't say I blame you. I know he's your son, but he's incredibly handsome...and that penis-bulge, I mean good grief I had to wring my panties out after church the other day."

"Tell me about it."

"Being in a sexless marriage, it can't be easy having such a hot, virile, well-endowed son living under the same roof as you."

"I was fine for the longest time, but Henry has reawakened the sexual beast inside me," Chelsea confessed. "I just don't know how long I can go without letting him screw my brains out."

"I know I'm at least getting sex and you're not, but I can totally relate to the hunger you're feeling," Sandi consoled. "I have that same overwhelming desire to be fucked from behind."

Sandi suddenly threw her hand over her mouth. "Oops, sorry...I mean 'taken' from behind. If only it were God's will."

"Wait a minute...God's will!" Chelsea blurted.

"What's God's will?"

"I've been assisting Sister Charity in teaching Henry about sexuality. Maybe God is ok with us cheating on our husbands as long as it's for a worthy cause."

"You mean like helping your son learn about sex?"

"Yes. I mean a sex education is about more than just learning it, right? It's about practicing it...preparing Henry and giving him the confidence and skills for a healthy sex life."

Sandi smiled from ear to ear and shook her head. "That doesn't sound at all like something a loving God would object to us helping out with."

The next day, Chelsea, Sandi and Henry went to the appointment to see Sister Charity. "You brought a friend from the congregation this time!" the Sister stated as she greeted them at her office door.

“Good to see you again, Sister,” Sandi said, sharing a hug with her.

Henry sat down between his mom and Sandi and Sister Charity smiled across at him from her chair. “Henry, during our last session you learned about the male body. In particular, the penis, and how it functions. Today we're going to be teaching you about the sexual anatomy of a female.”

“Cool!” the boy nodded eagerly.

Chastity looked over at the boy's mother. “Chelsea, why don't you go ahead and strip naked for your boy.”

Chelsea nodded and stood up without hesitation. “Certainly!” she smiled, while starting to unbutton her blouse.

“Can I get naked too?” Sandi asked.

“Absolutely!” Charity answered. “Tell you what...why don't all three of us get naked, so Henry can see that no two females are built the same.”

The boy sat there in wide-eyed disbelief as the three heavy-titted mothers stripped in front of him. They removed their bras and panties, exposing their oversized tits and shaved pussies.

“Henry, why don't you kneel here on the floor. We'll have your mother and Sandi sit on the couch,” Charity requested.

“Do I need to keep my clothes on?” Henry asked, as he moved to the floor.

“For now,” Charity answered, then looked at the two moms as they sat down. “We’re going to have the ladies lean back on the sofa and spread their pretty legs, so they can show you their vaginas.”

Henry's jaw dropped as he watched Sandi and his mom scissor their sexy legs open into wide spread-eagles, pointing their dainty bare feet towards opposite sides of the room. Their big knockers drooped slightly off the sides of their chests.

“Look at the differences in their vaginas, Henry,” the sister pointed out. “Sandi has big inner lips that extend out past her labia majora. While your mother's vagina looks like a flower about to bloom. You can see how the inner flesh is peeking out along the entire length of her slit.”

“That's so cool!” the boy excitedly sighed. His dick was so hard that it hurt.

“Now we'll have the moms peel open their genitalia, so you can see what's going on beneath those fleshy layers.”

Sandi and Chelsea used two fingers to spread their labium. Henry's heart about beat out of his chest as he gawked at the fat clits that peeked out from beneath their clitoral hoods.

"A woman's vulva is crowned by the bulb of her clitoral glans. A woman's glans are just like yours, Henry. Smaller, but just as sensitive," Chastity explained.

"They do look like little penis's," the boy observed, making the moms giggle.

"Go over and drag your tongue across their clits. Watch how it gives them pleasure."

Henry crawled over right in front of his mom's splayed cunt. He leaned down and drug his tongue across her engorged love-button, just as the Sister suggested. His mom gasped sharply and shuddered. "Oh wow!" he sighed, looking across the fleshy prepuce of her bare pubis, up her tapered torso to her huge wobbling breasts, admiring the magnificent rounded undersides. "You shaved down here?" he pointed out.

His mother smiled down at him through her curtain of silky red hair. "I did," she proudly agreed.

He moved over to Sandi and brought his nose to her crotch, inhaling the sweet musky aroma of her pudenda. He drug his tongue over her juicy fuck-hole and across the fat bulb of her clitoris. This made the mother gasp and pant with horny desire.

"Would you like to lick my clitoris too, Henry?" Sister Charity asked.

"Could I?"

"God wants you to feel comfortable with all female bodies, so yes, you may."

As the Sister stood next to him, Henry moved over and brought his face to her bare vulva. He let out a lusty snarl as he drug his licker through the folds of her labial flesh and across the grape-sized nubbin of her engorged clitoris.

"Ohh!" the Sister sighed as he stimulated her nerve-endings.

"I like doing that a lot," the boy confessed. His mouth was wet from the juices of all three pussies.

"Good, then you'll love giving a woman oral pleasure," Charity stated. "You've probably heard the boy's at school refer to it as eating pussy."

"Yeah, I have heard them taking about that."

"Among other things, I'm sure," Chelsea teased.

"Right?" Sandi agreed. "Teenage boys love to talk about hot, nasty sex."

"They love to HAVE, hot, nasty sex too," Chastity pointed out. "Would you like to have hot, nasty sex today, Henry?"

"Sure!" the boy excitedly replied.

“Would you like us to strip you naked, so you can slide your long, tender penis inside our vaginas?”

“Wow, would I ever!”

The three women moved in on him like a pack of hungry cougars. Henry was stripped down to his birthday suit in less than a minute. Their eyes stared at his cock like it was a big yummy candy cane. “Chelsea, why don't you take him first,” Chastity suggested.

“Come on, honey,” the mother said softly, leading him by his arm back over to the couch. She sat back down on the edge of the cushion, leaned back and threw open her legs again. “This is God will,” she confidently stated. “He wants me...and all of us to help you learn and feel confident sexually.”

“God is great!” the boy stated, then stepped up and fit his knob to his mom's fuck-hole. He thrust his hips, sinking his boner into the hot, slippery snugness of her vaginal sleeve.

“OH, MY GRACIOUS!!” Chelsea cried out, feeling a stiff dick inside her deprived cunt for the first time in many years. It wasn't just any dick. It was the large, meaty cock of her son.

“Thrust into her, Henry!” Chastity urged. “Feel the pleasure that a female body can provide you.”

Henry grasped his mom by the waist, so he could really sock it to her. The mother's puffy outer labia beat against her boy's cock-base as Henry fed his prick inside of her with rapid thrusts. His mom's vagina was wonderfully tight from years of neglect, creating amazing friction around his young burrowing dick.

He watched in utter astonishment as Chelsea's big tit-melons swung up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck.

It was no surprise that the mother had already reached the peak of a powerful climax. “OH, HENRY, YES!!” she cried out.

“You're making your mother orgasm, Henry!” Sister Charity announced. “Oh, that's so wonderful!”

Chelsea writhed wildly on the couch, arching her back and squealing as her son brought her off. “Whoa!” the boy sighed, watching his mom's pretty face contort as she threw her long red hair around in ecstasy. He heard her crotch squelch around his cock, then felt a hot rush of female ejaculate soak his prick and drip from his dangling balls.

“Wanna try THIS position now, Henry?” Sandi asked, pointing her ass back at the boy as she waited on all-fours. She wagged her mommy-buns lewdly. “Wanna try it doggy-style?”

“Sure!” the boy replied, pulling his cock from his mom's cunt and crawling over to Sandi.

Chelsea exchanged a knowing smile with her friend. Finally, Sandi was gonna be pounded from behind, just the way she'd been yearning to have it.

"Fuck my selfish bastard husband!" Sandi wickedly thought. "I have a huge teenage cock to give me the doggy-fuck I've been craving."

Henry's tongue hung from his mouth as he buried his prick inside the hot blonde's cunt and began fucking her from behind savagely. "OH, YES...GIVE IT TO ME!!" Sandi shouted lustfully. Her huge udders swung wildly to their fuck-rhythm as they dangled from her chest.

Henry watched his steely-hard cock stab in and out of her hot cunt. Sandi's big bubble butt SMACKED wonderfully against his midsection, making her ass-meat ripple on every strike.

"Yes! Hit it, Henry!" Sister Chastity cheered. "Hit it hard! You're doing wonderful!"

For a solid ten minutes the boy pumped his prick into Sandi's cuntal sheath, showing his stamina and making her cry out in orgasmic passion.

"Would you like Sister Charity to ride your loins now, Henry?" the nun asked. "Would you like to feel MY hot vagina from the inside?"

"Sounds good to me!" the boy answered, pulling out of Sandi's juice-soaked pussy and sitting on the sofa. Still wearing her holy bonnet, but nothing else, Chastity straddled the teen, placing her knees firmly astride his hips. She reached down and guided his cock inside of her smoldering cunt.

"OH, LORD IN HEAVEN, DO YOU FEEL GOOD!" she gasped loudly, setting her wide, mature hips in motion.

The sister bounced on his prick, fucking him at a frantic pace, so her peach-shaped ass smacked down on his nuts. Henry smothered his face between her giant tit-pillows, feeling their spongy softness bounce and ripple all around his wonder-filled face.

"Oh, honey...your penis is a real womb-smasher, isn't it?!" the Sister panted.

Sister Charity had a wonderful marriage, with a loving husband who made love to her regularly. However, she truly believed that it was her duty to help boys in the church make that passage into manhood. Over the years she'd had dozens of you young, stiff cocks pounding her snug cunny as she showed them the joys of sexual intercourse.

Henry latched on to one of her swollen nipples, gorging his mouth with distended tit-flesh. He sucked like a hungry infant, while feeling the pleated sleeve of her vagina drag along the surface of his stiff cock.

After ten minutes of bouncing and grinding on the boy, cumming twice and gushing on his prick, Chastity felt a hand on her shoulder. "Can I take over?" Chelsea asked.

"Of course, dear," Charity replied, then crawled off the boy.

Henry gulped excitedly as he watched his mom mount him for a fuck. She grasped his soaking-wet dick and shoved it inside the heated pit of her cunt. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling his erection slip through the remnants of her hymen and into her cock-grinder.

"I'm SO proud of you, Henry!" the mother gasped as she began riding her boy like a rodeo queen.

The teen panted in wide-eyed wonder, staring at the giant mommy-melons leaping up and down Chelsea's chest. Her beautiful fiery-red hair whipped around on her shoulders. Her pretty face was masked in pure pleasure, feeling her son's big muscled dick pound through her horny hole.

Even though it had been years since she'd done the devil's dance, it all came back to the mother, just like riding a bicycle. She whipped her lovely ass up and down, enjoying the sensations of her boy's meaty cock as it slipped exquisitely along her pleated cuntal lining. "Oh, yes...it feels SO good, honey!!" the mother cried out.

Now, with her leaned forward, Henry could really lick and suck on her enormous breasts, while they beat all around his face. He pulled on her rubbery nipples, feeling her cunt-tube clench up around his prick as she reacted to his oral affection.

"Oh my goodness!" his mom's voice quivered. "You suck my breast so good!"

More than once, in the hour they fucked, the boy felt her body quake and her wonderful cuntal nectar gush all over his cock and balls.

"OHH, YESS!" the mom cried out, plowing her pussy up and back in full-penetration.

Henry could feel his unyielding erection stretching her uteri, stirring through the depths of her wonderful cunt. His mom's body shuddered and she howled in orgasm, so loudly that Henry worried that his father might hear from his office down the hallway.

Her pussy spasmed violently, milking hard on the aching stiffness of her boy's prick. Henry couldn't hold his wad any longer. He began grunting in pleasure, while spurting his cum-load along the tightly-clasping walls of her pussy-tube. For several more minutes the mother's meaty ass-globes beat against her boy's nuts as she milked his thick slab, pulling every drop of cum into her greedy vagina.

On Sunday morning there was a loud knock at Henry's bedroom door. "Guys, what are you doing in there? We're gonna be late!" Teddy shouted from outside the locked door.

Henry and Chelsea were on the bed fucking. The mother was on her back; had her church dress pulled up, and her smooth, strong mommy-legs harnessed high up around the boy's

back. Their genitals smacked wetly together in a heated rhythm and Henry's bed rocked from the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Chelsea, are you guys coming?" her husband asked from outside the door.

"I'm cumming, honey, yess...I'm almost there!" she breathlessly answered, but she wasn't talking about 'coming' to the door. She was talking about 'cumming' on her son's cock.

"I'll be down in the car," Teddy announced.

With his face between his mom's chin and shoulder while he fucked, Henry snarled in sexual delight. The top portion of his mom's dress was open and her bra was pulled up over her tits, so he could feel her fatty knockers crushed against him. He loved the way his mom's thick thighs cradled his midsection, cushioning his every thrust. Her sleek legs clutched on to him, while her dainty high-heels hovered above his back, bobbing to their rhythm. She had obviously been ready for church, when she and her boy decided to have a hot fuck before the service.

The thick erect stalk of Henry cock pushed rhythmically into his mother's gripping cunt. Her coital muscles compressed the ribbed tube of her vagina around her boy's dong, making his glans sizzle as they drug along her slippery pink walls.

They kissed passionately; their tongue dueling inside the boy's mouth. They had gotten so good at fucking each other the past two days that they could time their orgasms perfectly and erupt in a mutual climax.

"Ohh, Henry!" Chelsea gasped, struck by a tit-quivering orgasm.

"AHH, MOM!" the teen grunted, thrusting like a madman and pumping his first jet of cum inside her.

Their genital juices swirled together around the pulsing pink meat of their sexual organs. Yes, her husband was waiting in the car, but the mother seemed to be in no hurry, making sure her boy was completely drained. She let out a deep satisfied sigh, more content than she'd been in years. She had her sex life back and her wonderful young partner knew how to pound the shit out of her in ways that her husband never had.

"It's about time!" Teddy stated as he waited in the car with their daughter. "Did you forget I have a sermon to preach today."

His wife and son hurried towards the car with a freshly fucked glow. "Sorry, I was helping Henry with his tie," the mother lied.

Once at church, Chelsea felt compelled to head for the confessional booth, even though there wasn't much she was feeling guilty for.

"Bless me father for I have sinned," her sexy voice confessed. "It's been three hours since my last confession."

"Three hours?!" the priest asked in disbelief. "That's not very long to go without sinning."

"Yes, I've um...been struggling a lot."

"Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?"

"I had sex with my son, and..."

"And what, dear?"

"And I know it's God's will, so I'm not really sinning."

"God's will?"

"Yes. I'm helping my boy...to reach his true potential as a lover, and I know God is ok with this worthy cause."

"Then no confession is needed. May God bless you both!" Father Hanson's old voice imparted.

THE END