

Robo-mom – Chapter 6: Mom vs Robo-mom

“The two of you will be pleased to know that everything's in order. Jake's sperm has gone through manipulation, per your specifications, and has been implanted into the egg,” the doctor explained, then looked directly at Amanda. “During your next cycle, we'll be able to insert the embryo into your uterus, and you'll be well on your way to having another child.”

Amanda fed the doctor a blank stare. All she could picture as he spoke was huge thick ropes of hot semen blasting from her son Chad's peter-tip, straight into her unprotected womb.

“Amanda, you with us?” her husband asked, noticing how space-out she seemed.

Snapped from her wicked thoughts, the mother smiled at the doctor. “Yes, sorry...I was just zoning out for a moment,” she said, a tad embarrassed. “That sounds wonderful, thank you.”

The truth was, it didn't sound wonderful at all to her. Sadly, even for women with husband's that didn't have a low sperm count, like hers did, it seem like sperm manipulation and implantation was becoming the new trend in conceiving a baby. Genetic makeups could be tweaked, giving the child exactly what the parents wanted, right down to the shade of the child's hair color. Amanda wanted nothing more than to have her baby the old-fashioned way, through sexual intercourse.

“You seem a little distant today? Are you sure you wanna go through with this process?” her husband asked on their way home from the doctor.

“I'm sure. I mean, what choice do we have?” she muttered, not wanting to share her true feelings with him on the matter, for fear of making him feel horrible about himself for shooting blanks.

Amanda saw little of her son that evening, which saddened her. She was glad he was enjoying the gift of a sex doll, but she really found herself craving his attention. She wanted to respect his privacy, but couldn't help but log into the app every once in awhile, to see what his son and his doll were up to.

When she logged in this time, she saw the view through Robo-mom's eyes of Chad leaving his bedroom. “Oh!” the mother said out loud, drawing the attention of her husband as they sat in bed on their devises.

“Everything ok?” he asked.

“Yeah, um...I'm just gonna go to the kitchen and get some water,” she said, slipping out of bed.

“Why don't you just have AI bring you some?” he asked, referring to their home assistant robot.

“That's ok...I can get it.”

Chad was in the kitchen getting a snack when his mom appeared. “I'm glad you're enjoying your doll, but I feel like I hardly see you anymore,” she said from the doorway.

The teen took a second to let his eyes feast on what she was wearing, which was nothing but a big button-up nightshirt that barely fell below her crotch. Her legs looked so strong, smooth and sexy to him, even though he'd just had ones exactly like them wrapped around his midsection. The top three

buttons of the nightshirt were undone, allowing the cleavage of her naked tits to peek out. "Sorry. What can I say...it was a great graduation gift," Chad said blushing.

"Obviously," his mom said with a giggle. "As amazing as those dolls are, it's unfortunate that they can't really do...everything."

"Everything...sexually you mean?" the boy asked.

"Yeah, I mean, they were kind of programmed for less talk and more action, know what I mean?"

"That's a bad thing?" Chad asked with a smile. More action certainly wasn't a bad thing in his book.

"It's not a bad thing...it's just that TALKING can be big turn-on too," Amanda explained, then fed her son a mischievous grin. "Dirty talk I mean...like when two people are having neuro-sex," she said, referring to the modern technological breakthrough that allowed people to communicate telepathically with the use of neuro-communicators.

"Yeah, I suppose your right. Robo-mom's not too articulate when it comes to sex talk," the boy admitted.

"Well, as much as your father's been gone here lately, it's kinda become a huge part of OUR sex life," Amanda confessed. "I guess you could say 'dirty talk' is something I've gotten extremely good at it."

"Oh," Chad muttered, clearly intrigued. The past couple weeks he'd been used to getting everything he wanted sexually, from his new doll. However, this was something Robo-mom was clearly not programmed to perform. At least not articulately.

His mom looked at him inquisitively. "So, you've never put on your neuro-communicators and let a girl from school talk nasty to you?" she asked.

"Well, once...but she wasn't very good at it," her son confessed.

"Well, it really sucks that you haven't experienced that yet," the mother said, slowly stepping towards him. "What should we do about that?"

Chad watched in wide-eyed delight as his mom sashayed towards him in a sexy manner, her huge tits bobbling beneath the nightshirt. Her engorged nipples protruded out from beneath the fabric like stumps in a swamp. "Do about that?" he asked.

Amanda stopped in front of him and smiled. "Yeah. We can't allow something sexual to exist that you haven't experienced yet," she said, then fed him a naughty smile. "Wanna engage in some neuro-shenanigans with mom tonight?"

Later that evening, once Amanda's husband Jake was asleep, she sneakily reached over and got her neuro-communication device. They were simply a pair of wireless probes that stuck to her temples. After placing them on, she sprawled back onto her pillow. "Are you there, honey?" her mind asked.

She heard her son respond in her head telepathically. "Yeah, I'm here, mom. I was starting to wonder if you changed your mind."

"No, sorry...it just took your father forever to fall asleep."

"No worries, I had Robo-mom say some things to me...you know, just to tide me over, until I heard from you," Chad said.

Amanda giggled. "Tide you over, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah, but it's like you said, she was made for more of the action part, and not so much the nasty talk," he said. "That reminds me...do you mind if she helps out...you know...while you're talking to me?"

Amanda thought about it a moment. Since her motivation was to outdo the doll, by giving her son excitement that Robo-mom couldn't provide, she felt like saying 'hell no.' However, she knew the doll could also be used to enhance the experience for the boy. "I'll tell you what...you can use the doll while we talk, as long as she does what I want her to do, deal?"

"Oh...um, sure," the boy muttered.

"Is she naked?" Amanda asked.

"Pretty much, yes."

"I want her to lay against your chest...and kiss your neck."

"Kinda like you did to me last week...when you were wearing that sexy fishnet lingerie?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't plan on it being as good as when I did it though," the mother teased.

Chad relayed the information to Robo-doll, who then did exactly as she was told, bringing her huge soft tits down on the boy's bare chest and began sensually licking his neck. "Ok," he sighed, "she's doing it."

"Good. Don't touch your dick yet," she said. "You can't rub it until I tell you that you can, understood, honey?"

"Got it."

"So...have you wondered yet why your mom would buy you a sex doll that looks exactly like her?" Amanda asked.

"Well...um, yeah. I did wonder that actually."

"It's because I've known you've wanted to fuck me for a long time," Amanda said candidly. "You've wanted to bury your boner in my hot pussy and shoot your cum load deep inside me."

"Damn, mom," Chad gasped excitedly, amazed that she was really talking to him this way.

"How's that for dirty talk?" she asked with a giggle.

"It's great!"

"I am right though, aren't I?" Amanda asked. "You wanna fuck my pussy hard and fast, don't you, Chad?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his heart racing.

"Mm, fuck me straight to orgasm, so I can squirt my hot slippery honey on your stinger."

"Wow! I'm so turned on right now, mom," Chad sighed, his cock throbbing like crazy.

"Are you, honey?" the mother asked. "Do you wish your big cum-filled balls were beating against my asshole, sweetheart?"

"Jeez!" the boy gasped.

"Was that a yes?" his mom giggled.

"Definitely a yes!"

"I thought so. Do you wish those were MY tits on you right now?"

Chad delighted in the feel of Robo-mom's fatty jugs mashed against him, while she whipped her tongue on his neck. He had no doubt his mom's would feel just as amazing, if not more so. "Yeah. I've been fascinated with your tits for a long time," he confessed.

"I know...and I bet you'd like to shove your head between them, wouldn't you, naughty boy?"

"Yes."

"So you can feel mommy press her soft squishy boobie-meat around your head, and smother you?"

"God yes!" the boy answered, fighting off the urge to reach down and squeeze his throbbing cock.

"Do you wanna squeeze my tits, honey? While you suck on my fat pink nipples?" Amanda asked on a seductive tone.

Chad could hardly believe he was neuro-sexing with his own mom, while her robotic look-a-like was laying on top of him. "God, I would love that!"

"Tell your doll to rub her tits on your face."

Chad relayed the request. Robo-mom leaned over him, dropping her spongy hanging boobs on the teen's face. He swiped his tongue along the fat rubbery nubs of her nipples.

Amanda glanced over at her husband, satisfied that he was still sound-asleep. She reached down beneath blanket and found her horny clit. "Do you want me to rub my clit, honey?" she asked her son via brain waves. "Do you want mommy to play with her hot pussy while she talks to you?"

"Oh damn, mom. That would be so hot!" Chad gasped. "Can I rub my dick now?"

"Would you rather I rub it?"

"Well, yeah...but..."

"Tell your doll to reach down and stroke your cock, and I want you to imagine that it's ME doing it," Amanda said softly.

With her tits still rubbing softly against his face, Chad's robo-doll reached down and began stroking his boner up and down. So much precum had drooled from his piss-hole that his cock became nice and slick.

"Is she beating your boner now, honey?" his mom asked.

"Yes," he sighed.

"I want you to imagine that it's my pussy, Chad. My tight slippery pussy is sliding up and down you big throbbing meat-stick," she said in a sensual tone.

"Oh...Ohh-k," he gasped.

"You like how that feels. You like how my outer lips are beating against you cock-base?"

"Yesss!" the boy answered, feeling Robo-mom's hand pump his cock with perfect full-length strokes.

"You feel something else, don't you, baby? You feel your hard-on tip bumping into my cervical ring. Soon your dick will smear it with so much pre-spunk, that it'll feel like a hot slippery mouth sucking at your glans," Amanda said.

Chad squirmed beneath his doll in delight, listening to his mom's tantalizing words. He certainly didn't wanna cum this soon, but his cock was tingling like crazy. "That would feel so good!" he breathlessly confessed.

"Yes, it would," Amanda said. "It would feel good to my pussy too. A big hunk of young muscular meat pounding through me. It would make me drip my slippery juices all over that big pink dick of yours."

"God, mom!"

Amanda's voice cried out in her boy's head. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck up into my slippery pussy and make my huge titties bounce up and down!"

"Wow!" he responded, astounded at how incredibly naughty she was getting.

While her son had his cock stroked, the horny mother continued rubbing her aroused pussy, while imagining doing the wicked things she was brazenly communicating to him. "Roll me onto my back, Chad! Take the top and pound the cum out of me!" her neuro-voice cried out.

"YES! I wanna fuck you so hard!"

"Do you, baby? Do you wanna feel mom's birthing tube squeeze around you, just like it did the day she gave birth to you?"

"Damn, I can't imagine that!" he gasped in response.

"This time I won't squeeze you out so quick," she said. "This time you can stay in there as long as you want, baby. You can pound the fuck out of my slippery meat sleeve."

Chad's boner flexed excitedly in the grip of Robo-mom's expertly stroking hand. He mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming.

"Damn, mom...you really have me worked up," he excitedly communicated.

"You're not the only one worked up, honey. Trust me."

"While you say dirty things, do you care if I fuck her...just how you described?"

Amanda's mind swelled with jealousy. "NO! I WANT IT TO BE ME, DAMNIT!" her brain screamed.

"Well...yeah, I do to!" her son answered.

"What?! Wait...you heard that?" the mother asked in shock.

"Of course I heard it, mom. We're connected through our neuro-probes, remember?"

"Oh, God, yes, I'm sorry," she muttered in an embarrassed tone.

"Do you really want it to be you?" he asked. "Do you really wanna fuck me?"

There was a short pause as the mother considered his question. Of course the answer was yes. Being sexual with her boy was all she'd thought about lately, but she knew how dangerous going down that road would be. Even what she was doing now, having neuro-sex with him was extremely risky to her marriage.

"Honey, it doesn't matter what I want. We can't have sex."

"Why can't we? Guys have sex with their moms all the time. It's perfectly legal now," her son reminded her.

"I know that, Chad. It's just..." Amanda muttered, then looked over at her husband. "It wouldn't be fair to your father."

"Oh, you mean like the fact that he can't get it up half the time isn't fair to you?"

"Chad, stop."

"And how unfair is it to you that he can't even give you a baby the natural way. You have to go to a doctor and have it surgically implanted," her son pointed out.

"Chad, please...enough," she said. "This was a mistake, I'm sorry...I'm ending this call now."

"Switch spots with my doll tonight, mom," her son said. "Let me fuck you harder than you've ever been fucked."

Amanda's body trembled upon hearing his request. She reached for her probes with shaky hands. "You have your doll. Don't worry about me. Goodnight," she said, then pulled the probes off, ending their communication.

Amanda rolled onto her side in sexual frustration. *"I've gotta stop this obsessing! He's my son...not some sexual conquest. I bought him a doll to take care of his needs and that's the end of it!"* she thought.

In the next room over, Chad wrestled his Robo-doll onto the bed beneath him, and thrust his dick inside her, imagining it was his real mom. "Take my dick, mom!" he gasped.

"Yes, Chad! Fuck me!" the doll reacted. The fact that she did so in a voice that was identical to his mom's got him even more worked up.

The teen reached under and grasped her meaty ass, then began pounding his doll with savage thrusts, making his bed squeak violently.

Robo-mom moaned and gasped, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his back, grasping his steadily thrusting body in the warm cradle of her thighs.

From her bedroom, Amanda could hear the two of them going at it hot and heavy. "Damn you, Chad!" she thought jealously, putting her hands over her ears.

The mother's insides tingled at the thought of her son fucking the shit out of her. Her clit and nipples throbbed so bad it was impossible for her to ignore. "Fuck this!" she thought quickly sliding out of bed.

Chad stopped fucking his doll as he heard a tap at his door. He got up and checked it out, finding his mom standing outside his doorway in only her nightshirt.

"Hi," he muttered, noticing the way she was wantonly gazing back at him.

Amanda's eyes drifted down her son's lean torso, to the rock-hard boner saluting her at an upward angle. His erection glistening with his doll's secretions and his knob was swollen and purple. "*Fuck, I need that!*" she thought. The mother undid the last three buttons of her nightshirt and slipped it off.

Chad's eyes widened at the sight of her huge ballooning tits. Sure, he'd been getting used to seeing ones identical, but these were REAL tits, and they belonged to his REAL mom. She handed the nightshirt to him. "Tell her to put it on...and to go lay on my bed," she said.

Chad relayed the request. Robo-mom's titties jiggled heavily as she stepped over and put the nightshirt on. Amanda fed her look-a-like a triumphant smile as the doll walked past her and headed for the master bedroom.

Chad closed the door. His heart pounded excitedly as he watched his mom sashay towards his bed with her bare buttocks swaying atop her sexy legs. She stopped at his bedside, and waited for him to join her.

"Did you mean what you said?" she softly asked.

"Which part?"

"When you said you'd fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked?"

"Of course," the boy muttered, more excited than he'd ever been in his life.

"You promise?" she asked with a sultry little smile.

"I promise," he said, as a string of pre-jizz seeped from his piss-slit, dropping towards the floor. "Just tell me how you want it."

Amanda crawled onto the bed, giving her son a great view of her ass while on her hands and knees. Her fleshy tan half-moons were slightly spread, exposing her crinkled butthole. His eyes drifted down past her perineum to the puffy outer folds of her cuntal flesh. "I think you know how I want it," she said.

The boy watched her drop onto her back, making her giant jugs wobble heavily before drooping slightly off the sides of her chest. She brought her knees back, splaying open her thighs widely. "The question is...do you have what it takes to give it to me that way?" she asked. "Do you have what it takes to pound the cum out of me?"

"Yes," the boy said, reaching down to give his cock a few strokes.

"Well, here I am," she said. "Come prove it."

Chad crawled onto his bed and down between his mom's legs. He knew if he buried his entire dick inside his mom in one mighty plunge, it would create a 'wow factor' that would set the stage for the intense boning he planned on giving her.

"OHH GOD!!" the mother cried out, feeling her boy's rock-hard manhood sink straight to the back wall of her cunt. His fat bell tip pressed forcefully against the raised ring of her ectocervix, smearing it with weeping pre-cum.

They exchanged a lusty stare, while quickly adjusting their bodies for intercourse. Chad brought his hands up between her upper back and the mattress, grasping on to her shoulders from behind for leverage. Amanda adjusted her ass beneath her, drawing her knees back further and angling her cunt so that her boy could take the hardest, deepest thrusts possible.

"Fuck me, honey!" she gasped in a desperate tone.

Chad wasted no time drawing his dick back, then pounding it back inside her again and again, quickly finding a rhythm. "Ohhhyeah!" the teen excitedly sighed, feeling his tender boner plunge in and out of her exquisitely-ribbed cunt tube.

He punched it all the way in again and held it there in full penetration. His mom gasped and writhed in ecstasy beneath him, tossing her beautiful brown hair around. Her fatty tits sloshed against his bare chest.

"Oh God, Chad!" she squealed, sinking her nails into his back as she was stuck with a sudden orgasm. Her back arched from the mattress, lifting her son up as her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

"Goddamn!" the boy gasped, aroused beyond words, as he felt his mom's warm curvy body tremble with pleasure, while her cunt gasped his cock in a tight love-grip.

While Amanda and Robo-mom's cunts felt the same around his cock, his mom's was squeezing him a bit differently than his doll did when she came. Her vaginal sleeve sucked and pulsated around his meat, creating an amazing sensation around his glans.

When Amanda's back hit the mattress again, her son set his hips back in motion and began feeding her his hammering hardness. "Yess!" the orgasm-sticken mother gasped. "Fuck me hard!"

Amanda tossed her strong, smooth-shaven legs high up around his back, using them to pull at him, and hump her mommy-cunt from the bed, meeting her boy's powerful fuck-plunges. A repetitive SLAPPING sound filled the room as the boy's balls beat against her lovely round ass.

Even though his mom was blowing his mind, Chad felt confident in his ability to fuck the hell out of her. After all, he's spent the last two weeks pounding his dick through a robot that was identical to her in every way. He had learnt that by changing up his angle of attack, he could keep his doll cumming for a long time, so he tried that same tactic on his mom.

Slowly rising towards another climax, Amanda felt her humping boy adjust himself between her squeezing thighs, plowing at her vaginal tube at a different angle. "*Oh my God...he's good!*" her brain whimpered.

She clawed her long nails down his back, delighted by the unyielding hardness of her boy's huge dick spearing into her. It had been years since her husband Jake's penis had been anywhere near this hard, and even then his erection was several inches shorter than Chad's. Her pussy was getting worked in places she hadn't been touched since her college days.

"Oh, Chad, it feels so good, baby!" she cried out encouragingly.

The boy's head swelled with confidence. Pumping away, he gazed down into his mom's beautiful eyes. "You like it?" he asked.

"Yes...but I'd like it better if you kissed me," she replied.

He lowered his lips and they began kissing passionately. Their mouths fused tightly in an open oval and their tongues danced in a wild frenzy inside the boy's mouth.

Inside the mother's vagina, their juices churned around a pumping pink mass of vaginal and penile flesh. Chad's muscled erection sliced through the grip of ribbed pleats lining his mom's birthing tube. Her pelvic floor was flexed against the bulge of the urethral tube that ran along the underside of his shaft, providing intense friction.

Chad broke their kiss and gasped as he felt his dick tingling with pre-orgasmic sensations. He felt his mom's silky legs unfasten from around him, and watched her scissor them back impossibly far, so her dainty bare feet pointed towards his rocking headboard.

"Damn! I thought only Robo-mom could spread her legs that far back," the boy gasped.

"You thought wrong," his mom said with a pleasure-filled smile. "I can wrap them around your neck too," she said, propping her ankles on his shoulder and tucking her sexy feet behind his head.

"Holy shit, that's hot!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in his mom's tight cuntal grasp.

"Now that you have your mommy folded in half, why don't you beat that juicy bell tip against her cervix," she said.

"You got it!" the boy responded, bringing his full weight against her and fucking as hard as he could.

"Yess! Just like that!" his mom screamed out. The mattress rocked violently beneath them.

In the next room over, Jake woke up as he heard the intense fucking going on through the wall that separated their bedrooms. He looked over at his wife, who was really Robo-mom, laying there on her back next to him, with her eyes open. "Good grief. Could they be any louder?" he asked.

"It would appear that Chad is really enjoying himself," Robo-mom said.

"Yeah well, maybe a little too much. Some of us have to work tomorrow."

They heard Amanda cry out in orgasm.

"Doesn't that doll of his have some sort of volume control?" Jake asked.

"I'm afraid not," Robo-mom said, with a slight smile.

After laying there for a few minutes, doing his best to ignore the sexual sounds reverberating through the house, Jake hopped up out of bed. "Alright...enough's enough," he said, throwing on his robe.

His wife and son were so wrapped up in the heat of a hard fuck, they didn't even hear him tapping at Chad's door. Amanda was now on top of her teen, grinding on his steely hardness. "Oh fuck, baby...you're so big!" the mother gasped, rocking her wide child-bearing hips up and back, plowing their juicy genitals together.

The wide-eyes teen reached up and grasped on to her huge bobbling tits. "I'm not the only one with something big, mom," he replied.

"That's right. Big boobies to smother you with," she teased.

Not able to get a response, Jake peeked the door open. He could see who he thought was Robo-mom riding his son's midsection. She suddenly dropped her upper half down on top of Chad and they kissed passionately. Jake would have died if he knew it was really his wife.

The father of the house cleared his throat loudly, startling both of them.

"Oh shit," Amanda muttered, looking back at her husband while laid out on their son.

"Don't panic," he son whispered so that only she could hear. "He could just think you're my doll."

Chad looked over at his father awkwardly. "Sorry, dad...were we being too loud?" he asked.

"MUCH too loud," Jake replied in an annoyed voice.

"We'll um...tone it down some, sorry."

"Yeah, thanks," Jake said, then he watched what he thought was his son's doll sit upright, staring back at him. He could see the side of one of her huge breasts jutting out over Chad, and her thick succulent ass smothering his crotch.

"Sorry, Jake," Amanda said, looking back at her hubby with a slight smile.

The clueless husband stared at the beauty a moment, entranced by how much she truly resembled his wife. "Thanks," he said, forcing a smile, then closing the door.

Amanda looked down at her son and they both burst out laughing. She brought her soft boobies back down against his chest. "You're just fucking your Robo-mom way too hard in here, young man," she teased.

"I guess I am."

Amanda began kissing his neck tenderly. His boner was still lodged deep inside her pussy, and she started humping and squeezing on it. "And I don't give a fuck what he says...don't you dare stop," she said between kisses.

"I didn't plan on it," the boy muttered, rocking his hips so his prick fucked up and down her cunt-tube.

"You're gonna fuck his wife all night long," she said wickedly.

"Sounds good to me."

"Can you believe you're fucking your REAL mom?" she asked, her thick rounded ass bobbing up and down.

"No. I thought fucking a robot that looked like you was exciting, but it's nothing compared to this," he confessed.

"I guess there's truly no substitute for real flesh, is there, honey?"

"No way...especially if that flesh belongs to your own sexy mom," the boy said, spearing his boner up into her.

She sat upright again, gazing down at him over the swell of her enormous milkers. "Are you trying to flatter the pants off of me, young man?" she asked.

"I doubt I could do that, mom, since you're not wearing any pants."

"True, and with the way you've been screwing me I doubt I'll be wearing them very much at all when I'm around you. Panties either," she said with a flirty wink.

"Fine by me."

"Alright...enough talk," the busty mother said as she started bouncing on her boy's prick again. "Time for more hot fucking!"

Chad stared up at his mom's bouncing tits in wide-eyed fascination. The fatty flesh of her melons rippled heavily each time she beat back down against the mother's torso. "Can I suck on those?" the boy asked, licking his lips.

"As long as I can suck on your cock later," Amanda said.

"Deal," he said, grabbing her arm and pulling her tits down to his face. There was only one thing Chad loved better than fucking, and that was fucking and sucking tits at the same time.

"Mm, suck those nipples, baby!" Amanda cooed, humping her cunt up and down the length of his cock.

Chad's face was plastered in squishy tit-meat, with his mouth gorged full of his mom's nipple and entire areola. He beat his licker against her engorged teat, sucking it as far into his greedy mouth as he could get it.

With a dick as big and rigid as her son's plowing her depths, the mother could only fuck for so long before she exploded in a body-trembling orgasm. She cried out in delight, as hot girl-cum soaked her boy's cunt-smothered boner.

Once the beauty came down from her orgasmic cloud, she climbed off her son. Resting on her hands and knees, with her tits dangling from her chest, she pointed her thick ass back at him. "Put it back in me!" she said, peeking back and wagging her meaty ass-flesh teasingly.

Chad mounted her haunches and speared his cock inside her. He grasped her hips and laid into her with steady fuck-pumps. "That's it, honey! Fuck me good!" she gasped, thrusting her rump back against the boy.

Steady SMACKING sounds filled the bedroom as they engaged in a heated doggy fuck. Amanda's heavy tits hug down off her chest and swung like buoys in a rough sea.

"Damn! You have the sexiest ass on the planet, mom!" Chad confessed, watching her lovely round derriere beat against his midsection. He loved seeing the thick shaft of his cock disappear and reappear from her mommy-hole, glistening with slick cuntal juices.

"Do you like the way it's beating against you, baby?"

"Hell yes! I love it!" he gasped.

For ten minutes they fucked like porn stars. When his mom's pussy tightened from another hard cum, the trigger went off in the boy's balls. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped.

"Yes! Wash my womb, baby!" Amanda cried out, beating her ass back against her boy in a frantic pace.

Chad's face became masked in a pleasure-filled grimace as a guttural grunt escaped his lips. Fat ropes of teenage spunk painted the back wall of his mom's pussy.

Together they bucked and squealed for several minutes, sharing a hot mutual orgasm that they wished could go on and on forever.

The mother breathlessly fell forward, and her son stayed joined with her, laying against her cushy backside. She peeked back at him over her shoulder and smiled. "Robots don't get round bellies...but mom's do. I don't mind going bareback tonight, but if we're gonna make this a regular thing, we should probably use some form of birth control," she suggested.

"Aren't you suppose to be injected with dad's sperm, like...any day now?"

"Yes, but until then...we don't need my egg pierced by someone else's sperm," she teased. "Like yours."

Chad pulled his boner from her cunt and his creamy boy-goo came gushing out from her coral slit. "Now you tell me," he said.

Amanda giggled. It felt like a gallon of fresh hot spunk was leaking out of her. "Like I said, just for tonight you can hose out all the ball-batter you want inside me, but if we're gonna keep bumping bellies every day, we're gonna need some form of protection."

A few days later, Amanda stepped into the kitchen in her robe, looking worse for wear. Nancy, Amanda's sister, was already there sipping from her morning coffee. "How was it?" she asked.

"How was what?" Amanda asked, looking confused.

"Sex with Chad. I know that freshly fucked look when I see it, and I'm pretty sure it wasn't Jake that kept you up all night."

Amanda poured her coffee and sat down across from her sister. "I have no idea what you're talking about," she said, playing stupid.

"Oh, Amanda, please...you've been obsessing on fucking your son since you bought him that doll, maybe even before then. Just fess up."

"I have not been obsessed. How could you say that?" Amanda asked, faking innocence.

"Oh, I don't know...maybe because all you've talked about the past two week is how much Chad's been fucking his doll. It's like you've been some jealous ex girlfriend determined to get him back in your bed."

"That's ridiculous," Amanda said, sipping from her coffee.

"Is it. Then why don't we play back Robo-mom's recordings from last night."

"What do you mean?"

"I was there when she was made, remember? The doll maker told us that all her activity is recorded, then deleted after twenty-four hours. Let's find out where she spent HER night last night...in with Chad, or in YOUR bed, faking she was you," Nancy suggested.

"Fine," Amanda muttered.

"Fine, what?"

"Fine, I fucked Chad."

"Was that so hard?"

"Actually, yes. It not something I really planned on happening, it's just..."

"It's just something you HOPED would happen," Nancy teased. "And now that it has...I have to know. How was it?"

Amanda rolled her eyes cutely. "Only incredible," she admitted.

"Was it everything you fantasized it would be?"

"Better."

"And now the big question. Did Chad know it was you, or did he think he was fucking his doll?"

Amanda giggled. "He knew who he was fucking, and believe it or not, it was HIS idea."

"And you landed right on his dick...reluctantly I'm sure," Nancy teased.

"I refused his advances for a little while...until I heard what he was doing to his doll in his bedroom," the mother confessed.

"So, was this a one and done deal, or are you gonna be selling the doll at auction?" Nancy joked.

"Certainly not a one and done deal, since it's been happening the past three nights. I'm not selling his doll," Amanda giggled, "but she certainly won't be getting used as much from now on. Let's put it that way."

The mother suddenly winced and bowed her head. Her sister looked at her curiously. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I'm feeling nauseous all of the sudden."

"Nauseous huh?" Nancy asked with a meaningful smile.

Amanda glared at her sister, clearly reading her mind. "Don't even think that!" she said.

"Think what? That your son just did something you've been trying to do with your husband for months?"

"Exactly," Amanda said, then suddenly got up, looking like she could vomit, and rushed to the bathroom.

"Yaay!" Nancy cheered, standing up and throwing her arms around, making her big boobies jiggle. "I'm gonna be an Auntie again!"