

Sons of Moms – Part 1

By Klrxo

"We're here with Doctor Claire Evans from the CDC. Claire, good morning! Could you explain to our viewers what exactly has happened over the last two years, with regard to this horrible global Infertility Virus," the female News Anchor asked.

Dr. Evans put on a professional smile. "Good morning! Indeed, this virus has caught us all by surprise, Pam. Over the course of its spread, we've seen a drastic decline in fertility among adult males. In fact, at this point, nine out of ten patients involved in our clinical tests have a sperm count lower than one million sperm per millimeter. That's shocking, considering the minimum sperm density range for conception is 15 to 200 million sperm per millimeter. These patients are also reporting trouble ejaculating and an inability to even obtain an erection."

"Shocking indeed, Claire, and this is a virus that has impacted most all of us in some way, particularly those who want children. I understand, as devastating as this is, there's a ray of hope in your trials, is that right?"

"Yes, and this has everyone at the clinic baffled. It appears this virus is having an opposite effect on male test patients ages 18- and 19-years-of-age."

"And could describe what you mean by opposite effect?" Pam asked.

"For 18- and 19-year-old males, the virus has mysteriously INCREASED their libido and is resulting in something called hypospermia, which is a condition in which a man produces a larger than normal volume of semen. These young men are producing sperm samples in the hundreds of millions per millimeter, which is unlike anything we've ever seen."

"Baffling indeed," the reporter agreed. "I understand there are other strange conditions in which this virus is affecting young male development. Can you speak to reports that boys are experiencing physical changes as a result of this?"

"I'd be happy to, Pam. What we know so far is that this virus is causing drastic changes to this age demographics growth hormones. This is resulting in abnormal levels of penile development. Just to give you an idea. Two years ago, the average length of an erect 18-year-old male's penis was 5.13 inches. With a corresponding girth average of 4.59 inches. Today, the average length is 8.23 inches with a girth of 7.58 inches, so as you can see, staggering changes."

The female reporter took big gulp, imagining what such a large, hard penis must be like. Her husband had already been affected by the virus, leaving her in a sexless marriage. "Staggering to say the least. Do you have any idea why these young men are being affected by this in such a drastically different way than older males?" she asked.

"No Pam, I'm afraid we don't. These changes and why they're happening are the true mystery to this virus. Unfortunately, for couples across the world, it looks as though things are getting worse, rather than better."

2 YEARS LATER

"Hi, I'm Matt," the tall lean 18-year-old smiled as a couple in their early 30's answered the door.

"Hi, Matt, I'm Thomas," the male resident greeted, then motioned to his pretty blonde-haired wife.

"This is Tami."

Thomas's wife gazed into the boy's eyes with infatuation, like she was meeting a rock star she'd idolized for years. "It's nice to meet you finally," she sighed. "I spoke to your mom earlier today on the phone, just to make sure you were still coming."

"Yeah, she manages my schedule," Matt shared, glancing down at the young woman's large breasts.

"Shit, look at those tits! I bet she's at least an E-cup," he told himself.

"Thank you so much for being willing to help us," Tami beamed, not able to take her eyes off him.

"Come on in," her husband said, stepping aside so the boy could come inside.

"Can I get you something to drink, Matt," Tami asked.

"Sure...a water's fine. My mom told me I need to start drinking more of it," the boy replied as he sat down across from Thomas at the table.

"Good advice," Tami smiled. "I imagine with your busy schedule, it's important to keep your hydration up."

Thomas stared across at the boy with a look of envy. "So...Matt, can we talk about how we'd kinda like this to go?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Tami's my wife, so...I'd kinda like this process to be as clinical as possible. I'm sure you understand?"

"Yeah, I get it," Matt said. He noticed how Tami's large breasts jiggled beneath her blouse and bra as she brought him a bottled water from the fridge. "Thanks," he muttered, sharing an eager smile with her.

"You helped Thomas's older brother and his wife, Diane, a few months ago. She was VERY pleased with the job you did," Tami shared, then noticed her husband glaring at her. "I mean, they were BOTH pleased...with the results of what you did for them."

"That's good to hear," Matt responded. He honestly couldn't remember exactly who they were talking about. Since turning 18 six months ago, he had "helped" so many couples out with their dream of having a baby that he couldn't keep track of all the women he'd fucked.

"I'd like my wife to keep most of her clothes on...while you guys are having intercourse. If you could just be on top of her, under the blanket, and be as quick as possible, I would be grateful," Thomas requested.

"Sure," Matt answered, glancing at Tami. It was clear that the young housewife would prefer things go another way as she stared into his eyes dreamily.

"Tami started her cycle yesterday, so hopefully this is just a one-and-done thing."

"That's always the hope," Matt added.

"Exactly," Tami anxiously agreed, but it was clear to Matt that she didn't agree at all.

After a short awkward silence, Thomas stood up. "Well, I'll just...go out and tinker around in the garage. Give you two some space."

His wife stood up, giving him a quick kiss. "I love you, honey," she whispered, a portion of her feeling extremely guilty. Even though they were forced into making this decision, for the purpose of having a child, part of her still felt like she was about to cheat on him.

Once Thomas was gone, she smiled over at Matt. "Shall we move to the bedroom?" she timidly asked.

"Sure."

Matt's cock began to throb as he followed the sexy 30-year-old down the hallway, watching her thick apple-bottomed ass wag beneath her shorts.

They entered her bedroom and Tami closed the door. "Sorry about all the rules...he's just really been apprehensive about all this," she explained.

"Husbands always are. They always set the ground rules, but then their wives usually throw them out the window once I'm alone with them."

"Is that so?" Tami asked with a mischievous grin.

"Usually, yes. Do you really plan on keeping most of your clothes on?"

Tami quickly shed her blouse, then her bra. Her large stiff-nippled tits wobbled heavily on her chest.

"Does that answer your question?" she giggled.

"Your tits are REALLY nice," the boy complimented, staring at her naked boobs. He had seen tons of tits over the past six months, but it was the big ones he remembered the most. Tami was certainly blessed with a tremendous rack.

"Thanks," she timidly smiled. "The past two years have been so hard. Not just on me...but on ALL women. I'm sure you see the frustration in their faces every day."

"Yes. Does your husband even still have a penis?"

"Barely," Tami answered, sliding off her shorts and panties at the same time. "It's withered up to almost nothing. It's not even big enough for me to get my lips around anymore. This virus has been so cruel."

"To some," Matt grinned, staring at her shaved pubis. "How long has it been for you?"

"Since I got fucked?"

"Yeah."

"The last time Matt was even able penetrate me was over a year ago, and even then, it went soft so quick, it was like I didn't even feel anything," she confessed.

"You'll definitely feel this," Matt bragged, making her glance down at the cylinder-shaped bulge beneath his shorts.

"My sister-in-law, Diane, said you're nearly eleven inches. Is that true?" Tami asked, her heart rate nearly doubling.

"See for yourself," Matt answered, pulling off his shorts and briefs.

"Oh my God!" Tami gasped, staring at the boy's extraordinary appendage. It stuck out from his lean frame in full hardness. Huge bulging veins crisscrossed up the long fat shaft. At the tip was a purple helmet, as big as a fist. Slimy pre-cum trickled from the slit of his meatus, falling to the floor in a long gooey strand. Tami knew that taking his monstrous cock inside her unused pussy was going to be painful at first, but then it would gradually turn to pleasure, unlike she'd ever experienced before.

"Can you take off your shirt?" she asked, then bit her bottom lip with lust when she saw his young lean chest. "Diane was right. You're super-hot!" she sighed.

"Thanks. Ready to get down to business?"

"Absolutely!" Tami answered, quickly climbing back onto her marital bed.

Matt joined her. He loved watching women's thrill-stricken faces as he crawled over to their parted legs like a hungry tiger. They would stare at his cock nervously, like it was a big jackhammer getting ready to split them in half.

He brought his weight down on top of her, crushing her fat tits between them. Tami dove for his lips, just like most women did, even though they knew their husbands would most definitely forbid it. They kissed passionately and their tongues danced inside Matt's mouth.

Because the boy's cock was so abnormally large from a spike in growth hormones, it was usually a laborious, but pleasurable process just penetrating a woman. Tami squealed inside his mouth as she felt his broad tip pry inside her cuntal opening. Her overactive Skene glands had lubricated this area, allowing Matt's penis to push slowly into her vaginal tube. "Holy shit! I've never had something so huge!" she whimpered, feeling her lining expand and elongate, to accommodate his whopper of a cock.

"You feel really good," the boy sighed, enjoying her slick, textured lining, as it slipped along his glans and shaft. Tami's pussy contracted with pleasure, narrowing the final few inches of her vagina. Matt was used to this, and simply backed his cock out a little, letting more of her secretions wet his slab. Then, he jabbed it all the way in forcefully, making Tami let out a loud shriek that her husband most likely heard from the garage.

They writhed for a moment in full penetration. "Fuck, I'm cumming already!" the pretty wife shrieked, clasp her cunt around Matt's meaty erection as tightly as she could.

The boy smiled with pride. It certainly wasn't the first time a woman had cum only seconds after his cock was sunk inside them. Most of his clients had gone nearly two years without the feeling of being stuffed by a cock, let alone one as huge and girthy as Matt's. The feel of Tami's cuntal flesh chewing at

his dick as she climaxed was out of this world. He set his hips in motion and started pounding through her with steady thrusts.

“Yes! Fuck me hard!” the women shouted. At this point she was completely unconcerned about whether her husband could hear her or not.

Matt’s cock pounded through her fuck-hole savagely. His fat knob crushed against the delicate head of her cervix on every downward plunge. He felt her toss her lovely legs around him, clutching onto his lean, muscular frame as he fucked her in a tit-jarring rhythm. Their lips met again, and they kissed like lovers, even though they had just barely met. The boy’s assault soon brought on another mind-blowing climax for the sex-deprived wife. Matt loved making women cum. He adored the feel of their curvy bodies trembling beneath him. The pleasure that masked their pretty faces when they came was a huge thrill for him to see. He knew he was witnessing them in their most primal state.

It was several cunt-contracting minutes before Tami returned to earth. “Can I ride you?” she whispered breathlessly.

“Sure,” the teen breathed, then quickly rolled them over, so Tami was now on top of him, with his dick still wedged deeply inside her. She wasted no time planting her knees firmly astride his hips, then began working her wide tan hips up and down, riding his steely erection.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped, her eyes rolling back as she fucked. She’d simply never experienced something so large and erect inside her. The fact that she hadn’t had “good sex” in over two years added to the level of unbelievable pleasure she was receiving.

Matt laid there and let the pretty blonde work her cunt on his pleasure-pole. Her large ballooning knockers swung up and down, captivating his lustful gaze. He had engaged in sex with plenty of heavy-titted moms since turning 18. This only fueled his fetish for sucking on huge squishy tits. He yanked Tami down, burying his face in her fatty tit-flesh. He kissed her breastbone. It was silly little signature move of his, just to remind himself that he had conquered yet another busty woman’s most secret spots. Within seconds, he found her swollen nipple and gorged himself on the entire cap of her tit.

“Yes...suck me!” Tami hissed, throwing her lovely ass up and down, beating their pissers together.

Matt knew his mission was two-fold. Help a couple, or woman specifically, to get pregnant was the first. The second was the unspoken goal of providing her with mind-blowing pleasure. Of course, the women’s husbands were only barely on board with the first. Men knew there was simply no other way for their wives to conceive than by having sex with an 18- or 19-year-old. The husbands also dreaded the fact that because their dicks were useless, their wives were probably wanting to be fucked silly, but would never admit it.

Governments around the globe had a hand in regulating this activity, setting up what they called “breeding clinics.” Hundreds of thousands of women would frequent these clinics and engage in wild sex with barely legal teens for the purpose of conceiving. When the demand became too much, boys were assigned to service the women in the cities or towns in which they lived. The government would offer healthy tax incentives to the boy’s mother for helping to manage their son’s sexual activity. Matt’s mother Summer had it down to a science. Her son would fuck hopeful candidates on days 12, 13 and 14 of their menstrual cycles, their most fertile days. Matt was handling five to six clients a day...six days a

week. His success rate was among the higher percentiles, due to the volume of semen he produced and their exceptional potency. 80% of the twelve to fifteen women he was seeing in a week would become pregnant during their first three days of ovulation. Word of his success had quickly spread, and his mother began getting dozens of emails a day from desperate women begging for his services.

"I'm cumming again!" Tami gasped, bobbing her thick rounded ass up and down on the boy's cock.

"Mmnff!" the boy growled; his voice muffled by pounds of tit-meat that was smothering his face. He had Tami's fleshy teat stretched out from her areola inside his mouth, working it between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

He felt her pelvic floor compress around his man-meat, as her pussy contracted in climax. He was amazed by how every cunt he fucked felt the same, yet a little different. He could always tell a woman's level of experience by the way their cunts worked his cock during coitus. That's why when he was with a client his mom's age, he knew he was in for a real treat.

For nearly an hour, Tami rode the boy's cock, alternating between bouncing and grinding. By now her bedsheets were soaked beneath them from all the gushing climax's she'd had. A knock at the door, broke their steady fuck-rhythm. "Tami, are you guys almost through?" her husband asked in an impatient tone.

"Yes, honey, just a little longer," her breathless voice answered.

Thomas was no dummy. When what should have been a "wham-bam-thank you, ma'am" turned into an hour-long session of bed-creaks and orgasmic screams, he knew there were other reasons besides conception that motivated his wife's actions. Tami's "little longer" became twenty more minutes of cock-humping pleasure.

"AHHH, SHIT!" Matt moaned, feeling the muscles at the base of his penis contract. His hot semen shot from the tip of his prick with incredible force. It was the first time in what seemed like ages that Tami had felt a cock hosing out thick jets of cum inside her.

"Oh my God, there's so much of it!" she cried out, flexing her vaginal fuck-muscles to milk out every drop.

"See you at the same time tomorrow," Matt told Tami and her husband as they saw him out the front door.

"Bye, Matt, thank you!" Tami exclaimed with a freshly fucked glow. Her husband on the other hand seemed hardly happy at all.

"Did that really need to go on for almost two hours?" he asked his wife.

"Apparently he has a lot of staying power," Tami answered with a slight grin. "It's not my fault it took him that long to cum."

"Well, the amount of screaming you were doing in there told me you were just fine with him taking that long."

Tami hugged her husband reassuringly. "Honey, please, just...remember why we're doing this. When I'm finally pregnant, we'll get to look forward to being parents...finally," she reminded him.

Matt got home and was greeted by his sister, Rhonda, and one of her friends from school. "Well, well...if it isn't boy wonder," she hatefully teased. Even though she was a year younger than him, Rhonda loved to give him shit. "How many old ladies did you fuck today?"

"They were in their thirty's. Hardly old ladies," Matt answered.

"That still makes you a man-whore."

"Rhonda, enough!" her mom shouted from the next room.

Matt's sister rolled her eyes and wandered off.

"Hey, honey, how did the appointment go?" Summer asked, stepping into the foyer. Matt's mother, Summer, was what most would refer to as a blonde bombshell. The 38-year-old mother had platinum-blond hair and a deep flawless tan. She was perfectly curvaceous, with humongous breasts, a trim waists and wide hips that supported her thick half-rounded bubble butt.

"It went really well," her son answered.

The mother giggled. "That's what you always say. Has it ever NOT gone really well?"

"Hardly ever."

"Well, I know you just walked in the door, but Audrey Jenkins just called to make sure you're gonna be on time. Apparently, she wants the session to be while her husband and younger son are out of the house, at the movies."

"Ok, um...I'll just grab a quick shower," Matt said, stepping past her.

His mom followed him up the stairway with her tablet in hand, like a secretary following her boss through the office. "Your appointments are locked in for next week, but we need to start thinking about the rest of the month," she informed him.

"Any new applicants?" Matt asked.

"New applicants?!" Summer laughed. "Honey, there's over two-hundred women on the waiting list. We got thirteen NEW applicants just today."

Matt got to the bathroom and swung the door almost shut, so he could continue chatting with his mom while he showered. "Well, not to sound picky, but...you know what I like, mom. Are there any super-hot ones?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, there is one girl who's very beautiful, and has requested YOUR help specifically."

"Does she have big boobs?" the boy boldly asked, while turning on the shower.

His mom burst out laughing. "Of course. I know you like your big boobs," Summer stated through the door.

"You say that, but one of the ladies I screwed the other day wasn't that big at all, mom."

"Honey, do you have to use the word 'screwed'? It makes it sound like you're a male prostitute. You're not 'screwing' these women. You're copulating with them. There's a difference."

"Whatever you say, mom," chuckled Matt.

"I'm sorry about the lady with small boobs. She must have lied on her application. You don't have to worry though. I know for a fact that this new girl who requested your help was honest about her bra cup size," Summer assured him.

"Which is?"

"Thirty-eight triple G."

The door suddenly flew open, and Matt stared at his mother with genuine interest. A towel was wrapped around his waist. "Seriously?" he asked. "Who is this lady?"

"You'll find out tonight. She's stopping by."

"Stopping by? Clients never stop by. Do we know her?"

His mom smiled and strode away. "I guess you'll find out," she teased. Matt glanced down at his mom's round wagging ass. It was set atop smooth luscious legs that perfectly tanned. Summer's cut-off Daisy Duke denims were so short that a little bit of ass-meat was seeping out the bottoms.

"Damn, I sure hope this new 'mystery client' has an ass like that," the boy thought.

After his shower, he rushed across town to his appointment with Audrey Jenkins. "Hi, you must be Matt? I'm Audrey," the curvy redhead said, greeted him at the door. "Sorry if I seem nervous. I've been on the waiting list for over a year," the forty-year-old informed him.

"That's no problem. I understand," Matt sympathized as he was led inside. He took a second to admire her lush body, especially the large breasts pushing out from beneath her cotton top. *"Damn, mom definitely picked out a winner with this one,"* he anxiously thought.

"Can I get you something to drink...or do you just wanna go down and get started?" she sweetly asked.

"I'm ready to get started when you are," Matt answered.

"I'm more than ready," the woman stated, her eyes beaming with excitement. "Sorry if I sound overly anxious. It's just that my husband Kyle has been a complete eunuch since back when the virus first started spreading. I haven't had sex in nearly three-and-a-half years."

"So, you guys just recently decided to have another kid?"

"Well, sort of," Aubrey answered with a guilty smile. "That's what I told him anyway, to get him to agree to let me do this. Between you and me...I just wanna get fucked."

Matt smiled. "Don't worry. A lot of women say the same thing."

Aubrey led him down to her marital bed and they began undressing. As usual, Matt was already fully erect just from watching the pretty mature redhead take off her clothes. His eyes widened when she unfastened her snug bra and her huge bobbling breasts sprung free. "Nice!" he muttered, licking his lips.

"Thanks," Aubrey blushed, as she peeled her panties off. "I shaved my pussy. Your mom told me you preferred that."

"Yeah," Matt answered, glancing down at her bare pubis. He removed his briefs and his giant erection whipped up, branching out from a small patch of pubic hair at an upward angle.

"Wow!" Aubrey gasped, putting her hand over her mouth in shock. "I almost forgot what one of those look like in person. Yours is...EXCEPTIONALLY large."

"Yeah, they say the virus effected guys my age by increasing our sexual growth hormones."

"You guys got lucky. The dicks on every other guy on the planet practically withered away," Aubrey giggled. She climbed up onto the bed on all-fours and pointed her thick pale ass back at him. "Will you fuck me doggy-style first?"

"Sure," Matt answered, giving his cock a few preparatory strokes, while moving up behind her.

"Ohh!" Aubrey sighed, feeling the boy rub his fat knob across her swollen clitoris. Then, it splayed her plump outer folds apart, fitting itself into her juicy cuntal vestibule.

"Dang, you're really wet!" the boy breathed, feeling his glans soak in her hot secretions.

"Like I said...I'm overly anxious," she admitted, pushing her ass back and fitting her cunt sleeve over the first few inches of his hardon.

Matt knew from his experience that the longer a woman went without sex, the tighter her pussy was. Aubrey's had one of the most tight-fitting honey-holes he'd had in a while. Just reaching the back wall of her pussy took them several minutes, with lots of grunts and squeals from the busty MILF. "God, it feels amazing!" she cried out, nearly ready to cream all over him already. "Fuck me hard...please!" she pleaded, bucking her ass back desperately.

Matt grasped her wide hips and began socking his cock inside her with forceful thrusts. Aubrey's lovely round derriere beat against the boy's mid-section, filling her marital bedroom with the lewd CLAPPING sound of their flesh beating together.

The teen knew the reason she asked for this position first was because it was probably her favorite, so he pounded her from behind for nearly an hour. Aubrey trembled and cried out in climax nearly a half-dozen times, gushing all over the boy's unyielding prick. Several times during their doggy-fuck, Matt would lean over onto her back, reach around and grasp onto her wildly-swinging tits. This made him crave HIS favorite position, and he didn't hesitate to ask her for it. "Wanna ride me now?"

"Hell yes!" she excitedly answered, pulling her cunt off his cock with a lewd pop.

The teen plopped onto his back, and she climbed aboard, planting her knees firmly at his sides. His boner sunk along her slick walls, stretching them wonderfully and igniting pleasure nerves that she'd forgot she had. For Aubrey, it was like getting on a bike after years of not riding. Her sexual skills quickly came back to her, and she began humping and grinding on Matt's huge dick with vigor.

The boy could only stand watching her large breasts leap around for so long. They were like two slabs of meat dangling around in front of a hungry dog. He pulled her down, so her tits smothered his face. He squirmed his head up between her wonderfully squishy jugs and kissed her breastbone, his signature move. Then, he lustfully licked his way to her puffy nipple and sucked it greedily into his mouth.

The tireless redhead used the boy's monster fuck-stick to plow her neglected pussy. She bobbed her meaty pale ass up and down in a steady fuck-rhythm that quickly resulted in yet another mind-blowing climax.

Matt never tired of the wonderful sensations brought on by a female orgasm. Aubrey's cunt-tube contracted tightly around the burrowing spike of his prick, making the boy whimper into the spongy tit that was masking his face. He felt the familiar tingle in his groin and his muscles contracted, propelling his semen into his urethra and out of the tip of his penis in thick gushing spurts.

For several minutes he wrestled in ecstasy with the middle-aged redhead, as they enjoyed every bit of pleasure their mutual orgasms would provide.

"Hey, dad," greeted Matt as he walked into the house.

His father was sitting on the couch watching the news. "Hey, kid...busy day?" Donald asked.

"Yeah, a lot of appointments."

"And you probably suffered through every one of them," his dad teased.

"Not hardly," Matt smiled.

Matt stood there watching the TV a moment. There was a special news report on the virus that had, by now, swept every corner of the world. "Health officials are certain that population levels will plummet in the coming decades, due to the impact of this horrible Infertility virus. 18- and 19-year-old males are doing their best to provide insemination. However, it seems impossible to keep up with the growing number of women that want children," the female news reporter explained.

Matt's mom, Summer, came into the room, drying her hands from doing dishes, and stood beside her son as they watched the news report. "Hey, sweetie," she whispered to Matt.

"Hi, mom."

The newscaster continued her report. "Dr. Claire Evans, from the CDC, explained this growing upsurge of women requesting fertility services."

Dr. Evans came up on the screen. "What we're seeing now I'm afraid are populations of women who are becoming extremely sexually frustrated. Most have gone two years, some even three or four now without having sexual intercourse," she reported.

Matt peeked over at his mom for a moment as she looked away from the TV in heavy contemplation. He could see the frustration her face as she probably thought about how long it had been for her. He looked back at the TV and listened.

"This unquestionable fact is causing the waiting lists to be overburdened with applicants. A growing number of these women don't necessarily desire a child, but will pretend that they do, just knowing that it gives them a slim chance at experiencing sex again."

"Hogwash!" Donald blurted, then shut the TV off.

"Why's it hogwash?" his wife asked.

"It's making women out to be a bunch of sexual fiends, who can't go without it."

"Wanting sex after a couple years without it doesn't make you a sexual fiend, Donald," his wife scolded.

"Most of us guys have gone a long time without it too, Summer. You think it's been any easier on us?"

"This virus has completely desexualized most men, but it hasn't with us women. Our bodies...our desires have gone unchanged. I guarantee if the roles were reversed and only 18- and 19-year-old women could have sex, you'd have to hide them away because of the armies of men that would want to rape them," Summer passionately explained.

"That's not true," Donald muttered.

"It IS true! So don't blame the women of this world for trying their best to get sex!" Summer shouted, then hurried out of the room. "We're certainly not getting it from our husbands!"

Matt stood there awkwardly for a moment.

"Enjoy yourself, kid," his father muttered. "The world is your playground right now."

Matt stepped down the hallway to see his mom sitting on the edge of her bed crying. He came over and sat at her side, throwing an arm around her for comfort. "Are you ok, mom?"

"Men love to act like the victims in all this, but we women are victims too. Our suffering is just as real," she sniffled.

The boy peered over at the tremendous swell of her breasts. "I'm sorry," he muttered, then looked up as she peered over at him with her brilliant blue eyes. Her beautiful face was framed in by her flowing platinum blonde mane of silky hair.

"I'm just glad that YOU were affected by this in such a wonderful way," she softly said, wiping away a tear. "That you're out there enjoying one of the greatest pleasures of life and helping so many women in the process."

"Even if the goal of some of those women ISN'T to have a baby?" Matt giggled.

"Well, I can't blame them. We women love us some hard dick. Unfortunately it's in short supply these days."

Matt couldn't believe he'd just listened to such a confession from his own mom. *"For such a hot woman like mother to not have a set of young balls beating against her ass was travesty,"* he thought.

"How many of these women do you think are lying about wanting a baby?" he asked.

"It's hard to say, and until the government starts making them take a lie detector test first, we may never know. You just keep doing what you do," his mom smiled. Her eyes peered down and lingered on the bulge of her son's crotch. She could see the shape of his knob through his pants and given that women just didn't see that sort of thing much anymore, she was completely fascinated by it.

"Summer, we have company!" her husband shouted from the living room, jarring her from her wicked thoughts.

The mother patted her son's knee. "That must be the new girl that requested your help," she smiled.

"The one with the triple G's?"

"You got it!" his mom giggled, then stood up and guided him out of her bedroom. "Just...try not to stare at them too much."

They went back to the living room and saw a couple standing there. "Hi, Matt," the female said sweetly.

The teen's jaw dropped in disbelief. "It's you?" he muttered feeling his mom squeeze his arm.

"Yep, it's me," the woman replied.

