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The Moms Aboard Starship Calista

by Sci-Fi Mommy

Part 1: A New Discovery

Starship Calista was a traveling city in space. Its inhabitants were the twelve thousand plus survivors of the asteroid storm that unexpectedly rained down upon planet Earth on April 13, 2213. Those aboard Calista became all that was left of humankind, except for the small communities that had previously been established on Mars and a few other moons within our solar system. Those communities were rescued by Calista, since they could no longer be sustained without the assistance of earth.

Several destinations were considered for the Starship, but the most hopeful candidate (the one most like earth) was a planet called Themis. Even traveling at 10% the speed of light, which Calista was capable of, the journey to this new world would be a long one, nearly forty-four years. For this reason, families chose to live out their lives aboard Calista, rather than spend it in hyper-sleep.

“Astor should certainly be considered for an on-board position, now that he's eighteen,” Bethany stated, as she strolled down the ship's walking path with fellow mothers, Stacey and Rowen. The path was in a park-like setting in a giant atrium at the center of the ship that allowed passengers to look out at the passing stars.

“Your right,” Rowen agreed, “and I'm sure it's the will of the Holy One for Astor to utilize his knowledge and skill to benefit the community.”

Before the Earth's destruction, a New Age Religion had formed called “The Spiritualists.” It was much like ancient religions in that the center of their

belief was the existence of a higher power, called the 'Holy One,' who they believed wanted them to live righteous, wholesome lives.

As they strode down the walking path at a healthy pace, the three mothers' giant breasts bobbed beneath their skin-tight bodysuits with every step. The clothing was made of stretchable synthetic fibers and each outfit was temperature controlled for custom comfort. Over several hundred years, female bodies had undergone tremendous evolutionary changes. First, they had increased in height, with the average grown female being over seven-feet tall. The other most obvious change occurred in both the breasts and buttocks. Their bodies produced increased levels of estrogen and progesterone, accelerating the growth of milk ducts and glandular tissue. In addition, all women, including those who weren't pregnant, began producing extensive volumes of prolactin, which accelerated milk production, causing their breasts to balloon obscenely with water, electrolyte and fat content. The additional breast volume was accompanied by a marked increase in vascular supply, causing the dilated mammary veins to become more prominent. Size and pigmentation of the nipples greatly increased under the influence of rising estrogen concentrations. The sebaceous glands on the periphery of the areola enlarged tremendously.

The oversized, rounded shapes of a woman's buttocks was due to enlarged hip bones, because of the increased presence of estrogen. Most women aboard Calista were physically active, engaging in daily regiments that created a balance of glutinous fat and muscle. This resulted in huge, perfectly rounded bubble butts. The triangular bone in the pelvis, called the sacrum, had evolved to be shorter and wider, causing women to walk with an increased sway in their hips, like a sexy exaggerated catwalk.

Their genitalia had also undergone evolutionary transformations. Because of increased blood flow, their inner and outer labia became more prominent, blossoming when aroused, like a beautiful, coral pink exotic flower, with bulging clitoral glans. Vascular engorgement caused their cunt tubes to narrow and elongate when aroused to accommodate increased penis length in men. Additionally, their pelvic floor muscles developed to be more robust, giving them extremely tight vaginas.

All three moms, Bethany, Stacey and Rowen, had beautiful, full manes of silky hair that were pulled back in ponytails while they exercised. Bethany's hair was black in color. She had elegant facial features, piercing brown eyes and lips that were plump and succulent.

"Mom!" called Bethany's son, Astor, as he hurried down the walking path after them.

"What is it, darling?" the mother asked, her mammoth tits wobbling as she turned towards him. Astor was a good-looking boy who'd just turned eighteen. It was quite common for him to make female cunts throb, even those that belonged to women twice his age. He had a cute, innocent smile and dark hair that matched his mothers. Since the women were over seven feet tall, Astor was eye-level with their tremendous bosoms.

"The ship has stopped, and they're sending out a scout craft. I heard that they found something, and they're going out to investigate it!"

The mothers all threw each other a surprised look. "Did they say what it was?" Bethany asked.

"An object of some sort, but they don't know what yet. It's all over the ship's broadcast feed!"

"We'd better go see what's going on," Rowen suggested.

The three mothers hurriedly jogged back up the path and the teen followed them. Bethany and Rowen's body suits had a tapered slit down the back that ended half-way down their rounded asses. This left a wonderful bare butt-cleavage exposed that Astor always found fascinating to look at. As for Tracey, the brunette mother wore a sleek, snug crop top and skimpy micro bottoms that left her meaty buttocks nearly bare. Their scanty outfits were nothing unusual, since those were just the styles that women of that time adorned themselves in. Their massively oversized breasts bounce up and down lewdly as they rushed towards Bethany's living-quarters. When they arrived there, all eyes became fixed on the giant holographic screen filling her living room.

“This has never happened before,” Bethany's friend, Tracey, pointed out. “They’ve never stopped the ship to investigate something. Do you think it could be a spacecraft...from another world?”

“I don't know but wouldn't that be something!”

“Fuck yes it would!” Bethany’s son blurted without thinking.

“ASTOR!” his busty mom scolded. “You know that word is forbidden in this home!”

“Sorry, mom,” he muttered. He always felt a bit bad when he swore, knowing his mom was so wholesome. He had never heard her use profanity and a sexual discussion would certainly be frowned upon in his household, as well as those of his friends.

“Look...the scout ship is slowing down!” Rowen pointed out.

They watched the broadcast feed intently as the scout craft sent out to investigate slowed to a stop, hovering in deep space, some distance from the mothership. A camera aboard the craft suddenly cut to the object of interest, making every mom in the room's eyes widen as they became fixated.

“What...is that?!” Tracey gasped, her pupils narrowing.

“Whatever it is...it's beautiful!” Bethany replied.

The ‘mystery object’ was some form of crystal stone, brilliant purple in color, just floating in space by its lonesome.

“Is it a gem?” Astor asked. When he got no answer, the boy looked over at the mothers. They stared at the stone, as if they were completely entranced by its beauty. Astor noticed that their breathing was heavy, and their massive tits were heaving against their outfits, making their thick nipples protrude out from beneath the fabric. Nerve impulses began to increase blood flow to the three cylinders inside the boy penis, causing it to harden in arousal. “Mom...are you guys alright?” he asked. When she didn't answer, he raised his voice. “MOM?!”

“What?! Oh...we're, um...fine, darling,” Bethany replied, suddenly snapped from her trance.

Rowen pointed to the robot arm that extended out from the scout ship. “Whatever it is...it looks like they’re bringing it back to Calista,” she observed.

“Probably to study it,” Astor theorized. “Maybe it belongs to an advanced alien civilization...one that could help us.”

Stacey shrugged her shoulders, making her tit-meat jostle beneath her crop top. “OR...it could just be a beautiful rock that’s been floating through space for millions of years, nothing more.”

Stacey's son's voice suddenly shouted through a communication device built into her suit. “Mom...are you watching this?!”

“Yes, baby...I’m at Bethany’s right now. We’re watching the scout ship on the broadcast feed.”

Jonah was her only child, just barely eighteen, like Astor, but his voice sounded like a boy much younger. “What do you think it is that they found?” he asked.

“I’m uncertain. We all are...but I’m sure they’ll inform those of us aboard the ship, as soon as they know something.”

“True. Is Astor there?”

“Yes, he’s here. He’s the one who found us on the walking path and told us about it.”

“Ask him if he wants to meet me up at the loading dock, so we can watch them bring it in.”

“I’ll ask him, but please don’t get yourself into trouble,” the brunette mother warned. “You remember what happened the last time you two were fooling around the loading dock?”

“I won’t get into trouble. I just wanna observe, that's all. Tell Astor to hurry though. The scout craft will be on its way back soon. If we don’t get down there in time, we’ll miss them bringing it in.”

Stacey knew her son enjoyed learning about science and space exploration, so today's discovery was especially fascinating to him. After relaying the information to Bethany's son, Astor, the three moms watched the scout ship on the holographic screen as it moved towards Calista with the newly found object. a mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity. Suddenly, their beautiful eyes became glazed almost unnaturally, accentuating the color of their irises. A mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity.

"I'll be back, mom!" Astor shouted, drawing the attention of all three women as he rushed out of their living quarters. "Hopefully I'll get more information on what they found."

Stacey looked over at Bethany with a salacious grin. "Did you notice it?" she softly asked.

"Notice what?" Bethany replied.

"Astor's penile flesh. It was erect beneath his clothing."

"I did notice that, yes" the mother whispered, smiling lasciviously and wetting her lips with her tongue. "I wonder what could have had him so aroused?"

Rowen chimed in. "Did you know that a boy achieves an erect cock up to twenty times, on average, in a twenty-four hour period. This means they spend a good portion of their day in a state of arousal."

"Do you think he's experienced a carnal embrace yet?" Stacey asked. "Do you think any of our boys have had their penis soaked in female essence?"

"I doubt it," Bethany answered. "We've always encouraged the boys to remain virgins until marriage."

"Maybe WE should embrace them," Rowen brazenly suggested. "Perhaps it should be us who ravages their young bodies and lets them fill us with the seed of their ejaculate."

Bethany suddenly blinked a few times and shook her head as the mysterious signal faded. "Wait...what?!" she blurted, as if just snapped from a trance.

"Rowen, why would you even suggest something like that?!" Stacey asked as she too was brought to her senses and gazed at her friend in shock.

"I, um...didn't mean to suggest those things. The words just seemed to...come out of my mouth. You two were the ones who raised the subject to begin with."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry, I just...don't know what came over me," Stacey expressed shamefully.

"Me too," Bethany added. "I've never let such a depraved thought cross my mind like that."

The three women stood there for a moment wondering what had just happened. It was like the naughty conversation they just had occurred without any pre-thought.

"Let's just...forget this conversation ever occurred, shall we?" Bethany suggested. Try as she may, the mother could hardly ignore the way her cunt was smoldering with desire. Her entire heavy-breasted body was tingling in arousal. *"What in the name of all that's holy has gotten into me?!"* she wondered.

"Yes. We should never let our minds wander there again," Stacey agreed as her and Rowen also found it hard to dismiss the itch between their own legs.

"Jonah and I watched them carry it through the loading dock. It was cool!" Astor expressed, later at dinner.

Bethany looked over at her husband, Calvin. "Where are they keeping it?" she asked.

“Most likely in one of the labs for further study,” he replied. “Any type of space debris has to be thoroughly examined to try to figure out its point of origin.”

“It sure looked beautiful. More like a priceless gem than a space rock.”

“I think it has special powers!” Astor theorized.

“What makes you think that, darling?” his mother curiously asked.

“I don’t know. Just a hunch! Maybe it’ll give us all superpowers!”

His mother burst out laughing. Sitting on one side of her boy, she reached beneath the table and patted his knee. “Sounds like someone’s been listening to too many fantasy stories,” she remarked. The mysterious signal suddenly communicated with her brain waves again, although she was completely oblivious to it.

Bethany’s hand crept up her son’s inner thigh, dragging her long nails on his flesh as she went, nearly reaching his cock. She felt her son give off an excited shudder, then she quickly pulled her hand away.

“Goodness, gracious...what am I doing?!” she thought. *“That’s certainly not an appropriate place to be touching him.”*

She exchanged an awkward look with Astor, her face red with embarrassment. Her piercing blue eyes inadvertently peeked down at his crotch, watching the tubular shaped flesh of his boy-penis quickly engorge beneath his pants. Included in the evolutionary changes in women was the heightened detection of male pheromones, especially in boys Astor’s age. What the mother detected from her son, while sitting next to him, certainly wasn’t unpleasant...quite the contrary. It had a warm, stimulating effect, causing increased blood flow to her genitals.

Her husband’s voice broke the uncomfortable silence. “Well, I’m sure when they find out what it is they’ll let all the rest of us know. Even if they discover it’s origin, it may do little to deviate us from our journey to Themis.”

“That’s true, honey,” his wife responded, peeling her gaze away from Astor’s erection.

“May I be excused?” the teen asked, clearly seeming uncomfortable and needing desperately to get his hardon under control. Being this close to the swell of his mother's gigantic tits was doing little to prevent his penile swelling.

“You hardly ate anything,” his father observed.

“I know. I’m just, um...not that hungry.”

“Suit yourself.”

Calvin and Bethany watched their boy scramble from the table, moving with an uneasy haunch. “He’s acting awfully strange,” the father noted.

Bethany’s lips curled into an amused smile. “He’s just trying to hide the swelling of his male member,” she boldly stated.

Calvin gave his wife an indignant glare. “Bethany!” he scolded.

“What?! Would you rather me lie and say I don’t know why he’s leaving the table?”

“No...there’s just no reason to be so crude about it.”

“Crude?!” Calvin’s wife giggled. “If I wanted to be crude, I would have simply said that his fucking cock was hard!”

Her husband stared at her in shock. “Good grief! What would ever possess you to use such language?!” Because of the wholesome lives they’d lived, Calvin had never heard his wife make such an indecent remark.

“Erections of the penile flesh are natural, Calvin...especially at his age. Astor’s body is producing a high volume of hormones, which means erections can occur randomly, up to twenty times in one day. So you see...there’s no reason to make such a big thing about it,” Bethany preached.

“At the dinner table though?” he asked, surprised that she was sounding more like a doctor than a wife.

Bethany suddenly stood up, having the wicked, overwhelming urge to see more of her son's stiffening prick. "I'll go talk to him," she replied, then sashayed from the kitchen, her broad, meaty buttocks wagging obscenely.

When she got to her son's door, she opened it slightly and peeked inside. She was delighted by the sight of him pulling his pants down, releasing his monster erection. Astor, like all boys aboard Calista, experienced a tremendous spike in hormones, particularly testosterone, once they reached puberty. By the time he turned eighteen, the boy was getting boners over twelve inches long. Of course, he didn't know any better. Just like females, he just accepted the way his body developed and didn't think there was anything "unnatural" about it.

Bethany's mouth fell open in awe as she stared at her boy's appendage. Normally, she would run away at such a sight, then feel guilty for weeks, but this time something was different. This time she was fascinated and strangely aroused, while staring at her boy's jutting hardon. It looked so thick and muscular, with bulging blue veins crisscrossing up the meaty stalk. Running along the bottom of his shaft was the bulging tube of his corpus spongiosum. Capping his dong was the fattest knob she had ever seen; pinkish purple in color. *"It's so incredibly big and swollen!"* she thought, watching her boy's bulb twitch excitedly, mushrooming even bigger in front of her very eyes.

What made this scene even more thrilling for Bethany was the fact that that it had been years since she's seen a prick even close to this size. Once men "peaked," between the ages of eighteen and twenty, their cocks began to grow smaller. By the time they reached her husband's age, they had shrunk to an average length of seven inches. Still respectable, but compared to the giant cocks of teenage boys, they were highly inferior.

When Astor reached down and wrapped his hand around its girth, the mother felt her cunt tingle excitedly. *"He's going to engage in self-gratification!"* her brain squealed. *"He's going to pull on its length...probably until he ejaculates!"* She had never felt a thrill like this in her life. If it wasn't for her husband entering the hallway, she probably would have reached into her suit and masturbated right along with her son.

“How did that discussion go?” Calvin asked, referring to what his wife had told him she would be doing.

Bethany blushing closed her son’s door. “It went...um, good. He agreed to go to his room the next time he felt himself begin to...harden,” she awkwardly replied.

“Speaking of that,” her husband smiled. “I’m sure if you followed me to OUR room right now, it wouldn’t take me long to ‘harden’ either.”

His wife smiled, but inwardly she had never felt so disinterested in her life. Despite wanting more than anything to stay and watch her son masturbate, she shook away her ‘improper’ thoughts, knowing it was her wifely duty to engage in the ‘carnal embrace’ with her husband. “Of course, dear,” she replied, taking his arm as they stepped towards their bedroom.

“I’m horrible!” Stacey stated the next day, looking as though she could burst into tears.

“Tell us what happened,” replied Bethany, comforting her friend by rubbing her shoulder.

“I can’t. Just...trust me when I say...it was bad.”

Rowen chimed in. “Stacey, the three of us have been friends through thick and thin. You know that you can share anything, and we won’t judge you.”

“It’s true,” Bethany agreed, “and if it’s something that’s eating at you, then it would probably help to get it off your shoulders.”

After a few hesitant moments, Stacey spoke up. “I woke up last night feeling...overwhelmed with desire.”

“For your husband?” Rowen asked.

“No...that’s the problem! It wasn’t for Jonathan at all. It was for Jonah. I was having inappropriate thoughts about my own son!”

“Oh!” Bethany muttered, sharing a look with Rowen.

“Like I said...I’m horrible!” Stacey reiterated, placing her head on her hands in shame.

“No more horrible than I am,” Bethany confessed, causing her two friends to stare over at her. “I peeked into Astor’s room yesterday and watched him undress. I couldn’t stop staring at his...”

“Oh, that IS bad!” Stacey agreed.

“Since we’re being honest with each other,” Rowen added, “I’m afraid I have a confession of my own to make.”

“What is it?” Stacey asked, secretly hoping it was worse than hers, so she could stop feeling so guilty.

“Last night, when I kissed Phoenix goodnight...” Rowen uttered, speaking about her own twenty-year-old son, “I slipped my tongue into his mouth.” She heard both her friends gasp in shock.

“Well, that’s certainly a step beyond just thinking about it,” Bethany stated.

“I know, and I feel horrible about it. I wasn’t gonna mention it, but how could I not after what you two just shared.”

After an awkward silence, Bethany spoke up. “Have you guys had these feelings before?” she asked. “About the boys?”

“No...never!” Rowen replied, adamantly shaking her head.

“Me either!” said Stacey. “Two days ago, if you had told me I’d be having those types of fantasies, I would have told you that you’re crazy...and sick!”

“Isn’t it a bit odd that all three of us are experiencing this at once?”

“Yes! Just like it was odd that all three of us were having that crazy sexual discussion yesterday. We never talk like that!” Stacey responded.

“It’s true. They Holy One would forbid explicit sexual discussion, especially when it's in reference to our boys.” Bethany added.

“Perhaps we should pray together...for forgiveness, and strength to remain pure,” Rowen suggested.

“Yes...I think that’s a great idea,” Bethany agreed. The three of them came together, their tits so huge they nearly touched. Bethany began to pray for them. “Dear Holy one...forgive us for our discretions. Please give us the strength to keep our thoughts pure.”

“Help us to not dwell on...how, um...wonderfully handsome our boys are. Keep our minds from...uh...from thinking about how incredibly large and hard their sexual organs can get. Help us to not fantasize about how divine their young erections would feel...squeezed inside our vaginas, engaging us in a furious carnal embrace...until we, um...soak them in our essence. Amen.”

Bethany peeked up at her friends shamefully. Stacey broke the awkward silence between them. “The boys would feel good...buried to the base of their boners inside us, wouldn’t they?” she softly asked.

“Their sexual organs are at their largest, and most rigid at this age,” Rowen added. “This gives them the ability to stimulate the entire length of the vagina and the cervix. The orgasms that such cocks would create would be tremendously powerful!”

Stacey nodded in agreement. “A decision to cradle them between our thighs would certainly result in raging intercourse,” she remarked.

“Wait!” Bethany blurted, shaking her head. “We’re doing again. We can’t keep talking this way!”

“I know...I, um...I’m sorry!” Stacey expressed, suddenly feeling a flush of guilt.

“What’s happening to us?!” Rowen asked. “Why do these deprived thoughts keep manifesting themselves in our minds?”

Bethany closed her eyes and shook her head. “I don’t know. I think I need to go lay down for a bit and clear my head,” she expressed.

“Not a bad idea. I think I’ll do the same,” Stacey agreed.

“As will I,” Rowen added.

Part 2 – Body Exploration

Bethany took her role as housewife seriously, as did most mothers aboard the ship. This included following a daily routine of cooking and cleaning. Sure, they had androids that could perform such tasks, but to Bethany, going that route took away the novelty and pride of pleasing her husband and son. The heavy breasted mother was doing a few dishes when she stopped suddenly, her eyes glazing over.

Without hesitation, Bethany began stripping off her body suit.

Despite being in space, and no longer having the existence of night and day, the passengers continued to follow a pattern of eight-hour daily rest. When Astor opened his eyes, he gasped at what he saw just inside his bedroom doorway. Standing there, staring straight at him, was Bethany, his gorgeous mother. To his shock, she was COMPLETELY NAKED, except for the sexy black open-toed heels that her sexy feet were propped in. Her eyes were unusually brilliant as she gazed across the room at him.

“Mom?” Astor muttered; his eyes fixed on her humongous breasts. They were capped with wide, thickly textured areolar rings and turgid nipples. The teenager’s eyes drifted down her tapered torso to the V of her naked mons pubis. Her outer labial flanges were puffy and well pronounced, forming the deep furrow of her pudendal cleft. Protruding from her cuntal fissure was the bulbous tissue of her clitoral prepuce.

Astor gulped heavily in arousal. He had only seen pictures of naked women shared by his friends. The sight of his mom's body made his penis harder than it had ever been before. He wasn't sure why his mom was fixed this way inside his room, but he was certainly in no hurry for her to leave.



“Bethany...are you here?!” he suddenly heard his father call out, from the front of the house. This seemed to snap his mother out of whatever stagnant state she'd been in. She looked down at her naked body, almost as if in shock, then over at her son. Quickly attempting to cover her mammoth tits, Bethany rushed to her bedroom.

She barely had enough time to throw a robe on before Calvin arrived in the doorway. “There you are!” he stated.

“Yes, I was, umm...changing. I spilt something on my outfit,” she replied.

“Oh, I guess that explains why I just saw your clothing laying in the kitchen.”

“What brings you home at this time?” Bethany asked, eager to change the subject.

“I just wanted to stop by on my break. You're not gonna believe what happened to my coworker, Sol.”

“Oh, what happened?”

“He arrived at his quarters last night to find his wife and son engaged in a carnal embrace!”

Bethany's eyes widened. “They were...having sexual intercourse together?!” she shockingly asked.

“They were! Can you believe it?!”

“No, I hardly can! I know his wife, Larissa...very well! She's wholesome; the last person I would expect to do something like that.”

“Yes...well, her actions are certainly deplorable! I know Sol is crushed by what he witnessed. Anyway, I don't have much time left on my break. I just wanted to stop and tell you what I heard,” Calvin concluded, then gave his wife a quick kiss.

She ushered Calvin back out, seeing him off to work, then moved to her son's room. She was still in a state of disbelief by what she had done earlier, by standing in Astor's doorway with nothing on. She knew she

owed him some sort of explanation. "Hi, darling," she smiled, stopping in his doorway.

"Hi, mom," Astor awkwardly replied, still in his bed.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry for earlier, when I was here in your doorway. I'm not sure if I realized at the time that I wasn't really wearing anything."

"That's fine, mom. I understand."

She smiled, staring over at him. "Thank you for understanding," she said softly. For a long moment, they gazed across the room at each other.

Bethany slowly entered his bedroom, her dainty heels clicking against his floor as the seven-foot mother slowly moved towards him. "Was that...the first time you've ever seen a girl naked, darling?" she inquired in a sexy tone.

"Yes," Astor nodded.

"You're so young and innocent. It must have been a shock to see a naked body like mine in your doorway."

"Yes. For a second, I thought I was dreaming it."

Bethany licked her lips, staring at her son as she slowly crossed his bedroom. "Do you like to dream of naked girls, Astor?" she asked.

"I don't mind it," he blushed.

"I do notice that you quite often stare at my giant bosom. It must be large breasts...with swollen nipples that you dream of the most?"

"Uh-huh!" he nodded.

"What's that you're hiding there...beneath the sheet, darling?" she asked, staring at his tent-poled crotch.

"Oh, um...nothing," he blushed.

"It certainly doesn't look like nothing," she smiled, her unfettered tits trembling beneath the flimsy robe as she walked. She gently sat down on his bedside. "Show me, Astor," she softly requested, reaching out to rest

her hand on his, gently. "Show me the fruit you have growing on your tree."

The boy glanced down at his crotch nervously. "Are you, um...sure?" he asked.

"I showed you MINE, earlier...didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Then you shouldn't be afraid to show me yours. Your young body is at its most impressive right now, darling. Your penile flesh is at its peak size and strength. You shouldn't be afraid to display it proudly...especially for your mother."

"Alright," the teen muttered, then slowly removed the sheet.

"OHHH, ASTOR!" the mother gasped, gawking at his large, blood-engorged appendage. It stretched from his crotch, just over twelve inches long. The bulbous pinkish-purple crown looked fat and angry with slimy ball-goo seeping from its slit. "You're SO incredibly endowed!"

"I'm sorry it's like this," he uttered blushing. "I just couldn't stop it from getting hard."

"You should NEVER apologize for such a thing! An erect sex organ is natural for a boy your age. It's a wonderful merging of flesh and blood that creates an extension of your body that'll bring you greater pleasure than you can ever imagine!"

"That's what I've always heard, and I can't wait to find out one day."

Bethany scratched her nails on his knee gingerly. "You won't be a virgin forever, darling. Soon you'll be joined at the genitals with a female, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh."

"That would sure be nice!" Astor expressed, watching his mom stare at his steely erection.

"Do you see the liquid that bubbling up from the slit, on the tip of your penis?" Bethany asked.

"Yes."

“That's called pre-ejaculate. It's a liquid that squeezes out of your penis, when you get aroused. It's produced by the accessory sex glands – the Cowper's Gland, the glands of the Littre and the glands of the Morgagni.”

“All of those glands are inside me?” Astor asked.

“Yes, near your prostate. The glands produce an alkaline, mucus-like fluid during sexual stimulation that will seep up the tube of your urethra and leak out, just like it's doing now.”

“Wow, you know a lot about this stuff, mom.”

“I know EVERYTHING about your body, Astor. Every precious part.”

His mom smiled and gazed into his eyes. “Would you like to taste your pre-ejaculate with me?” she asked.

“Umm...taste it?” he asked, unsure if he heard her right.

“Yes. There's nothing shamefully about tasting the essence that seeps from a human body.”

Bethany dipped her finger in the goo that had formed on his piss-slit and brought it to her son's lips. “Lick!” she whispered. After Astor licked it off, she took a second scoop, then lifted it to her own mouth. Astor watched her long, thick tongue emerge from her mouth and swipe it off. “Mm, it's so sweet! That means it's high in fructose,” his mom stated.

“I like how slippery it is when it comes out,” Astor expressed.

“Oh, Astor...you're so adorable! A boy's pre-cum is typically discharged before the height of ejaculation. It acts as a natural lubricant during coitus and helps produce powerful, body trembling orgasms for both the male and female, during sexual intercourse.”

“I've never had that before, but I've heard it can be quite wonderful.”

“It is the most wonderful thing that two people can experience together, darling. The rhythmic movements and intense sensations of pleasure lead to an altered state of consciousness in which we perceptually block out any other stimuli and devote our full attention to a passionate fuck.”

“Wow” Astor gasped. “I've never heard you use that word before, mom.”

“FUCK is a beautiful word, darling. It's the most exciting word in the English language. Do you like hearing me say the word...FUCK, darling?”

“Yes, but why do you get mad when I say it?”

“Shame on me for doing that,” Bethany frowned. “Why don’t you lean back, so I can get a better look at your penis and testicles.”

Astor reclined back, resting on his forearms. Bethany slipped her feet from her heels, then curled her lovely legs up onto the mattress, facing her son’s side. Her robe peeked open part way, exposing some of her ballooning tit-cleavage. “You have wonderful balls, Astor. They look so full and well-formed!”

“Thanks,” the boy blushed. “I do feel a lot of pressure in them sometimes.”

“That's because they’re producing lots of sperm and sex hormones, particularly testosterone.”

“Are they always producing sperm?”

“Yes...constantly! Your sperm-filled nuts are connected to the inside of your body by your spermatic cord. This cord contains nerves and blood vessels. You also have cords in your balls called your vas deferens, which are the tubes that move sperm to your cock, so it can leave your body in the form of semen when you cum.”

“That's the white stuff that shoots out, right?” Astor asked.

“Correct, darling. A healthy boy like you will eject over a billion sperm in a single ejaculation.”

“Wow, that's a lot!”

“It certainly is!” Bethany agreed, staring at his vein-encrusted shaft. “Do you mind if I wrap my hand around the base of your erection, Astor, so I can feel how strong and hard it is?”

The teen could hardly believe his ears. “Be my guest!” he replied.

Bethany circled her fist around his thick dick, her eyes admiring its sheer size. "Oh, my goodness, Astor...it feels so rigid and powerful in my hand!"

"It gets really hard like this a lot!" the boy shared.

"That's because you're young and have healthy blood flow. The body of your penis is made up of three columns of erectile tissue: two corpora cavernosa on the dorsal side, here and here," she pointed with her finger, "then, the corpus spongiosum, here between them, on the ventral side. They contain elastic and collagen fibers as well as smooth muscle, arteries and veins."

"So...the columns fill with blood, right?"

"That's correct. Impulses from your brain and nerves cause the muscles of these columns to relax, allowing blood to rush in and fill the open spaces. This sudden pressure in your erectile tissue creates what's called 'a boner,' which is crucial for sexual intercourse with a female," his mom explained.

"I always heard that sex with a woman feels really good," Astor commented.

"It does!" his mom replied with a big smile, then pointed to his bulbous tip. "The center of your pleasure will be here on your glans. You may also have heard this part of your penis called 'the head,' or 'the crown.' It contains a high concentration of nerve endings, making it the most sensitive part of your dick. This sensitivity is important for sexual stimulation and ejaculation, darling."

"Why is it shaped the way it is?" Astor asked.

"Human evolution has formed your knob that way. Do you see the border that flares from the base of your glans? It's called the corona and it forms a rounded ridge that overhangs a deep glandular sulcus, behind which is the neck of the penis. Your coronal ridge is formed this way for a special reason."

"What reason is that?" Astor asked.

“Your soft spongy tip absorbs the impact of your penile meat thrusting through a woman's vagina during coitus. Lining the inside a female's sexual orifice are rows of engorged ribs, called rugae. During coitus, a man's coronal ridge will slip back and forth along these corrugations, stimulating powerful nerve endings and creating exquisite pleasure.”

“I hope someday soon I'll get to feel what that's like.”

“Would you like to feel what it's like to be held in a carnal embrace, darling?

“You mean...by you?”

“Certainly! It doesn't mean we'll be engaging in hot, nasty sex, but I can at least show you what it's like to be wrapped in that position, so you'll know what to expect when the time finally arrives that you get your first piece of pussy.”

“Alright!” the boy sighed, his heart racing with excitement. “What do I do?”

“You just stay how you are,” Bethany answered, crawling onto her knees. “I'll latch onto you and roll us into position.”

Astor watched with wide eyes as his huge titted mom threw her naked leg across his lap, mounting him from the top. Her flimsy robe bunched up around her waist and her boy sighed as he felt her bare vulva come to rest against the underside of his rigid cock-muscle.

“Wow...you feel so warm down there!” he sighed, gazing up at her gigantic milkers. Even though they were covered in silk material he could clearly see the fat, rubbery nubs of her nipples.

“When a woman is aroused, blood rushes in to engorge the tissues of her vagina and vulva, much like it does your wonderful cock. This makes her genitalia smolder with delightful heat.”

“It certainly feels delightful!”

“You think that feels nice...just image how it feels on the inside, Astor.”

“Amazing I bet!” he added.

“Oh, darling...I'm sure it won't be long before every inch of your penile meat is wrapped in the clutches of a hot pussy. Are you ready for me to embrace you in the most common coital position?”

“I'm ready!” the boy anxiously replied.

Astor's mom lowered against him. She was so tall that his entire head sunk down between her fatty tits, face first. She wrapped her arms tightly around his upper half, holding him in place. Then, Bethany rolled them over, bowing open her thick thighs so her boy could sink against her. As soon as Astor was flat on top of her the mother wrapped her strong silky-smooth legs tightly around his back, crisscrossing her ankles above his ass. Most of the boy's lean body seemed obscured by curvy mommy-flesh as she clung to him tightly, pulling him against her plush softness. “Here we are, darling...joined just as two people do if they want to beat their bellies together. This is how two lovers engage...in a hot, torrid fuck!”

“Damn!” Astor sighed, his voice barely heard, since he was smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. Bethany whimpered softly as she felt his big, muscled cock flex against her quim. Her boy's stiff dick-meat had pulled back the thick shroud of her clitoral hood, exposing the sebaceous bulb of her glans. Her vestibule bulged out from between her fleshy cunt lips, giving her boy's pink dick a wet kiss. Bethany's cunt-tube quivered with desire, hot fuck-oil secreting from its spongy, corrugated walls.

The mother's voice was full of lustful emotion. “It feels so fucking good to hold you this way!” Then, her hips instinctively set in motion, rocking her baby in a subtle dry fuck on his mattress.

Astor felt her strong, silky limbs tighten around him, the muscles in her circled thighs flexing against his hips. Her long nails raked down his back, then clawed onto his ass, holding their crotches together. The teen felt his mom's calves slide higher up his back, so her sexy feet were now hovering above his shoulders. This allowed her to pull him into her with greater force, causing his monster cock to saw through the slit of her cunt.

Astor couldn't believe what was happening. His face was mashed against her breastbone, sandwiched between her massive mammaries. His mother's tits were swollen with so much milk that he could literally hear

it sloshing through her engorged lobules. Oxytocin was causing tiny muscle cells within Bethany's breasts to contract, squeezing nectar from the milk-producing cells, down the mammary ducts, towards small sinuses near her nipples. The mere scrapping of her plump teats against her son's bare chest was making warm nectar seep out her tits, smearing on his chest with sticky wetness.

Out of her mind with desire, Bethany began rocking them in a more fervent rhythm. The feel of her boy's rock-hard pecker crushed against her love-nubbin was only seconds away from giving her a tremendous clitoral orgasm.

"Oh, darling...it feels so good!"

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, and she stopped, gazing up at the ceiling in a panic. "*WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO ME?!*" her conscience shouted.

"We shouldn't be doing this!" she exclaimed out-loud, then quickly rolled her boy over.

Astor watched her fatty tits wobble as she quickly stood off the bed, then pulled her robe closed shamefully. "I'm sorry, darling...I don't know what came over me! I shouldn't have said those things to you, and I CERTAINLY shouldn't have held you that way," she admitted.

"It's alright, mom. I learnt some things from you...so I'm, um...glad you showed me," Astor remarked. He was just as shocked by his mom's behavior as she was. In the past, if he had even hinted to anything sexual, he would have gotten chastised. Not only did his mom just practically dry fuck him, but she had taught him about his cock and balls in explicit detail. He never imagined that she'd have such sexual knowledge and he wondered how she acquired it.

"Astor...what we just did was wrong, but I need you to promise me that you won't tell anyone. If your father found out, it would break our family apart, and we don't want that, do we?"

"Don't worry about that, mom," he assured her. "I won't tell anyone!"

“What we just did was wicked. We should pray to the Holy One for forgiveness!”

Astor shrugged his shoulders. “Whatever you think is best,” he replied, wondering how she had suddenly made such an about face. He stood up to join her in prayer, forgetting that he was entirely naked.

Bethany peeked down at the erect cock pointing at her, then looked away in embarrassment. “Astor, please! Cover yourself!”

“Oh yeah, um...sorry!” he muttered, quickly grabbing the sheet to conceal his hard-on.