



## Learning All about Sex from Mom - SUPERSIZED

### Part 1

By Klrxo

### Chapter 1: BURNING REJECTION

"She's pretty, isn't she?" Monica whispered, her breath warm against her son's ear as they watched a buxom blonde cheerleader dance on the court.

Derek swallowed hard, his eyes glued to Brandi's high kicks as they flashed her luscious ass cheeks. His cock twitched in his basketball shorts, thickening against the fabric.

Monica's fingers slipped into his, warm and insistent, pulling their joined hands up her smooth thigh. The heat radiating from her crotch hit him like a slap, her maternal skin baby smooth.

"She's ok, I guess," he mumbled, face burning as he squirmed awkwardly. An unfortunate ski accident four months ago had left Derek paralyzed from the waist down, confined to a wheelchair.

He'd never been this high up his mother's skirt before. His dick was already swelling, the bulbous head pushing against his underwear, veins pulsing with blood that rushed south despite his useless legs.

"She must be more than ok," Monica purred, her gaze dropping to the thick ridge tenting his shorts. She studied the outline of his fat cockhead as it strained visibly, pre-cum starting to leak and darken the fabric. "Your body doesn't lie, sweetheart."

Derek's cheeks flamed hotter. He glanced down, mortified by the way his cock throbbed, the shaft engorged and rigid, balls tightening in their sac as arousal flooded his groin.

Inside his cock, the erectile chambers swelled with hot teenage blood, stretching the tunica albuginea tight, making every pulse feel like a hammer blow.

"It's just an erection," his mother whispered. "Nothing to be ashamed of."

His gaze returned to Brandi, her fat tits bouncing in the uniform, nipples poking through like hard pebbles. He couldn't count the times he's jerked off while picturing her bouncing on his cock.

"Yeah, she is pretty hot, I suppose," he admitted, voice cracking.

Brandi twirled, her ponytail whipping, skirt flipping up to tease the curve of her ass crack.

"It's perfectly natural to look at girls," Monica whispered, lips grazing his earlobe. Her tongue flicked out quick, wet and teasing. "All boys do. Even ones in wheelchairs like you, trapped and horny."

Derek's stomach twisted. "Yeah, well, looking's about all that's left since the accident," he said flatly, staring at his lap, the wheelchair's armrests digging into his sides. "Doubt I'll ever get any further than that."

"That's not true at all," Monica said firmly, her grip vise-like on his hand.

She guided it higher, sliding under the hem of her skirt with a slow, deliberate drag. Her inner thigh was furnace-hot, muscles flexing as she parted her legs just enough.

Derek's fingers trembled, brushing the damp lace of her panties. The fabric clung to her swollen pussy lips, partially soaked through with her juices.

He gasped, knuckles grazing the slick edge. Beneath the lace, her labia bulged, puffy and engorged, the inner lips parting slightly as her fat clit throbbed against the material.

Heat pulsed from her core, her vaginal walls clenching involuntarily, slick arousal dripping from her entrance to coat the crotch.

"Look," Monica gasped suddenly, nodding at the court.

Her thighs snapped shut, clamping around his hand like a trap. The pressure squeezed his fingers against her wet folds, the lace grinding into her slit as she pretended to watch Brandi cartwheel, tits nearly spilling out.

Derek's breath hitched, overwhelmed. His fingers pressed deeper into the heat, feeling the way her pussy lips yielded, slick and swollen. He could hardly believe his mom was being this bold.

Inside her, the vaginal canal rippled, muscles contracting around nothing, her Bartholin's glands squirting more lube to ease the ache. The scent hit him — musky, tangy wetness seeping through the lace onto his skin.

His own cock jerked in response, the head flaring wider, urethra tingling as pre-spooge oozed out in a thick bead, soaking his shorts.

"Mom...," he whispered hoarsely, but he didn't pull away. Couldn't even if he wanted to. Her thighs held him pinned, the smooth muscle flexing rhythmically, rubbing his knuckles against her fat clit.

Her grape-sized nubbin was rock-hard under the fabric, pulsing like a mini cockhead, nerves firing electric jolts through her pelvis.

"Shh, just watch the show, baby. Pretend she's performing just for you."

Monica was a 39-year-old knockout with cascading auburn waves that made her look like a filthier version of the actress Connie Britton.

Her legs, waxed smoother than a newborn's ass and thick with muscle, disappeared beneath a skirt that barely covered the meaty globes of her ass – an ass so perfectly round it could hold a drink without hands.

The massive tits straining her blouse had started as modest G-cups in high school before three pregnancies transformed them into monstrous 40K flesh-balloons that made men stutter and women whisper in jealousy behind her back.

Monica's breath came faster, her huge tits rising and falling, nipples stiff and straining the blouse buttons. She ground subtly against his hand, the motion hidden by the crowd's cheers.

Her eyes darted to his crotch and lingered there a moment, watching the meaty tent pulsate excitedly.

Derek's eyes betrayed him, stealing a glance at his mother's heaving cleavage – a forbidden valley of soft, creamy flesh that disappeared into shadow between those tremendous, quivering globes.

Each breath made her mommy-melons strain against the thin fabric of her blouse, the buttons holding on for dear life as they threatened to pop free and expose what his guilty imagination had conjured in countless sleepless nights.

Derek's mind reeled, arousal pounding in his groin. His balls ached, drawn up tight to his perineum, seminal vesicles churning with the need to unload. But his legs stayed limp, the paralysis a cruel barrier, making every sensation in his upper body hit harder.

Brandi's meaty ass jiggled as she bent over, and Monica's pussy clenched again, flooding his fingers with fresh slickness. The vulgar squelch was faint, drowned by the game noise, but he felt it—her inner walls rippling, cervix dipping low in her flooded channel.

He wiggled his fingers experimentally, tracing the outline of her labia through the lace. They parted under the pressure, her entrance winking open, hot and inviting.

Monica moaned low, thighs quivering, squeezing him tighter. Her eyes traced Brandi's toned calves as the girl executed a perfect split jump, her skirt riding up to flash the tight curve of her ass. "She does have nice legs, doesn't she?"

"Uh-huh," Derek managed, his voice barely audible over the crowd's roar, his fingers still trapped in the vise of his mother's thighs, pressed against the sopping lace of her panties.

Monica's lips moved against his ear, her hot breath making his cock twitch violently in his shorts. The shaft was a rigid pole now, veins bulging along the length as blood surged, stretching the spongy tissue to its limit.

Inside, his urethral sponge swelled, the slit at the tip gaping slightly as pre-cum bubbled up from the prostate, thick and sticky, leaking in slow dribbles that soaked through his underwear and darkened the front of his basketball shorts.

"I bet you'd love those muscular cheerleader thighs crushing your ribs while you pound her," she whispered, her voice low and dripping with raw filth, each word vibrating against his skin.

"M-maybe," he stammered, not used to hearing his mom talk like a horny slut straight out of his dirtiest dreams.

His heart hammered, but his legs remained dead weight in the wheelchair, the paralysis amplifying every throb in his groin like a cruel tease. He couldn't even shift to relieve the pressure on his aching balls, which churned with building semen, the epididymis tightening as sperm cells swarmed toward release.

"She could smother that handsome face between those fat teenage tits until you can't breathe," Monica continued, her tone urgent and smutty, painting the picture with vivid strokes that made his cockhead flare wider, the frenulum pulling taut.

Monica ground her hips subtly, her pussy lips parting further around his trapped fingers, the lace scraping against her engorged clit. Inside her, the vaginal walls clenched hard, milking the air, viscous nectar that smelled of pure sex – musky and tangy, invading her son's nostrils amid the gym's sweat-soaked air.

"Jeez, Mom," he blushed, his voice cracking like a pubescent choir boy, but his fingers betrayed him, exploring deeper into the wet, swollen labia.

"Take your time and explore," she whispered, her lips tickling his ear.

He peeled the lace aside with a tentative nudge, feeling the slick outer folds yield like overripe fruit, the inner labia peeking out,

puffy and glistening. His fingertips dipped into the heat, tracing the slickness where her entrance pulsed, the tight ring of muscle clenching around the intrusion, sucking greedily at nothing.

Her clit throbbed under his pad, a plump, hard nub of nerves firing off electric pulses that made her hips buck minutely, grinding her asshole against the bleacher seat for friction.

"You should ask her out," Monica suggested.

Her thighs flexed again, squeezing his hand tighter, forcing his fingers to slide along her seam, parting the folds to expose the dripping core. Inside, her vaginal barrel rippled, the rugae unfolding as arousal flooded the space, her G-spot swelling from his probing touch, sending jolts that made her asshole pucker.

Derek's eyes darted to his useless legs, draped limp over the wheelchair footrests, a stark reminder of his vulnerability. "She's captain of the cheerleading squad, mom," he muttered, "And I'm in a wheelchair."

His cock pulsed painfully in response to his own words, the glans hypersensitive, pre-cum now streaming steadily from the swollen urethra, the slit dilating with each heartbeat as the Cowper's glands pumped out more lubricant mixed with his building load.

"Big deal," the mother whispered, her free hand squeezing his thigh high up, fingers inching toward the base of his throbbing dick, brushing the taut fabric where his balls hung heavy and full. "I was head cheerleader once. If you'd asked me out —" she squeezed harder, nails digging in just enough to make him gasp, "— wheelchair or not, I would have said yes in a heartbeat."

"Yeah, out of pity," her son muttered, his voice thick with self-loathing, but his fingers delved bolder now, slipping one inside her panties fully, the digit sliding into her sopping pussy with a wet squish.

Her walls clamped down immediately, hot and velvety, the muscle spasms milking his finger like a greedy mouth, her cervix nudging the tip as she bore down.

"Bullshit," she hissed, grinding her clit against his palm, the engorged nub moving in circles that made her inner labia swell further, slickness gushing out to coat his wrist. "Any bitch with functioning eyeballs would cream her panties for a stud like you."

"Thanks," the teen blushed, his cheeks turning pink, "but I'm sure you're just saying that, mom."

Even as he spoke, his thumb found her clit, rubbing the slick, plump button, feeling it pulse and harden under his touch, her hips jerking as orgasmic tension built in her pelvis.

Monica mashed her massive jugs against his arm, the soft, heavy flesh spilling around him like warm dough, nipples scraping through the blouse like diamond cutters.

Her glossy lips brushed his ear again, "I'd have let you wreck this pussy like a demolition crew, baby boy," she whispered, voice husky with need. "Would've rode that fat cock till your nuts were emptier than a gas tank on fumes."

Her teeth clamped his earlobe, tugging it just hard enough to send lightning bolts straight to his groin, making his prostate throb and squeeze out another spurt of pre-goo that trickled down his shaft, pooling in his pubic hair.

"Jesus, mom," he snickered, his cock painfully hard, the entire length a throbbing rod trapped in fabric, every vein distended and pulsing with the rush of blood. "I'm not used to you...acting like this around me."

It seemed like only lately, after he turned 18, she started teasing him in a sexual way – whispers in the car, 'accidental' brushes against his crotch while helping him dress. Today she was talking things to a whole other level.

"Get used to it, kiddo," she snickered, the side of her thumb sliding up the crease where his balls met his base through the fabric of his shorts.

Even though he acted embarrassed, Derek couldn't help but picture his gorgeous mom as a teenage cheerleader, those thick thighs and that juicy ass launching skyward in a perfect split while those massive udders threatened to burst through her too-tight uniform like overinflated water balloons.

His fingers curled inside her, stroking the spongy front wall, feeling her G-spot bulge and quiver, her vaginal muscles clamping in waves that nearly pulled him deeper.

"I need to track down your little brother," Monica announced suddenly as the game ended, releasing his earlobe with a wet pop.

She stood up slowly, her thighs parting with a slick drag that left his hand glistening with her juices, the scent clinging to his skin. Then she leaned down, her cleavage looming like twin pillows of flesh, the deep valley threatening to swallow his face as her tits pressed hard against his cheeks, the heat and softness smothering him for a breathless second.

"When I get back, you better have asked that blonde cheerleader for a date, or I'll do it for you," she purred, her breath hot on his forehead before she straightened, her skirt falling back into place, hiding the wet spot on her panties.

She sauntered away through the crowd, ass cheeks jiggling under the tight fabric, leaving Derek alone in his wheelchair, cock still raging, fingers sticky with her arousal.

Derek's gaze lingered on his mother's retreating form, her thick ass swaying hypnotically under that too-short skirt, the fabric hugging the cleft between her cheeks like a second skin.

When she glanced over her shoulder at him, her tongue darted across her plump bottom lip before she shot him a wink that made his cock throb painfully against his zipper.

He swallowed hard, his fingers still slick with her pussy juices, the musky scent clinging to his skin like a filthy promise as he brought them to his nose for a whiff. His mother's words echoed in his skull – ask her out or she'd do it for him.

With a deep breath, he gripped the wheelchair rims and wheeled closer to the court, the crowd thinning out as the cheerleaders wrapped up their routine.

Brandi stood alone by the water fountain, gulping from a bottle, her volleyball-sized tits heaving with each swallow, nipples poking through the damp polyester like eraser tips begging for a mouth.

Derek's heart hammered against his ribs, his paralyzed legs were worthless, but his upper body propelled the chair forward until he was close enough to smell her cotton-candy perfume.

His cock pulsed painfully under the tight shorts, the veined length grinding against the seam, pre-cum bubbling from the urethral meatus in response to the voyeuristic thrill of watching her throat work the water down.

"Hey, Brandi," he managed, voice cracking like a whip. "Good game tonight."

She barely glanced at him, her pretty eyes flicking over his wheelchair with the dismissive pity reserved for roadkill, then dropping lower to the obvious ridge of his cock tenting the fabric. A sneer curled her glossed lips, her gaze lingering on the dark wet spot spreading from his tip, disgust twisting her features as she took in the throbbing bulge.

"Yup," she replied flatly, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, her tanned muscular thighs flexing as she shifted weight, the short skirt riding up to flash the crease where ass met leg.

Derek's mind reeled, humiliation flooding his veins even as lust surged hotter. He imagined wheeling right up between her spread thighs, flipping that skirt aside to expose her slick pussy – outer labia puffy and flushed, the inner peeking out glistening with arousal, her clit a swollen pearl throbbing under its hood.

In his fantasy, he'd yank her down onto his lap, her tight entrance stretching around his throbbing cockhead, the vaginal walls clamping down like a velvet fist as she rode him, her cervix dipping to kiss his glans with each bounce.

Her juices would squirt out, coating his balls as they slapped against her asshole, the humiliation of his wheelchair forgotten in the raw fuck.

"Would you maybe... wanna catch a movie sometime?" he asked, the words tumbling out in a pathetic staccato.

Brandi's face twisted like she'd stepped in dog shit, her perfect white teeth gleaming under the fluorescent lights. "You're fucking kidding, right?"

She laughed, a cruel bark that sliced through him, her eyes raking over his limp legs draped uselessly in the chair.

When he shook his head, she leaned in closer, her tits nearly brushing his shoulder, the heat from her body making cock flex and stretch another inch under his shorts, like it was reaching for her mouth.

"Look at yourself. You're in a fucking wheelchair. What kind of desperate slut do you think I am? I don't fuck cripples," she stated, cutting him off like a dull knife, her voice dripping venom.

Two other cheerleaders sauntered over then, their bubble butts bouncing in unison like twin metronomes under those criminally short skirts.

The redhead, with her fiery curls and glossy, cock-sucking lips, bent down to Derek's level.

"What the actual fuck is this?" she demanded, her breath hot and bubblegum-sweet against his face.

Brandi rolled her eyes, flipping her platinum ponytail.

"Wheelchair boy thinks I'd let him stick his probably broken dick in me."

All three erupted in laughter, the sound hitting Derek's ears like acid, cruel and echoing off the gym walls. His cock betrayed him

utterly, pulsing harder in response, the veins along the shaft bulging grotesquely as blood rushed in.

The redhead leaned in closer, her mocking demeanor sharpening as she eyed the tent in his shorts. "If you can't even stand up to pound a girl's cunt properly, you shouldn't waste our fucking time," she spat, one hand flipping her skirt teasingly to flash a glimpse of her lace thong wedged between her ass cheeks.

"Just wheel yourself into some dark corner and jerk that useless dick until it falls off," the brunette added, her glittering polished nails tapping her hip, her sharp, pierced tongue flicking out as she smirked.

She had a provocative walk, toned legs flexing with each step, and now she circled his chair like a shark, her eyes locked on his crotch where the outline of his glans strained visibly, the ridge leaking shamelessly.

Brandi snorted, her arrogant attitude in full bloom. "Bold of you to assume his pathetic cock even works," she hissed, voice laced with disgust. "God, get me away from this fucking worm before I vomit."

The brunette extended her middle finger, pushing it so close to Derek's face he could see the glittering polish and smell her hand lotion — sweet and floral.

"Fucking loser," she snarled, her sassy tone dripping with disdain as they pivoted away together, their meaty ass cheeks bouncing obscenely atop those sexy legs beneath their skirts with each deliberate, taunting step.

The redhead blew a mocking kiss over her shoulder, her voluptuous body jiggling as she laughed again.

Derek sat there, frozen in his chair, the rejection burning like fire in his gut, but his cock throbbed relentlessly, the shaft a steel rod slick with his own arousal, pre-cum pooling in his navel now as the fabric chafed his sensitive skin.

His mind raced back to his mom's sticky heat on his fingers, the way her pussy had clenched around him, and he wondered if she'd seen the whole humiliating exchange from across the gym.

Nearby, Monica's eyes narrowed into slits of fury as she watched the trio of cheerleading bitches circle her son like vultures, their cruel words slicing through the air.

She hovered near her husband Tom, who yapped obliviously with some fat-assed dad about the game's stats, but her attention locked on the scene unfolding by the court.

Her youngest son PJ dangled precariously from the bleacher railing nearby, his little legs kicking in the air, but Monica barely registered him — her focus burned on Derek's slumped form, the humiliation etched on his face fueling a rage that twisted deep in her gut.

"Can you fucking believe that cripple thought I'd spread my legs for him?" she heard Brandi cackle.

The redhead beside her snorted. "Total fucking loser. Probably hasn't even seen a real pussy except in porn."

Jake Matthews swaggered into view, the six-foot-three basketball beast with muscles rippling under his sweat-slicked jersey.

Monica's gaze flicked to him as he approached Brandi, his cock already stirring in his shorts. He was a predator, hungry eyes raking over the blonde bitch like she was meat on a spit.

Brandi lit up like a whore spotting a wallet, pressing her massive tits against his arm with deliberate grind, her nipples hardening into diamond points that poked through the damp uniform top.

Her teenage pussy responded in kind – labia puffing out, clit erect and grinding against her thong, her vaginal entrance winking with fresh slickness that dripped down her tanned thighs.

"Amazing game tonight, Jake," she purred, batting her eyelashes. "Wanna drive out to Thompson Pond?"

Monica knew exactly what that meant – the slut wanted to get her tight teenage cunt pounded raw in the backseat of his car, just like every other horny bitch who'd spread her legs at that notorious fuck spot.

Jake's hungry eyes devoured Brandi's fat tits, his tongue sliding across his lower lip like a predator sizing up fresh meat. "Heck yeah," he growled, "Let's go girl."

They staggered toward the exit, his hand already crawling up her skirt, getting a handful of ass-meat that would soon be clapping against his sweaty nut-sack.

Monica imagined those arrogant cunts getting what they deserved. But her son – her sweet, paralyzed boy – needed her now. She leaned into Tom's ear, her voice a husky whisper masked as sweetness.

"Gonna grab Derek, honey. Meet you at the car in ten minutes or so."

"Ok, babe," Tom mumbled, clueless as ever.

Monica's stilettos clicked like gunfire across the hardwood as she stormed toward the court, her massive melons bouncing wildly in her blouse, the heavy globes slapping against her ribcage with each step, nipples scraping the lace bra until they ached stiff.

Her thick ass cheeks clenched and released under the skirt, the round meat undulating and jiggling obscenely, drawing stares from every horny male in the vicinity – their cocks twitching in pants as they ogled her MILF curves, fantasizing about burying faces in her smothering cleavage or splitting her dripping cunt wide.

She caught one basketball player's hungry stare and held it, her glossy lips curling into a filthy smirk that said she knew exactly what his teenage dick was aching to do to her MILF holes.

Monica found Derek slumped in his chair, eyes red-rimmed and glassy. Without a word, she seized the handles of his wheelchair, and steered him down a deserted hallway.

"Mom, where are we – "

"Shhh!" she hissed, cutting him off mid-sentence.

When they reached the end of the hallway, she pulled the door to the equipment room open with her shoulder, the musty darkness swallowing them whole – stacks of mats and forgotten gear looming like shadows, the air thick with the scent of rubber and old sweat.

The door clicked shut behind them, the lock snapping into place with finality.

"Those little whores don't deserve to breathe the same air as you," she hissed as she loomed over him in the pitch darkness.

"Mom, I can't see a thing. What are we doing in — "

His question evaporated as Monica's hot breath teased the sensitive skin below his ear, sending electric currents racing down his spine.

"What's wrong? You feeling vulnerable, baby boy?" she teased, voice dripping like honey. "Like a helpless little rabbit caught in a lioness's den?"

Her wet tongue suddenly traced the shell of his ear, leaving a trail of saliva that made his cock jump.

Inside his shorts, the shaft re-engorging with fresh surges of blood pumping through the helicine arteries, swelling the erectile tissue until the skin stretched painfully tight over the veined length.

His prostate clenched, forcing another thick spurt of pre-cum from the urethral bulb, the viscous fluid oozing from the slit in his glans and soaking the fabric darker.

"A lioness always plays with her food before she devours it," Monica continued in amusement, her words vibrating against his skin.

"I just didn't expect it, that's all," Derek said as he strained his ears in the darkness, heart pounding as he tried to locate his mother's presence.

His paralyzed legs hung limp in the wheelchair, useless weights that only heightened his vulnerability, his upper body tense and alive with the urgent pulse of his cock straining upward like a steel rod begging for friction.

He whimpered like a wounded dog as he felt her lightly graze the tip of his cock through his shorts, his bell-shaped glans ballooning from the sensation.

"Mom, Jesus," he gasped, making her giggle echo through the dark closet.

"Ohhh, so sensitive," she cooed.

"You could at least turn on the light in here."

"What's the fun in that?" Monica asked playfully, slowly circling her helpless teen.

After a silent moment, Monica struck from behind him without warning, her teeth finding the vulnerable junction of his neck and shoulder. The sudden bite sent a jolt through his body, his wheelchair rocking slightly as she growled against his skin, the sound primal and playful all at once.

Derek's cock twitched violently in response, pre-cum leaking in steady dribbles down his stalk, the salty fluid matting his pubic hair and trickling down to coat his ball-sack, drawing them up tight against his taint.

"No fair, Mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse, the bite mark blooming hot on his neck as blood rushed to the surface.

Her hot breath caressed his ear as she moved in front of him, the intoxicating scent of her perfume mingling with the musky aroma

of her arousal — sharp and tangy, like ripe pussy juice filling the dim room.

"This ferocious lioness likes to taste her prey," she whispered, "especially when it's her own cub."

Her plush lips found his and delivered teasing, feather-light kisses that left him chasing her mouth hungrily, his hands gripping the wheelchair armrests so hard his knuckles turned white.

"Mmm, you like mommy's good kisses," she whispered, her lips peppering smooches across his neck.

Each brush of her lips sent sparks to his groin, where his cock flexed involuntarily, the frenulum stretching taut as the glans swelled fatter, hypersensitive and weeping.

He heard the hollow clack of her stilettos hitting concrete as she took them off, followed by the sound of her adjusting his wheelchair's armrests to create more room. The metal creaked under her strong hands, positioning him perfectly for her dominance, his wheelchair a throne of submission in the shadows.

"Mmm, does my gorgeous boy need something to hold onto?" she asked softly as she lowered herself onto his lap with predatory grace, the damp heat of her lace-covered mound pressing deliberately against his painfully rigid length.

Derek gasped as the soaked crotch of her panties ground down, the thin barrier doing nothing to hide the swollen lips of her pussy parting around his shaft's outline.

Inside her, the vaginal walls contracted hungrily, rippling in waves from the entrance to the cervix, which dipped lower in her arousal-soaked channel, her glands squirting more slick mucus to coat the folds.

Her clit erected fully, the shaft thickening and the glans peeking from the hood, pulsing against the lace with each grind, sending jolts of pleasure that made her asshole clench rhythmically.

The friction was torture — her wet cunt lips spreading wider over his cock through the fabrics, the heat seeping into his skin as she rocked forward, her flanges puffing out fuller, dragging along his veined underside.

“Ah, w-whoa,” his voice quivered, cock flexing powerfully.

Derek's hips bucked uselessly from the waist up, his paralyzed lower body locked in place, amplifying the wheelchair play as she used his immobility to control every sensation, her thick thighs clamping around his sides like a vice.

“Relax your body and let mommy sink against you,” she whispered.

Monica enveloped him in an embrace that crushed his face between the soft, perfumed valleys of her breasts, their warmth and weight smothering him in maternal comfort twisted into something forbidden.

The massive 40K tits pressed hard against his cheeks, the flesh spilling over his shoulders as her nipples hardened into rigid peaks, scraping his skin through the blouse.

Inside her breasts, the milk ducts tingled and swelled, the huge rings of her areolas crinkling tight as blood rushed in, making the tips ache for suction.

Her birthing hips circled deliberately now, grinding her dripping pussy along his rigid shaft, the lace rasping over his glans and making his cock throb with urgent need.

Vaginal muscles tightened inside her, clenching around the emptiness, her cervix kissing the back wall as more juices flooded out, soaking through to drench her panties completely.

Derek let out a feral snarl, his granite-hard cock kicking against the slick descent of her dripping cunt. His hiss cut through the darkness of her cleavage, spraying hot saliva into the sweaty valley between her massive tits where his face remained trapped, the flesh closing around him like wet velvet quicksand.

Monica's jaw locked tight, a guttural "Fuck" escaping her throat as her eyes rolled back, lids fluttering.

Her cunt lips spread wider, the soaked fabric of her panties digging into her slit while her son's rock-hard cock bulldozed against her swollen pussy, the silk barrier only making the filthy friction more maddening.

The scent of her arousal thickened the air – pungent and feminine, mixing with Derek's musky pre-cum to create a heady fog in the equipment room.

The mother's lips brushed against his earlobe. "You know," she purred, her voice husky with memory and heat, "I got laid once, right here in this very room."

"You... did?" Derek mumbled into her cleavage, his breath hot against her skin, inhaling the salty tang of her sweat-slicked tits.

"Junior year. We skipped fourth period."

Her hips made small, deliberate circles against his straining erection, the motion dragging her swollen clit over his cockhead, making her inner walls flutter wildly, slickness gushing in response.

"God, we were animals. I rode him until he couldn't see straight."

"D-damn," Derek gasped, imagining his mom's younger voice gasping and screaming in here while she wrestled in a sweaty fuck with some cute young guy his age.

Monica's breath came faster now, the memory clearly affecting her — her pussy lips swelling even more, parting to expose the slick entrance where her vaginal opening winked open and closed, begging to be filled.

"I think he was shocked by how insatiable I was," she continued.

The fat clit throbbed visibly against the lace, nerves firing as she ground harder, her asshole puckering with each contraction.

"I was quite the little sex-expert even back then."

She shifted her weight, pressing her heat more firmly against him, the thin fabric between them damp with their sticky arousal, her juices mixing with his pre-cum to create a slippery mess that squelched faintly with every roll of her hips.

"Just imagine," she whispered, her voice a velvet caress laced with incestuous promise, "how much better I've gotten with twenty years of practice."

Her lips — soft, forbidden — pressed against his for just a heartbeat, tongue darting in to taste him before she rose up abruptly.

Slickness trailed from her pussy, dripping down her inner thighs in shiny rivulets, the cool air hitting her exposed folds and making her clit pulse one last time.

Derek's cock jerked in protest, left throbbing and denied, still engorged and screaming for more as she stood, her eyes gleaming with teasing hunger in the dim light.

"We better go, honey. Your father and brother are waiting for us at the car." But her voice held a promise of unfinished business, the air between them crackling with the raw edge of what she'd started, his wheelchair a silent witness to the forbidden fire she'd ignited.

Subscribe to Tier 4 of Mom's Bedroom to continue.

CHAPTER 2: ONE HOUR

CHAPTER 3: THE UNORTHODOX APPROACH