

LEARNING ALL ABOUT SEX FROM MOM

SUPERSIZED

PART 1



BY KLRXO

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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.

CHAPTER 2: ONE HOUR

Monica was still fuming when she met her best friend Kathy for coffee the next day. "I wanted to claw that little bitch's eyes out," she hissed. "To turn him down is one thing, but to talk about my son the way she was..."

"Maybe it's better this way," Kathy stated, her eyes gleaming with that familiar horny glint. "Girls like Brandi are selfish fucks. She'd just bounce on his cock like it's a carnival ride, get herself off, then leave him hanging. Derek deserves someone who'll worship every inch of him."

Monica's breath hitched, picturing it – Derek's handsome face flushed, his broad shoulders tense as some desperate MILF straddled his lap in that wheelchair, her wet cunt swallowing his veined shaft whole while her big tits slapped around his face.

The thought made her asshole clench, a ripple of heat spreading from her core. "But with his condition... what if he never gets to feel a tight, wet pussy gripping him all the way to the base? To feel a woman's thighs trembling around him as she comes?"

Her voice cracked with raw need, and she shifted in her seat, the pressure on her engorged clit sending sparks up her spine.

Kathy scoffed, licking foam from her upper lip with a slow, deliberate swipe of her tongue. "Please," she said, her gigantic tits heaving with the laugh that followed, the sweater stretching taut over the heavy globes. "Your son is delicious-looking and we both know it."

"God, he is," Monica agreed. "Those shoulders, that jawline. And can you imagine if he's good in bed? He'd have desperate little sluts beating down my door to bounce on his cock."

Kathy's eyes darkened, her hand absently brushing her breast, tweaking a nipple through the fabric until it stood even prouder. "What he needs is experienced MILF pussy," she purred, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "Some horny married bitch to swallow that teenage dick whole and milk him dry until his eyes roll back in his skull. Hell, I'll fuck him."

"Don't you get enough teenage dick?" Monica giggled.

"I think you and I both know there's never such a thing as enough."

Monica's heart raced, her clit erect and pulsing against her damp panties, the hood retracting fully as blood surged into the fat, sensitive bundle of nerves.

"I've half a mind to teach him how to fuck myself," she muttered, the words tumbling out before she could stop them.

In her mind's eye, she saw it vividly: her glistening cunt lips spreading wide as she lowered onto Derek's lap, the wheelchair creaking under them. His virgin cockhead would nudge her entrance, slick with her juices, then plunge in, the veined shaft stretching her vaginal walls until the glans kissed her cervix.

She'd work her hips in that filthy figure-eight motion, her practiced cunt muscles squeezing his length rhythmically, heavy tits bouncing wildly in his face as she rode him raw, her asshole winking with each downward thrust.

Kathy's eyebrows shot up, a wicked smile spreading across her face, her own arousal evident in the way her thighs rubbed together. "Why the hell don't you? It's not exactly rare. Three women in my book club are riding their sons' thick meat whenever their husbands are away on business. One of them told me last week how she pinned her boy down and made him eat her out until she squirted all over his face, then flipped around to deep-throat his cock while he fingered her asshole."

Monica's pussy clenched hard at the taboo confession, a fresh flood of cream leaking from her slit, soaking through to her jeans. The voyeuristic thrill of it all – imagining other mothers claiming their boys' cocks, pumping unprotected loads into fertile wombs – made her nipples ache, milk ducts tingling as if ready to lactate from the sheer heat.

"I know how common it is now," she said, her voice thick with desire. "My sister Jen dragged her boy Tommy to that Boys Sexual Training Camp last summer. Came back with his baby growing in her womb."

Kathy's jaw dropped, her hand flying to her chest, pressing against one massive tit as excitement flushed her skin. "Holy shit, she kept her son's cum-baby?"

"Damn right she did. Everything at that camp is raw dog – no rubbers allowed. The boys there pump load after load into their moms' unprotected cunts while they're learning different sexual positions."

Monica's mind raced ahead, lust burning like fire in her veins. She pictured Derek's eager cock, veins throbbing, finally buried balls-deep in her dripping pussy, his paralyzed legs no barrier as she claimed him completely.

The wheelchair would rock with her thrusts, his hands gripping her ass as she milked every drop from his swollen prostate.

Her clit throbbed insistently now, demanding touch, but she held back, savoring the building tension. Perhaps she'd have him – her son – throbbing inside her, the forbidden heat sealing their bond forever.

Kathy's grin widened, her eyes sparkling with filthy delight as she leaned back in the booth, her gigantic tits jiggling with the motion. She could picture it all too vividly – a sprawling room packed with horny MILFs and their strapping sons, the air thick with the stench of sweat and cum.

Moms on all fours, asses high as their boys slammed thick cocks into dripping pussies from behind, balls slapping wetly against swollen clits. Others rode reverse cowgirl, heavy tits bouncing wildly while sons gripped meaty hips, thrusting up to bury veined shafts balls-deep in maternal cunts.

Moans echoed off the walls, guttural and desperate, as one mother after another squirted around her boy's pounding dick, hot juices splashing onto toned thighs.

Sons grunted, pumping load after load into unprotected wombs, cum leaking from stretched assholes where fingers or tongues probed deep.

"Damn, that's fucking hot!" Kathy blurted, her voice husky, thighs clenching under the table as her own pussy throbbed, inner walls contracting around a fresh gush of slick arousal.

Monica sighed deeply, her fingers twisting the gold wedding band on her left hand, the metal cool against her heated skin. The

conflict gnawed at her gut like a dull ache – Tom's trusting face flashing in her mind, oblivious to the way her son's cock had branded her thoughts.

Cheating on her husband with Derek's throbbing meat buried in her cunt felt like a betrayal carved in flesh, even as her vaginal muscles quivered at the mere idea of sneaking around, her asshole clenching in guilty anticipation.

"But I can't do Derek like that behind Tom's back. Feels... wrong."

Kathy snorted, waving a dismissive hand. "It's only cheating if your husband catches you with your son's dick buried in your pussy," she stated bluntly, eyes locked on Monica's flushed face. "And if you're careful, the chances of that are slim."

"Even so," Monica murmured, her voice thick, breath catching as she shifted, the seam of her jeans grinding against her erect clit. "I'd feel better having Tom's blessing before I let Derek stretch my pussy with that gorgeous cock of his."

Kathy nearly choked on her latte, sputtering as she set the cup down. "Good fucking luck with that conversation," she snorted, her tone dripping with mockery. "What exactly will you say to him? 'Honey, I wanna fuck our son raw'? Picture his face – jaw dropping as you confess how Derek's veined dick makes your cunt drip like a faucet, how you've been fantasizing about his cum flooding your womb while he wheels around the house."

"I wouldn't exactly put it like that," Monica admitted, but the image stuck – Tom's eyes widening in disbelief, his own cock twitching traitorously in his pants as she described the wheelchair creaking under her bouncing ass, Derek's paralyzed legs splayed while she rode him to oblivion.

"But it can't hurt to try," she continued, resolve hardening even as doubt flickered. "And if my husband says no, and I do end up cheating on him, at least I gave him a chance to go along with the idea first."

Kathy's eyebrows arched. "Well, before you go lowering that motherly pussy of yours down on Derek," she said, voice laced with wicked caution, "you should make sure his cock can actually stay hard enough to fuck. Paralysis can mess with that, you know."

"I know," Monica whispered, horrified by the idea.

"What if his dick goes limp right when you're clenching around it, your juices dripping down his balls?"

Monica's lips curved into a knowing smile, her mind flashing back to the gym – the way Derek's cock had strained like iron against his shorts, the fabric stretched thin over the bulging head, pre-cum darkening a wet spot at the tip.

"Trust me, that boy's dick gets diamond-hard," she replied, confidence surging as her own arousal spiked, clit throbbing in rhythm with her heartbeat. "I've seen it tenting his basketball shorts when those bouncing cheerleader tits caught his attention."

"Fully rigid?" Kathy asked, subtly licking her lips.

"Uh-huh," Monica replied. "The ridge of his shaft outlined perfectly, veins popping under the skin, his piss-slit leaking steady streams of pre-cum that soaked right through the fabric."

"Well that's encouraging," Kathy giggled, her laughter breathy, thighs rubbing together as she imagined wheeling up to Derek

herself, freeing that hard meat and slurping it down her throat until his balls tightened.

"And in that supply closet," Monica pressed on, her voice dropping to a heated whisper, reliving the grind of his rigid pole against her soaked crotch. "His cock was throbbing against me like a steel rod, even through our clothes. I could feel every vein pulsing, the shaft engorged and unyielding, his pre-cum mixing with my pussy juice to make everything slippery and hot."

"Fuck," Kathy hissed, hanging on every word.

"It didn't flag once – especially when I pressed my tits to his face and circled my hips."

"Still," Kathy insisted, leaning in closer, her breath warm and coffee-scented, "what if his condition makes him lose his erection halfway through? He'd just embarrass himself, pulling out all soft and spent while your cunt's still hungry for more pounding."

Monica's stomach clenched at the nightmare vision invading her thoughts – Derek's thick rod suddenly wilting inside her sopping cunt, the veined shaft deflating like a punctured balloon while buried deep in her maternal depths, her slick walls clenching futilely around the shrinking girth.

She could almost feel it: the glans softening against her cervix, his hot pre-cum turning cold as blood drained from the corpora, leaving her stretched hole gaping and unsatisfied, juices trickling down his paralyzed thighs.

His handsome face would crumple in humiliation, hands fumbling to jerk the limp dick back to life, fingers slick with her

cream as he begged her not to stop, eyes wild with the fear of failing her.

"You're right," Monica said, voice low and husky, "I need to test his stamina first – see if that teenage cock can stay rigid for at least an hour without flagging, veins pulsing strong while a woman rides it raw."

"Keep me updated on every juicy detail," Kathy purred. "Nothing would thrill me more than knowing you're the one showing your boy what a woman's body can do to him – your dripping MILF hole milking every drop from his balls."

The next three days blurred into a haze of predatory obsession for Monica, her every move calculated to stalk the bulge in Derek's sweatpants like a lioness eyeing fresh meat.

She made endless excuses to brush against his crotch while transferring him from the wheelchair to his bed at night, her fingers lingering just long enough to feel the heat radiating from his thickening shaft, the fabric tenting as blood surged into his erectile chambers.

Each accidental graze sent jolts through her core, her labia swelling and parting slickly, cream oozing down her inner thighs as she bit back moans.

During his showers, she'd wheel in with the pretense of helping, her hand gripping the washcloth tight as she lathered between his paralyzed legs. The soapy suds slid over his heavy balls, and she'd watch, transfixed, as his thick teenage cock twitched to life under her touch – the veined length hardening inch by inch, the

glans flaring purple and slick with pre-cum that mixed with the water.

Her pussy throbbed in response, inner walls contracting hungrily, clit erect and grinding against the seam of her jeans as she imagined dropping to her knees right there, sucking that rigid meat down her throat until his balls slapped her chin.

She'd bend low while helping him dress in the mornings, her giant, heavy tits nearly spilling from her low-cut blouse, the deep cleavage a hypnotic valley that drew his gaze like a magnet.

Staring hungrily at his cock as she tugged up his boxers, she'd wonder if that beautiful monster could stay rock-hard long enough to properly stretch her dripping MILF-cunt when she finally impaled herself on it – her vaginal muscles clamping down, milking the throbbing shaft until he erupted deep inside her unprotected womb.

The thought made her asshole pucker, a trickle of arousal leaking from her slit to stain her panties.

After the accident, she'd cornered his doctors in private, her voice trembling with barely contained lust as she asked if her boy could still achieve erection.

"Will he still be able to feel pleasure there?" she'd whispered, her thighs squeezing together as relief flooded her core when they confirmed his sexual function remained intact – the nerves firing just fine for that thick dick to swell and spurt.

Now, she needed proof, needed to see that veined shaft standing proud and weeping pre-cum for at least an hour. One whole hour, at least, without softening before she'd risk humiliating her

precious boy by offering her slick, maternal heat only to have him soften inside her, leaving her gaping pussy unsatisfied and clenching around nothing.

The next day after school , Monica bent low to help Derek into the passenger seat of the SUV, her tank top gaping open to reveal the deep, shadowed valley between her full, heaving breasts, the lacy edges of her bra barely containing the swollen flesh.

His eyes lingered there, pupils dilating as she leaned across him to secure his seatbelt, her perfume – a heady mix of vanilla and musk – enveloping him like a warm fog, making his cock stir faintly in his sweatpants.

When she passed their street without slowing, Derek tore his gaze from the hypnotic bounce of her breasts, the fabric whispering against her hardened nipples with every shift.

"Mom? Where are we going?" he asked, voice edged with confusion, his hands fidgeting in his lap where a subtle twitch betrayed his growing awareness.

Monica's lips curved into a secretive smile, her manicured hand settling on his thigh, fingers splaying possessively as her thumb traced small, teasing circles dangerously close to his groin.

The muscle under her touch tensed, and she felt the heat building, her own cunt responding with a fresh gush of slickness that soaked through her thong.

"Just relax, honey," she purred, her voice a sultry rumble that vibrated through the car, "Enjoy the ride."

She guided the car down an overgrown path, branches scraping the windows like eager fingers, the suspension groaning as they bounced over exposed roots until finally emerging at a secluded pond, its surface glittering like spilled oil in the afternoon light.

The air hung heavy with the scent of damp earth and pine, isolated and perfect for what she had in mind.

"Is this... Thompson's Pond?" Derek asked, his voice cracking slightly as he stared out at the water, memories of locker room boasts flooding his mind.

"It is," Monica answered, killing the engine and turning to face him, her eyes dropping pointedly to the growing bulge in his sweatpants.

"The guys at school talk all about this place."

"What exactly did they say about it, baby?" she purred, her hand sliding higher on his thigh, nails grazing the inseam as she watched his cock twitch visibly beneath the thin fabric, the outline of his thickening shaft pressing upward.

Derek's cheeks flushed crimson, his breath hitching as her fingers danced closer, the pressure making his balls tighten. "That... that this is where they bring girls to... you know," he stammered.

"Fuck their pussies?" she whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"Uh-huh," the boy gulped, his member twitching at her words.

Monica bit her lip, watching the bulge curl into a boner, the veined length straining against the material like it was desperate to break free. Her pussy ached, labia puffing out as she imagined freeing it, feeling its blood-swollen heat against her skin.

She couldn't bear to tell him that this was where Brandi, the big-chested blonde cheerleader with the pouty cock-sucking lips, had come the very night he'd tried to ask her out, her legs spread wide as Jake, that muscle-bound basketball prick, rammed his sweaty dick into her tight little cunt until she screamed his name loud enough to echo across the water.

"It does make the perfect spot for hot, nasty sex," Monica agreed, her voice husky and thick with the raw edge of her building lust, eyes locked on the pond's shimmering surface as if it held the reflections of all the filthy acts she done out here.

"All those horny teenagers, fucking each other stupid in steamed-up backseats," she continued.

Derek watched as she stretched languorously in the driver's seat, her tank top riding up to expose a strip of toned midriff. Her massive tits strained against the top, nipples already poking through like diamond-hard bullets, begging for attention.

"But it's also the perfect place for relaxing," she added, her tone shifting to a teasing purr as she reached into her purse, extracting a dog-eared romance novel with a shirtless, oiled-up stud on the cover, his bulging crotch promising all sorts of depraved poundings.

"I think I'll read for exactly one hour," she purred, setting her watch timer with a deliberate click that echoed in the confined space of the SUV.

Derek shifted awkwardly beside her, his sweatpants tenting noticeably now, the thick ridge of his cock pressing upward like it was fighting to escape the fabric prison.

"Should I maybe do my homework or something?" he mumbled, his voice cracking, cheeks burning as he tried to ignore the insistent throb between his legs, the way his balls ached with the weight of his growing erection.

Monica's eyes flicked deliberately to his growing bulge. "Just lay back and rest, baby," she whispered, her hand moving to the lever on his seat, slowly reclining it until he was nearly horizontal, his paralyzed legs splayed limp but his upper body tense with anticipation.

The wheelchair was stowed in the back, but here in the car, she could control every inch of him. "I'm sure you're exhausted from a long day at school. You can focus on your homework later."

Once she had him just where she wanted him, Monica swung her luscious body across the console with predatory grace, her massive tits flattening against his skinny chest through his thin t-shirt.

The heat of her cleavage seeped into him like molten lava, her hardened nipples scraping his pecs as she adjusted herself, deliberately grinding her pelvis against his thighs.

"S-sorry," Derek blushed, looking away from the wall of cleavage looming in front of his face, but Monica's gentle hand turned his head back towards them, positioning his gaze just where she wanted it.

"It's ok not to turn away," she whispered.

The damp heat from her dripping cunt pressed through her skirt and his sweatpants, right up against the base of his throbbing shaft, making it flex violently.

"Is my baby boy comfortable?" she whispered, her glossy lips brushing his earlobe, hot breath fanning his skin and sending shivers racing down his spine. "Mommy wants you nice n comfy."

Her tongue darted out, tracing the sensitive shell of his ear with a wet, teasing flick that made his cock pulse harder, pre-cum oozing from the slit to darken the fabric in a spreading wet spot.

"Y-yes," he mustered, his voice trembling with raw arousal, every nerve above his waist firing like live wires as her body molded to his.

Despite the paralysis gripping his legs, Derek's cock responded with primal urgency, the erectile chambers gorging with blood in record time, stretching the dorsal vein into a throbbing blue rope along his enormous shaft.

His frenulum tightened like a bowstring, the cockhead swelling purple and angry, the meatus flaring open to leak thick gobs of pre-ejaculate that soaked straight through his sweatpants, the musky scent filling the car.

"Back," Monica whispered as she tilted his head just so, and her lips traveled down his neck, planting soft, wet kisses that turned into hungry sucks, her teeth grazing his pulse point where his heart hammered wildly.

"Mmm," she hummed softly, sampling his flesh. "You taste good."

"It f-feels good," he whispered, feeling the wet tip of his mom's tongue flicker against his Adam's apple, their faces shrouded beneath the silky curtain of her hair.

“It gets better,” Monica purred softly as she ground her hips harder now, her swollen pussy lips resting and parting against the rigid outline of his cock beneath the layers of fabric, her clit throbbing against the veined length as she circled her ass teasingly.

The slickness from her cunt seeped through, mixing with his precum to create a slippery mess that made the grinding slick and obscene.

“S-shit,” Derek gasped, his hands fisting the seat edges, overwhelmed by the urgent press of her body – the way her heavy tits smothered his chest, nipples dragging like hot, rubbery brands.

“Give me your hands,” the mother whispered, taking them in hers and holding them tight, as she ground down on the unyielding column of his manhood.

She raised up just a tad to watch his body – how his upper half squirmed and arched slightly beneath her humps. She knew if she fucked him this way, his lower body would be unable to engage in counterpoint thrusts, the kind that would make his big cock kick inside of her.

That was ok though – Monica was perfectly fine being in control, and had the experience and skill to vigorously beat her cunt down on his root in a way that would make them both see stars.

Derek’s cock throbbed painfully, veins bulging along the shaft, the head flaring wider with each heartbeat, desperate for more friction.

When she finally pushed herself off, Monica gazed down at her son's cock standing at full attention, a prominent ridge straining against his sweatpants, the corona outlined obscenely and a small – but growing – wet spot blooming at the tip where his pre-cum leaked steadily.

"Shit, Mom, I'm sorry," he mumbled, face burning crimson as he tried to shift away, one hand darting to cover the embarrassing bulge. "I just –"

"Don't you dare apologize for such a beautiful thing," she purred, her voice a low growl of possession, eyes devouring the sight of his rigid teenage meat tenting so desperately.

"That magnificent hard-on proves your accident didn't break one of the things that matters most. Mommy's little boy is still packing a cock that could split a pussy wide open."

"Thanks," he blushed. Derek always knew he had a big dick – just never really had a chance to put it to work.

Monica slid back into a straddle over his thighs, her tits looming over him like zeppelins as she straightened her back. Her skirt hiked up to expose the creamy expanse of her thighs and the damp lace of her thong clinging to her shaved mound.

"Christ," she gasped, staring at the meaty stalk below. "Look how hard you are."

She reached down, her fingers boldly stroking the bulge through the fabric, tracing the thick ridge of his shaft from base to tip, thumb pressing into the leaking slit where pre-cum bubbled out in sticky strands.

The heat of him seared her palm, his cock twitching under her touch, veins pulsing like they were alive and hungry.

Derek's breath hitched, a low moan escaping as her fingers squeezed the swollen head, milking more pre-cum from his urethra until the sweatpants were soaked and clinging transparently to his glans.

"Mom... fuck," he whispered, hips bucking instinctively upward, the paralysis be damned – his upper body arched into her hand, craving the stroke.

"Oh, your so sensitive right there," she whispered, watching his face react as she rubbed the sensitive underside of his crown with her fingers, feeling it pulsate. "I'm gonna be back over here in a little while to give that spot lots more attention."

Monica slid back into the driver's seat with deliberate slowness, her nipples stood out as hard, aching peaks, straining against the fabric like they were desperate to be sucked and pinched.

"Timeating an obscene pyramid, pre-cum leaking in a thick, sticky gob from his piss-slit.

His balls tightened in their sack, heavy and full, aching with the need to unload as her feet pressed in just enough to squeeze the base without mercy.

The paralysis in his legs left him helpless, his cock the only part of him that could buck and strain, jerking between her arches like it had a mind of its own.

He glanced over at his mom as she pretended to ignore him and read her book, like there was nothing in the world unordinary about her holding his jutting hardon in the cradle of her sexy feet.

The musky scent of his pre-cum filled the SUV, mixing with the tangy aroma of her dripping cunt, making his head spin with forbidden lust.

While staring at her book, Monica spread her thighs wider, her skirt riding up high on her hips to reveal the darkened silk of her pink panties, soaked through with her arousal.

The thin fabric clung to her puffy labia like a second skin, the outline of her swollen clit visible as it throbbed against the damp lace.

A trickle of her creamy juices seeped out, trailing down her inner thigh in a shiny path that made Derek's mouth water.

She pressed her foot higher, the ball of it grinding against his pubic bone while her arch molded to the thick, rope-like veins of his shaft, feeling them throb hard and hot against her skin.

"Mom, I should... probably – " he stammered, voice cracking.

"You should probably relax, sweetheart," she whispered as she pretended to focus on her book, but her mind raced, calculating the length and girth of his fat cock – easily twice as thick as her husband Tom's pathetic six-incher.

Back in college, she'd taken huge dicks, the kind with bulging veins that split her slick cunt walls wide, their fat purple heads slamming her cervix until she howled and squirted.

Tom's only redeemable trait was that upward curve, hooking her g-spot just right to make her pussy convulse and flood around his average shaft. Without it, his underwhelming prick would've never earned him her wedding vow.

Monica's eyes flicked to her watch – ten minutes gone. A smirk curled her glossy lips as she admired her son's cock, still jutting up like a flagpole under his sweats, the cotton fabric stretched obscenely around its girth.

She slowly slid her big toe to his root where that massive, meaty stalk disappeared into his groin. She used it to gently pull his ball-skin downward just a little, making his pillar of flesh rise up even higher as he gasped.

Derek's face burned as he stared at his own crotch, at the throbbing monster that refused to soften, at his mother's crimson-painted toes squeezing the base of his shaft like a vise.

“Lay your head back and relax,” Monica whispered even though she still stared at her book.

He obeyed, subtly peeking over, and his gaze crawled up her silky thighs to where her soaked panties clung to her swollen pussy lips, the pink fabric wedged so deep he could make out every fold of her cunt.

His balls tightened painfully as he imagined yanking that scrap of silk aside and ramming himself balls-deep into her dripping birthing tunnel until she screamed in climax and soaked him.

At the fifteen-minute mark, Monica slid her feet away from his throbbing cock, the sudden release making his shaft tilt back against his abs.

She lowered the book and slithered across the console again like a predator, her fingers tangling in his sweat-matted hair. She pressed her full lips to his ear, hot breath fanning his skin.

"Is Mommy's boy doing okay?" she whispered, her voice a velvet rasp that made his balls draw up tight.

"Y-yes," he stammered, beads of sweat trickling down his temples as his body trembled uncontrollably. "I'm fine."

Rather than go back to reading, Monica crushed her massive tits against his heaving chest, the rock-hard nipples drilling into him through her thin blouse like diamond tips. She attacked his neck with open-mouthed kisses, sucking hard enough to leave red welts, her tongue tracing salty skin as she ground her sopping cunt against his thigh.

The wet fabric of her panties dragged along his trembling leg, leaving a slick trail of her arousal.

Between kisses, she glanced down at his crotch – the absence of her feet had let his cock slide higher, the swollen, plum-colored head poking obscenely from the waistband like a one-eyed beast.

Thick streams of pre-honey oozed from the piss-slit, pooling in his navel and threatening to overflow down his sides. His shaft throbbed visibly, veins bulging like garden hoses under the taut, pink skin stretched to its limit.

"You've been hard – " she caught herself, voice husky, "I mean... we've been relaxing for nearly a half-hour now," she purred, her hand drifting lower to trace the exposed glans with a single fingertip, smearing the pre-cum in circles that made Derek's hips jerk involuntarily.

“I told you I was coming back to that spot,” his mother giggled, “and look at that – now it's sticking out of your sweatpants.”

“S-sorry,” the teen hissed, peering down to watch her trace her fingernail along the flared ridge of his corona.

Instead of pulling back like he half-expected, Monica's eyes gleamed with wicked hunger. She slithered one leg over his trembling body, her skirt hiking up in a crumpled mess around her waist.

The heat from her core hit him first, a scorching wave that made his exposed cock jump. Then she settled fully onto his lap, splaying her thick thighs open. Her silk panties, soaked through with her pussy juices, pressed right against his rigid shaft, the damp fabric molding to his veined length like a second skin.

A strangled gasp tore from Derek's mouth as his mom ground her dripping slit along his cock, slow and deliberate. The transparent silk dragged over his throbbing meat, her swollen labia parting slightly under the pressure, hugging the ridge of his now naked glans.

Her arousal leaked out, mixing with his pre-cum to create a slippery mess that coated his shaft and seeped into the waistband of his sweatpants.

His useless legs shifting slightly from the motion, a humiliating reminder of his limitations even as his dick pulsed harder, the chambers swelling with fresh blood surges that made the veins bulge like ropes.

“God, that throb,” Monica sighed under her breath.

"What?" Derek asked, gazing up at her.

"Nothing, honey. Just talking to myself."

Monica's tits swung forward as she leaned in, crushing against his neck and upper chest. The heavy globes smothered him, her rock-hard nipples scraping through the thin fabric of her tank top.

The scent of her – musky pussy sweat mixed with sweet perfume – filled his nostrils, making his head spin.

She dangled the book above his flushed face, her brunette hair cascading like a curtain around them. "This filthy little story has a great sex scene," she whispered, her voice a husky rasp that vibrated against his skin. "Want me to read you that part?"

Derek's head bobbed desperately, his throat too tight for words. "S-sure," he whimpered, the sound pathetic even to his own ears.

Monica's began reading aloud, her sultry voice dripping over the words like honeyed venom. "The woman's cunt was a sopping furnace, walls clenching around the stranger's fat cock as he slammed balls-deep, his veined shaft stretching her slick folds until she screamed. Her juices flooded out, drenching his balls while her clit throbbed against his pubic bone, begging for more brutal thrusts."

All the while, Monica's sopping pussy lips slid almost imperceptibly along his steel-hard shaft. The silk panties were nothing but a cum-soaked rag now, barely separating their flesh. Her labia puffed out swollen and red, parting around his girth as she rocked her hips in tiny circles.

Derek could feel the heat of her inner lips through the fabric, the tight ring of her vaginal entrance pulsing hungrily, dipping slightly as her muscles contracted.

Fresh pussy nectar gushed from her core, trickling down his cock to pool at the base, where it soaked into his sweatpants and dripped onto the seat below them.

Derek gasped, his hands gripping the armrests until his knuckles whitened. His cock throbbed under her, veins pulsing with each grind, the frenulum stretching taut as her clit – hard and erect – nudged against his glans through the wet silk.

The sweatpants began to bunch lower, leaving his angry purple glans and two thick, veined inches above it bare and vulnerable to her assault. Through the drenched lace of her panties, her swollen flanges engulfed the ridge of his cockhead, the inner lips parting slick and hot to hug his naked cock-flesh with every wet grind.

Derek's mind splintered under the onslaught, his exposed skin tingling where her pussy nectar bubbled and frothed against him, mixing with his own leaking pre-cum to create a slippery, obscene marinade that dripped down his shaft in sticky rivulets.

His paralyzed legs flopping uselessly as she bore down harder, the motion jarring his hips in a way that amplified the torture. Each micro-thrust forward produced a wet, squelching slurp – her cunt juices gushing out in hot spurts, coating his piss-slit and seeping into pink flesh that throbbed with trapped pressure.

The lace scraped raw against his sensitive frenulum, tiny fibers catching on the stretched skin while her scalding folds dragged back and forth, milking more pre-cum from his swelling prostate.

Derek's balls tightened into hard knots, drawing up against the base of his shaft, the epididymis pulsing with the churn of semen building inside, heavy and insistent.

“Mom,” he gasped, chest heaving under the crush of her massive tits – nothing but a wall of creamy cleavage in front of his face.

Monica paused mid-sentence in her reading, her voice trailing off into a throaty moan as she glanced at her watch. Forty-five minutes. Christ, this magnificent teenage cock had been standing at full mast for nearly an hour, throbbing relentlessly against her dripping cunt without a hint of softening.

Her pussy clenched involuntarily around nothing, the vaginal walls contracting in rhythmic spasms that squeezed out another dollop of slick girl-cum, soaking the panties further as they clung transparently to her puffy folds.

“Magnificent,” she uttered with dreamy eyes, and Derek knew she was referring to his cock.

She savored it – the endless erection, the way his virile young meat pulsed with desperate lust, veins bulging like cables under the skin. His accident might have stolen his legs, leaving them limp and dead weight in the chair, but this battering ram between them worked like a machine built for fucking.

The thought of convincing Tom flashed through her mind – a slippery conversation where she'd spin it as 'rehabilitation,' her husband's oblivious nod letting her claim their son's cock for herself.

“Mom, I...” Derek whimpered beneath her, his hands clawing at the armrests, but Monica just ground down fiercer, her cervix

dipping low in her arousal-soaked core, aching to kiss and suck the tip of his glans. "Mom, I should –"

"No," she whispered, "relax for ten more minutes. You're so amazing, baby."

It was ten minutes of divine grinding that nearly had them both creaming in delight.

When they arrived home, Monica's fingers squeezed Derek's shoulder, her heavy tits pressing against his back tightly, the soft, massive globes squishing against his spine through her blouse. The weight of them made his skin tingle, her hard nipples scraping like diamonds as she leaned in close.

"Do you need some personal time, honey?" she purred with a knowing smile.

He nodded timidly, face burning, and she gripped the handles of his wheelchair, her cunt still throbbing and slick as she pushed him toward what used to be the study before his accident forced it to become his downstairs bedroom.

The mother helped him maneuver from wheelchair to bed, her strong hands guiding his limp legs as he shifted his weight, resting comfortably on his back while she sat next to him on the mattress, her luscious ass sinking deep into the soft give of the sheets.

"Arms up," she said softly, lifting off his t-shirt with deliberate slowness.

Her nails grazed down his lean pecs and abs, tracing the ridges of muscle that tensed under her touch, sending sparks straight to his groin.

Derek's cock jerked in response, the shaft thickening as blood surged into the erectile tissue, the glans flaring wider, its surface slick with residual pre-cum that now leaked anew from the dilated urethra.

After tossing the shirt aside, her nails toyed with the waistband of his sweats, watching his cock begin to curl into a boner beneath them – the outline obscene, the head pushing insistently against the fabric like it was trying to burrow free.

“Do you need some heated lubricant?” she asked softly. “Or do you just use your pre-cum?”

He could hardly believe his gorgeous mom was asking about his masturbation preferences, his mind reeling as his prostate swelled heavier, the seminal vesicles contracting in anticipation, building pressure that made his balls ache with pent-up load.

“M-my pre-cum works fine,” he answered, noticing through the corner of his eye that she moved her other hand down beneath her skirt between her legs.

“Nature's lubricant,” she giggled. “It's always the best.”

Monica bent low and planted a wet kiss dangerously close to his mouth, her lips brushing the corner of his, tongue flicking out to taste the air between them.

"I'm gonna start dinner," she whispered, her voice husky with restrained lust, eyes locked onto his "Shout if you need anything... anything at all."

"Thanks, mom," he uttered, anxious to get his hand around his cock, the shaft now so rigid it hurt, veins bulged to bursting, trapping blood in a steel-hard core.

Before she stood, Monica brought her hand out from between her legs and ran her slick middle finger along the patch of skin between Derek's nostrils and upper lip. The digit was coated in her pussy juice – thick, viscous strands of arousal that stretched as she traced the philtrum, the musky, tangy scent assaulting him immediately.

"What?" the boy gasped, inhaling sharply. It was heady, like pure sex distilled, the aroma of her swollen, dripping cunt making his eyes roll back in his head.

He inhaled again deeply without thinking, the pheromones hitting his brain like a drug, his cock surging harder, the urethral opening flaring to drool boy-honey that soaked into his sweats.

"Something special for you to smell and taste while you stroke," Monica said, watching his reaction with a predatory gleam, her own pussy clenching at the sight – inner walls rippling in waves that squeezed out more slickness, her clit pulsing in time with her heartbeat, demanding touch.

She lingered a second longer, her free hand brushing his thigh near the tented fabric, fingers ghosting over the throbbing length without mercy. The temptation to stay and stroke him off herself was almost unbearable.

As she finally rose, hips swaying again, she left him there on the bed, cock straining, the room thick with the scent of her arousal clinging to his face.

Derek's hand hovered near his waistband, trembling, the need to stroke building like fire in his veins. His heart nearly skipped a beat at her parting words.

“Make it splatter against the ceiling for me,” she whispered with a teasing wink before closing his door.

As Monica chopped onions in the kitchen, her mind wandered to her son's bedroom, where his thick teenage erection was surely in hand.

She pictured his fist pumping furiously along the veiny column of his meat, pre-nectar oozing down his shaft while he remembered how her fat tits had pressed against him, how her sopping cunt had left its musky scent near his nose.

Her mind flooded with images of his cock – angry and purple, the head bulging like a ripe plum ready to burst, veins snaking down the shaft like garden hoses.

She pictured his fist, slick with spit and pre-cum, choking that teenage meat as he pumped furiously, his bloated balls slapping against his taint with each desperate stroke.

Those heavy nuts churning with thick, potent cum, ready to erupt like a fucking geyser and paint his stomach with rope after rope of steaming jizz.

Her pussy clenched at the thought of him shooting rope after rope of hot cum while fantasizing about splitting her MILF-hole open. She pictured them tangled in a sweaty rut, her body smothering his as she pounded their flesh together, using all her experience to teach him and drain him dry.

If only her husband would understand – her boy needed a warm, experienced cunt to drain those swollen balls, not his own pathetic hand.

CHAPTER 3: THE UNORTHODOX APPROACH

The next day dragged on like a fever dream for Derek, his body still humming from the night before. He'd jerked off furiously after Monica left, his fist pumping his throbbing cock until ropes of thick cum splattered across his abs, the vas deferens contracting hard as his prostate unloaded in shuddering pulses.

But even that release couldn't quench the fire she'd ignited – his mind replayed the slick taste of her pussy juice on his lip, the way her massive tits had brushed him, leaving him hard again by morning.

Now, slouched in the living room on the wide couch, his useless legs splayed limp beneath a thin blanket, he tried to focus on the ESPN blare. The commentators droned about stats, but his cock twitched idly in his tight sweatpants, the shaft half-hard from idle thoughts of his mom's dripping folds.

The doorbell chimed, slicing through the TV noise like a knife. Derek's heart skipped – probably one of Mom's friends dropping

by. He heard her heels click-clacking across the hardwood, each sharp tap making his skin prickle.

Monica's voice floated in, warm and inviting, followed by another woman's laugh, low and throaty. Kathy was here – the busty, blonde, best friend who'd always eyed him like a snack since he hit puberty.

They approached, stilettos stabbing the floor like daggers, and Kathy sashayed into view first. Her predatory gaze crawled over him, tongue darting across glossy lips as she took in his slouched form.

Derek's cheeks burned; he shifted slightly, feeling his cock stir traitorously under the blanket, blood starting to engorge his penile flesh as her perfume hit him – musky and sweet, like sex wrapped in vanilla.

"Well, look at this tasty little morsel just waiting to be eaten," Kathy purred, her gigantic tits straining against her low-cut blouse as she bent toward him, the deep cleavage spilling like an invitation to drown.

Those monster-tits had to be as big as his Mom's, maybe bigger, jiggling with the motion and making his mouth go dry.

Monica's hand squeezed his shoulder, nails digging in just enough to send a jolt straight to his groin. Her touch lingered, warm and possessive, her thumb brushing his neck in a way that made his pulse race.

"Are you ok to watch the brats play out back while Kathy and I shop for while, sweetheart?" she asked, her voice laced with that teasing edge that had haunted him all night.

"Yeah, I don't mind, Mom," he stammered, voice cracking like a kid's, even though he was a grown man trapped in this useless body.

Monica fluffed her brunette hair, the movement making her own massive tits bobble obscenely under her blouse, nipples faintly outlined against the fabric.

"I need to freshen up really quick, then we can go," she said, her eyes darting between Derek and Kathy.

"Don't rush," Kathy purred, her predatory gaze fixed on Derek like a lioness eyeing wounded prey.

The moment Monica's heels clicked away down the hallway, the air thickened. Kathy's fingers snatched the corner of Derek's blanket without a word, yanking it down slow and deliberate, exposing the thick bulge tenting his sweatpants.

The outline was obscene – his cock straining like a steel rod, the swollen head pushing a dark wet spot where pre-cum had already leaked from the urethral slit, soaking the fabric.

Derek's breath hitched, eyes widening as she grabbed his ankles roughly and pulled, forcing him flat on his back. His useless legs splayed open like a ragdoll's, the paralysis making him feel even more exposed, vulnerable under her hungry stare.

Kathy, the married mom of two reveled in the surprised look on his young face, her lips curling into a wicked smirk.

"Pull up your shirt," she commanded, voice husky with raw lust, no room for argument.

Derek obeyed instantly, hands trembling as he peeled the fabric up to reveal his toned chest, nipples hardening in the cool air. His abs tensed, every ridge visible, leading down to the obscene pyramid of his erection.

Kathy smirked wider, then hooked her fingers into her own blouse and pulled it up to her neck in one fluid motion, unveiling a straining white bra that could barely contain her humongous jugs.

The delicate, embroidered cups overflowed with creamy tan flesh-pillows, deep cleavage like a valley begging to be explored.

Derek's jaw dropped, staring at the see-through lace – her areolas huge, the size of grapefruits, bumpy and pinkish-purple, peeking through the sheer fabric. Thick teats stabbed against the cups, erect and begging, the nipples swollen and leaking faint wet spots from her arousal.

She crawled over him like a predator in heat, knees digging into the couch on either side of his hips, her heavy jugs swinging obscenely before she dropped them onto his face with a meaty slap.

The weight crushed down, sweaty flesh-pillows smothering him, his nose vanishing between the hot, slick valley. Kathy ground her tits against his skin, the hard nipples dragging like erasers over his cheeks and mouth, leaving trails of her salty sweat.

He gasped into the suffocating softness, inhaling her scent – musky tit-sweat mixed with the faint tang of milk ducts tingling, her breasts so full they quivered with each grind.

Kathy clutched the back of his hair, yanking his head to position it just right, burying him deeper. “That's it, right there,” she whispered possessively.

Then she attacked his neck like a vampire, wet mouth latching onto his virgin skin, sucking and slurping hard. Teeth grazed, then bit down, marking him with a purple bruise that bloomed hot and stinging – her territory claimed, the pain shooting straight to his cock, making it throb violently.

Derek's world narrowed to sensation – her scorching cunt-furnace crashing down onto his rigid teenage pole next, lace-wrapped pussy lips engulfing his shaft through their clothes.

The heat was infernal, her swollen labia spreading wide over the bulge, the drenched lace translucent now, outlining her engorged clit dragging hard along his pulsing meat-stick.

She ground her dripping snatch up and down his sinewy length, hips rolling with urgent need, the friction scraping his frenulum raw through the fabric.

He moaned into her smothering tits, the sound muffled, his hips bucking uselessly since his legs wouldn't respond – trapped in paralysis, all he could do was take it, his cock surging harder, veins bulging against the crushing pressure.

Kathy's clit, swollen like a ripe cherry, throbbed against him, the nub's hood retracted, raw nerves firing as she humped faster, obscene squelches rising from her soaked pussy.

Derek's balls drew up tight, churning semen that pressed against his vas deferens, the urge to cum building like a storm, but she

kept grinding, teasing, her bites on his neck turning to licks that trailed hot and wet.

From the hallway, he swore he heard his mom's heels pause – voyeuristic eyes maybe watching? The thought made his cock pulse wildly, pre-cum streaming in ropes, but Kathy didn't stop, her massive tits heaving as she rode his bulge toward the edge, leaving him teetering on desperate release.

Kathy's hips rolled one last time, her soaked lace panties dragging a final scorching trail along Derek's throbbing cock.

He gasped into the smothering heat of her tits, the words tumbling out before he could stop them. "Kathy, I – "

"Shhhh!" she warned, sealing the command with a fierce kiss to his jugular, her lips sucking hard enough to deepen the bruise she'd already marked.

The sharp sting shot straight to his groin, his cock surging painfully against the sweatpants, veins bulging as blood hammered into the erectile chambers.

Derek's breath hitched like he'd been gut-punched when she slithered lower, her mouth abandoning his neck to latch onto his nipples. She sucked the left one first, teeth grazing the hardening nub before biting down teasingly, the pain-pleasure mix making his abs clench involuntarily.

His useless legs flopped limp under him, the paralysis amplifying every sensation – trapped, exposed, his body a playground for her hunger.

She switched to the right nipple, slurping wetly, tongue flicking the sensitive tip until it peaked rock-hard, while her hands pinned his shoulders, keeping him splayed on the couch like a sacrifice.

She descended further, trailing her scorching mouth down his quivering torso, leaving a glistening path of saliva that cooled in the air, making his skin prickle.

Derek's cock twitched violently with each inch she covered, pre-cum oozing steadily from the urethral slit, darkening the sweatpants into a sticky mess. His prostate throbbed deep inside, seminal vesicles swelling with the load building, but his paralyzed hips could only buck feebly, useless against her control.

When Kathy reached the waistband of his sweatpants, she knelt between his splayed, unresponsive legs, her knees digging into the carpet for leverage.

The wheelchair sat nearby like a mocking reminder of his limits, but she ignored it, eyes locked on the obscene tent – his teenage pole straining like a veined battering ram, the swollen glans outlined clearly, leaking a steady stream that pooled at the tip.

She leaned in, teeth grazing the fabric-covered ridge of his cockhead tightly, the pressure sending electric jolts through his shaft. Derek's breath exploded out in a ragged moan, his hands fisting the couch cushions as her hot, moist breath penetrated the thin cotton, warming his sensitive glans like a promise of deeper heat.

"Shit," he gasped, head falling back as her expert tongue flickered against the weeping piss-slit, soaking up the salty pre-cum until the fabric saturated with her spit and his teenage fuck-juice.

The urethral opening pulsed under her assault, more fluid bubbling out, the taste making her hum in approval – a low, throaty vibration that traveled straight to his balls, drawing them up tight against his perineum.

Kathy sealed her crimson lips around his bulbous helmet, sucking so hard his eyes rolled back, the vacuum pulling at his frenulum and making the veins throb wildly.

Her tongue curled around and around the crown, pressing through the sweatpants to tease the corona's ridge, saliva flooding her mouth and drenching the material until it clung transparently to his purpled flesh.

Derek moaned louder, hips jerking in futile spasms, his cockhead swelling further as blood surged, engorging to its limit. Pre-cum flooded the fabric in rhythmic spurts, mixing with her drool to create obscene wet smacks with each suck.

She released him with a wet pop that echoed through the room, the sound lewd and urgent, leaving his cock bobbing painfully, the slit gaping slightly from the suction.

Kathy's massive tits heaved and wobbled like overfilled water balloons as she rose to her knees, nipples scraping against the stretched bra fabric, still rock-hard and leaking faint wet spots from her own arousal.

Monica stepped into the doorway, eyes dark with a mix of amusement and lust, lingering on the fresh purple bruise defiling

her son's neck. She smirked at Kathy, a knowing glint flashing as she watched their heated play, her own thighs clenching under her skirt, pussy lips swelling with jealous heat.

Kathy caught the look, her plump lips curling predatory as she yanked her blouse down, cleavage still spilling obscenely at the neckline.

"Sit up and fix your shirt," she ordered Derek, voice husky, watching hungrily as he scrambled to obey, his cock still tenting ridiculously, veins throbbing with denied release.

Monica strutted fully into the room then, her massive tits bouncing with each step, nipples outlined stiffly against her blouse. Her gaze raked over Derek's disheveled form – the sweat-slicked abs, the bruise blooming on his throat, the soaked pyramid in his pants – fueling her dominant fire.

"Be good, sweetie," she purred, leaning down to brush a possessive kiss to his forehead, her breath hot on his skin, the scent of her arousal faint but intoxicating.

Kathy's eyes gleamed, admiring her handiwork on his neck, the mark a blatant claim. "Later, stud," she drawled, both women turning with synchronized sway, their asses jiggling like firm gelatin in those tight skirts as they sashayed away.

The click of the door left Derek alone on the couch, his cock aching ferociously, the fabric chafing his oversensitive glans with every shallow breath. His paralyzed legs lay dead weight, but his upper body trembled, mind reeling from the assault – Kathy's mouth, his mom's watchful eyes – and the fire in his groin refused to fade, pre-cum still leaking steadily, promising more torment to come.

In the car, Kathy's glossy lips curled into a predatory smile, her cunt still throbbing wet from grinding on such a magnificent cock.

"Jesus Christ, Monica, you weren't kidding. That boy's cock got so fucking hard I could feel his pulse throbbing against my clit through our clothes."

"Told you," Monica snickered. "And that teenage dick will spring back like a fucking jackhammer even after he ejaculates. I guarantee it."

"You really think he recovers that fast?" Kathy asked, voice husky with need.

"I suspect his paralysis redirects blood flow," she explained. "So while other boys go soft after cumming, his thick cock stays angry and purple, ready to split another hole open within minutes."

"Fuck, he could pound cunt all afternoon without stopping," Kathy groaned while imagining having access to such a virile cock.

Monica's thighs clenched together, trapping the growing wetness between them. "That's exactly what I'm counting on," she purred.

Kathy had gobbled more teenage dick than a porn star at a frat party. Her husband's regular drilling wasn't enough to quench her thirst for young, dumb cock.

Over the years, she'd turned dozens of barely-legal studs into quivering messes, their virgin balls drained dry while she rode

them like a cum-hungry succubus, her massive tits bouncing as she milked load after load from their throbbing meat.

"One thing I do know," Kathy stated, "he's packing a monster slab of fuck-meat that would turn any cunt into a sloppy cream factory."

"I'm pretty sure it curves upward too," Monica added, biting her bottom lips as she remembered the feel of his rigid heat against her. "Perfect for battering a bitch's g-spot raw."

Kathy's laugh was filthy. "Mmm, and his pre-cum tastes like fucking candy."

When Monica's eyebrows shot up. "When did you taste his pre-cum?"

"I just had to sample that fat mushroom head through his soaked sweats before I crawled off him," Kathy snickered. "Just a little taste."

Monica's tongue slithered across her plump bottom lip. "I'll be tasting that sweet teenage pre-cum soon enough, when his fat cock is buried so fucking deep in my cunt he's nudging my throat with it."

Kathy snorted, her massive tits quivering with each bark of laughter. "If you think Tom's gonna let you drain your son's balls into your hungry fuck-hole, you're delusional."

"Trust me, I can be very persuasive when I want something."

Kathy rolled her eyes. "You'd better be a goddamn miracle worker if you expect your husband to let you milk your son's

throbbing cock with your cum-hungry cunt, while he pounds you like a bitch in heat."

That night, Monica lay in bed next to her husband, the sheet pulled up over her heavy, naked tits. She turned toward him, watching as he scrolled mindlessly through his phone, his reading glasses perched on the end of his nose.

"I'm worried about Derek," Monica whispered, her voice a sultry blend of maternal concern laced with dark, incestuous intent.

Tom lowered his phone, peering over his reading glasses with mild annoyance. "What's wrong with Derek now?"

"He's 18 and still a virgin," she pressed, her breath quickening as she imagined Derek's veined shaft sliding into her dripping cunt, the taboo stretch of her cervix dipping to meet him.

Tom scoffed, setting the phone on the nightstand. "There's nothing wrong with being a virgin at 18, Monica. Plenty of guys wait longer."

"Are you kidding? Of course there is," she hissed, leaning in closer, her heavy tits brushing his arm. "A boy his age should be balls-deep in some tight little pussy, pounding away until he floods her with hot cum, not alone in his room jerking his cock raw."

Tom's face pinched with distaste, his cheeks flushing. "Honey, do you have to be so crude?"

"Fine," she sighed, rolling her eyes dramatically. "He should be 'making love' or whatever euphemism doesn't offend your

delicate sensibilities. But the point is – he isn't. And with his legs... it's not like girls are lining up to spread for him."

"Well, I guess he needs a girlfriend," Tom muttered.

"That isn't as simple as it sounds, Tom," Monica replied.

"Especially with his handicap. He can't chase tail or pin some cheerleader down like normal boys. Yes he gets rock-hard, but he's trapped in that fucking wheelchair, vulnerable and desperate."

Tom sighed, glancing at her with growing irritation. "Maybe we could get him a call girl or something?"

Monica's face contorted with revulsion, her pussy clenching in jealous fury at the idea of some stranger milking her son's load.

"That's disgusting," she hissed. "I don't want his first time to be with some diseased whore. He needs someone who can show him the ropes – give him a proper sex education while making it special. Someone who knows how to handle a young, throbbing cock, teach him to thrust deep and make a woman scream."

"Well, he better find someone on his own then," Tom sighed, turning onto his back, staring at the ceiling. "Not much we can do about it."

"Actually," Monica said, her heart pounding with nervous excitement, "there is something we could do."

"What?" Tom asked, his brow furrowing as he propped himself up on an elbow, curiosity edging into his voice.

"First, you have to promise to keep an extremely open mind," she urged, her cleavage deepening as she leaned closer, the sheet

slipping to expose the upper swells of her massive tits, the valley between them shadowed and inviting.

"I'm pretty open-minded," Tom scoffed, but his eyes dipped to her chest, lingering on the erect nipples tenting the fabric.

"No," Monica insisted, her voice velvet-soft yet insistent, clit pulsing with each word as she hinted at the forbidden. "I mean a VERY open mind."

Tom's eyes narrowed, curiosity blooming fully now. "What exactly are you suggesting?"

Monica took a deep, brave breath. "We both know that being in that wheelchair, Derek's at a serious disadvantage for getting girls," she explained. "But even confined to that chair, with the right... guidance... he could become an amazing lover. One who'd have girls lined up to fuck him – ride his thick, veined cock until they cream all over it."

"Monica!" Tom exclaimed in a scolding tone.

"Sorry, I mean have sex with him," she said with an eye-roll, her voice husky and unapologetic.

"Where are you going with this?" Tom demanded, his voice cracking with confusion.

"I'd... I'd like to let Derek use my body this summer to practice on," she declared, the shocking words tumbling out like a filthy confession.

"Practice on?" Tom repeated, the words hollow as if his brain refused to process them.

"I wanna teach him about sex," she purred, "taking a hands-on approach."

"You can't possibly – " Tom started, his eyes widening in horror, but Monica slashed her manicured hand through the air, silencing him with a sharp gesture.

"Obviously," she continued, "his primary position would be flat on his back with a girl riding him. But I believe he could master several other positions too."

"I could straddle his wheelchair, facing him," she explained, her hips subtly rocking to demonstrate the motion. "His strong arms could grip my waist while I control the depth and rhythm."

She shifted her weight, eyes half-lidded. "Or I could bend over his bed, ass raised high, and help position himself behind me. With proper back support, he could thrust using his upper body strength."

Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "And with some core exercises, he could even manage modified missionary – propped on his elbows above me, those powerful shoulders working as he rocks his hips between my spread thighs."

"Monica, you –"

"But you know those will require practice, Tom," she said, cutting him off. "Supervised practice with someone who understands his limitations and won't laugh if he struggles at first."

"Are you completely fucking crazy?" he hissed, face flushing scarlet. "You can't just have sex with our son!"

"Educational sex isn't the same as real sex," she cooed, "It would just be a warm, safe place for him to put his virgin erection and practice until he's confident enough to please any girl he wants."

Tom's face contorted with disgust. "No damn way," he growled. "You're his mother, for Christ's sake!"

"And what kind of mother would I be," she whispered, "if I didn't help him with this? Given his condition, he needs someone patient and understanding to teach him."

"Fine," her husband muttered, rubbing his temples. "We'll find someone professional to do it."

"No. He needs someone with experience."

Tom's eyes darted around the room before landing on their television. "What about some how-to videos or something?"

"No!" Monica laughed, her breasts jiggling. "He needs experience with real flesh, Tom."

"Not his mother's flesh. You should be ashamed for even suggesting it."

"Ashamed for wanting to help my own son?! Are you fucking serious?!"

"We can find another way," Tom stated, refusing to budge. Monica flung back the sheets and launched herself from the bed, her heavy tits swinging like pendulums before slapping against her torso.

She snatched her silk robe from the hook, jamming her arms through the sleeves while her nipples still poked obscenely against the thin fabric.

"I knew you'd be a selfish fuck about this," she spat, tying the belt so tight her waist cinched and her cleavage bulged. "You'd rather our son die a virgin than let me help him."

"If I suggested fucking our daughter, you'd cut my dick off in my sleep."

Monica stormed toward the door, ass cheeks visibly jiggling beneath the silk with each furious step.

"Monica, where are you going?" he demanded.

"Fuck you, Tom," she snarled, slamming the door hard enough to rattle the wedding photo on the wall.

Monica sprawled on the couch that night, her silk robe riding up her thick thighs as she tossed restlessly. At 2AM, the squeak of Derek's wheelchair in the hallway jolted her awake.

She listened to his labored breathing as he struggled in the bathroom, then the mother deliberately positioned herself at the end of the hall as he emerged.

"Everything okay, sweetheart?" she purred.

Derek froze, his cock instantly hardening into a throbbing steel rod at the sight of her in the dimly lit hallway.

One tanned, waxed leg thrust through her robe's slit, cocked forward with her toes pointed down, flexing her calf muscle like a model posing for a centerfold.

The silky material had "accidentally" slipped off her shoulder, exposing the heavy slope of her left tit, the dark areola just barely covered, her nipple poking out like a fat pencil eraser beneath the thin fabric.

"Just using the bathroom," Derek managed, transfixed as she prowled toward him on bare feet, her udders swaying like heavy water balloons beneath the translucent silk.

By the time she reached him, the robe gaped open, barely containing those fleshy globes that looked ready to burst out and slap him in the face.

"I can get myself back to bed, mom," he stated. "You don't have to help."

Derek turned to wheel himself back into his room, but his wheelchair stopped abruptly and he looked down to see his mom's sexy foot hooked to his arm-rest, her crimson-painted toes flexing as she held him in place.

Derek looked up to see Monica's lips curled into a predatory smile, her white teeth gleaming in the dim hallway light.

"You can try," she purred, her voice dripping like warm honey, "but you're clearly not gonna get very far on your own unless I let you."

"Really, Mom, I can manage," he insisted, though his eyes betrayed him, dropping to where her robe gaped open.

"Take your hands off the wheels," she commanded softly, "and put them on your lap."

She moved her perfectly pedicured foot from the handle, crimson toes flexing as she tapped the spots on his thighs where she wanted his hands. "There, and there," she whispered.

Then, with balletic grace, she lifted her leg until her foot hovered before his face, her calf muscle taut and smooth. The big toe with its gleaming polish tapped his nose teasingly before she lowered it back to the wheelchair handle by his hip.

His eyes traveled the expanse of her silky leg, pausing at the shadowed juncture of her thighs, where he could just make out the puffy lips of her naked cunt.

Blushing, his eyes darted up to her amused stare. "You sleeping on the couch tonight?" he croaked, his cock throbbing painfully against his boxers.

"Your father's being a jerk," she whispered, bending forward until her cleavage formed a deep canyon before his eyes. "So yes, I'm crashing on the couch."

Derek's eyes locked on the deep, shadowed valley between her enormous tits, following the plunging neckline down to where her flat stomach disappeared into the naked swell of her pubis.

"S-sorry," he stammered, his mouth gone completely dry.

"Don't apologize. Let Mommy help you back to bed," she purred, her hot breath tickling his ear as the musky scent of her arousal enveloped him.

Monica stepped around and gripped the handles of Derek's wheelchair, her massive tits hanging over his head as she leaned forward to push him.

Each step made her heavy tit-melons sway and bounce against his shoulders, her erect nipples dragging across the back of his neck through the thin silk, making him shudder from the feel of those warm, squishy mounds.

When they reached his bedroom, Monica bent low to help him onto the mattress, her robe nearly fell completely open.

Derek's cock instantly stiffened to painful hardness as the majority of her enormous udders dangled just inches from his face, her wide areolas peeking out.

"Forty-K," Monica whispered with a smirk, catching his wide-eyed stare as his breath hitched, hot puffs ghosting over her sensitive skin.

"What?" her son croaked, his voice barely above a rasp, eyes bulging as he drank in the sight of those monstrous udders swaying hypnotically.

She giggled, the sound low and throaty, sending obscene quivers through her tits that made them slap softly against each other.

"You're wondering what size these monsters are," she purred.
"Mom can read your filthy little mind."

"N-no, I wasn't — "

Monica's throaty giggle cut him off, her body shifting closer until the warm, doughy undersides of her breasts brushed his cheeks.

She leaned in, massive tits swaying heavily, the erect nipples dragging teasing trails across his jawline.

"It's okay, sweetheart," she whispered, gazing down at him. "I've caught you staring at these big boobs since you reached puberty. If it bothered me, I'd have said something well before now."

"They are... um, pretty incredible," Derek admitted as he lay back in his bed, paralyzed legs splayed uselessly, but his upper body trembled, hands fisting the sheets to keep from reaching out.

"They're heavy," Monica whispered, deliberately letting the peaks of her udders rest against his chiseled chest, the weight compressing the soft flesh around his pecs like warm pillows. "There's a lot of yummy flesh there."

"There sure is," the boy agreed, his voice shaking as they spilled against him, the heat seeping through his thin shirt, her nipples scraping rigid paths that shot jolts straight to his balls, drawing them up tight in their sac.

"Mmm, I'm glad you like big tits," Monica purred, tracing one nail along her deep cleavage. "A woman with heavy jugs like these could make you feel things that would blow your mind."

"Really?" he gulped, his hips twitching helplessly in the bed.

"Uh-huh." Her tongue darted across her plump bottom lip, eyes darkening as she bracketed her arms to either side of his head, leaning over him fully now, letting him worship the view.

Her tits hung like overripe fruit, nipples inches from his mouth and barely concealed, begging to be sucked.

"And make something else blow too." Monica continued as she reached down and dragged the blanket slowly up his legs, her fingers deliberately brushing his inner thigh, nails scraping the sensitive skin until goosebumps erupted.

When she reached his crotch, she paused, eyes widening at the massive tent in his boxers, the shaft so rigid it lifted the fabric into a obscene pyramid as his cock throbbed with his racing heartbeat.

A dark spot of pre-cum had already formed at the tip, spreading slowly across the material, the urethral slit weeping steadily.

"My goodness," she purred, licking her plump lips, her own clit pulsing hard against her swollen labia, demanding attention. "Someone IS excited by mommy's bobbling boobies."

"I'm sorry, Mom," Derek stammered, trying to pull the blanket up to hide the massive ridge straining against his boxers, his face burning with humiliation and lust. "I can't help it – "

"Don't you dare apologize for this," Monica whispered fiercely, her fingers closing around his wrist to stop him, pinning it to the mattress. "Put your hands down by your sides and keep them there."

He obeyed instantly, breath ragged, and they both stared at the thin cotton stretched taut over his length. The cock jerked under their gaze, pre-cum bubbling from the slit to slick the head, making the fabric cling transparently to the purple glans.

Derek's mind reeled, trapped in the voyeuristic haze of his mother's dominant stare, his paralyzed lower body heightening every upper sensation – the weight of her tits still pressing his chest, the heat radiating from her exposed pussy as she hovered.

"How many inches do you think you are?" Monica's sweet voice boldly asked, her eyes locked on the obscene outline, watching it throb under her touch.

"Inches?" he uttered stupidly, mind reeling from the torment, his cockhead flaring wider as another spurt leaked out.

"Yeah, your penis when it's erect," she clarified. "How many inches from base to tip?"

"Oh, um... almost ten inches, I guess," he managed.

She traced one crimson nail along the ridge of his knob, never touching skin, just letting him feel the promise of contact, the heat of her finger radiating through the thin barrier.

"Ten fat inches of virgin steel," she marveled, voice thick as warm syrup. "That little cheer tramp will never know what she missed."

"Do you think it's... too big?" Derek asked, his voice small, vulnerable, even as his cock betrayed him by twitching eagerly under her gaze.

"Mm-mm, no way! It's perfect," his mother beamed. "You have four more inches of meat than the average man, perfect for packing a woman full."

"Really?" he breathed.

"Mm-hm," she hummed. "It would take a woman my age though — one with experience to work it all in, and sheath you to your base."

She traced one nail along the bulging dorsal vein, pressing gently until his chest bucked involuntarily, since his hips couldn't, the vein throbbing like a heartbeat under her touch.

"You feel that, baby?" she asked, watching his boner jump.

"Uh-huh," he gasped, sweat beading on his forehead, the voyeuristic thrill of her staring at his exposed arousal twisting with the incestuous heat building between them.

"Good. Your nerves work fine. Everything works," she stated firmly, her pussy lips swelling further, clit erect and pulsing against her soaked folds, demanding to be filled by that throbbing monster. "You could split a girl open with that gorgeous thing, make her scream your name until she forgets how to walk."

His back arched and he gasped as Monica dug her fingernail teasingly against his frenulum through the fabric, wiggling it against his most sensitive area, the raw friction making his glans swell even larger, the slit gaping as more pre-cum flooded out.

"Ohhh," she tenderly sighed, watching his face twist into a pleasure grimace. "That's the spot, baby."

Derek's hands rose up to clench the air, desperate for relief, but she glared back at him. "Keep your hands at your sides!" she said sternly, leaving no room for protest.

"Yes, ma'am," he gasped, placing them back on the bed.

"Those are your glans – the most sensitive part of your penis," she whispered, slowly moving her wiggling nail up the dome of his crown, circling the ridge until it wept copiously. "And the part that's buried the deepest during sex."

Her pussy throbbed watching her boy's back arch like a fucking animal, his shirt hiking up to show that tight stomach. She dragged the nails of her free hand down his abs, feeling each ridge before reaching the base of his cock where she could feel his muscles clenching hard as steel.

"Fuck, you'd thrash good under a girl," she growled, picturing his sweaty body pinned beneath her as she used his thick meat to pound her dripping cunt raw.

Derek back hit the mattress and he caught his breath as his mom's hand slithered down the length of his cock, fingernails grazing over his swollen balls through the fabric.

"M-mom," he gasped, "Can I ask you something?"

She nodded, still staring at his throbbing hardness, watching it twitch with every ragged breath.

"You said something at the game the other night..." he stammered, his voice barely audible over the pounding of his heart.

Monica smirked, leaning forward until her heavy breasts nearly spilled from her robe – or what was left of it – brushing his face with their soft, warm weight. The erect nipples dragged across his cheeks.

"You mean when you couldn't stop staring at those cheerleaders and their bouncing tits?" she teased.

"Yeah," he blushed, his voice cracking as he blurted out the words that had burned in his mind. "You said you would've dated me in high school. Did you mean it?"

"Of course I meant it," she purred. "You're fucking gorgeous."

She leaned even closer, her enormous breasts straining against the silk, the fabric whispering as it stretched taut over her swollen areolas. "Would you have dated me?"

"Hell yeah," Derek groaned, his cock twitching visibly beneath the thin fabric. "You were probably the hottest girl in school."

Monica tossed her head back, thick brunette hair cascading down her back as she arched her spine, thrusting her massive tits forward, the motion making them jiggle heavily.

"Not gonna lie," she smirked, eyes gleaming with pride. "I had every football player's dick hard when I walked down the hall. I was the girl every guy pictured while they were stroking their cock after school."

"I bet," her son whispered, picturing his mom getting dicked hard by the most popular jocks at school, their thick shafts slamming into her dripping cunt, stretching her vaginal walls until she screamed.

Monica's voice dropped to a husky whisper, her breath hot against his ear. "What would we have done on our first date?"

"Whatever you wanted," Derek rasped, hesitant to say what he really would have wanted, his paralyzed legs a dead weight but his cock throbbing urgently.

She grinned wickedly before pressing her body against his, her enormous breasts engulfing him in warm, perfumed flesh. Derek gasped as her nipples hardened against his chest, stiff and erect, poking insistently through the silk, her hot breath tickling his ear.

"What if I wanted sex?"

"S-sex?"

"Mm-hm," she hummed at his ear, her tongue flicking out to trace the lobe, sending jolts straight to his groin. "What if I wanted you to pound my tight cunt until I screamed your name?"

"That sounds... s-so cool," he mumbled, eyes downcast, "but I probably couldn't please you like other guys."

"What do you mean?" she asked, rising up enough to gaze down at him, her tits heaving with the movement.

"Look at me, Mom," his voice cracked, glancing at the wheelchair shoved aside in the corner, a stark reminder of his useless lower body. "My legs are useless."

Monica's nails slid up and traced the throbbing outline of his cock again, pressing firmer this time, feeling the rigid heat radiate through the fabric.

"Maybe they are," she purred. "But something else on you isn't."

Her fingers walked up his shaft, circling the pre-cum-soaked tip, feeling it balloon even larger beneath her feather-light touch. The swollen glans pulsed under her fingertips, the urethral slit gaping slightly as another thick bead of pre-cum welled up, sticky and warm, seeping through the cotton to coat her skin.

"All you need to do is stay rock-hard," she whispered, her voice a sultry rasp that vibrated against his ear. "Keep from spilling too soon, and let a woman impale herself on this thick pole while she rides you senseless, chasing release after release."

Derek's entire body jerked when his mom's nail-tip scratched lightly against his frenulum through the sweat-dampened cotton.

"That f-feels..." he gasped, words dissolving into a pathetic whimper, his face flushing deeper red, eyes squeezing shut as the sensation ripped through him.

His paralyzed legs lay limp, useless weights at the end of the bed, but his upper body trembled, muscles clenching in futile frustration.

"I know it does, baby," Monica purred, increasing the pressure until a fresh dollop of boy-honey oozed through the fabric, her nail dragging slow circles over the hypersensitive spot.

She could feel the frenulum quiver under her touch, the thin membrane stretched taut over his engorged shaft, every nerve ending screaming for more.

Her own pussy clenched in response, vaginal walls contracting hungrily, her swollen labia slick and parted, clit throbbing as juices trickled down her inner thighs, leaving a musky scent hanging heavy in the air.

"Just imagine how good your fat cock would feel rammed balls-deep in some tight cunt," she continued, her breath hot and ragged against his neck, lips brushing the skin as she painted the filthy picture. "Her cervix sucking your purple knob like lips on a lollipop, while her greedy pussy-muscles milk every fucking inch of you. Squeezing down hard, rippling along your veined shaft, pulling you deeper until your balls slap against her ass with every thrust."

Derek's face contorted, eyes rolling back in his head as the vivid images assaulted him – his thick dick buried in hot, clenching flesh, the cervix kissing his glans, vaginal walls rippling around him like a velvet fist.

His cock throbbed painfully beneath the fabric, swollen to bursting, blood surging in hot pulses that made the entire length jump.

Pre-cum streamed now, a steady leak that darkened the boxers into a wet patch, the salty scent mixing with her arousal, making his mouth water.

"Jesus – Mom – you can't – " he choked out, his voice breaking, cock visibly twitching upward, the head ballooning larger as if trying to burst free. "Too much – "

Monica's throaty giggle silenced him, low and wicked. She didn't stop, her fingers pressing harder into the frenulum, feeling it pulse under her nail.

"Make her squirt all over your cock?" she went on mercilessly. "Her slutty girl-cum gushing down your shaft, soaking your heavy nuts while she screams like a fucking animal impaled on your meat? Her ass cheeks jiggling as she bounces on you, pussy lips stretched thin around your girth, clit grinding against your pubic bone until she explodes, flooding you with hot squirt that drips off your balls."

Derek gasped, overwhelmed by the raw, urgent visions – wet cunts clenching his cock, cervical kisses pulling at his tip, squirt spraying in messy arcs.

His balls ached, drawn tight and full, semen churning inside as his prostate throbbed with building pressure. The humiliation of his wheelchair in the corner only fueled the fire, his vulnerability making every touch from her feel like domination, his cock a helpless prisoner to her teasing.

He whimpered again, upper body arching off the bed, hands fisting the sheets as pre-cum pooled in his navel, the fabric clinging transparently to his veined length.

Monica pulled her gasping teen against her heaving chest, smothering his face in the sweat-slicked canyon between her enormous tits. The massive 40K globes engulfed him completely, warm and heavy, the skin silky smooth with a faint salty tang from her earlier exertions.

Derek's desperate mouth found her perfumed flesh, his tongue darting out to taste the salt-sweet skin, lapping at the deep cleavage as her fat udders pressed in from both sides, nearly suffocating him in perfumed softness.

"You're so p-perfect, Mom," he mumbled into her cleavage, the words muffled and hot against her tit-skin.

She pulled back just enough to devour him with her predatory eyes, her pupils blown wide with lust, lips parted and glistening. "You're pretty perfect yourself, stud-muffin," she growled, her voice thick with need, before lowering her hungry mouth against his.

Her tongue forced past his lips in a deep, obscene kiss, entwining with his in a wet, sloppy dance – sucking, licking, exploring every inch of his mouth as saliva mixed and dripped down their chins.

She tasted of mint and musk, her enormous breasts squishing flat against his chest, nipples dragging fire across his skin.

Derek moaned into the kiss, his hands finally rising to grip her waist, fingers digging into the soft flesh as his cock pulsed wildly, untouched now but screaming for release.

The kiss stretched on for minutes, tongues battling urgently, her teeth nipping his lower lip hard enough to draw a bead of blood that she sucked away greedily.

When she finally broke it, they were both panting like animals in heat, strings of saliva connecting their lips, her nipples still hard as bullets against the damp silk, tenting the fabric obscenely.

"Sweet dreams," she whispered, her hand giving his cock one last teasing squeeze through the soaked boxers, feeling the glans flare under her palm.

Her eyes promised more – far more – as she lingered, eyes locked to his, the predatory gleam in her gaze making Derek's heart thump like a jackhammer in his chest.

The air between them crackled with unspoken filth, her massive tits still heaving from the sloppy kiss, fat nipples stabbing through the silk like they were begging to be sucked raw.

Monica's hand emerged from below her robe, fingers glistening with her own slick pussy juices, the clear strands dripping obscenely from her fingertips like hot honey.

With a wicked smirk, she swiped her dripping fingers across his trembling lips, smearing the sticky pussy-secret over his mouth, the warm slickness coating his skin in a glossy sheen.

Derek gasped, the taste exploding on his tongue – salty-sweet, with that heady tang of her arousal, like forbidden nectar straight from her throbbing folds.

He couldn't help it; his tongue darted out, licking the sticky mess from his lips, savoring the flavor as it slid down his throat, his mind reeling from the intimate violation.

He imagined burying his face in her fat pussy, tongue-fucking her slick hole while she ground against his mouth, her juices flooding his chin.

Monica sauntered away then, her bare feet padding silently across the carpet, each step making her fat ass jiggle hypnotically beneath the thin silk robe. The plump cheeks swayed side to side, the lower curves peeking out with every stride, round and meaty, begging to be grabbed and spread.

Derek's eyes locked on them, transfixed, his cock throbbing in time with the hypnotic bounce, the slit weeping as his prostate swelled with building pressure. He could almost feel her ass cheeks clenching around his shaft, hot and tight, milking him dry.

At the doorway, she paused, gripping the frame with one hand, arching her back until the robe rode up high, exposing the thick, round globes of her naked ass in all their glory. The pale flesh glowed in the dim light, the crack between them shadowed and inviting, her puckered asshole winking slightly as she flexed.

Derek's breath hitched, his hand instinctively dropping to his crotch, grasping his rigid cock through the fabric, feeling it pulse with his racing heartbeat.

Monica squatted low against the doorframe like it was a stripper pole, her silky mommy-legs flexing as they spread wide, balancing on her toes with effortless control.

The robe hiked up completely now, revealing her dripping pussy in full view – swollen lips parted, inner folds glistening with slick arousal, the pink entrance clenching hungrily, clit standing erect like a tiny cock begging for attention.

Juices trickled down her inner thighs, leaving shiny trails on the smooth skin, the musky scent wafting back to him, making his balls tighten painfully.

"I've got a feeling," she purred, licking her lips obscenely, her tongue tracing the plump lower one as she eyed his bulging crotch, "you'll be balls-deep in some dripping cunt real soon... learning all about pleasure."

Her voice dripped with promise, hips rolling slightly in the squat, making her pussy lips shift and glisten, vaginal walls visible contracting, more slickness bubbling out from the tight hole.

Derek stroked his cock shamelessly through the boxers, the friction sending jolts up his spine. He whimpered, eyes glued to her exposed cunt, imagining slamming into it, his thick shaft stretching her wide, balls slapping her ass as she rode him in the wheelchair, her massive tits bouncing wildly.

The voyeuristic thrill hit him hard – watching his own mom tease him like a whore, her body on display, wheelchair forgotten in the corner but fueling his helpless lust.

She stood slowly, blowing him a wet kiss, her lips puckered and shiny, before vanishing down the hall, leaving only her musky scent behind, thick and intoxicating.

Derek's hand pumped faster, the veined length sliding in his fist through the fabric, cockhead flaring with each stroke. His mind raced with images of her squatting over him, pussy engulfing his big dick right down to its root.

The night stretched ahead, full of torturous what-ifs, his body screaming for the release only she could give.

Her eyes promised more – far more – as she lingered, eyes locked to his.

Her hand emerged from below, dripping wet. Just as she had done the other day, Monica swiped her pussy-secretions above his top lips before standing to leave.

Derek gasped as her heady pussy-aroma swept into his lungs. He licked some that dripped down his lips, overwhelming by the sweet tang. His hungry eyes locked onto the jiggling globes of his mother's ass as she sauntered away on bare feet, her plump cheeks swaying hypnotically beneath the thin silk.

At his doorway, Monica gripped the frame with one hand, arching her back until her robe rode up, exposing the bottom curves of her fat naked ass. She squatted low against the doorframe like it was a stripper pole, her silky mommy-legs flexing as they spread wide, as she balanced on her toes.

The teenager couldn't help but grasp his cock, feeling it pulse with his racing heartbeat.

"I've got a feeling," Monica purred, licking her lips obscenely, "you'll be balls-deep in some dripping cunt real soon... learning all about pleasure."

She stood, blew him a wet kiss, then vanished, leaving only her musky scent behind.