

Look Honey, No Clothes! – Part 1

By Klrxo

A mischievous smile spread across my face as I watched my husband's reaction to my impulsive decision. I couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement as I strolled through the house, nude and unapologetic, while my son Jordon was home. His eyes lit up in surprise, which only added to my amusement.

"I'll be doing some laundry if anyone has items that need washing," I announced, sashaying down the hallway with my big, heavy tits, rounded bubble butt and shaved pussy on full display. My double-J cup breasts bounced heavily with each step, causing a stir in both my husband and son. The sensation of freedom and cheekiness washed over me, making me feel alive and daring in a way that I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Colleen, why are you parading around the house naked?" My husband, Stuart asked.

"Because, Stuart," I replied with a playful grin, "today I decided to embrace my inner goddess and say 'yes' to spontaneity. Life is too short to be stifled by societal norms, don't you think?"

My husband raised an eyebrow, momentarily stunned by my boldness. "I just don't think something like this is too appropriate," he uncomfortably stated.

Jordon, on the other hand, couldn't contain his excitement. He was jumping up and down, clearly thrilled by the unexpected sight. I always knew I had a boobie-boy by the way he constantly stared at mine, but today I thought his eyes might pop out of his cute skull.

"Mom, can I watch you fold clothes? Please?" he asked, almost begging.

I couldn't resist the chance to keep the fun going. "Of course, sweetheart! You can help me, too, if you want?"

"Wait, honey...can you at least put some clothes on first," Stuart asked.

I chuckled at Stuart's request. "Why, Stuart, are you feeling jealous of the attention I'm getting?" I teased, sauntering over to him and giving him a playful kiss on the cheek. "But, no, I don't think I will. I'm embracing this freedom, and I want Jordon to see that it's okay to be comfortable in your own skin."

Stuart rolled his eyes, but I could tell there was a hint of amusement in his expression. He sighed in resignation and muttered, "Alright, but just for today."

Jordon, on the other hand, was ecstatic. He joined me in the laundry room and we laughed and chatted as we folded clothes together. I felt a sense of closeness with Jordon I hadn't experienced in a while, and it made my heart swell with love.

My double-J's drew Jordon's attention like a magnet. He couldn't take his eyes off of them, and I couldn't blame him. It was likely that he had never encountered such large breasts and wide areolas on girls his own age. As I moved, my melons jiggled and swayed in front of him, sending his mind racing with all sorts of naughty fantasies. The weight and roundness of my breasts were impossible to ignore, and I could almost feel the heat of his gaze on my skin. It amused me to know that he was probably imagining all the wicked things he would do to them if given the chance.

Jordon's eyes widened with curiosity, and he hesitantly asked, "Mom, what's it like having such big breasts?"

"Well, Jordon, they can be quite a handful, literally," I laughed, giving one a gentle squeeze. "Sometimes they get in the way, but mostly

they're just a part of who I am. I've learned to embrace and love them, even with all the attention they draw."

I tossed a pair of Jordon's socks towards where he was sitting, playfully missing him on purpose. We both laughed as I struggle to pick up the socks with my big boobies dangling down and flopping around all over the place. "See what I mean, honey? It's not always easy, but having big tits is still worth it."

I could see the hardon tenting Jordon's pants, his bell-shaped knob clearly defined through the thin fabric. Even though he was my son, it thrilled me to know that my body had that effect on him. Stuart had to voice his displeasure again as he paused in the doorway.

"Colleen, enough is enough. You can't just flaunt your body around the house, especially in front of Jordon," he scolded.

I began giggling, mocking my husband's anger. I couldn't help myself.

"Stuart, lighten up!" I stated, a naughty twinkle in my eye. "I'm just living a little and enjoying myself. Besides, Jordon seems to be having a good time, and I've never seen him get so excited over doing laundry before."

"It's true," my son nodded, then took another look at my tits, but this only seemed to make my husband more furious.

"Jordon, come here," I beckoned, gesturing for him to join me. I knew exactly what I was doing, and I couldn't resist the chance to see the look on my husband's face.

As Jordon approached me, I reached out and gently cupped his face in my hands, bringing it close to mine. "Your father needs to learn not to be so uptight, honey," I whispered seductively, my naked tits brushing against his chest. "Sometimes we need to let loose and have a little fun."

With that, I leaned in and kissed my son lightly, but sensually on the lips, feeling the burning anger from my husband's eyes.

"Mom, what was that?" Jordon stammered, clearly shocked, but in a good way.

"It was just a kiss, Jordon. A harmless show of affection between a mother and her son," I reassured him. "But I think your father needs to learn that sometimes we just have to live in the moment and enjoy ourselves."

I let go of Jordon and turned towards Stuart, my eyes locked on his furious gaze. "And maybe, just maybe, your father needs to learn to appreciate the joy of spontaneity, instead of constantly trying to control and suppress it," I added, my voice low and teasing.

With that, I strutted back into the living room, my naked body swaying with every step. Stuart's face was a mixture of anger and lust as he watched me go, unable to take his eyes off my swaying ass.

Jordon, his eyes wide with excitement, followed me with his gaze, unable to tear himself away from the spectacle. As I walked away, leaving Stuart to stew in his own confusion of emotions, I felt a sense of liberation and rebellion coursing through my veins. I had never felt so alive as I did in that moment, as if I had found a new way to express my true self and break free from the shackles of societal norms.

As I reached the living room, I turned around and winked at Stuart, who looked like he was about to burst. "Don't worry, Stuart," I said with a playful smile. "I'll put my clothes back on...eventually."

"You don't have to get dressed on my account, mom," Jordon piped up, looking up at me with admiration in his eyes. "I think you look amazing like this."

My heart swelled with pride at my son's words, and I couldn't help but smile at him before giving him a playful ruffle on the head.

"Thank you, Jordon. It's nice to see that someone appreciates the beauty of spontaneity."

"Maybe I should follow your example and be naked around the house more often also," he mused, his mischievous smile lighting up his face. My son's words hung in the air, a playful suggestion that caught me off guard. For a moment, my mind wandered to memories of him as a child, carefree and uninhibited. But now, he was a grown man, and I couldn't help but wonder how much he had changed since I'd seen him naked last.

My excitement at the idea must have been evident on my face because Stuart quickly shot it down. "That's not happening," he stated firmly, shaking his head at me. "Just because your mother is nude doesn't mean you should be too."

I quickly chimed in with my opinion. "I disagree," I countered, crossing my arms over my chest and grinning mischievously at my husband. "If Jordon wants to be comfortable in his own skin, just like I am, then why shouldn't he be able to walk around the house nude too?"

Stuart sighed, his frustration evident. "Because it's not appropriate, Colleen. We live in a society with norms and boundaries. Walking around naked is not something we should be encouraging."

"But Jordon is our son, Stuart," I argued. "And he's a grown man now. He can make his own choices about how he wants to live his life. If he wants to be naked in his own home, then why shouldn't he be allowed to?"

"Colleen, this home is not gonna become some...family nudist colony," Stuart said with a tone of disgust. "We have standards, and we have rules."

"Wait a second, when did we ever decide on a set of standards and rules against nudity in this house?" I challenged.

Stuart was quiet for a moment, taken aback by my question. "Well, we never really had an exact discussion about it, but we agreed on some general boundaries, like not walking around the house naked all the time."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "So you decided that we shouldn't walk around naked all the time, but you didn't decide that we shouldn't walk around naked at all?"

"I suppose so," he conceded, reluctantly.

"So if we have no explicit rules against Jordon walking around nude, then why are you so against it?" I pressed.

He hesitated, clearly struggling with my logic. "I don't know. I guess it's just one of those things that I've always assumed. Like how we don't burp or fart at the dinner table."

I raised an eyebrow, waiting for him to continue.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I don't know. It's just...it's different. It's not something I'm comfortable with."

"If Jordon and I are comfortable being nude around each other then why should you have a say in how we live in our own home?" I retorted.

"Because this is our family home, Colleen. And as the head of the household, I have a responsibility to uphold certain standards and values."

"And what if Jordon and I don't agree with those standards and values? What then?"

Stuart straightened up, his jaw clenched. "This is not some democracy where you two can just decide to disregard the norms of society."

I shook my head, a small smile playing on my lips. "But what if I want to walk around nude? And what if Jordon wants to as well? Why should we be bound by your idea of what's 'appropriate'? We're in our own home, Stuart. And if you can't accept that, then maybe it's time for you to re-evaluate what being a head of the household really means."

I could see the anger and frustration building up in his eyes. But I refused to back down. This was about more than just nudity. It was about freedom, self-expression, and breaking free from the shackles of societal norms.

"I don't have to compromise my freedom to make you feel comfortable, Stuart," I continued. "You may be the head of this household, but I am not your subordinate. And we are not living in some archaic society where women have to cover themselves up for the sake of a man's discomfort. I am my own person, and I will choose what I wear and when I wear it, regardless of what you think. And if that means stripping down to my birthday suit in the living room, then so be it. Because at the end of the day, it's my body, and I have the right to do with it as I please."

Stuart stared at me, his face a mix of anger and sadness. I could see him struggling to come to terms with what I was saying, but I refused to back down. This was important, not just for me, but for Jordon and our relationship.

Finally, Stuart spoke, his voice shaking with emotion. "I...I understand that you feel passionately about this," he said grudgingly. "But I still don't think it's appropriate for you to walk around the house naked. I'm not comfortable with that."

"Well, I'm not asking for your comfort, Stuart," I retorted, my voice steady. "I'm asking for respect and understanding. This isn't about you, it's about me and Jordon and our right to live our lives as we choose."

Stuart's face tightened, his jaw clenched. "This is not where I thought this conversation was going, Colleen," he said, his voice low. "I thought we were discussing boundaries and standards for our home. Now it seems like you're trying to push me out of it."

"I'm not pushing you out, Stuart," I said quietly. "I'm just asking you to accept that Jordan and I have the right to make our own choices about how we wanna live in this house. And if that includes walking around nude, then so be it."

Stuart sighed, rubbing his temples in frustration. "I just...I can't believe we're having this argument. I thought we had agreed on certain standards, and now you're telling me those don't matter?"

"No, I'm telling you that those standards have now evolved, and we need to be open to change," I said firmly. "This is not about disrespect or being rude, Stuart. It's about growth and acceptance."

I looked over at my son who stood there watching me speak. "Jordon, go ahead and take off your clothes, honey."

He seemed hesitant for a moment. "Are you sure?" he asked.

I nodded, grinning at him. "Absolutely, sweetheart. We're all grown-ups here, and being nude is nothing to be ashamed of."

Stuart's expression was a mix of disgust and discomfort as his son nonchalantly removed his clothing in front of us. I couldn't help but watch with rapt attention as Jordon revealed more skin, curious to see how much he had changed since I last saw him as a child. Stuart, on the other hand, seemed torn between disapproval and embarrassment at the situation unfolding before us. But my curiosity

outweighed any feelings of unease, and I eagerly took in every inch of Jordon's now-grown body.

"Oh, honey, you have a magnificent naked body," I couldn't help but exclaim, much to my husband's chagrin.

Jordon stood before us, his chiseled physique on full display. Every muscle was defined and toned, and his long sturdy cock stood at attention. It was impossible not to feel a surge of desire and arousal at the sight. My pussy tingled with anticipation and my nipples throbbed with need.

"Thanks, mom," Jordon replied, blushing slightly at the compliment.

But Stuart's disapproval was evident as he spoke up, "This is getting ridiculous."

I shot him a glare, feeling defensive of my son's confidence and body. "If you're uncomfortable, you can go into the other room," I stated firmly.

"Why is he erect?" Stuart asked, staring over at our son's cock. "He shouldn't be erect like that."

I rolled my eyes. "Stuart, it's completely normal for a man, especially a young one, to have an erection when they're aroused or feeling sexy. You should know that by now."

"Yes, but around his own mother?!"

I laughed, shaking my head. "Stuart, we're not prudes here. I taught Jordon to embrace his body, and if that means he gets a little aroused when seeing me nude then I'm flattered. Besides, it's just a natural response."

Stuart sighed, rubbing his temples again. "Colleen, I just...I can't believe this is where we've come to."

"It's where we're at, Stuart. And it's where you need to be comfortable with because Jordon and I will probably be nude around each other a lot now, right, honey?" I asked my son.

"Yeah, I'm cool with that, mom. It's just our thing now," Jordon replied confidently.

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" I grinned, opening my arms to my boy. "Give me a hug."

Jordon stepped forward, his body enveloping mine in a warm and loving embrace. His strong arms wrapped around me, pulling me closer as I could feel the heat radiating from his body. My skin tingled at the touch, his firm muscles pressing against me and his big, rigid cock nudging against my pubis and teasing my moist slit.

It was a deeply intimate moment, one that spoke volumes about the evolution of our relationship and the boundaries we were now pushing. As I looked over at Stuart, I could see the disgust on his face at the sight of Jordon and I pressed together, my huge, soft breasts flattened against his lean chest.

"See, honey?" I asked my husband with a sly smile. "Do you see how this only strengthens Jordon and I's bond?" The chemistry between us was undeniable, and it was clear to everyone watching that our connection ran deep.

"Hugging like that when your nude is hardly appropriate," Stuart answered.

"Really, Stuart?" I retorted, trying to maintain my calm. "Are you suggesting we can't show affection to each other in any way when we're nude?"

"No, Colleen, I'm saying that it's not necessary to be nude during affectionate moments. There's clothing for a reason," he said, sounding defensive.

"I understand that you're uncomfortable with this, Stuart," I conceded. "But Jordon and I have come to a mutual understanding about what's appropriate and what isn't. We won't flaunt our nudity if it makes you feel uneasy, but we also won't hide who we are and what we believe in."

With that, I hugged Jordon even tighter, laying my head against his chest tenderly. I knew it must be bothering my husband, but I really didn't care. This wasn't just some random guy that I was sharing an intimate moment with, it was our son. We hadn't been together naked like this since the day he was born, so this felt like a symbolic reunion of sorts.

"Stuart is being so stupid about Jordon and I being naked around the house," I told my friend Taryn as we sunbathed out by the pool. Our big tits glistened with a layer of baby oil.

"What's his problem? Nudity is perfectly natural, even around family members," Taryn stated.

"I know, right? It's not like we're going out in public like this or anything," I replied, spreading my legs wider apart and feeling the sun warm my hairless pussy.

"Well, Jordan seems to be comfortable with it," Taryn pointed out. "There's nothing shameful about a boy being naked around his mother."

"That's so true," I agreed. "It just feel so natural and I will admit, his naked body is easy on the eyes."

We both giggled like two school girls talking about the cutest guy in High School.

"I bet his dick is erect the entire time he's naked with you," said Taryn.

"It is, and it's such a turn-on. I've even caught Stuart staring at it a few times."

"I would imagine out of jealousy," Taryn snickered. "Probably wishing his dick was as big as Jordon's."

I couldn't help but laugh at her comment. "Well, I can't say I blame him for being jealous. Jordon is quite the specimen. But it's just one of those things that Stuart will have to come to accept. We're a family, and that means we should feel comfortable around each other, no matter what."

Taryn looked at me, cocking her head slightly. "You really have embraced this new dynamic, haven't you?"

"I have," I replied confidently. "And Jordon's embraced it too. It's just another part of who we are as a family now. We've grown so much closer as a result of it all."

"Close enough to fuck?" Taryn asked with a wide grin.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie, as naughty as it sounds, the thought has crossed my mind," I admitted.

"Lots of women are fucking their sons these days," Taryn stated. "It's sort of a trend right now."

"I know. My sister Jewel has been fucking her son, Cory, for about a year now. Ever since they took a family road trip on Route 66."

"Imagine the possibilities," Taryn whispered, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I mean, you've already seen your son's gorgeous body, so why not take it to the next level and see what he can do with it?"

The thought was exhilarating and terrifying all at once. Was I really considering having sex with my own son? It seemed so wrong, yet the idea of his hard cock inside me was making my pussy pulse with desire. I couldn't help but wonder what Stuart would think if he found out. My heart raced with a mix of adrenaline and lust, and I felt myself becoming wetter at the thought of it.

"You better stop talking about it or I may just start touching myself," I warned, my voice low and sultry.

"Well, I'm not the one who gets to see him naked, but just imagining it is definitely making me hot and bothered," Taryn admitted with a playful smirk. As she lay next to me on the sun-kissed lounge, her body glistening with oil and sweat, she arched her back and began to caress her swollen clit with urgent strokes.

She closed her eyes, lost in her own pleasure reverie, then suddenly opened them and looked at me with a mischievous glint. "Do you want to touch yourself too, Colleen?"

I bit my lip, uncertainty warring with arousal in my eyes. "I... I don't know..."

"Come on," she urged with a playful grin. "We're women, we should be supportive of each other. Besides, it's not like you've never masturbated before..."

It was true; I had masturbated plenty in the past, but never in front of another person. Never with the intention of sharing the experience. I hesitated for a moment longer, then nodded slowly, finding myself driven by curiosity and arousal. As I reached down to touch myself, I felt a thrill of excitement at the taboo nature of the act.

Taryn watched with a smirk, her fingers still working her own clit. "Just imagine Jordon fucking you," she suggested. "Imagine his cock

sliding inside you, your expert hands guiding him deeper, his lips brushing against your neck, his hips thrusting into you."

Her voice sent shivers down my spine as I continued listening, while rubbing my swollen love-nubbin. "Imagine the way his muscles tense as he reaches his climax, the way his body shakes and his breath hitches as he fills you with his hot, sticky cum," Taryn said in a sensual tone. "Imagine the tight, warm grip of your cunt squeezing his cock, milking him dry. Imagine how good it feels, how he makes you feel alive and desired and loved."

My pussy throbbed and became even more wet than it was before. I couldn't help but picture the scene she painted in vivid detail. I closed my eyes and let myself drift away, imagining Jordon's cock inside me, feeling the thickness and the length of him as he filled me up. I could almost feel the way his cockhead stretched open my slick inner lining, the way his balls slapped against my asshole as he pummeled in and out of me.

I lost myself in the fantasy, my hand moving faster and faster between my legs as the arousal coursing through me grew stronger. My fat tits jiggled atop my rib cage and I could feel my pussy tightening and swelling with need, my blood-swollen clit pulsing with every stroke of my fingers.

"Oh, Colleen," Taryn whispered, her voice full of lust and desire as she two masturbated shamelessly. "Imagine Jordon's cock leaking pre-cum, coating your pussy with his sticky, salty fluid. Imagine it all over your lips, your tongue greedily tasting his manhood. You're so wet and slippery, he slides in easily, your inner muscles gripping him tightly, milking his cock as he fucks you."

I moaned softly, my hand moving faster and faster, my legs spreading wider apart. I could feel the passion building inside me, the desire for Jordon becoming more intense with each passing

moment. I closed my eyes, lost in the ecstasy of the fantasy as my hips bucked and my fingers moved in a frenzy against my swollen clit.

“OH FUCK!” I cried out, my orgasm washing over me like a tidal wave. My pussy spasmed around my hand, my juices flowing as I came harder than I ever had before. My body shook with pleasure, my muscles trembling as I felt the waves of ecstasy washing over me.

I collapsed onto the lounge chair, my heart pounding in my chest, my breathing ragged. I couldn't believe how intense that had been, how I had actually gotten off on the thought of having sex with my own son. It was a strange and dark fantasy, but the thrill of it was undeniable.

Taryn was still stroking herself, her hands moving eagerly against her swollen clit. “I'm close...oh shit!” her pretty voice cried out.

She arched her back and let out a long, drawn-out moan as her body shook with pleasure, making her tit-melons wobble around wildly. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she climaxed, her orgasm overwhelming her entire being. Finally, she collapsed onto the lounge chair beside me, her body still trembling as she caught her breath.

We lay there for a few moments, our breathing gradually returning to normal. I couldn't help but feel a strange sense of relief and arousal. It was like we had just shared a dark and forbidden secret, and the thrill of it sent a rush of adrenaline through me.

Over the coming week, Jordon and I's relationship only became closer, being nude around the house with each other as mother and son. But it also became apparent that Stuart was finding it increasingly difficult to adapt to this new dynamic. Every time he

walked into the living room or kitchen, he would catch sight of us, his face twisting into a mixture of discomfort, disgust, and anger. Despite my assurances that we wouldn't flaunt our nudity in front of him, it was clear that he couldn't handle seeing his own son and wife naked together.

Jordon, on the other hand, was relishing in the sensation of being naked with me, basking in the warmth and intimacy it provided. My constant physical affection towards him only added to his delight.

"I love this so much," he expressed as we lay on his bed, tangled up in each other's limbs while watching a movie. My humongous, naked tits pressed against his chest, engulfing it in their softness. I could feel his gaze lingering on my body, taking in every curve and crevice.

"I love it too, sweetheart," I said with a tender smile, leaning in to place a gentle kiss on his cheek. My leg draped over his midsection, gently trapping his hard cock between my thigh and his belly. I could feel its pulsing heat against my skin.

"Could we kiss on the lips like we did the other day?" he asked shyly.

"Of course we can," I sweetly answered, then proceeded to plant a series of soft, sensual kisses on his lips. We gazed into each other's eyes the entire time, our connection growing stronger with each passing moment. It was a magical experience that left us both feeling deeply connected and content.

"Oh, honey, I can feel your cock throb against my leg with every kiss," I stated.

Jordon's face flushed with excitement and he thrust his hips upward, digging his prick against me. "I can't help it, mom," he breathlessly confessed. "You just make me feel so...alive."

"I know, honey," I replied, running my fingers through his hair. "And I have to admit, seeing you like this, a grown man but still my little boy, turns me on something fierce."

"I can tell," he blushed. "Your nipples are poking against my chest and I can smell how wet your pussy is."

I couldn't help but laugh at his candidness. "Well, it's hard not to get wet around you, Jordon. You're such a temptation, even when we're just lying here together."

"Do you think I could have just a quick taste of you?" Jordon asked, licking his lips.

"A taste of my pussy?"

"Yes," he whispered, his eyes gazing hungrily at the wetness between my legs. "I just need a taste of your honey, just a little taste."

I couldn't hold back the moan that escaped my lips as I thought about Jordon's mouth on me, his lips and tongue exploring my most intimate parts. "Alright," I whispered back, "but we have to be quiet. Your father might hear us."

Jordon nodded in agreement, his eyes never leaving the sight of my now soaking wet pussy. He slowly moved his face down, kissing the inside of my thighs before he reached my aching entrance.

His tongue darted out, gently licking my clit before dipping inside my folds. I let out a soft moan, my hips bucking slightly. I would have happily let him continue feasting on my cunt, but I knew it was risky with Stuart at home.

"My turn to taste you," I whispered, pushing Jordon onto his back. I'd been dying to get his cock in my mouth ever since I laid eyes on it.

He lay there, eyes wide with anticipation as I lowered my mouth to his cock. I could feel the heat of his manhood as my lips brushed against it, the pulsing veins and the smooth skin enticing me. I licked the head of his cock, savoring the salty taste of his pre-cum, and then slowly took him into my mouth, sucking him gently and teasing him with my tongue.

Jordon moaned softly, his hands tangled in my hair as he thrust his hips upwards, guiding my mouth deeper onto his cock. I took him in deeper, feeling him hit the back of my throat, my saliva coating his shaft as I bobbed up and down on him. I could feel his erection twitching in my mouth, his excitement palpable.

“Oh, mom” he breathed, his voice hoarse with need. “This feels so good.”

A sudden noise from down the hallway startled me, causing me to quickly scramble back beside Jordon. My cheeks flushed as I tried to act nonchalant, pretending nothing had happened between us just moments ago. But the sweet tang of his pre-cum still lingered in my mouth, a delicious reminder of how satisfyingly thick and long his cock was. The thought of it made my pulse quicken and my body ache for more.

As the week went on, our relationship continued to evolve and deepen, our nudity becoming more and more integrated into our daily lives. Stuart, however, remained uncomfortable and distant. He spent more and more time at work, avoiding the house and the awkwardness of seeing his wife and son together in the nude.

One day, as Stuart was at work, Jordon and I decided to take our relationship to the next level. I led him to my bedroom, and we lay down on the bed, naked and affectionate. Jordon began to stimulate

me, his fingers deftly working their magic on my pussy. He thrust two fingers inside my fuck-hole, eliciting gasps of pleasure from me.

"Oh, Jordan, you're so big," I moaned, grasping his cock at its base, feeling its strength and rigidity as I yanked on its meat.

He smiled, "Is that a good thing, mom?"

"Very much so, darling," I replied, my eyes locked on his. "It's a sign of a strong and healthy man. You're becoming quite the stud now, Jordon."

With that, Jordon continued to finger my pussy, moving his fingers in and out of my tight hole in time with the rhythm of my cock-stroking. My moans grew louder and more desperate, and Jordon picked up the pace, driving his fingers deeper within me.

Just then, the bedroom door opened, and there stood Stuart, his face twisted in anger and disgust.

"What the hell is going on here?!" he demanded, his voice shaking with anger.

Jordon and I quickly pulled away from each other, our faces flushing with embarrassment. I knew that we were in trouble, and that Stuart was going to do everything in his power to stop this from continuing.

"Stuart, I thought you had work. We were just... lying down," I stammered, searching for a believable excuse.

"I had a meeting cancelled. I came home early to surprise you. But this... this is not what I expected to find."

"And yet IT IS what you found," I stated matter-of-factly. "Jordon and I have been growing closer, and we're simply exploring our bond as mother and son."

Stuart looked at me, his eyes burning with anger and disbelief. "You're kidding me, right? Exploring your bond? You're talking about exploring your bond by fingering each other in our bed?"

"Stuart, there's nothing wrong with nudity. Jordon and I are two consenting adults, and we should have the right to express our affection for each other. Yes, it might be strange and uncomfortable for you, but it's natural for us."

"Natural? Finger-fucking in our bed is natural?" Stuart shouted, his voice echoing through the room. "You're expecting me to accept this? You're expecting me to watch you two have sex?"

"We're not expecting you to watch, Stuart. That's why I waited to do this while you were at work."

"So, your cheating on me, is that it?" he asked, his voice shaky. "Your cheating on me with our own son?"

"No, this is hardly cheating on you," I replied defensively. "This is us exploring our bond and expressing our love for each other in a way that feels natural to us."

"It's incest is what it is," Stuart spat out, his face contorted with disgust. "You're committing incest with your own son."

"Incest is a taboo, Stuart, but it's a taboo that's becoming less and less relevant in today's society," I answered, trying to sound as calm and rational as possible despite the beating my heart was taking. "Just like interracial marriage used to be ridiculously frowned upon, but now it's accepted. It's just a matter of time before society accepts mother-son relationships as well."

"I don't care what society thinks," Stuart retorted, his voice rising. "I care about what it means for our family!"

I could see the pain and fear in his eyes. I wanted to reassure him that I still loved him, that Jordon and I would never do anything to hurt him. But I couldn't lie to him, not when I was so deeply enamored with our son.

"Maybe it's time you considered that our idea of what constitutes a family is changing, Stuart," I said softly. "This isn't about replacing you or hurting you, it's about discovering new ways to express our love and embrace our family dynamic."

"By allowing you and Jordon to be sexual?" he asked. "I'm suppose to embrace that?"

I nodded. "Yes," I replied, my voice steady. "Jordon and I have a bond that runs deeper than words can express, and we need to honor that by being intimate together. We're not asking you to participate in our relationship, but we do ask for your understanding and acceptance."

Stuart looked at me, his face twisted in anguish. He took a deep breath and released it slowly. "I don't know how to process this, Colleen. It feels like a betrayal."

"I understand that it might feel that way, Stuart," I said gently. "But please try to see it from our perspective. We're not trying to replace you or take anything away from you. We simply want to be ourselves and explore the love we share through physical intimacy. "

"But it's wrong," Stuart insisted, his voice shaking. "It's against everything I believe in."

I sighed, growing impatient with his lack of empathy. "Stuart, you need to stop acting like a jealous child," I snapped. "Jordon and I are grown adults, and we should have the right to express our love for each other. You're being selfish and narrow-minded. Get over yourself and accept that things have changed."

Stuart looked at me, his eyes filled with pain and disbelief. He shook his head slowly, like he was trying to clear his thoughts. "So, I'm just suppose to ignore what's happening and pretend like everything is normal?"

"Normal is relative, Stuart," I replied, my voice strained. "What's normal for us might not be normal for you, but that's not our fault. We're not asking you to condone our actions, but we do ask for your respect for our choices. We're not hurting anyone. We're simply finding a way to express our love and desire for each other."

"By having sex?"

I was done sugar-coating it for him. "Yes, by having sex, now please just leave us alone," I said, feeling a surge of anger and frustration. "I won't continue to beg and plea with you to accept us for who we are when you so clearly can't. Just go back to work, Stuart, and pretend this never happened. It'll make it easier for all of us, I think. But don't come back and try to stop us because you'll have a much harder battle than you think. We're grown adults, we know what we want, and we're not afraid to fight for it."

Stuart's jaw dropped as he looked at me, his eyes widening with disbelief. He took a step back, his face twisting with a combination of anger, hurt, and betrayal. For a moment, I thought he was going to say something else, but then he turned and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

I let out a shaky breath and collapsed onto the bed, my heart racing with a mix of emotions. I felt conflicted, knowing that I had hurt Stuart, possibly irreparably, but I also felt a sense of relief that I had finally stood up for myself and Jordon. It was a difficult decision to make, but I had to prioritize my own happiness and well-being.

Jordon looked at me, concern and understanding in his eyes. He wrapped his arms around me as I buried my face in his chest. We hugged tightly, our bodies shaking.

I left a trail of wet kisses on his neck as I traveled to his ear. "Now... where we're we?" I whispered, then moved his hand back down to my pussy so he could resume fingering me.

Jordon slipped two fingers back inside me, his thumb gently rubbing my clit in a steady rhythm. I moaned softly, my body arching into his touch. The anger and tension of the argument with Stuart melted away, leaving only raw desire and the promise of satisfaction.

I leaned into Jordon, kissing him passionately as his fingers continued to explore my depths. I could feel my climax building, the desire coursing through my veins.

"I need you inside me," I whispered hoarsely, my breath ragged.
"Now."

Jordon smiled, his eyes shining with passion. He removed his fingers from my wetness, then climbed on top of me, his long, eager erection wagging stiffly as he positioning himself at my entrance. I looked up at him, our eyes locked as he slowly pushed his thick, veiny cock inside me.

"Ahh, shit, mom," he gasped, his eyes widening at the sensation of my tight pussy engulfing him. "This feels so wrong, but so right at the same time."

I bit my lip, my heart racing with desire and revelation. "I know, baby. But it's how we both feel, and the passion we share is something we can't ignore."

As he started to move, I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into me. The sight of my son's blue-veined cock sliding in and out of me filled me with an inexplicable sense of satisfaction and

contentment. I grunted with each thrust, my breasts bouncing with our rhythm.

"Fuck, mom," Jordon panted, his eyes never leaving mine. "I can't believe we're doing this."

"Trust me, I can't either, but I don't think I can stop now."

His gaze turned hungry as he picked up pace, his cock sliding in and out of me with a slick, slapping sound. I moaned and arched my back, my hands gripping his shoulders for support.

"Harder," I whispered, my voice breathy. "I need you to fuck me harder."

Jordon obliged, his hips pounding into me with a fierce intensity. My jutting tits melted against his chest and rippled between us with every fuck-thrust. My pussy clenched around him, my pelvis meeting his every thrust. I felt a powerful orgasm building, my body trembling with the force of it.

"I'm g-gonna cum, Jordon," I gasped, my breaths becoming shallow and rapid. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming."

Jordan began to demonstrate his true mastery at technique and stamina, taking savage thrusts with his strong, teenage cock that left me breathless. It was clear that he wasn't cumming anytime soon and that this would be a long, intense fuck marathon.

"Harder, baby, fuck me harder," I panted, my voice ragged with lust.

Jordon responded to my plea, his hips pounding into me with a primal intensity. My pussy clenched around him, my pelvis humping upward. I felt a powerful orgasm building, my body trembling with the force of it.

As I reached the peak of my orgasm, I felt Jordon's cock twitch and pulse inside me. He groaned and thrust hard, his body tensing as he came deep within me.

"Fuck, mom, I'm cumming!" he cried out, his voice hoarse with passion.

I felt his warm cum flood my pussy, filling me with his virile seed. It was an intimate and powerful moment, our bodies connecting in the most intense way possible.

Jordon hungrily devoured each of my titties, his face disappearing into the soft, warm flesh. I could feel his tongue circling around my fat, rubbery nipples, coaxing them to harden and ache in pleasure. Meanwhile, his cock remained buried deep inside my cunt, the swollen head pressing against the tight ring of my cervix. With each twitch and throb of his member, I knew that we both craved another round of passionate lovemaking.

Jordon's breath was hot against my ear as he eagerly whispered, "Can we try it doggy style now?" My heart raced at his request, caught off guard by his boldness.

With a playful smile, I responded, "Of course you can, sweetheart," and quickly got into position on all-fours, presenting my voluptuous mommy-ass towards him. I knew that he could even see the throbbing ring of my asshole, but I felt no shame around him.

As Jordon scrambled onto his knees behind me, I arched my back and swayed my hips enticingly, eager for him to mount me from behind.

He gripped my hips with his strong, youthful hands and lined up the head of his cock with my pussy entrance. With a deep breath, he thrust forward, burying his cock to its root inside me.

"Oh fuck, mom," he grunted, his voice strained with desire. "You feel so tight and wet."

"Mm, I love feeling your cock inside me, baby," I moaned, my words coming out heavy and sensual. "I want you to fuck me hard from behind."

Jordon took the hint, pulling his cock out of me until only his pink bell remained and then thrusting back in with rough, demanding strokes. His hips slapped against my ass with each powerful movement, sending shockwaves of pleasure and desire through me. My body felt alive and filled with a raw, animal vitality.

"Yes, fuck me, Jordon," I cried out, my voice intense and needy. "Harder, baby, make me cum all over your gorgeous cock."

Jordon complied, his thrusts becoming more forceful and urgent. He gripped my hips tightly, his fingers digging into my flesh as he pushed himself deeper inside me. His teenage erection felt so huge and strong. I could feel it hitting my G-spot with each powerful stroke, setting off a chain reaction of pleasure and desire that threatened to consume me.

My breath caught in my throat as I gasped, "Yes, baby... fuck me just like that!" The sensation of my heavy, mature tits swinging beneath me like pendulums with each powerful thrust from Jordon's crotch was exhilarating.

Unlike Stuart, who had always been more of a sedentary person, Jordon's physically active lifestyle was evident in the way he expertly moved his muscular body and penetrated me deeply with his hard, throbbing cock. It was clear that men like him, who played sports regularly and worked out diligently, were better suited to give a girl a long and intense fucking experience.

I turned my head to look back at my cute boy, a mischievous smile playing across my lips. He was fixated on my big, sweaty bubble butt, watching as my buns bounced and rippled against his abdomen with each thrust. I knew such a sight must be straight out of a boy's erotic fantasy.

As he drove himself deeper into me, I couldn't help but flex my fuck-muscles, creating an even tighter channel for him to slide his throbbing cock inside. The sensation sent electric sparks through my body, igniting every nerve ending and making me crave more.

I peered back and we locked eyes, both of us smiling with excitement and pleasure as we shared this intimate experience as mom and son. His tongue hung out slightly, mirroring the lustful expression on my own face as we gave in to our most primal desires together.

"I could do this every day," my son confessed, giving my ass a hard slap.

I giggled at his comment, "Well, maybe we should plan our days around it then."

My humor only fueled Jordon's arousal, if that was even possible. His thrusts became more erratic and deep, the sound of our bodies slapping together growing louder. My moans echoed through the room, filling the space with our raw passion.

"Fuck, mom, I'm so close," Jordon panted, his voice strained.

"Then let's finish this together, baby."

Knowing Jordon couldn't hold back any longer, I reached between my legs and began to fondle my plump, juicy clit, bringing myself closer to the brink of orgasm.

"Fuck!" Jordon cried out, his body arching forward as he slammed his cock inside me one final time. His hot cum filled my pussy, the

warmth of his seed splattering through my walls and pooling inside me.

"Yes, baby, cum for me!" I urged, my own orgasm now imminent.
"Give mommy your cum."

I felt my body begin to shake uncontrollably, my big, dangling titties trembling as a powerful orgasm swept over me. I cried out in pleasure, my voice high and desperate.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I moaned, my pussy clenching around Jordon's cock, milking him for every last drop of his boy-seed.

As my orgasm subsided, I felt him collapse onto my back, his breathing ragged and irregular. My son's cock remained lodged deep within me, the connection between us stronger than ever.

We lay there, our bodies entwined, basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking. I stroked his sweat-soaked hair, the the warmth of his body still pressed against mine, his cock-muscle and my pussy sharing wonderful post-orgasmic contraction.

As the weeks passed, and our tally of passionate encounters grew, Jordon and I found ourselves sitting down with Stuart in the cozy living room. The air was thick with anticipation as we prepared to share our exciting news with him. My husband seemed a bit uncertain, still adjusting to all of the changes that had taken place in our home. But he sat there patiently, waiting for us to begin.

"Stuart," I said with a smile, "Jordon and I have some wonderful news to tell you."

His attention was fully on us now, curious and perhaps a little wary. "I'm listening," he finally replied, his voice tinged with curiosity and maybe even a hint of concern.

"I'm pregnant," I proudly announced.

Stuart's face froze for a moment, his eyes wide with shock. "What?" he managed to stammer out, disbelief coloring his voice.

"Yes, Stuart, Jordon and I are expecting a child," I confirmed, my own expression full of joy and pride.

"Are you sure it's not mine?" Stuart asked, which made me burst out laughing.

Jordon and I exchanged a glance, both surprised by Stuart's question. But I couldn't help but find it darkly amusing. "Oh, Stuart, you know it isn't. Why would you even ask that?"

"I'm not sure. It's possible that I could be the father," he responded.

"You and I have only been intimate a few times in the last three weeks," I reminded him. "Meanwhile, Jordon and I have had sex at least three times a day since we've been together."

"I understand that, but—"

"Let's face it, you're probably not producing much sperm at this point," I interjected. "Meanwhile, Jordon has been consistently ejaculating large amounts of potent semen into my unprotected vagina. The chances of you being the one who got me pregnant are slim to none."

Stuart's face turned pale, and he seemed to deflate in his seat. "So, you're saying..." he started, hesitant to finish the thought.

"Yes, Stuart, I'm saying that this child is the result of me and Jordon's passionate lovemaking," I said, my voice firm and unwavering. "I love my son, and I'm grateful for the life he's planted inside me. You can either accept this situation and be supportive, or you can choose to leave."

Stuart sat there for a moment, processing everything he had just heard. His expression was a mix of shock, disappointment, and even a hint of jealousy. But eventually, he nodded his head slowly, accepting our news.

"Okay," he said quietly, resignation creeping into his voice. "I'll try to be supportive."

Jordon and I exchanged a relieved glance, grateful that Stuart had finally accepted the situation. We knew it wouldn't be easy for him, but we hoped that with time he would come to terms with our unconventional family dynamic.

"That's fantastic news, Stuart," I exclaimed, taking Jordon's hand and rising from the plush sofa. "Come on, Jordon, let's go to the bedroom and properly celebrate this wonderful announcement."

A sense of euphoria washed over me as I confidently led Jordon down the hallway in front of his father. It was a subtle yet powerful reminder that he was now in complete control of my sexual pleasure. My heart raced with anticipation as we entered our intimate sanctuary, the dim lighting giving off a romantic glow.

I made sure to be extra vocal during our lovemaking, wanting Stuart to hear every moan and gasp of pleasure that escaped my lips. It was my way of showing him just how skilled and attentive Jordon was as a lover. Oh, how I relished in the idea of Stuart knowing that his son was capable of bringing me such exquisite pleasure.

Jordon's voice was ragged as he gasped, his body moving with savage force as he thrust into me. The tightness of my walls made him groan in pleasure, and each time he pounded into me, his large balls slammed against the rim of my puckered anal-entrance. My legs were spread wide in a V shape, toes pointed towards opposite sides of the room, granting Jordon unrestricted access to my feminine core. Every thrust brought waves of intense sensation coursing

through my body, and I reveled in the primal intensity of our lovemaking.

"That's it...fuck me hard, Jordon," I panted, "make me cum and I'll let do something that I just know you'll love."

Jordon grunted, his eyes darkening as he focused on the task at hand. With every thrust, he drove deeper into me, his hips pistoning in a relentless rhythm. Sweat glistened on his skin, and his eyes locked onto mine, filled with a raw hunger that set my heart racing.

"That's it, Jordy, oh fuck!" I cried out, my orgasm building with every womb-crushing thrust. My hot, slippery walls clenched around him, embracing the blood-engorged strength of his teenage fuck-organ.

With a smooth and practiced motion, I brought my silky legs down and wrapped them around his lean frame, forming a tight harness. Using them as leverage against his hard, undulating body, I pumped my pelvis upward to show Jordon that I was just as capable of fucking with intensity. Though he may have been athletic and perfectly sculpted, I was a mother – my body built for both pleasure and creation. As I demonstrated my prowess, he groaned in delight, holding on tightly to my form while we writhed wildly together.

"I'm gonna cum, baby, give it to me!" I cried out.

Jordon groaned, his pace picking up. "That's it, mom," he panted, his voice thick with lust. "Cum for me. Let me feel you cumming around my cock."

The intensity of his words was too much, and I cried out as my orgasm slammed into me. My walls quivered and twitched, milking his love-organ. My son demonstrated his stamina by fucking me straight through my orgasm, while I soaked his delicious cock-flesh in female ejaculate.

Now it was time for me to keep my word by doing something I knew would give him a thrill and make his ejaculation even more intense.

"Slip your cock out, baby," I instructed, my voice breathless with need. "I want you to fuck my ass now."

Jordon's eyes widened at the suggestion, but he didn't hesitate. He slowly pulled out of my soaked pussy, his cock dripping with my juices. I scooted forward on the bed, presenting my rounded ass to him in a way that left no doubt as to what I wanted.

"Are you sure about this, mom?" he asked, his voice still thick with lust.

"Yes, Jordon," I moaned, "I want you to fuck my ass. I want to feel you inside me in every way possible."

His eyes locked onto mine, and I saw the desire surge in their depths. With a groan, he positioned himself at my rear entrance and thrust forward, sinking his cock deep into my ass-tract in one swift move.

I cried out at the sudden entry, the sensation overwhelming. Jordon's member felt much larger in my ass, stretching me in a way that was both pleasurable and strange. But I loved the feeling of being completely filled, the sensation of him surrounding my most private area.

"Oh fuck, Jordon," I moaned, adjusting to the depth of his invasion. "Please, make me cum again."

Jordon's breath hitched, and he began to thrust into me, his cock sliding in and out of my ass with brutal efficiency. The sensation of his member rubbing against my anal-walls sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through my body. I moaned softly, my hips rocking to meet his every thrust.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum again," I gasped, my walls clenching around him. "I can feel it building."

Jordon's eyes widened as he felt the walls of my ass begin to convulse around his cock, gripping him tightly. He continued to thrust into me, his movements growing more frenzied as his knob dug deep into my rectum. His eyes locked onto mine, filled with a raw hunger that was matched only by my own desire.

"Cum for me, Jordon," I panted, my voice barely audible over the sounds of our passion. "Fill my ass with your cum."

Jordon's breath hitched, and he groaned deeply as his orgasm crashed over him. He thrust into me one last time, his cock twitching as he emptied his load deep into my ass. I felt the warmth of his release flood my most intimate passage, and I knew that it would take a while for the sensation to fully wash over me.

As we lay spent on the bed, our bodies still intertwined, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride knowing that every inch of my body had been marked by his essence. His potent semen had cascaded down my throat during the numerous blowjobs I had eagerly given him. It had coated my breasts during a passionate titty-fuck and gushed into my tight channels as we indulged in carnal intercourse. My insatiable desire for his warm seed knew no bounds, and I could already envision the ways he would delight in spilling it over my swollen belly and engorged breasts in the coming months of my pregnancy. Each time he brought me to bliss, I yearned for more of his virile essence to claim me as his own.