

Lost in Space...with Mom (Revised & expanded edition)

By Klrxo & Sci-fi Mommy

Adam circled the family spacecraft around the moons of Orion. He had just gotten his operators license and was feeling a little cocky. He couldn't wait to have a ship of his own to impress the Intergalactic chicks with. Perhaps if he wowed them enough, he'd be able talk them into landing on a private moon somewhere where he could fuck them silly.

His family's spacecraft wasn't exactly an interstellar hotrod. The forward portion of the ship contained a control room and hyper-sleep chamber, while the rear consisted of a living area to provide comfort during long intergalactic trips.

As Adam sped just above the moon's surface, the voice of the onboard computer suddenly startled him. "Adam, you have an incoming call from...."

"Mom," a pretty female voice announced.

"Hey, mom," Adam answered with a tap on the control screen.

"Hey, handsome, I'm done shopping down here. Wanna come get me?"

"I'll be there in a flash," Adam replied, tapping another button on the screen.

"Take your time. If you get stopped by flight patrol again your father will kill you," his mom warned.

"Roger that!"

"Changing course to...Orion Intergalactic Mall, docking port 313," the female computer voice announced.

The spacecraft quickly ascended from the moon's surface and blasted towards the colorful planet of Orion. Within minutes it dropped towards the planet's surface, disappearing into the body of an enormous manmade superstructure. Orion had more food, shopping and lodging options than any planet in all the solar systems that had been explored and settled by humans, making it a popular destination.

The family craft quivered slightly as it made contact with docking port 313, the jets hissing as they cooled.

"Voice recognition please," the computer voice said.

"Heather Renee Collins," a sexy, motherly voice answered.

"Thank you. Performing Security scan on Heather Renee Collins."

Just outside the ship's entrance, a fine blue laser-scan struck Heather's dainty feet, which were arched in a pair of six-inch stiletto-heeled boots. Heather's choice of outfits today was a woman's body glove space-suit, which most all females wore during their shopping excursions in deep space. It was a dark-blue neck-to-floor suit that was made of a pliable fabric, fitting a woman like a second skin.

The laser traveled up Heather's strong matronly legs. Because the suit looked as though it were literally painted on, it molded snugly against the V of her tumescent crotch, creating a nice deep camel toe. Outside her suit, was a light blue stringed accessory, which consisted of thin straps crossing her lush hips, with a single strap branching off in the front and back. The back strap disappeared between the crack of her large round ass. The front strap was connected to the hip strap by a pretty pink heart-shaped buckle and stretched down,

wedging between her puffy outer labia.

The laser continued upward, along her trim torso, then struck the giant swell of her enormous breasts. Each of Heather's tits was snugly encased in her outfit, so it appeared as if the fabric were literally shrink wrapped around her gigantic boobs. The ends of the breast portions were capped in pink, which allowed Heather large puffy areola and thick rubbery nipples to protrude out clearly. This was an age in which the majority of moms had evolved to develop breasts that were ridiculously oversized, much to the delight of young men everywhere.

The laser scanned over Heather's beautiful facial features, beneath the round bubble-looking space helmet she had on. She looked like the actress that was once popular on Earth, many hundreds of years ago, named Angelina Jolie. Her eyes were brilliant blue, and like most moms in this time period, she had big pink bee-stung lips. Her silky brunette hair flowed down past her shoulders.

"Security scan confirmed," the computer announced.

The ship's hatch door hissed open and Heather strode forward like a futuristic space Goddess. Her dainty stiletto heels tapped against the cold steel floor, as one sexy leg moved gracefully in front of the other. The upper portion of her space suit was built to provide support, however, even under its snug confines, Heather's tremendous bosom shifted about and quivered with every confident stride.

"Your approach was beautiful. I'm impressed," she told her son, setting her flashy shopping bags down.

"Thanks. Maybe that means I'm ready for my own starship now," Adam proudly suggested.

"Well, I'll be sure and tell your father how well you handled the ship, but you know I can't promise you anything."

"I know," replied the teen. Adam was a tall, lean young man, who had just barely turned 18 a week ago. Despite how his body was maturing, he still exhibited some of that boyhood clumsiness.

*"He looks more and more like his dad every day,"* Heather thought as she stared at her boy.

"I'm gonna go prep for hyper-sleep," stated Heather, then slipped her bubble-helmet off and fluffed her long beautiful mane of dark hair. "Get us out of orbit, and set our course for home."

"Yes, ma'am," Adam replied, jumping back into the captain's seat. He gazed back for a moment, watching his mom's big round bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs. The skin tight space suite fit so snugly around her jiggling derriere, it looked like she was wearing nothing at all and someone had simply painted her rounded butt cheeks blue.

Adam maneuvered the spaceship up away from the planet Orion, following the flow of other rockets as they raced towards their various planetary destinations.

As his mom had instructed him, the boy set the ship's coordinates for planet Earth, then hung his headset on a little piece of equipment above the control screen. He then left to join his mom.

The hyper-sleep chamber consisted of a row of beds that closed up when activated, to make capsules that were automated to care for humans during space travel. Heather was sitting on the edge of her bed, removing her stiletto-heeled boots.

"Ready when you are, mom," Adam informed her, entering the chamber. He watched the boots slide off her sexy feet, then she stood and removed her gloves.

"Great, honey. Will you store my shopping bags in one of the overheads for me?"

"Sure thing," answered the boy. One of the flashy shopping bags said "Astra's Naughty Negligee" on the outside, so he peeked in. He couldn't tell what is was in the bag, but it look extremely tiny and skimpy.

"No peeking, Mr. Snoopy pants. That's for your father," his mom warned with a sly smile.

"From what I saw...it doesn't look like something dad would wear," Adam joked.

"Ha-ha, very funny," his mom teased back. "You know what I meant."

The mother strode towards her son on bare feet. Wrapped in the snug material, her gigantic breasts moved as if they were bare, bobbling from their immense weight. She stepped right up to her teen and smiled warmly. He was only slightly taller than her and shared the same dark-brown hair color. Despite being the opposite sex, their genetic similarities were blatantly obvious.

*"Good gracious, I just can't get over how handsome he is,"* the mother thought. *"How does he not have a girlfriend yet?"*

"I sure am proud of you, my little space pilot," she cooed, gazing at him adoringly. Her eyes were so big and brilliant blue that he felt like he could melt just staring back at them.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

"You've gotten so handsome, it just makes my tummy tingle just looking at you. It won't be long and girls will be chasing you all across the galaxy."

"I would certainly like that."

"I'm sure you would," Heather giggled, "and I bet you'd like what they'd do to you once they caught you," she winked.

"Yes."

*"I wonder if he's a virgin?"* Heather thought, then threw her arms open. "How about a big hug before we sleep?"

"Sure," the boy gulped, staring over at his mom's heaving monster-sized melons, with their engorge papilla protruding out beneath the ends of the suit.

Heather stepped forward, curling her arms around her son's neck as she pulled him in against her. Adam's chest sunk down into the squishy canyon between her giant mams, making his prick harden faster than it ever had.

The mother loved the feel of her young, strong boy mashed up against her colossal tits. It made her feel connected to him, in the same way she had when she carried him in her womb. Heather accepted her son's fascination for her giant boobs as just a natural part of his growing up. To her, finding her undergarments coated with teenaged cock cream was just part of being a mom.

Heather led her son by the hand over to her hyper-sleep bed and lifted herself up onto it. Adam watched as his mom brought her pretty bare feet up and laid down, so that she was flat on her back. He couldn't help but stare at her big fleshy orbs as they rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. She gazed up at her son, still holding his hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Take us home, Captain," she declared.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, closing her hyper-sleep bed. With a sharp hiss, the capsule emitted a sleeping gas and within seconds Heather's eyes were rolling back and gently closed shut.

With his mom now in deep sleep, Adam took a second to scan her gorgeous body through the clear glass, as it lay there limp on the bed. He couldn't get over how long and sexy her legs were, and God how he loved his mother's dainty bare feet. The truth was, Adam was in love with every inch of his mom, and wanted to fuck her so bad it drove him crazy just thinking about it. What fascinated him the most were her huge oversized tits. He swallowed hard as he gazed down at the shrouded udders, wondering what it would be like to have his head sandwiched between them.

"Fuck it," he said out loud, then hit the button on the screen and the glass top lifted back off the capsule. His hand crept over and rested on top of one of her massive rounded tit-slopes.

As he gently squeezed, his fingers sunk into the spongy flesh. Adam felt his knees quiver with excitement and his already-hard cock throbbed almost painfully in his space suit. For a good five minutes he played with her breasts, savoring their immense softness. He felt their hefty weight in his hands and pulled on her thick rubbery nipples through the thin fabric.

His attention shifted to her camel-toed crotch. His horny mind suddenly realized that he could do much, much more without her knowing. The gas she had inhaled was enough to keep her out for the entire three-hour trip back to Earth. He knew that in that time he could strip her naked and fuck her like he always dreamed of doing.

"Okay, I'm gonna do this," the boy stated out loud in a determined tone. He began peeling off his mom's suit.

"Oh, fresh!" he sighed, which was a popular expression for young men his age. He had just pulled Heather's suit down over her gigantic knockers and was gawking at them in their naked state for the very first time. Her tumescent nipples stuck out from the peaks of her fleshy mountains like fat cherries on top of a sundae.

He squeezed her bulging breasts at the sides and beat them together, making the fatty flesh ripple obscenely. He could have played with her humongous udders all day, but he was dying to smell her pussy. Adam shucked the rest of her body suit off like a corn husk, then stared lustfully at his mom's mons pubis. A cute little pubic landing strip crowned the shaved folds of flesh that came together to form the gorge of her pudendal cleft.

Adam's heart beat so fast he felt like he might pass out. He leaned down until his nose rested against the fleshy hood that peeked from her labium. He inhaled deeply and felt his entire body quiver with forbidden arousal as his lungs filled with the smell of warm musky pussy.

His tongue split her quim and plowed up through the grotto of her most secret place. He felt the searing heat of her vaginal furnace scorch his licker as it traveled in between her fragrant folds and across the plump fleshy bulb of her clitoris.

"Mmngfff!" the teen gasped, taking a breath of air before digging his face down into the vestibule of her cunt and gliding his tongue across her creamy pink center. Like a lapping dog, he repeated this again and again, his snake sinking a little deeper with each swipe. Finally, he was literally tongue-fucking her. His head swirled with delight as he tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar. With an excited whimper, he kissed his way down, across his mom's perineum, then spent a full minute licking the pink crinkled ring of her butt-hole.

By this time, Adam's cock was about bursting through his space suit. It was so hard it almost hurt. He reached down and unzipped his suit at the crotch, releasing an absolute beast of a cock. It branched out stiffly from his loins as he stood, nearly ten-inches long. A spider web of thick bulging veins were popping out along the thick penile stalk. The knob was purple and engorged, like a spongy oversized plumb. For boys his age, it was typical to have a monster cock. Over the years, human males had evolved that way. Their dicks got smaller the older they got into adulthood.

Possessed by lust, the horny teen crawled up onto the bed, prying his mom's gorgeous legs apart. He knew the best part of this was the fact that his mother was in a deep hyper-sleep so she didn't have to feel the initial

pain of having his giant dick cramming its way inside her. He knew for him, however, that process was gonna be immensely pleasurable.

He sunk down between the saddle of her silky thighs and dug his cum-drooling helmet into Heather's love-socket. The heat of her vaginal pit scorched his glans as he stretched his mom's cuntal opening with the huge knob of his cock.

"Ahh, mommy!" Adam squealed as his broad knob popped into his mother's treasure box.

He pushed forward and sighed as the corrugated ribs of his mom's pink cuntal lining stretched around the contours of his prick. His boner slowly inched its way to the bottom. The teen shuddered with wicked delight as he felt the wonders of having his meat fully sheathed in cupid's glove for the first time in his life.

Back in the control room, the little headset that Adam unwisely hung above the control screen came loose, as the craft blasted towards its assigned destination. The headset fell down against the screen on its side, in a way that accidentally modified their position of travel.

"Please confirm the change the coordinates to A310825?" the computer voice asked.

The headset then fell flat, hitting the confirmation button. It was a freaky mishap, that had probably rarely happened in space travel. Unfortunately, for Heather and her son, their destination had been substantially altered.

"Thank you. Changing coordinates to A310825," the autopilot announced.

Back in the hyper-sleep chamber, Adam was pounding his mom's dreamy cunt-mound with long ball-bumping thrusts. He held onto Heather's silky-smooth legs, which he had sort of twisted around him the best he could. He watched in spellbinding fascination as he made the huge round orbs of her tits roll up and down her chest, like big rippling pillows.

With exquisite resistance, his fat prick plunged along the delicate tube of her snug vagina. His thrusts were lubricated by the steady flow of pre-jizz that seeped from the cunt-smothered slit of his cock. With each downward thrust, he could feel his spongy knob lightly kiss the head of her cervix.

"Ohhh...ohhhh...oh, shit!" his voice trembled, more sexually excited than he'd ever been in his life, which made his dick tingle with magical sensations...ones that could only be created by the clutch of a mother's cunt.

He looked up at his mom's beautiful face. Her mouth was slightly parted as her head gently nodded from the vaginal assault she was receiving. He was struck with how incredibly beautiful she looked...like a matronly sleeping beauty, completely unaware of the strong blue-veined battering ram that was plowing through her sacred garden.

Adam's cock flexed powerfully, the muscles and tendons at the root of his boner bulging as they sustained the force of his frantic humping. "Hnnghh!" he snarled, fucking his mom like a lusty animal, making their crotches beat together. He trembled in delight, feeling his cunt-shrouded cock swell up even bigger, then it began spitting thick ropes of cock-milk, soaking Heather's birth canal. His grunts and groans echoed through the sleep chamber as his lean young ass bobbed up and down between Heather's splayed thighs. It was the first orgasm he'd ever had inside a woman's pussy and it felt incredible.

Adam suddenly panicked as the reality of what he'd just done kicked in. If his mom even suspected that he had fucked her while she slept, there would be hell to pay. With shaky hands, he frantically covered his tracks, putting his mom's suit back on the best he could and tucking his satisfied pecker back into his suit.

He closed her sleep capsule, then retreated to his own bed and prepared for the long trip home. Little did he know that 'home' was far from where they were going.

Heather's eyes fluttered open as she heard the familiar beeping and a flashing blue light that announced the end of their journey. As her capsule opened and she sat up, the mother looked inquisitively at a display, which tracked the time they slept by hours. It read: 443.

"Four-hundred and forty three hours... Oh shit!" she shouted in a panic, jumping to her feet. The mom paused to adjust the sleeves of her suit in which her mammoth breasts fit in, thinking it a bit odd that they were positioned incorrectly.

"Are we home?" Adam asked as he sat up groggily.

"I don't know. I think something's wrong," Heather replied as she rushed towards the control room.

"What do you mean something's wrong?" Adam fearfully asked as he followed quickly after her.

"The display says we've been in hyper-sleep for four-hundred and forty-three hours. The journey back to earth was only three. Are you sure you entered those coordinates correctly?" Heather worriedly asked.

Before he could answer, the huge breasted mom discovered the headset on the ground and jumped into the captain's seat to take action.

"Computer...give me our present coordinates please," she asked in a commanding tone.

"Present coordinates are A310825," the computer voice answered.

"No..." Heather muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. "No, that's wrong! Those aren't the coordinates for earth. Where are we?"

"Destination A310825," The computer answered.

"No, I want the fucking system! What system are we in?" Heather shouted impatiently.

Adam's heart was racing nervously. He'd never heard his mom use the F-bomb before. He realized by the way she was acting that their situation was serious.

"System unknown. Warning... fuel cells at low level," answered the computer.

"Of course they're low. We've been traveling for almost three weeks!" Heather exclaimed, then peered over at her boy. "Adam, honey...are you sure you entered the right flight code?"

"I know I did. The computer even confirmed it," he answered.

"Something must have happened. Computer...play back recorded footage from the control room, after the coordinates were entered," commanded Heather.

A holographic recording of the control room came up in front of them. Around it were smaller scenes taken at different parts of the craft around the same time. Heather fast-forwarded the footage, until she saw the headphones fall onto the control display.

"There! The headset must have fallen onto the display when the drives kicked in, and somehow altered our coordinates. Adam, that was a stupid decision. When you're piloting a ship, you have to pay attention to every move you make in the control room," Heather preached, glaring back at him.

Adam's eyes were drawn to movement on one of the smaller holographic screens. The mother noticed his sudden look of panic and turned to see what he was looking at.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" muttered Heather as her mouth fell open in shock. One of the smaller recordings was of the hyper-sleep chamber and her son banging the shit out of her.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed, horrified by what she was watching.

*"He fucked me! He fucked me while I was sleeping! How could he do such a thing?!"* she thought.

Adam's stomach sunk in dread and fear. "Mom, I...I, um..." Unable to formulate an explanation for what they were watching, the boy embarrassingly rushed out of the control room. He was screwed, and he knew it.

Situated at the rear of the family craft was the cozy living quarters, which included a tiny bunkroom for Adam. The boy sat there worriedly on his bunk for an hour before he heard his door slide open.

Heather stepped into his room. She had changed into a long white maxi dress, featuring a haltered top and double high slits, which allowed her beautiful legs to peek out as she walked. Her dainty bare feet gently tapped against the floor as she stepped over and sat down on the edge of Adam's bunk next to him.

"Hi," she awkwardly muttered in a sweet voice.

"Hi," Adam responded in a shameful tone, glancing at the tremendous swell of her tits pushing out the fabric of her dress. He also couldn't help but notice how much of her silky smooth legs were exposed through the slit of her dress as she sat there. They looked so strong and soft.

Heather could see the look of remorse on her son's face. *"He knows he did wrong. I'm not gonna sit here and lecture him about it. We have more serious issues to deal with,"* she told herself.

"Well...here's our situation," Heather stated. "Our fuel cells are nearly spent, so even if we tried to get home...well, we wouldn't get far. I can't get a communication signal, which means that wherever we are...it's far away from any other human-inhabited planet or spacecraft."

"Can someone find us out here?" Adam asked.

"Finding someone in the depths of space is like finding a needle in a haystack. It's unlikely," Heather somberly answered.

"So, what are we gonna do?"

"Well, the good news is we have everything here we need. These ships are equipped with enough food, water and power-cells to last ten lifetimes. Unfortunately, since we're low on fuel and can't contact anyone...there's only one thing we can do."

"What?"

"Close the outer hatches and set the ship for drift," Heather explained.

"Wow, I really did screw up, didn't I?" Adam admitted.

Heather reached over, took his hand and gave it a squeeze, like any loving mother would. "I'm not gonna lie, Adam. This WAS a major screw up, but you're young...and you were thinking with the head in your pants and not the one on your shoulders," she giggled.

"Yeah, um...about that. I'm really sorry that I..." he started, but Heather cut him off.

"Careful what you apologize for, honey," she warned.

"What do you mean?"

"If you apologize for being neglectful in the control room, then that's fine, but if you're gonna apologize for fucking me in the hyper-sleep chamber, just don't."

"Why?"

"Because you're not sorry, that's why," she smiled. "I'm sure it was much too big of a thrill and WAY too pleasurable for you to feel any regrets."

"True, but it was still wrong to take advantage of you like that. If you decide to tell dad...I'll completely understand."

There was a short silence, then Adam looked over to see his mom sniffing, with a tear running down her cheek. "First of all, I don't need your father's help in handing down some discipline, but secondly...honey, we could be billions of miles from home, which means there's a good chance that we may never see your father again...ever."

"I'm sorry," the boy sighed in dread, then shared a hug with his mom. Given what had just happened, he tried to ignore the two giant squishy mounds crushed against his chest.

"Come on...you can help me power down the ship," she said, keeping his hand in hers as she stood up.

The two of them went back to the control room to power down the engines and set the spacecraft for drift mode. "What are those?" Adam asked, looking out the windows and watching huge metallic coverings enclose around the entire craft and lock into place.

"Those are the emergency hatches that will protect us from any space debris while we drift. We'll basically be just another rock floating through space, unless our distress signal reaches someone," she pointed out.

"What a helpless feeling."

"Yes...but we're together and we have everything we need to stay alive. That's something," Heather reminded him.

"True."

"You must be hungry. Let's get you some lunch and we'll talk about an appropriate punishment for what happened earlier," his mom suggested.

In the small galley of the spacecraft, Adam watched his mother make him a meal. His eyes feasted on the oversized mounds of breast-meat wobbling around on her chest as she worked.

They both ate without saying much...somber by the fact that they were lost...and didn't have the power to try to find their way back. Heather finally broke the silence.

"You took advantage of a situation, Adam, and that was wrong. I figured out what I want your punishment to be."

"What?" he asked.

"I want you to watch the footage with me."

"The footage?"

"Yes, the recording of you in the hyper-sleep chamber, going about your naughty business. I want you to watch it with me."

"Oh come on, mom...it's embarrassing," Adam blushed.

"There's no getting out of this, Adam. You agreed that there should be consequences," Heather reminded him. "Get something comfy on and meet me in the great room."

Adam went back to his room and changed into shorts and a t-shirt. Heather was waiting for him in the great room when he got there. It was a cozy little space, with a big fluffy lounge the size of a king-sized bed.

Heather was sitting in the center of the lounge with her gorgeous legs curled to the side. She patted the cushion in front of her.

"Come sit," she said softly.

Adam crawled onto the lounge and sat in front of his mom. Heather got up onto her knees behind him, tucking his hips between her open thighs. She leaned down against his back, resting her hands on his shoulders.

Adam let out an audible sigh as he felt her gigantic tits squash softly against his back. Braless beneath the thin gown, Heather's udders felt like soft warm bread-dough rolling out against the teenager's body. Her face now hovered over his shoulder and Adam could smell the sweet perfume she'd just applied.

"Playback, please," Heather loudly said.

Just in front of them, a huge holographic image appeared. It was the footage from the hyper-sleep chamber, starting with Heather taking the sleeping gas, with her capsule closed.

"So, how long had this naughty little plan been brewing in that handsome head of yours?" she asked.

"A couple days," Adam confessed.

"Wow, that long? Waiting must have been the hardest part."

"Yes," the teen answered, feeling awkward and embarrassed having to confess these things in front of his mom.

They watched the footage of Adam opening his mom's capsule and feasting his lusty eyes on her voluptuous body. His gaze followed Heather's legs down to her sexy bare feet.

"Your adrenalin must have be pumping about now. Did you enjoy looking at my legs and feet?" Heather asked him.

"Yes," Adam blushed.

In the footage, Adam's attention was now fully on Heather's bountiful breasts.

"Not as much as you liked staring at other things obviously," she teased.

They watched as Adam's hand bravely wandered to his mom's tits and began gently kneading their spongy flesh.

"Those big breasts have always fascinated you, haven't they, sweetheart?" Heather whispered, fully aware of her boy's naughty fetish.

"Uh-huh," Adam muttered.

"I suppose that's my fault. Your father always said I should have weaned you off breast feeding a lot sooner."

In the footage Adam spent some time squeezing Heather's massive mammaries. As he awkwardly watched with his mom, Adam could feel his cock rising in his shorts as he recalled how thrilling the experience had been. His mom's squishy tits against his back and her sexy breath at his ear wasn't helping.

"You were really enjoying yourself, weren't you?" she giggled, watching her boy handle her knockers.

"They felt nice," he admitted.

"I'm surprised you're not sucking on them by now," Heather whispered, gently massaging her son's shoulders with her hands. "Or that you didn't crawl on top of me and put your hard dick between them for a tittie-fuck."

Adam couldn't believe his mom had just suggested that. She had never really initiated sexual discussions with him before. He was simply too nervous and turned on to respond, so he watched himself continue to squeeze and shake her fatty mounds of breast-meat.

"I think you could you could have spent the whole three-hour trip playing with those big things," Heather giggled.

In the footage Adam shed his mother's outfit, then leaned over and smelt his mom's fragrant pussy.

"Smelt a little stronger and fresher than all those panties, didn't it?" she asked.

"What panties?" Adam asked.

"Don't 'what panties' me, buster. We moms aren't that stupid you know," she playfully scolded. Heather was quite used to finding her delicate undergarments painted with her boy's spunk.

They watched as Adam's tongue ran down Heather's quim and flailed at her butt-hole.

"You little ass-kisser!" Heather joked, giving him a peck on the cheek and making him laugh.

In the footage, Adam released his monster cock and gave it a few eager strokes.

*"My God, his dick is so big!"* her mind gasped. *"How did I even take all that."*

"Your poor prick. It must have been really throbbing after playing with my tits and licking my pussy for that long," his mom cooed. She was so close he could feel her breath in his ear, while her hands continued to knead at her boy's strong shoulders. Together, they watched as Adam crawled up onto the bed between his mom's legs and worked his cock inside of her.

"So I have to know, Mr. Naughty-pants...was this first time you ever penetrated a woman?" she asked.

"Yeah," Adam answered, a bit embarrassed to be admitting that.

"Well, look at that...I got my son's cherry and didn't even know it," Heather smiled.

In the footage, Adam started to fuck away at Heather's limp, sleeping body, bringing her legs up around him.

"Well, one thing's for sure, you wouldn't know it was your first time. You're in pretty good form there, Romeo," said Heather, watching her son take long deep thrusts.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

*"Wow, there's no doubt that would have felt amazing...if I was awake for it,"* she thought.

"One thing you could have tried here is hooking my legs up over your shoulders. It would have given you a little more control, and allowed you to have a greater depth of penetration," the mom advised.

"I don't think I could have gone any deeper, honestly."

Heather looked at him with surprise, her tummy tingling. "You were hitting my cervix?" she asked.

"I think so. All I know is I couldn't push it in any deeper."

*"Good grief! I can't remember the last time I had one that big,"* she thought..

The beautiful mother stared at him a moment in wonder. She hadn't felt a man plunder the back wall of her vagina for as long as she could remember. Her husband simply didn't have the size for it. When her eyes looked back at the holograph, she saw her tits roll up and down her chest as Adam shook her body with the power of his fuck-thrusts.

"Look at my big girls go!" Heather cheered.

"That was definitely fresh," confessed her son.

"Yeah, I bet it was, you little breast-hound," Heather teased, watching her boy's young toned ass bob wildly between her legs. Her nipples hardened in arousal.

"You know, for your first-time in the saddle, you're really lasting a long time. That's impressive," Heather praised. "Did I feel really tight?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his boner flexing as he thought back on the exquisite grip of his mom's hot juicy cunt.

"Well, when you're having sex a woman who's AWAKE, she can squeeze your erection with her pussy muscles and make it even more pleasurable for you."

In the footage, Adam's body quivered as he squirted his load deep inside Heather's juice-box. "Well, I suppose it was a good thing our trip was three hours. Any less and I might have had all that goo running down my legs," Heather giggled.

"Sorry, I should have at least pulled out."

"Well, pulling out's no fun at all," his mom confessed, watching her son struggle to get her suit back on. "I'm sure getting that suit back onto my body was no easy task."

"Another detail I didn't consider when I took it off," Adam admitted.

"Lay your head down here on my lap, honey," said Adam's mom invitingly.

Adam sprawled onto his back, with his head resting on Heather's lap. The way her beautiful face peered down over the giant swell of her breasts made his heart race excitedly. His mom tenderly stroked her fingers through his hair as she spoke. "What you did in that video was wrong, but it's also made me realize something."

"What's that?"

"Even though we're lost in deep space, and may never be found, I'm gonna be OK, and so are you...because we have each other."

"I'll do whatever I can to take care of you, mom...I promise."

Heather smiled while gazing down at him. "Yeah...I guess we found that out didn't we?" she giggled.

"Yes."

"Well, if someone doesn't find us, I'm gonna be in the market for a new man," she winked. "Keep that in mind."

"I most certainly will."

"Good. Come up here and give me a hug."

Adam got onto his knees and as his mom moved forward, then playfully pushed him down onto his back. She followed him down, until she was laying on top of him with her big squishy tits sandwiched between them.

"Not so big and bad when mom's awake, are we?" she teased.

Adam quickly rolled them over so that he was now on top, with Heather on her back.

"You were saying?" he asked confidently.

She gazed up at him adoringly.

"This may not be so bad," Heather muttered.

"What?"

"Being lost aboard a ship, billions of miles from home, with my strong, horny teenaged son."

"I'm always that way when I'm around you, mom. I can't help it," he admitted, pressing his erect cock against Heather's snatch through their clothing.

"Well, in a typical mom-son relationship that may be a little weird, but given our current situation it may actually turn out to be a good thing," she said, while brushing the hair back from his eyes.

"Really? Why's that?" Adam asked.

"Well, we may be family, but we're still man and woman after all. We get urges...and lucky for us, we both like to fuck."

Adam's insides tingled as he realized what she was suggesting. "True...at least I know I do," he admitted.

"Well, where do you think you get all your horny tendencies from?" Heather smiled. "Certainly not your father."

"Dad doesn't want sex all the time?" he asked.

"He wants it fair amount, but it can still be frustrating for a spouse that wants it all day, every day, like I do."

"I guess we're the same that way then," Adam confessed.

"It's a little too early yet for us to be acting like sex-crazed newlyweds , but if it does turn out that we'll truly be spending the rest of our lives together aboard this ship..." Heather said, then lowered her head to whisper in his ear. "We're gonna fuck our asses off."

Adam's heart about leaped out of his chest. Not only was the f-bomb leaving her mouth a huge turn-on, but the idea that he could be beating his own tender dick through his mom's willing pussy was enough to make him jump out of his skin with excitement.

Heather knew that despite how horny she was, jumping right into bed with her son wasn't the most responsible thing to do. After all, by now they had been reported missing back home and there was likely a thorough search going on for them. It was a stretch, but there was still a tiny possibility that they could be located.

*"It's only been three weeks. I have to give my husband more time...I owe him that. I can't just go throwing my legs open for Adam just yet,"* she told herself.

Days turned to weeks, and even the glimmer of hope they had of being found began to fade away. Adam and Heather's relationship began to take a journey down a different path. They continued to act like mother and son, for the most part, but there was also a lot of flirting and sexual tension.

Sitting at the table eating together, their eyes met and lingered in a gaze for the longest time. There were a million things going through their minds at that moment, but most of all...desire.

*"I'm becoming obsessed with him,"* Heather told herself.

The mother spit her tongue at her boy playfully, and he stuck his out in return.

"Need a place to put that tongue?" she teased, running her toes up his calf beneath the table.

"Sure."

"Maybe I have a tasty little place you can put it," she suggested in a sensual tone, as she stood up from the table.

"Really?"

"Yeah...if you can catch me that is."

Heather ran out of the room giggling, her huge breasts leaped up and down and Adam got up and chased after her.

She made it to the bathroom before he could catch her and the door slid closed and locked. Arriving soon after, Adam gave it a few playful pounds.

"You cheat!" he exclaimed.

"Do not."

"Open the door then."

"Why? So you can fuck me?" Heather giggled.

"Maybe," the boy answered.

"Don't you think you should ask me to be your girlfriend first."

"Fine! Will you be my girlfriend?" he asked.

A hologram display lit up next to the door. It was his mom's image from inside the bathroom. Adam watched her smile into camera. "Let me take a shower, then I'll come out and give you my answer."

"Oh, all right...I guess I'll go play some hallow-games or something." Adam frowned.

As he started to turn, he heard his mom call him in a naughty tone. "Aaaaddddaamm," her sexy voice sang.

Adam looked back at the hologram to see his mom's back to the camera as she slowly unzipped her gown. Heather peeked back over her shoulder teasingly as she continued to peel her outfit off, all the way down to the crack of her meaty ass. She slipped her arms from the sleeves and Adam could make out the drooping contours of her enormous tit-melons.

Heather gazed straight into the camera with a look that could turn any guy to mush. "All joking aside, are you serious about wanting to be my new boyfriend?" she asked.

"Of course."

"I'll be right out," she said in a sultry tone.

It was nearly a half-hour later when Heather emerged from the bathroom. Adam was in the main living area playing a holographic game. He couldn't help from being distracted when he noticed what his mom was wearing.

Heather sashayed across the room in a white terry-cloth halter-wrap. It quite literally looked as though she had nothing but a flimsy little towel wrapped around her, which fell only two inches below her crotch and left all of her long golden-brown legs exposed.

"Are you playing that silly game again?" Heather asked as she sat on the edge of the cushion beside him.

"Yeah, you wanna play?"

"You'll have to show me," she smiled.

Adam scooted over beside his mom until their hips touched. She smelt divine. He handed her the controller. "It's pretty simple really. These buttons control you're ships steering and this is you're blaster," Adam explained.

"Oh, my blaster huh?" she giggled.

Heather began playing the game and as she did Adam's eyes wandered to her gigantic breasts. The halter top had slipped down a bit, leaving the top eight inches of her boobs exposed. The site of her long deep cleavage made Adam's cock drool with pre-cum.

Each time Heather would move her tits would wobble heavily, which was a real treat for Adam to watch.

The mother laid down on her back beside him, slightly turned as she continued to play the game. She rested one of her bare feet up on his shoulder, curled her other leg, bowing it open teasingly.

When Adam looked down he could see her pussy clearly displayed as the wrap had bunched up at her waist. Her vulva was now completely shaved. Protruding from her puffy outer lips was the thick fleshy hood of her clitoris.

"Enjoying the view, sweetheart?" Heather asked with a flirty smile.

"Sorry," Adam blushed, looking away.

Heather handed him the controller and placed a foot on her son's thigh. "I wasn't asking for an apology, silly. I just wanted to know if you liked what you were looking at."

"Yeah, probably more than I should," Adam confessed.

"Aww, poor baby...trapped aboard a tiny ship with his huge breasted mom," she teased, squeezing her breasts between her forearms and making them balloon obscenely.

"I'm not complaining," the boy admitted.

"Neither am I," she sensually said, gazing into his eyes. "It could be fun spending my days with a little boobie-monster."

"I like spending my days with you."

"Do you?" asked Heather, staring into her son's eyes adoringly. "Enough to start spending your NIGHTS with me also?"

"Sure!" Adam blurted, his tummy tingling with excitement.

Heather stood up and reached down for his hand. "Come on...I wanna show you our bedroom," she softly said.

Adam took her hand and the matronly beauty led her son across the great room. Her big meaty ass swayed seductively as she strode towards her bedroom on bare feet.

"Lights!" she shouted, making them dim to darkness behind them.

"It feels kind of funny, going to you and dad's room," Adam shared, pausing as his mom pulled him towards her bedroom.

Heather turned towards him.

"Your dad's no longer a part of our lives, Adam. He's just a memory now," the mother softly stated.

"I'm sure he's still searching," Adam speculated.

"Probably, yes...but he'll most likely never find us and eventually tire of trying. He'll find another sweetheart and remarry, and his life will go on without us. So, I guess that makes this MY room now. My room to share with my new sweetheart," she said with a cute little smile.

Heather stepped towards her son, curling her arms around his neck as she moved in for a hug.

Adam's knees shuddered as he felt her colossal udders kiss his chest. His mom rested her forehead against his, staring into his big blue eyes. "Do you wanna be mom's new love interest, honey?" she whispered.

Adam's cock was pulsing with excitement. His boner was causing a big tent in shorts and pressed lightly against Heather's tummy as they hugged. "Yes, please," he muttered back.

"I think being alone with mom, a billion miles from home has gotten somebody excited," she teased, pressing her belly a little harder against his boner.

She rose up onto her tippy-toes, her silky-smooth calves flexing as she brought her lips to her son's ear. "I'm excited too. I couldn't have asked for a more gorgeous boyfriend," she told him anxiously.

"Thanks, and I never dreamed I'd have a girlfriend as pretty as you," Adam replied.

"I'm flattered," she blushed. Ready to check out our bedroom?"

"Let's do it!"

They went inside and the door slid closed behind them. Heather led him through a short corridor and Adam's eyes got big as he caught sight of a huge fluffy bed. "Wow, that's the largest bed I've ever seen," he exclaimed.

"It's no fun sleeping in it alone. It'll be nice to have a bed buddy," she smiled.

"I won't snore...I promise."

"The drawers at the base of the bed on that side will be yours, but no rush moving your stuff over."

"True, I'll have all the time in the world."

Heather nudged him teasingly. "Not with a sexually demanding girlfriend you won't," she teased. "I have one more mission for you, captain cutie-pie, then we'll get into bed and snuggle."

"What's my mission?" he eagerly asked.

"Do you remember that day you dropped me off at Orion Intergalactic Mall, I had a bag from a negligee shop that I asked you to stow away for me?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"The item that was in that bag was something I bought for the man in my life. Since I haven't worn it yet...and YOU'RE my man now, why don't you go get it and I'll try it on for you," she flirtily suggested.

"On it!" Adam blurted eagerly, then rushed back out of the room.

It had been nearly a month now since he'd been in the control room. It felt weird being there...like he was on a dark abandoned vessel that may never be flown again. He quickly retrieved what he was there to get, then headed back to the bedroom. "Got it!" he announced, handing the shopping bag to his mother.

"Get undressed and climb into bed. I'll be right out," Heather told him, stepping into the adjoining bathroom.

Adam stripped naked and climbed into the bed as his mother directed. He anxiously waited for the beauty to return.

"What do you think?" his mom's sweet voice asked as she stepped from the bathroom.

"Fresh!" Adam gasped, his eyes widening at the sight of her. Heather was wearing a skimpy white crisscross style bralette and matching panties. The top featured a halter neck, with sheer straps of floral lace that crisscrossed over her humongous breasts. This created a wonderful triangle of exposed tit-cleavage right in the center of the mother's chest. The peek-a-boo style panties had much the same design in the back. There were two lace straps crossing Heather's rounded butt-cheeks, leaving an exposed triangle of ass-flesh. She swung her rounded derriere around to give her son a look at the back. "Do you like it, baby?" she asked sweetly.

"Seriously, mom? You have to ask?"

Heather giggled. "Well, no...I guess that bulge beneath the blanket should have told me all I needed to know," she said, glancing down at his tented crotch.

"It's almost always this hard when I'm around you," Adam confessed.

"Well, that's a good thing now," his sexy mom told him as she stood at the edge of the bed. "Because you'll DEFINITELY need that dreamy dick of yours to be hard, since it's our first night together."

Adam noticed she was wearing a mysterious wrist band. "What's that thing?" he asked.

"OFF!!" the mother shouted, and the thick blanket covering Adam suddenly flew upward, sticking against the ceiling.

"Whoa, that was fresh!" the boy gasped as he laid there naked.

Heather giggled, placing her hands on her waist and making her tits balloon outward. "You haven't seen anything yet. Are you sure you wanna be mine, baby?" she asked.

"I'm sure."

She fed him a satisfied smile. "BRING HIM TO ME...FACE FIRST!" the mother shouted.

A mysterious invisible force lifted the teen from the bed and zipped him down near his mom. "WHOA!" he reacted, hovering there in the air with his face pointed at Heather. He had heard of this fancy new technology that allowed couples to manipulate their environment, but he had no idea his parents had purchased one to put inside the family space craft.

"The gas in the hyper sleep chamber allowed you to have your way with me, remember?" she asked, bringing her face close to his.

"Yes," he answered.

Heather lifted the bracelet for him to see. A bright powerful-looking glow emanated from inside of it. "This is MY sleeping gas...and now I get to have my way with you. RECLINE HIM!" she commanded.

Adam quickly flipped over in the air, in a position that had him reclined back. Heather gazed lustfully at the huge column of cock-meat sticking up just past his belly button.

"Am I suppose to be able to move?" the boy asked, a bit alarmed by the fact that he was suspended there, unable to move an inch.

"No...not for awhile anyway," Heather giggled. "LET ME FLOAT!" she shouted.

He watched her float up high into the air, like some nearly nude Goddess, smiling down on him. It was as if the air in the room had suddenly switched to zero gravity. "Mommy's going to show you what it means to be hers," she stated.

Heather stripped away the negligee and her giant naked tits bobbed around on her chest, making Adam's cock stir. He also had a birds-eye view the shaved snatch crowning her long gorgeous legs. He could clearly see the thick pink hood of her clitoris peeking from the cleft of her pudenda.

Her bare foot pushed off his chest and her body flipped gracefully, like a female diver in slow motion and she gradually lowered back down towards her son, head first. "You had your way with mommy...and now mommy's gonna have her way with you," she smiled, grazing her nails along his chest. "SPRINKLE HIM WITH EDGING DUST!" she commanded.

"Edging dust?" Adam nervously asked.

"It'll allow you to get to the brink of orgasm, but won't allow you to come...until I'm ready for you to."

Heather's legs were flexed, her sexy feet pointed straight up as she pushed off her son's chest. Her gorgeous body floated up away from his, her legs gradually swinging into a huge spread eagle, so her toes were pointed towards opposite ends of the room.

Adam's eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared up at her wonderful cunt. He could even see her puckered butt hole between the big rounded cheeks of her ass.

Heather slowly did a back flip, rolling her voluptuous body until she was literally doing a handstand on her son's chest. Her big knockers gracefully danced as she moved. Now, her legs were dropping again and as they fell, her face lowered down to within six inches of Adam's.

The look on her face was amazing. Adam had never seen that look before. It was the look of lust and the thrill of watching her boy's reaction as she performed for him. "LUBRICATE HIS PENIS!" she said loudly.

Adam heard a hissing sound and felt his dick suddenly become wet with lubrication. Heather bent her knees and kept her legs bowed open as she slowly lowered onto her teen.

"Ahhh!" gasped Adam as he felt his mom's puffy vulva rest against the underside of his shaft. Now straddling him in mid-air, his mom leaned down, squashing her oversized jugs against his lean chest.

"Baby, we'll do plenty of passionate love making, but this isn't one of those time. This time is about mom working month's worth of sexual frustration out on you," she whispered sensually, then began attacking his neck with tender licks. He felt his mom reach down and grasp his erection, fitting the knob to the split of her twat.

"Ahhh, Goddamn!" the boy's excited mind exclaimed as felt his manhood sink into his mom's tight creamy sheath.

The heavy chested mother hooked her arms around him as she prepared to fuck the hell out of her young new boyfriend. "Here we go, baby!" her voice quivered anxiously.

Suddenly, Heather set her wide motherly hips in motion. It was like someone just started a fuck-engine inside of her. Her big round buttocks began rising and falling, steading humping her pussy around the satisfying stiffness of Adam's cock.

The sound of flesh beating together filled the bedroom as the mother found a rhythm. "SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!"

It was clear by his mom's words and actions that this wasn't one of those bonding moments. Right now he was just a piece of meat for her own sexual gratification. He winced as his mom dug her long nails into his back, clutching onto his lean body in mid-air, while hammering his steely hard dick though her vagina.

Adam couldn't believe this was happening. It was a surreal moment realizing his own mom was harnessed around him, using his body for her own personal needs.

"YES! OHHH!!" the busty beauty cried out, feeling her boy's sturdy boner plunge through her most secret place.

"Ahhh!" her boy whimpered, feeling the wonderful inner-workings of her snug mommy-vagina around his glans and shaft. Lubricated by their pre-ejaculate, their genitals pumped together like a piston of pink vaginal and penile flesh.

Motionless and helpless to her assault, the boy felt his mom intensify her fuck-thrusts as she worked towards a powerful climax. He could feel her tits sloshing as they lay squashed between them. Within minutes she was screaming out in orgasm, shaking, grasping and humping on top of him shamelessly.

"Holy shit!" the boy's mind exclaimed wondrously as she smacked her wet crotch against his cock-hilt and held it there, grinding up and back in full penetration.

"BRING HIM UPRIGHT!" Heather shouted in a pleasure-stricken tone. She continued to cling and grind on her boy as the mysterious gravitational force followed her command.

Now Adam was upright, like he was standing there, suspended in mid-air with a his busty mom clinging to him. She tightened her powerful silky legs around his hips. The muscles in Heather's perspiration-sheened body were flexing and straining as she fucked her boy with all her might. "YESSS! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE!!" she cried out, jabbing his cock in as deep as it could go, stretching out her uteri.

Adam's back was covered with log red scratch marks as his mom continued to claw at him. She clamped her pretty white teeth on the flesh of his neck, biting him hard as she squealed with another mind-blowing climax. Even though it hurt some, the boy knew not to complain. His mom needed him to be her sexual scratching post. Besides, the exquisite sensations around his boy-meat far surpassed the pain he felt from her biting and scratching.

Hot female ejaculate trickled down onto the bed below as it bubbled out from between their humping crotches. Still working her hips, Heather leaned back, separating their chests, but still holding on to her son's shoulders.

Adam was mesmerized, watching her giant tits wobble back and forth, while his mom rocked her pretty head back in ecstasy. Her long beautiful mane of hair hung down and she gazed at her boy a moment in wild-eyed lust.

"This is amazing!" Adam whispered.

It was clear that his mom too absorbed in her own pleasure to answer. "MOVE HIM TO THE PRONE POSITION!" she shouted.

As Adam fell forward, the limber beauty folded herself in half beneath him, propping her ankles on his shoulders. "LET HIM HANG ONTO ME!"

"Hold my legs, Adam!" his mom gasped as she began humping her ass up at him, smacking it against his crotch. "Ohh, God, yesss!" the mother's voice quivered.

Each time his mother had an orgasm, her pelvic floor muscles would tighten up, causing even more intense friction on his tender peter. If it weren't for the edging dust, he would have cum a long time ago. He held on to his mom's lovely legs while she swung her ass up over and over, beating it against his crotch, jabbing his unyielding boner through her vaginal grip.

"Ahhh!" Adam gasped, feeling the wonderful sensations surround his penis. By this time it had been nearly two hours since his mom had started fucking. The hypersexual mother was tireless in her assault, going at her boy heatedly, like a huge titted sexual athlete.

"You're not tiring out on me, are you, lover?" his mom asked, gazing up at him.

"No way!"

"Good, because I'm not even close to being finished with you," she panted. "LAY HIM DOWN FLAT!" she shouted.

Heather held on to her son as he was flipped over. She let her silky legs hang down astride him, straddling him like a horse as they continued to hover in the air fucking. She bounced against his crotch and young Adam gasped as he watched her colossal tits leap up and down. Heather's oversized knockers swung in a hypnotizing pattern, moving out from her chest in wide circles and smacking together, making the spongy flesh ripple delightfully.

His eyes drifted up to his mom's beautiful face. Her eyes were closed and her bee stung lips slightly parted as she panted in ecstasy. It made his heart swell knowing he was giving his mom extraordinary pleasure.

Heather leaned down, grasping on to her son's shoulders and hooked her feet up over his thighs for stability. Then the mother bobbed her thick ass up and down, continuing to plunge his rod through her snug birth canal.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her soft warm tit-melons brush against his face as they bobbed around to her steady humping.

Adam's boner flexed in the tight pink grip of his mom's vagina. It was soaked in secretions, allowing it to plow through her love-hole at just the pace she desired. It wasn't long before the boy's pipe of pleasure brought his

mom off again. Heather trembled, screaming out in divine ecstasy, spewing hot girl-cum all over the steely hardness of her boy's cock.

"SLOW OUR MOVEMENTS!" the mother shouted.

Heather began to quickly sit up, but as she did everything seemed to suddenly move in slow motion.

Adam watched his mom's chest rise. Everything inside his head was moving at normal speed, but the world around him was moving very slowly. "*Whoa, this is crazy!*" he thought. "*I didn't know the technology could do this!*"

Right before his eyes, his mom's pendulous wonders separated from Heather's tummy gradually swinging up higher and higher above the teens ogling eyes until they finally reached their highest point and he was staring at the huge melonous undersides of his mom's fat tits.

"*Holy shit, look at that!*" Adam's brain screamed as he watched the weight of her huge jugs began to shift downward.

He could actually see the rippling waves of fatty flesh moving along the undersides of Heather's huge breasts as they fell back towards her tummy. The mother had a naughty smile on her face, her eyes glazed with delight and fixed on her son's, watching his reaction.

The plummeting udders finally collided with her tummy again and shuttered like jello jiggling in slow motion. An action that should have lasted a few seconds had become one full minute of cock-pulsing enjoyment.

Time suddenly returned to normal and Adam gasped with excitement. "Wow!"

"I take it you enjoyed that?" Heather giggled.

"That was amazing!"

"Well, if you liked that...you're gonna love this," she said, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "SLOW OUR MOVEMENTS FOR ONE HOUR!" she commanded.

"*Oh my God!*" Adam wildly thought as his entire cock was gradually sheathed in a way he'd never forget. Moving this slowly, it took an entire pleasurable minute for his boner just to travel the length of his mom's vagina. This gave him a chance to enjoy every wonderful ridge of her cuntal lining as it slowly slipped over the meat of his tender pink boner. He felt his cum-drooling knob land against the rubbery head of his mother's cervix. Heather's fleshy meat curtains parted as they spread out against her son's cock base.

"OHHHHHHH SHIT!" Adam thought as his eyes rolled back a little. In slow motion, he could really feel the back of his mom's pussy in wonderful detail. Female evolution had caused a woman's external o's to elongate, forming a big fleshy ring at the entrance to her womb. Bottoming out had caused Adam's knob to completely disappear inside the cervical head, where hot slippery mucus sizzled on his glans.

Heather's lips began to curl into a naughty little smile as she studied her son's reaction. She was glad she had sprinkled him with edging dust. It allowed him to achingly ride on the edge of an orgasm for hours without cumming.

She squeezed her cunt-muscles expertly, clutching her new man's prick in her greedy cunt. "*It's so big and thick...and it's all mine,*" she thought.

As they continued humping in slow motion, Heather quickened her fuck-rhythm, so that, in slow-motion, one power thrust lasted about fifteen seconds, before their crotches smacked together in an wet echoing THUD!

Adam watched his mom lower one of her huge breasts to his mouth. It was quite the sight watching her wide thick areola and fat nipple slowly descend to his mouth. *"Holy fuck, I'm gonna suck mom's tits!"* his brain excitedly shouted.

As Heather's papilla slipped into her boy's mouth, his wonder-filled face sunk into spongy flesh of her tit. *"WHOA!!"* the teen's brain gasped as he became masked in warm tit-meat.

Over the next hour, Adam felt his mom's meaty melon slosh against his smothered face as he sucked at her nipple to his heart's content. All this, while feeling his cock slowly swallowed by her juicy cunt over two-hundred times.

Having his beautiful curvy mom cum on him in slow-motion was something he'd never forget. Her screams were long and drawn out. The feel of her trembling flesh at that speed was unlike anything he ever imagined experiencing. Then, there was the feel of her cunt-sleeve contracting around his cock, the rows of corrugated ribs along her lining sucking wetly at his glans and shaft. In slow-motion, feeling her female ejaculate blast from her urethral meatus and swirl hotly around his prick was mind-blowing. Every squeeze, every cry, every thrust was accentuated a thousand-fold at this speed. The hour seemed to last forever and they both loved it.

As soon as the hour was up, their bodies suddenly continued fucking vigorously at normal speed. His mom's nipple was yanked from Adam's mouth and replaced by her lips. They kissed passionately, their tongues dueling in an excited frenzy for several minutes. The mother continued to pump her cunt on her boy's prick ceaselessly. *"Are you ready to cum, baby?"* she gasped between kisses. *"Are you ready to shoot a juicy load inside your girlfriend?"*

*"Yes!"* the boy excitedly answered.

*"REMOVE HIS EDGING DUST, THEN SLOW US DOWN AGAIN!"* the mom shouted.

Once again, time moved in slow-motion. The teens ogling eyes watched his mom's boobies put on a show, swinging and rippling slowly, above his lustful gaze. After ten minutes and nearly forty juicy cunt-plunges, he felt his orgasm begin to swell. At this speed, his climax was greatly intensified. His entire body shuddered in reaction to the most intense cum he'd ever experienced. Huge ropes of hot semen blasted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit, splattering against his mother's walls. Adam could never have imagined that he'd experience a ten minute orgasm, but that's exactly what happened and his mind was blown by every second of it.

*"Wow!"* he gasped breathlessly, as time returned to normal and they lay there holding each other in mid-air.

Heather lifted her head and gazed down into her boy's eyes. *"So, do you think you're gonna enjoy being lost in space with mom?"* she teased.

*"Immensely,"* Adam answered.

They lowered to the bed and drifted off to sleep, holding each other's naked bodies the entire time.

Adam woke up surrounded in moms. *"WHOA!"* he exclaimed in shock, quickly sitting up in bed. This cause all the clones of Heather to giggle. There must have been thirty of them, all exactly the same and all completely naked. Some where in bed with him, others floated in various parts of the room. They all gaze at him like a flock of hungry vultures.

Adam rubbed his eyes, thinking he must be dreaming, but they were all still there when he brought his hands down. *"Which one of you is my real mom?"* he asked.

*"Over here, baby,"* Heather answer, standing in sexy pose in the corner, with her tits thrust out.

"How many of you are there?"

"There can be a few," she answered.

"Or there can be hundreds," the mom sitting next to him whispered with a mischievous smile.

Adam looked around at the multitude of sexy moms all around him. They all looked exactly alike, big tits and all, and they all gazed at him in pure lust.

"Holy shit!" he muttered, making all the moms giggle at his reaction.

His real mom hovered over the bed, looking down at him. "So you see, my love...I can give you that wonderful one-on-one loving, like we had earlier," she said.

Another mom leaned over, squashing her enormous jugs against him. "Or, I can bury you in mommies," she whispered.

She fell onto his chest and began licking at his neck. A mom's body suddenly appeared beneath him, so he was now trapped between two sets of huge boobs. Each mom flailed her thick tongue against his neck, while others began clawing at him.

He felt soft hands pulling and groping at his cock and balls. He felt what had to be four, five...maybe even six tongues twirling against his fat cock-head. Of course by this time his dick was rock hard again.

"You can spend all day smothered in big-breasted moms," Heather's sweet voice whispered at his ear.

"Sucking and chewing on their titties," the voice at the other ear said.

The mothers piled on the bed, determined to kiss, lick and suck the boy's flesh. Adam threw his head back, gasping in delight as he felt dozens of lips and whipping lickers shower his body with lusty affection.

His mom's face almost magically emerged from between two of the dangling breasts, her mouth moving right up against his and kissing him passionately.

"Can you smell it, baby?" One voice asked, while he made out with his mom-clone.

"All the hot horny pussy," another added.

A mouth appeared above his eyes as he continued to suck face with another. "They all wanna be fucked by that big strong cock. To pull all the cum out of those big baby-soft balls," the mouth whispered.

Adam could feel the fingers of multiple hands squeezing his scrotum with their long painted nails, digging into the tender meat of his nuts.

"Can you feel it, baby?" One of the moms asked.

"Can you feel the hungry pussy swallowing you?" Another finished.

Adam felt his cock sink into the hot juicy grip of a tight pussy. He would have answered, but the mom at his lips was sucking his tongue like a cock. His erection glided up and down the warm clutches of a mom-clone's cunt. Oddly, he could still feel the half-dozen tongues fluttering against his manhood as well.

"Ohhhh, that's what you want, isn't it, sweetheart? You wanna spend your day fucking pussies...." one voice said.

"And fucking mouths..." another continued as Adam felt the wet warmth of his mom's mouth plastered around his own.

"And fucking buttoles..." the voice at his ear hissed. The cunt suddenly became the tight searing heat of Heather's ass. He could feel her elastic butt-ring pulsing and squeezing around the base of his shaft, while his fat knob soaked deep in her rectum.

"Blowing load after load of hot creamy cum into your mother," another voice said.

That was about all Adam could take. The huge soft titties...the lashing tongues...and now the warm grinding feel of his mom's humping ass was just too much for him. His lean body gave off a few involuntary jerks as his cum-load rocketed up his cock.

He let out a guttural grunt, which was muffled by a meaty boob that drug across his face.

The ass in his lap was rocking wilding as Heather's clone stirred her bowels with her Adam's big spoon. Hot blasts of cum splattered against the walls of her shit-chute as Adam came with furious intensity.

The moms giggled as they heard Adam groaning beneath the pile of smothering breasts.

As his super-orgasm subsided, Adam became aware that there were no longer copies of his mom piled on top of him. There was just one...the one who had been watching all along as she floated majestically in a standing position above him, her cute little toes pointed downward. Her monstrous tits jutted way out from her chest, with fat aroused nipples at their peaks

"Is it my turn now?" She asked lovingly.

As if diving beneath the ocean, Heather's body rolled forward and moved face-first towards her son. Her little bare feet fluttered behind her, propelling her body down to his, where she stopped just short of his face.

Adam felt his mom's hands touch his chest as her lips moved in for a slow, soft kiss.

His eyes traveled past his mom's head, gazing up at her long matronly frame. His body shivered as he looked at the swell of her rounded bubble butt and the backside of her long silky-smooth legs as they pointed straight up at the ceiling.

Heather bent one of her legs back playfully, clenching her cute little toes, making her boy's cock flex back to full hardness.

The mother tilted her body up so that her humongous tits dangled above her son's eyes. She moved her shoulders a little, making her ballooning mammaries swing from side to side teasingly.

"Do you like your new girlfriend's tits, baby?" she cooed.

"Heck yeah!"

Adam was so fucking aroused he was at a loss of words.

Heath brought her lips down to her son's ear, letting her squishy chest flatten out against his.

"Adam," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Fuck me!" She hissed in an almost unworldly voice.

Adam groaned as he woke in his bed alone. *"Had it all been a dream?"* he thought.

The door to his room slid open and Heather strode inside. She wore only a short silk robe that molded around the contours of her voluptuous frame.

"Well, hello there, lover. Welcome back to the world of the living," she beamed, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Mom?" he said.

"Yes, love?"

"Was all that floating around the room and multiple mom stuff real...or was I dreaming that?" he asked.

Heather giggled and brushed the hair from his eyes. "Yes, my young sweetheart...it was all very real," she said.

"There were so many of you," he muttered.

"You liked being buried in mom-flesh, didn't you?" she smiled.

"Did I ever!" Adam answered.

"Well, maybe after you eat something, we'll come back to the bedroom and let my man take on a group of mummies here on the bed. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Can we just do it now. I'm not all that hungry," he eagerly asked.

"You really think you can handle five or ten of me on an empty stomach?" she asked. "Healthy boys fuck longer and harder...and you won't be a healthy boy if you don't eat."

"You're so cool mom." Adam said adoringly.

"Why, because I've agreed to be your girlfriend and let you fuck the shit out of me?" she grinned.

"Well, yeah...that too, but...I don't know...I just can't imagine spending the rest of my life with anyone else," he confessed.

Heather smiled as tears welled up in her eyes. "Funny you should say that, because...I feel the same way about you. I mean, how lucky am I to be stuck aboard this ship with someone so young and handsome. Someone who has the biggest, dreamiest dick a girl could ever want. I can think of no one else I rather wrap my legs around," she admitted, tracing her nails across his chest.

"Thanks," Adam sighed.

"You know...I think you and I need to do something...before we even bring more of me to our bed again.

"What's that?" Adam asked.

"We need to make love," she whispered.

Adam's heart skipped a beat. He wondered how it would differ from the incredible sex he'd already experienced with her.

"Isn't that what we were kinda doing?" Adam asked.

"No...earlier we fucked, but here, on the bed, without the aid of modern technology, this is where we make love. Do you want me to explain the difference to you, sweetie?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Lay down," she whispered, pushing her son's chest until he lay flat on his back.

Heather scooted onto the bed and curled her legs to the side. She rested her hand on the other side of Adam, so she was now leaning over him, her big oversized breasts kissing his chest through the thin silk material. She gazed down into his eyes, brushing her long dark trusses off her face.

"Sometimes, when a man and a woman have sex, they let their primitive sides come out and they look more like two sweaty animals attacking each other than two people making love," she giggled. "When two people get wild like that and they buck, claw and grind...that's called fucking."

"I see."

"When you were hovering above the bed and couldn't move. When my ass was beating against you like that...I was fucking my baby's cock."

"Your 'baby' really liked that," Adam admitted.

"My baby better have...because his momma's big butt's gonna spend a lot of time beating against him that way," she informed her boy.

"You're butt felt really good too, mom."

"You liked those soft plump ass-cheeks did you?"

"Oh yeah!"

"Those aren't the only things big and soft you like," she reminded him, making her tits wobble back and forth a little.

Heather's robe had parted enough for Adam to see her long gaping cleavage. He couldn't believe it was all his.

"Tell me about making love," he said.

"Well, unlike fucking, when two people make love it's like a slow intricate dance. You spend lots of time exploring your lover's body...searching for every little nerve ending. And after you find their sweet spots you make them cum again and again and again," she said, lowering her face to Adam's.

"I like the sound of that," he sighed.

"I hope so, because you're stuck aboard this ship with a girlfriend who really likes to make love."

Adam's eyes were drawn to her boobs, half-flattened against his chest as she leaned over him. Her fat orbs oozed from the slit in the robe, squashing out against his chest like soft warm bread-dough.

"Adam?" Heather said, drawing his eyes back to hers.

"Make love to me," she whispered.

"Here?" Adam asked nervously.

"No...I have a better spot in mind," she answered, leaping to her feet.

Adam climbed off the bed and stood in front of his mom, his big boner wagging lewdly in front of her.

"Turn around," Heather said playfully.

When Adam turned, his mom jumped on his back and wrapped her arms and legs around him for a piggy-back ride. She let out a cute little scream and giggled as she clung onto him.

"Mmmmm, my strong sweetheart," she said, clawing at his chest.

Adam reached down and grabbed her thick thighs, holding her up. He gasped when he felt how soft and smooth they were.

"Straight ahead, loverboy!" she ordered.

Adam carried his mom out of their room and across the main living area, her strong copper-tone mommy-legs coiled around his waist. He could feel Heather's soft breasts sloshing heavily against his bare back as they moved.

"The elevator," she whispered excitedly.

Adam carried his mom inside the small elevator and the door closed. Turning to face the door, he felt his mom's little feet slide up his thighs as she planted sensual kisses to the side of his face.

"You gonna let mommy spend some time on you...finding your little sweet spots...hhhhmmmm?" Heather cooed between kisses, in a sultry voice.

"Yeah...all you want."

"All I want, huh? Are you sure you can handle all I want?"

"I can try," he boy replied.

The door opened and Adam carried his mom into the control room.

"Put me down, baby," she whispered.

Heather slipped off of Adam's back and before he could turn around she already had the tie to her robe undone. He watched the thin silk covering slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor. Her huge drooping tits teetered gently from side to side as they sprung free. Her nipples were engorged and throbbing to be sucked on.

Adam's sexy mother took his hand and led him over to the big oversized control chair. Heather sat on the edge of the seat and Adam stood between her legs. With the flick of a switch the chair lifted higher into the air until it was at waist level. She coiled her arms around her baby.

They both looked down and could see that Adam's boner was now pointed straight towards his mother's squeezebox, only a few inches away from the cleft of her pudenda.

They both lifted their eyes at once and Heather fed her son a naughty little smile. "I thought this was a fitting place to christen the new captain of my love life with some passionate lovemaking," she explained.

Using her feet on the back of his thighs, Heather pulled her son closer until his big bulbous knob sunk between the pedals of her labial meat, splitting her twat.

"Come on, baby...blast your rocket into the warm wet clutches of mommy's cuntal universe," she mewled, pulling her son's rock-hard cock up her fiery birth canal.

Adam groaned as he felt his penis being swallowed by hot MILF pussy. Deeper and deeper it plunged as Heather took his impressive length all the way to his nut-sack. Just as his pubic bone squashed against her swollen clit, Adam felt his fat pinkish-purple bulb turn slightly upward as it met the spongy head of Heather's cervix.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, as Heather tightened her fuck muscles around his girth and the puffy ring of her external o's shrouded his knob with slick suction.

"No...not 'oh, God...Oh, Mom," Heather teased, acknowledging the fact that she was now the matronly Goddess of his young world. She would be the one constantly milking his cock off.

Heather slowly moved her lips to Adam's, tilting her head as they met for a long sensual kiss. Their tongues met and began a slow twisting dance. Heather's long pink snake fluttered circles around her son's, showing it's experience.

As they kissed, the mother used her cunt muscles to squeeze the meat of her son's spear, smothering it within warm exquisitely-ribbed lining of her vagina.

"You like that?" she whispered between kisses.

"Yeah," Adam's voice quivered.

"I'm gonna spoil my baby's dick with this pussy," she cooed, digging her heels into his thighs so that his cockhead was crushed against her cervix.

Heather fell back onto her elbows arching her back so that her big ballooning tits rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. Adam took hold of her wide birthing hips and gazed at the trimness of her belly and her cute little naval. His eyes traveled down to her shaved pubis and the swollen clit that bulged from her prepuce. The fact that he was seeing his own mom this way, with the pussy that had birthed him now stretched around the meat of his manhood, made his knees go weak.

The teen's instincts took over and he began slowly sawing his cock in and out of it's new sheath. Heather rocked a bit, meeting her son's downward strokes, so their crotches beat together.

"That's it, sweetie...feed me that big cock!" her voice gasped.

They fell into a nice steady fuck-rhythm and Adam stared in awe at Heather's huge round tits as they rolled up and down her chest. The mother brought her legs up into the birthing position, allowing him more room to thrust between her thighs.

The boy watched half his boner emerge, glistening with her cuntal juices, then he hammered back inside her, making his mom gasp sharply.

"That's it, baby...long deep thrusts, just like that." Heather sighed.

"Oh, it feels so good, mom," Adam moaned, feeling her ribbed walls chew at his tender penile flesh.

Heather quickly sat up again and wrapped her arms and legs around him, crushing her fat tits against his chest.

"Oh, my baby!" She cried out burying her face into the soft of his neck as she began having a tit-quivering orgasm.

Adam continued fucking steadily and now Heather's strong motherly legs were assisting him. It was quite the site...a thirty-nine-year-old big breasted mother of two, clutching her eighteen-year-old son like a cock-hungry whore as he held her, thrusting into her with his big oversized dick. If there could ever be a perfect picture of mother/son ball busting this would surely be it.

Adam was in complete euphoria as he felt his mom's tongue plow against the sensitive tendons in his neck. Then there was the feel of her humongous boobs sloshing against his chest. However, the best part was her skilled squeezebox clapping and milking his engorged sex organ as it burrowed in and out.

"Oh, God, Mom...I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

Heather whimpered, resting her head on his shoulder as one powerful climax rolled into another. "I'm cumming again too, baby. Cum with me!" she cried out.

She grasped his ass, digging into the tender flesh with her long nails and pulling her son in deep with every inward thrust. "Adam...look at me!" she exclaimed, as they both traveled to the brink of orgasmic bliss.

Adam looked into his mom's eyes as their bodies continued to thrash together. There was a look about her that he had never seen before. With her mouth slightly open and her eyes beginning to roll back, it was that pre-orgasmic glow and he fucking loved it.

"OOOHHHHH, GOD!!!!" she screamed out, gushing all over his fat cum-spewing prick.

The boy held her body against his as she convulsed. Spewing his own hot ball-juice into his mom's pussy seemed so primal. Thick milky ropes splashed against the back of his mom's vaginal cavity, mixing with her own female ejaculate that squelched around Adam's pink boner.

For two full minutes the cum-squirting couple bucked and thrashed their pissers together until at last they had milked each other's orgasms completely.

As they held each other and caught their breath, a voice suddenly came from the corner of the control room. They both instantly recognized it.

"It's you're father!" Michelle stated in disbelief.

The pair dislodged, their creamy ejaculatory cocktail oozing out onto the seat. Together, they walked over to the ship's radio.

"Heather or Adam...if you can hear me...please respond or switch on your homing beacon!" the voice said.

"He found us," Adam muttered in disbelief.

"No...he didn't. He could still be millions of miles away. Only if we respond will he find us," Michelle stated.

"So...should we respond?" Adam asked.

Heather took her son's hand and stared up into his eyes.

"Last night, when I was fucking you...I discovered something," she told him.

"Discovered what?"

"That I had found my new love, and that nothing in this universe was going to change that...not even your father, if he eventually happened along," she confessed.

"Wow," the boy muttered.

"I'll understand if you wanna go back," Heather stated, "but if you stay...I'll promise you this...you'll get more sexual pleasure than you would ANYWHERE else, EVER!" Heather promised, clutching Adam's balls in her tiny hand.

"How can I turn my back on that?" the boy sighed.

"Heather and Adam, can you hear me?" Adam's dad's voice asked.

Heather smiled at the radio. "Sorry, honey...I have a hot young cock to take care of now," she said jokingly, squeezing her son's still-hard prick.

"Don't worry, dad, I'll take care of mom's pussy for you." Adam stated, making his mom giggle.

Heather threw her arms around his neck and kissed her new love. "Damn fucking right you will!" She teased.

The beautiful mother took hold of his boner and led him from the control room. Adam watched her naked bubble butt sway seductively and the sloping sides of her tits wobble heavily with every step.

"I think somebody needs to spend the rest of the day buried under a pile of mommies," she suggested, gazing back with a wink.

"I think you're right." Adam agreed, his heart racing with excitement.

ONE YEAR LATER

Adam and Heather's spacecraft was like a spec of sand drifting in the star-dotted sea of deep space.

Inside the craft, the rooms were still and silent, except for one.

Adam's favorite music blared through the couple's bedroom. It had a deep erotic beat. Perfect music for fucking to. Joining the tune was a chorus of beautiful whimpers and screams, all in Heather's voice.

Floating in the center of the room was a huge mass of naked female flesh. It was nearly a hundred Heather look-a-likes, rubbing their cunts frantically while trying desperately to get to the boy at the center of the pile. Their bodies glowed with perspiration, liked they been at it tirelessly for hours.

Hovering on his back, at the nucleus the flesh-heap, was Adam's young body. The boy was encapsulated on all side by silky tangled limbs, giant squishy tits and dozen of beautiful, pleasure-filled faces that matched his mother's. The one on top of him seemed to be the Queen Bee. Her thick rounded ass rippled delightfully as she pounded their crotches together in sexual intercourse. Unlike the other surrounding clones of Heather, this one had a huge pregnant belly that bulged out as it lay sandwiched between her and her son.

"FUCK!" Adam gasped, tit-milk spewing out the corners of his mouth as he peeked out from his mom's humongous milk-engorged boob, gasping for air.

His lips weren't left unattended for very long. One of his mom's clones swooped in and began kissing him passionately. He could feel women beneath him, kissing and licking his flesh, while rubbing their fatty tits against him. He could feel tongues...LOTS of tongues licking various parts of his body. One mommy had her pretty face buried between his buns, worming her flailing licker into his asshole. More moms were nursing on his nuts, pulling them in opposite directions, tugging on the cord of his vas deferens.

"Hhmmfff!" the boy whimpered as he basked in pleasure. This had become the norm for Adam over the past year. Sometimes, he just had his mom clone one of herself, for a wild threesome. Other times, like today, he wanted to be buried in mommies.

Everywhere he looked was flesh that looked just like his mother. His real mother, however, looked a little different these days. Heather had just reached her ninth month of pregnancy and she was packing twin boys in her womb. This didn't stop the pretty mother from being an absolute fuck-hound. If anything, she was even more hyper-sexual, due to her hormones being out of balance.

"God, mom!" the boy gasped, throwing his arms around her as she dropped down, burying his entire head between her milk-swollen udders.

Heather pushed her cock-stretched cunt-lips down, making them mash around the root of her boy's hard muscular erection. She did a wonderful hula-gyration with her hips, stirring his fuck-spike deep in her claspig cunt.

"Ohh my God, baby!" She cried out. "I love your dick so fucking much!"

Adam thrust his hips beneath her, socking his prick inside her with powerful pumps. He was rewarded by feeling her prenatal body shudder and a stream of hot girl-cum cascade down over his nuts.

The boy kissed his way up the quivering inner contour of one of her giant breasts until he found her engorged nipple. The caps of Heather's tits were more pronounced and a dark shade of purple from increased blood flow. Warm tit-nectar shot into the boy's sucking mouth as he gorged himself on as much tit-flesh as he could. His entire face sunk deep into the spongy meat of her oversized breast.

"Wow! *This is so fresh!*" the boy thought, fucking up into his mom's snug pussy, while sucking on her thick nipples and swallowing down her flavorful breast milk.

"SLOW US DOWN!" Heather shouted, then things went into slow-motion mode. Every thrust was intensified as they continued to hover through the air and fuck. It would have taken about twenty more minutes for Adam to cum at normal speed, but because his mom had slowed things down, that twenty-minutes became two more hours of exquisite sexual bliss.

After sleeping from sheer exhaustion, Heather made her boy breakfast. She always wore something sexy for him around the ship, whenever they weren't naked and fucking. Today she was adorned in a white sheer lace and mesh teddy that had open cups, allowing her monster tits to hang free, framed in by stretched ruffled straps. Her nipples and areola were covered by matching semi-sheer pasties in the form of hearts. The sheer bodice was stretched way out by the mother's huge pregnant tummy. "How is it?" Heather asked, gazing at her teen adoringly as he ate.

"Delicious," he replied.

"I'm surprised you were still hungry after all mommy's breast milk you consumed last night," Heather giggled.

"Me too," Adam agreed, looking at the massive bulge of her cleavage as she leaned against the table in front of him. "I'm hoping to get some more of that soon."

"That can be arranged," the mother smiled, turning and walking toward the doorway. The negligee had a crotchless design, with a fully exposed rear. Heather peeked back at her boy and wagged her thick bubble butt teasingly. "Maybe you can nurse on mommy's nipple, while your cock is buried in her ass," she suggested.

"Sounds awesome!" her boy replied.

"You can even invite a few friends," she winked.

A few minutes later, Adam and his "friends" were surrounding the naked mother in the bedroom.

“Hi boys,” the mother smiled, eyeballing the three huge erections that were pointed at her. Surrounding Heather was her son and two of his clones. Adam had learnt use the technology in the room to make carbon copies of himself, just as Heather had of herself for him.

“LIFT HER UP AND SPREAD HER LEGS!” Adam shouted.

Heather screamed playfully as the invisible force suddenly jerked her from the floor, facing her upward in mid-air and forcing her legs back in a huge spread eagle.

Adam sprung from the floor, maneuvering himself right beneath her. He reached around with one hand, squeezing one of her monster melons, while using the other hand to fit the knob of his boner to the ring of her asshole.

His two clones quickly flew into position also. One landed flat on top of Heather, squashing her baby orb between them. He split her cunt with his cock and rammed it inside, just as Adam's prick sunk into her tight sphincter.

The other clone hovered up near Heather's head, where she eagerly tilted her head back and stuffed his cock inside her mouth. The cock-filled mother whimpered from being triple-penetrated. The boys clung to her squishy pregnant body, humping wildly as they each found a ball-bumping rhythm.

“*Goodness gracious, I've died and gone to heaven!*” the mother's mind squealed. She felt one cock plunge down her throat. She had learnt to control her gag reflex, allowing her son and his clones to really use her mouth and throat like a pussy.

In her genital region, she could feel the boys hard dicks rubbing together through the wall that separated her vaginal and anal cavities.

“Ahhh!” Adam sighed, pushing his erection deep into his mom's rectum. Fucking her snug ass was so wonderful it had become a daily routine for him. Sometimes Heather would lay face down, allowing her boy to sprawl out on her back and pound against her meaty rump for hours. Other times she would simply bend over and let him fuck her ass from behind.

The clone on top of the mother hissed against her arched neck in pleasure as he pumped his steely hard prick through her cunt tube. Increased blood flow to Heather's genitals, due to being pregnant, had caused her vaginal rugae to engorge. This resulted in rows of exquisite ribs that gripped the boy's dick and created mind-blowing friction. The mother's gigantic milkers were crushed against his chest and sloshed wildly between them, tit-milk seeping from her engorged teats.

Adam loved squeezing onto his mom's lush body, while fucking up into her ass. The feel of her elastic ass-ring squeezing snugly up around his cock-root, while he buried his boner deep in her shitter was beyond amazing. Over the next hour, the boy would make his mom scream in sexual ecstasy over and over this way.

“AHH, SHIT!” the teen exclaimed, smacking his crotch against her lovely ass cheeks repeatedly. “SLOW US DOWN!” he shouted as he felt his prostate swell.

Adam loved slowing down time just before he came. It would draw out his orgasm and give twenty to thirty minutes of body quivering pleasure.

In slow motion, his pleasure-growl sounded like a long deep growl. “AHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

Heather loved experiencing three cocks spurt off inside her at once, especially with time slowed down this way. She could really feel the rigid meat of their boners flex and contract, within the claspings walls of her throat, pussy and ass as they hosed out fat ropes of creamy cum.

“LOWER ME TO THE BED!” Heather commanded, as time returned to normal and her son's clones disappeared.

Adam's cock popped from his mom's pink asshole and he watched it clench closed. She slowly lowered to the bed, resting on her back, with her giant boobs and belly orb ballooning from her beautiful frame. She gazed up at her young lover and smiled. "You gonna stay up there staring?" she asked, then drew her knees back, bowing her thick, smooth thighs open. "Or are you gonna come down here and fuck mommy solo?"

Alan's heart beat wildly as he lowered down between his mom's cradling legs. He rammed his huge cock in all the way, making them both gasp and roll their eyes back in pleasure.

"Pound the fuck out of me, baby!" the mother whimpered, rocking her hips to set her son in motion.

The boy's ass flew up and down wildly between her thighs as he fucked her pussy savagely. Heather threw her long lovely legs up high around his back. Her dainty bare feet bobbed around in mid-air from the power of his fuck-thrusts. Her beach ball-sized belly bulged out at the sides, sandwiched between her and her humping boy. The lewd wet clapping sound of Adam's balls beating against her thick ass filled the room.

"OH, GOD, I'M GONNA CUM, ADAM!!" the mother squealed. She clenched her pretty white teeth together and arched her back from the mattress, lifting her boy.

Adam threw his arms around the center of her raised back, squeezing her body tightly while hammering his hardness inside her. This caused his mother to convulse and scream out, gushing her female ejaculate all over his pumping prick.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her spongy pelvic floor contract around his prick, while watching her fat jugs swing around on her chest wildly.

He jabbed his boner in deep, feeling his bell tip become shrouded inside the flesh of her partially-dilated cervical entrance. His cock flexed, his knob mushrooming even bigger as it was swathed in hot slippery mucus. "FUCK!" he groaned as he felt his nuts clench in their sack.

Heather could tell her son was close to popping. "Cum in me, baby!" she sang in her beautiful motherly voice.

"YESS!!" Adam grunted, his hips jerking wildly. "UGH!!"

Thick geysers of pearlescent baby-makers blasted from the boy's meatus, painting his mom's fuck-tunnel. For several minutes they bucked and writhed together in orgasmic bliss.

Finally, Adam became motionless and rested atop his squishy mother in satisfied exhaustion. "That was...amazing!" he sighed, catch his breath.

"Isn't it always?" Heather asked, stroking the back of his hair with her long nails.

"Yes," the boy answered, feeling his mom's teats leaking beneath his chest. "And it always will be...forever and ever."

THE END