

"MOM, WHAT'S MASTURBATION?"

BY KLRXO



THIS STORY IS A COMPLETE WORK OF FICTION, AND ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE OVER THE AGE OF 18.

“Mom, What's Masturbation?”

By Klrxo

"What do you mean, 'what's masturbation,' honey?" Olivia asked, adjusting her glasses as she stood at the stove, stirring the bubbling red sauce.

"I heard the guys at school talking about it, but I had no idea what it meant."

Olivia's wooden spoon froze mid-stir, sauce dripping onto the burner with a sizzling hiss. Every teenage boy she'd ever known practically skinned their dicks raw beating off morning and night, their crusty sheets and sticky bathroom floors testament to their compulsive self-abuse.

"He's probably just been yanking his meat for years without knowing the proper term for it," she thought, eyeing her son's crotch involuntarily.

"Well, um... do you know how men and women sometimes, uh... touch themselves," she stammered, her gaze dropping to the stretched fabric of her yoga pants where the outline of her pussy lips formed a distinct ridge.

"Touch themselves down there I mean?" she continued, voice dropping to a husky whisper.

Justin's eyes followed his mother's downward glance, lingering on the damp-looking seam between her thighs before darting to the soft lump of his own dormant cock beneath his jeans. His face contorted in genuine bewilderment, mouth hanging slightly open.

"Touch themselves?" he repeated, the words tumbling from his naive lips.

"Yes," Olivia said, blushing as she gestured vaguely toward her crotch, "you know... to make themselves feel good."

Justin's mouth opened and closed like a fish gasping for air, his gangly limbs shifting awkwardly as he rubbed his palms against his jeans. "I don't—I mean, I never—" he stammered.

Olivia's eyes bulged, her jaw dropping as realization hit her like a sledgehammer. "Are you telling me you've never jerked—I mean, pleasured yourself, honey? Not once?" She asked, her gaze flicking involuntarily to his crotch.

"I—I guess I never knew it was, like, an actual thing people did," Justin mumbled, eyes darting between his mother's face and the floor. "The way those guys talked about it in the locker room—it's like it was just something everyone did."

"Well, yes," his mother breathed, "masturbation is something most people do naturally. Like exercise, or..." she paused,

her tongue darting out to wet her plump lower lip, "...a hobby that gives deep personal satisfaction."

Justin's gaze crawled over his mother's body like a starving boy at a MILF buffet. The thin cotton of her shirt strained against tits so massive they defied gravity—38JJs that swelled from childbirth but somehow never sagged, nipples thick as gumdrops poking through the fabric.

His eyes traveled down to where her yoga pants hugged the obscene curve of her ass, round and fat, jiggling with each subtle shift of her weight. When she turned, the pants rode up her crotch, splitting her pussy lips into a camel toe so defined he could practically count the folds.

"Fuck," he thought, his teenage cock stirring, "no wonder Dad's friends always stared."

"Do you do it?" he boldly blurted before his gawking became too obvious.

"Masturbate?" Olivia's asked. "Yes," she admitted, her voice husky. "I mean, it's very common, especially for younger guys and... women my age."

"But where's a boy supposed to learn how to—you know—do that?" he asked, voice cracking on the last word. "I wouldn't have the slightest clue where to even begin."

Olivia opened her mouth to respond when the thunderous patter of small feet interrupted them. Six-year-old Emma tore through the kitchen, pigtails flying, with four-year-old Caleb hot on her heels, his chubby legs pumping furiously.

"Give it back!" he wailed as they disappeared through the sliding glass door into the sun-drenched backyard.

Olivia exhaled slowly, her shoulders relaxing slightly at the momentary reprieve. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and leaned closer to Justin. "Most people," she began, her voice dropping to a confidential murmur, "usually masturbate themselves when they're alone in their bedroom or the shower."

She wet her lips nervously. "When they're feeling... horny." Her eyes searched his face. "You DO know what horny means, right, sweetheart?"

Justin nodded, his Adam's apple bobbing in his thin throat. "Yeah, it's when people are thinking about sex a lot, right?" His voice cracked on the word "sex," the tips of his ears flushing crimson.

Olivia licked her plump lips, her pillowy chest rising and falling with each shallow breath. "Yes, but more importantly, it's when your body aches for release. When that tingling heat pools low in your belly and your skin feels too tight."

Her fingers played nervously with the hem of her shirt, unintentionally pulling at the neckline to reveal more cavernous tit-cleavage. "When you crave... sexual pleasure."

Justin's eyes widened, darting between his mother's face and her fidgeting hands. "So people can just... give pleasure to themselves? Instead of getting it from someone else?"

"Getting it from another person is more... fulfilling," she breathed, "but when that's not possible..."

She made a crude pumping motion with her fist, mimicking a cock sliding through tight fingers. "People can take matters in their own hands. You understand?"

Justin stared blankly at her jerking hand. "Why are you moving your hand like that?"

Olivia's mouth hung open, her wooden spoon frozen mid-air. "Wait," she said, her voice strangled, "you've never heard guys talk about 'spanking the monkey' or 'beating your meat' in the locker room?"

Justin's face scrunched in confusion, his gangly limbs shifting uncomfortably.

"What about 'jerking off'?" she pressed, the crude words feeling filthy and wrong on her maternal tongue. "Or 'choking the chicken'? 'Waxing the dolphin'?"

Recognition finally dawned in Justin's eyes. "Oh yeah, I've heard that stuff," he admitted, scratching his neck awkwardly. "I just didn't know that was masturbation. I thought they were just being gross."

Olivia's lips twitched with embarrassment. "Well, yes, they were definitely being gross," she admitted, her fingers nervously twisting a strand of hair that had fallen across her flushed cheek, "but those crude terms all refer to male masturbation, honey."

Justin's face contorted into a bewildered scowl. "How does beating meat have anything to do with... pleasure?"

Olivia couldn't help the nervous giggle that escaped her throat, her hand flying up to cover her mouth as her eyes darted to the sliding glass door where the children played outside. "The, um, 'meat' they're referring to is a boy's penis, sweetheart," she explained, "Since it's basically just blood vessels and tissue that... well... engorges with blood.

"And the 'beating' part," she continued, "is just referring to the up-and-down motion boys use when they... handle themselves."

"But how on earth do guys learn to do this if nobody ever shows them?" Justin asked, voice cracking.

"It's just something most people figure out naturally," his mother explained. "Boys and girls both."

Justin's forehead creased with worry. "What if someone's doing it wrong, though? How would they even know?"

Olivia's mind conjured a forbidden image: her son's lean teenage body naked on his bed, his virgin cock jutting upward like a flagpole as his inexperienced fist fumbled clumsily around the throbbing shaft.

The mental picture sent molten heat flooding her cunt, her swollen pussy lips squelching wetly as they rubbed together beneath her yoga pants. Her massive tits ached as her wide areolas puckered against her lace bra, nipples hardening into thick, gnawable points that begged for a mouth.

"You have a point," she admitted, her voice thick with shameful arousal. "I never considered that before."

"So people can do it anytime, right?" Justin asked. "It doesn't just have to be done at night?"

"Yes," his mother breathed, "whenever the urge calls, honey."

She leaned forward, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "As long as you're somewhere private—your bedroom with the door locked, or the bathroom during your shower, where the hot water runs down your body and no one can hear a thing."

Olivia's gaze followed Justin's longing look toward the stairway. The boy's raging hard-on strained obscenely against his thin shorts, the swollen purple head of his teenage cock visible through the fabric where a wet spot of pre-cum had already formed.

Her traitorous eyes lingered on the throbbing outline, transfixed by how the veiny shaft twitched with each heartbeat.

"I think I need to go upstairs for a bit," his voice cracked as he adjusted himself awkwardly.

"Of course, honey," Olivia replied, her mouth suddenly dry. "Just... holler if you need anything."

The moment he turned, she caught herself staring at his ass, disgusted by the filthy heat pooling between her thighs.

Olivia pulled the package of sausages from the refrigerator, her fingers trembling as she tore open the plastic. The thick, veiny links tumbled onto the cutting board with an obscene slap. She gripped one in her fist, its girth stretching her fingers as she sliced into the taut casing. Clear juices oozed over her knuckles.

The raw sausage lay heavy in her palm as she closed her fist around it – its girth stretching her fingers wide as her gold wedding band caught the kitchen light.

The meat's slick surface triggered an unbidden vision: a throbbing shaft sliding through her tight fist, her wedding ring glinting accusingly with each stroke. She could almost feel the way such flesh would pulse against her palm—how the prominent veins would ridge against her fingers as she squeezed from thick root to sensitive tip, how the swollen head would flush deep purple and weep pearly beads of anticipation that would coat her thumb when she circled it over the slit.

The sausage's casing glistened with moisture, just as a man's excitement would leave her hand slippery with pre-nut and fragrant with musk.

Above her, pipes groaned as the shower started. Her cunt clenched involuntarily, knowing her son's naked body was now slick with water, his teenage cock probably already stiffening in his grip.

"Jesus Christ, stop it," she hissed aloud, her nipples hardening traitorously against her bra as unwanted images

flooded her mind—soapy hands sliding up and down engorged flesh, his gasping mouth, that virgin dick throbbing.

Olivia's trembling fingers fumbled for her iPhone, leaving a smear of sausage grease on the screen as she pulled up the location app. The pulsing blue dot of her husband's car hadn't moved in ten minutes, still trapped in the snarl of rush-hour traffic near the highway interchange.

"Thirty minutes, at least," she whispered, her tongue darting out to wet her lips as she calculated the time.

Through the sliding glass door, she could see the children absorbed in their elaborate fort-building, dirt-streaked and oblivious. Overhead, water drummed steadily against the shower tile, each splash a metronome marking her son's solitude.

Olivia's feet carried her toward the staircase before her mind had fully committed to the decision, each step making her pussy lips slide wetly against each other.

Steam billowed through the inch-wide crack in the bathroom door, carrying the scent of Old Spice body wash. Olivia's heart hammered against her ribs as she pressed her fingertips to the warm wood.

"What kind of mother does this?" she asked herself, even as her fat nipple stabbed painfully against her bra.

The steady drumming of water against tile nearly masked the soft, rhythmic sounds coming from inside. Her teeth

sank into her lower lip as she imagined Justin's inexperienced hand wrapped around his virgin meat, his movements perhaps too rough or too gentle, his technique unrefined.

“I’ll just peek once to make sure he’s not hurting himself,” she thought, *“then pull the door closed to give him privacy.”* The lie tasted sweet on her tongue as she tilted her head, angling her eye toward the sliver of foggy bathroom beyond.

Through the steam-free glass, her son's naked body stood exposed. His obscenely large cock jutted out from his smooth groin like some grotesque third limb, the purple head swollen and glistening under the spray.

Water sluiced down the veiny shaft, highlighting each throbbing blood vessel like a road map of depravity. The flared rim of his cockhead—vulgar and engorged—reminded her sickeningly of the bell on the tower at their family church, a blasphemous comparison that made her stomach clench even as her cunt betrayed her with another rush of slick heat.

Olivia's throat went dry as she watched his inexperienced hand grip himself, squeezing and tugging with clumsy, desperate movements. Her mind raced with filthy instructions she couldn't voice aloud.

“Grip the base firmly, honey. Twist your wrist on the upstroke,” she thought. *“Slow down and squeeze just under the head where it's most sensitive.”*

Her eyes fixated on Justin's inexperienced hand as he yanked at his swollen cock with jerky, uneven strokes. His knuckles whitened with each desperate tug, his rhythm too erratic, too rough against the delicate skin.

A pained grimace flashed across his face as his thumb scraped awkwardly over the weeping slit, his hips bucking forward seeking pleasure that his clumsy technique couldn't deliver.

Olivia's fingers trembled against the doorframe, her body screaming to rush in and wrap her manicured hand around that virgin meat, to show him how to stroke it properly. She bit her lip, disgusted by her own depravity yet unable to look away.

"Slower strokes, Justin. Cup your balls with your other hand," she silently instructed, her pussy lips swelling and slickening as she watched him struggle.

His magnificent cock— *"easily nine thick inches,"* she guessed—jerked pathetically in his inexperienced grip, the bulbous purple head weeping clear pre-cum that the shower spray washed away before he could use it as lubricant.

Olivia's mind churned with vulgar curiosity, her thoughts spiraling into forbidden territory. *"How had his heavy balls not ached with pressure all these years?"* she wondered. *"Had he truly never felt the violent spasm of release, never witnessed pearly ropes of his own cum erupting from the swollen slit of his cock?"*

She couldn't comprehend how a boy with such obvious equipment could have reached 18 without his hand wrapped around that throbbing shaft, milking it until it surrendered its sticky treasure—let alone never having buried it inside some eager teenage cunt.

The shrill voices of her younger children shattered her trance. Olivia yanked her hand from between her thighs.

“When had my hand even gotten down there?” she asked herself as she stumbled backward and pulled the door shut.

Down the stairs she fled on unsteady legs, her sopping panties squelching with every step, the fabric wedged obscenely between her swollen lips.

At dinner, her husband Rod's eyes narrowed across the table. "You feeling alright, hon?" he asked, fork paused over his food.

Olivia nodded too quickly, painfully aware of her rock-hard nipples stabbing against her bra. She couldn't stop her gaze from darting to Justin's mouth, imagining those same lips that now innocently chewed those juicy sausages stretched wide and gasping in ecstasy as he stroked his magnificent cock.

Justin shifted awkwardly on his chair, his gaze locked on his mother's mouth as she slid the glistening sausage between her plump lips. Her lipstick left a crimson ring around the meat, the wet suction sound making his cock throb painfully against his zipper.

When she caught him staring, her teeth sank into the taut flesh with deliberate slowness, juice dribbling down her chin. Justin tore his eyes away, his face burning hot as his dick swelled into a rigid column that strained against the denim.

Olivia's dialed her mother's number the next morning. The house sat empty and silent, the children's backpacks and her husband's briefcase all gone.

Renee answered on the third ring, her voice cheerful and oblivious. "Good morning, sweetheart!"

"Mom, I need to ask you something... personal," Olivia stated.

"Is everything alright, darling?" Renee asked with maternal concern.

"Promise you won't judge me. This stays between us."

"Honey, we've talked about everything since you were twelve," her mother reminded her. "Remember when you called crying about Rod's sexual performance issues. I think we're past secrets, don't you?"

Olivia's mind flashed through a slideshow of phone calls to her mother—hushed confessions about her husband's limp cock refusing to rise despite her desperate attempts with mouth and hand, leaving her aching and unfulfilled countless times during their marriage.

She'd even confessed how she'd developed an addiction to her shower massager after her youngest child's birth, grinding herself to six orgasms daily until her mother gently suggested she might be using pleasure to avoid postpartum depression.

"Mom," Olivia whispered now, her free hand unconsciously sliding to her still-damp inner thigh, "it's not about Rod this time. It's... it's about Justin."

"Please don't tell me my adorable grandson has gotten himself into trouble," she said, her words rushing together.

"No, no... nothing like that," Olivia whispered, eyes darting to the empty doorway. "It's just— well, Justin has no idea what masturbation is. Never even heard of it. I caught him in the shower yesterday, fumbling with himself like he was solving a puzzle with no instructions."

"Oh?" Renee uttered.

"I'm worried he's not only denying himself pleasure, but his balls must be swollen and aching. They looked heavy as ripe plums, Mom—all that backed-up cum with nowhere to go."

A long exhale whistled through the phone. "Christ almighty, Olivia," Renee said, her voice dropping to a throaty purr.

"The way you were talking, I thought the boy had something seriously wrong with him."

"Mom, he's 18 and he's never shot a load, " Olivia insisted. "You should have seen him yanking at it like he was trying

to pull a stubborn weed—no finesse, no rhythm. Just desperate tugging at that gorgeous purple head."

"Honey, more boys than you'd think don't know how to properly drain their balls," Renee replied. "And honestly, you're lucky—that throbbing meat is at the perfect age where your experienced hand can still guide it."

"Guide it?" Olivia asked, her pussy clenching involuntarily. "What exactly are you suggesting?"

"Oh, don't pretend to be shocked," Renee chuckled. "Half the mothers I know have wrapped their fingers around their sons' virgin shafts and milked them properly. It's practically a maternal duty to drain those aching balls."

Olivia's hand flew to her mouth, her manicured nails digging into her flushed cheek. "Wait," she whispered, her voice catching on the filthy realization, "are we talking about mothers actually teaching their sons how to...milk their own cocks?"

Renee's throaty laugh crackled through the phone like a pornographic soundtrack. "Of course, darling. Where else would those poor boys learn to properly drain their balls? Certainly not from those pixelated porn videos with all that ridiculous jackhammering that leaves cum backed up in their aching nuts."

"Are you really suggesting that—"

"You do remember how to properly handle a throbbing young cock, don't you?" Renee pressed, interrupting her

daughter. "How to cup those heavy, cum-filled balls while your fingers glide up that veiny shaft, how to twist your wrist just under that purple, swollen cockhead where the sensitive ridge makes them buck like animals?"

"Of course I do, mother," she breathed, memories of thousands of college and marriage hand-jobs flooding back—the sticky heat, the throbbing veins against her palm. "I just... never imagined I'd be wrapping my fingers around my own son's...equipment."

"Trust me," Renee purred, "it's not just educational—it's a beautiful bonding experience. Nothing brings mother and son closer than sharing something as primal as sexual release."

Olivia's fingers trembled against her thigh as her mother's vulgar suggestion sank in. Her panties were already soaked through, a damp spot spreading across the cotton as she imagined Justin's virgin cock throbbing in her grip.

"Rod would absolutely lose his fucking mind," she whispered, her throat dry. "If he ever caught me with my hand wrapped around our son's dick."

"Of course he would," Renee replied. "Every husband would. That's why you don't let him find out. Those thick, heavy balls of Justin's aren't getting drained by themselves, darling."

"But isn't that cheating?"

"Absolutely not," Renee scoffed. "You're not fingering yourself while he pumps his load into your fist. This is educational—teaching that boy how to milk his cock properly. But husbands are simple creatures. They'll never understand the difference between maternal guidance and getting your cunt wet for your son's meat."

Olivia's voice dropped to a shameful whisper. "Well, I will admit... my panties were quite drenched after seeing him fumbling with his penis in the shower."

"Sweetheart, we're only human," Renee purred. "Any woman's pussy would cream itself at the sight of such a thick young dick. Son or not, that's just biology."

Olivia pictured Justin's virgin cock throbbing in her grip, imagined his hot cum spurting across her fingers. "We couldn't do it here at the house," she murmured. "Rod might come home early, or the kids..."

"You're not the first mother with such a concern," Renee interrupted. "There's a motel off Route 16—the Pinewood. The manager there understands these delicate 'teaching moments' between mothers and sons. No questions asked, just discretion and clean sheets for all that sticky cum."

Olivia's brain filled with indecision. "I don't know if I... I mean, won't that change things between Justin and I?" she whispered, picturing her boy's virgin shaft swelling in her grip.

"For God's sake, honey," Renee blurted, "if you don't drain those heavy balls yourself, then I will. I'm not about to let

my grandson walk around with a painful case of blue balls and a dick he doesn't know how to milk properly."

"No," the mother hissed, possessiveness flooding her veins. "It's my duty as his mother to teach him how to empty those swollen nuts. I'll handle things myself," she added, "no pun intended."

"Well, just don't forget to teach him the different strokes," Renee advised. "Slow at the base where those heavy balls connect, then firmer around the middle of his shaft, and a gentle twist just under that swollen purple head."

"Mother, please," Olivia sighed, "I've jerked enough throbbing penis in my life to know how to milk a proper load. I'm not some virgin who's never felt a man's hot cum splash across her fingers."

"I just wanna make sure," Renee pressed, "that he learns to pleasure every inch of that tender young cock—from the sticky slit at the tip to those aching balls drawn up tight against his body when he's about to erupt."

"I know, I know," Olivia hissed, unconsciously licking her lips. "Trust me, I'm very confident in my way around a hard dick."

Renee cleared her throat. "Do you know what a 'pearl polish' is, darling?" she asked, voice dripping with suggestive knowledge.

"Are you doubting me, mother?" Olivia asked in a challenging tone.

“Maybe I am,” she giggled. “Surely you know what a ‘pearl polish’ is?”

"Yes. It's when you roll your palm over the head in small circles while applying gentle pressure," Olivia answered without hesitation, heat rising to her cheeks.

"And the 'root squeeze'?" her mother pressed, sounding almost impressed.

"Firm pressure at the base while stroking upward," Olivia replied, her fingers unconsciously mimicking the motion. "It intensifies the orgasm and makes them shoot further."

She exhaled sharply. "Are you satisfied now that I can properly instruct my son? Or would you like me to recite the entire Kama Sutra?"

Renee's giggled. "You do know you'll need to be buck naked while you milk that virgin cock, don't you? Every inch of your MILF body should be on display."

"Wait—what?" Olivia's breath caught. "Completely naked?"

"Yes, darling. That thick young dick needs something to throb for. Visual stimulation. It's not like you'd be fucking him or anything—just providing the proper... educational environment."

“I suppose I could take the bra off,” she whispered. “But I’ll keep my panties on. Just... you know, cover the essentials.”

“Essentials? Sweetheart, that boy’s gonna need to see everything. Panties block the view of the good stuff—your

hips, the crease where thigh meets cunt, the way your belly dips when you breathe. That's the map his cock will follow."

Olivia's pulse stuttered; she felt it in her clit like a skipped drumbeat. "Mom, Jesus, it's only a jerk-off lesson."

"Only?" Renee purred. "You want him shooting semen-ropes hard enough to paint the headboard, you give him the whole canvas. Skin on skin – tits, pussy and ass, no barriers. Besides, you'll be dripping girl-honey like crazy. Better to let it run down your thighs than soak a scrap of fabric you'll have to smuggle home."

"I suppose you do have a point there," Olivia agreed.

"You should press those fat tits against his chest too, darling" Renee continued, "let him feel those heavy mother-udders with their hard nipples dragging across his virgin skin while your fingers milk his shaft."

Olivia's eyes dropped to her massive cleavage, imagining her son's eyes locked on her jiggling tits as she jerked his virgin meat. "I'll do whatever necessary," she murmured, "to give him a proper education."

Olivia glanced across the dinner table later and caught Justin's eyes locked on her heaving tit-cleavage, his gaze devouring the deep canyon between her heavy breasts where sweat had gathered in the hollow.

Her nipples instantly hardened against the silk embroidery of her bra, the fabric straining as her tits swelled with forbidden arousal. Behind her placid smile, her mind flooded with filthy images—her son's virgin face buried between those massive maternal globes, his desperate whimpers muffled by her flesh as his inexperienced hand frantically pumped his angry purple cock.

She imagined his balls drawing up tight against his body, thick ropes of hot teenage cum erupting from his virgin slit with such violent force they'd splatter across the ceiling like obscene stalactites.

When Justin finally tore his hungry eyes from her tits, he found his mom staring back, her lips curled in a knowing smile that made his Adam's apple bob nervously.

As the rest of the family scattered, Olivia turned to Justin with a smile that made his cock twitch. "Will you help Mommy with these dishes?" she cooed.

"Of course," he replied.

While he stacked plates, his eyes locked on his mom's ass—two massive globes of maternal flesh barely contained in skin-tight scrunch-butt yoga shorts, the fabric wedged deep between those meaty cheeks.

Every time she bent forward at the sink, her fat ass jiggled hypnotically, the shorts riding higher until the bottom curves of her buttocks peeked out.

"Justin, honey," she purred, holding up a turkey baster, "have you ever washed one of these?"

When he shook his head, she wiggled her ass against the counter. "Come here then. Stand right behind me and I'll show you how to wash it properly."

Justin pressed against her back, his mother's hand reaching behind to grab his hip and yank him closer. "Come on, honey, get up here where you can see," Olivia purred, her fat ass grinding in slow circles against his pants.

His virgin cock instantly hardened to steel beneath the denim, throbbing painfully as she wiggled those meaty cheeks against his trapped shaft.

She grasped the turkey baster in her wet fingers, stroking its length with deliberate, obscene movements, her thumb circling the bulbous end where pre-cum would gather on a stiff cock.

"Watch how I do it, honey," she whispered. "You need to clean every... single... inch." Each word was punctuated by a long, vulgar stroke, her ass never stopping its filthy dance against his aching teenage meat.

Olivia's voice dropped to a filthy whisper as she demonstrated. "You start at the thick base, and squeeze tight while you drag your hand all the way up to the tip."

Her fingers worked the baster with obscene precision, her thumb flicking across the bulbous end. "Then you make all that hot liquid inside shoot out."

She pumped the rubber bulb with increasing pressure until thick, soapy streams erupted from the narrow opening, spurting in pearly white ropes that flew into the air before splashing against the sink.

"See how it spurts when you wash it right?" Justin's virgin cock pulsed violently against her ass crack in response, the rigid shaft wedging deeper between her meaty cheeks with each desperate throb.

Rod's voice thundered from the hallway like a gunshot. "Olivia, have you seen my car keys?"

The sudden intrusion sent Olivia's heart racing as she violently bucked Justin backward, his teenage body stumbling away from where his virgin cock had been nestled in the deep crack of her fat maternal ass.

"No idea, honey!" she called back, her voice unnaturally high while her eyes locked on the obscene monument tenting her son's jeans.

A dark silver-dollar sized stain had spread where his swollen purple cockhead strained against the denim, pre-cum oozing through the fabric like maple syrup through a sieve.

"Thanks for showing me, mom," the teenager uttered, making his escape before his father could see how leaky and erect his cock was.

Rod's voice boomed through the house the next morning, echoing off the hallway walls. "Justin! You need a ride to school?"

Justin thundered down the stairs moments later, his backpack slung over one shoulder, hair still damp from the shower. "Yeah, that'd be great, dad," he called back.

Olivia intercepted him at the bottom of the stairs, her manicured hand pressing against his chest. "Actually," she said, her voice honeyed but firm, "I'll be taking Justin today. He has an appointment before school."

"Appointment? What appointment?" her son asked.

Olivia's painted lips curved into a secretive smile, her eyes holding his for a beat too long. "You'll see," she whispered, before turning to Rod.

She pressed her body against her husband's, kissing him goodbye, her fingers lingering on his collar. "Drive safe," she murmured, walking him to the door and closing it with a soft click that echoed with finality.

Olivia sauntered past her teenager on bare feet, her massive maternal udders swinging freely beneath the thin silk robe that barely contained their obscene weight. With each step, those fat tits jiggled violently against the fabric, her dark areolas partly visible through the nearly transparent material.

"I'll be ready in just a bit, honey," she purred, deliberately slowing as she passed him.

Her meaty ass cheeks jiggled with each exaggerated step, the robe's hem riding up to reveal the lower curves of her buttocks. She glanced over her shoulder, catching him staring at her ass, and smiled knowingly as she gave those plump cheeks an extra wiggle before disappearing into her bedroom.

The car's engine hummed as they drove, Justin shifting uncomfortably in his seat. His thick teenage cock had been half-hard since breakfast, trapped awkwardly against his thigh.

"So what kind of appointment is this?" he asked, voice cracking.

Olivia's eyes flicked to the bulge in his jeans, her glossy lips curling into a knowing smile. "It's not a doctor's appointment, sweetie. More of a... special training session."

"Training?" Justin's brow furrowed, his virgin brain unable to comprehend what awaited him.

"Just be patient," she purred, her thighs pressing together as moisture gathered between them. "When we get there, Mommy will show you everything you need to know."

The Pinewood Hotel rose before them, a discreet two-story building nestled among towering pines at the edge of town. Olivia guided the car into a secluded spot at the far end of the parking lot.

As she stepped out, her heavy tits strained against her silk blouse with each breath, the fabric pulling taut across her hardened nipples. Her round ass swayed hypnotically in her tight pencil skirt as she led Justin toward the entrance, her five-inch stilettos clicking rhythmically against the pavement.

In the lobby, an elderly woman with improbably large breasts barely contained in a low-cut blouse greeted them with a knowing smile, her eyes flicking between mother and son.

"Room 12 is ready for you," she purred, sliding the key across the polished counter while eying Justin's bulge.

Olivia's attention drifted to a small display of bottles near the register.

"What's that?" she asked, finger pointing to a crystal vial of clear liquid.

The manager leaned forward, her enormous cleavage threatening to spill from her top. "Our signature lubricant," she whispered conspiratorially. "When it mingles with virgin pre-cum, it creates the perfect slickness for... extended pleasure sessions."

Olivia's tongue darted across her glossy lips as she handed over her credit card. "We'll take one."

Justin's eyes locked on his mother's fat ass as it swayed hypnotically before him, her tight skirt stretched across those massive maternal globes with each deliberate step. To

his shock, the hallway echoed with unmistakable sounds—wet, rhythmic slapping of flesh against flesh punctuated by high-pitched maternal wails.

"Fuck mommy's cunt!" screamed a woman behind door 9, her voice breaking into desperate sobs as bedsprings creaked violently.

Justin's virgin cock strained painfully against his jeans as they finally reached room 12. Just as Olivia inserted the key, a thunderous groan erupted from room 11—"Oh god mom, I'm gonna cum inside you!"—followed by animalistic grunting that made Justin's balls tighten against his body.

Olivia smiled blushing at her son – part of her just as shocked as he was as clicked the door shut, the sound of the lock engaging like a starting pistol.

Justin stood frozen, his virgin eyes locked on the king-sized bed dominating the room—its satin sheets pulled taut, waiting for bodies to soil them.

Overhead, a ceiling of mirrors reflected his flushed face and the massive bulge straining his jeans. Stacked neatly beside the nightstand were plush white towels, positioned strategically for customers to use to catch the inevitable mess of bodily fluids.

His mother's heels hit the floor with dainty twin taps as she stepped toward him, her massive tits swaying heavily beneath her silk blouse with each step.

"Honey, I brought you here for something very important," she whispered, close enough now that he could smell her intoxicating perfume.

"What?" he asked curiously, even though at this point he had a pretty good idea.

"I'm gonna teach you how to masturbate – how to pleasure yourself properly."

Her hand brushed his forearm, fingertips leaving trails of electricity on his skin. "But this stays between us, Justin. Just mother and son, understand?"

His mouth went dry as desert sand, but he nodded, pulse hammering so violently he was certain she could see it throbbing at his neck.

Olivia's fingers trembled as she reached for the hem of Justin's t-shirt, her glossy red nails contrasting against the white cotton.

"Arms up," she whispered, her voice husky with forbidden desire.

The fabric slid upward, revealing inch by inch his lean stomach, the light dusting of hair trailing down from his navel, the defined muscles of his chest that had developed since last summer.

She tossed the shirt aside, her hungry eyes devouring the sight of her son's bare torso as her hands moved to his belt buckle. The metal clinked softly as she worked it open, then

slowly dragged his zipper down, the sound unnaturally loud in the quiet room.

Justin's breathing quickened as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of his jeans, tugging them down his narrow hips until they pooled at his ankles.

His erection strained against the thin cotton of his briefs, the fabric stretched taut over its impressive length, a dark wet spot forming where the swollen head leaked pre-cum.

"My goodness," Olivia murmured, licking her painted lips as she peeled the last barrier away, watching with maternal pride as his massive, virgin cock sprang free, bobbing heavily before her flushed face.

His erection stood out, hard as iron, impressive even when measured against the boldest expectations. Thick and lengthy, the shaft jutted from his groin with a weighty confidence; every vein was visible, corded and pronounced beneath flushed, tight skin, as if straining to contain the restless pulse of need.

At the root, tendons flexed in defined relief, gripping the base with a masculine tension that made the entire organ seem sculpted for power.

Olivia leaned closer, taking in the swollen knob, marveling at how the fat, bulbous crown ballooned above the main girth, its surface dark and velvet with tumescence, accentuating the beauty of the structure.

It was even more breathtaking up close, every detail of its readiness on full display. She let herself linger in silent awe, eyes tracing the fierce line of the shaft, the satiny skin stretching over prominent veins and thick flesh, before speaking.

“What a beautiful penis, honey,” she cooed. “I can't believe a hand has never worked this magnificent cock to climax before.”

Justin's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, his teenage voice cracking. "I'm... I'm really excited to learn how to handle my... you know."

Olivia's hungry gaze locked with his, her tongue sliding across her bottom lip, leaving it glistening wet. "Would you like to strip Mommy naked first?" she purred, her fingers already toying with the top button of her blouse.

Justin's cock twitched violently, another pearl of fluid oozing from the tip. "R-really?" he stammered, his voice breaking into a pathetic squeak.

Olivia's throaty giggle filled the room as she guided his trembling hand to her heaving chest. "Yes, honey. I want those virgin eyes of yours to have something delicious to look at while I teach you how to milk that fat cock properly."

He stared, slack-jawed, as she peeled off her blouse and let it drop to the floor. The bra she wore was a goddamn engineering marvel, jammed full with her insane tits, bulging out of lacy, ivory cups that barely kept her contained. The straps dug into her shoulders, working overtime to rein in all

that jiggling heft, the whole thing looking one bad breath away from exploding.

Even the little bow between the cups was squashed flat, overwhelmed by cleavage so deep you could lose your phone in it. Justin couldn't help gawking, cock instantly hard as he tried to process just how much mom-boob was crammed in that thing.

She caught his stare and raised her eyebrows, smirking just a little. "Go ahead. Unclasp it."

He reached up, hands shaking, fumbling like a total dork at the four back clasps. For a few agonizing seconds, his sweaty fingers slipped all over the hooks, until finally they popped open—and her bra loosened, ready to unleash those monsters.

Olivia reached up, lithe fingers fumbling for a moment at the straining cups, and then her massive udders spilled free. There was no hiding them now: twin double J-cup globes poured from their confines, so heavy and pendulous they shivered with every breath she drew.

Each tit was crested with an extra-wide areola—a dappled, textured disc that looked almost swollen with heat—and at the center, her fat, rubbery nipples stood out bold and obscene, already stiff and blunt-tipped, jutting nearly a half-an-inch from her creamy skin.

"Jesus, Mom," Justin gasped as he stared, mesmerized by the sheer acreage of exposed flesh.

His reaction made Olivia giggle, high and breathless, suddenly girlish beneath his awestruck gaze. She cupped the heavy domes in both hands, bouncing them just a bit for his inspection, and shot him a conspiratorial grin. "Do you like them?" she teased, voice barely above a whisper, embarrassment and pride mingling in her tone as her monstrous tits dominated the room.

"They're... really big. And, um, amazing," he managed, his words more a whisper than a statement.

"Take off my skirt and panties now," she told him, gentle but unyielding.

His hands shook as he reached for the skirt, sliding it downward inch by inch, trying not to stare but unable to look away. Her panties were delicate, so light—they stretched perfectly over her wide maternal hips, the soft fabric nestled between the thick lips of her pubis, drawing out a plush, inviting cameltoe that left him momentarily breathless.

Olivia looked down over the bold, creamy slope of her tits – the view framed by the heavy orbs crowding her vision – and her eyes found him, wide and a little nervous. Her smile was sly, a glimmer of devilry curling her lips: "Don't be nervous. Take it slow, slide them down."

He swallowed, hands trembling, and hooked his fingers beneath the elastic. Inch by inch, he eased the panties down over her hips, knuckles grazing her bare skin, and as the fabric cleared her cunt, he couldn't help but gasp.

Her mound was utterly hairless, a soft and gleaming spectacle; twin lips already parted by a lush, soaking cleft, the inner folds glistening and ripe and shamelessly displayed. The heady aroma of her arousal punched into his lungs, thick and dizzying – a humid fog of pure, needy scent that made his mouth water.

The mother smiled wider, watching the rush of want cross his face as he stared at her pussy, pink and glistening and utterly exposed.

The panties bunched down, caught for a moment at the flair of her ass before sliding the rest of the way. Waiting, she arched her hips just enough to show off the inviting split – the deep, glossy furrow of her sex just begging for closer attention, all while her eyes never left his face, savoring every shudder and breathless gasp.

Justin stumbled upright, lanky limbs shaking, his cock jerking in wide-eyed shock as he faced his mom.

For a full thirty seconds, neither of them made a sound; they just stood there, staring, naked, the swaying heft of Olivia's boobs mirrored by the way her son's stiff erection bobbed insistently in the narrow gap dividing them.

The air shimmered with awkward tension, silent but electric—a mutual fumbling on the verge of something sweeter.

Olivia was first to move. She stretched her arms toward him, her voice melting into gentle honey: “Come here.”

Justin's breath caught audibly in his throat; the boy quivered with flustered excitement, feet stuck to the floor.

So Olivia reached again, this time lightly seizing his trembling hands, drawing him in. Their bodies met in a plush, tit-mashing hug, her oversized udders flattening warmly against his chest as Justin's rigid cock wedged up between their bellies, pressing into the yielding cushion of his mother's pubis.

"Ohhh, that feels so nice," the mother sighed, the walls of her moist cunt compressing inward by the proximity of such a huge, rigid slab of cock.

Justin shivered, every inch of him pinned tight against her softness, his boner straining upward as her pillowy warmth engulfed him.

In the hush, their bodies did the talking: skin to skin, heartbeat to heartbeat, mother and son breathing in tandem as the urgent bulk of Justin's cock nudged insistently at Olivia's loins, trapped between her plushness and his frantic pulse.

Olivia's fingers wrapped around Justin's trembling hand, her touch warm and firm as she tugged him toward the king-sized bed.

"Lie down for me, honey," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear.

The mattress dipped beneath his weight as he obeyed, sprawling awkwardly on his back, his rigid cock pointing skyward like a flagpole.

His mother retrieving the bottle of lube she'd purchased earlier, the plastic seal still intact. She crawled onto the bed beside him, her massive titties swinging pendulously beneath her torso, each heavy globe bobbling with her movement. The rosy nipples brushed against the ruffled sheets as she positioned herself at his side, her thighs parting slightly to reveal the glistening seam of her sex.

"Oh wow," Justin gasped as his mother's enormous tits enveloped him whole, swallowing his upper body between their pillowy mass.

His head tipped back, sinking into the luxurious cushion of one globe, while the other sprawled hot and heavy over his chest, pinning him tight. The world narrowed to the plush, sweaty warmth of Olivia's cleavage, and he shuddered, caged and helpless in the shadow of her flesh.

"Just relax and breathe, sweetie," her voice purred.

He barely noticed the slick snap of the lube bottle until Olivia squirted a generous dollop into her palm, her voice low and instructional, cutting through the haze. "I'm gonna teach you how to stroke your penis, Justin," she purred.

The wet sound of her hands made his cock twitch, and he managed a ragged nod, barely whispering an, "Okay."

Olivia reached down and her grip closed around him, slippery and sure, savoring the veiny bulk of hot teenage meat in her hand.

Justin tensed in anticipation, every nerve ending alive as she began to rhythmically pump his shaft, her technique practiced and patient. The gleam of the lube caught the light; his cock glistened, rigid and throbbing, as she worked him expertly, never easing the smothering pressure of her tits against him.

She watched the way Justin reacted, his hips subtly working in time with the firm, deliberate pump of her hand. With her fingers curled just so, she wrapped her palm around the heated length of his cock, guiding each stroke with careful, practiced precision. Her thumb grazed the sensitive ridge beneath the tip on every upward drag; the silky skin slid under her grip, taut and hot, pulsing with each insistent beat of his blood.

"Tell me how that feels," she urged, her voice thick and low, every syllable dragged out like honey on his nerves.

She let her fist tighten, the pressure perfectly calibrated—not too rough, not too soft.

"It f-feels so g-good," the boy gasped, still in awe that this was really happening.

"This is how you build it, Justin," she whispered, her breath ghosting over his skin. "Slow, steady... see how your cock swells, needy for more?"

With each pump, she drew out a bead of viscous pre-cum to slick her palm, ensuring every stroke glided with obscene ease. The sticky heat smeared between her fingers, spreading a glossy sheen down his length.

Justin's movements grew more eager, his hips lifting to meet the heel of her hand, grinding his cock through the snug, relentless tunnel she formed.

Olivia didn't just show him; she narrated every motion with low, deliberate clarity. Her fingers curled around his length, cradling him in a sure grip, and she moved her hand slowly up, then down, each stroke measured and precise, like she was drawing out every ounce of sensation for him to see.

“You feel that?” she murmured, her voice soft as velvet over steel. “It's not about going fast, honey, not yet. You wanna start slow, just like this – get used to the rhythm, let it build.”

Her pace never faltered, her lube and pre-cum-slickened thumb rolling gently over the bulbous, purpled tip on each upward pull.

“Here,” Olivia murmured, guiding his trembling hand down until his fingers wrapped around the base of his cock. “You hold yourself down here and match my rhythm,” she instructed, her voice a velvet purr brushing against his ear.

The pink skin of his cock glistened in the low light, both their hands milking him in unison. Up and down, a gliding, slippery tandem, their combined grip coaxing hot blood to surge and throb.

Olivia's fingers toyed at the sensitive crown, shaping his pleasure with every gentle squeeze and lingering swirl. "See how I work the tip?" she whispered, thumb grazing the glans in slow, teasing circles, then squeezing just enough to make him whimper. "You can help—you stroke the base, just like that. I'll take care of the rest."

Justin's jaw clenched with effort and need, obeying without question. Together, their hands slid up and down the towering column of his blood-engorged meat, the sticky glide matched perfectly, never breaking rhythm.

"The part I'm stroking is called the crown," she explained, her thumb rolling with measured, teasing precision right under the mushroomed edge. "So many nerves right here, baby, see how you throb when I touch?"

She angled her grip, the pads of her fingers nestling into the spongy side while her thumb slid boldly over the flare, pausing at intervals to stroke the drooling slit. Each time her thumb tip grazed the silky skin, a fresh bead of pre-cum welled up, oozing out to slick her movements.

"Right in the groove here—that's where it hits hardest, isn't it?" She pirouetted her thumb along the narrow rim just beneath the glans, then drew it in a slow sweep around the entire circumference, never relenting. "Feel all those tingles, those tiny fireworks? That's the nerves lighting up."

She shifted, giving the head a gentle squeeze, her touch both tender and worshipful. "Your whole knob is wired for

pleasure, baby," she said, pausing to let him shake under her practiced caress. "Especially here, where the underside meets the tip. Every stroke stokes more heat."

Her thumb dug ever so lightly under the head, catching the sensitive underside with a feathering tease. "I love seeing you react," she whispered, thumb circling the drooling slit, dragging slickness around in lazy spirals. "Tell me where it feels best, honey. I want every nerve ending blazing."

Justin shuddered, breath catching hard as his mom's thumb slid just beneath the crown of his cockhead, slick and precise, lighting him up in all the right places. He gasped—a sharp, desperate noise—as she stroked the tender band of frenulum.

"There!" he gasped, shuddering between the weight of her tits.

"Right here, on the band of your frenulum?" she teased, silky thumb never losing its rhythm, eyes glinting as she watched him writhe between her breasts.

Justin's answer was a wild, wordless nod, oxygen barely making it to his brain. His inexperience at the base of his shaft was obvious; Olivia's gaze flicked down, taking in his fumbling strokes.

"You have to squeeze, Justin," she coached. "Hard, down at the root. Tug it, like you're milking yourself. There. Feel that?"

Justin sucked air through his teeth and finally obeyed, curling his fingers tighter until the base of his cock felt fat and blood-heavy in his own grip.

Olivia rewarded him with a slow, proud hum that vibrated through her chest and into his ribs. “Good boy. Feel how full that makes you?”

Her thumb kept orbiting his glans, spreading the constant ooze of pre-cum until the entire crown gleamed like wet marble. “Now hold that squeeze and copy my speed. Exactly.”

She backed her fist off an inch so he could watch the glide, demonstrating a deliberate up-stroke that twisted just under the ridge before sliding down again. The mirror on the ceiling showed him everything—his thin hips jerking, her tan hand a blur of polish and authority, his dick shining like it had been dipped in oil. The visual socked him in the gut; air sawed in and out of his lungs, ragged and loud.

“We can't forget your balls,” Olivia whispered as her free hand drifted lower, cupping the tender weight of his scrotum.

Her palm cradled him with maternal gentleness while her fingertips explored with deliberate precision. “These need attention too,” she murmured, her thumb tracing the seam that divided the delicate sac.

She rolled each testicle between her fingers like precious stones, feeling their firm resilience beneath the taut, hairless skin. Her manicured nails traced feather-light

patterns that made him gasp and squirm, occasionally applying just enough pressure to send electric currents of sensation racing up his spine.

"Feel how they're drawing up?" she whispered, her expert touch mapping the intricate network of vessels and ducts beneath the surface. "That's where all your pleasure builds, sweetheart—right here in these beautiful, full balls."

Justin's hips jerked upward in a violent spasm, his spine arching off the bed like a drawn bow. His scrotum tightened, the delicate sac contracting as his testicles attempted to pull flush against his body—a primal reflex signaling his approaching climax.

Olivia's fingers encircled the base of his sac with practiced precision, tugging downward with gentle but insistent pressure. The translucent skin stretched taut under her grip, revealing a network of blue veins as she deliberately extended his spermatic cords, delaying his release.

His cockhead swelled to a dark purple, the tiny slit at its tip dilating visibly—a small, glistening mouth gasping for air. Clear, viscous pre-ejaculate welled up from within, not in drops but in a continuous trickle that caught the light as it flowed over the ridge of his glans.

The slick fluid cascaded over her thumbnail, its high-gloss burgundy polish now gleaming wet, before snaking between her knuckles in glistening rivulets. The boy-nectar pooled momentarily in the platinum channel of her wedding band,

the diamond catching prismatic light as evidence of her marital status became coated in her son's essence.

“Eyes on me, honey,” Olivia murmured, catching his chin with her free hand and guiding his gaze back to her face. “You don’t cum until I say. Understand?”

He managed a nod, jaw slack. She smiled at the desperation written across his features, then lowered her mouth to his ear.

“If you feel it building—here, or here—” she tapped the sensitive underside of his cock and then the spot where his balls drew tight, “—you tell Mommy. We’ll pull you back from the edge. We’re stretching this out until every drop in those aching nuts is begging to fly.”

Olivia's eyes glinted with mischief as she paused, her thumb hovering over the glistening head of his cock. "Would you like to switch, Justin?" she whispered, her breath warm against his ear. "You take over here at the tip while I show you what these lower muscles can really do?"

Justin's "yes" came out as little more than a trembling exhale, his fingers already moving to replace hers.

The moment they exchanged positions, his world exploded with new sensation. His mother's grip at his base was nothing like his own fumbling attempts—her fingers formed a strong, perfect ring, squeezing with calculated pressure that seemed to reach deep inside him.

"God," he gasped, feeling the internal structures of his shaft—veins, tubes, and hidden places he'd never known existed—being manipulated by her merciless, knowing grip.

Olivia's fingers dug into the thick base of his shaft, her grip tightening around the rigid muscle where his cock joined his body. "Feel that, baby?" she whispered, her lips brushing his earlobe. "This is your cock-root—the anchor that holds all this magnificent hardness."

Her thumb pressed firmly against the underside, massaging the hidden length that extended deep inside him. "You don't have to treat it like it's fragile," she continued, her voice honey-warm with maternal pride. "Nature designed this beautiful thing to withstand the most primal acts."

Her grip tightened, demonstrating the pressure he could endure, making him gasp. "When you're inside a woman, Justin, her body will squeeze you from every angle—pulsing, gripping, milking."

Her fingers rhythmically clenched and released, mimicking the sensation. "What I'm doing now? That's nothing compared to how it feels when you're buried deep in wet heat, when those internal muscles clamp down and ripple along every inch of you."

Her eyes locked with his, pupils dilated with desire as she worked his throbbing length. "Your body was made for this—for hard, deep thrusts that will make her scream your name."

Olivia's gaze tracked every tremor rippling through her son's lean torso, the way his abdominal muscles clenched and released with each synchronized pump of their hands.

Sweat beaded across his chest, catching the bedroom light like tiny diamonds as his back arched off the mattress. His balls had tightened to firm ovals against the base of his shaft, the skin there drawn taut and flushed dark pink.

"Mom," he gasped, his hand suddenly abandoning his glistening crown, fingers trembling in mid-air. "I'm feeling—I can't—" His words dissolved into a ragged moan.

She smiled, maternal pride mingling with raw hunger in her eyes. "Let Mommy pull out your very first load, baby," she whispered, her voice honey-thick. "Then you'll show me what you've learned and yank off all on your own, give me a second ejaculation."

Her wrist twisted with practiced precision as she lengthened her strokes, palm gliding from root to tip along the pulsing, veined length that strained toward her touch.

Justin gasped and bucked beneath her, his narrow hips lifting clean off the mattress in a violent arch. His face contorted—eyes squeezed shut, mouth stretched into a silent scream—as Olivia's heavy, squishy tits swayed and rippled around his flushed cheeks.

Incoherent syllables tumbled from his lips, fragments of pleas and curses melting together into desperate animal sounds.

The mother giggled, a throaty sound of pure satisfaction, as she executed perfectly calibrated strokes up the length of his cock. Her manicured fingers formed a tight, slick tunnel, each glossy blue-black vein bulging obscenely against her grip.

The head of his penis had darkened to a deep plum, the slit weeping continuously as she worked him with merciless precision, twisting her wrist on each upstroke to simulate the rippling contractions of a hungry pussy.

"Let it go," she whispered, her breath hot against the shell of his ear. "Let all that pressure erupt right out the tip for Mommy."

Justin's body seized as the first surge of pleasure crashed through him. Deep in his groin, the contractions began—rhythmic, powerful pulses that forced hot semen from the epididymis through the vas deferens in an unstoppable rush.

His prostate contracted violently, adding its milky secretions to the flood now racing through his urethra. The pressure built at the base of his shaft, his urethral bulb expanding as the first thick rope of ejaculate forced its way through.

The sensation of fullness became unbearable as his cock-head swelled to its limit, the meatus stretching wide as pearly cum erupted in a high arc that caught the light before splattering across Olivia's collarbone.

Seven more powerful contractions followed, each sending fresh streams of hot, viscous fluid jetting from his body, painting glistening trails across their skin as his mother's

merciless grip continued to milk every last drop from his convulsing reproductive system.

Finally, Olivia collapsed onto her son's heaving body, her weight pressing him deep into the mattress. Her tits—heavy, warm, and slick with perspiration—engulfed his face and neck like twin pillows of flesh, cutting off his peripheral vision.

The scent of her sweet perfume mingled with the salt of exertion as she showered his burning skin with feather-light kisses. "Such a good, good boy," she whispered against his ear, her voice a honeyed purr that vibrated through his bones. "Mommy's so proud of how beautifully you came for me."

Between their sweat-slicked bellies, her fingers maintained their gentle rhythm, wrapped possessively around his pulsing, oversensitive shaft. Each slow stroke sent violent aftershocks through his lanky frame, making his toes curl and his breath catch.

The pad of her thumb traced lazy circles over his glistening crown, coaxing pearly beads of residual fluid from the slit as his young body trembled beneath her.

The next day, Justin strutted into the crowded school hallway where his friends huddled by the lockers, their faces lighting up at his approach.

Tyler, his best friend since third grade, broke away from the group, eyes gleaming with anticipation beneath his shaggy brown hair. "Well?" he demanded, voice cracking with excitement.

Justin's lips curled into a slow, triumphant smile that stretched across his flushed face. "She bought it completely," he announced, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper that made the other boys lean in. "My mom jerked me off for almost two hours."

The circle of teenagers erupted in muffled cheers and fist bumps, their faces flushed with vicarious victory.

Tyler slapped Justin's shoulder, his palm leaving a damp imprint on the cotton t-shirt. "Damn, moms are so fucking naive," he snickered, adjusting his sagging jeans. "All you gotta do is act all innocent about masturbation, and next thing you know, they're giving you the best hand job of your life."

The warning bell shrieked overhead, and the boys scattered toward their classrooms, each one patting Justin's back as they passed, their knowing grins acknowledging the secret brotherhood they shared—young men whose mothers had all been tricked into the same intimate education.

COMING SOON:

PART 2: “Mom, What’s ‘Cunnilingus’ and ‘Fellatio’ Mean?”

PART 3: “Mom, How Are Babies Really Made?”

PART 4: “Mom, Why Are My Friends Obsessed with Big Boobs?”

PART 5: “Mom, What Does ‘Backdoor Fun’ Mean?”

PART 6: “Mom, What's a Reverse Gangbang?”