

MOM – POTUS

Part 2

By Klrxo

As Air Force One soared through the clouds, Madison and Cane settled into the luxurious presidential cabin. The spacious interior was adorned with plush leather seats, gleaming wood paneling, and all the amenities befitting the leader of the free world.

Madison kicked off her heels and curled up on one of the couches, her sexy bare with pink polished toenails resting comfortably on the cushion.

She motioned for Cane to join her. "Come sit with me, honey. Let's go over the agenda for the UN meeting."

Cane plopped down next to his mother, his eyes drifting over her curvaceous form. Her blouse strained against her oversized tits, the buttons looking like they could snap right off. Her pencil skirt rode up slightly, exposing more of her smooth, toned thighs.

The boy forced himself to focus on the papers she spread out on the coffee table in front of them.

As they reviewed the key talking points, Cane couldn't help but be distracted by his mother's proximity. The subtle scent

of her sweet perfume, the warmth radiating from her body, the soft lilt of her voice as she spoke - it all combined to stir a familiar heat in his loins.

Under the guise of pointing at something in the documents, he let his hand brush against her smooth leg.

Madison glanced at him but didn't pull away. Her eyes drifted to his crotch, lingering on his growing bulge.

Emboldened, Cane slowly caressed her thigh, his fingers inching higher... until the plane hit a patch of turbulence, jostling them in their seats.

Madison grabbed Cane's hand to steady herself. "Whoa! Guess the ride is getting a little bumpy," she laughed.

"In more ways than one," Cane muttered under his breath, thinking of the hardening cock-bulge in his pants.

Madison stood up and stretched, her tits ballooning outward, her blouse riding up to reveal a sliver of taut midriff. "I think I'll go freshen up and change into something more comfortable for the rest of the flight. Why don't you look over those economic reports in the meantime?"

She padded off to the private bedroom in the back of the plane, her rounded buttocks swaying provocatively the entire way.

Cane tried to concentrate on the dense pages of analysis, but his mind kept drifting to thoughts of his mother - peeling off her professional attire, slipping into something silky and

clingy, the swell of her giant breasts and the globes of her succulent ass barely contained.

He shook his head, trying to dispel the inappropriate fantasies. But his teenage libido had other ideas. His cock strained painfully against his zipper, begging for release.

Unable to focus, Cane tossed the reports aside and crept towards the bedroom, his heart pounding. He knew he shouldn't, but the temptation was too great. He had to sneak a forbidden peek at Madam President in a state of undress.

The door was slightly ajar. Holding his breath, Cane positioned himself to peer inside, just as Madison bent over to slip off her skirt, revealing the lacy black panties that hugged the curves of her full, round ass. The sheer fabric barely covered her plump cheeks, the thong disappearing between them.

Cane swallowed hard, his mouth going dry at the tantalizing sight. Madison's skin glowed in the soft lighting, her toned back tapering to a slim waist before flaring out again to those magnificent hips and ass. She reached behind to unclasp her bra, letting it fall away.

As she turned slightly, Cane caught a glimpse of the heavy swell of the side of her tit, the dusky pink of her nipple and areola just peeking into view. His cock throbbed, pre-cum leaking from the tip and staining his underwear.

Madison slid her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and began inching them down, baring the smooth globes of her bubble-butt inch by irresistible inch.

Just as the top of her butt crack came into view, she suddenly glanced towards the door.

"Cane? Is that you lurking out there?" she called suspiciously.

Panicking, Cane scurried back to the couch, his face burning. He quickly grabbed a report and pretended to be engrossed in it, willing his boner to subside before his mom emerged.

A few moments later, Madison glided back into the main cabin. She had changed into sexy yoga pants that lovingly hugged every curve and a snug tank top that displayed her generous cleavage.

"Ah, that's better," she sighed, settling next to Cane again, her bare arm brushing against his. "These long flights can be such a drag. Ready to go over more of the agenda?"

"Um, yeah, sure," Cane stammered, trying to act natural despite the persistent bulge in his pants. Being in such close proximity to his scantily clad mother after the glimpse he snuck wasn't helping matters.

Madison leaned over to point at something, her heavy breasts swaying inches from Cane's face, creamy tit-cleavage spilling out of her low-cut tank.

Her hair tickled his cheek. "I think this section about renewable energy initiatives is key. I want to get buy-in from..."

As she spoke, she shifted and her leg pressed against Cane's straining erection. He barely suppressed a moan.

Madison paused and glanced down at his lap, then back up at his flushed face. A knowing smirk played at the corners of her mouth.

"Is my brilliant son getting a little bored and antsy with all this dry policy talk?" she purred teasingly. "Or is something else on your young male mind, hm?"

Cane felt his face redden even more. "What? No, I mean, I'm just...it's not..." he sputtered helplessly, squirming in his seat. "I mean, I would rather hear you talk about 'other' things, if I'm being honest."

Madison lips curled into a mischievous grin. "I think what you're trying to say is that you'd rather hear me talk dirty to you, do I have that right?"

Madison quirked an eyebrow, her beautiful eyes sparkling with mischief as she regarded her son's nod.

She leaned in closer, her soft titties squashing against his arm, her full lips nearly brushing Cane's ear. "What kind of filthy words are you hoping will come out of my mouth, young man?"

Cane shuddered, his cock pulsing at the seductive purr of her voice. "I...I don't know..." he stammered, though the tent in his pants suggested otherwise. "Maybe the kind of stuff you said when we were pretending you were giving a speech on the National Day of Sex."

Madison chuckled lowly, her breath hot against his skin. "Mmm, you liked that, did you? Hearing me talk about everyone fucking like animals in the streets? About cocks pounding pussies raw?"

She placed a hand on Cane's thigh, her nails lightly grazing the strained fabric of his pants. "You wanna hear your mother say words like cock and pussy and fuck?" Her voice dripped with sinful honey.

"God yes," Cane groaned, feeling dizzy with lust. His mother's giant tits pressed against his arm as she spoke into his ear, the hard nubs of her nipples evident even through her tank top.

"You wanna hear me talk about big...thick...juicy cocks?" Madison continued, her hand inching higher up his leg. "Cocks swollen and pulsing with the need to sink into hot, tight, dripping-wet pussies? Cocks exploding with cum deep inside quivering cunts?"

Cane could only whimper and nod, any semblance of composure long gone. His own cock felt painfully hard, trapped in the confines of his pants.

Feeling bold and naughty, Madison's fingernails skimmed over the prominent bulge, making him buck involuntarily. "My my, seems like SOMEONE has quite the raging hard-on," she purred wickedly. "Is that because of me and my dirty mouth? Did Mommy's naughty words make your dick get all stiff and achy?"

"Fuck Mom...yes..." Cane panted, gripping the couch cushion as her fingers teased along his meaty stalk through the fabric.

"Such a horny, virile boy, getting turned on by his own mother talking about sex," Madison breathed. "I bet you're just dying to whip out that throbbing cock and stroke it until you explode like a geyser, aren't you?"

Cane could barely think straight, his mind fogged with incestuous lust. "Please Mom..." he begged shamelessly.

"Please what, baby?" Madison coaxed silkily, her fingers now tracing the shape of his bulbous cockhead. "Use your words. Tell Mommy what you need."

"Please...please can I stroke myself."

Madison smirked triumphantly, relishing the desperation in her son's voice. "Mmmm, I don't know," she teased, giving his bulge a gentle squeeze. "Do you really think it's appropriate to masturbate in front of your own mother? What would people think if they knew the President's son was whipping out his cock for Mommy Dearest at 30,000 feet?"

Cane whimpered needily, too far gone to care about propriety. "I don't care, I need it so bad Mom. I'm going crazy here. Please, I'll do anything."

"Anything, huh?" Madison purred, her eyes flashing wickedly. "Well, since you asked so nicely... go ahead and take out that big, throbbing cock. Show me how badly I've got you worked up."

With shaking hands, Cane unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly, sighing in relief as his erection sprang free.

His swollen shaft stood at attention, the bulbous head an angry purple, veins pulsing along the thick length. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the slit of his meatus.

"Ohhh my," Madison cooed appreciatively, drinking in the sight of her son's impressive manhood. "What a beautiful, mouthwatering cock you have, honey."

Cane groaned as he wrapped his fingers around his shaft, giving it a slow pump from root to tip, smearing the pre-cum. "Fuck Mom, it feels so good."

"I'll bet it does," Madison breathed, her gaze riveted to the erotic sight of her son pleasuring himself. "Do you beat off every day?"

"Yes, at least once a day."

"Stroke that big hard cock for me then. Let me see how much you love jerking off," Madison whispered.

Her words spurred Cane on as he began to stroke faster, his fist flying over his long, rigid pipe of flesh. Obscene wet SHLICKING sounds filled the cabin as he fucked his hand with abandon, urged on by his mother's perverse encouragement.

"That's it baby, stroke it harder and faster," Madison panted, her own arousal mounting as she watched the taboo scene. "No need to be shy. We both know how much you get off on Mommy's huge titties and curvy body, don't you? I see you sneaking peeks at my ass and getting boners over my cleavage."

"Oh god Mom yesss," Cane hissed, his hand a blur on his cock now. His balls drew up tight, the pressure building to a boiling point. "I can't help it, you're so fucking hot."

Madison licked her lips, thoroughly enjoying the effect she was having on her son and the site of his huge, muscled cock slipping through his hand.

She slowly untied her tank top and pulled it off over her head, letting it drop to the floor. Her massive bare breasts spilled free, jiggling and swaying hypnotically.

"Is this what you wanna see, honey?" she cooed, cupping the heavy globes and lifting them. "Mommy's big fat titties bouncing around while you beat your meat?"

Cane groaned loudly, his eyes glued to the magnificent sight of his topless mother. "Oh fuck yes Mom, your tits are incredible!"

He pumped his cock with renewed vigor, using both hands now to yank on his oversized cunt-fucker.

Madison turned to the side, arching her back to make her humongous, jutting rack stand out even more proudly.

She shimmied her shoulders, making the soft flesh wobble and undulate, her dusky nipples puckered into stiff peaks at the centers of wide, thickly-textured areolas.

"Mmm, I bet you'd love to wrap your lips around Mommy's hard nips and suck on them while you fuck your fist, wouldn't you?" she purred seductively. "Latch onto them like a hungry baby and let me cradle your head to my bosom."

"Unnghh Mom please!" Cane whined desperately, feverishly yanking his pulsing prick. Streams of pre-cum flowed steadily from his piss-slit, coating his shaft in slickness as he jerked himself into a frenzy.

Smirking, Madison turned around and bent over, causing her tits to dangle down like huge udders.

She braced her hands on her knees. Her yoga pants stretched taut across her heart-shaped ass, the fabric molding to every curve and crevice.

Watching her boy's reaction, she reached back and slowly peeled the bottoms down, revealing her plump cheeks encased in a skimpy lace thong.

"Oooh, does my sexy booty get you going too, sweetie?" she cooed, wiggling her hips from side to side. "I know how

much you love Mommy's big juicy ass. I've caught you ogling it when you think I'm not looking."

Cane felt like he might pass out as he soaked in the glorious view of his mother's nearly bare buttock. Her thong was wedged deep between her meaty cheeks, the flimsy string disappearing into her crack.

He pumped his dick wildly, feeling his swollen balls tighten and churn with scalding seed.

Madison reached back and pulled one ass cheek to the side, exposing the damp patch of fabric barely concealing her pussy. "Mmmm, look how wet Mommy is," she moaned breathily. "Watching you stroke that magnificent cock has me positively drenched.

"Damn," the boy snarled, his cock flexing so hard it looked as though the veins might explode from beneath the taut pink skin of his prick.

"You like knowing you made your mom's cunt drip with naughty juices?" Madison asked in a sultry tone.

That sent Cane hurtling over the edge. "Oh fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he cried out.

"Yes honey, cum for me!" Madison urged, her voice husky with lust. "Shoot that hot load while you stare at my soaking-wet pussy!"

With a guttural groan, Cane's cock erupted, sending thick ropes of pearly jizz arcing through the air. Spurt after spurt

of rich, potent boy-cum splattered onto his chest and stomach as he milked his pulsing shaft, his entire body shaking from the force of his explosive orgasm.

"That's it, let it all out!" Madison purred, reaching back to pull her thong to the side, revealing her glistening pink folds. "Cover yourself in cum while you look at Mommy's naughty parts!"

Cane let out a strangled whimper, his eyes nearly crossing as he took in the forbidden sight of his mother's exposed cunt while his cock continued to twitch and leak the dregs of his climax. Thick globs of spunk pooled on his abdomen, coating his still-hard shaft.

Smirking wickedly, Madison turned back around and sauntered over to her delirious son, her huge tits swaying with each step.

She knelt down beside him and swiped a finger through the puddles of jizz on his heaving torso, bringing it to her mouth to suck clean.

"Mmmm, yummy," she cooed, licking her lips. "Not only do you look good, you taste good too."

Cane could only moan weakly, overwhelmed by the intense depravity of what just happened.

Madison grabbed some tissues and tenderly cleaned off the rest of Cane's sticky release, then tucked his softening penis back into his pants. "There now, all better," she purred,

giving his package an affectionate pat. "I think my loyal, 'first man' deserved that special relief, don't you?"

Cane nodded dazedly, still reeling. "Thank you Mom," he rasped. "That was incredible."

"Glad I could help," Madison grinned, pressing a kiss to his forehead before slipping her top back on and adjusting her pants.

She plopped back down on the couch and picked up the forgotten reports as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

"Now, where were we?" she chirped brightly. "I believe we were discussing the key initiatives for the UN assembly, yes?"

Cane gaped at her, marveling at how quickly she could slip back into presidential mode after engaging in such a taboo act. He shook his head and tried to focus, though his mind was still pleasantly buzzing from his earth-shattering orgasm.

As they reviewed their strategy for the upcoming meeting, Cane couldn't help but wonder what other wild adventures lay ahead on their international travels together. If their encounter on Air Force One was any indication, this trip was bound to be full of forbidden thrills and mother-son bonding of the naughtiest variety.

The plane landed smoothly in New York and they were whisked to their posh hotel suite overlooking Central Park.

Madison barely had time to freshen up before she was due at the UN for a series of high-level meetings and public addresses.

Cane hung back in the luxurious suite, feeling restless and horny as his mind replayed the sexy scene from the flight on a loop.

His cock stirred in his pants as he recalled the glorious sight of his mother's gigantic bare breasts and curvy ass. He palmed himself through his slacks, sorely tempted to rub another one out to take the edge off.

But before he could unzip, his phone pinged with a text from his mom. "Come to the UN NOW. I need you."

Cane's heart raced, his arousal battling with confusion. Was something wrong? Why did his mother need him so urgently in the middle of her important meetings? He texted back quickly. "On my way. Everything ok?"

Her reply came swiftly. "No time to explain. Just hurry. Come to the Green Room behind the General Assembly Hall."

More baffled and worried than ever, Cane rushed out of the hotel, his mind spinning with all sorts of scenarios. He hopped in a waiting vehicle and fidgeted restlessly the whole ride to the UN Headquarters, wondering what could possibly be going on.

After passing through the heavy security, he navigated the labyrinth of corridors until he found the room his mother had specified.

Taking a deep breath, he opened the door, bracing himself for potential trouble.

Instead, he was greeted by the sight of Madam President perched on the edge of a couch, her pencil skirt hitched up around her hips and her blouse unbuttoned to reveal her heaving cleavage. Protruding from the centers of her rounded tit-caps, her fat nipples visibly poked against the thin lace of her bra.

"There you are," Madison purred, crooking a finger at him. "Come here, honey. I needs you."

Cane's mouth went dry, his cock springing to attention in record time. He closed the door behind him and crossed the room in a daze. "Mom, what's going on? I thought there was an emergency!"

"There is," Madison cooed, grabbing his belt and yanking him closer. She nuzzled her nose against his straining crotch, inhaling his teenage pheromones deeply. "It's an emergency in my panties. I'm so fucking horny I can't stand it, and since you're father's not here, I need your, um...tongue."

"My tongue?" Cane gulped, his boner flexing against his mother's face through the fabric of his pants.

"That's right, honey," Madison purred, spreading her creamy thighs wider.

Cane could see the damp spot on the gusset of her lacy panties. "Mom needs your tongue on her aching pussy right now. I can't focus on anything else until I cum. Can you help me?"

Cane's head spun with a mix of shock and overwhelming lust. This was beyond anything they had done before. Jerking off in front of his mother was one thing, but actually tasting her most intimate place? He wavered uncertainly.

"I don't know, Mom," he stammered. "Are you sure we should be doing this here? What if someone catches us?"

Madison's eyes flashed with wicked determination. "That's half the thrill, isn't it? The risk of getting caught being naughty with President Mom?"

She grabbed his hand and boldly placed it on her wet panty-covered mound. "No one will dare interrupt the President. Now be a good boy and help me out."

The feel of his mother's saturated silk against his palm short-circuited any lingering reservations Cane had.

Groaning, he sank to his knees before her, shoving her skirt up higher.

Madison impatiently shimmied out of her soaked panties, pulling them down her freshly-shaved legs and off her high-heeled feet.

She spread her thighs wide in clear invitation.

Cane found himself face to face with his mother's glistening pink pussy. Her plump outer lips were slick with arousal, her delicate inner petals unfurled like a flower. The musky scent of her excitement filled his nostrils, making his mouth water.

"Holy shit," he muttered beneath his breath, taking in the site and smell of his mom's most forbidden place.

Almost reverently, he leaned in and swiped the flat of his tongue along her weeping slit, savoring his first tangy taste of forbidden fruit. "Oh fuck Mom," he groaned against her flesh. "You taste incredible."

"Mmmm, Cane," Madison encouraged breathily, tangling her fingers in his hair to hold him in place. "Keep licking my cunt. Make me feel good."

Spurred on by her filthy words, Cane began to lap at her sodden folds in earnest, painting her slit with broad wet strokes of his tongue. He pushed his face in deep, explored every silky crevice and crease, teasing her opening and flicking over her blood-engorged clit. Lewd slurping sounds filled the room as he ate her with sloppy eagerness.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Madison cried out, grinding her pussy against her son's face shamelessly.

Her clit throbbed against his tongue as he focused on the sensitive bud. "Right there, don't stop! I'm gonna cum!"

Cane doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around her grape-sized nubbin to suckle greedily while he thrust two fingers knuckle-deep into her fluttering sheath. He pumped and

curled them rapidly, keeping time with the relentless suction of his mouth on her most sensitive spot.

Madison's thighs clamped around Cane's head as her back arched off the couch, her tits ballooning upward, threatening to snap her bra right off.

Her pussy pulsed wildly against his lips and fingers. "OH GOD YES! FUCK MOM'S CUMMING ON YOUR TONGUE!" she wailed, not caring who might overhear.

The slit of her urethra bulged, and a flood of tangy juices gushed into Cane's mouth as he continued to suckle and finger-fuck her through her intense orgasm.

He eagerly swallowed every drop of her essence, amazed that he was the one making the most powerful woman in the world come completely undone.

Finally, Madison collapsed bonelessly against the cushions, panting harshly, her pillowy tits heaving up and down with each breath.

Cane gentled his ministrations, lapping softly at her twitching, sensitive flesh until she pushed his head away.

"Holy shit baby, that was incredible," Madison rasped, giving him a dazed grin. "You're a natural at eating pussy. I'm impressed."

Cane wiped his slick, sticky mouth with the back of his hand, looking immensely proud of himself. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said, his voice husky. "I loved feasting on you."

Madison noticed the massive bulge distending her son's pants and licked her lips. "Mmmm, looks like you could use some relief too, huh? Why don't you whip out that big hard cock for Mom?"

Cane scrambled to obey, nearly ripping his zipper in his haste to free his throbbing erection.

It sprang forth, smacking against his abs before bobbing heavily in the air, flushed a deep angry pink at the swollen head. A steady stream of pre-cum leaked from the slit, running down across the underside of his rigid, vein-encrusted stalk.

Madison purred appreciatively at the enticing sight. "Stroke it for me, honey. Show me how badly you need to cum."

Cane wrapped his fingers around his aching shaft and began to pump furiously, the slick crown peeking out of his fist on every upstroke.

His heavy balls, full to bursting, slapped against his thighs as he jerked himself off shamelessly in front of his mother.

Madison slid her fingers through the mess of her own juices, then reached out to smear the slickness along Cane's length, adding to the obscene wet sounds of his stroking. "That's it, fuck your hand while thinking about hot cunt. I bet you wish this was a tight pussy squeezing your fat cock, don't you?"

"Oh fuck yes," Cane groaned, his hips snapping to thrust through the tunnel of his fist. Having his mother's cum

lubricating his shaft was almost too much to take. "I'm gonna explode soon!"

Madison cupped and lifted her huge, heavy tits, pinching her nipples.

"Do it honey, explode all over Mom's big tits!" Madison urged, thrusting her massive jiggling rack out. "Paint them with your hot boy-cum!"

Cane let out a strangled cry as his cock erupted like a geyser. Thick ropey strands of pearly jizz arced through the air, splattering across the heaving slopes of his mother's breasts.

Madison's pretty eyes widened as she watched spurt after spurt coat her cleavage and nipples as her teen milked his long, pulsing shaft frantically.

"Fuck yes, so much cum from my baby boy!" Madison crooned, rubbing the sticky spunk into her flesh. She swiped some onto her fingers and brought it to her mouth, licking it clean. "Mmmm, delicious."

Cane watched in awe as his mother scooped up his cream and savored it, his spent cock twitching weakly. He couldn't believe they had just done something so incredibly taboo and risky right in the heart of the United Nations.

After cleaning up and hastily putting themselves back together, Madison straightened her shoulders, instantly slipping back into presidential mode.

"Okay, break time's over. Mommy has to get back to making the world a better place. You head back to the hotel and I'll meet you there later tonight."

Cane nodded dumbly, still dazed from their illicit encounter. He made his way out of the UN in a euphoric fog, already craving their next forbidden tryst. These international trips were proving to be very educational indeed.

Suspicious of what had just occurred inside the Green Room, Agents Simmons and Lewis exchanged concerned glances as they escorted the President back to the General Assembly Hall.

The two Agents had witnessed Cane enter the room looking flustered and leave 20 minutes later with a blissed out expression.

And now the President had a telltale flush to her cheeks and a new spring in her step. Something inappropriate had clearly happened between mother and son.

"We need to keep a closer eye on those two," Agent Lewis muttered under her breath. "This is getting out of hand. If word got out that the President was engaging in taboo sexual acts with her own son, it would be a national scandal."

Agent Simmons nodded grimly. "I agree. We have to put a stop to it before things go too far. The President's reputation and the integrity of the office are at stake."

As they watched Madison take the stage and begin addressing the assembled world leaders with poise and authority, the two agents resolved to confront her about her illicit behavior with Cane at the earliest opportunity. They couldn't let this sordid situation spiral any further out of control.

Meanwhile, Cane practically floated back to the hotel, his mind replaying every gloriously filthy detail of his encounter with his mother.

The taste of her succulent pussy-juices lingered on his lips and the scent of her arousal clung to his skin. He felt marked by her, claimed, bonded more deeply than ever.

His cock stirred in his pants as he recalled the earth-shattering orgasm she had wrung from him with her encouragement.

Alone in the opulent suite, he stripped naked and sprawled out on the king-sized bed, lazily stroking his horny cock to full hardness again. Even though he knew his mom was busy with Presidential tasks, he couldn't help but send her a text.

"Guess what I'm doing?" the message read with a naughty winking emoji attached.

Madison felt her phone vibrate in her pocket and had to fight back a smirk as she continued addressing the General Assembly. She couldn't wait to see what naughty message her son had sent her this time.

As soon as she stepped off the stage to enthusiastic applause, she discreetly checked her texts, her pussy immediately clenching when she saw what Cane had written. The winking emoji left no doubt as to exactly what he was up to alone in their hotel room.

Biting her lip, Madison quickly typed back a response under the table: "Mmmm, stroking that big hard cock thinking about pussy again? Such a horny boy. Send pics."

Hitting send, she slipped the phone back into her pocket and tried to focus on the next round of diplomatic discussions, even as images of Cane pleasuring himself to thoughts of her danced wickedly through her mind.

Back at the hotel, Cane grinned when he saw his mother's reply. She wanted pics, huh? Well, he was more than happy to oblige.

He grabbed his phone and snapped a few shots from different angles - his rock hard shaft straining towards his abs, the swollen purple head leaking pre-cum, his heavy balls drawn up tight.

Selecting the best one that showcased his impressive size, he sent it to his mom with the caption "All for you, Mrs. President."

The next couple hours were sweet torment for the President as she sat through important meetings while her phone periodically vibrated with more and more provocative photos from her son.

There were close-ups of his pulsing cock-head, his hand wrapped around the thick shaft mid-stroke, his flat stomach splattered with his own cum. Each new image made her squirm in her seat, her panties getting increasingly damp from the secretions drooling from her slit.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the day's business concluded. Madison made her excuses, claiming exhaustion from jetlag, and hurried back to the hotel, driven by desperation to sate her taboo hunger.

She burst into the suite to find Cane right where she expected - naked on the bed, lazily fisting his impressive erection, the room reeking of his musk.

His eyes lit up when he saw her, raking over her body still clad in conservative business attire.

"Welcome back, Madam President," he greeted huskily. "You got my messages?"

"You're damn right I did, you brat," Madison growled, shedding her jacket as she advanced on him. "Teasing me with that beautiful big cock all day, making me sit through meetings with a soaked pussy. Such an incorrigible tease."

Cane just grinned unrepentantly, giving his long, teenage shaft a slow pump. "So, um...what are you gonna do about it?"

Madison smirked wickedly as she unzipped her skirt and let it pool at her feet. "I'm gonna make you scoot over so we

can masturbate together, that's what," she answered. "I need to cum like you don't even know."

Cane eagerly made room for his mother on the bed, his eyes glued to her as she seductively stripped off her blouse and bra, freeing her massive heaving tits.

She shimmied out of her soaked panties and climbed onto the mattress completely naked, settling back against the pillows and spreading her long legs wide.

"Get over here and let me see that gorgeous cock up close," Madison purred, crooking a finger at him.

Cane scrambled to obey, positioning himself between her splayed thighs so his angry erection bobbed mere inches from her glistening pink folds.

The musky scent of her arousal mixed headily with his own pre-cum and sweat, making his head swim with lust.

"Damn, this is so cool," he sighed, shaking his head in disbelief as he took in how wide his mom had her knees spread apart. The way her dainty bare feet hovered to either side of him made his big boner flex with excitement, bobbing up and down stiffly.

Madison licked her lips as she eyed her son's throbbing manhood and the pre-cum that dribbled to the mattress in a gooey string. "Mmmm, such a mouth-watering piece of meat," she praised throatily. "Stroke it for me, honey. Let mom see how you pleasure yourself."

Moaning, Cane wrapped his fist around his engorged shaft and began to pump slowly, putting on a show for his mother. He squeezed and twisted on the upstroke, milking fat drops of pre-cum from his slit that dripped down onto her mound.

"Fuck yes, work that big cock," Madison encouraged, marveling at the sheer size of her boy's appendage. She knew he was thick enough to stretch her inner lining and long enough to nearly reach the womb that once held him.

Madison reached down, dipping her fingers between her slick lower lips. She began to rub slow circles around her fat clit, then dragged her soaked digits up her body to pinch and roll her stiff nipples, leaving a gleaming trail of her own juices. "You like seeing me touch myself? Knowing how wet you make my pussy?"

"God yes," Cane groaned, his eyes riveted to the erotic sight of his mother pleasuring herself. He pumped his cock faster, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against his thighs.

Madison plunged two fingers knuckle-deep into her sopping cunt, curling and scissoring them as she ground her clit against her palm. With her other hand, she cupped and kneaded her pillowy tits, pinching the distended peaks roughly.

"Unnngh yes, fuck that fist," she moaned wantonly, writhing on the sheets. "Pretend it's a hot cunt squeezing your fat dick. Oh baby, a woman could ride you so hard, make you shoot your fucking load so deep in her pussy..."

Cane let out a strangled whimper at her filthy words, his cock pulsing and throbbing in his stroking hand. "Mom, fuck! Keep talking dirty to me while we jerk off together. Tell me what a woman would do to my cock if I fucked her!"

Madison moaned throatily, frigging her clit faster as she finger-fucked her sloppy cunt. "Mmmm, she'd impale her tight wet pussy on that monster dick and bounce on it so hard. Squeeze you with her ccun-muscles and milk your cock, begging you to fill her with your hot seed."

She spread her swollen lips open with one hand, giving Cane an unobstructed view of her slick pink hole as she plunged three fingers in and out, making obscene wet sounds. Her huge tits jiggled and swayed atop her ribcage hypnotically with her movements.

"Oh god yes! I'd hammer my cock into her slutty MILF cunt and paint her insides white with my jizz," Cane panted harshly, his fist flying over his aching shaft.

The crude slapping of skin on skin filled the room as mother and son masturbated furiously together. The muscles beneath their beautiful skin tensed from the exquisite pleasure they were producing.

"Fuck honey, Mom's getting close," Madison keened, grinding her dripping pussy against her thrusting fingers. "Gonna cum so hard thinking about you breeding a woman with that big fat dick! Pumping her full of your potent young cum!"

Cane felt his balls tighten and churn, the tingling pressure at the base of his spine signaling his own impending release.

"Me too," he gritted out, stroking himself almost brutally, his shaft feeling like it could blast right off its root. "Gonna explode all over your hot body, Mom. Drench you in my spunk while you cream on your hand."

Madison threw her head back with a guttural moan, her cunt clamping down rhythmically on her fingers as she came hard. "OH FUCK YESSSS! Cum with me! Soak me with it! UNGHHH!"

Clear cum-juices squirted from her convulsing hole, splattering Cane's cock and balls.

The feel of his mother's warm ejaculation spraying his shaft pushed Cane over the edge. With a hoarse shout, his cock jerked and throbbed in his fist as he erupted like a geyser.

Thick ropey strands of pearly jizz arced through the air, painting Madison's shuddering pussy, belly and heaving tits with his release.

For a full minute they milked the pleasure from their bodies, groaning and writhing with each exquisite spasm.

Finally, they collapsed back on the bed, gasping and twitching as aftershocks rolled through them.

Cane watched through heavy-lidded eyes as Madison swiped his creamy essence from her body and brought it to her mouth to taste.

"Mmmm, God you taste so good," she purred, sucking her fingers clean.

Basking in the afterglow of their intense mutual masturbation session, Madison and Cane lay entwined on the hotel bed, their sweaty naked bodies pressed together.

Madison idly ran her fingers through the mess of cum splattered across her heaving breasts, bringing it to her lips to savor the taste of her son's seed again.

"Mmmm, I could get used to this," she purred contentedly, snuggling against Cane's side, smothering her big boobies against his hot, young body. "My handsome boy pleasuring himself, giving me such a delicious treat."

Cane grinned dopily, still riding high on his explosive orgasm. "Any time you want, Mom."

He nuzzled into her fragrant hair, inhaling her scent.

Madison chuckled wickedly, giving his softening cock an affectionate pat. "Careful, I may just take you up on that. The President needs lots of special stress relief, you know."

They lay cuddling for a while longer before reluctantly disentangling to clean up.

After a quick shower, Madison changed into a slinky cocktail dress for an important diplomatic reception while Cane donned a suit to act as her "assistant".

At the swanky affair, the two orbited each other, exchanging heated glances and subtle brushes of skin as they

schmoozed and networked. The forbidden thrill of their secret intimacies made every interaction crackle with sexual tension.

From across the room, Agents Simmons and Lewis observed their charges with growing concern. They noticed how Cane's eyes lingered on his mother's curves and how the President seemed to touch her son more than necessary.

The signs of an inappropriate relationship were glaringly obvious to their trained eyes. They knew they needed to act soon before things really got out of hand.

As the reception wound down, Madison and Cane slipped away to a secluded alcove, giggling tipsily.

Glancing around to make sure they were alone, Madison pulled Cane against her heavy-titted body, staring magically into his eyes.

"I bet you're just as good at kissing as you are at eating pussy," she whispered.

"Is that an invitation?" Can asked, his heart racing.

Madison answered with a deep, hungry kiss, her long, thick tongue plundering his mouth.

"Fuck, I've been wanting to do that all night," she panted when they broke apart. "Seeing you in that suit, looking so handsome and fuckable. Such a tease."

Cane groaned as his mother palmed his hardening cock through his trousers. "Me? You're the one flaunting these

sexy curves all night. I'm dying to get my hands on them again."

Just then, someone loudly cleared their throat. The couple sprang apart to see Agents Simmons and Lewis standing there, stony-faced.

"Madam President, we need to talk. Now," Agent Lewis said firmly. "This behavior with your son is completely unacceptable and we can't allow it to continue unchecked."

"Behavior?!" Madison asked with a questioning scowl. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you're implying, Agents."

She tried to keep her voice level and authoritative, even as panic fluttered in her chest.

"With all due respect, Madam President, we've noticed an inappropriate level of intimacy between you and your son," Agent Simmons stated bluntly. "The touches, the looks, sneaking off together. It's our job to protect you and your reputation, and we can't ignore this."

Cane flushed guiltily, shifting on his feet. But Madison straightened her spine and fixed the agents with an icy glare. "How dare you make such outrageous accusations," she hissed. "Cane is my son and of course we're close. But to insinuate anything untoward is crossing a line."

Agent Lewis held up a placating hand. "We're not trying to offend you, ma'am. But surely you can see how it looks from an outside perspective. As your security detail, it's our

responsibility to advise you when your actions could be misconstrued or used against you."

Madison pressed her lips together, mind racing. She knew the agents were right, that she and Cane had been reckless in their taboo liaisons. But the forbidden fruit was too tempting to resist. She couldn't just shut down the most exciting experiences of her life.

"I appreciate your concern," she said coolly. "But I assure you, my relationship with my son is perfectly innocent. We're simply making up for lost bonding time after I was gone on the campaign trail for so long. However, I will take your words under advisement. Now, if you'll excuse us."

With that, she grabbed Cane's arm and swept past the agents, her heels clicking loudly in the tense silence.

Once out of earshot, she leaned in and whispered fiercely. "We're gonna have to be more careful from now on. No more public displays, no matter how much we want it. Understand?"

Cane nodded quickly, chastened. "Got it, Mom. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cause problems for you."

Madison softened, reaching up to caress his face. "It's okay, honey. We just have to control ourselves better. But that doesn't mean we have to stop entirely. We'll just have to be smarter about it."

Her eyes gleamed with wicked promise as her pink-tipped nails traced his jaw.

Cane shivered, his cock twitching in anticipation. Stolen moments and sneaking around only made their illicit activities hotter.

The agents watched the mother-son pair walk away, suspicion still etched on their faces. They shared a wordless look that said this discussion was far from over. One way or another, they'd get to the bottom of the President's shocking secret.

Once they were alone inside the Presidential limousine, Madison and her son cozied up next to each other in the back seat.

Though she was well aware that this was not the appropriate setting for overtly sexual activities, she couldn't resist teasing her teen in subtle ways.

As the limo cruised through the nighttime streets, Madison casually crossed her lovely legs, allowing the slit of her dress to ride up and expose an enticing expanse of smooth thigh.

Cane's eyes were immediately drawn to the tantalizing display of skin, his fingers itching to caress the silky flesh.

Madison noticed her son's hungry gaze and smirked. She shifted slightly, as if getting more comfortable, causing her dress to inch up even higher.

Cane swallowed hard as the lacy top of her thigh-high stocking came into view, contrasting enticingly with her creamy skin.

Unable to help himself, he placed a tentative hand on her knee. When Madison didn't object, he grew bolder, slowly gliding his palm up her thigh, relishing the feel of her supple leg beneath his touch.

Higher and higher he went until his fingertips brushed the edge of her panties.

Madison parted her legs just a bit, giving him silent permission.

Cane took the hint and stroked along her silk-covered slit, feeling the bulging outer labia and damp heat emanating from her core. He rubbed small circles over the swell of her prepuce, making her breath hitch.

"Mmmm, you're playing with fire, honey," Madison purred lowly, mindful of the driver just beyond the privacy screen. "Teasing me like this when we have to control ourselves. Such a naughty boy."

Cane grinned unrepentantly, dipping a finger beneath her panties to stroke her slick folds. "Can't help it," he whispered hotly. "You just look so fucking sexy in that dress. I wanna touch you so bad."

"I know, I want it too," Madison breathed, subtly rocking against his teasing digits. "But we have to be good. We're already on thin ice with the agents watching us."

Cane groaned quietly in frustration but obediently withdrew his hand from between his mother's thighs.

Madison smoothed down her dress and gave him a heated look full of promise.

"Don't worry, my darling son," she murmured sultrily. "Once we're back in the privacy of our suite, I'll let you finger me if you want."

"Can I um...do more than that tonight?" he boldly asked, hoping his mother would be willing to sheath his cock in pussy.

Madison gave Cane a sultry smile, even as a hint of seriousness crept into her eyes. She knew they needed to have a frank discussion about the limits of their illicit activities. As much as she enjoyed their naughty play, she couldn't let things spiral completely out of control.

"Honey, I think it's time we talked about boundaries," she began gently, placing a hand on his thigh. "I love the special bond we've developed and I don't want to lose that. But we have to be smart about this."

Cane's brow furrowed slightly, a mix of confusion and worry. "What do you mean? I thought you liked what we've been doing."

"Oh honey, I do," Madison assured him, giving his leg a squeeze. "Probably more than I should. But that's why we need to set some ground rules, to make sure we don't cross any lines we can't come back from."

Cane nodded slowly, trying to understand. "Okay, like what?"

Madison took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "Well, for starters, we can't let things escalate to full-on intercourse. Helping each other masturbate and doing some heavy petting is one thing, but actual penetration is a hard limit."

She could see the disappointment flit across Cane's face but he didn't argue. "I get it," he said quietly. "It's too risky."

"Exactly," Madison agreed. "We also have to be much more discreet. No more public touching or sneaking off where we could be caught. What we do has to stay strictly behind closed doors."

Cane sighed but acknowledged the wisdom in her words. "You're right. I don't wanna jeopardize your Presidency or our family with rumors."

Madison smiled softly, proud of her son's maturity. "Thank you for understanding, sweetheart. I know it's not easy to control these urges, believe me. But if we're smart and careful, we can still enjoy our special private time together. Just with some reasonable limits."

Cane returned her smile, mischief sparking in his eyes. "Well, since we're setting boundaries... how about you tell me exactly what IS still on the table? So I can know how far to push without crossing lines."

Madison laughed huskily, amused and aroused by her son's boldness. "Alright, you brat. I suppose within the privacy of our rooms, we can still play and tease. Touching, tasting,

masturbating together - all fair game as long as it doesn't involve actual sex."

Cane grinned wolfishly, his mind already spinning with delicious possibilities as his eyes drifted to her enormous cleavage. "So, does that mean I could, um...suck on your titties, while I beat off tonight?"

Madison grinned wickedly at Cane's brazen request, her nipples tightening beneath the thin fabric of her dress. "Mmmm, you wanna worship mom's big titties, do you? Suckle on them like a greedy baby while you stroke that hard cock?"

Cane groaned, palming himself through his slacks. "Fuck yes. I've been dying to get my mouth on those gorgeous tits. Please Mom, can I?"

Madison glanced out the tinted windows, ensuring their complete privacy before turning back to her son with a sultry smile. "I suppose that can be arranged. As long as you promise to make me feel really good too."

"Anything you want," Cane vowed eagerly. "I'll lick your pussy for hours if you let me play with your amazing rack."

"Mmmm, such a naughty boy, lusting after his own mother's body," Madison purred, cupping her heavy breasts and pushing them together. "But I do love how much you desire me. I can't wait to feel your hot mouth on my aching nipples."

Cane whimpered needily, squeezing his throbbing erection. The temptation of his mother's glorious tits with that deep, cavernous cleavage was almost too much to bear. He wanted to rip her dress open and bury his face between those perfect, giant mounds right then and there.

As if reading his dirty thoughts, Madison placed a staying hand on his chest. "Patience, my sweet boy. Good things cum to those who wait," she breathed teasingly. "Once we're alone in our suite, I'll let you indulge in allll your naughty titty fantasies. But you have to be good and keep your hands to yourself until then. Understand?"

"Yes Mom," Cane agreed breathlessly, nearly trembling with pent-up lust. "I'll be good, I promise."

"That's my boy," Madison praised, giving his straining cock a quick pat before smoothing her dress back down.

The rest of the limo ride was delicious torment for them both, the air crackling with sexual tension and unfulfilled longing.

The second they were behind closed doors, all bets were off - Cane fully intended to spend the night lost in his mother's bountiful bosom while she talked filth in his ear. Their new boundaries left plenty of room for thoroughly satisfying depravity.

As soon as they entered the privacy of their hotel suite, Madison turned to Cane with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"Alright kid, mom's all yours. Come worship these big titties like you've been dying to."

Cane didn't need to be told twice. He was on her in an instant, his large hands cupping and squeezing the gigantic, heavy globes through her dress as he buried his face in her ample cleavage.

"Fuck Mom, your tits are perfect," he groaned, motorboating between the pillowy mounds. "So fucking big and soft."

Madison threw her head back with a throaty moan, tangling her fingers in her son's hair to hold him to her heaving chest. "That's it, enjoy my titties," she urged breathlessly. "Get your face all up in there. Show me how badly you crave them."

Spurred on by her filthy encouragement, Cane pawed at her dress, yanking the neckline down to free her massive breasts bra-shrouded breasts from confinement.

A heel fell off Madison's foot as she raised it from the floor, hooking a sexy leg behind her son to hold his body against hers.

"Reach behind me," her soft voice quivered. "Unclasp the hooks, honey."

As Cane chewed at her nipple with his lips through the black embroidered fabric, he reached around and clumsily unfastened her bra.

Now unfettered, Madison's milkers burst out into her son's eager hands, spilling over his palms.

"Holy shit!" he gasped in awe, taking in the glorious sight. Dusky nipples peaked to stiff nubs at the centers of her wide areolas, just begging for his mouth.

Unable to resist, he captured one fat teat between his lips and suckled greedily, lavishing it with his tongue as his face sunk against the squishy meat of her melon.

His other hand kneaded her breast, relishing the weight and suppleness.

"Ohhh fuck yes, just like that!" Madison keened, arching into his worshipful attentions. "Suck my titties harder. Bite and tug on my nipples. Don't be gentle."

Cane growled around his mouthful, grazing the sensitive peak with his teeth before latching on and sucking hard, hollowing his cheeks.

He rolled and pinched her other nipple between his fingers, stretching it out from her body.

Wet slurping sounds filled the room as he feasted on her tits with sloppy abandon, his face masked in the warmest, softest flesh he could ever imagine.

"That's my good boy," Madison panted, undulating her chest against his face. "Mmm yeah, bury your face in mom's big soft titties. Motorboat those jugs. Fuck, you're making my pussy so wet!"

Reaching down, she hiked up her dress and plunged a hand into her soaked panties, frigging her clit. Obscene squelching noises mingled with Cane's muffled groans as he switched to her other breast, suckling voraciously.

"Ungh Mom, so fucking hot," he mumbled around the plump flesh, lashing the straining peak with his tongue. "Gonna cum in my pants if you keep talking like that."

Madison pushed him away gently and grasped his hand.

"Come on," she whispered, leading Cane by the hand to the king-sized bed, her massive breasts swaying heavily with each step.

She quickly shimmied out of her dress and climbed onto the mattress, settling back against the plush pillows.

Her son hastily stripped down to his boxers, his huge erection tenting the fabric obscenely.

"Come here, honey" Madison purred, crooking a finger at him. "I need that talented mouth back on my aching titties."

Cane scrambled onto the bed, positioning himself between her splayed thighs. He immediately buried his face in her heaving bosom once more, motorboating and slurping at the pliant flesh with gusto.

His rigid cock poked against her damp panty-covered mound as he feasted on her breasts.

"Mmmm, such an eager little tit-sucker," Madison praised breathily, cradling his head to her chest. "I love how much

you worship my big jugs. Suck them nice and hard while you hump against me."

Cane groaned around his mouthful, grinding his boxer-clad erection into his mother's hot center. The friction of the fabric against his throbbing flesh, combined with the taste and feel of her glorious tits, had him leaking pre-cum steadily.

He switched back and forth between her jiggling mounds, suckling and biting at her distended nipples until she was mewling and thrashing beneath him.

Cane thought he might cum on the spot when he felt his mom's stocking-encased legs wrap high around his back, holding him in place.

Madison's body shuttered as she felt his steely boner grind through her overheated folds. "Ohh that hard fucking dick!" she mewled, rocking her pelvis in counterpoint.

Cane could only groan as he worked a series of sloppy kisses and licks up the valley between her smothering tits.

"Oh fuck baby, I'm getting close!" Madison keened, humping back against him frantically. "Hump my pussy harder. Make me cum with my tit in your mouth!"

Cane doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around her straining peak again and sucking for all he was worth as he rutted against her sopping mound.

He could feel her juices soaking through his underwear, the searing heat of her cunt wetting his aching cock.

With a shrill cry, Madison came undone, her pussy convulsing against Cane's grinding erection as she gushed into her panties.

Her chest heaved erratically, smothering her son's face with her quivering tit-flesh as he continued to nurse from her greedily.

"Oh god, so fucking good!" she gasped, writhing through the aftershocks as girl-cum soaked through her panty-fabric and through Cane's underwear.

Cane released her nipple with a wet pop, panting harshly against her slick skin. "Fuck Mom, that was so hot," he groaned, his hips still twitching needily against her. "I'm about to explode."

"Then take out that big hard cock and make a mess all over mom's tits," Madison urged, squeezing her breasts together invitingly. "I want you to glaze them with your hot cum."

Cane wasted no time shucking off his boxers, his engorged shaft springing free and slapping against his belly.

He straddled his mother's torso, nestling his throbbing length in the valley of her heaving breasts. The searing heat of her soft flesh against his aching cock made him moan wantonly.

"Oh fuck Mom, your tits feel incredible!" he gasped, beginning to thrust between the pillowy mounds.

He gripped the sides of her melons and pushed them together, engulfing his rigid meat in a velvety channel.

Madison craned her neck to watch his purple cockhead appear and disappear as he titty-fucked her, smearing pre-cum all over her cleavage. "Mmmm yes honey, fuck my big soft titties," she urged breathlessly. "Hump them hard and fast until you spray them down with your hot jizz."

Cane grunted primitively, snapping his hips with increasing desperation. The obscene slapping of his pelvis against her slick skin filled the room as he plowed between her massive, rippling jugs. "Gonna...ungh...gonna cum so fucking hard!" he panted, his balls drawing up tight.

"Do it!" Madison commanded, squeezing her breasts tighter around his tit-fucking shaft. "Glaze my huge titties with your thick boy-creaboy-creana be drenched in it. Fucking soak me!"

With a guttural snarl, Cane's cock erupted, his seed spurting out in copious white ropes that painted his mother's jiggling tits and neck.

Jet after jet of cum splattered her heaving flesh as he groaned and twitched above her, milking his pulsing shaft until he was spent.

"Oh my god," he gasped, surveying the erotic carnage. Madison's chest was utterly coated in his release, pearly

streaks dripping down her curves. She looked thoroughly debauched and he had never seen anything hotter in his life.

Smirking up at him wickedly, Madison swiped a finger through the creamy mess and brought it to her lips, sucking it clean. "Mmmm, my good boy made such a big yummy load for me," she purred sultrily. "I love being covered in your hot spunk."

Cane collapsed beside her, his chest heaving as he came down from his explosive high.

Madison rolled over and snuggled directly on top of him, uncaring of the sticky seed smearing between their bodies.

"Wow," Cane's voice quivered as he experienced the weight of his mom's tits smashed against his chest for the first time.

They lay entwined as their breathing slowed, basking in the afterglow of their illicit intimacies.

"That was amazing, mom," Cane murmured, nuzzling her hair. "Thank you for indulging my titty obsession."

Madison chuckled lowly, pressing a kiss to his jaw. "Trust me, honey, it was my pleasure. Mom loves having her titties worshipped."

She stretched languorously, enjoying the slick slide of Cane's cum between their bodies. "Mmmm, as much as I'd love to bask in the afterglow with you, we should probably get cleaned up. I have another full day of presidential duties tomorrow."

Cane groaned in protest, clutching her closer. "Can't we just stay like this a little longer? I'm not ready to let you go yet."

Madison smiled indulgently, carding her fingers through his hair. "You drive a hard bargain, young man. I suppose a few more minutes couldn't hurt."

They lay cuddling in comfortable silence for a bit, simply relishing their closeness and the taboo thrill of what they had done. Madison idly traced patterns on Cane's neck while he caressed the curve of her hip.

"You know, I'm really glad we can be open with each other like this," Cane said softly, breaking the quiet. "I feel like I can share anything with you. You're my best friend."

Madison's heart swelled with love and a tinge of guilt. She pressed a tender kiss to his forehead. "Oh honey, you're my best friend too. I never want you to feel like you can't talk to me about anything, even the naughty stuff. No matter what, you'll always be my special boy."

Cane hugged her tighter, his hard pecker pressed against her pubis.

"Now let's hit the shower before we get stuck together permanently," Madison joked.

Giggling, they rolled out of bed and padded naked to the luxurious en suite.

As the steamy spray washed away the evidence of their forbidden passion, both mother and son knew their bond was stronger than ever, society's rules be damned.

"Can I soap up your tits?" Cane asked, staring at his mom's huge, wet milkers.

Madison smirked, shaking her head in amusement at her son's insatiable appetite for her breasts. "You just can't get enough of my big titties, can you?" she teased, thrusting her chest out invitingly. "Go ahead, hon. Get your hands all over them."

Grinning eagerly, Cane squirted a generous amount of body wash into his palms and reached out to cup the heavy globes. He squeezed and kneaded the slippery flesh, relishing how they overflowed his hands.

Soapy suds dripped down her curves as he massaged her breasts thoroughly, paying special attention to the sensitive nipples.

"Mmmm, that feels amazing," Madison purred, arching into his touch. Her dusky peaks pebbled beneath his fingers, begging to be pinched and tugged. "Don't neglect the rest of my body though. I want you to worship every inch of me."

Cane lathered up a loofah and began to reverently wash his mother from head to toe. He started with her graceful neck and shoulders, working his way down her toned arms and lingering on her jutting tits.

Trailing lower, he lovingly scrubbed her taut belly, smiling as she giggled when he swirled the sponge in her navel.

Dropping to his knees, he ran the sudsy puff over the swell of her hips and down her long, smooth legs, caressing every dip and curve.

When he reached her intimate area, he glanced up at her questioningly, silently asking permission.

"Go ahead, touch my pussy," Madison breathed, parting her thighs in clear invitation. "Gently now, it's still sensitive from earlier."

With the utmost care, Cane brushed the loofah over her smooth mound, barely grazing her tender folds. He was fascinated by the contrast of her engorged pinkness against the white bubbles. Unable to resist, he leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her clit, making her gasp.

"Fuck Can, you're gonna get me all worked up again," Madison panted, tangling her fingers in his wet hair.

"Good, that's the idea," Cane murmured against her flesh, giving her slit a teasing lick before pulling back with a mischievous grin. "Just giving you a preview of later."

Madison laughed breathlessly and hauled him up for a deep, probing kiss. Their slick bodies pressed together under the steamy spray as their mouths slanted hungrily over each other.

For several minutes their tongues dueled inside Cane's mouth. He could tell his mom had experience at kissing that was well beyond his, her long, aggressive licker moving in ways that he never dreamed a woman's could.

When they finally broke apart, they were both flushed and panting.

"Alright, you insatiable brat, let's finish getting cleaned up before we start something we can't stop," Madison said, giving Cane's ass a playful swat.

"You can't expect me to stay like this though," Cane replied, glancing down at his huge, jutting erection. The thick shaft bobbed heavily against his abs, the engorged head an angry purple as it wept pre-cum steadily.

Madison licked her lips hungrily at the enticing sight of her son's throbbing arousal. "Mmmm, we can't have you walking around with that big hard thing, can we?" she purred, wrapping her slender fingers around his girth. "I better take care of it."

She began to stroke him slowly, twisting her wrist on the upstroke just the way he liked. Her other hand cupped and fondled his heavy balls, feeling them draw up tight with his need.

Cane groaned and braced one hand against the tile wall, his hips rocking into her grip.

"Fuck Mom, your hand feels so much better than mine," he panted, watching intently as she expertly pumped his rigid flesh.

The obscene wet sounds of her slick fist working his cock echoed in the steamy enclosure, making his head swim with lust.

"You like mom jacking this big fat dick?" Madison cooed, thumbing the weeping slit to gather his pre-cum, using it to lubricate her stroking. "I'm gonna milk this naughty boy cock so hard. Drain these swollen balls until you're fucking dry."

Cane whimpered and twitched in her grasp, her filthy words sending electricity zinging down his spine straight to his groin. "Please Mom... gonna cum so hard..."

Madison increased her pace, fisting him with fast, tight strokes, her giant, wet tits beating together softly from her stroke-rhythm.

She could feel him throbbing and pulsing in her grip, his release imminent. Sliding to her knees, she aimed his cock at her face, her mouth open and eager.

"Are you serious?!" Cane asked, not believing what he was seeing.

"Yes. Give me that hot load," she urged gutturally, pumping him with ruthless intent. "Paint my face with your cum. I wanna wear it like a dirty fucking mask!"

That was all it took to send Cane hurtling over the edge. With a hoarse cry, his hips snapped forward as his cock jerked and erupted, sending thick jets of pearly seed splattering across his mother's upturned face.

Milky ropes of jizz painted her cheeks, nose, chin and parted lips as he grunted and spasmed above her. One milky rope went directly into the mother's mouth, nearly choking her as it splattered down her throat.

Madison moaned wantonly as her son's hot essence coated her face, reveling in the feel of his release marking her so intimately.

When he was finally spent, she slowly licked the cum from her lips, savoring the salty tang. Swiping a finger through the creamy mess on her cheek, she brought it to her mouth to suck clean, holding Cane's gaze as she lewdly slurped his spunk.

"Mmm, delicious. Now, let me rinse off your spunk so we can dry off and get to bed."

After toweling off and donning some comfy loungewear, Madison and Cane climbed into the plush hotel bed together. Despite the late hour, they were both still buzzing with energy from their steamy shower activities.

Madison propped herself up on an elbow and gazed down at her son with an impish grin. "So, are you still hard?"

"Of course. How could I not be when I'm around you?"

The mother giggled and bit her bottom lip. She had forgotten just how fuck-hungry teenage boys could be. Finally, she had experience sexual fun with someone who had a libido that matched her own.

"Do think you have one more round in you before we call it a night?"

Cane's eyes lit up with excitement, his boner jumping under his mother's heated gaze. "For you, Mom? Always," he replied eagerly. "What did you have in mind?"

Smirking wickedly, Madison pushed Cane onto his back and swung a leg over his hips, straddling him. "I was thinking we could try a little dry humping," she purred, grinding her silk-covered mound against his steely bulge. "Rub our naughty parts together through our clothes until we both cream ourselves. What do you say?"

Cane groaned at the delicious friction, his hands flying to her wide hips to encourage her movements. "Fuck yes," he panted, thrusting up against her warm, damp center. "Dry hump me, Mom. Use my cock to get yourself off."

Bracing her hands on his chest, Madison undulated her hips sensually, sliding her pussy along the rigid length of his teenage shaft. The thin fabric of their pajamas did little to mute the sensation, allowing them to feel every detail of each other's most intimate areas.

"Fuck yes," the boy hissed, staring up at her huge, jutting mounds, clearly naked beneath her white, silky pajama top.

They bobbed around deliciously, nipples clearly protruding from beneath the shiny fabric.

Their breathing grew harsh and ragged as they rocked together frantically, the bed springs squeaking in protest.

Madison tossed her head back in ecstasy, her dark hair draping down her back. Her huge tits bounced with each grind of her hips, a button on her top popping open to reveal even more of her rippling cleavage.

Cane pawed at her thick ass greedily, squeezing and kneading the round globes as he fucked against her dripping slit.

"Oh fuck Cane, your cock feels so good rubbing my clit!" Madison keened, her voice high and breathy. "Don't stop, I'm gonna cum!"

Cane doubled his efforts, grinding hard and fast against his mother's soaked mound. He could feel her juices seeping through their clothing, the searing heat of her cunt scorching his aching erection.

The teenager's own impending release coiled tightly at the base of his spine.

"Me too," he gritted out, his hips snapping erratically. "Gonna cum in my pants for you, Mom. Soak my fucking cock!"

With twin cries of ecstasy, they came together in a frenzy of sopping fabric and spasming flesh.

Madison's pussy convulsed wildly, gushing her release into her ruined panties. Cane's cock pulsed and throbbed against her quivering cunt-flesh as he drenched his pajama bottoms with hot, sticky seed.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, satisfied tangle of limbs, panting harshly as aftershocks rolled through them. Madison peppered Cane's face with soft kisses, murmuring words of praise and affection.

"That was incredible, honey," she sighed, nuzzling his neck. "You made me feel so fucking good."

Cane hugged her tightly, basking in the closeness. "I love making you cum," he said earnestly. "I love everything we do together."

Madison's heart clenched with a mix of tenderness and guilt. She knew in her head that their relationship was wrong, especially since she was married, crossing lines that should never be crossed. But her body and soul craved their illicit connection like a drug. Her son brought her to heights of pleasure and depths of intimacy she had never known before.

"I love it too, sweetheart," she whispered, stroking his hair. "More than anything. But you know we have to be so careful, right? If anyone ever found out..."

"I know, Mom," Cane assured her solemnly. "I'll never tell a soul, I swear. This is just between us."

Madison nodded, pressing a lingering kiss to his lips. "Our little secret," she agreed softly.

They lay entwined a while longer before reluctantly parting to change into fresh pajamas.

Snuggled up under the covers together, the forbidden lovers drifted off to sleep, secure in their devotion to each other and the taboo pleasures they shared.

The next morning, Madison woke before Cane. She took a moment to admire her handsome son in repose, his face relaxed and boyish in slumber.

Her gaze drifted lower, to where the sheets tented over his morning wood. Licking her lips, she carefully peeled the covers back to expose his straining erection. It made her proud knowing she had a boy with suck a long, thick dick. She knew he must have girls his age competing to be split open by its dreamy size.

Unable to resist, she leaned down and wrapped her lips around the swollen crown, suckling lightly.

Cane's hips twitched as he stirred awake, a low moan rumbling in his chest.

"Mmm, good morning to you too," he rasped, grinning sleepily down at his mother as she bobbed on his cock. The ring of her obscenely-stretched lips glided half-way down his pole, then back up.

Madison released him with a pop and smirked up at him. "Just wanted to give my boy a special wake-up," she purred, stroking his shaft. "A little preview of later...while we're flying back to Washington."

With a wink, she rose and sauntered to the bathroom, putting an extra sway in her hips.

Cane flopped back against the pillows with a blissful sigh, his mind already racing with all the deliciously dirty things they would do together after another long day of playing President and First Son.

He couldn't wait for his next "private meeting" with Madam President.