

MOM PROM



BY KLRXO

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Ethan snarled, his voice muffled by the massive tits smothering his face like fleshy pillows. These weren't just breasts—they were colossal fucking milk bags that sagged and swayed, mapped with blue veins thick as rivers, topped with areolas dark and wide as hockey pucks. When he buried his face between them, the skin gave way like dough, trapping him in a sweaty valley that reeked of expensive perfume and the pungent musk of feminine arousal.

He didn't know it yet, but this pussy was a war-torn veteran compared to the tight, inexperienced slits of girls his age. This cunt had character, its pink walls rippled with the experience of childbirth, gripping his cock like a fist in a velvet glove.

When he pushed deep, those muscled walls clamped down and milked him, squeezing and releasing with such deliberate pressure it felt like the damn thing was trying to suck the cum straight from his balls. His dick throbbed painfully as those slick inner muscles worked him over, each squeeze sending jolts through his groin that made his toes curl and his asshole clench.

His teenage cock was the perfect tool for her seasoned cunt - a thick, throbbing battering ram that stretched her walls to their limits. Each vein along his shaft rubbed against her swollen tissues like speed bumps on a wet highway, the ridged head bulldozing through her slick folds and punching into places her husband's modest equipment had never reached.

When he bottomed out against her cervix, her eyes would roll back, mouth forming a perfect O as she shuddered around him, experiencing the deep, gut-wrenching climaxes that had become the stuff of desperate midnight fantasies.

She pushed back—showing that this was a greedy, battle-hardened cunt that wasn't just going to lie there and take it like some teenage twat.

Ethan let out a high-pitched whimper as her swollen, glistening labia latched onto the base of his dick like a goddamn industrial-strength vacuum, the wet suction making an obscene slurping sound with every thrust. His bulbous purple cockhead rammed repeatedly against the tight ring of her cervix, that forbidden doorway making his balls tighten each time she ground her hips in filthy figure-eights, churning his throbbing meat-pole inside her dripping fuck-tunnel.

"Oh g-g-god, M-Mom," the forbidden word catching in his throat as her cunt clamped down with vise-like precision. Those experienced inner walls rippled and squeezed his veiny shaft with such brutal force that his eyes watered, her pussy muscles working his cock like a milking machine designed to extract every last drop from his aching balls.

TWO DAYS EARLIER

Ethan crawled out of bed, his morning wood straining against his boxers like a tent pole about to snap. His balls ached with pressure as he stumbled into the hallway, dick bobbing with each step. That's when his mom Willow emerged from her bedroom wearing nothing but a black lace bra that barely contained her massive tits and a thong that disappeared between the globes of her ass.

"There you are," she said, her voice husky with sleep. "I need your opinion."

She turned, her fat ass jiggling like gelatin, the thin strip of fabric wedged deep in her crack revealing everything but the hole itself.

She twisted at the waist, arching her back to thrust her ass higher. "Do these new panties fit my ass okay?" she asked, her gaze locked not on his eyes but

on the obscene bulge tenting his boxers. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as she watched his cock twitch beneath the thin fabric.

Ethan's mouth went dry as he stared at the way the black thong disappeared between her thick cheeks, framing that juicy ass like a gift. "They fit your ass perfectly, mom," he replied, his voice cracking as his dick throbbed painfully against the cotton prison of his underwear.

She turned to face him fully, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of the thong and tugging it higher. "See, a proper thong should sit right here," she explained with clinical detachment that contradicted the hunger in her eyes.

She adjusted the fabric between her legs, pulling it taut until it cleaved her folds into distinct halves, creating a pronounced ridge beneath the stretched black material. "When it fits correctly," she continued, running her fingertip along the seam where fabric met flesh, "it should create this defined shape."

She traced the outline of her vulva through the panties, the dampening fabric clinging to every contour. "Your father never understood why this matters to a woman," she added, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "But the right pressure in the right places makes all the difference."

"Hell yeah, a cameltoe is sexy as hell, Mom," Ethan exclaimed.

His eyes crawled upward to her straining bra, where her massive tits fought against the delicate lace like caged animals. The cups stretched to their absolute limit, angry red indentations marking where the underwire dug into the soft undercurve of her breasts. Her nipples punched through the thin fabric like two thick thumbs, dark and engorged, their wide, wrinkled areolas clearly visible through the mesh that struggled to contain them.

"Damn," the teen muttered beneath his breath.

A smug, predatory grin split his mother's face when she caught him gawking, and she deliberately shimmied her shoulders, making those massive udders quake and slosh within their lace prison.

"I think my big girls are about to tear right through," she purred, pinching the stretched fabric where her tits bulged obscenely over the cups. "Probably need to drag these boobs to the lingerie store for a G-cup, don't you think?"

Her nipples visibly hardened as she watched his cock twitch in response.

Before Ethan could answer, his father Lyle's heavy footsteps thundered up the stairs. His dad appeared at the landing, his face contorting in confusion when he saw his wife's nearly naked body on display.

"Christ, Willow," Lyle spat. "You're practically naked in front of him."

His wife rolled her eyes, her nipples still visibly hard through the stretched lace. "Oh, calm your shriveled balls, Lyle," she shot back, deliberately arching her back so her ass pushed out further. "I'm just asking if my panties fit right. A mother needs a young man's opinion," she said, winking at Ethan while her fingers toyed with the thin strip of fabric between her legs.

Lyle's face reddened. "I would've given my opinion if you'd bothered to ask," he said, eyes darting between his wife's exposed flesh and his son's obvious arousal.

Willow snorted, her breasts jiggling with the sharp exhalation. "I specifically said I needed a young man's opinion." She emphasized the word "young" while looking Lyle up and down with thinly veiled contempt. "You're older, honey. Men your age wouldn't know current lingerie trends if Victoria's Secret slapped you across the face with their catalog."

She sauntered closer to Ethan, her hips swaying hypnotically. "Only boys his age understand what actually looks sexy on a woman these days." Her fingers

traced the edge of her thong where it cut into her hip. "What makes them...stand at attention."

Lyle's gaze dropped to the obscene tent in his son's boxers, his eyes narrowing at the thick outline that curved up toward Ethan's navel. "Yeah, speaking of that," he growled, jabbing a finger toward the pulsing bulge, "why don't you take that thing into the bathroom instead of waving it around in front of your mother?"

Ethan's face flushed crimson as he mumbled, "Sure, Dad," before hunching over and scuttling toward the bathroom, his engorged cock bobbing painfully with each hurried step.

Behind him, Willow's lips curled into a vicious smirk as she looked at her husband. "Aww, is someone feeling inadequate?" she purred, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "Jealous yours isn't nearly that big or stood that straight in what—a decade?"

She punctuated her cruelty with a high-pitched giggle before sauntering back to their bedroom, her nearly-naked ass-cheeks jiggling like gelatin molds, the thin black strip of her thong still buried deep between those quivering globes.

On the way to school, Ethan kicked a rock down the sidewalk, his cock still half-hard in his jeans. "Dude, my mom was practically naked this morning," he told his friend Chet. "Her fat ass was hanging out of this tiny black thong, and I swear to god her nipples were about to tear through her bra. They were pointing right at me like fucking missiles."

"Damn dude, that's fire!" Chet exclaimed, secretly wishing he could have been there.

Ethan adjusted himself through his pocket. "She kept asking if her panties looked good while her camel toe was right in my face."

Chet snorted, adjusting his backpack to hide his growing bulge. "Sounds like my mom. She's been rubbing her ass on my dick every chance she gets. Yesterday I was hard from watching porn on my phone, and she fucking backed that dump truck right into my lap to 'reach something on the shelf.' I could feel her pussy heat right through her yoga pants."

Ethan groaned, palming his crotch. "I'm so fucking backed up I could bust through concrete. My girlfriend Megan's got me on lockdown till prom night. Says she wants to 'make it special' when I finally get to pound that tight little pussy." He mimicked quotation marks with his fingers. "My balls are turning fucking blue."

Chet nodded vigorously. "Same shit with Amber. She'll slobber all over my dick till her mascara's running down her face, and I've had three fingers knuckle-deep in that dripping snatch, but the second I try to slide the real thing in? Fucking waterworks about saving our virginity for prom night."

Ethan spat on the sidewalk. "Fuck that. With my MILF of a mom strutting around with her fat tits hanging out and that juicy ass swallowing her thongs, it's a goddamn miracle I haven't blown a load inside something warm and wet."

He grabbed his crotch, squeezing the bulge. "But...I suppose if my blue balls haven't fucking exploded by now, I guess I can suffer through seven more days of jerking off."

Chet nodded. "Those little cockteasers better be ready to get their tight virgin pussies stretched wide open on prom night. I'm gonna rail Amber so hard she'll be walking bowlegged for a week."

"I hear that," Ethan agreed, making an obscene thrusting motion with his hips. "Gonna pop my girlfriend's cherry good - make her scream my name when I finally bust deep inside her."

Willow slid into the café booth across from Lindsay and Kara, her massive tits nearly spilling from her low-cut sundress as she leaned forward. The other women weren't any more modest—Lindsay's nipples visibly poked through thin floral fabric, while Kara's cleavage glistened with bronzer. Their pedicured feet played with expensive stilettos under the table, red-bottomed Louboutins dangling precariously from manicured toes.

"So girls, what's the latest juicy gossip?" Willow asked, stirring her latte with deliberate slowness.

Kara leaned in, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "You know Tim Kelly? That shy kid from down the street? Janine caught him stumbling out of the Marriott with both his mom and that stacked math teacher, Mrs. Peterson. Hair fucked up, walking bow-legged. Those horny bitches definitely spent the afternoon passing that thick teenage cock back and forth like a fucking baton."

Willow threw her head back, her throaty laugh sending ripples through her barely-contained cleavage. "Didn't Janine Kelly just squeeze out a baby?"

"Yep," Kara answered. "That horny little teenage motherfucker of hers is probably getting tit-drunk from sucking on mommy's swollen jugs all day."

The women cackled like hyenas, and Lindsay leaned forward, her nipples visibly hardening against her thin top. "I bet that thick-dicked boy wonder is earning straight A's in Peterson's class," she hissed, licking her glossy lips. "Nothing motivates a teenage stud like pounding a desperate teacher's married cunt until she can't remember her own husband's name."

"What's the latest from Megan's mother?" Willow asked as she fixed her gaze on Kara. "Please don't tell me Ethan has to keep his thick cock in his pants until after some bullshit prom dance."

Kara's crimson lips twisted into a disgusted frown. "That's exactly what I heard. These prissy little virgins are making our boys wait, dangling their tight little pussies like fucking carrots."

The women's faces contorted with rage, their manicured nails digging into their palms. "That's absolute horseshit," Lindsay spat, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her blouse. "When teenage boys have their balls ready to fucking explode, they deserve warm, wet holes to empty them into."

Willow nodded vigorously, her diamond earrings catching the light. "Those young studs deserve to have their throbbing virgin meat properly serviced by experienced pussy," she hissed, licking her plump lips. "Not some fumbling teenage cunt that doesn't know a ballsack from a doorknob."

She leaned forward, heavy breasts threatening to spill from her neckline. "A mother's tight, slick hole knows exactly how to milk every last pearly drop from those swollen young nuts."

"Damn straight," Kara agreed. "Nothing makes a boy become a man faster than shooting his hot load into mature, velvety walls that know how to grip and pulse around his twitching dick. Those boys would never forget their first time if it was with experienced mom-pussy."

Lindsay's eyes widened, her glossy lips parting. "Wait, are you bitches suggesting we pop those thick-dicked boys' cherries ourselves?" she whispered, her nipples visibly hardening at the thought.

"Why not?" Willow hissed, "those prissy little girlfriends will probably make our studs wrap their juicy dicks in those fucking latex condoms. With us?" She licked her plump lips slowly. "Those throbbing teenage meat poles will be balls-deep in mature pussy, raw and unprotected, feeling every fucking ripple of our soaking wet walls."

Not one of the women flinched at the thought of betraying their marriage vows. Their wedding rings glinted as they leaned in closer, pussies already slick with anticipation.

"Those limp-dicked husbands of ours haven't made us squirt in years," Kara sneered. "I wanna feel teenage cum flooding my hungry cunt until it's dripping down my thighs."

"Yeah, fuck them having to wait for some bullshit high school prom," Willow said, eyes wild with lust. "Let's throw our own Mom Prom this weekend. We'll put on those slutty dresses that barely cover our asses, slow dance with those thick-dicked boys until their cocks are throbbing against us, then drag them to the into a room and fuck their brains out."

The three mothers began planning out the details - their eyes gleamed with predatory excitement, three lionesses planning a feast of young, tender meat.

Later that night, Willow cornered her husband in the kitchen, her nipples visibly hard beneath her silk robe. "Tomorrow night, you need to take Jessy to a movie or whatever. Ethan and I won't be home."

Her husband Lyle looked up from his phone, brow furrowed. "Where are you two going?"

Willow's red lips curled into a smirk as she leaned against the counter, letting her robe fall open just enough to flash her swollen cleavage. "We're throwing a Mom Prom for the boys," she purred, already wet at the thought of Ethan's virgin cock stretching her hungry cunt open while her pathetic husband babysat their daughter.

Lyle's face contorted in confusion. "Mom Prom? What the heck is that?" he asked.

Willow's crimson lips parted into a predatory smile as she twirled a strand of highlighted hair around her manicured finger. "Oh, it's this cute little thing we mothers organized," she explained, her voice dripping with honeyed deception. "There'll be dinner, dancing, and then..." She let her silk robe slip further, revealing the upper curve of her areola as she leaned forward. "Then we'll do all those naughty things girls and boys traditionally do after prom."

Her husband's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What exactly do you mean by that?" he pressed, voice dropping an octave.

Willow's crimson lips curled into a vicious smile. "Maybe I should explain how prom really works, Lyle. Ours didn't exactly follow tradition, remember?" Her eyes glittered with cruelty. "That's why your little brother had my legs spread wide in his Camaro's backseat while you were home jerking off."

Lyle's stomach clenched like he'd swallowed broken glass. The memory flooded back—his younger brother, barely 18, volunteering to drive them, dropping Lyle off first after the dance, then taking Willow "the scenic route." Later Lyle learned how she'd begged his brother to fuck her raw, her prom dress bunched around her waist while they rutted like animals in the backseat. The betrayal he'd somehow forgiven when she'd crawled back, claiming it was his fault for now screwing her himself.

"Yeah, um...how could I forget that night," Lyle uttered.

"Sex is what happens after prom, Lyle. Everyone knows that," Willow said in a sickly sweet voice. "When you blew it that night, what was I supposed to do? Just go home with my pussy throbbing and empty?"

She licked her lips, eyes gleaming with malice. "Your brother's cock was so hard it was practically tearing through his pants when I begged him to pull over. Unlike you, he knew exactly how to make a prom night memorable."

"So you had sex with my little brother," Lyle choked out, voice barely above a whisper, "but you can't possibly consider doing that with our son?"

Willow's perfectly plucked eyebrows shot up. "Are you seriously suggesting that we make Ethan's special night a disappointment like mine almost was?" she hissed, each word dripping with venom.

Her chest heaved beneath the silk robe, nipples visibly hardening with rage. "I could never do that to our boy."

She stepped closer, the scent of her expensive perfume suffocating him as she jabbed a blood-red fingernail into his chest. "Don't be like that selfish little slut girlfriend who's making him wait. A boy deserves pleasure," she purred, her lips curling into a predatory smile, "and I intend to make this night unforgettable for him."

As she sauntered away, hips swaying beneath the silk robe, Lyle raised his voice. "For God's sake, Willow, you're his mother."

Her face twisted into a mocking sneer, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Oh, really? I almost forgot," she spat sarcastically, her glossy lips curling back to reveal perfect teeth. "Wake the fuck up, Lyle. Stop being such a limp-dicked prude. Plenty of lucky boys have their throbbing cocks pounding the same cunts that squeezed them out."

"That can't be true," he said, shaking his head.

"It most certainly is true," she snickered. "It's time for YOU to get with the times while I get with our son."

The next day, the three predatory moms sprawled across leather salon loungers, naked from the waist down, their thick thighs splayed wide as aestheticians meticulously bleached their puckered assholes to a pristine pink. Each woman's voluptuous ass cheeks—plump, round bubbles of flesh that jiggled with the slightest movement—were lifted and spread by latex-gloved hands.

Their freshly-waxed cunts, still tender and swollen from an earlier Brazilian, glistened under the bright salon lights as they debated which slutty panties would best showcase their mature pussies before being peeled off by teenage fingers later that night.

"I'm wearing those crotchless lace things," Kara smirked. "Easy access when I'm ready to milk my son's virgin cock dry."

Willow's glossy crimson lips curled into a wicked smile. "No crotchless panties for this girl," she purred, running her manicured fingers along her inner thigh. "I want my baby boy to experience peeling soaked silk off my dripping cunt himself - those virgin fingers trembling as they hook into my waistband."

She arched her back, making her swollen labia visibly pulse beneath the aesthetician's bright light. "Then he'll slide those panties down these thighs before they clamp around his teenage body like a fucking vise while I milk his cock dry."

Lindsay nodded enthusiastically, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her salon cape. "I bought this see-through g-string that barely covers my fat pussy lips," she said excitedly. "Every time I cross my legs at dinner, my son's gonna get a juicy peek at the cunt he'll be balls-deep in later."

Willow's phone vibrated against the leather armrest, Lyle's face lighting up the screen. She rolled her eyes and swiped to answer, careful not to disturb the aesthetician currently applying bleaching cream to her puckered asshole.

"What?" she asked, mouthing "my husband" to Kara and Lindsay, who exchanged knowing smirks.

"Willow, we need to talk more about this... mom prom thing," Lyle's voice quavered through the speaker.

"Now isn't a good time, Lyle," she hissed, her thighs spreading wider as the aesthetician's latex-covered fingers worked between her ass cheeks. "I'm with

the girls getting our assholes bleached and our cunts waxed—you know, all the things women do before prom."

Lyle's voice cracked through the phone. "Is all that really necessary? The bleaching and waxing and—"

"Listen to yourself," Willow snapped, rolling her eyes at Lindsay and Kara who leaned in closer. "You have no fucking clue what teenage boys want these days. They've all seen porn, Lyle. They expect perfect pink holes and smooth pussies, not some 1970s jungle."

"All I'm saying is—"

"What do you think Ethan would say if he knew his father was trying this hard to keep him from getting his rocks off after prom?" asked Willow, cutting her husband off. "That you're actively working to make sure his balls stay painfully blue?"

Her voice dropped to a venomous whisper. "He'd never forgive you."

"I'm just—."

"If your little brother hadn't made me scream his name three times that night, after prom all those years ago, I might never have forgiven you either for leaving me so... unsatisfied." Willow stated. "Some men just know what a woman needs. Unfortunately, you're not one of them."

"I provide pretty damn well for this family, Willow," her husband said defensively.

"I'm talking about sex you buffoon! Take us moms for example. We know exactly what teenage boys need," Willow said. "Their little girlfriends are all fumbling inexperience and hesitation, but a mother..."

She paused, locking eyes with her friends who nodded in agreement. "A mother understands the throbbing, desperate need behind those hungry young eyes. I would never—" her voice caught with theatrical emotion, "— never leave my beautiful boy aching and unsatisfied the way you left me that night."

Willow ended the call with a dramatic eye roll. "Husbands," she sighed, her glossy lips curling with disgust. "Their limp dicks shrivel up the moment they realize their sons have grown into men with actual functioning cocks."

"Fucking pathetic," Kara snorted, her nostrils flaring. "That limp-dicked husband of mine threw an absolute shit-fit when I told him I'd be riding Chet's throbbing teenage cock all night. Like this gaudy fucking wedding band somehow gives him exclusive rights to my dripping wet cunt."

Lindsay nodded vigorously, her heavy tits jiggling beneath her salon cape. "It's not cheating when it's your own flesh and blood. We pushed these boys out of our cunts—we've earned the right to feel them throbbing inside us."

That evening, Lyle called up to his youngest daughter, "Ten minutes till we leave for the movie, sweetheart," his voice cracking.

When he turned, there stood Ethan at the bottom of the stairs in a crisp black tux that hugged his lean teenage frame, hair slicked back, reeking of cologne.

"Looking sharp, son," Lyle managed, his throat constricting as bile rose in his gut.

All he could picture was his wife's thick thighs wrapped around their boy's hips, her red-lacquered nails digging into Ethan's back as she moaned like a whore, the same cunt that birthed him now stretched wide around his virgin cock while she begged him to fuck her harder than his pathetic father ever could.

"Thanks, Dad," Ethan muttered, but his words died in his throat as his mother's fuck-me heels clicked against the hardwood.

She descended the stairs like a porn star making her entrance, poured into a skintight designer dress that barely contained her enormous tits. Her cleavage spilled obscenely from the low neckline, two humongous globes of flesh threatening to burst free with each breath. The hem of her dress barely covered the meaty curve of her ass, which jiggled with each deliberate step.

Her thick, freshly-waxed thighs gleamed under the hallway light, tapering down to slender ankles and crimson-painted toes arched in stilettos so high they thrust her pussy forward with each graceful step.

Ethan's eyes widened as he took in his mother's voluptuous form. "Mom, you look incredible," he breathed, his voice cracking with barely concealed lust.

Willow's predatory gaze raked over her son's body, lingering shamelessly on the bulge straining against his tailored pants. She licked her glossy lips and locked eyes with him, as if Lyle were nothing but a piece of furniture. "So do you, baby," she purred, her voice dripping with the same sultry tone Ethan had heard in porn movies.

The teenager fumbled with the corsage box, his fingers trembling. "This is for you," he murmured, sliding the delicate flower onto her wrist, his fingertips grazing her pulse point.

"Oh baby, it's beautiful," Willow whispered, leaning forward to press her wet, open mouth against the corner of his lips, leaving a smear of crimson lipstick. The kiss lasted several seconds too long, her heavy breasts pressing against his chest while Lyle watched, bile rising in his throat.

Willow thrust her Phone into her husband's hands. "Take some pictures, honey," she commanded, her voice honeyed but eyes cold.

She wrapped herself around Ethan's rigid body, one leg hitched halfway up his thigh, her crimson talons digging into his shoulder while her other hand pressed against his chest. The fabric of her dress rode up, revealing the full expanse of her strong maternal legs.

"Perfect," she purred as Lyle's finger hovered reluctantly over the screen. "Now get one of us kissing."

Before Lyle could protest, Willow seized Ethan's face between her palms and crushed her mouth against his. The boy's eyes widened in shock as his mother's tongue slithered between his lips, her massive breasts threatening to spill from her neckline as she pressed against him, nearly engulfing him in pillowy flesh.

"Speaking of wet kisses," she purred after breaking their smooch, "don't forget your overnight bag, baby."

"Oh, right, it's upstairs," her son said breathlessly.

A sharp honk cut through the tension as their stretch limousine pulled up, its sleek black body gleaming under the porch light.

While Ethan bounded up the stairs, taking them two at a time, Willow turned to Lyle, her expression shifting to something almost resembling pity. "I can sympathize with you a little," she said, adjusting her cleavage with practiced fingers.

"How could you possibly?" Lyle's hollow voice asked.

She leaned in close enough for him to smell her expensive perfume. "Because this is exactly what it would have felt like for you if you'd known that after being dropped off after prom, I would soon be spreading my legs for your little brother while he made me scream his name instead of yours."

Lyle's face crumpled as he shook his head. "It wouldn't have been a good feeling then," he said, his voice barely audible, "and it's not a good feeling now."

Willow's crimson lips curled into a predatory smile. "You know what else isn't a good feeling?" She leaned in, her hot breath tickling his ear. "Coming home from the biggest night of your young life with your balls aching and your dick dry as sandpaper."

"He's a teenage boy," Lyle countered, his knuckles whitening as he gripped the banister. "He can take care of himself."

A throaty laugh escaped Willow's throat. "Oh no, honey. You'll be the one with your sad little dick in your hand tonight." Her eyes glittered with malice. "While our son spends his overnight in a sweaty, tangled rut with a woman who knows exactly how to drain him dry."

Lyle's throat tightened as he struggled to form words through his constricting airway. "This isn't right," he finally managed, his voice a pathetic rasp that barely carried across the foyer. "He's our son, for God's sake."

His wife's crimson lips parted in a giggle that reminded him of tinkling glass—beautiful but sharp enough to cut. She leaned forward, the scent of her expensive perfume clouding his senses, and pressed her mouth against his in what could barely be called a kiss—dry, quick, devoid of any genuine affection. When she pulled away, a smudge of her lipstick remained on his mouth like a brand of humiliation.

"Enjoy the movie, honey," she whispered, "I'll try to call later from the hotel room." The way she emphasized "try" made his stomach lurch as she turned away, her hips swaying with each deliberate step toward the waiting limousine.

Inside the stretch limousine, Ethan sat rigid against the butter-soft leather, his Adam's apple bobbing with each nervous swallow. The interior lights cast a

golden glow across his mother's décolletage, transforming the deep valley between her breasts into a hypnotic chasm that captured his gaze. With each pothole and speed bump, her flesh trembled like gelatin, threatening to spill over the straining fabric that barely contained her.

Willow's giggle bubbled up from her chest as she leaned in, her crimson lips brushing against the shell of his ear. "What are you thinking about, baby?" she whispered, her hot breath making him shiver. "Are you imagining these wrapped around your head?"

Her manicured fingers traced the deep valley of her cleavage. "Or maybe..." her voice dropped to a husky whisper, "wrapped around something else?"

Ethan's face burned crimson as he stammered an apology, his eyes darting anywhere but at the two perfect globes threatening to spill from her dress.

She patted his thigh, her blood-red nails digging slightly into the expensive fabric. "It's perfectly normal for a boy your age to stare at big tits," she assured him, her tongue darting out to wet her bottom lip. "Even if they belong to your mother."

"Dad seemed upset," the boy stated, his voice cracking like a prepubescent choir boy's.

"Wouldn't you be?" his mother asked, her hot breath dampening his ear canal. "Knowing your wife's wet cunt is about to be stretched around another man's cock tonight?"

Her hand slithered higher, stopping just below the pulsing bulge in his pants. "And planning to fuck him until he can't remember his own name."

Ethan's heart slammed against his ribcage like a trapped animal, blood roaring in his ears as his cock twitched painfully. Though he'd packed an overnight bag for the motel, the reality of what might happen hadn't fully registered until now.

"Are we... are we actually gonna..." he stammered, unable to finish the filthy question burning on his tongue.

His mother's laughter bubbled up, throaty and wicked as she slid closer, her massive tits pressing against his arm. "Oh baby," she purred, "Mommy's gonna to drain those swollen balls dry tonight. I'm gonna fuck the virgin right out of you - until your cock is raw and you're begging me to stop." Her tongue darted out, wetting her crimson lips. "But I won't stop."

The teen couldn't help but shudder as his gaze slid over the obscene geography of his mother's body—those impossible tits straining against fabric, that hourglass waist flaring into childbearing hips. His virgin cock throbbed painfully at the thought of those thick thighs splayed open, revealing the wet, experienced cunt that had birthed him, now promising to swallow him to the root. His mouth watered at the prospect of those heavy, veined breasts hanging in his face, nipples begging to be sucked and bitten until dawn broke.

Tonight his palm wouldn't be the sad substitute that left his sheets crusty and his soul empty. No more desperate fist-fucking while he pictured faceless women from porn videos. No more wadded tissues catching his teenage loads.

Tonight his throbbing cock would slide into the slick, velvet heat of a real cunt—his mother's experienced pussy that would milk him dry. Those massive tits wouldn't be pixelated fantasies on a screen but warm, heavy flesh in his hands, nipples hardening against his tongue as he buried his face between them. His balls tightened painfully at the thought. This wasn't some desperate jerk-off session—this "Mom Prom" was gearing up to be the fucking Super Bowl of depravity.

The Mom Prom unfolded at the Blackwood Estate, a sprawling Mediterranean mansion perched on a cliff overlooking the Pacific. Crystal

chandeliers cast honeyed light over the grand ballroom where mothers in plunging necklines and thigh-high slits circled like perfumed predators. Their heavy breasts strained against designer fabrics, nipples visibly hardening whenever they pressed against their sons during slow dances.

The boys stood like soldiers at attention, their custom-tailored tuxedos hugging broad shoulders while barely concealing the rigid cocks straining against their pants. Their faces betrayed them—flushed cheeks and darting eyes, Adam's apples bobbing with each nervous swallow as maternal bodies pressed against them from all sides.

Silk-clad asses ground deliberately against teenage erections; heavy, perfumed tits smashed against trembling arms; and through whisper-thin designer dresses, the unmistakable heat of experienced cunts radiated like furnaces, promising relief from years of desperate masturbation.

Before long, the dancing morphed from suggestive to obscene. Mothers with luscious, rounded asses swiveled against their sons' laps with practiced precision. One woman in a skintight red dress threw her head back, platinum extensions cascading down her back as she ground her crotch against her son's tented pants.

Across the room, a brunette MILF had hiked her sequined dress to mid-thigh, her ass cheeks visibly clenching as she worked her hips in figure-eights against her football player son's bulge. The boy's face contorted in a mixture of shame and ecstasy as his hands hovered uncertainly before finally gripping his mother's gyrating hips.

"This fucking song gets me so wet!" Willow exclaimed, straddling her son.

Kara's crimson mouth split into a predatory grin while Lindsay raised her champagne flute in agreement, her massive tits threatening to spill from her dress. The three MILFS had claimed an overstuffed velvet sofa, hiking their designer dresses up to expose lace-trimmed thong panties stretched tight

across their swollen labia. Each mother was straddling their son's lap, grinding their damp mounds against the rigid bulges straining beneath tailored slacks. The boys' faces contorted in shameful ecstasy as maternal cunts left dark, slick stains across their crotches.

"I was wet the second I saw my son in this sexy tux," Kara said, staring down at her boy over the swell of her giant tits.

Ethan's head fell back, a guttural grunt escaping his throat as his cock throbbed painfully against his zipper. His mother's sopping cunt left a dark stain on his tuxedo pants as she ground her swollen lips against him, her juices seeping through both layers of fabric. He caught Chet's eye across the couch, where his friend's face was flushed crimson as Kara's enormous tits threatened to suffocate him.

"Pretty cool night, huh buddy?" Ethan asked raising his trembling hand in a shaky thumbs-up, his lips curling into a lecherous grin that said everything words couldn't: they were finally getting what they'd jerked off to for years—their slutty mothers' bodies writhing against them like the whores they truly were.

Willow arched her back and lowered her massive chest with predatory precision, engulfing Ethan's neck and shoulders between her perfume-scented breasts. The warm, fleshy mounds swallowed him until only his flushed face emerged from her cleavage, his wide eyes now level with her crimson-painted mouth.

"My baby boy's hiding something so big and hard in those expensive pants," she whispered, her hot breath carrying notes of champagne as it caressed his parted lips.

Her hips rolled forward in a deliberate figure-eight motion, the silk of her dress sliding against his tented crotch with serpentine fluidity. Their eyes locked in forbidden recognition as she ground her pelvis down harder, feeling

his cock pulse violently beneath the fabric—each desperate throb telegraphing his virgin need directly into her experienced core.

"Time for Mommy to taste that virgin mouth," Willow purred, her tongue flicking across Ethan's earlobe.

The mothers rose from the sofa like lionesses, dragging their sons up by their silk ties.

"I bet these thick teenage cocks are dripping pre-cum already." Lindsay stated, yanking her son forward by his belt loops.

The boys stumbled after their mothers down a shadowy corridor, hypnotized by the sway of mature asses barely contained in designer dresses and the sound of dainty stilettos clicking against marble.

Kara glanced back, her nipples visibly straining against silk. "My cunt's so fucking wet it's running down my thighs," she hissed, guiding them into a recessed alcove where velvet drapes provided privacy.

Within seconds, maternal mouths claimed their sons', tongues probing deep as manicured hands gripped firm young asses, pulling their throbbing erections against experienced pelvises.

Willow yanked Ethan's shirt from his waistband with a feral snarl, her crimson nails raking welts across his virgin chest as their mouths collided. Her tongue—slick and obscenely long—invaded his mouth like a conquering serpent, probing every crevice while her lipstick smeared across his face.

Ethan's cock jerked painfully against his zipper as his mother's expert tongue fucked his mouth with the same rhythm she'd soon use on his throbbing teenage dick, her saliva mingling with his in a filthy exchange that left him dizzy with lust.

Kara's voice sliced through the darkness, husky and desperate. "Let's suck their virgin dicks dry," she growled, her tongue darting over her swollen lips. "I want to taste my boy's cum while it's still fresh and innocent."

Willow broke the kiss with a wet pop, a string of saliva still connecting her crimson mouth to Ethan's. She dropped to her knees, her massive tits bouncing obscenely as she yanked at his belt. His zipper surrendered with a metallic hiss before she roughly shoved his pants and boxers down to his ankles.

His cock sprang free—angry red, veined and throbbing—a pearly strand of pre-cum dangling from the swollen purple head.

Willow dove at his balls with animal hunger, burying her face in his musky sack, her lipstick smearing across the wrinkled flesh as she inhaled his teenage stench like a drug. She moaned against his scrotum, her expert tongue bathing each swollen testicle before sucking one entirely into her hot mouth.

Her painted nails dug into his ass cheeks as she worked her way to the sensitive underside, lapping at the tight seam where his balls connected to his taint. His virgin legs trembled violently as she traced the thick veins of his sack with her tongue, her saliva dripping obscenely down his balls.

When she finally abandoned his nuts to lick a wet path up his shaft, her tongue flattened against the throbbing underside vein before swirling around his purple cockhead like it was her favorite flavor of ice cream.

"Oh shit, Mom," Ethan's choked out, his knees buckling.

Willow's crimson-painted lips stretched obscenely around his throbbing teenage cock, her throat muscles visibly working as she swallowed him to the base. Her mascara began to run as spit-slick balls slapped against her chin.

Through the fog of his own depravity, he registered the wet, gagging sounds of Lindsay and Kara's mouths violating their sons' virgin pricks nearby—maternal throats bulging with thick young meat as the boys whimpered pathetically under the assault of experienced MILF mouths.

"Your fucking mouth," Ethan's voice cracked, his fingers tangled in his mother's platinum-blond hair.

Willow's crimson lips formed an obscene seal around the base of his cock, the wet suction so intense his balls drew up tight against his body. Her throat muscles rippled around his leaking head, milking pre-cum directly down her esophagus while mascara-stained tears streaked her cheeks.

When she finally pulled back, she attacked his shaft with pornographic precision—her head bobbing violently while her expert tongue slithered around his pulsing veins, painting his virgin meat with maternal saliva that dripped in thick strands onto her heaving cleavage.

"Yesss," Chet gasped nearby, his rod shoved down his mom's throat. "That feels so fucking good."

The dark alcove echoed with the obscene symphony of maternal mouths violating virgin cocks—wet, sloppy gagging punctuated by the lewd slurping of experienced throats accommodating teenage meat.

The boys' pathetic whimpers rose in pitch as their mothers' lipstick-smudged faces bobbed frantically between their trembling thighs. The air grew thick with the musky stench of aroused cunts—that unmistakable fishy-sweet reek of maternal pussies soaking their designer thongs as they serviced their sons' throbbing erections.

Each desperate maternal slurp sent fresh waves of cunt-stink wafting upward, making the boys' nostrils flare as they inhaled the primal scent of the very holes they'd emerged from eighteen years earlier.

Willow's mouth pulled off Ethan's cock with an obscene pop, strands of saliva connecting her crimson lips to his glistening purple head. "His teenage dick tastes like fucking candy," she announced hoarsely, her face turning toward the other mothers. "So much thicker than his father's pathetic excuse for a cock."

Lindsay released her son's shaft with a wet slurp, a mixture of pre-cum and lipstick smeared across her chin. "God, I can't wait to feel this monster stretching my cunt wide open," she moaned, jerking the slick shaft with practiced fingers. "My pussy's fucking dripping just thinking about it."

Kara's voice joined the vulgar chorus between aggressive gulps of cock. "I'm gonna let my boy fuck my ass raw tonight," she growled, her eyes rolling back as she imagined the violation. "Pump that virgin cum deep in Mommy's shithole."

Ethan whimpered like a wounded animal as his mother's expert tongue slithered back down his throbbing shaft, leaving a glistening trail of maternal saliva. This time she bypassed his swollen nuts completely, her crimson-painted lips parting as she buried her face between his trembling thighs. Her hot tongue found his taint—that sensitive strip of forbidden flesh—lapping at it with obscene wet strokes before plunging deeper to circle his virgin asshole.

The taboo sensation of his own mother's tongue probing his most private entrance made his cock jerk violently, leaking pre-cum onto his stomach as she ruthlessly tongue-fucked his puckered hole.

When Willow had thoroughly soaked his asshole with her spit, she returned to his aching cock, swallowing him to the root while simultaneously driving her middle finger knuckle-deep into his spit-slick hole. The sudden invasion made him howl as her experienced finger unerringly found his prostate, massaging the sensitive gland in rhythm with her obscene sucking.

Willow's expert mouth pistoned up and down his teenage shaft with brutal precision, her lips forming a vacuum-tight seal that threatened to suck the very life from his balls. Her finger corkscrewed deeper into his virgin asshole, the manicured nail scraping against his swollen prostate until his eyes rolled back in his skull.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum," the teen choked out, his voice cracking pathetically as his mother's throat muscles contracted around his leaking cockhead.

His balls drew up painfully tight, pulsing against her chin before the first violent spurt erupted directly down her maternal gullet. She moaned like a starving animal as rope after thick rope of his teenage seed flooded her hungry throat, her finger still brutally milking his prostate as she greedily swallowed every incestuous drop her son's balls could produce.

Nearby, his friends surrendered to their own maternal violations. Tyler's gangly body convulsed as thick ropes of his virgin seed flooded his mother's greedy throat, his bony hips jerking uncontrollably while Lindsay's lipstick-smearred face remained impaled on his twitching shaft.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm—" he choked, his voice cracking as her throat muscles milked every last drop from his pulsing balls.

Across from them, Chet's muscular thighs trembled violently as Kara's expert mouth drained his swollen nuts, her face bobbing frantically as his cock erupted like a geyser.

"Take it all, you fucking whore," he growled, his fingers tangled brutally in her hair as he pumped his incestuous load directly into the same stomach that had once carried him.

Once the boys were completely drained, Willow's lips curled into a predatory smile. "Now it's time for you boys to worship these MILF bodies," she commanded, her voice dripping with filth. "Show Mommy how much you appreciate these mature cunts."

The boys lunged forward like starving animals, yanking down designer dresses with trembling hands. Bra clasps surrendered to inexperienced fingers as sweat-slick maternal flesh spilled obscenely into the dim light.

Ethan shoved his mother against the wall, his throbbing teenage cock grinding against her exposed pussy lips as he buried his face between her massive tits.

"Fuck, Mom," he groaned, his tongue carving a wet path through the valley of her heaving breasts, tasting the salty sweat pooling in her cleavage.

The boys' hungry mouths traveled down their mothers' bodies like animals following a scent trail. Ethan's tongue left a glistening path down Willow's taut stomach before he buried his face between her spread thighs, inhaling deeply.

The musky, fishy-sweet stench of her waxed cunt filled his nostrils as his inexperienced tongue parted her swollen labia. "Jesus, Mom, your pussy tastes like fucking heaven," he groaned, lapping greedily at her dripping hole while his nose pressed against her engorged clit.

Nearby, Tyler and Chet attacked their mothers' slick cunts with equal desperation, their faces soon glazed with maternal juices that gleamed obscenely in the dim light.

The women clutched their sons' heads with manicured fingers, smearing faces deeper into their dripping cunts. "That's it, baby boy, eat Mommy's filthy hole," Willow moaned, her thighs quivering as she ground her swollen clit against Ethan's inexperienced tongue. "Fucking drink my juices like you used to drink my milk."

Lindsay's back arched violently, her pussy lips spreading obscenely across Tyler's face. "Shove your tongue deeper in Mommy's cunt," she commanded hoarsely, her voice breaking as maternal cream flooded his eager mouth.

Kara's thick thighs clamped around Chet's head like a vise as she bucked against his face. "I'm gonna fucking drown you in my MILF cum," she snarled, her body convulsing as her pussy erupted in violent spasms, maternal juices gushing across his features in obscene rivulets.

Ethan snarled like a feral animal as he dug his tongue against Willow's fat, grape-sized clit, the swollen nub throbbing obscenely against his taste buds. Her meaty vestibule bulged against his chin, coating it with slick maternal secretions that reeked of musk and salt.

"I'm cumming in your fucking face, baby boy!" his mother shrieked as her cunt erupted, spraying tasty girl-juice that splattered his features like warm piss. He gulped down mouthfuls of the tangy fluid, choking slightly as the excess ran in rivulets down his neck and soaked his heaving chest.

Lindsay gasped between ragged breaths. "Throw us over your fucking shoulders like cavemen, boys" she commanded, her voice hoarse from throat-fucking. "Drag our slutty MILF bodies upstairs and destroy our holes like animals."

The boys' cocks stiffened instantly as they grabbed their mothers' sweat-slick bodies, hoisting them up with teenage strength. The women squealed like porn stars as they dangled upside-down, their fat asses jiggling obscenely.

"Dude, let's get some pussy!" Chet said to Ethan, then they slapped palms in a triumphant high-five, maternal juices still glistening on their chins as they parted ways, their mothers' exposed cunts leaking down their backs as they bounded toward separate bedrooms.

Lyle gasped as the video call with his wife connected. Willow's flushed face filled the screen, bouncing wildly as she struggled to hold the phone. Behind her sweat-slicked features, the hallway walls blurred past, her meaty naked ass jiggling - prerched atop their son's shoulder.

"Jesus Christ!" he gasped. "What the hell is happening?"

Willow's lipstick was smeared across her chin, glistening with what could only be their son's cum. "Not now, Lyle," she hissed. "The dance is over and we're heading upstairs to our room. I'll—"

A high-pitched squeal cut Willow off as two moms stumbled past in the background, their huge pendulous tits slapping against their ribs, nipples engorged and glistening with teenage saliva. Their sons pursued with bobbing erections, feral hunger in their eyes.

Lyle could hardly believe what he was seeing. The phone jerked sideways, momentarily capturing a boy pinning his mother against the hallway wall, her legs wrapped around his waist as he brutally impaled her, her mouth frozen in an obscene O of maternal ecstasy.

Lyle's jaw clenched as he watched the debauchery unfold. "Is this a prom or some backwoods orgy?" he spat, his knuckles whitening around his phone.

Willow's cum-glazed lips curled into a smirk. "Don't be such a prude," she panted. "We're just making memories the boys won't forget."

The camera lurched violently as Ethan kicked open the door to their room, his mother's ass cheeks jiggling obscenely on his shoulder. A high-pitched squeal pierced Lyle's eardrums as his wife was hurled onto the big bed, her fat tits flopping grotesquely against her rib cage.

The phone tumbled between her splayed thighs, giving Lyle a nauseating view of his son's veiny cock, the purple head already leaking pre-cum as it bobbed eagerly toward his wife's gaping cunt.

Lyle's stomach churned as his son's voice cracked through the speaker. "You want me on top or on my back, Mom?" The casual obscenity of the question made bile rise in his throat.

Willow's response came between heavy pants, "Get on top of me, baby."

Through the jostling phone, Lyle watched his wife's thighs spread obscenely wide, her glistening pussy lips parting like a wet, hungry mouth as she prepared to receive their son's teenage meat.

Willow's face suddenly filled the screen, her cum-glazed lips twisted into a cruel smirk. "Gotta go, Lyle," she whispered, eyes glittering with malice. "I'll call you in the morn—."

The words dissolved into a guttural moan as Ethan's swollen cockhead breached her sopping cunt lips.

"Oh FUCK!" she shrieked, her face contorting as their son's veiny shaft disappeared inch by obscene inch into her stretched-out mommy-hole.

The cell phone tumbled onto the rumpled bedsheets, its camera capturing the nauseating tableau of maternal depravity—Willow's thick thighs quivering as they locked around Ethan's sweaty back, her pussy making wet squelching noises with each brutal thrust.

For twenty agonizing seconds, Lyle watched helplessly as his wife's ass cheeks clapped against their son's balls, her humongous tits bouncing violently while she bucked beneath their boy like a bitch in heat.

Lyle's stomach heaved as a grotesque memory surfaced—his younger brother's car rocking violently on prom night, the same obscene wet slapping sounds that he was hearing now, echoing through thin metal walls of the vehicle.

He could almost see his brother's sweaty back flexing as he pile-drove his thick cock into Willow's teenage cunt, her legs gripping him the same way they gripped their son now. Those same oversized tits bouncing wildly as she screamed his brother's name instead of his.

The nauseating parallel crushed him—how his virgin girlfriend's pussy had stretched around his brother's girthy shaft while Lyle sat home home alone,

oblivious to her betrayal until weeks later when rumors spread through school about how she'd been "absolutely destroyed" by the wrong brother.

Willow's manicured fingers clawed desperately at the phone, trying to disconnect the call with her husband. The device tumbled between her splayed thighs, giving Lyle a nauseating front-row view of their son's veiny cock—a grotesque purple battering ram that stretched his wife's cunt lips to their limit.

Her swollen labia clung obscenely to the glistening shaft with each withdrawal, only to be brutally parted again as Ethan hammered forward, his heavy teenage balls slapping wetly against the puckered star of her bleached asshole.

"Holy fuck, Mom, your pussy's squeezing me so tight," Ethan groaned, his voice cracking as maternal juices squelched audibly around his pistoning member. The screen finally went black as Willow managed to disconnect, leaving Lyle alone with the echoes of his son's ecstatic moans ringing in his ears.

Willow's lips curled into a triumphant sneer as she locked her thick thighs around her son's pumping ass, her eyes gleaming with cruel victory. Each brutal thrust of Ethan's teenage cock sent vindictive pleasure coursing through her sweaty body.

She imagined Lyle's pathetic face crumpling in defeat—that same impotent expression he'd worn when he discovered his brother had split her virgin cunt open while he sat home jerking his pitiful dick. The memory made her pussy clench tighter around Ethan's veiny shaft.

"Fucking loser," she thought, as maternal juices gushed from her stretched hole. Her swollen tits heaved with satisfaction—weak-dicked husbands like Lyle needed to learn that dripping MILF cunts belonged to young, throbbing bull meat, not limp-pricked has-beens.

Ethan's cock, already drained once by his mother's expert throat, now jackhammered her sloppy cunt with mechanical precision. His teenage stamina kept his purple rod rock-hard as he plowed her maternal hole relentlessly.

Willow's first orgasm hit like a freight train—her bloated pussy lips quivering before unleashing a geyser of female ejaculate that soaked the sheets beneath them.

Her second climax made her fat tits heave violently as she howled like a bitch in heat, cunt muscles strangling his veiny shaft while more juices squirted obscenely from her stretched hole.

The third orgasm left her a babbling mess, her makeup-smearred face contorted in ecstasy as her overstimulated mommy-hole convulsed, drenching both their groins in her viscous secretions.

Ethan's voice shattered into a guttural staccato as his teenage balls contracted violently against his mother's ass. "F-f-fuck, M-mom, I'm gonna—" His words dissolved into a primal howl as his cock swelled impossibly larger, the first savage pulse of cum erupting from his purple cockhead like molten lava.

Rope after rope of thick, pearly teenage spunk flooded Willow's greedy cunt, painting her cervix with incestuous seed. His hips jerked uncontrollably as his balls emptied their potent load, his mother's stretched pussy lips sucking hungrily at every last drop.

Well after midnight, the party hall stood abandoned, the polished floor sticky with spilled champagne, cum stains, and puddles of female ejaculate. Discarded thongs hung from chandeliers like perverted ornaments, while torn bras and cum-soaked panties littered every surface.

A lone corsage lay trampled near an overturned chair where some mother had clearly been bent over and railed from behind, the wood still wet with her juices.

Down the empty corridor, the walls themselves seemed to vibrate with the cacophony of maternal screams—high-pitched wails and guttural moans punctuated by the rhythmic slapping of flesh against flesh and the creaking protest of bed frames pushed to their structural limits.

Ethan snarled, his voice muffled by the massive tits smothering his face like fleshy pillows. These weren't just breasts—they were colossal fucking milk bags that sagged and swayed, mapped with blue veins thick as rivers, topped with nipples dark and wide as hockey pucks. When he buried his face between them, the skin gave way like dough, trapping him in a sweaty valley that reeked of expensive perfume trying to mask the musk of arousal.

He didn't know it yet, but this pussy a war-torn veteran compared to the tight, inexperienced slits of girls his age. This cunt had character, its pink walls rippled from childbirth, gripping his cock like a fist in a velvet glove. When he pushed deep, those muscled walls clamped down and milked him, squeezing and releasing with such deliberate pressure it felt like the damn thing was trying to suck the cum straight from his balls. His dick throbbed painfully as those slick inner muscles worked him over, each squeeze sending jolts through his groin that made his toes curl and his asshole clench.

His teenage cock was the perfect tool for her seasoned cunt - a thick, throbbing battering ram that stretched her walls to their limits. Each vein along his shaft rubbed against her swollen tissues like speed bumps on a wet highway, the ridged head bulldozing through her slick folds and punching into places her husband's modest equipment had never reached. When he bottomed out against her cervix, her eyes would roll back, mouth forming a perfect O as she shuddered around him, experiencing the deep, gut-

wrenching climaxes that had become the stuff of desperate midnight fantasies.

She pushed back—showing that this was a greedy, battle-hardened cunt that wasn't just going to lie there and take it like some teenage twat. Ethan let out a high-pitched whimper as her swollen, glistening labia latched onto the base of his dick like a goddamn industrial-strength vacuum, the wet suction making an obscene slurping sound with every thrust. His bulbous purple cockhead rammed repeatedly against the tight ring of her cervix, that forbidden doorway making his balls tighten each time she ground her hips in filthy figure-eights, churning his throbbing meat-pole inside her dripping fuck-tunnel.

His voice fractured like glass, "Oh g-g-god, M-Mom," the forbidden word catching in his throat as her cunt clamped down with vise-like precision. Those experienced inner walls rippled and squeezed his veiny shaft with such brutal force that his eyes watered, her pussy muscles working his cock like a milking machine designed to extract every last drop from his aching balls.

His balls clenched like twin fists against his mother's ass, every vein in his cock throbbing as his third load of the night erupted.

"TAKING IT ALL, MOMMY'S TAKING YOUR CUM!" Willow shrieked, her pretty face contorted as her cunt walls spasmed violently around his pulsing shaft.

Her pussy gushed obscenely, drenching both their groins as her maternal hole milked his spurting cock with brutal efficiency. They thrashed against each other like animals, her nails clawing his shoulders while thick ropes of his teenage seed flooded her quivering depths. For minutes they remained locked together, his hips jerking involuntarily as her experienced cunt wrung every last drop from his aching balls.

Across the building, dozens of private suites became breeding grounds for depravity—mothers impaled on their sons' throbbing rods, screaming through multiple squirting orgasms as teenage cum flooded their stretched holes. In one room, a boy's face disappeared between his mother's massive udders while she rode him cowgirl-style, her ass cheeks jiggling violently as she slammed down on his veiny shaft.

In another, a MILF bent over the minibar her son's balls slapped brutally against her swollen clit as he railed her from behind.

Chet had folded his mother in half like a piece of origami, her ankles locked behind his ears as he drove his teenage cock into her with mechanical fury. Kara's massive tits—veiny, pendulous udders that could feed a village—sloshed violently between them, slapping against her chin with wet, meaty thuds.

Despite having blown four loads already, his teenage balls remained swollen and eager, his purple rod refusing to soften even slightly. Hour after brutal hour, he hammered her maternal hole, her stretched cunt lips making obscene squelching noises as they struggled to accommodate his girthy shaft, both their bodies slick with sweat, cum, and her endless pussy juices until dawn's first light crept through the blinds.

Even as dawn's first sickly rays crept through the hallway windows, the building still echoed with the wet, meaty sounds of incestuous coupling. Behind every door, mattresses creaked under rhythmic pounding, headboards smashed against walls, and mothers' hoarse voices begged for "more of that thick boy-cock."

Exhausted but unable to stop, teenage sons continued to rail their cum-drenched mothers through their 8th and 9th loads—their young balls somehow still producing rope after rope of sticky seed to flood those stretched maternal holes. Nature had turned them into tireless breeding machines, their bodies locked in this primal rutting cycle until checkout time would finally, mercifully separate them.

On the way home, Ethan slumped in back seat of the limo, his drained body a battlefield of hickeys and claw marks. His cock lay limp against his thigh, raw and chafed to hell, yet still twitching with phantom spasms. Every bump in the road sent aftershocks through his emptied balls, which hung loose and aching like deflated water balloons.

His mind replayed the night in pornographic flashes—his mother's massive tits slapping against his face, leaving traces of sweat and perfume he could still taste on his cracked lips. His pelvis throbbed with the memory of her cunt's vise-like grip, that experienced pussy that had milked him dry with mechanical precision. Even now, he could feel the ghost of her juices—that sticky, tangy mess that had pooled beneath them, soaked the sheets, and coated his groin in a glaze that had dried into a crackling crust between his legs.

Willow sat rigid next to him, her ravaged cunt a hollowed-out cavern that clenched pathetically around nothing but phantom sensations. Her once-tight hole gaped obscenely, the stretched lips raw and puffy, leaking a cocktail of her son's cum and her own juices that had soaked through her panties and left a damp stain on the leather seat.

Her tits ached with every bump in the road, the massive flesh-pillows tender and mottled with purple bite marks, her nipples standing perpetually erect like two throbbing, oversensitive buttons. Deep inside, her cervix pulsed with a dull, persistent ache—the forbidden doorway to her womb still bearing the imprint of her son's battering-ram cockhead that had punched against it for hours on end.

Willow glanced sideways at Ethan, her cum-swollen lips curling into a predatory smile. Her eyes gleamed with possessive hunger as she reached over to squeeze his still-tender crotch.

"How would my big-dicked boy feel about being Mommy's boyfriend?" she purred, her fingers tracing the outline of his spent cock through his jeans.

"Boyfriend? Are you serious?" Ethan croaked, his voice still raw from hours of animalistic grunting.

"Dead serious," she said, licking her lips. "After the way you destroyed my cunt last night, you think some teenage twat could satisfy you? We already share DNA and love each other. Why not share bodily fluids on the regular too? No pussy's ever gonna milk your thick cock like your mother's."

Ethan's lips stretched into a lewd grin, his eyes glazed with memories of their depraved night. "You're right," he groaned, adjusting his still-tender balls. "No girl at school could possibly pleasure me the way you can. And Christ, none of them have massive tits like yours."

Willow giggled—a filthy, knowing sound—and grabbed her bruised tits with both hands, shaking the massive flesh-sacks so violently they slapped against each other with wet, meaty thuds.

"Baby boy, we haven't even scratched the surface of what these fat udders can do," she purred, pinching her purple nipples until they leaked. "These big fucking milk makers are gonna drain your teenage balls dry when I wrap them around that thick cock and squeeze until you're shooting cum like a goddamn fire hose."

His gaze lingered on her bruised tits straining against her blouse, but then his expression darkened. "But what about Dad?" he asked, his voice dropping to a hoarse whisper. "What happens when he finds out I've been pumping his wife's pussy full of cum on the regular?"

Willow's lips curled into a vicious smirk as memories flooded back—Lyle's pathetic tears streaming down his face all those years ago when she'd confessed to letting his brother rail her raw after prom. "Your father's always been weak," she hissed, her eyes glittering with cruel excitement. "Men like him need women like me more than they need their dignity."

"So what you're saying is," Ethan drawled, "he won't like it, but he's too much of a pussy to do anything about it?"

"Bingo, baby boy," his mother purred, reaching over to stroke his thigh with predatory possessiveness. "Your father is a classic cuckold—all whimper, no bite. The man literally has no balls."

"Well then, the answer is definitely yes," Ethan stated. "Hell yes I'll be your boyfriend!"

"Kiss your new girlfriend then," she purred, her massive tits smashing against his chest as her lips crashed into his. Their tongues battled like wet, slippery eels, exchanging the lingering taste of his dried seed and her pussy juices from hours before.

Ethan grabbed her hair, yanking her head back to expose her throat, which he attacked with animal hunger, his teeth scraping against her pulse point. Her hand shot to his crotch, fingers digging into his tender balls while his cock stirred painfully back to life beneath his zipper.

"Fuck, I need your teenage meat in me again," she growled, fumbling with his fly as her sopping cunt clenched around nothing, already leaking in anticipation of another brutal stretching – this time in the back of a limo.

That night, Lyle hunched in his leather recliner, pretending to watch the basketball game while stealing furtive glances at his wife.

Willow sprawled across the sofa in a silk robe that had fallen open just enough to reveal the constellation of purple and crimson bruises decorating her heavy breasts. Her manicured fingers slowly turned the pages of "The Cougar's Handbook: Mastering Sex and Relationships with Much Younger Men" as she highlighted passages with methodical precision.

A knowing smirk played across her swollen lips when she caught her husband staring at the teeth marks visible along her collarbone. The air between them crackled with unspoken tension as Lyle's adam's apple bobbed nervously, his knuckles whitening around his untouched whiskey glass.

"Something on your mind, honey?" Willow finally purred, not bothering to close her robe or look up from her book. "You've been fidgeting since Ethan and I got back from Mom Prom."

Lyle's voice cracked as he forced the words out. "I know you let Ethan have sex with you last night. I just need to hear you say it's out of your systems now."

Willow leaned forward, her massive tits nearly spilling from her robe. "How would you feel," she whispered, her tongue darting across her lips, "if I told you your brother's thick cock stretched my teenage cunt raw on prom night—and kept stretching it for years?"

"Years?!" Lyle asked, quickly sitting up in his chair,

"Yes. That I was bouncing on his fat dick during our engagement? That while you were at work, he was flooding my married pussy with cum?" She paused, eyes glittering. "That the son you raised came from your brother's balls - that Ethan is actually your nephew?"

Lyle's face drained of color, his mouth working soundlessly like a dying fish. Just as his eyes began to roll back, Willow's cruel laugh cut through the room. "God, you're so fucking gullible. I was joking! It was just that one time, you spineless cuck."

Lyle let out a sigh of relief and sat back again.

Willow's lips curved into a cruel smile as she leaned forward, her robe gaping to reveal the purple constellation of bite marks across her breasts. "The good

news, Lyle," she said, her voice dripping with mock sympathy, "is that I really only fucked your little brother that one time, and Ethan IS your son, not his."

She paused, savoring the momentary relief that washed over his pallid face before continuing. "But the bad news is that what happened between Ethan and me at Mom Prom wasn't just some one-time thing."

Lyle's Adam's apple bobbed painfully as he swallowed. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

Willow's eyes gleamed with predatory satisfaction. "I mean that if it had been Ethan I'd fucked back then instead of your brother, I would've worn his ring instead of yours."

She traced a manicured nail along the edge of her book. "His babies would've grown in my belly, not yours."

She let the words hang in the air, watching them slice through him like a blade. "Ethan and I have come to an arrangement. I'll stay your wife on paper—you'll still pay the bills, of course—but your son," she emphasized the word with twisted delight, "now has exclusive rights to what's between my legs."

Lyle's lips quivered as he leaned forward again in his recliner. "So we're... we're never gonna be intimate again?" he asked, his voice cracking like thin ice.

"Lyle," Willow sighed, as if explaining something to a particularly slow child, "let's be honest. You've spent twenty years jabbing at me like you're trying to punch a time clock. Five minutes of grunting, two minutes of apologies."

She crossed her legs slowly, the silk of her robe whispering against her thighs. "Besides, you're...older now. Your back seizes up when you sneeze. Your balls practically drag on the floor."

Her lips curled into a cruel smile as she gestured toward Ethan's bedroom. "After experiencing what that boy can do—his stamina, his thickness—

expecting me to return to your... fumbling would be like asking someone who's tasted filet mignon to go back to eating dog food."

Lyle's shoulders slumped as he leaned forward, eyes downcast like a beaten dog. "Was our sex life really that bad?" he whispered, voice cracking on the final word.

Willow's giggle bubbled up from her throat—high-pitched and girlish—a sound she'd never made for him. "Oh, honey," she purred, "Ethan and I did the nasty for eight hours. Eight. Hours. Straight."

"Eight?" the husband uttered as if unaware that two humans could ever go at it for that long.

"He bent me over the bed, railed against the shower wall, had my ankles pinned behind my ears—positions your hips couldn't dream of attempting." Her eyes gleamed as she twisted the knife deeper. "He gave me thirty-seven orgasms, Lyle. I counted. Your record was what—two? Maybe?"

"That's not fair," he protested. "I've given you at least three in one night."

Willow rolled her eyes, her glossy lips curling into a sneer. "Don't flatter yourself," she scoffed. "Remember when Baxter & Sons passed you over for regional manager last year?"

"Yeah, what's that have to do with this?" her husband asked.

"When you didn't get the promotion, you came home, drank half a bottle of Johnnie Walker, and admitted you just weren't executive material, remember?"

Her tongue darted across her bottom lip as she delivered the final blow. "This is exactly the same situation, Lyle. You're simply not equipped for the position between my legs—and Ethan is."

Willow's phone chimed with a custom notification—the opening bass riff from "Mrs. Robinson"—cutting through the tension. Her crimson lips parted in a Cheshire cat smile as she checked the screen, her French-tipped nail tapping against the glass. "Speaking of my new boyfriend," she purred, "he just got home from breaking it off with that cheerleader."

She tossed her honey-blonde hair over one shoulder, exposing the fresh hickey blooming beneath her ear. "Poor little thing probably crying her eyes out right now. But a boy can't have two girlfriends at once, can he?"

Lyle's jaw tightened. "But apparently a woman can have both a husband and a boyfriend, right?" he muttered sarcastically.

Willow's eyes flashed dangerously. "That's different," she snapped, tugging her robe closed defensively before leaning forward. "Especially when it's a teenage boy and a woman in her prime. We're the only ones who can match each other—thrust for thrust, hour after hour."

"Whatever," the defeated husband uttered.

His wife's tongue darted out to moisten her bottom lip. "You should hear how he makes me scream, Lyle."

Willow giggled and uncrossed her legs with deliberate slowness. She rose from the couch with feline grace, her silk robe catching the lamplight as it slipped further off one shoulder. "Oh, that's right," she said, "you're about to hear how he makes me scream."

"What? What are you—"

"Ethan and I decided I'll be sleeping in his bed from now on." Her eyes gleamed with malicious pleasure. "Though 'sleeping' is probably something we'll get very little of."

With a final smirk thrown over her shoulder, Willow sauntered toward her son's bedroom, hips swaying hypnotically with each step.

Minutes later, Ethan's bedroom filled with the wet slapping sounds of flesh meeting flesh.

"Oh shit," he groaned, transfixed by the obscene sight of his mother's glistening pink folds stretching around his veined shaft. Her cunt lips clung desperately to his cock with each rise and fall, leaving a glistening trail of her arousal. When she bottomed out, her swollen clit mashed against his pelvis while his throbbing head battered against her cervix.

"Let your new mommy-girlfriend make you forget all about that cheerleader slut," she panted.

Willow wedged his head between her breasts, smothering him in the sweaty valley of her cleavage. Her enormous tits engulfed his face like two overfilled water balloons, jiggling obscenely with each thrust.

The ancient bedframe shrieked in rhythmic protest, metal springs grinding against wood as they rutted like animals. Every squeal of the mattress echoed down the hallway where Lyle sat frozen, each sound a knife twisting in his gut as his wife's throaty moans mingled with his son's grunts of pleasure.

Their bodily fluids mixed into a scalding, viscous foam that squelched from her stretched hole with each brutal thrust, dripping down her thighs in sticky rivulets. Knowing Lyle could hear every wet slap and guttural moan sent Willow over the edge again, her cunt clenching so violently around Ethan's shaft that her release sprayed across his groin and stomach in an obscene fountain, soaking the sheets beneath them in her filth.

"Suck your girlfriend's titties," the mother hissed, her body still trembling with orgasmic contractions.

Ethan's mouth latched onto her left breast with desperate hunger, drawing the fat nipple deep into his throat. He groaned as his tongue lapped at the

pebbled areola while his mother's tit-flesh smothered his face like a warm, sweaty pillow.

His cock throbbed violently as her cunt gripped him like a velvet vise, her practiced muscles squeezing and milking his shaft with each bounce. Her pussy lips made obscene sucking sounds as they clung to his veiny dick, her juices coating him from balls to belly button.

Willow leaned down, her breath hot against Ethan's ear. "You're Mommy's man now," she whispered, grinding her hips in slow circles. "Maybe I should divorce that limp-dicked loser and marry you instead."

She bit his earlobe hard enough to make him gasp. "Wouldn't you like that? To knock up your own mommy-bride?" Her cunt squeezed his cock like a vise as she spoke. "Imagine my belly swollen with your baby, these fat tits leaking milk all over your face while I ride you."

She grabbed his hands and forced them onto her heaving breasts. "I'd be so fucking horny all the time, begging for your cock every hour of every day."

"Oh God, I'm c-cumming!!" Ethan groaned, his eyes rolling back, his hips bucking wildly as thick ropes of hot boy-cum erupted from his pulsing shaft, painting her cervix with incestuous seed.

Willow's prophecy manifested in her swollen belly a month later, her once-flat stomach gradually becoming a taut, veiny dome housing Ethan's incestuous seed. She wasn't alone—Kara and Lindsay waddled through their neighborhood with matching baby-balls, their maternity dresses stretched obscenely over their cum-bloated wombs.

The women called their bastard spawn their "Mom Prom babies" while flashing diamond rings their sons had purchased after relegated their biological fathers to guest bedrooms.

Every night, these cuckolded ex-husbands, including Lyle, pressed their ears against bedroom walls, forced to hear the wet slapping sounds of their replacements' virile cocks hammering the stretched cunts that had once belonged to them alone.

After graduation, Ethan's days blurred into an endless cycle of carnal depravity with his heavily pregnant mother. He'd wake to find her already mounted on his morning wood, her swollen belly hanging obscenely as she worked herself into a frenzy.

Between marathon breeding sessions that left their sheets crusted with dried fluids, he sustained himself on his two favorite snacks - Slim Jims and the warm, sweet tit-milk he'd suckle directly from Willow's leaking breasts. She'd moan like a whore as he drained her tits, her fingers tangled in his hair while her other hand frantically jerked his perpetually hard cock until he erupted, painting her distended belly with rope after rope of his thick seed.

THE END

