

## Mom'll-fuck-zine

By Klrxo

"Introducing, 'Mom'll-fuck-zine,' a revolutionary new drug for boys to use on their moms. Just one dose will make your mother hornier than you've ever seen her. Just pop open the capsule, discreetly pour its contents into her beverage, and watch her become a complete dirty-talking slut for your cock. Get ready for the best sex of your life, since specially formulated blockers focus your mother's uncontrollable lust on ONLY YOU, her son."

"Do you really think it'll work or is it just a gimmick?" asked Tanner as he and his friend Lane sat on his bed looking over the bottle of 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' that they had ordered off the internet.

"There's only one way to find out and that's to try it on our moms," answered Lane.

"If it works on OUR self-righteous mothers it'll work on anyone."

The boys came from religious families and both their mothers were active at the local church. "That's true," said Lane. "I've never even heard my mom swear before. She's as wholesome as they come."

"We have to go about this at the right time. If it does turn our moms into sexual zombies, we can't just give them a dose when other family members are around."

"True. Maybe we can both fake being sick and stay home from school tomorrow. That way everyone's out of the house except for us and our moms."

"Wait, our moms are best friends though. Won't that seem suspicious if both of us stay home on the same day?"

"Okay, then one of us stays home today and the other one stays home tomorrow. Since I know both of us are dying to try this out, let's flip a coin

to see who goes first," suggested Tanner, grabbing a quarter from his side table. He flipped it in the air. "Call it!"

"Heads," said Lane.

Tanner scowled in disappointment as the coin landed. "Heads it is! I guess you're going first."

"Can you imagine if this actually DOES work, like it claims it will? Dude, we could actually be fucking our moms!" Lane exclaimed with an anxious smile.

"Or kicking ourselves for actually being naïve enough to pay eighty-bucks for a bottle of sugar-pills."

Sloane Richards was at the stove cooking dinner when her son, Lane, walked in the door. She glanced back at him, her long, fiery red hair brushing across her shoulders. "There you are. I was just about to call you to come home and set the table," said Sloane.

"Why can't Amy do it?" Lane asked.

"Your sister has a history exam tomorrow so she needs to focus all her energy on studying."

Lane actually didn't mind helping out in the kitchen too much. It gave him a chance to take sneak peeks at his beautiful mother. Today she wore a Bohemian-style sundress with a V-cut neckline that showed off a surprising amount of tit-cleavage, especially for a mom who was so prim and proper. Sloane's tits were the type that most boys dream about snuggling up between; huge and all-natural. Even under the confines of a snug bra, her mammary meat would tremble and wobble heavily with her every step.

"I think I might be coming down with something," said Lane, already setting his plan in motion. "My throat's starting to get scratchy."

"Oh, you poor thing," Sloane cooed, fetching a thermometer from the kitchen drawer. "Let's take your temperature and make sure you don't have a fever."

Her breasts trembled beneath her gown as she stepped over to the table near her son. "Sit down here for a second, sweetie," she directed, pulling the chair out from the table for him to sit on.

Lane's cock began to harden even faster beneath his jeans as his mom leaned over, placing the thermometer in his mouth. This allowed him to see the deep canyon between her dangling tits. He had a difficult time prying his eyes from her fat melons even as Sloane straightened upright.



"It would be a shame if we had to keep you home from school tomorrow," said the mother, hovering over her boy as she waited for his temperature to be taken.

Lane stared straight at the crack of her cleavage, imagining that he was being smothered by her huge bra-busters. His mom snapped him from his tittie-trance by clearing her throat. "Sweetie, you really shouldn't be looking at me that way. It's inappropriate," she sweetly scolded.

"Sorry," he blushed, looking away.

It wasn't the first time she had scolded him for gawking. Sloane knew her boy had a fascination with her body, but she just hoped it was a phase that he would quickly get over as he dated girls his own age. She removed the thermometer from his mouth and looked it over. "Well, your temperature's normal. After dinner you should probably lay down. Rest and plenty of liquids is probably the best thing for you right now," she advised.

The 'rest' part didn't come easy for the boy. He was simply too damn anxious to try out the new drug on his mom. However, he knew that if he did get to fuck her, he'd probably need all the rest he could get to have plenty of sexual energy the next day.

He wasn't sure about Tanner, but he himself had been preparing for the possibility of fucking his mom for weeks. He knew it would take plenty of skill and stamina to wow the hell out of such a beautiful woman, who'd been having sex longer than he'd been alive. First, he started a L-arginine supplement, which he learned played an important role in increasing the diameter of blood vessels, which promoted blood flow in his cock, making it as hard as it could possibly be. Then, Lane put himself through a daily regimen, tying a weight to his erection and lifting it up and down with just the strength of his boner muscles. He wanted his dick as strong as possible, especially at its root, so he could send his mom to the moon if he finally got to fuck her. Lastly, he worked on his staying power, edging his cock for over an hour, each time he masturbated, so he could develop the type of stamina that the guys in porn movies had, and make his mom cum like an absolute whore.

"How are you feeling...any better?" Sloane asked from his doorway, wearing a silky robe.

"Not really," Lane answered, still laying in bed. "A little worse actually."

"I'll call the school and let them know you're taking a sick day."

"Perfect!" Lane blurted, then realized he seemed a little too anxious. "I mean...not perfect, but I really shouldn't go to school feeling this way."

"I agree," Sloane stated. "I'll bring you in some breakfast once I get your dad and sister out the door."

Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, Lane focused on how he'd slip the 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' to his mother without her suspecting anything. He knew her morning protein shake was the best chance he had, since she rarely drank a full cup of coffee. "*How the hell am I gonna get it into her shake though?*" he thought.

Lane knew he had to get to the kitchen before he blew his chances of getting the drug into her system. He took a capsule from the bottle and looked at it confidently. "All my nasty hopes and dreams are counting on this little pill," he said out loud. He waited until he knew his mom was the only one home, then headed to kitchen.

"Can I help you out, mom?" Lane asked as Sloane stood at the stove scrambling him some eggs.

"No, sweetie. You should really be in bed. I got this."

"You do enough around here," he stated, heading for the fridge. "Let me at least make your morning protein shake for you."

"Actually, I'm skipping my shake this morning. Me and a bunch of other moms from church are going out for breakfast so I'll just get something there."

Lane's stomach sank with disappointment. His whole plan had just been foiled. "*Back to the drawing board,*" he thought to himself, hanging his head.

"If you need anything though, just text me. I'll only be across town," his mom stated.

Lane's phone vibrated in his hand. It was a text from Tanner. "How's it going? Have you tried the drug on her yet??" it read..

"Not yet. I was gonna put it in her shake, but now she's going out to breakfast with the ladies from church 😞," Lane replied.

"Looks like I might be the first one to try it out after all 😊."

"Don't count me out yet. I just thought of something," Lane texted. The teen knew his mom was trying to shed a few extra pounds and was always looking for the easy-fix when it came to weight loss.

"Thanks for making me breakfast, mom, although I may not eat it after taking my pill," stated the boy.

"Your pill?" she curiously asked.

"Yeah, it's an appetite suppressant pill and it works amazing. I just take one in the morning and I don't feel hungry at all."

"Lane, sweetie...why are you taking pills like that? You don't have an ounce of fat on you."

"Yeah, but if I wanna STAY trim, I definitely gotta watch what and how much I eat. These pills I take totally make that easy."

"What are the pills called? I may have tried them before," said Sloane, scooping his breakfast onto a plate.

"I don't recall, but from what I've heard they're the best on the market. Do you wanna try one?"

His mother thought about it for a moment. "Well, I know I'll be tempted to get a big breakfast when I'm out with the ladies so maybe I should," she answered.

Without thinking, Lane held out the mom'll-fuck-zine capsule that he had in his hand. "Here you go," he eagerly stated.

"You had one with you?"

"Oh, yeah...um, I figured I better take it now, while it's still early, but I can get another one for me. I have a whole bottle of them in my room."

He got his mom a glass of water, eager to watch her down it. Sloane smiled at him gratefully. "I'm always willing to try something different when it comes to shedding a few extra pounds," she expressed, then popped the tablet into her mouth, washing it down with a few gulps of water.

Lane's heart rate increased excitedly. He didn't think his mom needed to shed an ounce. She was wonderfully voluptuous, and the only place Sloane seemed to carry a lot of extra weight was her tits, and he certainly didn't want her losing those. "*Now, I wonder how long I wait?*" the boy thought to himself.

After showering and getting dressed, Sloane shouted down the hall to her son's bedroom. "I'll be back in awhile, sweetie. I might do some shopping after breakfast. Text me if you need anything."

"Bye," Lane answered, frowning in disappointment. "*I knew it!*" he thought. "*I knew those pills were a sham.*"

It had been nearly an hour since his mom had gulped it down and she wasn't exactly begging him to fuck her like the ad claimed she would.

"Dude, I think we got scammed 😞," he texted Tanner.

"Why, what happened? Did you give it to her?" his friend texted back.

"Did I give her the pill, yes. Did I give her my dick, no! I watched her take the capsule an hour ago and not a damn thing happened."

"Maybe it takes more time to kick it 🤖," Tanner suggested.

"I hope you're right, but I have a feeling we got bamboozled."

Lane got up and took a shower. He certainly wasn't gonna waist the day in bed dwelling on how his hopes had been dashed. After a long, hot soak beneath the spray, he dried off, wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to his room.

Startled, he nearly collided with Sloane as she stood out in the hallway. He felt like he had Déjà vu. Only a week ago his mom had almost collided with him as he tried to spy her taking a shower. For a moment, he wondered if she were trying to peek in on him. "Mom, you scared me! I thought you were going out for breakfast?" Lane asked.

"I was, I just...felt really strange, so I thought I'd come home and lie down."

Lane could tell there was something different about the way she was looking at him. Almost like a fan girl who staring at her favorite, sexy movie star. "Oh, um...alright. Do you need anything?" he asked, trying to show concern.

"Yes," she whispered as her eyes traveled hungrily down his chest. "I mean, no...I just need to lie down for a bit and shake this off."

Lane watched her sashay to her bedroom, her bubble butt undulating deliciously beneath her dress. Sloane gave him a teasing look from her doorway. "You look sexy in that towel, by the way," she stated, then gave him a blushing wink. "Sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

After his mom closed the door, Lane stood there a bit shell-shocked. His mom had never made such a flirty comment to him before. "It's working," the boy whispered under his breath. "Holy shit, it's starting to work!"

He went to his room, combed his hair and sprayed some cologne on. Lane didn't bother getting dressed just yet. He decided to stay in his towel, since there was still a chance he could be getting laid. After waiting a short time, he began to have doubts again. "*Maybe she really wasn't feeling horny for me,*" he thought. "*Damn, what if she's having side effects from the drug that are making her sick?*"

Just when his mind began racing with "what ifs," he heard his parent's door open down the hallway. A moment later, there was a light tap at his door.

"Sweetie, can I come in?" asked Sloane, slowly pushing his door open.

"Sure, mom."

Lane gasped as he saw his mom step inside his room wearing a black, semi-sheer teddy. She closed the door behind her and locked it, letting her boy's eyes feast on her rounded ass-globes. He licked his lips, staring at the dark fissure that separated her butt cheeks, clearly visible through the transparent fabric. He knew then and there that his dream of screwing his mom was about to come true.

"Lane, I've been thinking about you and I all morning," she confessed as she turned towards him, making her heavy, braless hooters wobble on her ribcage.

"You have? What about us?" he asked, staring at the fat melons that stretched the fabric of her teddy to its bursting point. He could just make out their dusky-pink caps beneath the mesh fabric.

"I've been thinking that we should be closer...a lot closer," she stated. "Maybe even have sex together."

"Really?!" the boy grinned, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He could see his mom having an inner conflict so he realized nothing was a done deal quite yet."

"No, I didn't mean sex," Sloane regressed. "What I meant was...well, maybe sex. Yes, sex would bring us a lot closer, wouldn't it?"

"You think so?"

"No...I mean...yes!" she nodded, staring at him lustfully. "You're so young and, um...wonderfully handsome. I'm sure you could fuck me really hard and make me cum."

Lane gasped in shocked. He had never heard his righteous mother say a single swear word, letting alone the F-bomb. "I could do that...if you want me to," he stated.

"You won't think I'm horrible?" she asked, her blushing face still showing signs of reluctance. "Cheating on your father and fucking my own son?"

"I won't think you're horrible at all, no matter what."

Sloane shook her head; still conflicted as she backed to his door. "No, I shouldn't...that would be incest, the ultimate taboo," she reminded herself.

Lane knew he had to keep encouraging her. She was like a fish hooked on his line that he just needed to continue reeling in. He pulled his towel open, exposing his rigid boner. "Are you sure you don't want to?" he asked.

Sloane gasped, squeezing her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. Her areolar rings were clearly visible through the sheer fabric, as were the hardened teats that protruded from their centers turgidly. Her pretty eyes fixated on her boy's long teenage erection, following the bulging, blue steaks of cock-veins, which ran down the length of his stalk like bolts of lightning. His knob looked like a juicy plumb that was made for deep cuntal exploration. "You're so...beautiful!" she sighed as her tongue inadvertently peeked from mouth, slowly swiping across her top lip. "Your cock is so big!"

"Thanks!" Lane replied, making his boner flex on his loins, grabbing her attention even more.

*"What is happening to me?!"* Sloane asked herself as the last bit of conscious she had slowly dissolved. She reached back and touched the door handle, but made a lousy attempt at turning it. The mother quickly thought of her loving husband and their marital vows. "David, I won't betray you," she whispered to herself, still staring at her boy's erection wantonly.

Lane leaned back against some pillows, which rested against his headboard. He gazed across the room at his conflicted mother, peering over the huge, meaty spike of his cock. "Come let me take you, mom," he stated as if he was a hypnotist who had her under his spell. "I can give you lots of pleasure."

Still leaning against the door, Sloane began to peel off the teddy as if her body and mind were on two different teams. "I want you!" she whimpered as a shameful tear ran down her cheek. "I need you...so fucking bad!"

"I'm right here," Lane chuckled. "Come get me."

Sloane shed the teddy quickly, and slowly strode towards her son like she was still engaged in a mental tug of war. Her eyes traveled his young, lean body hungrily as she crawled onto his bed; her huge udders heaving and wobbling as she mounted his midsection. "I can't resist you," she helplessly whispered.

"Then don't resist," answered Lane. The boy took a big nervous gulp as his mom reached down and grasped his boner at the base, pointing it upward. His eyes widened, staring at her motherly pubis. A tiny, neatly trimmed patch of fiery red pubic hair crowned her vulva. Sloane's labial lips were engorged with arousal, splayed open slightly like a flower just coming to bloom.

"Auuugh!" the teen gasped, watching her squeeze the crown of cock into the moist entrance to her inner sanctum. Quickly, his eyes darted up to the huge tits jutting out from her chest above him. *"Damn...I'm gonna get lost between those motherfuckers!"* he wondrously thought, staring up through the huge canyon of Sloane's cleavage.

His eyes returned to the action as he felt the hot snugness of her middle-age pussy begin to sheath his erection.

The last bit of guilt and hesitancy all but melted away with the feel of her son's fat cock squeezing into the depths of her vagina. "Does it feel like home, sweetie? It should. You spent nine months up there," mewled the mother as she pushed the leaky tip of his dong against the small donut-shaped head of her cervix, mashing her outer labium against his cock-hilt.

"Oh my Gosh, I love it!" the boy answered, flexing the muscle and sinew at the root of his cock, just like he did while doing his penile weight-lifting. His mom whimpered in delight, feeling the strength of his teenage boner stretch her uteri.

Sloane rolled her hips up and back, feeling her boy's spike plow inside her clutching tube like a sturdy stick-shift with a nice, rounded handle. "You lay in here at night and dream about fucking your mom, don't you?" she asked her boy.

"Uh-huh."

“Well, here I am, baby. No more dreaming.”

Sloan began to plunge her horny cunt up and down on the meat of her son's cock-shaft, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm. The rounded buns of her naked mommy-ass quivered each time they smacked against his crotch. Lane was seeing her tits in a way he'd only fantasized about as they leaped wildly to her tempo, swinging like buoys in a rough sea.

“I don't think I've ever felt a cock so fucking hard!” the mother panted. Her boy's penis felt like a rigid slab as it pumped through the hot tube of her vagina, stimulating her most sensitive nerve-endings.

Lane's cunt-smothered glans tingled as they glided along the encapsulating snugness of her slippery pussy-flesh. His mom's vaginal lining had well-pronounced pleats, causing exquisite friction on his penile flesh. Particularly his flaring coronal ridge as it carved its way through her pink collapsing walls, bumping the ring of her cervical head on every plunge.

“Yes, Lane...fuck me like an animal!” the horny mother cried out, riding him like a cock-hungry slut.

The boy's bed whined and jerked as their bodies danced in heated intercourse. Sloane felt a burning, exquisite heat blooming in her pussy. Quickly, the pleasure spread through her entire heavy-titted body so her nipples throbbed, her asshole pulsated and her engorged pussy lips sucked tightly around her son's cock.

“Oh, God, Lane...I'm gonna fucking cum!” she shrieked. “I'm gonna cum on your fucking cock!” Feverishly, she bucked and shuddered on top of him, fucking her cunt down on his unyielding hardness as fast as she could. “Unggghhh, yes! Aww, God, yes! Fuck me! I'm Cuummiinng!”

Lane was treated to quite the spectacle as his mom gushed on his oversized penis. Her huge breasts were bouncing and rippling, and her face was red and contorted with pleasure as she experience a tremendous, full body climax.

For Sloane, it was one of the greatest orgasms of her life. The wonderful cuntal friction her boy's steely cock was creating, compounded with the

thrill of fucking such a handsome teen stud was causing her pussy to ejaculate girl-cum for the very first time.



Quickly, Lane grabbed his mom's arms, tugging her upper-half down against him. Because he was reclined and not laying flat, his face was level with her giant, bobbling tits. He sank into her squishy cleavage, while he bucked his ass from his mattress, meeting her frantic fuck-thrusts with one's of his own.

The boy's testicles jumped up and down in his nut-sack as he pounded his meaty pecker up into the contacting tube of his mom's pussy. Having his grimacing face wedged in her squishy, quivering cleavage only added to the thrill he was experiencing. In fact, if it weren't for the conditioning he'd done over the past few weeks, Lane would certainly be spurting his wad inside his mom as she gushed her sweet, hot fuck-oil on his tireless prick.

Next thing he knew, the boy was sprawled on top of Sloane as she quickly rolled them over so they could screw in the missionary position. "Fuck me this way now, baby," his mom's excited voice requested. The teen settled down on top of her, crushing her fat jugs under his chest, his cock was still buried deeply in her smoldering, vaginal grip. Then, he started fucking his naked mother, moving his hips with skillful rhythm, pummeling his fuck-organ in and out of her juicy cunt. Sloane met his rhythm immediately, showing her sexual mastery as she shamelessly pumped her rounded booty off the bed, frantically fucking her pussy onto her son's fucker as hard as she could.

"Oh, shit, yes...you REALLY know how to fuck a girl, don't you?!" Sloane exclaimed, harnessing her luscious legs around his waist, using them as leverage to lift her quivering buttocks off the bed even faster.

Their naked bodies thrashed together on the bed like a well-choreographed horizontal tango. Sloane's sexy legs were wrapped up around her boy's young frame like a fleshy harness, the muscles in her thighs flexing and staining from their furious sexual union.

Determined to make his mom cum again, Lane pried his hands down beneath their humping bodies and grasped onto to her ass-cheeks, his fingers sinking into their fatty flesh as he intensified his savage thrusting. His cum-filled nuts slapped against her asshole, and several minutes of hard-core fucking this way got just the results he was hoping for. Sloane squealed beneath him and her fuck-slit erupted in orgasm, sucking spastically around her boy's pounding boner as delicious orgasmic contractions shot through her entire body.

"Oh, damn!" Lane gasped, as the intense cuntal friction caused the hot jizz to pulse through his spermatic cords, rocket up his urethra and spout out

the pinkish-purple crown of his cunt-smothered prick. He continued driving his cock into her, draining his balls inside the sucking, pulsating wetness of his mother's cunt.

Their writhing bodies gradually slowed to a stop, still intimately entwined. "You have to keep it stiff so you can fuck my horny pussy again, baby," Sloane breathlessly pleaded, then fused her lips against his for a deep French kiss. The duo were far from being satisfied. They were both sexual athletes in their prime that could certainly spend hours beating their bellies together in a raging fuck.

"Can I fuck you from behind this time?" the boy asked raising to his knees. His still-erect cock slipped wetly from her cunt, glistening with their love-juices.

"Oh, God, yes...I love it that way!" his mom answered, quickly getting on all-fours and pointed her rounded ass-meat back at her boy.

"Damn, mom...you have the hottest ass on the planet!"

"Come make it beat against you then!" she grinned, wagging her buns invitingly.

Lane certainly hoped the 'mom-fuck-zine' drug didn't wear off any time soon so he could continue fucking his beautiful mom all day. He crawled up behind her, grasped his cock and rubbed its spongy knob up and down her juicy fuck-slit a few times, teasing her pussy and clit.

"Oh, baby...I need it!" his mom shuddered, wagging her ass anxiously. "Fuck me!"

Lane obliged, jabbing his prick to the hilt inside her clinging vagina. He grasped onto the rounded contours of her derriere and began thrusting like a fuck-hound, ravaging her doggy-style. The lewd sound of Sloane's thick ass beating against the boy's midsection filled his bedroom.

The mother's tits dangled from her chest like udders and swung to the rhythm of their deep, steady thrusts.

Lane was shocked at how quickly he made his mom cum this way. She bucked her ass back on him like a bitch in heat, while her cunt-tube

chewed at the flesh of his pummeling penis. He spread her ass-globes, exposing the crinkled ring of her throbbing asshole. Then, he stopped thrusting and just let his mom beat her ass back against him, fucking his rigid dong with her horny sex-sheath. He grinned and panted lustfully, watching her fatty ass-meat ripple every time it smacked against his cock-hilt. "Oh, Lane...I just love that big fucking dick!" she cried out, staring back and watching his vein-encrusted pole jab into her. "Slap my fucking ass and make me cum again!"

The boy could never deny a request like that. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her delicious ass, making it ripple wonderfully. For nearly a half-hour he beat his dick through the tube of his mom's pussy, doggy-style. Finally, after his mom had cum for a full minute on his cock, he felt his nuts draw up close to his body. "I'm gonna cum again, mom!" his shaky voice announced.

"Yes...gimme that fucking nut-batter! Blast it into my unprotected pussy!" Sloane squealed.

Gritting his teeth and letting out a primitive grunt, Lane fucked his mom's pussy as hard as he could, exploding out a sticky load of hot cum that coated the inside of her quivering cunt.

"I don't know what came over me, Lane, but we can NEVER do this again!" exclaimed the mother as the drug finally wore off. By this time they had fucked without a break for several hours and the mother had cum more times on her boy's sweet cock than she could count. "I mean it. What we did today was pure evil."

"Whatever you say, mom," he answered, knowing full well she didn't have a choice in the matter. There were plenty more mom'll-fuck-zine pills in his bottle and he planned on using all of them. The teen watched her snatch up her clothing and hurry out of his room in shame.

