

Mommy file #25 - Mom's Workout

"Damn, mom...you're in great shape!" Dan stated, watching her work out on the elliptical machine.

"Thanks, sweetheart. It's hard to believe I just gave birth three months ago, huh?"

"In some spots yes," the boy answered, staring at the huge tits jumping around beneath her snug fitting workout top. "In others...not so much."

"Well, yeah...I guess you're right," Tami blushed. "I'm breastfeeding your sister, so my boobs aren't going away any time soon."

"Don't you mean my daughter?"

"Daniel!" Tami scolded, looking towards the door to make sure her husband wasn't there.

"What? I'm the one who got you pregnant, remember?"

"Yes, I do...but I asked you not to talk about that when your father's home."

"When do I get another piece?" Dan asked, staring at his mom's big luscious ass. "We haven't fucked since right before you had the baby."

"That's because I had to put a stop to it, remember? We were getting completely carried away," she answered.

"No we weren't!"

"Honey, we were sneaking off having sex together nearly a half-dozen times a day. Someone was bound to catch us."

"I miss it though."

Tami nervously glanced at the door again, then her son. "I miss it too, but can we at least let your sister get a couple months older before you go and knock me up again?" she muttered.

"Well, at least until then...I can enjoy watching you workout," the boy confessed, stepping behind his beautiful blonde-haired mother and watching her thick ass move around to the rhythm of her elliptical workout. He reached down and squeezed his hardening dick through his pants.

"You better not let your dad see you doing that while watching me. You'll make him think you're trying to steal his wife," Tami teased.

"Maybe I am," Dan smiled. "Would that be such a bad thing?"

"Sexually, no. Your dick's a lot bigger and you fuck WAY better than he does. He takes care of me financially though. He takes care of all of us financially, so I can't just leave him."

"True...I guess," Dan frowned. "So, what else are you doing as part of your workout routine, besides elliptical?"

"Push-ups, sit-ups...you know, the traditional exercises."

"Push-ups, huh? Wanna have a competition?" Tami's son asked

"You mean do I wanna embarrass someone by doing so many more push-ups than him?" she answered confidently.

"If you're so confident, why don't we bet on it. If you win, I'll do all the dishes for a week."

"And if you win?" Tami asked.

"If I win I get to fuck you today."

"Dan, I already told you we can't right now. Besides, it's a Saturday. Your father's home."

"Big deal. We used to fuck with dad at home all the time. Remember that night we had sex right next to him in your bed while he was sleeping?"

"I still can't believe we did that. Talk about risky," Tami remarked.

"Risky but fun," Dan chuckled. "Hey, I have an idea. How about if I win I get to watch you work out in a micro bikini."

"That's certainly not gonna happen!" Tami giggled.

"See, because you know I can beat you."

"How do you even know I have a micro bikini?" the mother asked, then watched her boy feed her a mischievous smile. "Never mind. I forgot you know what's in my dresser drawers as well as I do."

"Come on, mom. If you're so confident, just take the bet."

"There's no way my boobs would stay inside a micro bikini doing this," she pointed out.

"Fine! You don't have to wear it for the whole workout then...just do some push-ups and sit-ups with it on."

"You're talking like you've already won the competition," the mother stated in amusement.

"Honestly, I haven't been working out since soccer practice, a few month ago, so you'll probably beat me."

"Fine...drop and give me as many as you can then," she insisted, stepping off the elliptical machine.

Dan dropped to the mat and began doing push-ups. Once he hit thirty, Tami knew she was in trouble.

"What's this baloney about you not being in shape?" the mother asked.

"I'm NOT in terrific shape right now," he answered, "but I can still do a lot of push-ups."

"Clearly! I guess I should just wave the white flag and go put that micro bikini on," Tami said in defeat.

"You're not even gonna try?"

"You've done well over forty by now. I can't do that many push-ups."

"Then you're right. I guess you should go change," he urged with a victorious smile.

A short time later, Walter, Tami's husband, stepped into their bedroom, finding his wife standing in front of a large mirror adjusting her red micro bikini. "Whoa! I haven't seen you in that thing for awhile," he blurted admiringly.

"Yeah, I think Cancun was the last time I wore this thing," she stated, trying to cover her huge areolas with just the tiny triangular-shaped patches of fabric.

"You're not laying out by the pool in that today, are you?" Walter asked.

"No...I just have to do some push-ups and sit-ups with it on."

"Huh?" he husband asked in confusion.

"Dan won a bet that he could do more push-ups than me."

"Ok, but what's that have to do with the bikini?"

"I agreed to wear it if I lost."

"Tami, why would you do that?" Walter asked.

"Why do you think? Because I didn't plan on losing, that's why. I'm in descent shape, so I thought I could do more push-ups than him," the wife explained.

"Honey, you can't wear that in front of Dan. It's WAY too risqué for a mother to wear in front of her son," Walter preached, looking at her thonged bubble butt. The string was tucked so far between her buns that her thick mommy-buttocks looked completely naked.

"I lost the bet, Walter. I'm not going back on my word."

"Then why not just tell him to pick something else out for you to wear."

"Would you stop acting like the moral fashion police. Dan's eighteen...he can handle seeing me in something like this."

"Don't you have other bikinis you can wear? Why this one?" the husband asked in frustration.

"He specifically asked me to wear a micro bikini, so that's what I'm wearing."

Walter sighed in frustration. "You might as well just walk in there naked in front of him," he muttered.

Tami glared at him as she moved towards the door. "If I was naked, I'm sure he could handle that too. He's not a little boy, Walter. Now don't you have some yard work to finish?"

Dan's eyes about popped out as he saw his mom return in her red micro bikini. The top was so skimpy that her milk-filled breasts were spilling out all over the place. The bikini bottoms were tiny and snug, so they formed a red camel-toe, hugging her crotch.

"Wow...now that's what I'm talking about!" Dan exclaimed, lustfully roaming his eyes up and down his mother.

“Push-ups and sit-ups, then I'm changing back to what I had on,” Tami declared, lowering herself to the floor in front of him.

Dan watched as his mom started doing push-ups. Her huge melons squashed against the floor like soft bread dough every time she lowered her body.

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Tami looked up and saw her son fish his cock out. He spit into his hand and began beating off to the site of her. “Really, Dan?!” she questioned. “Do you have to do that right now?!”

“What?! How could a guy not get horny watching this?” he asked, peering down at the cheeks of her luscious ass, which were fully exposed. The thin thong that stretched down between her rounded ass-cheeks was barely visible.

“Well, how can a mom not get horny watching THAT?” She asked, her cunt tingling as she stared at her boy's large cock, while he whipped his hand up and down it's meaty length.

“I did ask if I could fuck you, but you're determined not to let me, so I guess you'll just have to watch and be horny like me.”

Dan lowered down onto his knees to get a better view of his mom's fatty tits smashing out against the mat.

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“Goddamn! You have the best tits ever, mom!” Dan complimented, remember all the times he'd had them smothered around his face while he fucked her.

“Twenty-six! That's all the push-ups I can do,” the mother stated, then moved into a sitting position on the floor.

“Not bad! Now do some sit-ups, but rock your chest back and forth every time you come up.”

“Why...so you can watch my tits pop right out of this thing?”

“I just wanna see them move around, but if they pop out of the top that would be even better!”

“You're horrible!” his mom teased, with a playful smile as she began doing sit-ups. Just as her son requested, Tami rocked her pelvis from side to side every time she sat up, making her swollen knockers wobble heavily back and forth.

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“Damn, that's hot!” Dan hissed, stroking his stiff erection shamelessly, while hovering over his mother.

Tami stared up at her boy's cock-meat as it protruded out from his groin like a stiff tree-branch. She couldn't help but think back on how wonderful it felt pounding through her fuck-tube, making her cum like a whore.

She peeked up to see her son smiling down at her. "Are you sure you don't have something you'd like to replace my hand with?" he asked.

"We can't," she answered, trying to shake the lusty thoughts from her mind.

"No big deal," Dan muttered, as he started tucking the boner back into his short. "I'll just get some pussy from Skylar today."

Skylar was Dan's on-again off-again girlfriend. She was a beautiful busty blonde like his mother, which naturally made Tami jealous. "You know I don't like that girl," the mother scowled.

"Don't worry, we're not back together, but she did say she'd still fuck me."

Dan started to walk away.

"Wait!" Tami blurted, then peered back at him. "If I let you fuck me, can you be quick?" she asked, surrendering to her desires.

"Sure!"

"Lock the door and turn the music up...WAY UP!" she directed.

"You got it!" her boy blurted, then followed through with her requests. A sexy R&B hit reverberated through the workout room.

When Dan returned to his mom, he discovered that she'd removed the micro bikini bottoms. Still laying on the mat, her thighs were splayed apart and her knees drawn back, so her dainty bare feet hovered in the air. The teen licked his lips, staring at her shaved vulva. Her labial lips were thick and prominent, crowned by the rounded tissue of her clitoral hood.

"You gonna stand there staring, or are you gonna come down here and pound the shit out of me?" the mother inquired lustfully, reaching out for him.

The boy quickly dropped down between the warm cradle of her thighs. The last time he'd fucked her was the day before she'd given birth. He vividly remembered how plush her giant tits and big pregnant belly felt smothering his well-toned body. Even though she didn't have the round baby-ball now, she still had gigantic milk-swollen tits that he was eager to suck on again.

Tami gasped as her boy sprawled down on top of her and speared his hunky young prick all the way to the head of her womb in one thrust.

Even though it had been months, they knew each other's bodies well and began fucking away like a synchronized dance team. Tami humped her blushing ass from the exercise-mat, while her son thrust savagely between her sexy legs. The mother's squishy tits were sandwiched between them and sloshed around wildly. Her thick distended teats prodded against Dan's flesh, smearing warm milk that secreted out.

“Damn, mom...I missed this pussy so much!” the boy whimpered, feeling her slippery corrugated walls clasp tightly around his tender prick.

“Welcome home, baby!” she gasped.

The lusty teen reached down and grasped her meaty ass-cheeks with both hands, letting his fingers sink in to the fatty flesh. He thrust like a wild man, beating his long muscled prick through the squeezing tube of her vagina.

The sound of Dan’s big nut-filled sack smacking against his blonde mother's asshole joined the beat of the blaring music.

Tami fastened her toned legs around him like a fleshy fuck-harness, pumping her lovely round ass from the mattress tirelessly. Her thick labial lips were spread open, flanking the thick stalk of her boy's erection and smacking wetly against the hilt of his cock on every thrust.

“God, you always fuck me so good!” the mother gasped.

Outside the room, in the hallway, her husband, Walter, heard the music blaring from inside the closed door of the workout room. He tried to walk in to see why it was so loud, but found the door locked. He knocked a few times. “Tami?”

Back inside, Dan paused from fucking, but his mother used her strong legs to continue screwing her hot pussy up and down the length of his dick. “Ignore him!” she feverishly whispered. “Keep fucking me!”

Dan was happy to oblige.

Tami knew her husband was a wimp and even if he suspected that their son was screwing her ass off in here, he wouldn't have the balls to do anything about it.

“Oh, Dan! Oh my God, yes!” she moaned, feeling a climax begin to build in her body.

“After you cum...do you want me to pull out before I do?” Dan asked, remembering what his mom had said about not wanting to risk getting pregnant again right away.

“No, don't pull out! I wanna feel you squirt off inside me!”

Dan plowed her pink garden with the stiffness of his prick, stimulating her sensitive vaginal nerve-endings.

“Oh, God...oh fuck yes...fuck me, Dan!” she panted.

The boy's teenage cock thundered through his mom's cuntal passage, knocking against her back wall with every powerful thrust.

“Yes...oh, God, yes! That's so fucking good!” Tami squealed, feeling her orgasm quickly reach it's peak.

The mother began trembling beneath her boy, arching her back from the mat and lifting them up as powerful orgasmic contractions surged through her mature body.

“Ohh, yeah!” Dan groaned in fascination, watching his mom's pretty face contort in pleasure. Holding himself up with his arms while he fucked, he kissed his way down the deep canyon of her cleavage. Despite the way her massive milkers were rolling up and down her chest, he managed to latch on to one of her leaking nipples. “Mmmnggff!” he whimpered, spreading his lusting lips half-way across the ring of her wide areola with wonderful suction. Warm tit-nectar poured into his mouth from the ducts surrounding his mom's engorged teat. He sucked and swallowed and slurped and swallowed, but it was almost more tit-honey than he could keep up with.

Tami clenched her fuck-muscles, making the ribbed lining of her vagina chew at Dan's pink dick.

“AHHH!” her son gasped, milk spewing from the corners of his lips.

She felt his dick flex and his bell-tip mushroom even bigger. “Yes! Cum in me, Dan,” she cried out. “Make my pussy yours again!”

“AHHH, FUCK!” Dan snarled as his dick began to hose out big gooey cords of hot spunk. His mom's vaginal orifice sucked at his prick, as if it were swallowing his milky offering into her fertile womb. Just yesterday, her egg had entered her fallopian-tube, waiting to be raped by a swarm of aggressive sperm.

With Tami's legs twisted around her boy, the two of them looked like a big fleshy knot of humping flesh there on the workout room floor. For several minutes they bucked and writhed in sexual bliss. If Walter had somehow kicked open the door at that moment, his wife would have just continued fucking. Her orgasm was that incredibly consuming.

A few minutes later the suspicious husband was back at the door knocking. His wife answered, dressed back in her micro bikini and looking freshly fucked. “What do you need, Walter?” she asked impatiently.

“Why's the music up so loud and why are you sweating so bad?”

“Because it's a workout room, Walter! Why the fuck do you think?”

Tami's husband realized how silly his question seemed. He looked over to see his son doing bench-presses on the weight bench.

“Any other stupid questions...or can I go back to my workout?” his wife asked.

He noticed one of his wife's big nipples was protruding out the side of the tiny bikini-cup. “You may wanna fix that,” he muttered, motioning at it.

“Thanks!” she blushed. “Bye!” she then said, closing the door in his face.

Tami came over and threw her leg over her son, straddling him on the bench. “Well, congratulations...you brought the mommy-slut back out of me. Are you happy?” she asked with a teasing smile.

Dan stared up at her pretty eyes as they peeked down at him, over the huge jutting swell of her nearly naked breasts. Her nip-slip had gone unfixed and her stiff teat was still protruding out the side of the dainty cup. “Very happy!” he smiled.

“Wanna help me finish my workout?” she asked in a sultry tone.

“Sure! What did you have in mind?”

She drug her cock-smothering cunt up the underside of his boner, then back down. “What do YOU think I have in mind?” she winked.