

Mommy file #26 – A Rocky Boat Ride

"Stop being a turd and snuggle with me. It's freezing out here!" Francine shivered, while looking over at her son.

The two of them stood by the rail of a huge ferry boat, as they made their way over to visit Francine's sister on the island.

"Why don't we just go sit back in the car, where it's warm," her son, Trey, suggested.

"And miss all this beauty? No way! It's worth suffering just a little. Now are you gonna come snuggle with me or not?"

"What if someone sees us?" he asked, stepping up behind his mom.

Francine rolled her eyes. "Honey, please...we're snuggling together to stay warm, not making out."

"Fine!" the boy blurted, pressing up against his mom's from behind, sandwiching her voluptuous body between his and the rail of the observation deck.

"There, is this so bad?" his mom asked, smiling back at him. "I'm feeling warmer already."

Trey's mom, Francine, had a round apple-bottomed ass, and man did it full good pressed against his cock. In fact, it was one of the reasons he was so reluctant to snuggle with her. He knew having her body mashed against his would result in him getting a throbbing hardon.

"Isn't it breathtaking out here, honey?" the pretty mother asked, gazing out at the open bay.

"Why does Aunt Stacy live out on the island? It seems like it would be SO boring."

"Well, she's always been a nature lover," his mom replied. "Some people can live just fine without a mall and a McDonald's, honey."

"Not me!" Trey stated, trying to fight off the growing bulge in his pants by thinking

about something besides his mom's luscious ass pressed against him. The gentle rocking motion of the ship certainly wasn't helping any.

It didn't take his mother long to notice the hardening appendage wedged against her ass-crack. "Trey, I don't wanna embarrass you, honey, but...do you have an erection?" she asked.

"No," the boy blurted, "I brought a banana with me...just in case I got hungry." The both of them burst out laughing. "A banana, huh? It doesn't feel like a banana," the mother teased, pushing back even harder against it. "It feels more like a kielbasa."

"Sorry, they just happen sometimes," he blushed.

"I understand that, but...while pressed up against your own mother?" she asked with a quirky grin.

Trey separated from her and started across the deck. "I'll be in the car," he mumbled.

"Trey, come back, please," his mother called, feeling bad she'd just embarrassed him. "Trey!" she shouted, but her son kept walking.

The lower deck of the ferry ship held twenty vehicles. Many of them were empty, since, like Francine, most travelers wanted to spend the two hour ride enjoying the views from up on deck. Trey arrived at his mom's Grey Mercedes and climbed inside.

"Why did I even agree to come along today?" he asked himself out loud, wishing he had stayed back to play a round of golf with his father and older brother.

The driver's side door opened and his mom got in.

"Mom, you don't have to come down here. Just go up and enjoy the boat ride," he told her.

"Honey, I'm sorry for embarrassing you," she consoled, reaching over to take his hand. "I shouldn't have drawn attention to your erection."

"It's no big deal, mom. Can we just forget that it happened?"

"If it makes you feel any better, you weren't the only one who was aroused," she confessed.

Trey looked over at her in surprise. That was the last thing he expected his mom to say. She fed him a blushing smile. "It's just a lot easier to hide a wet vagina than it is a hard penis," she pointed out.

"True, I guess," the boy muttered, "but I'm sure you're just saying you were aroused so I don't feel so bad."

"Nope, it's true."

"Sure it is, mom," her son teased with a doubting expression.

"Want me to prove it?" she asked.

The boy was so shocked he had to make sure he heard her right. "Prove it?" he asked.

"Yeah, do you want me to prove that I have a wet vagina?"

"Well, um...if you want to," the boy mumbled awkwardly.

Francine unbuttoned her jeans and shoved her hand down into her dainty panties. When she brought it back out, her fingers were soaking wet. "Do you believe me now?" she asked with a smile.

"I suppose," the teen answered, staring at her soaking fingers in disbelief.

"Well, if you still don't believe me, you can always take a feel for yourself," she wickedly suggested.

"Me, feel you...down there?" he asked, just to be sure he wasn't misunderstanding what she meant.

"Yeah. Unless you don't want to?"

"No-no, I do!" the boy replied eagerly, but was still astounded that she'd actually let him. He slowly reached over and dug his hand down inside the crotch of her silky panties. He felt the thin patch of pubic fur that was crowning her pubis. Then, his hand drug along the thick outer lips of her vulva. When his fingers slipped down through her cuntal fissure, he could feel the slick wetness that had secreted from his mom's fuck hole. "Wow, I guess you really are wet down there," he observed.

"I told you," his mom responded with a big smile. "We're all sexual creatures, honey. Our bodies respond to stimulus. The fact that we're mother and son doesn't change that."

Trey suddenly felt his mom's hand on his erect cock, massaging it through his pants. "That feels good," he whispered.

"Does it?" his mom asked, squeezing his tender knob with her fingers. "How could something that feels so good be so bad, Trey?"

"I don't think it's bad," the boy answered.

"No, but society does, and I think it's bullshit. Two people should get to fuck whoever they want to, family or not," the mother expressed, while continuing to grope her boy's oversized bulge.

"I'm certainly not gonna argue with that," Trey agreed.

Francine looked at her watch. "We have just over an hour before we dock on the island," she stated, then looked towards the back of her vehicle. "My windows are nice and tinted, so no one can see us in here."

"True," Trey gulped excitedly, then watched his mom gaze over at him lovingly with her pretty hazel eyes.

"Do you wanna get in the backseat and fuck?" she candidly asked.

Trey's heart was beating so fast he could hardly mutter an answer. "Sure!" he gasped.

They both got out, climbed in the back and closed the doors. Without waiting a second, the mother pounced on top of her boy, kissing him passionately. "Oh, Trey...I need you!" she sighed frantically between kisses. She quickly began stripping their clothes off.

Francine's naughty obsession for her son had begun several months ago, when Trey introduced her to his new girlfriend at the time. "She's too fucking skinny and her tits are WAY too small!" the mother thought, looking her boy's petite new love interest up and down. "There's little pleasure at all to be had by making love to such a tiny thing." Francine began to wonder what it would be like if her and her son made love. She imagine their sweat-sheened bodies pounding together in sexual delight.

"Whoa!" Trey exclaimed, watching his mom's huge fat tits spring from her unhooked bra. They swung around like heavy udders do as she quickly removed his pants.

The mother's eyes lit up as she saw her boy's cock for the first time in years. It wasn't the little boy penis that she remembered helping him wash at bath time. This was a big, meaty, manly cock. Her eyes remained fixed to it as she stripped off her pants, then her thong panties.

Now, they were both as naked as the day of Trey's birth and ready to unleash their desires with a hot, nasty fuck on Francine's back seat.

Trey watched in fascination as his mother mounted him. He'd fucked a few girls at school, but none with a body like his mom's. She grasped his boner and fed it's tapered tip into the entrance to her vagina. In an instant, her pubis lowered to his cock-root and the boy felt her searing vaginal heat surround his penile flesh.

"Oh my God, yes!" Francine gasped, feeling how much her boy's fat dick stretched her inner lining exquisitely. She wasted no time pumping her wet pussy-tube up and down the length of his erection.

Trey snarled with lust, watching his mom's big fatty tits jump wildly on her chest. Her areolas looked like huge pink circles of thick-textured fabric sewn to the peaks of her giant melons. Her teats were long and rubbery. The teen simply couldn't wait to latch his lips around them.

Francine's thick, round buttocks SMACKED against her boy's upper thighs as she rode him wildly. Her son's muscled cock felt long, thick and rigid. It was pounding through areas deep in her pussy that her husband's average-sized cock never even came close to touching.

Like his mother, Trey was panting, both in pleasure and with the sheer thrill of fucking his own mom. He looked down his chiseled torso to the spike of his cock as it plunged in and out of his mother's body. His vein-encrusted boner was glistening with her cuntal secretions. His mom's vulva suddenly smacked against his pubic base and swiveled up and back in full penetration. The two of them looked fused at the genitals as they ground together in a heated rhythm.

Trey's cunt-smothered cock flexed and throbbed, making pre-jizz ooze from his piss-hole and smear along the pink pleated lining of his mom's cunt. Francine plowed her

boy's boner back and forth across her urethral sponge, stimulating her clitoral ligaments.

"OH, FUCK, HONEY...YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CUM!!" the mother cried out, then began rocking her hips frantically.

"Ahhh!" Trey gasped, arching his head back in ecstasy as he felt his mom's cunt-tube shrink around the meat of his cock.

Francine's pretty face contorted in pleasure and her lush body trembled from a powerful climax. Her boy watched in utter fascination as his tit-quivering mother cried out in sexual bliss.

She slapped her heavy boobs down around his neck and continued riding him. "Oh, fuck, yes, baby...it's so good!" she squealed, throwing her rounded mommy-buns up and down, humping his steely cock with her hot pussy at a steady pace.

With his face now stuffed between the spongy-soft flesh of her tits, Trey thrust his ass from the car seat, meeting his mother's humps with one's his own. His long erect cock looked as hard as a stone pillar as it slammed into his mom's cunt over and over, straight down to his balls.

"OHHHH!!" Francine cried out, as she was struck with a second powerful orgasm.

The teen peeked up through her jiggling tit-cleavage and smiled, watching her pretty face become a mask of sheer pleasure.

A little while later, the ferry boat's horn sounded as it neared the island.

Inside Francine's car, Trey was on top of his mom, between her warm thighs, fucking the hell out of her. The sounds of gasps and Trey's big teenage balls SMACKING against his mom's ass filled the car. His weight was against her, flattening her huge sloshing tits beneath his chest. His head was cradled between her neck and shoulder and his young ass was bobbing up and down wildly as he fed her the fat hardness of his prick.

Francine's lovely shaved legs were wrapped around the boy, her sexy feet hovering in the air and trembling from his every thrust. "Oh, Trey, fuck me so good with that big fucking cock!" she gasped, raking her long painted fingernails down his back.

His cock was really boring into her; his knob smashing against the ringed head of her

cervix on every plunge. Like any hot-assed mother, Francine knew how to contract her pelvic floor muscles, providing exquisite friction around her boy's rigid cock-muscle. This also exposed more of her nerve-endings, quickly bringing her to another mind-blowing orgasm.

"CUMMMMMINNNGGG!!" her beautiful voice sang out.

Trey's pounding cock tingled wonderfully as he heard his mom's crotch give off a wet squelch and hot female ejaculate began to swirl around his prick.

"Aaagghh!!" the teen groaned, feeling his hot dick mushroom inside his mom's cunt.
"AAAGGGHHH!!"

Fat cords of spunk began to erupt from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. Both him and his mom's ejaculatory fluids splashed together, so their pink sex-organs were wrestling and pulsating in a pool of hot liquid love.

Stacy knew that freshly fucked look when she saw it as she greeted her sister and nephew at the boat dock. "Well, you two look like you had a nice ride," she stated.

"Very nice!" Francine responded, smiling over at her son.

Stacy brought her lips to her sister's ear. "He wore a condom I hope," she whispered.

"Nope," Francine whispered back with a smile.

"Francine!"

"What, it's not like I planned on fucking him. It just...happened," she stated in a hushed tone.

"I wanna hear about it later. Every juicy detail," Stacy demanded, giving her sister a wink.