

Mommy file #31 – Motorboat

By Klrxo

“Alright...let’s have it!” Ryan cringed, standing in front of his two friends in his bedroom.

“We dare you to motorboat your mom!” Steve blurted.

“Are you crazy?! No!”

“What do you mean NO?” Chet asked.

“I'm not doing that. She'd never let me, and she'd probably slap me across the fucking face just for asking.”

“So you're refusing the dare?” Steve asked with a victorious smile beginning to cross his face.

“Guys, it's gotta be something else. Something that doesn't involve my mother,” Ryan stated.

Chet rolled his eyes. “Let me remind you that it was YOUR idea for me to press my hard dick against my married older sister's ass, which could have got ME slapped, thank you very much.”

“Yeah, but your sister understood once you explained that it was a harmless dare among friends. My mom on the other hand...”

“Sounds like he's accepting defeat,” Steve observed. “I guess we know who the chicken-shit is among the three of us.”

“AND the one who'll be designated driver the next month,” Chet added. Although the three friends were only eighteen, they did indulge in alcohol at parties, as did most of their classmates. They decided that the unfortunate role of ‘designated driver’ would go to the one who was too scared to follow through on a dare.

“Hold on second,” Ryan protested. “My mom should be off limits.”

“Have you forgot the parameters of our agreement, asshole?” Steve asked. “The dare includes a family member and can be anything, as long as there's no harm

involved. Last time I checked, MOMS are family members, and motorboating isn't harming anyone."

"Except maybe Ryan here," Chet laughed. "His mom's tits are so big they'd probably suffocate him if he did the motorboat on her for too long."

"Not cool, man!" Ryan objected with a death-glare. "Not cool at all."

"Hey, I had to grab my older brother's junk and try to hold onto it for five seconds. You're not getting any pity out of me," Chet stated.

"Are you gonna do this or are you gonna be a pussy and throw in the towel?" Steve insisted.

Ryan took a second to consider what they were asking. Perhaps if he was just straight up with his mom she'd at least understand and entertain the idea.

"Alright, fine...I'll do it."

"Well, you better do it quick. That party's tomorrow tonight, so we need to figure out who's drinking and who's driving," Chet reminded him.

Kelly was a married mother of three and a nurse at a local clinic. She was prepared to head to work the next morning when her son stopped her. "Hey, mom, before you leave can I talk to you about something?" Ryan asked.

"Sure, honey, I have a few minutes. What's up?" the dark-haired mother asked.

"So, my friends and I are going to a party tonight and THERE WILL be drinking there."

"Ok?" Kelly muttered, giving her son a stern, questioning glare.

"When we do drink at parties, we always make sure we have a designated driver. Someone among us who doesn't drink, so we can get home safely" Ryan explained.

"Well, I'm at least happy to hear that."

"The way we decide who drives is by daring each other to do things. Things we have to record on our phones. The one who chickens out, or doesn't fulfill the dare very well becomes the designated driver."

“Well, that's an odd way of coming to a decision,” Kelly giggled, “but it does sound like something boys would do.”

“The dares this time around had to include a family member and...well, they dared me to do something to you.”

“Something to me?” Kelly asked with a curious look.

“Yeah, do you, uh...know what motorboating is?” Ryan awkwardly asked, glancing down at the huge swell of her tits.

“No, but I have a feeling it doesn't involve a boat and water,” the mother answered, raising an eyebrow curiously.

“No, it doesn't. Motorboating is when a guy places his head between a women's boobs and makes the sound of a motorboat with his lips, while moving his head from side to side.”

Kelly burst out laughing. “Are you serious?” she asked.

“Yeah, I know it sounds stupid, but that's what they asked me to do to you.”

“To me?” Kelly asked with a surprised expression.

“Yes.”

“And you actually thought I would say yes?” the mother smiled sternly.

“Well, I hoped you would... that way I could have a couple drinks at the party tonight.”

“Well, guess what?” his mom asked, grabbing her purse, then giving her son a quick kiss on the cheek. “It looks like you're driving tonight, kid.”

“Come on, mom. It'll only take me like...five seconds and I could do it right over your scrubs,” Ryan blurted, taking another glance at his mom's jutting breasts.

Kelly shook her head, still seeming amused by the whole thing. “Ryan, honey... the answer's no,” she blurted.

“Why? It's just a stupid dare.”

“First off, you're eighteen, not twenty-one. You're too young to drink. Secondly, you're not...driving your ‘motorboat’ between your own mother's breasts...end of story.”

Ryan was disappointed, but not surprised that his mom had responded that way. He hoped she wouldn't tell his father, otherwise there may be consequences for him just for asking her to do something of that nature. He went to school knowing that he'd have to remain the sober one at tonight's party.

At work that morning, Kelly was at the nurses station with Joyce, a fellow care-worker and good friend. “You wouldn't believe what Ryan asked me to do this morning?” she shared.

“His homework?” Joyce asked. “I'm doing Henry's math assignments all the time.”

“No. He asked if he could ‘motorboat’ me,” Kelly stated.

“Motorboat you? You mean like...sticking his face between your tits and making a motorboat sound?”

“Exactly! So you've heard of this before?”

“Well, yeah, it's just a silly, juvenile thing that young guys like to do. I've had a few motorboats speed through my cleavage when I was younger,” Joyce snickered.

“I guess he was dared to do it by his friends, so he doesn't have to be designated driver at the party he's going to tonight.”

“Well, good for them to at least have a designated driver,” Joyce pointed out.

“Yes, but Ryan's a little too young yet to be chugging down beers with his friends.”

“Oh, come on, Kelly...you mean to tell me you weren't already drinking at parties when you were his age?” Joyce asked.

“Yes, but I'd rather my kids NOT do some of the stupid things I did when I was that age.”

“Why? You turned out fine, didn't you? Let kids be kids. Even if you say no, they're probably just gonna sneak out and do it anyway,” Joyce expressed.

“That's true, but what about this whole ‘motorboating’ thing? Is it really something a boy should be asking to do to his mom?”

"It's just a stupid, harmless dare, Kelly. There no reason to get all Freudian about it. Just let him do it, so he can go out and have some fun."

Ryan was at lunch when he got a text from his mom. "How's your day going, honey?" she asked.

"Boring, like usually," he texted back.

"Sorry if I came across as bitchy this morning. I'm not against you having fun with your friends you know."

"All good. I was bummed, but I understand why you said no," Ryan replied.

"Stop by the clinic on your way home. 😊" Kelly texted.

"Alright," Ryan texted back, wondering why his mom wanted him to stop by her workplace.

As soon as school was over he drove over to the medical clinic where his mom worked. "Hey, mom...hey, Joyce," said Ryan as he arrived at the nurses station.

"Hi, honey," she replied with a smile, then looked at her co-worker. "I'll be back in a few."

"Take your time," Joyce said with a knowing smile.

Ryan followed his mom down the hallway and into one of the vacant rooms. She closed the door and locked it behind them. "What's going on?" he curiously asked. "Why did you want me to come by?"

"About that thing you were dared to do; you mentioned if you didn't fulfill it very well you can still lose. What did you mean by that?"

"If we all three performed our dares, then we just base the loser on who performed it the worst," Ryan explained. "Why?"

"Well, there's certainly no reason to let you do this if you're gonna lose anyway, so...start recording and I'll do what I can to make sure you win."

"Seriously?" Ryan asked as a big smile crossed his face.

“Yes, but right after you show your friends, that video gets erased, understand?” Joyce asked sternly.

“Of course,” Ryan answered, fishing the phone out of his pocket.

“I mean it, Ryan, and no more dares involving me after this.”

“Got it!”

Ryan began recording her with his phone. His eyes widened as he watched his mom pull up her top, revealing her black embroidered bra. It was nearly overflowing with creamy tit-meat. Next, she shocked him even more by pulling down her scrub-style pants, just enough to reveal her panties. The straps hung low on her hips, nearly showing her shaved crotch.

“That was, um...unexpected,” the teen muttered.

“Like I said, I'm not going to all this trouble just so you can lose, so here...” she insisted, pulling her bra up over her giant jugs. Ryan gasped as they dropped down and bobbed heavily.

<https://www.sex.com/search/gifs?query=nurse+drop>

“Holy shit, mom...those are incredible!” he exclaimed. He had never really seen his mother as a sexual creature before, but now that had all changed.

“Thanks!” she blushed, then fed him a teasing smile. “Is your motorboat ready?”

“That it is!” he stated.

“Why don't you hand me your phone, honey. This might be easier for ME to record, don't you think?” Kelly suggested.

After handing over his phone, Ryan stepped forward and landed his wonder-stricken face between his mom's mammaries. He made the perfect motorboat sound with his lips, while rubbing his face around inside her squishy cleavage.

Kelly giggled, while recoding her boy ‘motorboating’ her heavy tits. “Let me help!” she volunteered, then squeezed the sides of her boobs with her forearms, sandwiching Ryan's entire head between them. Again, he made a motorboat sound, while nuzzling his head around. This time his voice was muffled by pounds of fatty tit-flesh.

“Damn!” Ryan gasped after removing his face from between his mom's breasts.
“That was the funnest dare I've ever performed!”

“Glad I could help,” his mother stated, while pulling her bra back down.
“Hopefully, you'll get to have a few drinks and enjoy yourself tonight. Just...don't make this an 'every weekend' thing, ok?”

“Got it, mom!” the boy agreed.

Later, after showing them the video, Ryan's two friends sat there on the edge of his bed with their jaws lowered in disbelief. “That was the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen!” Chet confessed.

“Yeah,” Steve agreed, looking at Ryan with envy. “It was cool that my sister let me rub my dick against her ass for a few seconds, but what your mom did for you was off the hook, man.”

“So, is it safe to say that one of you two will be doing the driving tonight?” Ryan asked with a victorious smile.

Steve and Chet looked at each other. “You got to grind on your sister's hot ass,” Chet pointed out. “I had to touch my brother's dick, man. I deserve a few beers after that.”

“Fine, I'll drive,” Steve agreed.

Ryan and Chet quickly stood up and cheered, giving each other a high-five.

“As long as I can watch the video of you motorboating your mom's tits again,” Steve added, looking at Ryan. “That was fucking hot!”