

## Mommy File – Hidden Cove

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom, wanna go out onto the boat and fuck?" Jared asked, licking his lips in lust as he eyeballed her voluptuous body.

Lisa was lying on a towel, her body glistening with sweat from the sun. Her curves were accentuated by the tight bikini, her humongous titties straining against the fabric. The sun highlighted every dip and curve of her mature body, making her look like a goddess among mere mortals.

Whenever her son inquired about fucking, she would quickly scan the area to see where her husband was. This was her way of gauging whether they could sneak off and engage in sex without getting caught.

She caught sight of hubby up by their cozy cabin, engrossed in a fierce game of corn hole with one of their friendly neighbors. "Gary!" she called out, getting his attention. "Jared and I are gonna take a ride out on the boat."

Her husband acknowledged her with a brief wave before returning his focus to the game.

Jared grinned mischievously as his mother waved to Gary, confirming their sneaky plan. He knew this would be their first rendezvous on the boat, and he reveled in the thrill of the forbidden.

As the boat motor roared to life, Lisa shared a mischievous smile with her son, like two secret agents on a naughty mission. "You better be ready to pound some pussy, mister. Between one and ten, your mother is a twelve on the horny-scale today."

"I'm always ready," her son replied with confidence, his crotch already beginning to bulge from the thickening meat of his cock.

Jared expertly guided the vessel out of the dock, their hearts racing with excitement.

The boat glided through the calm water, leaving a gentle wake behind them. The sun dipped lower, casting long shadows across the water, as their secret world seemed to close in around them.

Lisa stepped up behind him and pressed her bikini-clad body against his back as he drove the boat. The warmth of her skin and the squishiness of her giant tit-melons sent a shiver down Jared's spine. She brought her full, pink lips to his ear, so close that he could feel their warmth and moistness. In a seductive tone, she whispered naughty things that made his heart race and adrenaline pump through his veins.

"Is your dick hard yet, sweetheart?" she whispered. "I bet it is. I bet it's just aching to be sheathed in my hot pussy, isn't it?"

"Ever since last night, yes," Jared answered, recalling the way he had fucked her doggy style behind the locked door of the cabin bathroom.

"Oh, you mean when you ravaged me from behind like a savage?" she asked with a sly smirk. "With your father sleeping down the hallway?"

"Yep," her son grinned.

Lisa's fingers moved down his chest, leaving a trail of sensitivity as they reached for the button of his swim trunks. With one swift motion, she unfastened them, revealing his taut erection. It stood proudly at attention, nearly eight-inches long and eager for her touch.

Jared's grip on the boat's wheel tightened as Lisa's warm hand enveloped his cock, her fingers skillfully stroking him to new heights. Every touch was electric, sending shivers of pleasure through his body.

"Soon, sweetheart" she whispered, her fingers continuing their rhythmic dance. "It won't be long and you balls will be beating against my ass again."

Jared nodded, lost in a haze of lust as Lisa continued to tease his steely cock, tenderly tracing the web of fat, blue veins that ran along his stalk with her manicured fingernails.

Jared eased the boat into a shallow cove, where the water was crystal clear and the shoreline was hidden by tall trees. The solitude of the cove made their hearts race even faster.

Stepping onto the deck, Lisa couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the setting sun reflecting on the water's surface. She was just as captivated by her son's gaze, which held a mixture of lust and longing.

"You've never fucked me on the boat before," she pointed out, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"I've always wanted to though," her son answered.

From the creaky, wooden floorboards of Jared's childhood treehouse to the silky, satin sheets of Lisa's marital bed, there was hardly a spot they hadn't fucked since Jared turned 18. They reveled in pushing boundaries and exploring new places to express their love for each other. Whether it was the secluded beach or the abandoned train car, they left their mark on every location with their passionate kisses and tangled bodies. Nothing could stop them from seeking out new and thrilling locations to indulge in their desires.

The hidden cove of the lake was a secluded sanctuary, perfect for indulging in passionate lovemaking. The water glistened under the soft rays of the sun, its surface rippling with gentle waves. The sound of lapping water and chirping birds filled the air, creating a symphony of nature. The lush green trees provided a natural canopy, casting dappled shadows on the ground below. The warm breeze carried the faint scent of wildflowers, adding to the romantic atmosphere.

It was a sacred space, filled with the echoes of generations who had loved and laughed and created memories in its embrace. The air was heavy with the weight of past and present, of family ties and secret desires, making it the perfect setting for an illicit love between mother and son.

With a warm smile and outstretched arm, Lisa beckoned her son to follow her down into the snug, wood-paneled cabin of the boat. Soft light filtered in through the small portholes, casting shadows on the plush cushions and polished surfaces. It was the perfect sanctuary for their forbidden love, a hidden paradise where they could be completely unrestrained.

The moment he shut the door behind him, Lisa's lips found his, their tongues intertwining in a desperate kiss. Her hands roamed his body, her nails leaving little trails of fire on his skin. Jared responded in kind, his hands exploring every inch of her, tracing the curve of her hips, the swell of her tits, and the soft skin on the back of her neck.

"Let's get naked," the mother purred, her voice low and seductive. With a quick flick of her wrists, she shed Jared's shirts, revealing his toned and tanned chest. She reached back and unfastened her bikini top, setting her enormous breasts free from their confines. Like overgrown watermelons, they bobbed against her son's chest, soft and heavy as they pressed together in their passionate embrace. They continued to kiss, the warmth of their bodies melting together in the privacy of the cabin.

With a lustful gaze, Jared lowered his trunks, exposing his throbbing erection. A bead of precum glistened on the tip as it brushed against Lisa's smooth skin, leaving a trail of slickness in its wake. The mere touch of his hot, spongy knob sent shivers down her spine, igniting a fire deep within her. She couldn't resist the temptation any longer and eagerly took him into her embrace.

"Get my bottoms off," she whispered, throwing her arms around him tightly. The meat of her hefty tits bulged out from between their bodies, smothered against Jared's chest like two squishy pillows as he untied her bikini strings.

Lisa gracefully stepped back, her son eagerly following as she allowed him to remove her bikini bottoms. She held onto his hand, guiding him back onto the bed before giving him a full view of her womanhood. It was like a perfectly executed dance, each movement fluid and in sync with the other.

Jared took a deep breath, feeling excited as he watched her move her knees apart almost to her shoulders. He knew his mother only did this for two reasons: giving birth or having sex. He had experienced both with her before, and now he couldn't resist the primal desire to be intimate with her again. His hunger was like a relentless predator, clawing and gnawing at him from the inside, urging him to return to the place where he had first felt the warmth of his mother's embrace. It was an instinctual pull, fueled by the primal need to connect with the source of his existence, to feel the rush of pleasure and power that came with their union. And as he watched her open herself to him, every part of him ached with the yearning to claim her as his own once again.

Lisa could sense her boy's hunger and she couldn't help but smile lasciviously as she watched his gaze linger on her shaved pussy like it was a piece of luscious, ripe fruit. The soft folds of skin were a delicate shade of pink, glistening with desire.

"Come fuck me, honey," she beckoned, her voice a seductive melody, a siren's song that promised pleasure and fulfillment. Her eyes were like two pools of molten desire, drawing him in with their hypnotic glow.

The scent of their arousal filled the air, thick and intoxicating. It was like a heady mix of flowers and musk, a scent that pulled at Jared's primal instincts.

His heart raced as he climbed on top of his mother, his body fitting perfectly between her cradling thighs. The soft plushness of her jutting boobs pressed against his chest, their erect nipples prodding into him. Lisa's arms and legs wrapped around him like tendrils, pulling him closer to her. Their bodies melded together in a seamless embrace, every curve and contour aligning as if they were made for each other.

The boy's knob poked against her puffy labia, finding its way to her awaiting sexual orifice. It slipped past the remnants of skin, once a sacred hymen that had been broken long ago when she was his age.

As he pushed inside, the warmth of her sex enveloped him like a velvet glove. Her walls clung to him, stretching to accommodate his girth as if they were made for each other.

A deep, primal groan escaped Jared's lips as he felt her sex contract around him, pulling him deeper into her.

"I want you to fuck me so hard, Jarebear," Lisa's voice squealed, using her son's nickname since when he was little.

Suddenly, their bodies slammed together with urgent force, their movements raw and primal. It was clear that they were not here for gentle lovemaking; this was a fierce, carnal fuck that was driving them on.

The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed through the cabin, punctuated by their gasps and moans. Each movement seemed to build on the last, increasing in intensity until it felt like the very air around them was charged with electricity.

Jared's thrusts grew harder and faster, his hips grinding into his mother's quivering flesh. He could feel her wetness seeping between their bodies, a slick testament to the raw desire coursing through their veins.

Lisa met each thrust with equal intensity, her nails digging into his back as she screamed his name.

Their bodies writhed and bucked, their movements becoming a symphony of passion. Each groan, each moan, became a note in a beautiful, primal melody. The way they fucked was a testament to the power of their bond, a celebration of the untamed, primal instincts that drove them to seek out each other's bodies.

Lisa gracefully extended her legs into the air, their delicate movement reminiscent of a butterfly taking flight. Her dainty feet were perfectly pointed towards opposite ends of the cabin, her toes adorned with bright polish and curled in pure bliss. The tension in her muscles and the pleasure on her face spoke to the euphoria she felt in this moment.

Jared's youthful, eager cock vigorously pumped in and out of her warm, slick vagina. Every thrust sent electrifying jolts through her pleated interior, igniting her nerve endings and causing her body to tremble with pleasure. Her sex glands reacted to his fuck-thrusts, releasing a steady flow of slippery secretions that coated her son's erectile flesh in a glistening sheen.

"I'm cumming, baby! Fuck me harder!" Lisa's voice echoed through the cabin, filling the air with a raw, primal energy that matched the pulsating rhythm of their fucking.

With renewed vigor, Jared increased the pace of his thrusts, each one driving deeper and harder into his mother's welcoming sex. The sweat dripped from their bodies, mingling with the salty taste of their passion on their tongue.

As she erupted in climax, Lisa's nails clawed at his back, leaving marks that would surely show, but she didn't care. The mother was too absorbed in the throes of her tit-trembling orgasm. Her back arched from the cushion, lifting her son upward and hovering there like a wave cresting before it crashed back down.

Jared felt every inch of her luscious body tremble beneath him. Her silky legs wrapped tightly around him, like a harness pulling him closer. With each thrust, her vagina clenched and released, drenching his erection with the sweet juices of girl cum. Lisa's screams echoed through the boat's interior, a symphony of pleasure that fueled Jared's desire to please her further. The intensity of their fuck filled the air with an electrifying energy, every touch and movement sending sparks flying between them.

The intense friction around Jared's penis was almost overwhelming. The warm, velvety heat of flesh combined with the slick, slippery sensation of orgasmic juices engulfed his tender erection. Every movement sent shivers of pleasure through his body as he surrendered to the deliciously tight grip surrounding him. It was a sensation unlike any other, and he never wanted it to end.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he announced, gritting his teeth and thrusting harder into his mother's body, the animalistic instinct to fill her with his seed taking over.

The air was thick with the sounds of primal pleasure, the rhythmic thud of skin meeting skin, the desperate gasps and moans of two bodies in perfect sync, and the pungent, musky aroma of lust and exertion that filled every corner of the cabin.

Lisa felt her son's cock pulsating inside her, the intense pleasure washing over her like a tidal wave. Like the tide, it slowly receded, leaving her panting and spent, yet yearning for more.

Her body was consumed by a powerful trembling, a physical manifestation of the intense orgasm that had just rocked her to her core. Her legs remained wrapped tightly around Jared's waist, as if claiming him as her own and refusing to let him go.

Jared's release surged forth within her, like a raging water bursting through a dam. His teenage essence exploded in wild, unrestrained ropes, saturating every inch inside her with its warmth and force. The mushrooming head of his cock pressed against the delicate entrance to her cervix, releasing a final burst of pleasure before being engulfed by her clenching walls. She could feel each thick strand painting her insides, marking her as his own.

As the last throes of their climax subsided, they remained locked together, their bodies intertwined in a post-coital embrace. Sweat dripped from their foreheads, mingling with the sheen of their now-glossy skin. Their breathing slowed, a mixture of exhaustion and satiation washing over them.

Lisa ran her fingers through Jared's damp hair, tracing the curve of his temple with a tenderness that belied their recent passion. "Thank you, baby," she whispered, her voice low with contentment. "I needed that."

Jared's hand found the soft, plump flesh of her breast, his fingers tracing delicate circles as he reminisced on the countless moments spent buried beneath its weight. He remembered desperately suckling at her firm, supple nipple like a ravenous newborn in search of sustenance. "Thank you, mom. That was awesome," he breathlessly replied.

As they made their way back to camp, Lisa felt a twinge of guilt as she saw her husband still engrossed in games with the neighbor. But underneath that feeling, there was also a wicked thrill bubbling up from within her. It was an exhilarating rush to think of what she and Jared had just done behind her husband's back.

With a sly twinkle in her eyes, she leaned in close to her son and whispered, "How about we sneak up to the cabin and take a shower together?" The suggestion hung between them like a forbidden fruit, tempting and alluring. The cool breeze tangled through their hair, adding an extra layer of mischief to their playful banter.

Jared's voice was filled with a hungry eagerness as he responded, "I'm game." His cock twitched from the thought of another round of hot, uninhibited passion with her.

The air around them seemed to crackle with electricity, the anticipation of their intense physical connection palpable. His gaze lingered hungrily on her heavy-titted body, already imagining the pleasure they would share together once again.