

“Did you get everything you wanted this year, sweetheart?” Emily asked her son, the day after Christmas. The beautiful long-hair blonde was eight months pregnant, and looked like a thirty-eight-year-old Hayden Panettiere.

“Yeah, I love all my gifts, but can I ask you something?” he said.

“Of course.”

“Why did you put condoms in my stocking?” he asked. The boy had never expected to receive a box of twenty-four magnums in this Christmas stocking.

“Well, you're gonna be having sex with girls from school this year, and I'm only thirty-eight, which is much too young to be a grandmother,” Emily explained. “If I know you're wearing condoms, then I won't have to worry about it so much.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I know wearing condoms is lame. I hate them more than anyone, trust me,” Emily said, “but you can't always count on these young girls being on birth control nowadays.”

“You and dad have three kids and one on the way, so birth control must be something you guys don't use very much,” Stan pointed out, glancing down at his mom's huge pregnant belly.

Emily giggled, patting her belly. “I would say that's an accurate assessment, but your father and I are married and prepared to have kids, big difference.

“True,” Stan muttered, his eyes drifting up to her enormous milk-swollen boobs.

“Have you ever used condoms before, sweetie?” the mother asked.

“Honestly, no. I've only done it twice and both times I pulled out,” Stan confessed.

“Pulled out?! Well, that's no fun!” Emily said. “The best part of a man's orgasm is feeling a woman's vagina squeeze around him.”

Stan blushed a bit. “So, a condom is kind of like a balloon, right, that just fits around me down there?”

“Yes. You mean you've never even put a condom on, just for practice?” Emily asked in concern.

“No, I didn't wanna waist one just for that.”

“Don't be silly. Go get one of your condoms and I'll show you how to put it on,” she candidly said.

“Mom, that's kind of embarrassing.”

“Sweetheart, embarrassing is when you're with a girl your age who wants sex, and you can't even put a rubber on right,” Emily explained. “The point is to impress a girl, remember? Now go get a condom and I'll show you how to properly put it on.”

Stan left the room and returned a minute later with one of the magnums from the box. He was surprised to see that his mother's blouse was off. She was sitting there in a huge white maternity bra, with bulging tit-flesh spilling out all over the place.

"You took your shirt off?" he stupidly pointed out.

"You'll have a hard time getting that condom on if your penis isn't erect first," she said, then ran her fingers over the swell of her bra-clad breasts. "I thought this might help."

Help it did. Stan's prick was fully hard within seconds. Not only was his mom's bra barely containing all her tit-meat, but the beautifully embroidered cups were semi-sheer, allowing him to see much of her wide pink areola and protuberant nipples.

"Your boobs look amazing in that bra," Stan confessed.

"Why's that?" Emily asked with a naughty smile. "Because you can see right through it?"

"Yes, and the way your boobs are just bulging out of it."

The mother's eyes drifted down to his prick. "Speaking of 'bulging,' it looks like someone is sporting a full hardon," she said.

"Yes. It's kind of hard not to have one of those right now."

"Glad I could help out," Emily giggled. "Why don't you take it out and I'll show you how to roll this condom on."

Stan pulled off his pants and boxer-briefs together and stepped out of them. His stiff boner wagged lewdly on his loins, and when he straightened his posture, it stuck out like an iron crowbar.

"Should I tear the condom open now?" he asked.

"Yes, take it out of the package," Emily said, secretly impressed by her little Stan's nice-sized cunt splitter. After her son had removed the latex ring from the package she continued speaking. "This part should be easy, but it's really not. The latex only rolls onto your penis one way, and if you get it wrong you could smear precum along the outside of the condom, which may contain just enough sperm to get a girl pregnant," she explained.

"Oh, I see, so it goes this way?" the boy said, fitting the latex ring against the tip of his nob.

"Precisely! Now just roll it on, sweetheart."

Stan unrolled the condom onto his cock. "It's really snug," he said.

"Yes, it is. Your boner is bigger than I thought. I should have bought you the magnum XL's instead," Emily commented, watching her boy encase his thick erection in latex.

"There, it's unrolled all the way," Stan said.

"You still have a couple inches uncovered. You'll definitely need a larger sized condom."

"Why does it have this weird bubble at the end?" the boy asked.

"That called the 'reservoir tip.' It's a place for your load of cum to go, once it's ejaculated into the condom."

"Well, I'm pretty sure that little tip is not gonna hold all of my cum," Stan pointed out.

His mother giggled. "Well, another reason to buy you some larger condoms. You'll need a little space along the sides to collect some sperm as well," she said.

"Oh, I see."

Stan wasn't blind to the way his mom was gazing at his big condom-sheathed cock in a captivated manner.

"I agree with what you said earlier," Emily said. "It would be a shame to waist a perfectly good condom, even if it doesn't fit you right. Would you like to ejaculate into it?"

Not only did Stan not anticipate his mom showing him how to put a condom on, he certainly didn't expect to be blasting a cum-load off inside of it in front of her. "You mean by um, stroking myself?" he asked timidly.

"Sure, I mean, unless you have some magic way of cumming without touching yourself?" she said teasingly.

Stan smiled back at her. "I don't quite shoot off that easily," he said.

"It's a good thing you don't," the pretty blonde mother said. "No son of mine is gonna be a wimpy premature ejaculator like his father."

"Dad cums too soon?"

"Well, some women may not think so, but in my opinion, any man who can't give you at least an hour of sex without cumming is a premature ejaculator."

"Oh," Stan muttered. The two encounters that he'd had only lasted about twenty minutes, so he knew he'd have to improve upon his skills if he ever wanted to please a woman like his mom.

Emily got up and went to her nightstand. Without a blouse on, her big pregnant ball of baby-meat stuck out like a fleshy beach ball. She returned with a bottle in her hand.

"What's that?" Stan asked.

"Lubrication," she answered. "A woman's vagina will produce slippery lube for you, but since you're just masturbating, we don't want the condom to get too dry."

"Oh, that makes sense," the boy said, watching his mother sit down on the edge of the bed in front of him. Her massive boobs were packed so tightly inside her scanty maternity bra, they looked like they could tear through the cups at any second.

The pretty mother leaned forward and squirted a line of slippery lubricant along the top of her boy's shaft. "There, that should help," she said.

"Should I stroke now?" Stan asked.

"Stroke away!" Emily teased.

The boy reached down and began to slowly pump his cock with his fist, coating his entire erection with the heated lubricant.

"Feels different, right?" his pretty mother asked, watching his hand twist around the tender boner.

"Yes, not quite as sensitive," he answered.

"That's because your glans are sheathed in latex, sweetheart."

"My glans?" he asked.

"Your penis is made up of three parts. The root, the body, or shaft, and the glans-penis. You may have also heard it referred to as the 'head' or the 'tip' of your dick," Emily explained.

"Yeah, I have heard those terms before," Stan said with heavy breath, slowing pumping his erection.

"As you can feel, the tip of your boner is somewhat spongy and acts as a shock absorber during sex. The glans also have a high concentration of nerve endings, making it the most sensitive part of your boner."

"Yeah, it does seem more sensitive than the other parts," Stan agreed.

"I'll tell you what," Emily said, "why don't you squeeze off a load of cum into the condom, that way I can show you how to remove it properly, then I'll point out some areas on the tip of your hardon that make it a VERY special place on your body."

"Sure, Mom," the boy said, staring at her enormous tits and stroking his meat.

"I notice that you look at my tits a lot," she pointed out. "Is that your favorite part of a woman?"

"Yes, that and her legs," Stan gasped, squeezing his pecker on every stroke.

"Oh, well why don't I take my pants off then, so you can look at those too."

Emily stood up and removed her denims, then sat back down, with her lovely tan legs stretched out between them.

Stan's eyes widened even more as he stared down at them. His mom's shaved legs were smooth and silky, but exhibited a feminine strength that could probably lock around a man in an anaconda grip. His eyes traveled down to her slender ankles and dainty bare feet with toenails painted a hot pink.

"You like looking at a woman's legs huh?" Emily asked in a sultry voice.

"Yes."

"How do mine rate?" the mother asked, running her fingers along her silky thighs teasingly.

"Yours rate high," the boy sighed, beating his boner ever faster. "Extremely high!"

"I bet you'd like them better if they were spread open, wouldn't you?" Emily said, throwing her knees open, but only for a few seconds, giving her son a glimpse of her splayed inner thighs and panty-covered crotch.

"Yes!" he hissed. "I like that a lot."

"Why? So you can see my panties?" Emily asked with a giggle.

"Uh-huh."

She gazed into his eyes, speaking seductively. "Makes you wanna stroke your hardon even faster I bet? Makes you imagine that you're doing naughty things to a girl, doesn't it, sweetheart?" she asked.

Stan was too excited to answer, so he just nodded. His cock was tingling and throbbing in his hand, his mother's sexy voice and vulgar words fueling every stroke of his pecker.

"Beating her pussy up with your boner," Emily said, gazing into her boy's eyes, "making your semen-filled balls beat against her asshole."

"Ohh, damn, Mom!" the boy shuddered, feeling his cock about to go off.

"That's my boy! Squirt a load inside that condom!" Emily cooed. "Fill it up with your baby-making goo!"

Stan's young body tensed up and he grunted in pleasure as fat spurts of milky jizz began to pulse from his piss-hole.

Emily's engorged nipples throbbed beneath her bra as she watched the top portion of the condom fill with her boy's milky load. "There you go, sweetie! Squeeze it all out!" she cheered.

The boy continued beating his cock until he had pulled out all the cum he could. "Ahh!" he sighed, then released his cock.

"Ok, step up here closer and I'll show you how to take it off," his mom said.

Stan took a step forward and Emily carefully grasp the base of the condom with her fingertips. "Now, since this condom is small on you, the sperm-load has filled the sides almost all the way up, see that?" she asked.

"Yes."

"So you're gonna VERY carefully pull the ring of the condom back over your boner, making sure none of your spermies escape, just like this," Emily said, cautiously pulling it off his cock without losing a drop.

Stan watched her tie it off, creating a big latex sperm ball. "Got 'em!" the mother said playfully, shaking the ball around and making his cum slosh around inside.

"Good job, mom" he said with a blush.

"Hey, it's not my first rodeo," she joked.

Emily dropped the ball onto her bountiful cleavage, making it rest there in the crease along the top of her tits. "Mm, it so warm!" she said. "Maybe next time I need to go out in the cold and I need a hand warmer, I'll just have you fill a condom for me," she joked.

"Deal," Stan laughed.

Stan watched in fascination as his mom hefted her giant boobs, making them bobble up and down. This caused the cum-ball to bounce around on top of the bulging, jiggling flesh of her cleavage. "I think I've created a new game called boobie-ball," she joked, then looked at her son. "Wanna play?"

"How? I don't have boobs."

"No, but you can assist," she said.

“Assist how?”

She stood and turned around with the cum-ball still hopping around on the shelf of her cleavage. “By unhooking me,” she said, peeking back at him.

“Unhooking your bra?” Stan asked as if in disbelief.

“Yes. The object of boobie-ball is to pop this latex cum-ball between my tits,” she candidly said, “and I can't do that without your help. It's a team effort.”

“Ok then,” he muttered excitedly.

With nervous hands, the boy unclasped the four hooks on the thick bra-strap.

Emily lifted her boobs nearly to her face and clamped her white teeth around the knot of the cum-ball, lifting it up so it hung from her mouth while she removed her bra.

Stan gasped out loud as his mom's colossal milk-filled knockers bobbed heavily from her bra. Her rubbery nipples were even larger than he imagined, puffing stiffly from the wide thick rings of her areola.

The hot mother cupped her melons and once again dropped the cum-ball on top of them. She smiled at her boy. “Get behind me, sweetie. Let's pop this thing!” she said.

“Won't it make a mess?” Stan asked, stepping up behind her.

“Yup, one that mommy's big cleavage will soak right up,” she answered.

“What do I do?” he asked, looking down at her panty clad ass and the way her thong disappeared between the meaty cheeks of her heinie.

“You have a very important roll on this team. Mom has the weapons,” she said, shaking her boobies, “but you're the one who's gonna press them together, so we can pop this cream-puff. You ready?”

“Yes,” Stan muttered, his heart about beating out of his chest with arousal.

“Grab hold of mommy's boobies from the sides,” she instructed.

Stan's hands grasped her tits, his fingers sinking into to the layers of fat and warm liquid colostrum beneath the skin. “There you go, sweetheart. Now pull them apart just a little so your cum ball can sink into my cleavage,” Emily said.

Stan did as she told him and the sperm-bubble disappeared between her swollen mommy-melons. “Like that?” he asked.

“Perfect! Now squeeze them together,” she said with wicked thrill in her voice.

The boy pressed his mom's giant boobs together, making her tit-flesh balloon out obscenely.

Emily could feel the warm cum-ball being squashed between her knockers, but it wasn't quite enough pressure to pop it. She added her own hands to her son's and together they squeezed her giant milkers together. “Come on, baby, we can do it! Let's pop that ball so we can smother those spermies between my boobs,” she said encouragingly.

From the pressure of both their sets of hands clamped to each side of her tits, Emily's thick puffy teats began to spray breast milk from four different milk-ducts surrounding each nipple.

"Am I being too rough?" her son asked, mesmerized yet alarmed by the trickles of tittie-nectar spraying from his mom's body.

"No," Emily gasped, "my breasts are full of milk. When they spray like that it's perfectly natural. Squeeze harder!"

They pushed her mammaries together as hard as they could. Warm breast-milk squirted everywhere.

"POP!!"

They both heard the cum-ball explode between Emily's tits, soaking her cleavage. "Yaay! We did it!" the mother cheered.

Her body trembled as she felt her boy's spunk run from the butt of her tits and down along her tummy.

They both eased up on her boobs and Emily peeled the slimy popped condom from between her wobbling knockers, then held it up for her boy to see. "All gone," she said in a cute playful voice, then tossed it aside.

"Now you're kinda soaked," her son said, staring at his mom's shimmering cleavage.

"I know, and I DID say that this was a team effort, didn't I? That means YOU should be covered in some of this slippery love-juice," she said, then peeled off her son's t-shirt and latched onto him, rubbing her wet squishy boobies on his bare chest.

Stan took a step back, hitting the bed and falling onto it, taking his pregnant mother with him. Emily squealed playfully as she landed on her boy, her giant baby-ball sandwiched between them. His mother's pretty face peeked down over the huge tumescent tit-melons that were pressed against his upper chest. "Are you trying to get your mother into bed with you?" she teased.

"I guess I just did," he answered.

"Uh-huh," she muttered, gazing down at him dreamily. "So now what?"

"I don't know. Now what?" he said, turning it back on her.

"Should we explore those 'special areas' on the tip of your boner now?" Emily asked.

"Sure," Stan said, his heart beating so fast he felt out of breath.

The teen watched her hanging titties jostle heavily back and forth as she crawled up beside him and rested on her knees, with her ass on her heels. She grasped his erection at the base and pointed it upward.

"Let's start right at the tip," she said, gliding her long hot pink fingernail right on the fringe of his piss-slit. "Right at the little hole that all those hot creamy loads shoot out of."

Stan watched in awe as his mom teased the area just surrounding the slit with her fingernail. "This is the first area to slice through all that juicy pussy," Emily said. "Plowing all that hot pink flesh aside and making way for the big hunky meat of your penis," she said, running her nail down his shaft.

"Ohh," Stan responded, which was more of a sigh in response to her tender touch.

"Then there's the corona," Emily said, tracing her nails around his cock-tip. "The sweet ridge that stretches the warm slippery walls of a woman's vagina."

Stan's body jerked from the contact his mother was making to one of his most sensitive areas. "The ridge that gets smothered in the tight cuntal grip and soaked in the slippery juices of a woman's natural lubricant," Emily said, tightening her hand around his peter-tip and giving it a few squeezing strokes.

"Damn, Mom!" the boy gasped, jerking beneath her grasp.

"Feels better without one of those nasty condoms on, doesn't it, sweetheart?"

"Yes," he whimpered.

Emily eyes were wide with desire as she stroked her fingers around Stan's precum-slickened nob. "Flesh on flesh, juice mixing with juice," she said, then slid her entire hand down his boner, feeling its strength in her hand. "Muscle pumping against muscle."

Stan's body trembled, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life. Emily could feel his cock flex in her hand. "One more spot, sweetheart," she said. "One more spot mommy wants to show you on the tip of your manhood, and this is the most special spot of all."

Emily tilted his boner back a little against his lower torso, so he could see the underside of his cock. She traced her fingernail down from his weeping meatus, down the elastic band that connected the neck of his glans.

"The frenulum," she said, then licked her lips while staring at it. "Let me show you how sensitive it is."

Emily began stroking the top two inches of her son's boner, slipping her thumb wetly across the elastic band of skin, making her boy writhe with delight on the mattress.

"Ohhh!" he sighed, bucking his hips, pumping his cock through her slippery fingers.

"Mm, you like that, don't you, sweetie?" his mom cooed. "You like the way mommy's using her hand like a hot slippery pussy."

Emily graduated from short nob-smothering strokes, to full length pumps of her slippery fist, beating her boy's hardon from his balls to his tip, then back down, over and over.

"Oh yes, mom!" he moaned, watching giant tittie-melons wobble and ripple from her cock-stroking motions.

"Do you feel how sweet it can be?" she said seductively. "How good a woman can make your cock feel?"

"Oh yes," the boy panted.

"Mommy knows how to bring the pleasure," she said breathlessly. "She knows how to milk the semen from her baby's hardon."

Stan's erection flexed hornily in her hand, his big balls bouncing around wildly from having his cock beaten off so aggressively. "Ready to spray that hot seed into the air, sweetheart?" she asked. "Ready to show mommy that big load of creamy babymakers?!"

"Ohh, damn!!" the boy snarled, throwing his head to one side as a huge blast of pearlescent cum shot high in the air.

"There's mommy's boy!!" Emily exclaimed, watching a second fat rope slice up through the first, spraying creamy jizz all over them.

Stan grunted and groaned, as his mom beat his cock expertly, slipping her thumb back and forth across his glans, making ball-juice spurt and bubble out onto her hand, coating her wedding ring with slimy spunk.

"Oh, naughty boy, cumming all over mommy's pretty wedding ring," Emily said in a sexy voice. "Tempting your pregnant mother to slip off her panties, climb on top of you and break her wedding vows."

Stan groaned, firing out more cum. Just the suggestion that his mom was horny enough to fuck him made his orgasm even more intense, and Emily could tell.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she asked. "You'd like your mommy to drop her wet pussy down around your cock, wouldn't you, sweetie?"

"Yes!" Stan confessed.

"Would you do me hard, baby? Would you give your mother the nice hard fuck she deserves?"

"Definitely!"

Emily quickly stood up from the bed, squeezing her monstrous boobs together and making milk squirt out the nipples. "Oh my God, I'm so horny!" she squealed lustfully, then quickly reached down and peeled her dainty thong panties off.

"Whoa!" her boy sighed, upon seeing her shaved pubis. He gave his still-hard cock a few rejuvenating strokes, watching his mother crawl back onto the bed like a prowling cougar. Her hanging titties teetered back and forth as she straddled his midsection.

Her massive round belly obstructed any view of their crotches, but she felt her son's meaty column slide through the groove of her cuntal crease. "Reach down and line it up," she gasped excitedly.

Stan reached down between their bodies, grasped his cock and aligned it with the mouth of her vagina.

A voice from down the hallway suddenly startled them. "Mom?" A girl's voice shouted.

"Shit, it's your sister!" Emily said, quickly crawling off the bed, running over and locking the door in the nick of time.

"Mom?" Her daughter said as she knocked.

"I'll be right out, I'm getting dressed!"

"I'm so pissed off!" Stan's nineteen-year-old sister shouted from the other side of the door. "I hate my boyfriend! I hate hate hate him!"

Emily looked at her son and rolled her eyes, pulling her jeans back on. "Go down to your bedroom and wait for me. I'll be right down and we'll talk," she said to her daughter through the door.

Once she was dressed, the beautiful pregnant mother smiled at her son. "We'll finish OUR conversation later, ok?"

"Sure, Mom," the boy said with a smile.

To be continued....