

## Mom's 5<sup>th</sup> Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 12: “Do it in a teepee”

By Klrxo

“One...two...three!” Jewel and Brenda anxiously shouted, then rushed with their boys off the top of the boathouse. The four of them dove twelve-feet and splashed into the water of lake Havasu.

The moms screamed and giggled when they surfaced, clinging onto their teens in unmotherly ways.

“See, I told you I wouldn't chicken out!” stated Jewel as she mashed her bikini-clad knockers against Cory's chest.

“Yeah, right. I had to practically pull you off the top of the boat.”

She playfully slapped him. “Excuse me?! More like the other way around, baby,” Jewel reminded him.

“We should find some good-sized cliffs to jump off of,” Jackson suggested. “Then we'll see who chickens out first.”

“I have a better idea,” Brenda said, gazing into her boy's eyes. “Why don't we just find a nice private spot for you boys to dive your dicks into our pussies.”

“Now THERE'S a suggestion I like,” Jewel giggled.

The horny mothers pushed the mounds of their vulvas against their boys erect cock-bulges, while floating in the water.

“Mm, baby, that feels so good,” Jewel gasped, feeling Cory's fat knob dig against her clit.

“It does, but not quite as good as it felt inside you and Brenda's asses yesterday,” confessed the boy in a hushed tone.

“Yeah, well maybe mommy will beat your dick off with her butt again today then,” she offered.

“I'd love that.”

“Would you?” she whispered gazing at him lustfully. “Would you like to feel you glans buried deep in my hot rectum, while the ring of my asshole squeezes tightly around the root of your erection?”

“Damn, mom!” the teen gasped excitedly, his boner throbbing against the grinding motion of her bikini-covered pudenda.

Martin was having his morning coffee. He looked off the side of the houseboat and saw the two mom-son couples floating a little distance away. He watched his wife and son for a moment, his stomach sinking in disgust.

Jewel and Cody's foreheads were together and they gazed into each other's eyes, while giving each other sensual kisses on the lips. Not only that, but the water was crystal clear enough for him to see exactly what was going on below the surface. Martin decided it was time to speak to his wife about her inappropriate behavior. “Jewel, could I speak to you a minute?” he called out from the boat.

Brenda giggled. "Uh-oh...sounds like someone's being called to the principle's office," she teased.

Jewel let out a huff and swam over to the craft. She climbed up onto a small rear deck, where her husband was waiting.

Martin was almost embarrassed by the skimpy white micro bikini she was wearing. Wet bulging tit-meat was spilling out all over the place. "What's up?" she asked, although she had a pretty good idea what his beef was.

"First of all, where on earth did you get that 'dental floss' of a bikini you're wearing?"

"Brenda and I went into a cute little boutique near the dock, while you guys were paying for the boat. We both got one," Jewel grinned. "You don't like it?"

"Well...of course I like it, but that's not the point. It's hardly the type of bikini you should be wearing around Cory."

"Oh, come on, Martin. He's not a child," Jewel protested.

"No, but he's your son...and while we're on the subject of your behavior around him, what exactly IS going on with you two?"

His wife rolled her eyes and sighed impatiently. "Please, Martin...we're not going down this road again, are we?" she questioned.

"It sickens me to say this...but I'm not an idiot. I know the two of you are doing sexual things together," the concerned husband boldly confessed.

His wife giggled. "Honey, can we please just finish out the last two days of this vacation in peace, and try to enjoy ourselves?"

"I AM trying to enjoy myself, but every time I turn around my wife and son are acting like they can't keep their hands off each other."

"There's nothing wrong with a mother and son being affectionate. I'm sorry if that bothers you."

"Jewel, I saw the way you were just grinding on him," her husband noted.

"Grinding on him?"

"Yes, grinding on him. The lake water is a lot clearer than you think it is."

"Maybe the ripples in the water made it seem that way, but we certainly weren't grinding," his wife lied.

Martin knew that unless he caught them in the actual act of sex, it was a battle he'd never win. The best he could hope for was that the escapades would cease once they got back home. "Look, if the two of you wanna have your fun...fine! Can you at least just promise me it ends when we get back home?"

Jewel could hardly believe her ears. She fed her husband a quirky smile. "Hold on! A second ago you were lecturing me that our behavior was inappropriate, now all of the sudden you're encouraging it?" she curiously inquired.

"I never said I was encouraging it. I just want you to assure me things will go back to normal between you two, once we get home."

Jewel hesitated for a moment, wondering if this were just a trap to get her to confess something. "And you won't question a thing that goes on the next two days?" asked his wife.

"No...as long as whatever goes on the rest of vacation...stays on vacation, got it?" he insisted.

"Got it," Jewel agreed, still in shock that her husband was basically giving her the green light to fuck their son.

"Hey, pal?" Don said, peeking out the doorway. "I found some fishing poles and some tackle gear on board. Wanna cast a line out?"

"Sure, I'll um...be right there," Martin replied, then looked back at his wife. "I have just a couple more questions, and I promise I won't mention another thing about it."

"Alright?" his wife replied, feeding him a slightly uncomfortable look.

"How many times have you and Cory, um...you know?"

His wife got an embarrassed smile and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure...probably around thirty-times maybe."

"Jesus, Jewel! You two have had sex thirty times?!"

"Martin, we should be happy that he came out of his shell. When I took his phone before we left, I promised that I'd make this trip fun and memorable for him," explained his wife.

"Yeah, I remember you told me that. I just didn't think having sex with him was what you had in mind."

"It's not like I planned it...it just sort of happened."

When was the first time it happened?" her husband asked in sick curiosity.

"Come on, Martin," Jewel replied, rolling her eyes with embarrassment.

"I have a right to know."

"Fine," his wife huffed. "It was in the tram elevator...at the St. Louis arch."

"Good hell! You had sex in the elevator!? Are you serious?!"

"Yes, then again when we got to the 5<sup>th</sup> wheel," she confessed.

"Oh, you mean where you were suppose to be looking for your phone? It was never lost, was it?"

"No," Jewel confessed. "I lied to you. I'm sorry."

"So where else did you two have your sneaky sex?"

His wife looked at him shamefully. "At the side of the road, while you and Don were changing the blown-out tire," she admitted.

"Where you saw the creepy old guy?"

“Yes. Then again in the 5<sup>th</sup> Wheel, while we were traveling that day,” she said.

“What about at the blue whale, along the trail. It wasn't someone else I heard having sex in the tall grass. You and Cory WERE the ones going at it, weren't you?”

“I'm sorry for trying to make you look stupid...I just really didn't want you to feel hurt,” his wife answered.

“So where else?” Martin asked.

“Where else what?”

“What other sneaky spots have you two done the nasty?”

“Martin, do we have to do this?” his wife blushed. “It's embarrassing.”

“At Lucky Luke's RV Park?” he asked.

“Yes, we screwed in the janitors closet.”

“At the Dinosaur Museum?”

“In the bathroom stall,” she confessed.

“Grand Canyon Caverns?”

“What do you think? We were down in the dark, in bed together. Of course we had sex down there,” his wife answered with a guilty smile.

Martin was a little heartbroken, but satisfied that his suspicions were correct. “So, it was a ‘threesome’ that you guys were doing in the fiver yesterday, wasn't it?”

“Yes, Brenda and I WERE doing a threesome with Cory. I'm sorry I lied to you.”

“Have you um...let him do anything else to you?”

“We've had anal sex a handful of times...and oral.”

Martin let out a big frustrated sigh, taking it all in. “Well, at least with those things there's no chance of you getting pregnant, otherwise he's been pulling out I hope?”

Jewel's face filled with guilty embarrassment. “Well, no...not exactly.”

“Not exactly?!”

“You and I have talked about possibly wanting another baby anyway. Would it be the worst thing in the world if I was to get pregnant?” she asked.

“By your son, yes. If you guys are continuing this nonsense the next two days, he's gonna have to start pulling out,” Martin demanded.

“Martin, no...he's not pulling out.”

“Then he needs to be wearing condoms.”

“Absolutely not!” Jewel blurted, sickened by the mere mention of them. “Those fucking things will take away all his sensitivity.”

“Jewel, I didn't have to agree to letting you two do anything. At least meet me in the middle here. We don't need Cory getting you pregnant.”

“Brenda has a fertility monitor I can borrow. It'll show me any signs of ovulation the next two days. If I have started my cycle, I'll have Cory pull out when we have sex, otherwise it's just not happening,” explained Jewel.

“Fine,” Martin said, still wondering why he was actually allowing her to continue until the end of vacation. He realized that perhaps was because of what he wished had transpired between his own mom and himself, when he was younger.

His beautiful wife reached out and rubbed his shoulder. “Thank you for this,” she sighed. “I know finding out your wife and son are screwing is probably the last thing you expected on this vacation. If it's any consolation, it HAS truly helped Cory a lot. I promise I'll hold up my end of the deal, as long as you turn a blind eye to anything you may see or hear the next couple of days.”

“It was the deal I proposed. I fully intend to fulfill my half of it,” Martin confirmed.

He joined Don on the upper deck of the houseboat, where they cast their fishing lines out. He did his best to make that his focus, even though he was still partly fuming due to his wife's confession.

“You're not gonna believe this,” Jewel whispered to Brenda, once her and the boys were back on the boat drying off. “Martin gave me the green light to fuck Cory as much I want the next two days.”

“What?! You're kidding?! Brenda said back in a hushed tone.

“No,” the mother giggled. “As long as I promise that it ends when our vacation does.”

“Wait...you think you're actually just gonna stop having sex with Cory once you get back home?”

“No, of course I'm not gonna stop, but obviously at home it'll be easier for Cory and I to fuck without Martin finding out about it. So, as far as he'll be concerned, we've stopped.”

“Oh my God. You know what that means?” Brenda gasped, then looked over at their handsome boys as Cory and Jackson dried off. “It means we can pretty much fuck as much as we want today, as long as we can keep the other kids distracted.”

“I'm sure we can find ways to do that,” Jewel assured her.

“How's the fishing going?” Jewel asked Martin and Don as she arrived on the upper deck. The younger children followed behind her, then Brenda climbed up. The moms wore cover-ups to conceal their lewd bikinis.

“Nothing but a few nibbles so far,” her husband answered.

“Do you mind if the kids hang out with you guys up here?” Brenda asked her husband, even though it was more of a request than a question.

“No problem,” Don agreed. “You guys wanna try some fishing?” he asked to the children.

“I do!” Ann shouted.

“Come over here, hon. You can take my line,” said Martin.

Jewel pulled her husband aside as their daughter gleefully held the fishing pole. “Please make sure she stays up here...for at least an hour,” she insisted.

“Got it,” Martin answered, knowing full well why his wife was making the request.

The two moms climbed back down to the cabin and Martin and Don looked over at one another knowingly. Martin knew his son must be thrilled by all the MILF pussy he'd been getting. If he himself hadn't had an experience with his own mother, when he was younger, he'd be much less willing to tolerate such behavior. He reflected back to the day of his eighteenth birthday, twenty-two years prior.

“Martin, I thought you had a date tonight for your birthday?” he remembered his mother Peggy asking him.

“Nah, she said she's feeling sick,” Martin answered from his bed.

Martin's blonde, heavy-titted mom came over and sat beside him on the mattress. “How disappointing, especially on your birthday,” Peggy sympathized.

“I'll be alright.”

“Of course you will,” she giggled, rubbing his shoulder tenderly, “but you should be MORE THAN ALRIGHT on your special day. Here's an idea... Your father just left for his overnight at the factory. Why don't you come down and sleep with me tonight,” the mother suggested.

“In you and dad's bed?”

“Yeah,” she answered, gazing at him with her deep blue eyes, “we can do some birthday snuggles.”

Like most boys his age, Martin was secretly obsessed with his sexy mom, and wasn't about to refuse such an offer. “Alright,” he agreed.

When they got to his parent's bedroom, his mom closed the door and locked it behind them. He had a little brother and sister who often got up and wandered throughout the night.

“Before we crawl into bed...pick you out something from the bottom drawer of my dresser,” said Peggy.

“Pick ME out something?”

“No, it's for ME to wear, silly goose, but you pick out your favorite,” his mom giggled.

Martin went to the dresser and opened the bottom drawer. It was full of colorful dainty nighties and sexy lingerie. His heart thumped wildly in his chest as he explored the drawer, imagining his mom in each one of them. “I pick this one,” he finally blurted, handing his mom a red lace nightie.

"You do realize that this one is completely see-through, right?" she questioned with a flirty little smile.

"Well, you said I could pick any of them."

"I know I did," she giggled. "I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were in for."

Martin smiled from ear to ear and nodded eagerly.

"Get into bed then. I'll be out in a few minutes," Peggy told her son.

*"This is where all the wonderful stuff happens,"* the teen wondrously thought as he crawled into his parent's big bed. *"This is where mom spreads her legs."*

Peggy emerged from the bathroom wearing the red nightie her boy had picked out. Just as she warned, it was completely see-through.

"Dang!" the teen gasped in wide-eyed delight. His mom had the biggest softest-looking bosoms he'd ever beheld, and he could see them in cock-hardening detail, right down to the fat nipples protruding from the wide rings of her areola.

His eyes drifted down her torso, to her mound of Venus, which was crowned by a thin triangular-shaped patch of pubic fur.

Peggy crawled into bed with her boy, her giant boobies wobbling heavily as she turn off her bedside lamp, then sliding over next to him. "Eighteen-years-old!" she softly exclaimed. "How does it feel to be a man?"

"Honestly, it doesn't really feel much different."

"It will," she replied, running her hand across his chest tenderly, "once you start doing manly things with girls on a regular basis."

"I'm not really sure that's gonna happen with the girl I've been seeing," said Martin. "Her parents are pretty religious."

"Well, there's lots of fish in the sea, honey."

"There is one girl I really like. She's super-beautiful, so I'm not sure if she'd even go out with me or not."

"Does this 'super-beautiful' girl have a name?" Peggy inquired.

"Jewel."

"Well, with a name like Jewel, she'd have to be beautiful."

"She's on the cheerleading squad, and I'm not really a jock, so that might be a problem," Martin said worriedly.

"Well, you'll never know until you try," the mother admonished. "What do you like best about her?"

Martin glanced down at the massive cleavage bulging from his mother's gown, making her giggle knowingly. "Oh, her boobies. She must have big ones?" Peggy guessed.

"Yes," the boy blushed.

“Breast-obsessed, just like your father,” Peggy laughed. “Shall we snuggle and get some sleep now?”

Martin remained on his back, while his mom threw her arm and leg across him, cuddling in the sweetheart cradle. His stiff dick throbbed for the longest time, while he felt his mom's soft unfettered bosom mashed against the side of his chest.

Just when he thought she had fallen asleep, he felt the tingling sensation of her long fingernails teasing the knob of his hardon through his boxers. The boy sighed and squirmed on the mattress, feeling her nails scrap tenderly over the sensitive glans of his cock.

“Ohh, mommy,” he bucked, feeling his scrotum tighten.

His mom said nothing, just patiently continued her gentle knob-stroking, staying with his every pleasure-stricken movement. She brought the nail of her forefinger down over his engorged bell and began gingerly stroking it against his frenulum.

“Ahhh!” the teen groaned, feeling his dick quiver. He suddenly began spraying out the milky contents of his nuts into his boxers. His mom continued to gently milk his peter-tip until she knew he was completely spent.

Peggy kissed his cheek. “Happy birthday, honey. Goodnight,” she whispered.

“Daddy, I got one!” Ann announced, snapping Martin back to the present. He helped her reel it in, but his daughter felt bad when she saw the small fish flopping around.

“Can we let it go? I don't want it to die,” she pleaded.

“Fine, honey...let me just take this hook out.”

After throwing the fish overboard and casting her line back out, Martin looked over at Don. “Hey, would you mind monitoring her for a few minutes? I'm gonna go down and get a beer out of the fridge.”

“Are you sure you wanna do that, pal?” Don asked, giving him an indirect warning as to what he might find going on down in the cabin.

“I'm good,” Martin answered, smiling back.

“Well in that case, grab me another too, would ya?”

“Sure thing,” said Martin, then went over and climbed down to the lower deck. Truth was, this was more about satisfying his curiosity than getting another drink. The reflection on his one-time experience with his own mom was making him desire a glimpse at what could have been, if he and his mother Peggy had ever gone further.

When he opened the slider, he could hear his wife and Brenda gasping and panting from the back room. He snuck back and peeked inside. In this portion of the houseboat, there were two bunks across from each other, both with the curtain pulled, concealing the vigorous fucking going on inside.

Martin's chest beat heavily, partly from heartbreak, but mostly by a feeling of vicarious thrill for both his wife and son. Against his better judgement, he peeked inside the curtain and his eyes widened by the

lewd sight in front of him. His view was from down by their feet. Cory was on top of his wife and he had a graphic view of his son's erection pounding through her shaved cunt. Martin knew when it came to cock size, he himself was no Ron Jeremy, but he was utterly taken back by the size of his son's prick and the way it stretched his wife's vaginal opening. The muscles and tendons at the root of Cory's boner bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his deep thrusts. His long thick shaft was glistening with Jewel's secretions, which lubricated their heated fuck.

*"Good grief!"* Martin's bewildered mind exclaimed as he saw the way his wife was humping her thick rounded ass off the cushion, cradling their son between her sexy tightly-circled legs.

"Ohh, baby, it's so fucking good!" the mother grunted.

Their bodies humped and jerked violently, as if they were engaging in a wild sexual wrestling match. Martin watched in sick fascination as his wife's pussy swallowed Cory's entire dong and she ground their pelvis's together in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" Cory whimpered, feeling his mom squeeze his excited cock in the hot spongy grip of her vagina. It was made even more pleasurable by a deeper layer of cuntal muscle that encased the boy's boner in snug juicy flesh.

Cory latched on to one of Jewel's jostling boobs, sinking his lips around the engorged cap and attacking the teat with his tongue.

While his wife and son continued to beat their genitals together, Martin decided he better stop gawking in order to not be caught. He could hear Brenda and Jackson in the other bunk, going at it with equal passion, but resisted the urge to peek in on them.

When he finally arrived on the upper deck with the two beers Don smiled over at him. "There you are. I thought maybe you had to swim all the way to the brewery to get these," he joked.

As he continued to help his daughter fish, Martin reflected on what he'd witnessed downstairs. He started out by having feelings of anger and jealousy by the idea of his wife and son fucking, but it soon transitioned to a profound sadness that he'd never had similar experiences with his own mother. By this time, his mom Peggy was in her early sixties, and still just as busty and beautiful as ever.

"Hey, would you mind watching her for a few more minutes," Martin said to Don. "Sorry, I just need to make a quick phone call."

"Go ahead, pal. We're all good here," Don replied.

Martin climbed down onto the rear deck of the houseboat and nervously dialed a number on his phone. After a few rings, a pretty voice answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, mom...it's Martin."

"Hey, honey...what a nice surprise. Are you guys still on vacation?" Peggy asked.

"Yeah, we're at Lake Havasu in Arizona, on a houseboat...having a great time. Tomorrow's the last day of the trip, then we'll hit the interstate for the drive back."

"How's my granddaughter? Behaving herself I hope?" Martin's mother asked. "Tell her grandma can't wait to see her when she gets back."

"I will," Martin answered, then mustered up all the courage he had. "Say um...I was wondering if I could ask you a question, mom?"

"Of course you can, honey. What is it?"

"Do you remember my eighteenth birthday? My date stood me up and you let me sleep in your bed with you?"

"I remember," Peggy giggled. "You picked out that see-through red nightie for me to wear, and your eyes about popped out of your head when you saw me in it."

"Yeah, that was great."

"Well, I'm glad you thought so," his mother giggled.

"I never told you this...but that was a VERY special moment for me, especially what you did for me...before we went to sleep," he admitted.

"Well...you had just become a man, so I wanted to do something you'd always remember."

"Which brings me to my question," Martin said with a nervous gulp. "Why did we never do anything more than that?"

After a short silence, his mother answered. "Funny you should ask, because I've often wondered that myself."

"Really? So do you think you would have ever..."

"Had sex with you?" his mother said, finishing his sentence.

"Yes."

"Most definitely," her soft voice answered.

Martin's heart did somersaults in his chest. It was the most wonderful, yet tragic news he'd ever received. Like his own wife did with Cory, his mother had that same type of forbidden desire for him at that age, but sadly, they never acted on it.

"Are you still there, Martin?" Peggy asked.

"Yeah, I'm here."

"Did you ask me that...because you think you think you would have liked it?" his mother asked.

"Yes...I would have," he confessed without hesitation.

"Well, we are a little older, but you'll always be my little man, Martin. And I'll always be your mommy. Which means it's never too late to fulfill fantasies we wish we would have when we were younger."

Martin's entire body tingled with excitement. "You mean you'd..."

“Let you between my thighs?” she teasingly asked. “I most certainly would. Perhaps once you get back, we could manage a little time alone together somewhere. I'll bring the red nightie. I do still have it, you know,” she giggled.

“I'd love that.”

“Me too,” Peggy uttered.

After his conversation with his own mother, Martin was convinced that what his wife and son were doing was perfectly natural. He gave them all the space they needed to create passionate memories together.

The next morning the two families said their goodbyes, with the promise of keeping in touch. Martin drove his family to their final destination, arriving there in the late afternoon. The Wigwam hotel was a series of rooms, built in the shape of authentic teepees.

“Do it in a teepee,” Jewel read from a large weather-beaten sign displayed beside the Motel. “Oh, I plan to,” she continued, looking lustfully into her son's eyes as she held his arm.

“OK...here we go,” Martin said, emerging from the Motel office. He handed his wife a key. “One teepee for you two, and one teepee for Ann and I.”

“Splendid!” Jewel beamed, mashing her boobies up against her boy. “See you guys bright and early?”

“It's still early. Ann and I might have a swim. Are you sure you two don't wanna join us?”

Jewel gazed into Cory's eyes as she answered. “No, I think we'll just head to our teepee, for own little private powwow, right, baby?”

“Sounds good to me,” replied her son, feeling a little funny at appearing so anxious to fuck his mom, while standing right in front of his father.

The room itself was nothing special. It was small and outdated, but the draw was the novelty and charm of staying in something that resembled a traditional wigwam.

After plopping her bag down beside the bed, Jewel embraced her boy and engaged him in a sensual French kiss. “Wanna shower with me?” she lustfully asked.

“Do you actually think I'd say no? Can I ask you something first?”

“Of course.”

“Does dad know we're fucking?”

“What makes you say that?” Jewel giggled.

“Well, for starts...he let us sleep together last night in the houseboat and...we weren't exactly quiet,” answered Cory. “Then he just lets us share a room like this...without even questioning it.”

“Well, let's just say your father's turned a new leaf,” Jewel implied, “but there's a chance he'll be back to the old side of that leaf once this trip's over, so we might have to go back to being sneaky again.”

“It should certainly be easier to be sneaky when we're back at home.”

“I agree,” his mom said, then pulled him teasingly towards the bathroom. “Now, about that shower...”

Once in the bathroom, they shed their clothes as quickly as a bride and groom on their wedding night. Jewel started the shower and they hopped in together, kissing and fondling each other's wet naked bodies under the hot spray. “Are you gonna pound my cunt, baby?” the mother cooed between kisses. “Are you gonna pound mommy's hot dripping pussy under the teepee, with that big meaty totem pole between your legs?”

“Fuck yes!” the teen sighed, feeling his mom's hand grope his cock and balls. The way she clawed the meat of his genitals with her long nails was driving him insane.

“Fuck meee!” Jewel purred, throwing her lovely leg up around him. “Pin me to the wall and fuck the hell outta me!”

Cory happily complied, lifting his mom from the shower floor and pinning her up against the wall, crushing her wet ballooning tits between them. She guided his steely-hard cock into her horny cunt, squealing in delight as he plunged up her fuck-tube.

Their wet flesh slapped together in rhythmic passion as they engaged in a heated fuck. The feel of his mother's curvy body clinging on to him was out of this world, and Cory beat his throbbing prick up into her as deep as he could, while they fervently made out.

“Ohh!” Jewel gasped, gazing her boy in the eyes. “You’re gonna make me cum again, aren't you? You’re gonna make mommy's pussy gush all over your fat cock!”

“Yes!” the boy replied, continuing to hump at a steady pace.

They snarled lustfully, beating their wet sex organs together. Cory's fat dick thundered up and down his mom's pink pussy-tube, striking bottom on every powerful thrust. Jewel's pelvic floor muscles gave off wonderful pre-orgasmic contractions, smothering her boy's penis in the juicy ribbed lining of her vagina.

“Ohhbaby, I’m gonna cum!” the beautiful mother cried out.

“God!” Cory gasped, feeling her strong cuntal muscles contract around him. He felt his mom's body tremble wonderfully and the heat of her climax swept over the plunging meat of his prick, lighting his glans on fire. “AH, FUCK!!” the boy groaned, feeling his prostate swell and a raging torrent of hot semen rocket up the tube of his urethra. “UGGHH!!” he grunted, hosing out a big fat rope that splattered along his mom's cock-smothering walls.

Cory's dick stirred their orgasmic juices together, creating a thick frothy creamed that marinated his tender pink dick as he continued to push it through her twitching hole.

After he pulled out, they giggled playfully as they washed each other down. Cory's mom looked at him with her sexy smoldering eyes. “Ready to take this girl to bed and do it all over again, mister?” she softly asked.

“You bet,” he eagerly replied.

After drying off, Jewel led her boy by the boner back into the bedroom, her thick nipples throbbing stiffly on the peaks of her huge bobbling tits.

Cory watched her crawl onto the mattress, pointing her thick naked ass back at him and wagging it invitingly. "Come take me from behind," she insisted.

The teen mounted her haunches and split her twat with the spear of his cock. For a good hour, he pounded her from behind, watching delightfully as her thick rounded mommy-ass beat against his midsection, making the fatty cheeks of her buttocks ripple.

Several times, Jewel would peek back at her teen in cock-lusting adoration, cheering him on. "Yeah, that's it, baby! Fuck me harder!"

"Mommy and Cory must really be tired," Ann told her father as they swam in the pool, while the set over the California desert.

"Probably, hon," Martin asked, looking over at his wife and son's teepee, knowing exactly what was going on inside. His heart swelled excitedly, knowing something similar could be soon happening with him and his own mother, Peggy.

Jewel and Cory fucked their asses off all night, cumming so many times they lost count. The teen spent hours under his mom doughy-soft tits, sucking and chewing at her engorged nipples, while she pumped her juicy cunt up and down the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

By morning they were exhausted and looked like they'd just survived a shipwreck as they emerged from their room. "Well, aren't you two a site for sore eyes," Martin giggled. "Did you um...get any sleep at all?"

His groggy-eyed wife peered over at him. "What do you think?" she sarcastically asked.

"By the looks of you two...I'd say probably not. I hope you had a good time at least?" Martin asked, looking at his son.

"Yeah it was um...a pretty active night," Cory answered, sharing a gaze with his giggling mom.

"Yes it was," Jewel agreed, "and after a good breakfast and some coffee, we'll be ready for an 'active' day in the 5<sup>th</sup> wheel, won't we, baby?" she winked.

Martin interjected before his son could answer. "Well, this IS the last stop on our trip, remember? So the vacation's pretty much over," he commented, indirectly reminding her of their agreement.

"Martin, that's not true. We still have that long ride back home on the interstate. The trip's technically not over until we're back home and we pull into the driveway," she argued.

"I suppose you're right," he huffed.

"Can I have ice cream for breakfast?" Ann asked, making the family laugh.

“Why the hell not,” her father said, taking her hand and leading her towards the rig. “Let's go get ice cream.”

Jewel took Cory's hand and they followed her husband and daughter. She spoke to her boy in a hushed tone. “When I used Brenda's fertility monitor yesterday, do you know what I found out?”

“What?” he inquired.

“That I'm starting my ovulation cycle today.”

“Oh,” Cory muttered, smiling mischievously as he looked over into his mom's sultry eyes.

“Feel like using that big dreamy dick to fuck a baby into mommy today?” Jewel asked in a sensual tone.

“That would be wild.”

The heavy-titted mother giggled and gave him a quick smooch on the lips. “Then let's get fucking wild,” she softly declared.

Cory was over the moon, knowing he'd soon be up to his ears in passionate 5<sup>th</sup> Wheel lovin'.

