

Mom's Basic Training

By Klrxo

"So what's the big news?" George asked his son as he sat in the living room next to his wife, who was cradling a newborn in her arms.

"I've made a decision on my future," Ian declared.

"Already?" his mother Brooke asked, nervously waiting to hear her son's future plans.

"Yeah. I've decided that dad's right. The Army makes the most sense for me."

While he could have easily predicted the proud smile that would cross his father's face, Ian didn't expect the look of disappointment in his mom's demeanor.

"I knew you'd come around to the idea," George said. "Nothing will make a man out of you quicker than some military discipline."

Ian nodded in agreement. His father was a career military man, who had risen up the ranks as a Technical Engineer. Over the years, they had moved from base to base, never giving Ian much of a chance to make long-lasting friendships with kids his age. Since he was now eighteen, it was time for him to follow his own career path. At his father's persistent urging, he decided that the Army may be his best option.

"So, I guess the next step is for me to enlist then," Ian declared, much to the sorrow of his mother. She wanted nothing more than for him to stay close to home, where she could still see him regularly.

"That's a big step," Brooke reminded him. "Maybe we should take a little more time to think this through."

Her husband fed her a questioning glare. "Honey, there is no 'WE.' He's an adult now and he's made his decision. Let him move forward with it. I'll stop by the base recruiter's office today to get him an appointment."

Ian's beautiful brunette mother reacted with the saddest look he'd ever seen. "I suppose...if that's what he really wants," she mumbled, then stood up with the baby. Even under the confines of her snug short-sleeve top and triple-H cup bra, her milk-swollen boobies wobbled heavily, capturing her boy's attention. "I should feed the baby," she informed them as she stepped out of the living room on bare feet.

Ian's father, dressed in his military greens, stepped over and gave his son a proud pat on the back. "I knew you'd make the right decision," he stated, then noticed how his boy was watching his wife's lovely round ass sway as she walked away. "Trust me, you'll need to be a military man to land a beautiful woman like your mother."

If George was right about one thing, it was that Ian desired a girlfriend that resembled his wife in every way. Brooke was a knockout, that never failed to turn the head of every guy on base. The fact that she had the largest tits and roundest ass that Ian had ever seen, was a huge part of her incredible sex

appeal. After many years of not being able to have another child, due to George's low sperm count, Brooke was finally able to conceive, with the help of modern science. She had given birth to a beautiful baby girl just weeks earlier, but despite all of the attention that a newborn required, the mother still doted over her handsome 18-year-old son. The thought of him being sent off to Basic Training, then stationed far away from home, saddened her tremendously.

"He's just doing it to please George," Brooke told her friend's Heather and Sasha as they sat at the base restaurant having coffee. The group of attractive military moms each held a baby beneath their large milk-engorged breasts as they chatted. Beneath the table, their silky mommy-legs were crossed, sticking out from beneath their skirts. Dainty stiletto-heeled sandals dangled from their sexy painted toes.

"Well, you can't just let him enlist in the Army just because your husband wants him to," Sasha protested.

"I know, but what am I suppose to do?" Brooke asked in frustration. "I've already presented Ian with a million other options. George has him convinced that the only way he's gonna be a 'real man' is by enlisting in the Army."

"That's ridiculous!" Heather giggled. "Wearing a green uniform and doing push-ups all day doesn't make you a real man."

"It's true," Sasha added. "Sadly, everything my husband knows about being a man in the bedroom, he learned from me, not from the Army."

"Then what is it you're suggesting I do?" asked Brooke.

"Well, maybe tell Ian if he wants to learn how to be a man...YOU'LL teach him how."

Brooke considered the idea a moment. "I suppose I could do that. Ian and I are very close. I doubt he'd be weirded out too much by the idea."

"You could always send him my way," Sasha smiled. "I'd be happy to do it for you."

"I'm sure you would," Ian's heavy-titted mother giggled, "but I'm pretty confident I can handle it on my own."

On the way back home, Brooke drove her SUV over to the base park, where her son was usually playing basketball with boys from the area.

After nailing a three-pointer, Ian spotted his mom's car parked nearby, so he rushed over.

"Hey, bunny boo...hop in!" his mom hollered.

Ian rounded the SUV, climbed in the passenger seat and closed the door. "Mom, it would be super-embarrassing if my friends heard you call me that," the boy expressed, with his mom's sweet perfume sweeping into his nostrils.

"Too bad, so sad, bunny boo" Brooke giggled. "I'm sure their moms have cute little pet names for them too."

"Why did you come by? Is everything ok?" Ian asked, glancing back at his newborn sister, sleeping in her baby seat.

"Everything's fine. I just...have something important I wanna talk to you about."

"What is it?"

As his sexy mom took a few seconds to formulate her words, Ian let his eyes wander down over the swell of her mammoth bosom. He also noticed how far her skirt had crept up, allowing him a look at her luscious legs, all the way up to the middle of her thighs.

"Ian, I'm just gonna be frank with you," she remarked. "I think your father has you convinced that you need the Army to be a real man and score a beautiful girl, and it's simply not true."

"Yeah, but look at dad. He has a great career, he's confident, AND he has a beautiful wife, just like I want."

"Oh, well, thank you, honey," Brooke blushed, "but just because your father took that route to get those things, doesn't mean you have to."

He took a moment to consider her words. "I've thought about going to college locally, but honestly I don't see how that would help me learn the things I need to know to be a man," explained Ian.

"You know, some boys learn how to be a man before they even leave home."

"How do they do that?" The teen asked.

"Well, that's where we moms come in," she answered with a sweet smile. "A mom can teach her son to be a man right at home."

"She can?"

"Yep, including all the tricks to getting and keeping a beautiful girl," she explained, then reached over and patted his thigh gingerly. "It's kind of like a mom's basic training for her boy."

Ian's cock began to harden beneath his shorts. "That doesn't sound so bad," he admitted.

"Will you give me a week then?"

"A week?"

"Yes, a week to give you a basic training into manhood. After that, if you're still not convinced that you have what it takes to be a man, you can enlist in the Army...deal?" asked Brooke.

"Deal."

Brooke smiled and turned her hand over on his thigh. "Give me your hand," she said softly.

Ian placed his hand on hers and she brought it over, rested it against her own upper thigh and held it there. "We may not be trained up in the ways of discipline and combat, but that doesn't mean that we moms don't have something to offer. When it comes to building confidence and creating a skilled lover, we have exactly what it takes to train a boy up right."

"I guess I um...never really considered that," Ian gulped.

Brooke bravely guided her boy's hand underneath her skirt, along her smooth inner thigh. "For the sake of helping you, are you willing to travel down roads that you and I have never been down before, Ian?"

The teen's heart was beating so fast he could hardly answer. "I am," he blurted, as his thumb grazed her silky panty-gusset and the puffy cuntal bulge beneath it.

"Thank you, Ian," his mom sighed. "Thanks for giving me a chance to help you, while keeping you a little closer to home."

"He wants to wait two weeks? For what?" George fumed, while speaking to his wife after work.

"So he can make sure he's explored all his other options," answered Brooke.

"The Army IS the best option. I've been telling him that his whole life."

"And you may be right, but, honey, we have to let him make his own decision," George's wife insisted.

"Fine, but a week from today, he better have a clear path to his future mapped out, and if he's smart, it'll be a future that involves serving his country."

"Are you sure this doesn't have more to do with what YOU want, rather than what's best for Ian?" Brooke inquired.

"Why would you think that?"

"I just think sometimes it's common for fathers, especially those in the military, to want their sons to follow in their footsteps," his wife explained. "Not that it's a bad thing...it's just that a boy should travel the path he feel is best for him, and not one that simply pleases someone else."

"Fine, we'll let him choose his own way then, and in five years when he's unemployed, without a girlfriend and still living at home, you'll both see that I was right," George preached.

Brooke knew firsthand that while the military may teach discipline and provide a stable career, it did little in the way of making a man a better lover. Her husband George wasn't bad in the bedroom, but she had certainly had better in her younger years, by guys who had nothing to do with the Army.

George was out of the house early every morning at six a.m. sharp. At six-fifteen, Ian was jarred awake by the sound of a blaring trumpet. His mom stood in his doorway holding her phone, playing "Reveille," the traditional military wake-up song.

"Mom, what the hell?!" he grumbled, looking over at his clock.

"Up and at 'em, bunny boo. It's your first day of training!" she hollered.

"This early?"

“Yes, this early. I need to nurse your sister. When I get back, I want you up, dressed and bed made, understood?”

He gave her a mocking salute. “Got it, ma’am!”

With his eyes now adjusting to the morning sunlight, he took in what his mom was wearing, which was a blue boyfriend-style button up nightshirt. The silky sleep-shirt fell just below her crotch, leaving all her sexy mommy-legs exposed. They gave off a wonderful silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Brooke had the knee of one leg cocked forward, so her dainty bare foot was arched, resting on squatted toes with ruby red toenails. Her enormous milk-engorged melons were pushed out beneath the fabric, so the nubs of her thick protuberant nipples were clearly noticeable. “How about, Sergeant Mom? I like that better than ma’am,” she joked.

“Got it, Sergeant Mom!” her son chuckled.

“Oh, and make sure you put on some workout shorts. We're starting the day off with a run,” she informed him, then left.

“A run?” Ian asked, with an awful scowl. “I hate running.”

“Thanks for watching her. We'll be back in an hour,” Brooke said, giving her beastie Heather a quick kiss and handing off her newborn in Heather's front doorway.

“Take your time,” said Heather cheerfully, “I love spending time with this cute little baby girl.”

Ian was waiting in shorts and sneakers by his mom's SUV.

“Ready to make some sweat?” Brooke asked, as she clicked the timer on her Fitbit.

“How far are we going?” the boy grumbled.

“I was thinking to the Armory and back,” she answered.

“Damn, that far?”

“Yep, and you better keep up,” she teased, then began jogging off down the sidewalk. Ian quickly followed after her.

Until now, he hadn't really noticed how sexy his mom's running attire was. Brooke wore sexy pink track shorts that were molded around her succulent round ass. Her form fitting white tank top had a built in support bra, which would certainly be put to the test during their run. Her brunette hair was pulled back in a ponytail that bounced cutely as she ran. Ian's mom was no fitness nut, but she was certainly in good shape, especially for a woman who'd just given birth weeks ago. She created a good pace and kept her son trailing behind her.

“Speed it up back there, bunny boo!” she shouted, glancing back at him.

Ian was content running behind his mom, watching her booty jiggle delightfully. He did imagine though that her tits must be bouncing wildly beneath her top, so he sped up in order to satisfy his curiosity.

"About time you caught up," his mom teased as they jogged side by side.

"I was just watching my pace. I didn't wanna tire out too quickly."

"I know what you were watching back there, and it wasn't your pace," she breathed, smiling over at him mischievously.

"Funny," he blushed.

"Did you come up here to keep your eyes on something else?"

Ian knew what his mom was referring to. He looked over at her large boobs and sure enough they were bouncing up and down, even under the confines of her snug top with built-in support.

"Looks like your sister's getting a milkshake for lunch," Brooke joked, making them both laugh.

"Lucky her," Ian boldly commented, making his mom give him a playful punch on the arm as they ran.

"So tell me what you like about a girl, besides humongous boobs," she asked breathlessly, flashing him a flirty smile.

"A great personality...a nice smile, and a girl that's smart is always a plus."

"Blondes or brunettes?"

"Brunettes, of course," Ian answered.

"Good answer," his brunette mom beamed. "Do you want one that's a good cook?"

"Sure."

"One that's in good shape?"

"Heck yeah," he blurted. "Some of the hottest girls I know are ones who take great care of themselves."

"Do you want one that's moderately sexual, very sexual or hyper-sexual?" asked Brooke.

"Hyper-sexual?"

His mom flashed him a smile. "A girl that wants to have sex constantly," she clarified.

"Oh, um...a hyper-sexual one would be nice."

"I imagine that's the answer that most boys your age would give," his mom giggled.

"Which one are you?" the teen brazenly asked, as they continued a good jogging pace along the base sidewalk.

"Which one do you think I am?"

"Well, I don't hear you and dad going at it ALL THE TIME, but I'd still say you're probably hyper-sexual," he guessed.

"Nope!"

“Very sexual then?”

“Not that one either. Your mom is ‘super-duper-hyper-sexual.’ I created a new category, just for myself,” she giggled.

“Wait though...if a hyper-sexual person wants sex ‘all the time,’ then how often does a super-duper-hyper-sexual person want it?” he confusingly asked.

She looked over at him with a sexy Cheshire-cat grin. “Every second of every day,” she confessed.

“Wow,” her teen muttered, surprised that his mom would reveal such a thing about herself to him.

“That doesn't mean she gets it every second of every day...just that she'd be a VERY willing participant.”

Ian was finding it harder and harder to run the more erect his cock got. Just talking to his mom on the subject of sex, while glancing over at the leaping swell of her breasts was getting him incredibly excited. Now knowing that she would like more than anything to spend her day fucking her ass off made his dick expand into full hardness.

“I'm gonna stop and take a breather,” he announced, slowing down.

“Oh, wimping out on me, huh?” his mom joked, slowing down also.

“You can go ahead. I'll catch up,” Ian assured her, trying his best to conceal his steely-hard bulge.

“That's OK, bunny boo, I'll wait,” she assured him, catching her breath and jogging in place. She looked over at her son's obvious arousal and smiled. “So what's your definition of being a man, Ian?”

He shrugged his shoulders. “Having confidence, and knowing how to treat a woman I guess,” the boy answered.

“You have it mostly right. Being a man is part charm, part skill and part confidence,” she coached. “So much confidence in fact, that you stop trying to hide your erections when you're around a girl.”

“Oh,” the boy muttered, looking over at his smiling mom as her gaze darted from his eyes to his crotch. “Sorry, just um...kind of embarrassing.”

“I had erect nipples when I was in your doorway this morning, and don't say you didn't notice,” Brooke teased. “Did you see me trying to hide them?”

“No,” the teen answered, reflecting back on the swell of her unfettered tits that morning.

“Your penis is part of you...and you should be proud of it. Stop trying to shield it from a woman's gaze and let her admire you.”

“Alright,” the boy blushed, lowering his hands. His boner made his running shirts tent way out obscenely.

Brooke's heart skipped a beat, gazing at her son's protrusion, while jogging in place. “*Good grief, it looks so thick and strong!*” her mind gasped. She let her eyes linger a moment, then finally snapped her gaze back up to his blushing face. “I do get how it might be kinda difficult to jog with that thing though,” she giggled. “Do you wanna sit down in the grass and talk until it goes down?”

"Sure," answered Ian.

Along the jogging path was a nice grassy area, and he and his mom sat down side by side. "Phew! Feels good to be out on a run," Brooke said, reclining back on extended arms, which were propped behind her. Doing this made the rounded swell of her massive tits balloon outward, catching her son's ogling eyes.

"Yeah, it's been awhile. I'm kind of out of shape," he admitted, his gaze drifting down to his mom's silky legs, which were extended out in front of her with her knees slightly bent.

"Well, this week we'll whip you into peak physical condition," his mom informed him.

"Great," the boy sarcastically responded, making his mom giggle.

After a short silence, Brooke spoke up again. "Tell me about the last time you had sex, bunny boo," she candidly asked him.

Ian was taken a bit off guard. "The last time I had sex?"

"Yeah, were you on a bed, a couch...in a car...where did it happen? I'm curious."

"She has a car her parents bought her. We drove out to Harmon's Beach and did it in her back seat."

"Oh, it's so beautiful out there. It's the perfect spot for some passionate love making," Brooke sighed, reflecting on her own time fucking there when she was younger. "Tell me how long you lasted."

"How long I lasted?"

"Yeah, how long did you last inside her...before you had your orgasm?"

"Oh, um...twenty minutes maybe," he timidly responded.

"Did you make her cream on you before you came?"

"No. She told me it was it wasn't my fault. She just doesn't cum easily."

"Honey, I'm sorry, but she lied to you," his mom frowned. "It WAS your fault."

"It was?"

"Has she called or texted since you guys went out?"

"No."

"Then it was definitely your fault. If you blew her socks off, she would have contacted you the next day wanting a repeat," Brooke pointed out. "I'm not gonna bullshit you, honey. She's mostly likely been with a couple different guys since then, to give THEM a chance to break her open."

"What does 'break her open' mean?"

"Well...imagine a female orgasm is like a coconut, and a guy's penis is like a hammer, pounding away at it, trying to get it to break open, so it can gush out all that wonderful coconut juice," Brooke explained.

“Oh, so do you mean MY hammer wasn't quite good enough, to break open my date's coconut,” Ian giggled.

“No, from what I saw earlier, it's plenty good enough,” his mom teased, referring to the boner he'd been sporting. “It's not about just owning an impressive tool though, honey, it's also knowing how to effectively use it.”

“And that has a lot to do with feeling like a man?”

“It sure does,” Brooke answered with a wide-eyed smile. “Knowing you have the skills to break any woman open is an incredible confidence booster. It's an ability every guy who wants to be considered a ‘real man’ should have.”

“So...how do I get it?” the boy asked.

They saw a group of soldiers out loading a cargo truck across the way. “Well, you’re certainly not gonna get it out there with them,” his mom stated. “There are certain things the Army can't teach you.”

“True,” Ian agreed.

His mom smiled over at him, gazing with her sultry eyes. “We'll have our work cut out for us this week, but in the end I think we're gonna make a real man out of you.”

They continued their jog to the Armory. When they nearly got back to where they started, Brooke looked over at her sweaty teenager. “Ready to really push yourself?” she asked.

“Sure, why?”

“If you can beat me back, I'll let you feel the inside of my thigh again,” she offered, “and this time I won't be wearing any panties.”

The mother went from a jog to a run, and the boy took off after her. With an offer that sweet, he wasn't about to let his mom beat him back. When they got to Heather's street, Ian really turned on the heat, sprinting with everything he had and passing his mother easily.

“You brat...I had you!” Brooke shouted playfully as they finished their run.

“Had me until the last turn that is,” her son bragged as they both caught their breath.

“So how did you do it?” his mom asked.

“Beat you?”

“Yeah. How did you muster up that incredible burst of energy at the end?”

“Will power, I guess.”

“That's right...will power,” she smiled. “Remember that one, ok?”

“Ok,” Ian answered, knowing it must have something to do with his training to be a man.

They got the baby from Heather and went back home. “I desperately need a shower before I feed your sister. Can you keep her entertained for me?” Brooke asked her son.

"Sure thing, mom," the boy gladly replied, cradling the newborn in his arms and sitting down on the couch.

For the longest time, Ian was an only child, until his parents decided to have another. His mom's boobs had always been object of fascination to the boy, since he'd hit puberty. They were already incredibly large before her pregnancy, then they started growing ginormous on her prenatal body. He thought maybe they would return to their normal size after she'd given birth, but not so. Her boobies grew to even more ridiculous proportions as they began producing copious amounts of tit-nectar for his newborn sister. He often beat his dick just imagining what they must look like naked.

"Ahh, much better!" Brooke sighed as she stepped into the living room with only a tiny white towel draped around her.

Ian had rarely seen his mom barely covered like this, so she immediately grabbed his attention. The way the towel was cloaked tightly around her bosom make her cleavage bulge and tremble obscenely as she walked over on bare feet and sat down next to him. "Is she starting to get fussy?" Brooke asked, as he handed the baby to her.

"No, not at all," the teen answered, marveling at how incredibly hot his mom looked with her dark hair wet and slicked back from her shower.

"Aw, she's a hungry little girl, isn't she?" Brooke cooed, in a cute baby voice. "She just wants to nurse on mommy's big swollen teats."

Ian's insides tingling as blood rushed straight for his cock. He took a moment to admire Brooke's strong smooth mommy-legs, which were nearly completely exposed as she sat there. He could smell the sweet fragrant lotion she'd applied to them and wondered what such legs would feel like harnessed around him, while he pounded his dick into the pussy of all pussies.

Brooke continued doting on her daughter. "Mommy's gonna feed you, but your big brother's gonna touch her between her legs first."

Ian's breathing increased as his heart swelled with excitement. He continued to listen to his mom speak to the newborn in a cute baby voice.

"That right...he's learning to become a man and touch women in special places," Brooke purred, then set the baby aside on the couch.

Ian watch his mom turn towards him as she sat up straight and positioned her lovely ass on the edge of the couch-cushion. "Scoot over her right next to me, bunny boo," Brooke softly requested.

The boy scooted over, so he was hip to hip with his mom. She took his hand and squeezed it gently, while gazing into his wondrous eyes. "You're so nervous," she giggled. "Haven't you put your hand down between a girl's legs before?"

"Yeah, but not one as beautiful as you," he confessed.

"Mm, there's that charm I was talking about," she whispered. "That part comes naturally with you, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Once we get the skill and confidence down, you'll be the kind of man women will dream of locking their legs around," the mother bragged, then placed his hand on her knee.

"You think so?" Ian asked, his cock flexing with so much blood that for a moment he felt light-headed.

"I know so," Brooke smiled, guiding her boy's hand under the towel, along her smooth inner thigh. "You'll be breaking girls open left and right...listening to them scream out, and watching their naked bodies tremble beneath you."

Once again, Ian couldn't believe how high up between her legs his mom was going with his hand. The fact that he knew she had no panties on this time made it all the more thrilling. The further he went, the warmer his hand got, from the heat that was radiating from her naked genitalia.

The mother noticed how her boy's eyes kept drifting to her bulging cleavage. "In some social situations it isn't polite for a man to stare at a woman's tits. This isn't one of them, honey" she informed him.

"So it's ok if I look?"

"Yes, you can look," the mother giggled. It secretly thrilled her to know that such a handsome young man was fascinated by her body.

Now that she had given him the green light, Ian could really study the swell of his mom's towel-shrouded bosom in greater detail. The sight of all the wonderful tit-meat spilling out the top of towel was absolutely mesmerizing. Her giant boobies were pressed together, forming the biggest, deepest cleavage Ian had ever seen in his life.

"Did the girl you had sex with at Harmon's Beach have big boobs?" his mom curiously asked.

"Well, compared to the other girls at school, yes...but compared to yours, not at all."

Brooke giggled, making her fatty tit-flesh jiggle. "I guess I do have a couple of monsters, don't I?" she asked.

"I doubt they look like monsters," the boy chuckled, then felt his mom guide his hand up even further, until his thumb rested against the smooth hairless swell of her outer labia.

"Monsters or not, if I don't feed your sister soon they're gonna burst right out of this towel and spray all over you," she giggled. "Not that you'd complain any," Brooke winked.

"No, I wouldn't," the boy honestly replied.

"Oh, a bold answer," the mother smiled. "Before I go feed your sister, let's put that confidence to the test. Stand up right in front of me and put your hands behind your back...right now, soldier!"

Ian knew this would be displaying his hardon through his shorts, just like when they were out running, but he was a little more sure of himself now and stood up without hesitation. His erect dick tented out strong and proud, his knob pushing upward beneath the stretchy fabric.

"*WOW!!*" Brooke's mind screamed. "*WHAT A DICK!!*"

"Well, that's pretty good form there, mister," she verbally declared.

"You think so?"

"I know so. From the position of your tip, I can tell that your erection is standing at a perfect one hundred and thirty-degree angle."

"That's really the perfect angle?" Ian asked, astounded that he was having a discussion with his own mom about his erect cock.

"Most women would say so. It allows for a greater depth of penetration during intercourse," the mother explained, then sat up with peculiar interest, staring at the form of her boy's boner. "Hmm, are you flexing it at all, or is it just holding that angle on it's own?"

"I'm not really doing anything special. It's just staying put that way. Is that normal?"

"Normal?" Brooke giggled. "Honey, it's amazing! It means you have incredible penile structure at the base of your prick."

"Penile structure?"

"You have tight ligaments and strong muscles at the root of your penis, that are working to stabilize and hold your erection upright like that," explained the mother.

"So that's a good thing?"

"An extremely good thing," she chuckled. "Remember our hammer and coconut analogy earlier?"

"Yeah."

"Well if we're comparing dicks to tools then, honey, I'd say you're packing a pretty powerful sledgehammer."

"Which is better to crack those coconuts with, right?" Ian asked with a proud smile.

"When used in conjunction with skill and some staying power...absolutely yes!" his mom assured him.

"You seem to know a lot about the penis," Ian pointed out.

"Yes, well, hyper-sexual women usual do," she giggled. The question that had been burning a hole in the back of her cock-obsessed mind suddenly blurted out of her mouth. "Do you wanna share sizes?"

"Sizes?" asked Ian.

"Yes. You tell me the size of your penis and I'll tell you just how big the girls are," she stated, shaking her shoulders a tad, making her meaty melons wobble heavily from side to side.

"Well, last time I measures it was just over eight inches," he shared.

"Impressive," his mom beamed.

"You think so?"

"Absolutely...as long as you can crack a coconut with it," she teased.

"What about you?" the boy asked, eagerly glancing down at her towel-shrouded bosom.

“Well,” Brooke muttered, looking down at her boobies, “that number has changed a lot in the past year. In their present lactating state...they’re a forty triple-H.”

Brooke’s daughter began crying on the couch next to her. “Speaking of lactating, your sister’s hungry. I better feed her,” she said, standing up and cradling the baby. “Honey, will you be an angel and bring me the bottle and plastic breast- shield in on the dish strainer.”

“Sure,” Ian answered, then quickly fetched the items his mom wanted. When he got to the nursery, Brooke was just setting the baby down in the crib to prepare for nursing. “Here you go, mom.”

“Thanks, bunny boo. I’m gonna pump the other breast, while she’s nursing, that way I can bottle feed her later,” his mom shared.

“I’ll be in my room,” said Ian, heading for the exit.

“Ian?”

The boy turned to see his mom standing with her hands on her hips looking at him. “Yeah?”

“Close the door and come over here,” she uttered.

The teen didn’t ask questions. He simply did as his mom asked, then stopped in front of her.

“Part of becoming a man is being able to watch these sorts of things,” she stated. “So consider this part of your special training.”

With that, Brooke peeled apart the towel, then lowered it and tied it around her waist. Her son’s eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared her huge naked udders for the first time. Her blood engorged areolas were as big around grapefruit and peppered with bumpy Montgomery glands. The protuberant nipples at their centers were thick and rubbery...made for serious sucking.

“They’re a little different than those on the girls at school, huh?” she teased.

“Yes, but in a good way,” Ian blushed.

Ian stood there gawking as his heavy-titted mother sat down and nursed his sister. She attached the breast pump to her other leaking tit and turned it on. The boy’s jaw dropped in fascination when he saw the way her big nipple was being tugged out by the suction, and tit-nectar poured steadily into the bottle.

“Pretty interesting process, huh?” Brooke giggled, glancing down at his protruding boner.

“Very!” the boy breathed.

Brooke could feel her cunt juices drooling from her slit. *“Good grief! I can’t believe how excited he’s making me.”*

“You really got naked in front of him?!” Sasha exclaimed, while having coffee the next day with Brooke and Heather.

“Well, not totally naked. Just topless, while I was nursing the baby,” Brooke responded.

"It's a natural process," Heather interjected. "Any boy who wants to become a man should be able to handle watching it."

"Exactly," Brooke agreed, "and they should be able to walk around with boners without being embarrassed or ashamed."

"Sounds to me like you're increasing his confidence-level already," Heather added.

"Yes, but taking things to the next level could be a bit more tricky."

"How so?"

"Well, how do I help Ian increase his sexual skills without crossing the line too much," the mother asked.

"Sound like 'the line' may have already been crossed yesterday," Sasha giggled.

"The real issue isn't simply crossing the line, it's WHY you're crossing the line," Heather preached. "It's not like you and Ian are having some secret mother and son love affair. You're showing him what it takes to be a man. You can't go out and show a person how to dig a ditch, without getting a little dirty in the process."

Brooke nodded in agreement. "True. He agreed to give me one week, and I may only have one shot at this. If he still enlists in the Army, at least I can look back and say I gave it my all."

Ian was laying in bed masturbating to the image of his mother's enormous breasts that he had seen for the first time yesterday. He was suddenly startled as his mom barged in.

"Up and at 'em, soldier!" Brooke shouted, then froze as she spotted her boy's steely-hard boner tenting up lewdly beneath the blanket. "Oh...um, sorry, bunny boo. Did I interrupt something?"

"No, I was just getting up," the boy lied.

"I can see that," giggled Brooke. "WAY UP!"

When Ian took in what his mom was wearing, it certainly didn't help him become any less aroused. The only thing Brooke had on was one of her husband's big camouflaged Army shirts, which was unbuttoned half-way. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, by the way her giant tits bulged out obscenely.

"Are we running again today?" he asked, trying not to stare at her boobs too much.

"No, I was gonna have you drop and give me twenty, but I can see that's gonna be nearly impossible with your kickstand down," she giggled, staring at the tubular-shaped protrusion sticking up from beneath the blankets. "*Maybe this is the perfect chance for us to transition into the next phase of his training,*" Brooke thought.

The mother gave her boy a brave look. "Are you ready to be man enough to let me see it...and finish in front of me?"

"Finish?"

The mother crawled onto the bed with him. "Yes, finish masturbating, bunny boo," she clarified. "I know that's what you were doing in here."

"Oh...um," Ian muttered in hesitation, staring at his mom's dangling, mile-long cleavage as she rested there on all-fours beside him..

"If you can't be man enough to show off your tool in front of a woman, how can you ever expect to be confident enough to crack her open?"

"True."

Brooke's hazel eyes gazed into her boy's with anxious wonder. "Show me that sledgehammer, Ian. Stand up beside your bed and show me how big and hard it gets," she whispered.

The teen bravely stood up from his bed and turned to face his mom, wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

Brooke sprawled out on her side in a sexy pose, with her head resting against her hand and her elbow propped on the mattress. Her smooth lovely legs were slightly spread out, exposed beneath the hem of the big camouflaged button-up. Her eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy long saluting boner.

"Wow, something's certainly standing at full attention this morning," she complimented.

"Well, what do you expect...when you're dressed like that, mom."

The mother stared at the fat angry, pinkish-purple knob. "Make it wag," she requested.

"Wag?"

"Yeah...make your boner wag back and forth, soldier!"

Ian complied, turning his midsection and making his protruding stiffy lewdly waggle back and forth as it branched out from his crotch.

"Oh, honey, that's wonderful!" the mother cooed, marveling at the strength and stiffness of his vein-encrusted appendage. "Stroke on it now...like you were doing before I barged in."

Ian gasped his dick and began slowly stroking it up and down. He never imagined he'd be showing his own mom his hard cock, let alone masturbating in front of her. Even though he was nervous, it was incredibly thrilling.

Brooke was mesmerized by the sight in front of her. It was like everything she imagined in all her forbidden fantasies.

"Is pre-cum dripping from the slit of your knob, bunny boo?" she asked in concern.

"Yes."

"Good. That'll lubricate your strokes and keep your boner nice and slippery."

The mother's heart raced excitedly as she watched her big-dicked boy beat off in front of her. She could feel her clitoris throbbing, while she watched his muscled meat slip through his hand like it was a pussy.

"If there's anything you'd like to see, while you're doing that, Ian...I want you to be man enough to tell me."

Since he'd reached puberty, Ian regularly imaged what his mom must look like laying on the bed, with her amazing legs spread wide open. This was his chance to finally find out. "Will you spread your legs?" he bravely asked.

Without hesitation, Brooke gracefully brought her naked legs together, pointed them up towards the ceiling and pulled her black thong panties off. Rather than lower her legs again, she scissored them wide open, displaying not only her amazing spread, but also her shaved vulva in all it's aroused glory.

"Dang!" the teen gasped, admiring the way her strong mommy-legs spread open limberly, so her dainty feet pointed to opposite ends of his bedroom. He was equally fascinated by the form of her mature pussy. "That's quite the coconut, mom," he joked.

"Thanks, honey," she giggled. "Speaking of that...knowing how to crack a coconut is probably like knowing how and where to attack your enemy's fortress, which in this case is a woman's vagina. Understanding how a woman's built and where her sweet spots are, gives a man an added advantage to victory beneath the sheet."

"Well...I do know some things."

"Oh really? We'll see about that," the mom said, half-playfully. "Show me where my clitoris is."

Ian nervously pointed at her pussy. "There in the center," he answered.

"That's pretty vague, honey," she giggled, then scooted her rounded ass to the edge of her boy's bed. "Here...get down on your knees and point it out."

The teen dropped to his knees, which gave him a look at his mom's wonderful pudendum in greater detail. He again pointed towards the center of it. "It's there."

"Nope, that's my clitoral hood...not my clitoris."

"Well, it's um...underneath," the boy muttered awkwardly.

"Then peel it back and show me."

With his heart racing in his chest, Ian reached out and used two fingers to unshroud his mom's grape-sized love-button. It stuck out from her cuntal flesh...shiny and engorged.

"Do you see how similar it is to the knob of your penis? It's like a cute little mini-version of you," she giggled.

"And that's where a woman gets most of her pleasure, right?"

"A lot, but not all," Brooke answered. "Like the tip of your dick, it has a high concentration of nerve-endings. Stimulating it will definitely weaken your enemy's defenses, and prepare her fortress to be penetrated."

"I love the military analogy, mom," Ian chuckled.

“Your father would be proud, right?”

Ian stared at her pussy and laughed. “Considering the subject of our discussion...probably not.”

“Good point,” his mom agreed. “Now, soldier...show me the spot where you breach the enemy fortress.”

Ian spread her labial folds open, revealing the coral-colored pit of her cuntal vestibule and the mouth of her fuck-hole. “There!”

“Good. It's important to understand that the real battle goes on once you're inside, so it's crucial that you raid the enemy fortress with everything you have,” Brooke explained.

“Why...are there a thousand soldiers waiting in there for me?” the teen giggled.

His mom bent one of her sexy legs down a moment and used her foot to push him playfully. “No, there's no platoon of soldiers in there, but there will be some resistance, especially when you're using your weapon well, and really turning on the heat.”

“It's a good type of resistance though,” Ian admitted.

“Yes, and as you know...that wonderful resistance can cause your penis to surrender before you've even won the battle.”

“Like after twenty-minutes, in the backseat, at Harmon's beach, right?” her son added, a bit embarrassed.

“Exactly. You left that coconut intact, so we need to teach you a VERY important part of being a man, which is sexual endurance.”

“How do I learn something like that though?” inquired Ian.

“Yesterday, at the end of our run, even though you were exhausted, you pushed yourself and beat me. Do you remember why you did it?”

“Because you're too slow?” he joked.

“No, not because I was too slow,” his mom chuckled. “What was it you wanted?”

“To feel your thigh again,” he admitted.

“So you did something you probably didn't think you could do, because you were motivated by something, right?”

“Yes.”

“So let's use that, and do an endurance exercise together. Come up on the bed and lay down on your back,” Brooke instructed, curling her legs back down onto the mattress.

Ian took position by his mother, who sat beside him with her lovely legs spread out to the side. “If you wanna crack a girl open like a coconut when you have sex with her, you have to use that same type of willpower you used yesterday.”

“So I can last longer than twenty-minutes in bed you mean?”

“Yes, much longer. At least double that...and that's just for starters. For this first exercise, we'll be doing forty minutes of vigorous masturbation,” Brooke insisted.

“Dang,” the boy gasped. “I don't think I've ever masturbated that long before.”

“Notice I said ‘WE'LL be doing forty minutes of masturbation,’ bunny boo. That means I'LL be the one masturbating you.”

“Oh...” he muttered, feeling a sudden rush of excitement. “Um...alright then.”

He watched his mom spit a gob of saliva onto her hand, then reach over and coated the tip of his cock with it. Her touch was electric, making his body shudder heatedly.

“Ready to hear what you're working for?” Brooke asked, feeding him a smile as she slowly began jerking his boner up and down.

“Sure.”

“If you can make it forty-minutes without cumming....I'll let you suck on my tits,” his mom promised candidly.

“Seriously?” Ian asked.

“Seriously! However, if you think I'm going easy on you, you're wrong. If you wanna nurse on these triple-H's, you gonna have to earn it.”

“I'll do my best,” he promised.

“Here we go then,” declared Brooke, speeding up her cock-stroking tempo.

Ian knew he shouldn't look up at his mom as she sat beside him stroking, because it would turn him on even more, but he couldn't help himself. The way her huge tits jiggled, while spilling out from between the unbuttoned portion of her camouflaged shirt was spellbinding. His gaze drifted up to her pretty face to find her staring down at him. “I don't think I've ever jerked on a penis this big before,” she giggled, “so it looks like I have my work cut out for me too.”

“It feels really...really good,” the boy breathed, looking down and watching her motherly hand jerk up and down his prick from balls to knob. He could tell his mom had done this a thousand other times, by the way her hand moved in a perfect corkscrew motion. Also, by the way her palm swept over his knob, using his leaking precum to keep his erection completely lubricated.

“It's been ten minutes, bunny boo. You're doing great!” the mother boasted.

“I'm feeling really good too.”

“You mentioned that already,” Brooke giggled. “When I get to the half-way point, I'm gonna do some things that'll make it a bit more challenging for you.”

“What kinds of things?”

His mom fed him a mischievous smile. “Get to the half-way point and find out.”

Five minutes later, the teen was beginning to squirm in pleasure. His mom's hand hadn't slowed one bit and was making his boner tingle with pre-orgasmic sensations. "God, mom! Could you slow down just a little bit?" he whimpered, wincing from the pleasure he was getting.

"No, but I can go faster," Brooke answered, speeding up her tempo. Now the boy was writhing in delight as her hand thundered up and down his throbbing dick.

"Ahh! I don't know if I can stand too much of that! Please...can you slow down?" he pleaded.

"In thirty seconds I will," she answered, tirelessly jerking him off, "but the next time you tell me to slow down I'm gonna jerk it hard and fast like this, and I won't be slowing down again...understood?"

"Yes."

Squeezing off his orgasm seemed a little more tolerable once she slowed her stokes a bit. After several more minutes, Brooke crawled up on her knees beside him, still leaning over and stroking his steely cock without missing a single beat. She placed one hand astride him, so she was hovering over her boy on one extended arm, while beating his dick with the other.

"Dang!" moaned Ian, gawking up at his mom's dangling tit-meat, which was threatening to spill right out of her top. Her cock-jerking motions caused her giant boobie-orbs to ripple wonderfully, and Ian was front row center.

"Honey?" his mom whispered, causing him to shift his gaze to her eyes. "I want you to imagine that you're at Harmon's Beach, in the back seat of a car fucking the girl of your dreams."

The teen shuddered just from hearing his mom use the F-word in that context. "Alright," he replied, with heavy excited breath.

"Imagine that she's laying on top of you, and you're pounding your manhood up into her."

Of course, the person Ian was envisioning in the backseat with him was his mother. At that wonderful moment, he couldn't possibly be imagining anyone else.

"You're enjoying the incredible tightness of her hot wet pussy around your entire dick," Brooke cooed, while gazing down into her boy's eyes with a lustful demeanor.

"Ahh, yes!" hissed Ian, feeling his glans tingle in the tight slippery grip of his mom's hand.

"Hump your hips from the mattress, honey. Show her what a good fuck you are," Brooke mewled.

"Show her you know how to split her open and make her gush all over you."

"Hot damn, mom!" the boy squealed, squirming beneath her, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. It was all he could do to keep from shooting into the air as he listened to her sultry voice.

"Yes! Fuck her, bunny boo! Go get that pussy!" his mommy cried out.

The boy tried every trick in the book to lower his excitement level. His efforts started paying off, until he gazed back up and noticed his mom's jiggle-bosoms were nearly spilling free of the shirt. Both sets of areolas were half-exposed and it seemed like her swollen nipples, catching on the hems, were the only thing keeping her boobs from bobbling out.

"Thirty-minutes, soldier!" his mom announced. "Ten more minutes without blasting out that hot cum and you'll be smothered in these milk-filled titties."

"Yess!" the boy gasped, feeling incredibly close to cumming, but as determined as ever not to. He couldn't believe what an incredible cock-stroker his mom was. She'd been yanking his boner energetically for a half-hour, without showing the slightest sign of exhaustion. "*Damn, if mom's this good at giving a handjob...how incredible must she be at fucking?*" he wondrously asked himself.

"Come on, honey! You can do it!" Brooke cheered. "Show mommy what a man you're becoming!"

By the time he hit thirty-nine minutes, the muscles in Ian's ass were burning from being clenched so much. His mom's hand was a slimy mess as it continued milking his blood-swollen peter tirelessly, making lewd creamy stroking sounds. "Thirty-seconds, Ian. You're on the home stretch!" Brooke announced, speeding up her pace and beating his boner with everything she had.

"TIMES UP! YOU DID IT!!" the proud mother sang, releasing his dick and plopping down tits-first against him for a victory hug.

"Barely," the boy sighed, fighting to catch his breath.

Brooke lifted her head up enough to gaze at him in adoration. "Oh my God, forty minutes, baby...that was incredible!"

"I'm not gonna lie, mom. That was easily the best handjob I've ever gotten."

"Wow, I'm flattered to hear that, Bunny boo," Brooke blushed. "And handjobs aren't even my specialty."

Ian stared at her, completely intrigued. "What, um...what's your specialty?"

"Well, I've always been told I'm the best at giving blowjobs, but guys probably say that to any girl who sucks on them, so who knows," she giggled.

"So were you serious earlier...about my reward for making it forty-minutes?"

"Of course I was serious, honey," the mom declared. "I would never make a promise to you that I didn't plan on keeping. How much time do you think you need?"

"Time?"

"Do you wanna suck my boobs for an hour? Two hours?"

"Seriously?! I can suck on then for that long?" he asked in disbelief.

"Of course! You earned it, honey, but if you're gonna nurse on mom's knockers longer than a half-hour, we may wanna wait until after lunch. Your father's stopping by on his lunch break today," Brooke cautioned.

"Alright. I can wait I guess."

"Now you have another decision to make," she informed him with a curious smile.

"What's that?"

“Do you want me to pump my breasts before you suck, or let them continue to engorge for you?”

It was a question Ian never dreamed his mom would ever ask him, but the answer was simple. “You don't have to pump.”

“How did I know you were gonna say that,” she winked.

The mother felt a tad ashamed of herself, realizing she was just as eager for tit-play as her son was...maybe more.

Brooke quickly got changed before her husband arrived and made him lunch, so it was ready when he got there.

George was at the table eating when his son stepped into the kitchen. “Hey, dad,” said Ian, walking over to the fridge.

“Hey...decided on a path to your future yet?” his dad asked.

“Not really. I've just been considering all my options.”

“Any of them stand out?”

“A couple of them,” Ian answered, looking over at his mom's tits. “A couple of them REALLY stand out.”

Brooke got her son's tit-reference, and snickered, while doing up a few dishes. She thrust her boobies out proudly, giving her son a good look at her large sloping sweater-meat in side profile. Her eyes met her teen's. “Well, if they STAND OUT that much, honey...you should probably really go after them,” she suggested.

“I plan to soon.”

“Oh, and that reminds me...” Brooke said to Ian. “I was gonna make you some lunch, but I know you have another meal waiting for you soon, don't you bunny boo?” his mom asked with a flirty smirk.

“I sure do,” the boy answered anxiously.

“Going out to lunch with friends today?” his father asked him.

“Um...just one friend,” Ian answered, smiling over at his mother.

“Oh, a female friend?”

Brooke turned from the sink and answered for her son. “Yes, I've met her. She absolutely beautiful,” she blurted, then stared her boy in the eyes. “I'm sure she's got something REALLY yummy to feed him for lunch today,” said the mother, while leaning against the counter and making her boobies balloon way out.

“Well, it's good that you have a female interest. I'm sure she'd be even more enamored with you if you were wearing an Army uniform today on your date,” George stated.

Ian saw his mom roll her eyes, then look over at him. “How do you know his date doesn't want him wearing nothing at all?” Brooke joked.

“Well, honey, if they just met, I highly doubt this girl's ready to explore something sexual.”

Once again, Brooke looked her son in the eyes with a knowing smile. “I wouldn't be so sure about that,” she added.

Ian thought his father would never leave. Once George was gone, Brooke stepped over to her son and held out her hand. “Ready for than lunch date,” she winked.

“Sure.”

The teenager followed his mom's delightful bubble-butt across the house to his parent's bedroom. His mom and dad had one of those fancy beds that changed positions, and Brooke adjusted it with a remote, so the mattress was reclining, rather than laying flat. “Wanna get naked with me, bunny boo?” the mom asked, while slipping off her blouse.

“You mean...um, totally naked?”

“Yeah, unless you're afraid?” the mother inquired, raising an eyebrow.

“No, I'm not afraid.”

“Good, then get those clothes off, young man.”

Together, they both stripped naked. “Gracious, I'm leaking like crazy,” Brooke observed, watching the nectar drip from her engorged teats as her jugs wobbled heavily across her chest. “I hope you're hungry,” she giggled.

“I am,” Ian answered, licking his chops.

“Lay back on the bed.”

The teen slid onto his parent's marital mattress and reclined back, making his boner waggle back and forth across his crotch. From the foot of the bed, his mom crawled towards him like a heavy-titted cougar, brazenly climbing onto him as if she were about to fuck him from the top. “Ready, bunny boo?” she softly asked, gazing down at him over her enormous milk-swollen udders.

Ian was so damn excited he couldn't answer, so he just nodded.

He felt his mom's bare vulva rest against the underside of his muscled boner as she brought her squishy tits down around his face. “*Holy fuck, this is really happening!*” the boy thought, feeling his face sink down into tremendous creamy cleavage between her jugs.

“They're all yours, my forty-minute man!” she giggled. “Enjoy them.”

For such a young tit-hound like Ian, the next two hours passed like a wonderful dream. His tongue traveled every spongy contour of his mom's giant tits. He gorged himself on the peaks of her jugs, cramming his mouth as full as he could get it and sucking like a starving infant. His mother's tit-milk poured into his greedy mouth and down his throat as his tongue wrestled wildly with her fat nipples.

"Mnnff!" he grumbled. His face was pressed so far into Brooke's fatty tit-mound that he felt like he was wearing a soft fleshy mask.

While his main focus was on sucking his mom's oversized tit-melons, he couldn't ignore the exquisite sensation of her pussy against his cock. During his two-hour tit-feast, their genitals did a subtle rocking grind, while pressed tightly together.

The only reason they stopped was because the baby started crying from the nursery, otherwise Ian could have continued nursing for as long as his mom would have allowed it. Brooke's engorged teat popped from his mouth all covered in milk and saliva. She looked down at her wide-eyed boy through her gaping cleavage and giggled. "Well hello there, my little bunny boobie-muncher."

"Hi," the boy sighed, his handsome face glistening with her tit secretions. "I hope I didn't steal all the baby's milk."

"No, I have a bottle in the fridge that I pumped this morning."

"Oh, good."

She gazed him in the eyes as she spoke. "I'm gonna go tend to her, but I'll be back. Will you stay naked for me?" asked the mother.

"Sure."

She fed him a quick kiss on the lips, then he watched her crawl off the bed, making her heavy mammaries jostle around. His ogling moved to her meaty bare buttocks, watching it undulate as she sashayed across his room. Brooke paused in his doorway and peeked over her shoulder with a salacious grin. "You're awfully good at that you know?" she commented.

"What?" Ian asked stupidly, mesmerized by the way she was posed there in his doorway with her thick ass stuck out and her huge tits sloping down.

"Sucking tits."

"So, you enjoyed it too?" he asked.

"Look down at your dick and you tell me," she answered, glancing down at his boner.

Ian peered down at his cock and saw that it was soaking wet with his mom's vaginal secretions. "I guess you did," he giggled.

"You must be aching by now," the mother guessed. "When I get back, I'm gonna milk you off between my tits."

Ian's heart about burst through his chest. Just when he thought this day couldn't get any better...it was about to.

While Brooke fed her daughter, all she could think about was her son and his big dreamy cock. She simply couldn't wait to get back in there and use her body to give him pleasure.

"Ahh, shit!" Ian cried out as his knob emerged from Brooke's smothering cleavage and shot a fat rope of spunk into the air.

"Yes!! Cum, bunny boo!" the mom cheered, while squeezing her melonous boobs together and pumping them up and down around her boy's cock.

The teen let out more grunts, while jizz continued to spurt from his meatus. Some of it splattered along his mom's tit-cleavage, while his glans were being smothered by the fatty flesh of her milky mommy-melons.

"That was amazing!" he sighed, as his cock finally sprung free of his mom's tit-grasp.

"I could tell," Brooke giggled. "I feel like that guy in Ghostbusters who got slimed."

"What about you?" her son inquired.

She smiled back at him curiously. "What about me?"

"Don't you wanna...you know...cum?"

"Oh, honey, the fact that you're caring enough to ask shows me that you're becoming just the man I was hoping you would. Confident and unselfish."

"Well, you should get to feel good too," he stated.

"Hold that thought...until tomorrow. If you really want me to feel good, maybe that's something we'll have you earn, by working for it."

"Got it!" Ian confirmed.

"Holy shit, you gave him a tit-wank?!" Sasha asked in shock.

"I couldn't just leave him hanging."

"Now that you've broke the ice, you guys should totally fuck," Heather suggested with a big smile.

"But I shouldn't just fuck him...should I?"

"No, I meant to help him...you know, to boost his confidence and make a true man out of him."

"Yeah," Sasha agreed. "Wasn't somebody saying yesterday that they wanted to give this their all?"

"Yes, I still do. Do you know he actually asked me if he could give me pleasure. He was really concerned about pleasing me. I can't remember the last time George said something like that," Brooke pointed out.

"Your son is infatuated with you," her friend reminded her. "Do you really think there's anything he won't do or say to be balls-deep inside you?"

Brooke shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'll see. Would you mind watching the baby again this morning?"

"I got you covered, girl," Heather declared.

Brooke took her son out for another run. This time she wore a pair of sexy yoga shorts, that only covered a portion of her luscious ass.

“Why do I have a feeling you’re trailing behind me on purpose?” she teased, glancing back over her shoulder at Ian, who ran behind her.

“It’s so I can come from behind and beat you again,” the boy answered confidently.

“More like watch my ass jiggle,” she laughed. “We’re not gonna be racing home like we did yesterday,” the mother stated. “Today I have something else in mind.”

“What’s that?”

“You’ll see when we get there. It’ll be a challenge, that much I’ll tell you.”

Jogging along, the teen followed his mom to a training portion of the base, where there was a huge climbing wall, nearly forty-feet high. “This is a training area. Are we suppose to be out here?” Ian asked.

“Probably not, so we better be quick.”

“Don’t tell me we’re climbing THAT thing,” the teen probed, looking up towards the top of the wall.

“Are you chicken?” Brooke teased.

“Well, no...it’s just that this is the wall that the Rangers practice climbing on. I’ve only been climbing once in my life, mom.”

“Oh, then it’s a real challenge. Are you up for it?”

“Is there a reward involved?” her boy inquired.

“Well, if you do it, I’m gonna record it on my phone and show your father, so he can see that you don’t have to join the Army to do things THEY consider manly.”

“That’s it?” the boy asked in disappointment. “My reward is proving a point to dad?”

“For making it to the top, yes, but if you can do it under ten minutes, maybe you’ll get a little something extra,” she offered with flirty smile.

“Like...what kind of little something?”

The beautiful mother stepped up to him and bumped the swell of her tits against his chest. “Well, you mentioned yesterday wanting to please me. So if you meet the challenge, how about I let you eat my pussy?” she suggested.

“That definitely sounds like something I’d work for,” her teen breathed excitedly.

“Prove it then,” the mother urged, getting her phone ready to record.

Ian quickly shot up the climbing wall, making it look relatively easy at first, but about half-way up, he started having trouble.

“Come on...you can do it, bunny boo!” his mom cheered. “Keep going!”

The teen couldn't get his footing and slipped off the wall, dropping a good distance to the ground. After a hard landing in the sand, he let out a painful groan and held his ankle.

“Ian?!” his busty mom shouted, running over to his aid. “Oh, baby, are you ok?”

“It's my ankle. I heard it snap.”

Brooke quickly dialed a number on her phone. “OK, hold tight, honey...we'll get you some help.”

An hour later, George marched up the hallway to the Army medical clinic and into his son's room. Ian was in the bed with his ankle wrapped and propped up. “The training wall?! Are you crazy, kid?! the father seethed.

“George, it was my fault. I challenged him to do it,” his wife confessed.

“Then you're both foolish. The only ones that are suppose to even be around that wall are authorized Army personnel,” the father fumed.

“We made a mistake. It won't happen again,” Brooke assured him.

“So, what did the doctor say?” George asked.

“My ankles broken,” replied Ian.

“Great! I guess that puts any chances of Basic Training on hold for God knows how long.”

Brooke glared at her husband. “George, would you please just stop with the Army crap for two seconds and show some concern for your son!” she scolded.

“Honey, he needs to start making responsible choices. If he was working, like most adults do, that dumb stunt might of put him out of a job, or other obligations.”

“Are you through lecturing, George?” his wife impatiently asked, then stepped over to her boy. “Come on, honey...I'll help you to the car.”

With the help of his mom and crutches, Ian made it to her vehicle.

“Do I need to come home and help him get situated, before I head back to work?” George asked.

“We can manage just fine,” his wife answered.

Back at the house, Brooke helped her son to his room. “Thanks, mom...I don't know what I'd do without you,” the boy stated.

“Well, you'd be able to walk right now...that's one thing.”

“Don't feel bad. You didn't know this could happen.”

“I challenged you to do something stupid, Ian. It was irresponsible of me.”

“If you need to go to Heather's, to get the baby, go ahead. I'll be ok now,” the teen assured her.

"You're sister's fine. I pumped her a bottle this morning. I'm more concerned about YOU right now," the mother doted.

"Mom, I'm good...really," he giggled. "OK, maybe a little bummed that I didn't meet the challenge and get the reward."

Brooke placed her hands on her wide hips, making her boobies thrust out beneath her tank top. "Only a little bummed, huh?" she teased.

"Ok...a lot bummed," he admitted, making her giggle.

"So if I stripped my panties off and hopped on your face right now...would that make you feel better?" Brooke boldly asked.

The boy looked at her excitedly. "What do you think?"

His mom plopped down next to him on his bed, making her breasts shimmy across her chest. She reached down and untied one sneaker, then kicked it off her foot. She did the same to the other, then peeled off her ankle socks, exposing her sexy feet with their ruby red toenails.

Ian watched his mom climb to her knees beside him and begin peeling his shorts off. "Mind if we take him out?" she asked in a sensual tone.

"Not at all."

"Take off your shirt too, baby."

She shucked off his shorts and briefs, releasing his fully hard cock. "There's that manly sledgehammer that I can't take my eyes off of," she teased, studying it's every detail with her lusty eyes.

The mother turned her ass to her son and slowly peeled her shorts and panties over the thick rounded cheeks of her derriere.

Ian's boner flexed with excitement as his mom's bottoms lowered to the tops of her legs, exposing all of her big rounded buttocks, and the thick hairless folds of her outer labium. He could even see the bud of her cute pink butthole peeking out from between her globes.

"When was the last time you ate some pussy?" his mom asked, peering back at him over her shoulder.

"For that...it's been awhile."

Brook fell onto her back again, pointing her strong mommy-legs straight up, then sliding her bottoms up and off them. "If you can make me cum so hard my eyes roll back...I'll return the favor by giving you the best blowjob you've ever had."

"How can I refuse an offer like that?" Ian sighed, so anxious to get started it was killing him.

The eager mother quickly crawled up and straddled his face, planting her knees aside his head.

"OH MY GOD!" Ian's brain scream with a thrill, as he watched his mom's shaved pussy lower to his lips. "Hnnff!" his voice muffled, as his mouth sunk between her fragrant folds and his tongue began flickering through her vestibule, then up around her engorged clit.

“Yes, bunny boo...just like that! Eat my pussy,” his mother moaned.

Brooke ground her horny vagina all over her boy's face, enjoying the feel of his tongue laving through her cuntal folds.

With his mom facing his headboard, the teen could peer right up the front of her body as he devoured her cunt. He marveled at the hairless tumescence of her pubis and the hourglass shape of her sexy torso. He watch in wide-eyed fascination as Brooke peeled off her snug sports top, releasing her mammoth tits. She bit her bottom lip in ecstasy and stared straight down through her cavernous cleavage into her handsome boy's eyes. “Are you liking that view from down there, you gorgeous little cunt-muncher?”

“Mn-hm,” her boy responded, lapping up the tangy juices that oozed from her fuck-hole.

“You like looking up at mommy’s big milk-swollen tits...watching them wobble around, while thinking about how big and soft they are?” she mewled.

Her son's response was nearly inaudible, due to all the juicy cuntal flesh surrounding his face.

“Reach down and stroke your dick while you eat me, baby. I know you want to,” the mother said, peering back at Ian's throbbing manhood.

He complied without protest, pulling on his pecker, while devouring her pussy with all the cunt-munching skill he could muster.

His mom continued speaking to him in a pleasure-filled tone. “I know you didn't technically make it to the top of the tower, but you didn’t hesitate to accept the challenge, and it takes a brave, confident man to do that.”

After a few more minutes of riding his face, the mother's breathing grew more laborious and the grinding movements of her wide naked hips became more frantic. “Oh, Ian!” she sharply gasped as her oversized jugs did a wonderful quivering shimmy back and forth. She reached down and grabbed his hair with her hands, fucking her pussy all over his face as fast as she could. “CUMMING!!” the mother's quivering voice cried out.

Watching his mom orgasm from this angle, while lashing his licker across her love-button was the most amazing spectacle the boy had ever witnessed.

“Uhhgghh!!” the heavy-titted brunette cried out, her entire naked body shuddering in orgasmic delight.

Finally, she slid her super-sensitive pussy down his chest, leaving a trail of juice, then dropped down on top of him. “Oh my God, you’re incredible!” the mother gasped, showering her boy with tender post-climactic kisses.

“You think so?” the wild-eyed teen asked, loving the feel of her milk-engorged tits bulging out from between them and sloshing against his bare chest. His dick stuck up from between her legs, with her vulvar lips smothered across the top of it.

“I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it,” Brooke answered. “I know the purpose of the past few days has been to help you become a man, but it's also been such a thrill for me,” she confessed. “I’ve never been this turned on in my life.”

“Me too.”

Their eyes lingered together for what seemed like an eternity before Brooke broke the silent tension between them. “Can I kiss you?” she whispered.

“You've been kissing me,” her son giggled.

“Not those types of kisses, silly. The passionate kind.”

“I certainly wouldn't stop you,” the teen muttered, his heart about racing out of his chest.

Brooke lowered her bee-stung lips and fused them around her son's in an open oval. “Mmnn,” she whimpered, curling her long pink snake into her son's mouth and making it dance intimately with his. Seconds became minutes, and soon they had been making out like a horny young couple for nearly a half-hour.

When his mom finally broke their kiss, Ian saw her give him a dreamy-eyed gaze, unlike he'd ever seen before. “Gosh, as much as I'd like to spend the rest of the afternoon doing that...I really can't,” she whispered.

“Why's that?” her son inquired, as eager as she was for more.

She smiled salaciously. “Because I have a big dick to suck on, remember?” the mother replied, then slowly crawled down over her son's body, planting tender kisses as she went.

Ian shuddered as her felt his mom's lips touch his hard penis, kissing all over his flaring pinkish-purple knob. Next, she rolled her tongue all over it, teasing him sensually. Her thick pink mommy-licker swept across the length of his rigid pole, down around his nuts, then back up his steely-hard shaft. “It's been awhile since I've sucked a dick this big,” she confessed, stroking it with her hand. “Have you ever had a girl take all of you down her throat?”

“Never all of it, no.”

“Well then, watch this...” his mom winked, then plunged his boner into her mouth.

“Oh wow!” the teen gasped, watching the ring of her stretched lips lower to his pubic base.

“Gnfff!” Brooke gagged, after squeezing it inside her throat for a few moments, then pulled it out.

“Reach down and hold my hair, bunny boo. You can fuck my mouth like a pussy,” she breathed, then plunged his cock back in as deep as she could get it.

Following his mom's suggestion, the boy grasped onto her silky brunette hair and began humping his ass from the mattress, slipping his muscled dick through the tube of her throat.

After about ten minutes of this, Brooke took control again by sucking her boy's boner, while her tightly circled fist beat his dick into her mouth.

“Do you like that, baby?” she gasped. “Do you like the way mommy sucks on the meat of your dick?”

“God, yes!”

"Oh, mom likes it too," she sighed, then took a series of vigorous sucks, her pretty head bobbing up and down before his knob popped out again. "I could gorge myself on this perfect manly dick all day long."

Ian loved how his mom's tits dangled down and wobbled around wonderfully from the rhythm of her cock-sucking. She gazed up at him with those beautiful hazel eyes, making him squirm even more in ecstasy.

"Ahh, damn, mom...I'm gonna cum!" he finally announced, having held it off for as long as he could. "Ahhhh!!" his shaky voice groaned as he felt his dick erupt.

Brooke's taste-buds sizzled as she felt her boy's cock-milk shoot from his piss-hole and ooze down her throat. Her tongue thrashed around wildly against his peter, smearing his hot semen all around his fat bell as it glided through her mouth.

For several divine minutes she nursed on his penile flesh, pulling out every ounce of sweet ball nectar and still craving more.

"I'm in love with him!" Brooke announced, making her two friends look at each other in shock.

"You're IN LOVE with your son?" Sasha questioned.

"I know it sounds crazy. My whole intention was to help Ian become a man, and as I've watched him become one, I came to the realization that he's just the man I want for myself."

Sasha looked at her like she was crazy. "Um, Brooke, need I remind you that you already have a man...George."

"Yes, I know, and I love George, I do, but he's not Ian. George is consumed with his career. It's always the Army this...the Army that. Call me selfish, but I want a man that's consumed with ME."

Heather's eyes got big. "Are you saying you're divorcing George?" she asked.

"No, that's not what I'm saying. I care about George, and will still need him in my life in order for this to work."

"For what to work exactly?" Sasha asked.

"I'm gonna convince George that Ian's purpose as a man is to help me at home...you know, doing things around the house and raising the baby."

"Have you even discussed this plan with Ian?" Sasha asked.

"Oh, trust me...I won't need to. I think he's just as in love with me as I am with him. I just wanna spend my days having hot passionate sex with him. Is that so wrong?"

Heather and Sasha looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"Okay, maybe IT IS wrong, in the eyes of the world," Brooke admitted, "but you know what...tough shit! It's what I want."

“You know what...you guys should totally get married,” Heather excitedly suggested.

“Is there a way to do that?” Brooke asked, seeming intrigued.

“Well, not legally, but it’s more of a symbolic union. My cousin Beth married her son when he turned eighteen. You could have a ceremony and everything.”

“Oh my God, that would be so amazing! I mean, I'd have to propose to Ian first. You know, to make it official,” Brooke gleamed.

“You should do it somewhere sentimental...you know, some place that means a lot to both of you,” Sasha suggested.

“Oh my God, girl...that's a brilliant idea!”

“And you guys haven't fucked yet either...or have you?” Heather asked.

“That's about the only thing we haven't done at this point,” the mother blushed, “but I want to...see fucking bad it's killing me.”

“Then your first fuck could be on your wedding night. How simply amazing would that be?!”

That night, Brooke convinced George that her and Ian needed to run out for awhile, keeping the husband home with the newborn.

Ian looked over at his mom curiously, noticing how dolled-up she looked. “You look really nice...like you’re going on a date, mom,” he commented.

“Isn't that what this is?” she asked teasingly.

“News to me,” he giggled. “Where are we going on our date then?”

“You'll see. Just a couple more miles and we'll be there.”

A short distance out of town, Brooke pulled her SUV off the side of the road. Her son looked out the empty field in confusion. “What's this?” he inquired.

“THIS...is a very special spot in the history of you and I.”

“This spot? Why?”

“This is the very spot that I gave birth to you eighteen years ago,” said Brooke.

“Out here? Seriously?”

“The first time your father was stationed here, rather than live on base, we had a little house in the next town over. Since they had no hospital there, the ambulance came and got me when I went into labor. I ended up giving birth in the back of the ambulance, right around this very spot.”

“Wow, I never knew that.”

The mother smiled at him adoringly. "The reason I brought you out to this sentimental spot is because I have a question for you," she hinted.

"A question?"

"I think you would agree we've gotten particularly close the past weeks, in more ways than one," Brooke giggled.

"There's no denying that," he agreed.

"You're every bit the man I hoped you'd become, bunny boo. Just the type of man I need in my life."

"Oh...um, what do you mean?"

"I love you, Ian...and not just in a motherly way," she revealed. "What we've experienced the past week together...I don't wanna be without that, do you?"

"Well, no...not at all, but how can we prevent being without it?"

"By getting married," she smiled.

"Married? How on earth would we do that? CAN we do that?"

"We can DO whatever we want, not legally, but as far as you and I are concerned, we could be a married couple and be extremely happy together."

"Wait, what about dad?"

"Unfortunately, that would be the only down side to this. Well, sort of."

"Why sort of?" the boy asked.

"We'd need your father in order for this arrangement between you and I to work. He'll support the household financially, while you and I stay home, and do what married couples do," she winked.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. Doing the things that married couples do with you would be pretty amazing."

The pretty mother thrust her boobies out and batted her eyelashes adoringly. "Will you marry me then, bunny boo? Will you marry mommy?"

"You bet I will," he blurted, then they both leaned over and embraced, then started kissing passionately.

Ian broke their smooching. "So when would this happen?" he asked anxiously.

"Well...since I've decided to save myself for our wedding night...I'm hoping this can happen as soon as possible."

"Like tomorrow?"

"Let me see what I can do," she giggled. "In the meantime, kiss me some more."

Ian and his mom sat at his birthplace, at the side of the road, making out lustfully and groping each other for nearly an hour before heading back home.

The noonday sun glistened celestially off the waters at Harmon's beach. Ian stood there waiting, with the help of his crutches, dressed to the nines in a dress-shirt and tie. The surf crashed loudly behind him.

His mom's SUV, along with another vehicle, pulled up onto the sand of the secluded beach, which was common in this area. It was the Lovers Lane of their small Military community.

Brooke stepped out of her SUV, while Heather and Sasha emerged from the other vehicle. They began walking towards the teen, with the bride in the middle. Ian's jaw dropped when he saw what his mom was wearing, which was a white strapless tube mini-dress. The fatty flesh of the mother's huge bulging cleavage jiggled wonderfully as she approached her boy, her bare feet padding through the sand. Brooke carried a small matching bouquet of flowers. Heather and Sasha's dresses were also super-sexy, but the boy could hardly peel his eyes away from his busty, soon-to-be bride.

"Damn you look handsome," his mom gushed, her hair and make-up done elegantly.

"You look absolutely beautiful!" he replied.

"Do you think you can handle having me as your wife?"

"Absolutely!"

She stepped up close and they turned to face Heather who was officiating their little ceremony.

"Ian and Brooke...we're gathered here to join you as husband and wife. The world doesn't recognize these types of bonds, but fuck them! What matters is how you see each other," Heather preached.

Brooke peered at her boy and giggled. "Sorry, baby...we sort of wrote our own version of a wedding ceremony," she warned him.

"Cool," he giggled.

"Ian, do you take your big-breasted mom as your loving wife, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?" Heather asked.

"I do," the boy vowed, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Brooke, do you take this handsome big-dicked man as your loving husband, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?"

The mother gazed at her boy with a sultry stare, then rolled her tongue across her top lip teasingly. "You fucking bet I do," she exclaimed.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride," Heather said, then motioned to Brooke's SUV, "and then go fuck her ass off."

Brooke gazed at her boy anxiously, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

"Yaaay!!" Brooke's two friends cheered, throwing confetti in the air above the newly married couple.

The mother took her boy's hand and led him to her vehicle. She opened up the rear door and Ian literally gasped when he saw how his mom had prepared the interior for them. The seats in the back were

removed and replaced with a large air mattress. It was adorned with a fluffy white comforter and pillows, making it look extremely comfortable and inviting. "Hop on in, my baby," the mother cooed.

Ian set his crutches aside, then slid himself up onto the mattress, while his mom waved goodbye to her friends as they drove away.

Brooke climbed in with her new hubby and swung the rear door closed. "How's this for a honeymoon suite," she joked, curling her lovely legs to the side.

"I love it."

"The last time you got fucked out here, you lasted twenty-minutes, remember?"

Ian recalled the conversation with his mom about his date at Harmon Beach, that didn't go so well.

"Yeah, I remember," he blushed.

"But you were a boy then, and now you're a man. A man with a clear picture of what he wants with his future," Brooke said, crawling around so her back was to him. "Unzip me."

With nervous hands, he unzipped his mom's gown. Brooke peeled it off, revealing a brilliant embroidered bridal bra and panty set. Resting on her knees, she turned to face her teen. The huge ornate cups of her bra were packed with tit-meat and the boy could clearly make out the wide dark rings of her areola through the semi-sheer fabric.

"I have no doubt that my new man will crack me open today, and make me tremble and gush all over him," the mother asserted, reaching back and unclasping her bra.

Ian anxiously removed his own outfit, while gawking at his mom's wobbling milk-swollen udders. Brooke slipped out of her dainty thong panties, presenting a freshly shaved pussy. She grasped her boy's blood-engorged dick and gave it a few tender strokes. "Mmm, I want my injured bunny boo to just lay back and let his mommy- bride ride the fuck out of him," she cooed.

The wonder-sticken teen watched his heavy-titted bride climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his erection at the base and pointed it up at her lowering pudenda. His fat knob split her twat and sunk inside her vaginal orifice. "Ahhh!" the boy gasped, feeling his pink dick sink up into the spongy tube of her cock-grinder.

"Ohhh, baby!" his mom squealed, feeling her ribbed lining stretch around the girth of his cock.

Ian sighed in delight. It felt like his long prick would never hit bottom as it sunk deeper and deeper into the mysterious regions of his mom's inner core. It was a place where few cocks had reached and where a lifetime of exquisite pleasure awaited him.

Brooke's cunt-tube was delightfully tight around her son's prick, especially for someone who'd just given birth weeks ago. As all pregnant women's do, her cuntal lining had thickened while carrying a child, and had still remained that way. Thick pinkish-purple rows of ribbed vaginal rugae had formed along her lining, and they were sure to provide toe-curling friction around her boy's love-muscle.

"Ahh, yes!" Ian gasped, feeling his mom's strong pelvic-floor muscles grip his dong from balls to tip, like a tightly circled fist.

Brooke began fucking...throwing her thick naked mommy-ass up and down, making her butt-meat ripple as it struck her son's crotch over and over. A loud obscene CLAPPING sound filled the vehicle as she beat her secreting genitals down against her son's cock hilt in a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Fuck me, bunny boo!" the mother cried out, pounding her overheated pussy down around the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

Visually, the teen was in tittie heaven. His mom's squishy milkers swung heavily around his face, her vigorous fuck-humps guiding their every movement.

Ian latched on to one of her leaking nipples, sucking and tugging at the fat rubbery nub, making sweet tit-nectar stream out from a half-dozen milk-ducts surround her teat.

Having her breast sucked, while fucking at the same time, made Brooke's vagina shudder in pre-orgasmic delight. She felt a mind-blowing climax swell in her groin, making her pump her cunt at a frantic pace. "Oh yeah!" her sexy voice cried out. "Ohh yeah! Ohh, Ian...you're gonna split me open, baby!"

The teen pumped his ass from the mattress, making his mom's orgasm come on even faster. Within a minute, Brooke was screaming out in ecstasy, while humping atop the bucking teen. The boy loved seeing the pleasure-filled grimace masking his mom's face, and the wonderful flesh of her curvy body trembling as her orgasm shot through her like an electric current.

From the practice he'd gotten, with his mom's help, controlling his stamina, he lasted nearly an hour before he felt his own orgasm swell in his prostate.

"Ugh, mommy!" he groaned, peeking up from between her swinging tits, while ropes of potent sperm soaked the head of Brooke's cervix.

The big-boobed mom brought her squishy upper-half down against her boy, while kissing and writhing around on top of him for awhile longer.

A few hours later, the sun began to set over the distant ocean. Still sitting alone on the secluded pristine beach, Brooke's SUV rocked and squeaked from the wild humping going on inside.

Despite having a broken ankle, Ian was on top of his mother now, so her tits were crushed between them. The boy's ass bucked wildly between her thighs as he beat his dick through her snug vagina. Brooke's lovely silky-sheened legs were fastened around the teen like a fleshy fuck harness, guiding his frantic thrusts.

"God, I love your dick!" the horny new bride gasped, her cuntal walls still contracting from a recent orgasm. She still cared about George, but didn't feel a bit of shame taking her boy as a second husband and fucking him to exhaustion.

Ian's steely cock thundered through her mature vagina, hitting it at different speeds and angles, giving her pleasure she'd never experienced with George, nor did she ever plan to.

Their bodies writhed and trembled as they shared their first mutual orgasm together. It would soon become a part of their wonderful daily routine.

"I still don't see why you need him here with you all day?" George asked her, several months later.

"George, we've been through this. Ian is a huge help around here. He assists with tons of tasks, and with me being pregnant again, I simply couldn't do it without him."

"I still think he should've enlisted in the Army."

"He decided not to, end of story. Just respect that and appreciate what he does for us around here," Brooke advised. "Trust me, you'll be hard-pressed to find a man with more maturity and confidence than our son has."

"Mom, are you ready?" Ian asked, stepping back inside the house. By now his ankle was completely healed and he was getting around just fine.

"Yes, I think I have everything, honey," she answered. "Did you load our bags?"

"All loaded up."

The mother had booked a five day cruise for her and her new husband. Of course she lied to George, telling him she had won the trip, and it was a week that he'd be working, so she'd have to take Ian with her. The new couple planned on getting plenty of sun and having lots and lots of hot nasty sex.

Brooke took her son's arm, mashing her squishy boobs against his side, while they strode eagerly out the doorway. "See you in a week!"

"Have fun! Behave yourselves!" George hollered.

Brooke looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "Behave ourselves? Yeah, right," she snickered.

The next day, the newlyweds were out at sea on a Caribbean cruise. Naturally, their first priority was a good hard fuck in their luxury room.

Ian held his mom's hips as he rammed her from behind. The way her lovely round buttocks smacked against him, making the fatty flesh of her ass ripple was mesmerizing.

"Slap my fucking ass, baby!" Brooke shouted, peeking back at him lustfully.

Her son obliged, striking her thrusting mommy-rump with his open hand. "Again!" she squealed.

SMACK!! SMACK!!

The mother oversized knockers swung wildly as they hung heavily from her chest. Ian reached around and squeezed them while he fucked, sinking his fingers into their dough-like flesh.

After a few months of being together, there wasn't a thing they hadn't done sexually. They had tried every position imaginable and picked out their favorites. "Stand and deliver, baby!" Brooke exclaimed, announcing one of her favorite positions with thrill in her voice, while quickly plopping onto her back at the edge of the bed. She raised her silky legs to her chest and bowed them open.

Ian's tongue hung out lustfully as he stepped forward between the wide spread of his mom's strong mature legs. His juice-soaked dick wagging lewdly, branching out from his crotch at an upward angle.

He grabbed his mom's ankles and speared his cock back up her birthing tube, feeling it sheath his boner in hot cuntal tissue.

"Ohh, fuck!!" the beautiful mother gasped, feeling his thick erection sink all the way to her womb, where their baby's fetus was growing.

Ian worked his hips steadily, beating his cock into his mom's tightly-clinging vagina. Her giant melons were spread out like fluffy round tit-pillows and rolled up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck-thrusting.

"Ahh, damn, mom! It feels incredible!" the boy panted, pumping his prick with full-length thrusts. He could feel the rubbery pleats along her sex-tube compressing around his penile flesh, soaking it with hot secreting fuck-oil.

"Yes it dies, bunny boo! You really know how to pound me with that amazing sledgehammer!"

One of the things Brooke loved most about fucking her son was how incredible rigid his cock stayed. They could fuck mindlessly for hours, making him cum several times and it still didn't go the least bit soft.

Ian watched his glistening love-hammer stab in and out of the cunt flesh that was stretched around it. He loved how her fleshy prepuce jiggled each time her thrust into her powerfully. His eyes drifted up a bit, to where her tummy was beginning to get round with the baby they had created. He and his mom agreed that they at least wanted one baby to call their own. Of course his father, George, was incredibly proud of himself, believing it was he who had impregnated his wife. He was non the wiser.

"Pound me really hard, bunny boo!" Brooke pleaded. "I wanna gush on your cock!"

Ian grasped his mom's lovely legs as she rested them up against his shoulders. His crotch CLAPPED frantically against her rounded ass as he beat his prick into her hard and fast.

"OHH..OHHH...OHHGGHH!!" the mother grunted, arching her back in ecstasy as a tit-quivering orgasm swept through her lush body.

"Ahhh!" her boy sighed, feeling the liquid heat of her girl-cum wash over his tender prick. He mustered his will-power to keeping fucking her, bringing her to another screaming climax. Gone were the days of twenty-minutes romps without bringing the girl off. He knew his mom required much more than that, and she had helped him develop the stamina to fuck as long as she needed him to.

The busty beauty rode her son like a Rodeo queen, displaying the talent of a hyper-sexual mom. Of course his favorite part of having her on top of him was her jaw dropping tit-show. Brooke's ballooning melons leaped and rippled, beating wonderfully against her son's upper body.

The first fuck of their trip went on for two hours before Ian arched his back and grunted, firing his potent ball-juice into the gripping sleeve of his new wife's vagina. If his beautiful mother wasn't pregnant already, he certainly would have made her so, as he ended up blasting a half-dozen loads inside her before the day was through.

"I love you, bunny boo," his mom whispered. Her big fatty udders were squashed against him as they cuddled together in bed that night, enjoying the gentle sway of the open sea before drifting off to sleep.

THE END