



# Mom's Button

By Klrxo

## Chapter 1: Wise Advise

The midday sun beat down on the white sands of the beach, but the heat radiating from the sand was nothing compared to the fire burning in Jason's gut. He sat perched on a beach towel, ostensibly relaxing, but his eyes were locked in a predatory, shameful gaze on his mother, Tracie.

At forty, Tracie was a force of nature. A former competitive volleyball player, she hadn't lost an ounce of her athletic prowess even after giving birth to three children.

She was currently in the heat of a recreational match, her olive skin glistening with a fine sheen of sweat that made her glow under the harsh sunlight.

Jason couldn't look away from her chest. Tracie was wearing a snug, purple sports top that fought a losing battle against her gigantic, double-J tits. Every time she leaped for a spike or dove into the sand, those heavy globes bounced violently, the fabric straining to the point of transparency.

With every jarring movement, a deep canyon of cleavage spilled over the neckline, teasing the air.

Jason watched, mesmerized, as the rhythmic jumping of her breasts seemed to synchronize with the thumping of his own heart. He could

almost imagine the weight of them in his hands, the way they would spill over his fingers if he dared to reach out.

As Tracie pivoted to serve, she turned her back to him, and Jason felt his breath hitch. Her bikini-style bottoms were little more than a scrap of purple fabric, barely containing the sheer volume of her big, meaty ass.

The cheeks were plump and firm, shaking with every sudden movement, the fabric digging into her hips and creating a tantalizing swell of flesh.

When she jumped, the muscles in her thighs flexed, and the vibration of her landing sent a ripple through her backside that made Jason's vision swim. It was an obscene display of motherhood and athleticism, a combination that felt like a physical assault on his senses.

Beneath his own swim trunks, Jason's cock was screaming. It had been rock-hard for twenty minutes, a thick, throbbing stalk against the fabric.

He tried to shift his position, crossing his legs to hide the blatant tent in his trunks, but the erection was too stubborn, too demanding. He felt the friction of the nylon rubbing against his sensitive glans, nearly bringing him to the edge just from the sight of her.

He was eighteen, brimming with raw, unchecked testosterone, and the sight of his mother—this gorgeous, athletic MILF—was driving him into a state of pure, primal lust.



He watched her dive for a ball, her body arching with a grace and power that was intoxicating. He wondered if she brought that same raw, athletic passion into the bedroom with his lucky father.

He imagined her pinning him down, those massive tits crushing his chest while she rode him with the same intensity she used to dominate the court.

He could almost hear the sounds she would make—not the competitive shouts of the game, but guttural, wet moans as she took

his hard cock deep inside her, her powerful thighs gripping his waist, her meaty ass bouncing rhythmically against his lap.

The thought of her as a sexual creature, rather than just 'Mom,' sent a fresh jolt of electricity straight to his groin. He imagined her skin, salty from the ocean and hot from the sun, sliding against his own. He pictured her experienced hands guiding him, her confidence in the game translating into a dominant, hungry appetite in bed.

The idea of her fucking him with that same skill and endurance made his cock twitch violently, leaking a bead of pre-cum that soaked into the fabric of his trunks.

Tracie scored a point with a thunderous spike, letting out a triumphant yell and throwing her arms up. The movement caused her colossal tits to heave upward, nearly popping out of the top.

Jason didn't cheer; he couldn't. He remained frozen, his eyes locked on the sway of her hips as she trotted back to the service line. He was trapped in a cycle of agonizing shame and overwhelming arousal, a voyeur in his own family, completely enslaved by the sight of his mother's breathtaking, athletic body.

“Quick timeout,” Tracie's partner called out—another mom with fat tits and bodacious ass.

As his mom trotted toward the sidelines, her chest still heaving from the exertion, Jason felt a surge of nervous adrenaline. He forced himself to speak, his voice sounding strained and slightly higher than usual.

"Nice job out there, Mom," he managed to choke out, his eyes darting from her face to the undulating movement of her body.

“Thanks, honey,” Tracie beamed, a confident, athletic glow radiating from her.

She approached him, her gait a rhythmic sway that made her massive tits wobble violently under the thin purple fabric. As she stepped closer and towered over him, Jason was suddenly engulfed in her scent—a heady, intoxicating mix of expensive sunscreen, salt air, and the raw, musky aroma of a woman who had been working hard under the sun.

“Water?” he asked, handing her a bottle.

From his seated position, Jason had a direct, unobstructed view of her chest. Those huge, meaty globes jutted outward, straining against the sports top, and Jason’s breath hitched when he noticed her fat nipples were clearly prominent, poking hard through the fabric, reacting to the breeze or perhaps the adrenaline of the game.

“Damn, it’s a hot one today,” the mother stated between sips of water.

Her son’s gaze, unable to resist the gravitational pull of her sexuality, drifted downward. He traced the line of her glistening, toned midriff, following the trail of sweat that disappeared into the waistband of her purple bottoms.

There, the fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, clinging desperately to her mound of Venus. The snug material created a mouthwatering cameltoe, the distinct outline of her plump pussy lips forming a deep, inviting cleft.

Jason's imagination ignited. He didn't just see the fabric; he saw through it. He pictured his own thick, veiny eight-inch cock, pulsing and hot, squeezing through those meaty, wet lips.

He could almost feel the suction of her experienced pussy, the way her birthing tunnel would mold itself around his girth, gripping him with the same athletic strength she used on the court.

He imagined the wet, slapping sound of his hips hitting her meaty ass, burrowing deep into her, filling her completely while she gasped for air, her huge tits bouncing wildly with every thrust.

The thought made his cock twitch violently, the head of his member rubbing harshly against the nylon of his trunks, nearly sending him over the edge right there in the open.

Tracie, oblivious to the filth flooding her son's mind, set the water bottle down, her breasts swaying dangerously close to his face. She gave him a playful, knowing smile, though she had no idea just how much he wanted to devour her.

"Back to the action," she said with a breathless laugh.

As she turned to head back to the court, Jason was treated to the ultimate view. Her big, meaty bubble butt was practically in his face, the neon fabric of her shorts completely disappeared, wedged deep between those sweaty, plump cheeks.

"Go g-get it, mom," the teen managed, the sight of her ass, glistening with perspiration and shaking with every step, a visceral assault.

He watched the rhythmic contraction of her glutes as she sauntered away, the fabric straining to contain the sheer volume of her backside.

Jason was completely unaware that he wasn't the only one watching.

A few yards away, an old man sat in a weathered beach chair, his skin like cured leather and his eyes sharp behind dark sunglasses. The old man had been tracking Jason's every reaction—the wide-eyed stare, the frantic breathing, and most notably, the massive, unmistakable tent protruding from the front of Jason's trunks.

The old man, Marvin, let out a low, knowing chuckle, a smirk playing on his thin lips as he watched the boy struggle with a cock that looked like it was trying to punch its way through the fabric.

The heat of the sun and the fire in his loins became unbearable. Jason felt like he was going to explode; the friction of his pulsing dick against the nylon was driving him insane.

Desperate for any kind of relief, he scrambled to his feet and bolted toward the shoreline. With a guttural groan, he plunged headfirst into the crashing turquoise waves, the shocking cold of the ocean slamming into his overheated skin.

He dove deep, letting the current swirl around his hard member, trying to drown the images of his mom's bouncing tits and wedged-in ass.

He fought the tide, hoping the frigid water would kill the lust, but every time he closed his eyes, he felt the phantom sensation of those

meaty pussy lips gripping his shaft; the cushion of his mom's pillowy tits engulfing his upper chest.

When Jason finally emerged from the surf, dripping wet and breathless, he found the old man standing just a few feet away. Marvin wasn't looking at the ocean; he was looking directly at Jason, his expression one of calm, predatory insight.

"Have you found her button yet?" Marvin asked, his voice a raspy, gravelly drawl.

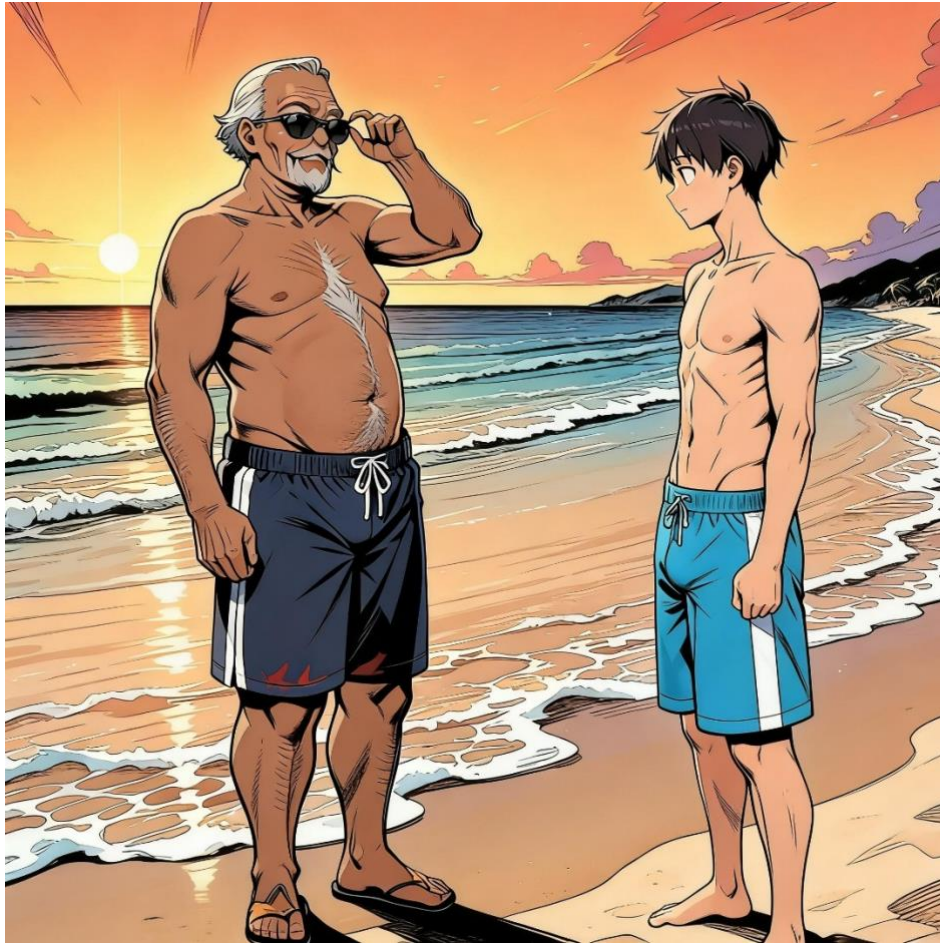
Jason stopped dead in his tracks, water streaming down his chest and over his still-semi-hard cock. He blinked, completely thrown off by the question.

"Button?" he repeated awkwardly, his voice cracking.

The old man stepped closer, his smirk widening. "That's right. The button. Every woman has one, boy. Especially the ones like your mother—athletic, high-energy, full of fire. They've got a specific trigger, a secret button that, once pressed, turns them from a mother into a fucking animal."

Jason didn't know how to respond, but he found himself drawn in, stepping toward the stranger as if mesmerized. "I don't... I don't know what you mean," he stammered, though his heart was hammering against his ribs.

Marvin chuckled and leaned in, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Don't play coy with me. I've been sitting there for an hour watching you practically vibrate out of your skin every time she jumped."



“You have?” Jason asked.

“Uh-huh. I saw that cock of yours straining to burst through those shorts. I know that look. You're either already fucking your mother in secret, or you're dying with a hunger that could swallow this whole beach.”

Jason's face flushed a deep crimson, the shame mixing with a sudden, illicit thrill. The old man's words validated the filth in his head, turning his taboo desire into something that felt almost like a mission.

“I'm not... having sex with my mom,” he uttered, “but yeah, I'm not gonna lie... I'd sure like to.”

"Every mother has a button," Marvin continued, his eyes gleaming. "A way to unlock that raw, sexual hunger they hide behind the 'mom' persona. You just have to be bold enough to find it."

The old man's smirk widened, his eyes scanning Jason's trembling frame and the obvious, pulsing bulge straining against the wet fabric of his trunks.

"The name's Marvin," he said, his voice a gravelly rasp that carried a sly, knowing confidence. "And don't look so shocked, boy. The world is a lot filthier than the books tell you. Most men just aren't brave enough to admit what they really crave."

"You... you really speak from experience, don't you," Jason asked, “with this ‘button’ thing?”

Marvin let out a wheezing chuckle “I found my momma's button right around the time I was your age, back in the forties. Those were different times. The fathers were out in the factories or the fields for fourteen hours a day, breaking their backs. The mothers? They were trapped in those stifling kitchens, wearing those heavy house-dresses, simmering in a kind of lonely, sexual heat that could burn a whole town down if given a spark."

Jason was mesmerized, his cock twitching rhythmically. He could almost see it—the black-and-white imagery of a repressed era suddenly exploding into vivid, smutty color.

"Now, my momma wasn't some athletic specimen like your gorgeous little mare over there," Marvin continued, gesturing toward Tracie,

who was currently leaping into the air for a spike, her massive tits bouncing violently under her sports top, the cleavage spilling over the edge with every jarring movement. "She didn't have the toned legs or the tight belly. But goddamn, she had the kind of humongous farm-girl tits that would make a man lose his mind. Huge, heavy, pendulous things—real milkers."

Marvin's eyes glazed over, lost in the memory. "Once I figured out how to press that button of hers, once I showed her that I wasn't just her little boy anymore, she turned into a fucking animal."

"Your own mom?" Jason asked, hanging on every word. "You two had sex?"

"Yep. I spent whole afternoons buried under those sweaty udders," Marvin answered. "She'd strip off that dress and pin me down, her massive breasts slapping against my chest and face while she rode my johnson into the mattress with everything she had."

"Whoa," Jason utter, trying to picture it.

"I can still smell the scent of her skin—flour, sweat, and raw lust," the old man continued. "She'd bounce on me until we were both drenched, those heavy tits swinging and wobbling like crazy while she screamed my name in a way no mother should."

Jason felt a surge of heat flood his groin, his mind flashing to his own mom, Tracie. He imagined her athletic, glistening body stripped bare, those same huge, bouncing breasts swinging wildly as she rode him with that same raw, animalistic passion.

The thought of his mother—the confident, competitive woman—reduced to a whimpering, desperate slut beneath him made his head spin.

"You... you actually fucked your own mom?" Jason asked, his voice blunt.

Marvin grinned, a look of pure, unadulterated mischief on his face.

"Not just my momma, boy. Once I figured out the secret to finding a woman's button, the whole house caught the fever. I worked my way through my gran, my aunts... any woman in the family with a pair of tits and a hole that needed filling."

"Holy shit," Jason gasped, his eyes widening. "You fucked all of 'em?"

"I was up to my ears in big tits and meaty booties for years," Marvin beamed. "I was the secret king of that household, the little stallion keeping all the women satisfied while the men were away working."

Jason let out dry laugh, glancing back at Tracie's shaking ass as she landed from her jump. "You must have been lovin' it back then?"

"I was having the time of my life, getting my cock drained by every MILF in the lineage, right up until the army called my name and shipped me off to war. But the memory of those sweet pussies wrapped around my cock—those heavy breasts... that stays with a man forever."

Jason couldn't help it; a slow, hungry grin spread across his face. The mental image was intoxicating. He pictured a young Marvin, just as desperate and hard as he was now, buried deep beneath the suffocating weight of those massive, farm-girl tits.



He could almost hear the sound of it—the rhythmic, metallic screech of old bedsprings whining under the frantic weight of two bodies colliding, the wet, slapping sound of skin on skin as they fucked like rabbits from dusk until dawn, hidden away in some dusty bedroom while the rest of the world remained oblivious.

His gaze snapped back to the court, locking onto Tracie. She was currently bent over, hands on her knees, catching her breath. The position pushed her bubble butt out prominently, the thin fabric of her bikini bottoms disappearing completely into the deep crevice of her cheeks.

She was a goddess of glistening curves, her skin shimmering with a fine layer of sweat that made her look like she'd been dipped in oil.

Every rise and fall of her chest sent those huge tits wobbling, the sports bra struggling to contain the sheer volume of her breasts. To

Jason, she wasn't just his mother in that moment; she was a monument of sex and sweat, a biological masterpiece designed for pleasure.

The pressure in his trunks was almost unbearable now, his cock throbbing with a violent, insistent need. He turned back to Marvin, his eyes wide and pleading, his voice thick with lust.

"How?" Jason whispered, the word barely escaping his throat. "How do I do it? How do I find her button? I want to know... I want to know exactly how to make my mom like that."

Marvin's smile didn't just widen; it became predatory, the look of a master passing on a forbidden craft to a worthy apprentice. He stepped closer, the scent of old tobacco and salt clinging to him, and lowered his voice to a conspiratorial rasp that seemed to vibrate in Jason's very bones.

"Now we're getting to the real meat of the matter," Marvin murmured, his eyes flicking momentarily to Tracie's shaking ass before returning to Jason. "Listen very carefully, Jason. I'm gonna tell you exactly how to dismantle her defenses. I'm going to tell you how to turn that proud, athletic mother of yours into a whimpering, dripping slut for her own son."

Jason leaned in closer, eager to drink in every word of the forbidden secrets Marvin was about to unveil.

Chapter 2: The Search for Mom's Button

The drive home was a blur of adrenaline and forbidden anticipation. Jason sat in the passenger seat, his mind racing, replaying every word of Marvin's raspy instructions. The old man hadn't just given him a tip; he had given him a map to his mother's hidden desires.

As soon as Jason retreated to the privacy of his bedroom and locked the door, he grabbed a notebook, his hand shaking with a mix of guilt and raw, pulsing lust. He began to make a list, a strategic inventory of Tracie's body.

He visualized her athletic frame, the way her muscles rippled under that golden, suntanned skin. He wrote down the targets: \*Nipples. Clit. The sensitive skin of her neck. Inner thighs. The swell of her ass. Even her asshole.\*

Marvin had explained that every woman had various triggers, but there was always one "True Button"—the master switch that, once flipped, would override all modesty and maternal instinct, turning her into a dripping, desperate mess of a woman.

Jason's cock throbbed violently against his underwear as he planned his approach. He wouldn't be blunt; he would be surgical. He imagined "accidental" brushes in the hallway, a hand lingering too long on her hip while passing in the kitchen, or a "clumsy" stumble that would send his hand sliding up her thigh.

He wanted to feel her jump, to hear that first sharp intake of breath, to see the exact moment her eyes glazed over with a hunger that matched his own. He was going to hunt for that button, and he wouldn't stop until he found the one that made her moan his name in a way no mother ever should.

The next morning, the house felt charged with a new, electric tension. Jason descended the stairs, his heart hammering, and stopped dead in the doorway of the kitchen.

Tracie was there, humming softly to herself as she brewed coffee. She was wearing a short, champagne-colored silk robe that barely reached mid-thigh, leaving her long, toned, suntanned legs completely exposed.

The fabric clung to her curves, shimmering with every movement, but it was what lay beneath that made Jason's breath hitch. She was braless. As she reached up to grab a mug from the cupboard, the robe tightened across her chest, revealing the staggering volume of her tits.

Without a bra to hold them back, her huge jugs bobbed and swayed mesmerizingly with every step she took. Even more intoxicating were her nipples; they were hard, prominent peaks poking through the thin silk, announcing her own morning arousal or perhaps just the chill of the room. They looked like dark, tempting berries waiting to be plucked.

Jason stood frozen, his gaze locked on the rhythmic bounce of her chest. He could see the deep valley of her cleavage spilling over the neckline of the robe, the pale, soft skin glistening in the morning light.

His cock reacted instantly, snapping to full, rigid attention, straining painfully against his pajama pants. He didn't even care about his breakfast; the only thing he wanted to devour was the woman standing five feet away from him.

He watched her turn, the silk robe fluttering open slightly to reveal a glimpse of her meaty, golden thigh and the shadow of her crotch.

The sight of her—so casual, so domestic, yet so obscenely erotic—sent a surge of heat straight to his gut. He remembered the list in his room. He looked at the nape of her neck, the curve of her waist, and those heavy, swinging breasts.



"Morning, honey," Tracie said, glancing back at him with a warm, unsuspecting smile.

"Hey, mom," he uttered.

Tracie turned back to the sink, beginning to wash the breakfast dishes. As she leaned forward, the champagne silk of her robe rode up dangerously high, clinging to the powerful, athletic curves of her lower body.

Jason's breath hitched as he stared at her thick, rounded ass, the fabric stretching tight over those meaty cheeks that had haunted his dreams since puberty.

The robe barely covered her, leaving the golden skin of her thighs exposed and the deep, inviting cleft of her buttocks practically outlined in the shimmering light.

He felt the weight of Marvin's words in his mind. \*The ass. The asshole.\* He wondered if that was the master switch, the secret button that would break her maternal composure and turn her into a craving, dripping slut for her own son.

Jason began to edge closer, his heart hammering against his ribs, preparing to slide his arms around her waist and press his heat into her. Just as he was about to make his move, the heavy thud of footsteps echoed from the stairs.

Jason froze, snapping back into a neutral stance as his father entered the kitchen, yawning and smelling of old cologne.

"Morning, gorgeous," his dad muttered, kissing Tracie on the cheek.

Jason stood there, a mask of innocence on his face, while beneath the surface, he was screaming. He watched his father drink a quick coffee, every second feeling like an eternity.

His cock was a rigid iron bar, pulsing with a desperate need to be buried in the woman standing before him. He waited, his eyes locked on the sway of Tracie's hips as she moved, counting the seconds until the front door finally clicked shut.

The moment the house fell silent, the tension in the room became suffocating. Jason didn't hesitate. He stepped forward, his movements predatory and urgent, and wrapped his arms around Tracie from behind.

"I'll miss you today," he whispered, his voice thick and strained.

As he pulled her back against him, he didn't just hug her; he arched his hips forward with deliberate force. He slammed his throbbing, rock-hard erection directly into the deep cleft of her ass.

"I'll, um... miss you too, hon," the mother uttered awkwardly.

Through the thin silk of her robe and the fabric of his pants, Jason's cock plowed right into the center of her buttocks, grinding hard against the sensitive ring of her asshole.

Tracie froze instantly. The clink of a plate hitting the soapy water echoed in the kitchen. She gasped, her entire body stiffening as she felt the unmistakable, rigid length of a grown man's cock digging into her backside.

It wasn't a clumsy bump or an accidental brush; it was a focused, pulsing pressure that felt like it was trying to bore through her clothes and into her body.

Jason didn't pull away. Instead, he pressed deeper, grinding his pelvis in a slow, suggestive circle, feeling the softness of her meaty cheeks cushioning his hardness.

He could feel her heart racing through her back, and he watched her reflection in the window, waiting for the glaze of lust to hit her eyes.

"Jason?" she breathed, her voice trembling with a mixture of confusion and sudden, sharp shock.

She had never once looked at her son as a sexual being, but the raw, primal heat of his erection plowing against her rear was impossible to ignore. The sheer size of him, the way he was claiming her space, sent a jolt of electricity through her that she couldn't categorize.

Quickly, she reached back and grabbed his wrists, firmly pushing him away from her. She turned around, her chest heaving, those huge, braless tits bouncing violently under the silk robe.

Her face was flushed, and her eyes were wide, searching his. "What... what was that?" she asked, her voice low and crackling with a tension that wasn't entirely repulsive.

"What was what?" Jason asked, trying to act innocent.

"Jason, you... you were pressing your... penis into me."

The air between them sizzled, the taboo of the act hanging heavy and thick in the room. Jason didn't look away; he stared straight at

her heaving cleavage, his cock still screaming for the friction of her skin.

He quickly stepped back, his hands raised in a gesture of faux-innocence, though his cock remained a rigid, pulsing pillar against his thigh.

"I... I'm sorry, Mom!" he stammered, his voice cracking slightly. He played the part of the confused teenager, widening his eyes to look as startled as possible. "I didn't—I didn't even realize I was hard. I guess I just... you know, morning wood? I didn't mean to press into you like that. I'm so sorry."

Tracie stared at him, her chest still heaving, the silk robe sliding slightly to reveal the creamy swell of her udders. She looked conflicted, her pupils dilated. The feeling of his thick, hot cock grinding against her asshole had sent a shockwave through her system that she couldn't quite shake.

She could still feel the ghost of that pressure, a primal sensation that felt dangerously erotic. She cleared her throat, trying to reclaim her maternal authority, though her voice remained breathy.

"Right... morning wood," she murmured, avoiding his gaze as she turned back to the sink, though she didn't move to wash any more dishes. She stood there for a moment, her meaty ass still tingling.

"You should... go to your room; take care of yourself before you have to leave for school."

"Yeah, um... probably a good idea," her son agreed.

Jason retreated to his bedroom, closing the door with a soft click. The moment he was alone, he collapsed onto his bed, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the list Marvin had helped him construct—the map of his mother's secret buttons. \*Ass. Asshole.\*

With a mental scrawl, Jason scratched them off the list. He wasn't discouraged, but he was analytical. His mom had frozen; she had reacted physically, and there had been a spark of tension, but it hadn't been the surrender he was looking for.

She hadn't moaned; she hadn't arched her back into him with a craving for more. It was a shock, not a trigger. The "button" for her ass wasn't the master switch.

He spent the rest of the morning in a state of high-voltage anticipation, his mind looping the image of her bouncing tits and the way her robe had clung to her curves.

Throughout the school day, he was a ghost in the classroom, his thoughts entirely consumed by the geography of his mother's body. He wondered if her nipples were the key—those heavy, dark peaks that he knew lived beneath her clothes.

He knew the routine. When he walked through the front door after school, Tracie almost always greeted him with a warm, enveloping hug. It was a ritual he had secretly cherished for years, primarily because it allowed him to bury his face in her neck and feel those massive, soft chest pillows crushing against his sternum.

“Hey, mom!” Jason shouted as he stepped through the front door, the scent of laundry detergent and his mother’s floral perfume hitting him like a physical wave.

His heart hammered against his ribs, and his cock was already stirring, thickening inside his jeans just from the anticipation. Today he needed to find the specific nerve, the hidden switch that would turn his mother's maternal instinct into raw, female lust.

He knew today's hug had to be different. He had to be bold, yet subtle enough to maintain plausible deniability, focusing his attack on those heavy, pendulous breasts he had fantasized about for years.

He found Tracie in the living room, standing over a mountain of warm towels. She was dressed in a thin, white cotton camisole that left nothing to the imagination; the fabric was stretched tight across her massive tits, the sheer material hinting at the dark, wide circles of her areolae beneath.

As she reached up to fold a sheet, the cami rode up, exposing the creamy skin of her midriff and the deep, tantalizing valley of her cleavage.

"Hey, honey! How was school?" she asked, pausing her work and opening her arms for their routine greeting.

Jason didn't hesitate. He stepped into her embrace, but instead of the usual loose hold, he locked his arms around her with a calculated intensity.

“School was boring, like usual,” he answered as he squeezed her tight, deliberately pressing his forearms and chest hard against the outer curves of her tit-melons. He felt her side-boobs balloon

outward, displaced by the pressure of his body, the soft, heavy flesh spilling over his arms.

The sensation of her massive, warm tits being crushed against him sent a jolt of electricity straight to his groin, making his dick throb violently.

As he held her, Jason shifted his weight, subtly adjusting the angle of his chest. He could feel the distinct, hard prods of her fat nipples poking through the thin cotton of the cami and the lace of her bra.

He didn't just hold her; he began to apply a slow, dragging pressure, sliding his chest across the peaks of her breasts in a rhythmic, grinding motion. He imagined his own tongue replacing the fabric, swirling around those fat, sensitive nipples, sucking them deep into his mouth while he fucked her senseless.

Tracie stiffened in his arms. A soft, sharp intake of breath escaped her lips, and Jason felt her heart begin to race against his own. He pressed harder, dragging his sternum across her nipples one more time, desperate to hear that moan of surrender Marvin had described—the sound of a woman whose secret button had finally been pushed.

For a few seconds, the air between them crackled with a heavy, suffocating tension. Tracie's face flushed a deep, vivid crimson, the heat radiating off her skin.

Her gigantic breasts heaved against him, the pressure intensifying as she seemed to freeze, caught between the role of a mother and the reaction of a woman being stimulated. But the surrender didn't come. There was no arching of the back, no whimpering plea for

more. The reaction was there, but it was a flicker of confusion and alarm rather than a flood of craving.



“Alright, honey,” Tracie said softly as she pushed back, her hands firm on his shoulders as she broke the embrace.

She looked at him, her eyes wide and searching, her chest still heaving under the white cotton. Her face was still flushed, and she looked breathless, as if she had just run a sprint.

"You're... you're being so affectionate today, Jason," she murmured, her voice slightly shaky, though she quickly averted her eyes.

"Anyway, I need to finish these towels before your father gets home."

She turned back to the laundry, her movements hurried and jerky.

Jason stood there, his cock aching and pulsing, watching the way her meaty ass swayed as she bent over the basket. He felt a surge of frustration mixed with an obsessive drive.

The nipples weren't the master switch either, but the flush in her cheeks told him he was getting closer. He watched her, his mind already racing to the next target on his list, wondering exactly how much more pressure it would take to break her.

"Need any help?" Jason asked as he lingered for a moment, his gaze locked on the rhythmic sway of her hips as she worked.

"No, I can take care of this, honey," Tracie said. "Why don't you get yourself a snack or something."

The tension in the room was thick, a heavy layer of unspoken desire that made his dick throb painfully against the denim of his jeans. He couldn't just walk away from that interaction; he needed to keep the momentum going, to keep her skin warm and her mind unsettled.

"You seem really tense, Mom," Jason said, his voice dropping an octave, sounding smoother and more confident than he actually felt.

"You're probably still sore from that last game. Here, let me help."

Before she could protest or question him, Jason stepped up behind her. He didn't hesitate, sliding his hands onto her shoulders. The

warmth of her skin seeped through the thin straps of the camisole, and he could feel the hard, athletic knots in her trapezius muscles.

“Oh, that does feel good,” Tracie whispered as she stiffened for a split second, her breath hitching.

She knew Jason was acting differently—there was a predatory edge to his helpfulness that she couldn't quite place. She sensed a scheme, a hidden motive lurking beneath the guise of a caring son, but the exhaustion from her training and the lingering heat from their hug made her hesitate.

She didn't pull away; instead, she let out a long, shaky sigh and slumped slightly, allowing him to massage her. "I guess I am a little tight," she murmured, her voice sounding breathy and vulnerable.

Jason began to knead the flesh of her shoulders, his thumbs digging deep into the muscles. As he worked, he leaned in closer, the scent of her sweat and floral perfume filling his nostrils.

He could see the fine hairs on the nape of her neck, the pale, creamy skin glistening under the living room lights. "That game you have coming up this weekend," Jason started, his voice a low rumble near her ear, "you're going to crush them, right? I saw how you were playing. You're way more aggressive than the other women on the sand."

As he spoke, Jason shifted his grip. He didn't just stick to her shoulders; he allowed his fingers to wander, sliding them slowly and "accidentally" up the sides of her neck.

He brushed his fingertips against the sensitive skin just below her earlobe, a light, teasing graze that sent a visible shiver running down

her spine. He watched her closely, his eyes scanning every inch of her expression.

Tracie's head tilted slightly to the side, exposing more of her throat. A soft, involuntary hum of pleasure escaped her lips, and her eyes fluttered shut for a moment.

She was leaning into the touch, her body reacting to the stimulation, but Jason's trained voyeuristic eye caught the nuance. It was a physical release, a relaxation of the muscles, but it lacked the raw, hungry desperation he was searching for.

There was no sudden arching of her hips, no wetness he could imagine soaking through her panties, no gasp of forbidden lust. It was a "nice" feeling, but it wasn't the \*button\*.

The frustration flared in his gut, making his cock twitch violently. He wanted her to moan his name, to beg him to touch her in ways that would make her scream. He wanted to feel her lose control, to see the motherly facade shatter into a thousand pieces of pure, unadulterated slutiness.

Abruptly, Jason stopped. He pulled his hands away as if he'd suddenly remembered something urgent, leaving her skin feeling cold and wanting.

"Anyway, I guess I should let you finish those towels now, and get to my homework," he said curtly, stepping back.

Tracie opened her eyes, looking confused and slightly dazed, her chest still heaving under the white cotton cami. "Oh... okay, honey. Thanks for the rub."

Jason didn't look back. He turned and walked toward his room, his mind already racing. He entered his bedroom and shut the door with a firm click, leaning his back against the wood.

He reached down, gripping his throbbing cock through his pants, his eyes narrowing in concentration. He had tried the ass, the nipples, and the neck. He was narrowing it down, peeling back the layers of her resistance.

He just had to be more creative, more daring. He began to mentally map out the rest of her body, searching for the one trigger that would finally turn his mother into his plaything.

### CHAPTER 3: Maybe "buttons" aren't real.

The next afternoon, the sun beat down with a relentless intensity, turning the backyard into a shimmering oven.

Jason stood by the sliding glass door, his breath hitching as he spotted his mom heading toward the pool. She was wearing a bikini that could barely be called clothing—a tiny, neon-pink string set that struggled to contain her athletic curves.

Her massive tits were squeezed upward, the tops of her dark areolae nearly peeking over the fabric, while the bottoms were nothing more than a thin strip of cloth wedged deep into the cleft of her meaty, sun-kissed ass.

In her hand, she carried a bottle of tanning oil. Jason watched, mesmerized, as she sat on the lounge and began to lather it over her chest. She rubbed the oil in slow, circular motions, her huge breasts

swaying and sliding against each other, the glistening skin reflecting the harsh sunlight.

The sight of her massaging her own tit-flesh sent a jolt of electricity straight to Jason's groin, his cock snapping to full attention and straining painfully against his trunks.

He stepped outside, the heat of the concrete radiating through his soles. "Need some help with that, Mom?" he asked, his voice thick with hidden intent.

Tracie paused, her hand still resting on the curve of her left breast. She looked at him, her eyes narrowing with a flicker of suspicion. The events of the previous days—the lingering hugs, the shoulder rub—had left her on edge. She could sense the hunger radiating off him, a raw, masculine energy that felt entirely too predatory for a son.

"I'm fine, honey," she replied, her voice hesitant. "I just have my legs left to do."

"Come on, you'll miss the backs of your thighs," Jason insisted, stepping closer and reaching for the bottle.

He didn't give her a chance to argue further, his tone firm yet helpful. "Just sit back and relax. You've been working hard all week."

Tracie sighed, the conflict evident on her face, but the lure of the sun and the exhaustion of her training won out. She sank back onto the poolside lounge, spreading her long, toned legs.

Jason knelt between her thighs, the scent of coconut oil and her natural, salty musk filling his senses. He poured a generous amount

of oil into his palms, rubbing them together to warm the liquid before pressing them firmly against her calves.



Her skin was silky-smooth, the muscles of her legs firm and defined from years of volleyball. Jason worked slowly, his hands sliding upward with a deliberate, rhythmic pressure.

As he moved from her calves to her thighs, he felt his heart hammering against his ribs. He began to glide his palms higher, moving toward the sensitive skin of her inner thighs.

He watched her face intently, searching for that spark of forbidden lust. He pushed his hands further up, his fingers grazing the very edge of the bikini bottoms. He could feel the heat radiating from her crotch, the fabric of the skimpy bottoms stretched tight, creating a

prominent, wet-looking cameltoe that practically begged for his touch.

Jason's fingers crept dangerously close to the center, his fingertips almost brushing against the swollen lips of her pussy. He applied more pressure, sliding his hands up the inner crease of her thighs, his touch becoming more insistent, more daring.

He wanted to feel her tremble; he wanted to hear her moan in a way that had nothing to do with relaxation.

Tracie's breath hitched, and her thighs twitched involuntarily under his touch. A flush crept up her neck, and she gripped the edges of the lounge, her knuckles whitening.

But as Jason searched her eyes, he saw the same thing he had seen before: a physical reaction, a spark of arousal, but not the total surrender he craved. She was reacting to the stimulation, but she wasn't *\*craving\** him. The button remained elusive.

"Okay... that's enough, honey," Tracie said abruptly, her voice strained. She sat up quickly, shifting her legs away from him. "That's plenty of lotion. Thanks."

As she moved, her gaze drifted downward. There was no hiding it. The thin fabric of Jason's trunks was pushed outward by a massive, rigid bulge, a thick pillar of heat that pointed directly at her.

Tracie froze, her eyes widening as she realized exactly what "helping" her had done to her son.

"Honey, you're hard again," she whispered awkwardly. "Take that inside before your sister sees it."

Jason reluctantly obeyed, but emerged an hour later to find his mom back inside on the couch reading.

There was only one button left on his mental list—the crown jewel, the most private and potent trigger of all. He needed to feel her clit, to know if the raw friction of his cock against her pussy would finally break her resolve.

"You're so tense, Mom," Jason chuckled as he sat down next to her, his voice dropping an octave, sounding more like a man than a boy. "You need to loosen up. Remember how we used to wrestle when I was a kid? You're getting too stiff from all that volleyball."

Tracie let out a shaky laugh. "I don't think I'm in the mood for wrestling, Jason."

"Oh, come on! Just a quick match," he teased, suddenly lunging forward.

He caught her off guard, diving onto the couch and pinning her arms playfully.

Tracie shrieked, a genuine sound of surprise that quickly turned into a giggle. She fought back with the strength of a competitive athlete, her toned muscles rippling under her skin.

As they writhed on the couch, Jason maneuvered himself with predatory precision. He slid his body between her spread thighs, positioning himself so that his rigid, pulsing cock was pressed directly against the thin cotton shorts covering her vulva.

He began to move, not with the clumsiness of a child, but with a slow, rhythmic grind. He shifted his hips, dry-humping her cherry-

sized clit through the fabric, feeling the heat of her pussy radiating through the thin material.

His cock flexed as he pressed his weight down, sliding his hardness back and forth across her most sensitive spot, searching for that elusive moan.

Tracie's laughter died in her throat. Her breath became a series of short, jagged gasps. For a few breathless moments, she didn't push him away. Instead, her instincts as an athlete took over; her strong, sun-kissed legs instinctively locked around Jason's hips, pulling him deeper into the crook of her thighs.

The pressure was intense. Jason felt her pussy swelling beneath him, the fabric of her shorts becoming damp with her own arousal. He groaned, his mind racing. He imagined the fabric disappearing, his thick cock sliding through those wet, meaty lips and burying itself deep inside her.

He could almost feel the grip of her tight, athletic walls squeezing him, her strong legs locking him in place as she screamed his name in a mixture of shame and ecstasy.

He ground his pelvis harder, his cock twitching violently against her clit, desperate to trigger the final button. Tracie's head fell back against the sofa, her eyes fluttering shut. A low, guttural sound escaped her throat—not a moan of lust, but a sound of overwhelming sensory overload.

The taboo of the act, the physical intensity of her son's hardness grinding into her, and the sheer audacity of the situation finally hit her.



Suddenly, the playfulness vanished. Tracie's legs snapped open, and she shoved Jason off her with a burst of athletic power that sent him sprawling onto the living room floor.

She sat up abruptly, her chest heaving, her massive tits bouncing wildly under her tank top. Her face was flushed a deep crimson, her expression no longer uncertain, but stern.

"Enough!" she commanded, her voice ringing out with an authority that made Jason freeze. "This stops right now, Jason. The 'accidental' touches, the massages, this... this wrestling. It's gone too far."

She looked down at him, her gaze hard and uncompromising, though her breathing was still heavy. "Go into the bathroom and take a cold

shower. Now. I don't want any more of this 'touchy-feely' behavior. Do you understand me?"

Jason didn't say a word. He scrambled off the floor, his face burning with a mixture of raw shame and lingering lust. He couldn't even look at her as he retreated into the bathroom, the image of her stern face and those wobbling tits burned into his retinas.

The cold shower he took didn't do a damn thing to kill the ache in his cock; if anything, the memory of her strong legs locking around his hips only made him harder.

For the next few days, the atmosphere in the house was suffocating. Jason became a ghost, avoiding the kitchen when Tracie was there and keeping his eyes glued to the floor whenever they passed in the hallway.

Every time he heard her voice or the rhythmic click of her heels, his heart hammered against his ribs. He was terrified. He spent every waking moment praying that she wouldn't tell his father about the way he'd been grinding his cock into her ass or the way he'd tried to tease her nipples through her clothes.

If his dad found out that his son had been treating his wife like a piece of meat, the fallout would be catastrophic. But beneath the fear, there was a gnawing frustration. He had systematically gone through the list.

He'd tried the neck, the thighs, the breasts, and the clit. He'd felt her body react—the flushing of her skin, the hitch in her breath, the way her muscles tensed—but none of it had worked. None of it had

broken her resolve or turned her into the mindless, moaning slut Marvin had described.

He started to wonder if the old man was just a delusional pervert, feeding him a load of forbidden crap to get a rise out of a horny teenager. Maybe "buttons" weren't real. Maybe his mother was simply too disciplined, too maternal, to ever succumb to her own son.

Later that evening, locked in the solitude of his bedroom, Jason lay on his back, the blue light of his laptop screen illuminating his desperate, sweating face. He was deep into a hardcore scene, his hand gripping his thick, throbbing cock in a white-knuckled grip.

He wasn't even looking at the actress anymore; in his mind, the woman on the screen was Tracie. He imagined her athletic, tanned body arched beneath him, her huge tits swinging wildly as he hammered into her.

As he neared the edge, the scene shifted. The man on the screen stopped the frantic fucking and grabbed the woman's face, his mouth crashing against hers with a raw, starving passion.

Jason watched, mesmerized, as the man's tongue swept across her lips, licking and sucking them with an intensity that made the woman moan into his mouth, her entire body shuddering in a way that looked like pure, unadulterated surrender.

Jason froze, his hand pausing mid-stroke. His cock remained rock hard, pulsing with a sudden, electric realization. He had tried everything below his mother's neck—the breasts, the thighs, the clit—but he had completely ignored her mouth.

He pictured Tracie's lips: full, plush, and often pursed in that stern, maternal expression that drove him crazy. He imagined those lips parting, the wet heat of her mouth, and the taste of her skin.

*\*Could this be it?\** he wondered, his heart racing. *\*Could her secret button be right there on her face?\**

The thought sent a jolt of adrenaline through him. He began to stroke himself again, faster now, imagining himself pinning his mother against the wall, his mouth devouring hers.

He pictured his tongue sliding between her lips, tasting her, pushing deep into her mouth until she stopped fighting and started craving him.

He came with a violent shudder, a thick ropes of cum splashing across his stomach, but the release didn't bring peace. It only fueled the obsession.

He spent the next hour staring at the ceiling, formulating a plan. He knew the risks. He had already pushed her boundaries with the dry-humping and the nipple teasing. If he tried to kiss her and she rejected him, he wasn't just risking a scolding; he was risking a total meltdown. He could be kicked out, or worse, his father could finally find out about his depraved desires.

The next day, Jason joined his mother at volleyball practice, and picked a secluded spot on the dunes far enough from the volleyball court to be inconspicuous, but close enough to keep Tracie in his line of sight.

He slumped his shoulders, staring blankly at the horizon with a carefully crafted expression of profound misery. Beneath his loose trunks, his cock was a raging, pulsing beast, straining against the fabric with every breath.

He knew his mother; Tracie had a nurturing streak that was as powerful as her spike on the court. If he looked broken, she wouldn't be able to resist the urge to fix him.

For an hour, he played the part, ignoring the world while his eyes secretly tracked her every move. He watched her dive into the sand, her meaty ass shaking violently in those tiny bikini bottoms, her huge tits bouncing wildly under the tight sports top.

Each time she leaped, the fabric strained, nearly spilling her heavy, sweat-slicked breasts over the neckline. The sight made his dick throb with a rhythmic, painful intensity, but he kept his face a mask of depression.

Eventually, the practice ended. Tracie, glistening with a layer of salty sweat that made her tanned skin glow like polished bronze, noticed her son's slumped form.

She trotted over, her powerful thighs rubbing together with every stride, the scent of sun-warmed skin and pheromones hitting Jason before she even reached him.

"Jason? Honey, what's going on?" she asked, her voice soft and concerned.

She sank down into the sand beside him, sitting so close that her toned, muscular shoulder pressed against his.

Jason's breath hitched. From his peripheral vision, he could see the deep valley of her cleavage, the sweat dripping down between those massive mounds, disappearing into the tight fabric of her top.

He could smell the raw, athletic musk of her body, a scent that made his head swim and his cock twitch violently.

"Nothing, Mom," he mumbled, staring at the sand, though his mind was screaming. "I'm just... I don't really want to talk about it."

Tracie sighed, a sound that caused her chest to heave, sending a wobble through her tits that nearly drove Jason insane. She reached out, placing a gentle, warm hand on his arm.

"Is this about yesterday? About me scolding you for... the touching?"

Jason shook his head quickly, playing the humble, repentant son.

"No. I mean, I deserved that. I know I crossed a line. This is something else."

Curiosity flickered in her eyes. She shifted her weight, her thick, rounded thigh pressing firmly against his leg, the heat of her skin searing through his trunks.

"Then tell me. You can tell me anything, Jason."

He let out a long, theatrical sigh, his voice trembling slightly. "I tried to make out with a girl from school... a few days ago. But then I heard a rumor. She told some people that I'm a horrible kisser. That I have no idea what I'm doing."

Tracie's expression softened into a look of maternal pity. She let out a small, comforting chuckle, her hand sliding up to rub his shoulder.

"Oh, honey, don't let that get to you. You're eighteen; you're still learning. Most boys your age are clumsy. It's just a matter of practice."

Jason turned to look at her, his eyes drifting involuntarily to her plush, moist lips. He imagined those lips wrapping around his cock, or better yet, locking onto his own in a desperate, forbidden hunger.

He felt the rigid length of his dick pressing hard against his thigh, just inches from her leg.

"That's the problem, Mom," he whispered, his voice thick with a mixture of fake insecurity and raw lust. "How the hell am I ever supposed to get good at it if no one ever shows me the right way? I don't even know where to start."

Tracie shifted her weight, her massive breasts swaying with the movement, the fabric of her sports top straining to contain the heavy, sweat-slicked mounds.

She looked at Jason with a mixture of pity and awkwardness, her maternal instincts warring with the sheer absurdity of the situation.

"Well," she started, her voice trailing off as she looked around the beach. "Maybe... maybe you could try practicing in front of a mirror at home? You know, just to get a feel for the movements, the angle of your head..."

Jason let out a sharp, incredulous laugh, the sound masking the throb of his cock which was currently hammering against the fabric of his trunks.

"A mirror, Mom? Seriously? I can't exactly make out with myself. That's not gonna teach me how another person reacts, or how to use my tongue, or... anything. It's just staring at my own face."

Tracie flushed, a soft pink hue creeping up her tanned neck. She bit her lip, her plush mouth twitching.

"I just thought... I mean, you're a handsome boy, Jason. Why don't you just ask a few more girls out? The more you practice with different people, the faster you'll get the hang of it."

"That's the problem!" Jason groaned, leaning in closer, allowing the scent of her salty, athletic musk to fill his lungs. "The rumors are already spreading. If I keep failing with girls from school, I'll be the local joke. No one is gonna want to go out with the guy who doesn't know how to kiss. I'm doomed."

He paused, his heart racing, his eyes locking onto her moist lips. This was the moment. He had to push, but just enough to make it seem like a desperate plea for help rather than a calculated move to get his tongue in his mother's mouth.

"Mom," he whispered, his voice shaking with a carefully crafted vulnerability. "I know this is a huge favor. A crazy favor. But... please. Can you just show me. Just once. Show me the proper way to kiss. I'll do anything. I'll do every single chore around the house for a month—mowing the lawn, scrubbing the bathrooms, everything—if you just teach me how to do it right."

Tracie froze. The suggestion hung in the air, heavy and forbidden. She looked at her son, seeing the desperation in his eyes, though she missed the predatory hunger simmering beneath.

"Jason... honey, that's... that wouldn't be appropriate. I'm your mother. We can't just... kiss."

"It's not *that* kind of kissing!" Jason pleaded, his voice rising slightly. "It's a lesson! Like when you taught me how to ride a bike or how to tie my shoes. You're the only person I trust not to judge me or tell the whole school I'm a loser. Please, Mom. I'm miserable."

Tracie looked away, those enormous tits bobbing rhythmically. She was conflicted, her nurturing nature clashing with the taboo of the request. But Jason's pleading gaze and the promise of a month of chores seemed to chip away at her resolve.

She sighed, a long, shaky breath that made her cleavage spill further over the top of her sports bra.

"Fine," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the sound of the crashing waves. "Just... just a few tips. To get you started. But absolutely not here. I can't have people seeing us."

Jason felt a surge of electric triumph. His cock jumped, nearly ripping through his trunks.

Tracie stood up, her powerful, toned legs flexing as she reached down to pull him up. She didn't look back, instead gesturing for him to follow her.

She led him away from the crowded volleyball area, weaving through the high dunes and past jagged rock formations until they reached a secluded, private cove.

The walls of grey stone shielded them from the rest of the beach, creating a silent, intimate sanctuary where the only sound was the

rhythmic pulse of the ocean and the heavy, expectant thud of Jason's heart.

#### CHAPTER 4: The Golden Discovery

The air in the secluded cove was thick, heavy with the scent of salt, sun-warmed skin, and a forbidden tension that made Jason's head swim. They stood inches apart, the grey stone walls sealing them into a world where only the two of them existed.

Tracie looked up at him, her expression a mixture of maternal hesitation and a strange, flickering curiosity. Up close, she was a goddess of athletic perfection; the sweat from her game still glistened on her collarbones, and her massive breasts heaved under the thin fabric of her top, nearly brushing against Jason's chest.

"Now, listen," Tracie whispered, her voice trembling slightly. "The most important thing is the approach. You don't just dive in. You have to be gentle. It's about the build-up."

She leaned in, her plush, moist lips hovering just a fraction of an inch from his. Jason stopped breathing, his cock throbbing violently in his trunks, a rigid pillar of heat.

Tracie closed the gap, pressing her lips against his in a tentative, soft peck. It was a light, dry touch, but to Jason, it felt like an electric shock.

She pulled back slightly, her eyes searching his. "See? Just a light touch first," she murmured.

She leaned in again, this time lingering a second longer, her lips parting just a sliver. The kiss was wet, a soft, sliding pressure that sent a jolt of pure lust straight to Jason's groin.

As she pulled away, she let out a soft, airy sigh—a sound of unconscious release that made Jason's heart hammer against his ribs.

\*There it is,\* he thought, his mind racing. \*That sigh. That's the reaction.\*

He felt a surge of predatory confidence. He had tried rubbing her shoulders, touching her nipples, and dry-humping her clit, but this—this simple, intimate contact—was producing a sound of genuine pleasure. He was convinced he had finally located the secret button Marvin had told him about.

"I... I think I get it," Jason whispered, his voice husky and thick with desire. "But I wanna make sure I'm doing it right. I'm gonna try a few different things... just tell me if I'm doing it wrong, okay?"

Tracie gave a small, hesitant nod, her gaze dropping to his lips.

"Just... keep it simple, Jason."

Jason didn't keep it simple. He surged forward, capturing her mouth with a raw, hungry intensity that obliterated the "lesson." He didn't just peck her; he claimed her.

He pressed his body firmly against hers, feeling the softness of her huge tits flattening against his chest. He tilted his head and slid his tongue past her lips, invading her mouth with an urgent, sweeping motion.

Tracie gasped into the kiss, a sharp intake of breath that sounded more like a moan.

Jason didn't let up; he began to wrestle with her tongue, swirling his around hers in a wet, rhythmic dance. He tasted the salt on her skin and the sweetness of her saliva, his tongue probing deeper, exploring every inch of her mouth with a desperate, athletic passion.

The reaction was instantaneous. Tracie's resolve snapped. Instead of pushing him away, her arms flew up, wrapping tightly around his neck. She pulled him in with a sudden, fierce strength, crushing her massive, soft breasts against his chest, squeezing them into two flattened mounds of heat.

A low, guttural whimper escaped her throat, vibrating through his own mouth as she melted into him.

Jason felt her body tremble, her hips instinctively pressing forward, her thick, athletic thighs rubbing against his legs. The sound she made—that broken, needy whimper—was the confirmation he had been craving. He had found it.

The secret button wasn't a physical spot on her skin; it was the intimacy of the kiss, the surrender of her lips. As he continued to devour her mouth, feeling her moan and cling to him like a drowning woman, Jason knew he had finally broken through her defenses.

The wet, sloppy sound of their tongues clashing echoed in the small cove, but as Jason felt Tracie's body go limp and needy against him, a primal realization hit him. The kissing was only half the battle. The "button" had been pressed, the floodgates were open, and now he craved the ultimate prize.

He didn't just want to taste her; he wanted to bury himself deep inside her, to feel the tight, athletic grip of her pussy squeezing his shaft until he exploded.

Looking around at the secluded grey walls and the soft, golden sand, he knew there was no more perfect place for some hot, nasty, forbidden sex.

Driven by a sudden, aggressive surge of lust, Jason broke the kiss for a split second to gasp for air before sliding his hands down from her neck. He reached for those legendary tits, his palms slamming against the thin fabric of her sports top.

He grabbed them both, squeezing the massive mounds of flesh with a bruising grip, kneading the soft tissue with a desperate hunger. He prayed she wouldn't pull away, that the maternal instinct wouldn't suddenly override the raw heat radiating between them.

Tracie didn't pull away. Instead, she let out a long, shuddering moan that vibrated through Jason's entire frame. Her eyes were glazed, her pupils blown wide with a lust she could no longer fight.

As Jason continued to pummel her tits, Tracie began to move her hips, grinding her crotch rhythmically against his groin. He could feel the distinct, wet ridge of her cameltoe pressing hard against the rigid, throbbing muscle of his cock through their clothes. The friction was electric.

Seeing her—his mother, the disciplined athlete—humping his dick with such mindless urgency told him everything. This was the true surrender Marvin had spoken of; the moment the taboo became the fuel.

"Mom... you're so fucking hot," Jason groaned, his voice a guttural rasp.

He didn't wait for an answer. He reached down and yanked the hem of her tight sports top upward in one violent motion. The fabric snapped up, and her gigantic tits tumbled free, bouncing with a heavy, meaty weight.

They were magnificent—pale, glistening with a thin sheen of sweat, and topped with huge, dark areolas and fat nipples that were already hard and peaking in the salty air.

Tracie let out a whimpering sound, her head lolling back.

"Jason... we... we should stop..." she breathed, the words barely audible. But even as she spoke the protest, her actions betrayed her.

Her hands flew down to the waistband of his trunks, her fingers trembling but determined. With a sudden tug, she peeled the fabric down and away, releasing his thick, eight-inch cock.

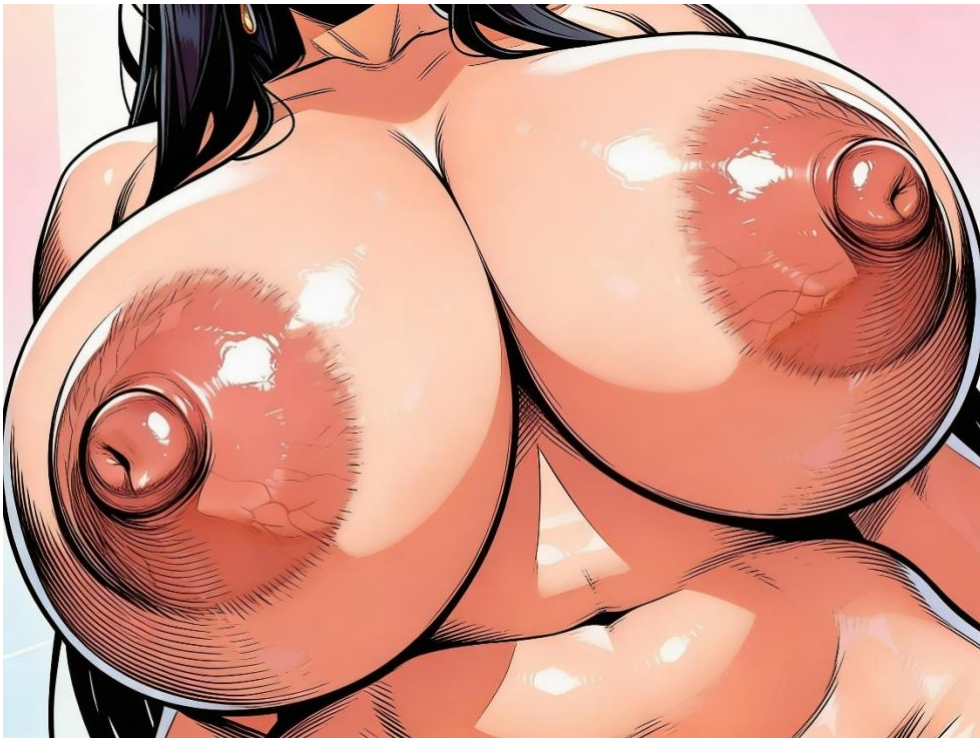
It sprang free with a violent throb, pulsing and vein-riven, standing straight up toward her belly.

Tracie's eyes locked onto his meat, her mouth hanging open in a silent gasp of desire. The sight of his rigid length seemed to shatter the last of her willpower. They collapsed together, sinking onto the warm sand, their bodies tangling in a frantic heap of limbs and lust. Jason surged back into her mouth, their tongues tangling wildly once more, swapping saliva in a desperate, wet hunger.

While they devoured each other's lips, Tracie's hands worked frantically at the side-ties of her bikini bottoms. With a quick flick, the fabric fell away, exposing her wide, athletic hips and a perfectly groomed, waxed pussy that was already glistening with translucent juices.

She didn't waste a second. She arched her back, lifting her hips and crushing her soaking wet pussy lips directly against the hot, rigid meat of his cock.

Jason let out a choked groan into her mouth as the searing heat of her folds clamped around his head. The sensation of her wetness sliding against his skin was overwhelming, and as she began to grind her meaty clit against his shaft.



The teenager couldn't take another second of teasing. With a guttural roar of triumph, he gripped his mom's wide, athletic hips and surged upward, driving his thick, throbbing cock straight into the center of her soaking wet, corrugated furnace.

The sensation was an explosion of pure, unadulterated pleasure. He felt the searing heat of her pussy clamp down on him, the tight, corrugated walls of her cunt molding themselves perfectly to every vein and ridge of his shaft.

He didn't stop, pushing deeper and deeper, feeling the resistance of her internal anatomy give way as he plowed through the slick, honeyed depths.

With one final, powerful thrust, his fat, purple knob slammed directly into her cervix, the donut-like ring yielding to his girth with a wet, slapping sound that echoed in the secluded cove.

Tracie let out a piercing, high-pitched scream that was swallowed by Jason's mouth as he crashed his lips back onto hers. She was shaking, her entire body vibrating from the shock of being filled so completely by her son.

For a heartbeat, she was frozen, her internal muscles squeezing him in a rhythmic, desperate grip that nearly brought Jason to his knees. Then, the athlete in her took over. Tracie shifted her weight, planting her feet in the sand and using her powerful, toned hips to take control.

She began to ride him with a raw, vigorous intensity, lifting herself up almost entirely before slamming back down onto his rigid length.

Jason gasped, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt his huge, wet boner thundering through her vagina, the friction creating a scorching heat that threatened to melt them both.

Every time she descended, her thick, naked ass rippled with the impact, the meaty cheeks beating rhythmically against his thighs with a loud, fleshy thud. It was a primal, animalistic cadence.

Jason watched through a haze of lust as her giant, heavy tits bounced and slapped wildly around his neck and chest, the dark nipples grazing his skin with every violent plunge.

The sight was intoxicating—his beautiful, disciplined mother, the goddess of the volleyball court, was now nothing more than a craving, fucking him like a total whore in the sand. "Yes... fuck... fuck me, Jason!" she moaned into his mouth, her voice a wrecked, needy whimper.



The teen responded by grabbing her ass, his fingers digging deep into the soft, muscular flesh, pulling her down even harder. He began to thrust back, meeting her powerful descents with aggressive, upward surges of his own.

He was pounding into her with everything he had, his sinewy cock sliding in and out of her soaking pussy with a wet, squelching sound that filled the air.

They were locked in a fierce, devouring kiss, their tongues wrestling for dominance while their lower bodies waged a war of pure friction.

Tracie's legs locked around his waist, her strong thighs squeezing him tight, pulling him even deeper into her depths. She was no longer the mother; she was a woman possessed, her hips grinding in frantic circles, trying to suck every single drop of pleasure from his veiny shaft.

Jason felt the pressure building in his balls, the sheer tightness of her athletic pussy threatening to snap his resolve as he continued to hammer into her, lost in the forbidden rhythm of their taboo union.

Driven by a ravenous, primal hunger, Jason broke the kiss and lunged forward, clamping his mouth wide over the peak of one of Tracie's massive, heavy tits. He didn't just kiss her; he latched onto her like a starving animal, his entire face sinking deep into the supple, warm flesh of her tit.

The sheer volume of her breast rippled around his cheeks, the soft, mom-meat yielding to his aggression as he sucked with a desperate, vacuum-like force.

He focused all his attention on her fat, dark nipple, drawing the rubbery nub deep into his throat. His tongue became a weapon, battering the sensitive tip with rapid, wet flicks while he continued to suckle violently.

The sensation was electric. Tracie let out a strangled, guttural cry, her body trembling as the stimulation hit her like a lightning bolt.

The connection between her breasts and her clit was instantaneous and overwhelming. As Jason relentlessly worked her nipple, Tracie's internal muscles suddenly snapped. Her cunt-tube went into a violent, rhythmic spasm, strangling Jason's thick cock in a crushing grip.

He felt the hot, torrential flood of her orgasm erupting around him, the thick, honeyed juices of her release soaking his root and lubricating the junction of their bodies.

She wailed, her head tossing from side to side, her body vibrating with the intensity of a climax that felt far more powerful than anything she had experienced with her husband.

Jason felt the victory in his veins. He knew that if he wanted to keep this door open—if he wanted to ensure he could fuck his mother again and again—he had to outdo his father. He had to be the one who pushed her further, the one who made her scream louder and cum harder than his dad ever could.

The thought of dominating his father's territory fueled a new wave of aggressive lust. Without unlatching from her tit, Jason used his weight to overpower her, rolling Tracie onto her back in the soft sand.

He pinned her down, his eyes dark with a raw, sexual dominance that left no room for hesitation. He looked down at her—flushed, panting, and completely undone—and felt a surge of masculine pride.

The teen positioned himself between her spread, toned thighs and drove himself back into her with a savage, ravenous thrust. He wasn't just fucking her now; he was claiming her.

He began to pound her tight pussy from the top, his heavy balls slapping against her soaking wet perineum with every deep, punishing plunge.

"You're mine, Mom... you're fucking mine," he growled, his voice thick with lust.

Tracie didn't fight him; she welcomed the aggression. Her strong, athletic legs flew up, locking tightly around his waist, pulling him deeper into her depths. She wrapped her ankles behind his back, anchoring him to her so that every single inch of his veiny shaft was buried inside her.

Jason hammered into her with a relentless, rhythmic violence, his cock sliding through the slurry of their combined fluids with a loud, squelching sound.

He watched her face contort in ecstasy, her eyes rolling back as he hit her cervix with his fat knob over and over again. The friction was scorching, the pressure building to an unbearable peak.

As he drove himself home one more time, the sheer tightness of her gripping walls triggered another explosion. Tracie screamed, her body locking up in a second, even more violent orgasm, her pussy

milking his shaft with desperate, pulsing contractions that threatened to drain him dry.

Jason didn't let up for a second, the adrenaline of her submission fueling a savage, rhythmic hunger. He withdrew almost entirely, leaving only the head of his thick cock teasing her entrance, before slamming back home with a brutal, bone-jarring force.

He drove himself deep into the tunnel of Tracie's tight cunt, the impact sending a shockwave through both their bodies. The sound was raw and wet—a loud, rhythmic \*slap-squelch\* that echoed in the secluded cove.

Tracie was completely undone, her athletic composure shattered. With every savage thrust, her massive breasts bounced wildly, the heavy globes of flesh swaying and shaking under the force of his assault.

Her nipples were rock-hard, dark points of pleasure that strained toward him as she wailed, her voice echoing off the cove walls. She wasn't the composed mother or the competitive athlete anymore; she was a woman possessed by a primal, forbidden lust, her head tossing frantically on the sand.

"Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me harder, baby!" she screamed, her voice ragged and desperate.

She arched her back, pushing her pelvis upward to meet every punishing blow, craving the friction, craving the weight of him crushing her into the earth.

Jason's grip tightened on her hips, his fingers digging into her toned, sun-kissed skin, leaving red marks that only added to the intensity. He

shifted his weight, lifting her lower body slightly off the sand to change the angle, allowing him to drive his veiny shaft even deeper into her corrugated walls.

He pounded into her with an animalistic ferocity, his hips snapping forward with a violence that made her entire frame shudder.

The scorching midday sun beat down on them, turning their skin into a slick, shimmering canvas of sweat and salt. Their bodies were fused together, a sliding, grinding mess of friction and heat.

Every time their sweaty chests collided, the sound of skin slapping skin mingled with Tracie's guttural moans.

Jason could feel the heat radiating off her, the scent of her arousal and sweat filling his nostrils, driving him into a frenzy. He felt like a predator, and she was his willing prey, her strong thighs squeezing his waist with a grip that threatened to snap his ribs.

"Please... oh god, Jason, don't stop! Destroy me!" Tracie sobbed, her eyes rolled back in her head, her body trembling violently under his dominance.

She was begging for it now, her voice a broken whisper of need. She loved the way he took her, the way he ignored the taboo and treated her body like a piece of meat meant for his pleasure.

Jason growled, a low, predatory sound in the back of his throat. He accelerated his pace, his thrusts becoming shorter, faster, and more brutal.

He was no longer thinking about the shame or the risk; there was only the feeling of her soaking, tight pussy gripping his cock like a

vice and the sight of those huge, beautiful tits slapping against his chest.

He felt the pressure building in his balls, a tidal wave of cum ready to erupt, as he continued to hammer her into the sand, determined to leave her completely broken and saturated.

Jason didn't slow down, his movements becoming a blur of raw, athletic precision. Tracie might have been the queen of the volleyball court, commanding the sand with her power and agility, but in this secluded cove, Jason was the undisputed master of the fuck.

He treated her body like a challenge to be conquered, pounding her gorgeous, toned frame with the skill and stamina of a sexual athlete. He shifted his rhythm, alternating between deep, soul-crushing plunges that hit her cervix and rapid-fire, shallow stabs that focused entirely on the hypersensitive nerves of her clit and entrance.

Tracie was a sobbing, shaking mess beneath him. Her huge tits were in constant, violent motion, bouncing and slapping against his chest with every brutal thrust. The sight of those heavy globes swaying wildly, her nipples dark and engorged, drove Jason to a state of near-madness.

He reached down, grabbing her thick, meaty thighs and pinning them back toward her shoulders, opening her up completely. He slammed into her with a relentless, driving force, his thick, veiny shaft disappearing entirely into her soaking, corrugated cunt.

The sound was deafening—the wet, rhythmic \*thwack\* of his balls slapping against the winking ring of her asshole and the guttural, animalistic screams of a woman being thoroughly claimed by her son.

Their bodies were completely slick, coated in a mixture of salt water, tanning oil, and a torrential amount of sweat that made them slide against one another like lubricated machinery. The scorching sun beat down on them, intensifying the heat radiating from their fused pelvises.

Jason could feel her internal walls pulsing, clamping down on his cock in desperate, rhythmic spasms that threatened to end him right then and there.

Thirty minutes bled into an hour of absolute, cunt-gushing sex. Jason's endurance was superhuman, fueled by years of repressed longing and the forbidden thrill of the act.

He didn't give her a moment's peace, hammering her into the sand until her voice grew hoarse from screaming. He watched her face—the way her eyes rolled back, the way her mouth hung open in a silent plea for more—and he felt a surge of primal dominance.

He was stretching her, filling her, and breaking her resolve with every savage snap of his hips.

As the hour mark hit, the pressure in Jason's loins reached a critical breaking point. His vision blurred, and his muscles locked. He gave one final, devastatingly deep thrust, burying his cock to the hilt, pinning Tracie's hips firmly into the sand.

"I'm cumming! I'm filling you up, Mom!" he roared.

With a violent shudder that racked his entire frame, Jason erupted. A torrent of hot, thick teenage semen exploded from his cunt-smothered meatus, spraying in powerful, rhythmic jets deep inside her.

He felt the heat of his release flooding her deepest regions, splattering her cervix with sticky ball-nectar. He didn't pull out; he stayed buried deep, pulsing inside her as he emptied every drop of his seed into her womb, the sheer volume of the cum making her pussy overflow.

Tracie let out one final, long moan, her body arching in a massive, toe-curling orgasm that gripped his shaft in a vice-like squeeze.

They collapsed together, their sweat-sheened bodies clinging to one another, chests heaving in unison as they gasped for air. The silence of the cove returned, broken only by the sound of the waves and their ragged breathing.

As the afterglow washed over them, Tracie shifted slightly, her voice a breathy, satisfied coo. She looked up at him with eyes full of glazed adoration, her face flushed and beautiful.

"Oh my god, Jason..." she whispered, her hand reaching up to stroke his cheek. "That... that was the best sex of my entire life. You absolutely destroyed me."

Hearing those words, Jason felt his heart swell with an overwhelming sense of pride. He looked down at his mother—the athletic goddess he had worshipped from afar—now lying broken and saturated with his cum, and he knew he had finally found her secret button.

That weekend, the beach volleyball tournament was a blur of heat, sand, and forbidden adrenaline. Tracie was an absolute force on the court, but there was something different about her—a radiant, primal glow that seemed to emanate from her very pores.

She wasn't just playing; she was dominating. Every dive, every spike, and every acrobatic save was infused with a new, raw energy. Her skin glistened under the sun, and her huge tits bounced with a violent, rhythmic intensity under her tight sports top, but the secret lay beneath the fabric.

She was still humming from the relentless fucking Jason had put her through the past few days, her pussy still tender and swollen from his thick shaft.

At home, they didn't waste a single second. The rooms became a playground for their insatiable lust. They fucked in Jason's bed and his parents', chasing orgasm after orgasm. They even went at it in the back of Tracie's car parked in the garage.

Jason had become a sexual predator, obsessed with milking every ounce of pleasure from his mother's athletic body. He spent hours buried between her legs, his tongue relentlessly battering her clit until she was shaking and sobbing, her meaty thighs clamping around his head.

In return, Tracie devoured him, her mouth sliding over his rigid cock with a hunger that bordered on desperation, sucking him dry before he could even catch his breath.

They pushed the boundaries further, exploring the forbidden depths of her body. Jason discovered the tight, puckered heat of her asshole, sliding his thick, veiny cock into her rear with a guttural groan.

He loved the way her bubble butt rippled and shook as he hammered into her from behind, the friction of her tight anal canal squeezing him like a vice.

Tracie took it all with a fierce, athletic passion, her back arched and her huge udders swinging as she moaned loudly, her voice ragged from the sheer intensity of their orgasms.

They were addicted to each other, their bodies locked in a cycle of raw, urgent physicality that left them both drenched in sweat and seed.

During a critical break in the championship game, the tension between them became impossible to ignore. As Tracie stood by the sidelines, chest heaving and skin glistening with sweat, Jason stepped in close.

He didn't just give her a routine hug; he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her massive tits flush against his chest and grinding his throbbing cock hard into the cleft of her ass.

He whispered something filthy into her ear, his breath hot against her skin, causing her to flush a deep, lustful crimson. Tracie didn't pull away. Instead, she leaned back into him, her eyes glazed with desire, flirting openly and brazenly.

The spectators nearby shifted uncomfortably, a few of them exchanging shocked, confused glances at the blatant sexual chemistry radiating between the mother and son. The air around them crackled with a taboo electricity that was almost visible.

From a distance, leaning against a weathered wooden fence, Marvin watched the scene unfold. The old man's shrewd eyes didn't miss a

thing—the way Jason held her, the way Tracie melted into his touch, and the unmistakable glow of a woman who had been thoroughly claimed.

A slow, knowing smirk spread across Marvin's wrinkled face. He caught Jason's eye and, with a slow, deliberate motion, gave him a firm thumbs-up. It was a silent acknowledgment, a nod of respect from one forbidden seeker to another.

Marvin knew exactly what had happened; he could see that Jason had not only found the secret button but had pressed it until it broke.

Jason felt a surge of triumphant pride swell in his chest. He looked at his mother—this gorgeous, athletic goddess who was now his personal plaything—and then looked back at the old man. With a confident, predatory grin, Jason returned the thumbs-up.

He was profoundly grateful for Marvin's cryptic guidance, for the stories of farm-girl tits and forbidden buttons that had given him the courage to take what he wanted.

He had the pussy of his dreams, and as he watched Tracie walk back onto the sand, her meaty ass swaying with every step, he knew the games were only just beginning.

THE END