

## Mom's Costume Dilemma

By Klrxo

“Scott, what should I be for Halloween this year?”

“Jeez, mom...you sound like an eight-year-old in a grown woman's body,” Claudia’s son, Scott, laughed.

“It's not for trick-or-treating, smarty-pants. It's for the annual Halloween party, at your father's job. I have no idea what to go as.”

“Well, try hitting that new costume shop in town,” he suggested.

“That WAS my plan for today,” she replied, “but I know I'm gonna be bombarded with a hundred different outfits I like, then I surely won't be able to make a decision.”

“I can go with you if you want?” the boy proposed.

She fed him a suspicious grin. “I don't know if that's such a good idea, honey” she pointed out.

“Why not.”

“Well, for one, you're suppose to be in school today, and two, I've caught you peeping in on me while I was getting dressed twice, just this week. That makes me very suspicious of your motives for wanting to help me,” Claudia expressed.

Scott knew his mother had a point. Obviously about the school concern, but also regarding his obsession for her. Since he was thirteen he'd been lusting after his mother, just like any other male who crossed her path. Claudia was a beautiful platinum-blonde, with the type of body that would land her a porn career in a second. Having children had turned her physical-build into boy’s playground; one that was sadly off limits to boys, since she was happily married. Well, almost happily. Well over a hundred times, Scott had stolen her bra or panties from her laundry hamper and imagined her wearing them, while furiously beating his cock. He knew her bra size just as well as his date of birth. 38 HH. The number of times he'd been caught trying to catch a glimpse of them was concerning to the mother, but she also knew it was somewhat normal for a boy to be curious about such things and mom was the nearest object of fascination for an inquisitive teen.

“I won't peep in on you trying on costumes. I promise,” Scott pleaded, dying to go along. “I'll just be there to help you pick out the one that looks the best.”

Despite being suspicious of his motives, she knew she could certainly use his help in deciding on a costume. "Alright. I'll call the school and let them know you have a fever today," Claudia agreed. "We'll head out in about an hour."

After seeing her other children off to school and her husband out the door for his day at work, the mother slipped on some heels that complimented her outfit. They were bandage-style peep-toe stiletto heels, that looked perfect peeking out from the legs of her pants. Her jeans were molded to her luscious legs and succulent round ass like a denim skin. A snug cotton top clung to her giant breasts, accentuating their globular-shaped meat.

"I kept Scott home for school, so he could help me decide on a costume for the party," she told her friend, Jan, over the phone.

"That's brave. You know he's just gonna try peeking in at your tits the whole time," Jan stated.

"He said he would behave himself."

"Ha, and you believe him?" Jan asked. "Claudia, boy's his age think with their horny dicks, remember?"

"I know they do, but I can't just not be around my son just because he's fascinated with my big tits."

"Speaking of male affection," Jan muttered, "did you get any last night?"

"Yeah...some," Claudia answered unenthusiastically.

"Some? I take it he left you high and dry again?"

Claudia sighed in frustration. Recently, she had been unable to have an orgasm with her husband during sex and it was troubling her. "We had sex for a while. It wasn't really his fault. Or...maybe it was, I don't know."

"You guys really should get to the bottom of that issue."

"I know. At least I have my vibrator. THAT I can count on," Claudia joked, making Jan laugh.

The delicate CLICK of his mom's heels always got Scott excited. When he heard them, he would picture his mom's dainty feet with their painted toenails arched back in the air, with her toes pointed across his room, while he was cradled between her thighs pounding the shit out of her.

"Ready to do some costume shopping?" his mother asked, grabbing her purse.

"Let's kill it!" the boy replied, checking out her undulating bubble butt, which was lusciously encased in denim.

As she drove across town, Claudia could feel her son's eyes on her. The swell of her oversized tits trembled with every bump in the road. Part of her was flattered that her boy was so enamored by her feminine charms. Surely there were no girls his own age with a body-shape quite like hers. A voluptuous mommy-body was like a beautiful coastal rock formation that had achieved its shape through years of natural evolution. Claudia certainly did what she could to assist in this process through healthy eating and exercise.

"Thanks for not telling dad," said Scott, while staring over at her.

"Telling dad?"

"About me peeking in on you the other day, while you were getting undressed."

"Oh, that," the mother smiled. "What makes you think I didn't tell your father?"

"By the fact that I'm still alive."

Claudia laughed. "Good point. He would kill you if he knew about your naughty little habit of peeping in on me."

"So, why haven't you told him? Just curious," Scott asked.

It was a question Claudia had pondered herself. "Scott, you're a young guy and you're curious. I get it. I'm certainly not encouraging that type of behavior, but I DO understand it. Your father, on the other hand, wouldn't."

"True," her son agreed. "You know, if you just send me one picture of you...undressed, then it would satisfy my curiosity and I'd stop trying to peek in on you so much."

"Good try with the negotiation tactic, slick, but it's not gonna happen," she giggled, then glanced over at him sternly. "I appreciate your fascination with me, but mom is one piece of candy that stays in the wrapper."

"That's ok," Scott stated, gazing over at the huge fatty orbs of her tits, "you look pretty damn good in your 'wrapper' too."

Claudia smiled blushing. "Thank you," she muttered. Her chest, almost instinctively thrust out in pride, making her mammoth breasts balloon outward beneath her thin cotton top.

Scott watched his mom's heavy, jutting mounds of fatty and glandular tissue test the strength of her bra-hooks, by swelling out wonderfully. They put so much pressure on her thin cotton top that he could clearly make out the floral laced embroidery of her silky bra cups.

"*Goddamn those are fucking big!*" he thought, while trying to conceal the growing bulge in his pants.

The mother's lips curled into a knowing smile as she stared at the road ahead. As a beautiful, curvy Goddess of a woman she'd grown used to being gawked at by men and seeing them

adjust their horny pricks, while staring at her lustfully. She only wished her husband, David, still gave her that type of attention. He certainly used to, but over the years, and with the hustle and bustle of work and having children, his fascination for her seemed to fade some. It's not that it was completely gone. Their sex life was good, even though he could hardly make her orgasm any more. She knew her husband still adored her and she him, but his attentiveness and sexual abilities certainly wasn't on the same level as they were when they were younger.

The costume warehouse was a seasonal Halloween store featuring every get-up imaginable. Scott was determined to find the sexiest costume he could for his mom to wear. "Hey, mom, how about this one...sexy Princess Leia," he suggested, holding up the skimpy costume for her to see.

"Honey, you know I'm not a Star Wars fan. What about this one?" she asked, holding up a 80's-looking sweat-suit costume with a curly wig. "I could be Richard Simmons."

"Richard who?"

"He was an exercise guru back in the 80's," she explained.

"Fine I guess, for people who know that, but if they don't, you're just gonna look like a fitness freak, with pubes for hair. What about a sexy female cop?" Scott asked, taking a costume off the rack.

"Is it just me, or are you putting the word 'sexy' in front of every costume you suggest for me?" the mother teased.

"Sorry. I really think you should try this one though. Look, it even comes with a badge and handcuffs."

The mother took the costume and looked it over. "It might look cute...I dig the shorts."

"You should try it on!" Scott urged.

"Let me find a couple more I like, then I'll hit the fitting room to give them a try."

Claudia thumbed through more costumes. It didn't take long before one caught her attention. "Oh, Egyptian Goddess!" she marveled, looking over the outfit.

"You would look incredible in that!" Scott stated, surprised that his mom was even considering the revealing gown.

"I don't know. It might be a little too risqué," she muttered, looking the outfit over.

"Yeah, but probably ninety-percent of these women's costumes are risqué, mom. It's not like you'd be the only one at the party wearing something a little revealing," Scott pointed out.

"I suppose I could try it," the mother decided. "What about something superhero-ish?"

Her son just happened to be standing in front of just what she was asking for. He quickly took it off the rack. "Supergirl!" he shouted. "See, I can suggest one without putting 'sexy' in front of it. Although this thing is super-sexy."

"Maybe too sexy! Are those garters?" Claudia asked.

"Yep, and a corset. You gotta try this one on mom!" he requested, handing it over to her.

"Supergirl my ass! I'd look more like super-hooker in this thing," she joked, while looking it over.

"You gotta at least try it on. Maybe you'll love it," Scott urged.

"Alright, well...this is three. Let's go find the fitting room," said Claudia as she started away with her three costume choices.

The fitting rooms were nestled in the back of the store. Each room was its own private area, with a curtain drawn across the door and a chair sitting just outside the room. It was the perfect arrangement for a second person to sit and critique outfits as they were tried on. Claudia knew right away that it would be incredibly tempting to her son to peek right in on her, but she wanted his opinion on the costumes and certainly wasn't gonna march out into the store with them on to find him.

"Will you try on supergirl first?" he asked.

"Yes, as long as you promise to stay in that chair and behave yourself," she half-teased.

"Deal!" Scott answered, plopping down in the chair, while his mom stepped into the dressing room and pulled the curtain.

Just listening to his mom undress was incredibly thrilling. He was so eager to see her in the revealing costume that it was killing him.

"Oh, Scott, I don't know..." he heard his mom mutter doubtfully.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm BARELY fitting in this thing."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Scott joked.

"IT IS a bad thing, especially if I rip right out of it half-way through the party. It's Supergirl, not the Incredible Hulk."

"I'll give you an honest assessment and tell you if it looks too tight on you," he assured her.

After a few more minutes, his mother spoke again. "Alright! Here I come to save the day!" she blurted, trying to sound heroic.

The curtain suddenly opened and Claudia stood there as the sexiest version of Supergirl Scott had ever seen. "Damn, mom!" he blurted, trying to take it all in at once. The way the corset fit across her tremendous bust gave Claudia the most extraordinary cleavage the boy had ever seen. He spied her bra hanging on a hook behind her and suspected she couldn't wear it because the straps would show. The blue corset, with the Supergirl logo, flared out into a red mini skirt, which barely fell below her crotch. Garters were stretched across both her thighs, holding up naughty red stockings. On her feet she wore red stiletto mules, which went perfect with the outfit.

"Be honest. Does it look too snug?" the mother asked, striking a superhero-worthy pose, with her hands on her hips. A red collar around her neck was attached to a flowing red cape and Claudia's long, platinum-blond hair made her a convincing match to the real character.

"You really expect me to say yes to that, mom?" her son smiled.

"Of course I do, honey. You're here to give me an honest assessment, remember?"

"You want my 'honest' assessment?" he asked. "If there really was a Supergirl, she wouldn't hold a candle to you."

"Thanks," the mother blushed, "but I wouldn't have her powers though," she stated with a cute smile, then threw her arms straight into the air, making her massive mams jump beneath her outfit. "I wouldn't be able to soar through the sky!"

Scott watched in astonished fascination as his mom quickly adjusted the top of her corset to prevent her oversized knockers from spilling out. "This thing was certainly not made for breasts the size of mine," she complained.

"I think it fits perfect!" Scott muttered, watching her struggle to contain the better portion of her tit-meat.

"Of course you do," Claudia teased with a blushful smile. "I do have a strapless bra I could wear with it. That would certainly help."

"That's a lot of weight to contain," Scott boldly stated. "How much do you think they weigh each?"

She glared at him sternly. "Scott, we're here to discuss costumes, not the weight of my breasts."

"You were the one who brought it up, mom" he reminded her.

"How did I bring up the weight of my boobs?"

"You said that costume wasn't made to hold breasts the size of yours, so I was only expanding upon that comment."

Claudia giggled. "Do you ever think about anything besides boobs?" she teased, remembering how many times she had come into his room to find a picture of giant naked breasts on his computer screen. She never really scolded him for it. She knew it was better that he be yanking it to online porn than out chasing girls at school and risk getting one of them pregnant.

"Yeah, of course. I think about a couple other things too," the boy responded, letting his eyes drift down his mom's well-sculpted legs. "Would Supergirl wear red panties or blue ones beneath her skirt?"

"Bright yellow panties would actually be a better contrast, since the skirt and the stockings are both red."

"True. Do you have Bright yellow ones?"

Claudia smiled as she spun around to look at the back of her costume in the big floor to ceiling mirror. "You tell me. You seem to know my panty drawer these days as well as I do," she teased.

"That's not true. I don't snoop in your panty drawer."

"Oh, that's right. You prefer plucking them out of my laundry hamper," Claudia giggled.

"I plead the fifth," Scott grinned. He was a bit embarrassed knowing now that his mom was aware of his nasty habit of stealing her panties.

"You know, if your father ever caught you doing that you'd be grounded for life, especially if he knew what you did with them," Claudia warned.

"How do you know what I do with them?"

"Scott, I have to wash the boy-slime off my hands every time I do a load of my laundry. Trust me, I know what you do with them," she answered.

"Do you ever taste me?" Scott boldly asked.

"Excuse me?!"

"I just wondered if you were ever curious what I tasted like and tried a little sample?" he wickedly inquired.

"No, I most certainly have not," the mother answered, knowing full-well that there was one time recently where she had licked her son's ball-juice off her finger. She had been curious to know how he tasted, compared to her husband. She was pleasantly surprised to discover that Scott's sperm was much sweeter-tasting and the volume of ejaculate that he always left in the gusset of her panties simply amazed her. "Just because you boys are obsessed with sniffing and tasting us moms, doesn't mean that we're the same way."

**“Well, just so you know, you taste great, and your smell down there is intoxicating!” the teen brazenly confessed.**

**The mother covered her ears and shook her head. “Scott, please...TMI!”**

**“Sorry, mom...I'm just being honest.”**

**“Can we just...get back to the subject of costumes please? If I decided on this one, do the red heels look good or should I try to find some boots?” Claudia asked.**

**“The heels look awesome! Definitely stick with those.”**

**“Alright, close the curtain. I'm gonna try on the next one,” she stated.**

**Scott closed the curtain, almost all the way. He left a tiny slit that he could peek through. He watched his mom sit on the corner bench of the changing room and slip her nyloned feet from her stiletto heels. As Claudia unhooked the garters, her son got a good look up her skirt. Her dainty red panties were molded to her crotch, creating a wonderful camel-toe. He could even see how the fabric narrowed out, forming a thong between her buns. *“Fuck!”* his brain screamed as he fought off the urge to reach down and squeeze his hardening cock.**

**Since there was a gap between the fitting room curtain and the floor, it didn't take much effort for Claudia to notice her snoopy son hovering there. A tiny smirk formed on her lips as she realized he was peeking in at her. *“I'll let him watch my take off the nylons, but that's it,”* she decided.**

**The boy's eyes widened as he spied his mom extending one of her luscious legs out and slipping the stocking off. He loved the way her toes were pointed towards him and how her sexy legs gave off a wonderful freshly-shaved sheen. *“Whoa!”* he thought, watching her roll the stocking off the other. This time she extended her leg out at an upward angle, showing her limberness. Once the red nylon slipped off her arched foot, she held her leg there for a moment, suspended in mid-air for her son to gawk at.**

**“Scott, away from the curtain please,” she requested sweetly as she lowered her leg and stood up.**

**“Sorry,” the boy blushed, going over and sitting down in the chair just outside the fitting room.**

**“Uh-huh,” Claudia teased. “I bet you are.”**

**“Which one are you trying next?”**

**“I'm not telling you,” she playfully answered. “It can be a surprise.”**

**“I hate surprises.”**

**“Well, who knows, maybe you'll like this one,” she replied.**

It was torture sitting just outside the room, listening to the fabric of the costume brush against his mom's smooth skin as she put it on.

"Ready for the big reveal?" Claudia finally asked.

"Ready!" her son answered, then watched the curtain swish open. His mom stood there in a long dark wig and the Egyptian Goddess costume, with one leg cocked out. The get-up featured a gold and white cut-out dress with an ornate jeweled collar. The white, pleated-panel satin skirt had daring open sides, allowing her legs to be fully exposed, all the way to the top of her hips. Her feet were arched in gold-colored open-toed heels that came with the costume.

"Do I make a convincing Egyptian Goddess?" she asked.

"Do you ever!" the boy responded. "I'd worship you."

"What about if I stand like this?" Claudia said, then took the 'walk like an Egyptian' pose. This made her jutting tit-mounds look as though they could rip right through the fabric.

"Perfect!" Her son beamed, studying her up and down. He noticed her panties laying on the floor. "Did it come with panties?"

"No, I couldn't wear a normal G-string with this because the hip-straps might show."

"So you wouldn't wear ANY panties?"

"Well, I don't know if I'd be brave enough to go without them," she giggled. "I'd probably just wear a black C-string."

"C-string?"

"It's a new type of panty that's strapless. It looks like normal sexy underwear in the front, with a thong-style strip at the rear and nothing on the sides."

"Wow! How does it stay on?" Scott asked.

"It has a flexible inner frame that hugs and holds it to a woman's crotch, without the need of any other straps."

"Damn, would I love to be a c-string!" the boy sighed.

The mother placed her hands on her hips and gave him a stern, but slightly amused glare.

"Scott!"

"I'm just sayin."

"What do you think of the back," his mom asked, spinning around.

Scott could see the silky backs of her entire legs. Only the swell of her rounded mommy-rump was covered by the skirt. "What do you think I'm gonna think of the back, mom? It's incredible!"

"Thanks, honey. I like it too! I think this one's gonna be high on the contender's list. The black wig doesn't look stupid?" she asked.

"No, it's hot!" Scott replied. "Besides, I doubt there were too many blonde Egyptian women back in the day."

Scott stared at the thong laying on the floor. He'd give his left testicle if his mom would let him hold them to his nose and sniff them. Even though he knew she'd be upset, he decided it wouldn't hurt to press his luck. "While you try on the next costume, can I hold on to your panties?"

"Scott, no! What you sneak around and do at home is one thing, but right now we're in public," she reminded him.

"Yeah, but the fitting area is totally private. There's no one even back here."

"I'm putting them back on," she stated. "I only took them off for this one costume."

"You don't need to wear them with the cop costume. Come on, mom...I dedicated this entire day to helping you. Just throw me a bone," he pleaded.

Claudia laughed, picking up her dainty panties off the floor. "Throw you a bone?! What are you, a dog?"

"Ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" Scott jokingly replied.

"More like a horn-dog!" she laughed. She threw her panties over and they landed in his lap. "There's your bone, horn-dog. You have until I open this curtain back up, then I'm getting them back."

"Got it!"

Claudia gave him a playful smile as she closed the fitting room curtain. "*Oh, Claudia, what the hell did you just do?*" she thought, feeling a little ashamed.

In a flash, Scott grabbed the panties and brought them to his nose. "*GODDAMN, FUCK!!*" his brain screamed as the sweet, musky aroma of his mom's pussy swept through his nostrils. The scent was so pungent that it made his eyes roll back and excited tingles course through his body. He gasped a little too loudly.

"Are you ok out there?" his mom's voice giggled.

"I'm fine...sort of," he replied.

**“So, are you doing this with other women's panties...or is this just sort of a mommy thing?” Claudia asked as she took off the Goddess costume.**

**“Doing what?”**

**“I don't know...whatever it is you do with them. I assume that you like to smell them, right?”**

**“Well, yeah...that is PARTLY why I like them.”**

**“Ok, so...what's the other part?” the mother curiously asked.**

**“Do you really have to ask, mom?”**

**“I know WHY boys do it...I'm just...trying to get a better understanding of what YOU like about panties, that's all.**

**“I do love the smell,” Scott confessed, taking another good whiff.**

**With the Goddess costume off, Claudia stood there in the fitting room for a moment completely naked, while speaking to her boy. She peeked down and noticed how long and stiff her nipples were, protruding from the round pink caps of her giant tits.**

**“Alright...what about the taste?” Claudia brazenly asked. “You said earlier that I taste good. Are you one of these boys who enjoys sucking on the gusset?”**

**“Wow, mom...weren't you getting upset earlier when I asking you if you ever tasted ME?” he chuckled.**

**“Hey, I'm the one letting you use a pair of my delicate personal belongings. I have a right to ask a few questions.”**

**“I do suck on the crotch, yes,” he confessed.**

**“You do this, while you masturbate, I'm assuming?” his mom innocently asked.**

**“Yes, usually. Unfortunately, not this time though,” Scott answered, feeling his cock throb with hardness.**

**Claudia laughed. “No...masturbating in public isn't the best idea, honey.”**

**“I could always come in there with you and do it,” he half-jokingly suggested.**

**His mom laughed. “Probably not the best time for that, seeing as I'm completely naked at the moment,” she stated.**

**“Sounds like the prefect time to me,” Scott replied.**

**“It would probably be the greatest moment of your life, since you've been trying to catch a glimpse of me naked since your were thirteen.”**

**“Wow, has it been that long?”**

**“Yes, don't you remember memorial day weekend up at the cabin, when I caught you peeping in on me, just before I got my bra off?” Claudia asked.**

**“Oh, yeah, I guess I do remember that.”**

**“You were certainly too young to be seeing tits and ass at that age,” the mother stated.**

**“Well, maybe now than I'm technically an adult I should get to see more of you.”**

**“You should certainly get to see more naked women now, but whether that should include your own mother I'm not so sure about.”**

**“Oh, come on, mom. What about a quick flash?” the boy pleaded.**

**“No!” Claudia giggled. She then poked her arm out from behind the curtain. “There! There's my naked arm.”**

**“Very funny, mom! You can show more than an arm.”**

**“OK, fine,” said Claudia, then peeked out of the curtain and used it to cover her upper-half as she curled one of her sexy legs out. “That better?”**

**Scott stared at his mother's luscious bare leg. The way she had it bent and curled up around the curtain allowed him to see all the way to her naked hip. He marveled at how silky soft it looked, but how it also exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him.**

**“Sexiest damn leg ever!” the boy stated while staring.**

**“Yeah, I bet you tell that to all the girls,” she winked, then looked down at his crotch, where the panties sat. “Just so you know, those panties are way too tiny to hide anything, if that's what you were hoping they would do.”**

**“No,” Scott answered, lifting the delicates from the bulge of his erection. “I wasn't worried about hiding anything.”**

**Claudia's eyes lingered on his crotch for a moment, studying it's tubular outline. “*You should not be standing here staring at your son's bulge,*” she reminded herself. She focused on the panties in her son's hand. “I'm kinda surprised. I thought for sure I'd peek out and see those panties shoved in your mouth.”**

**“Like this?” he said, then placed the crotch in his mouth and smiled.**

**“Yes, exactly like that!” the mother laughed. She knew she was being inappropriate, but it was also a little fun and thrilling. It made her feel like she did back when she was younger,**

flirting with Scott's father, while they courted each other. "You better not soak those with your slobber. I do have to put them back on you know?"

"Um-hm!" Scott nodded.

"I'm gonna go put on my police uniform now. If you're still sucking on those panties," Claudia said, then glanced down at his boner, "while clearly showing signs of arousal out here in public, I'm gonna arrest you, young man," she teased, then disappeared back behind the curtain.

While she changed, Scott sucked on her panty-gusset, tasting the sweet tang of her vaginal nectar. His large erection twitched and ached beneath his pants as he eagerly waited for his mom to finish trying on the costume.

"FREEZE!!" she shouted, throwing open the curtain. Claudia was all decked out in the police uniform, hat and glasses included. The blue crop top was snug and its V-neck revealed her monstrous cleavage. It was adorned with fake patches and a badge. A pair of plastic handcuffs hung from her blue booty shorts. Her feet were arched in six-inch mules that added to the look of a matronly law-authority.

She confidently strode towards her boy and removed the panties from his mouth. "Who do you think you are performing such a perverted act in public? Get on your feet!" she demanded.

Scott went along with it, standing up, so he was pinned between his mom and the wall. He loved the way her squishy boobs were rubbing against his chest. "Spread your legs! I'm searching you for weapons," Claudia insisted.

The mother frisked her boy's upper-half, then nudged his boner-bulge with her crotch. "What are you hiding down there? Is that some sort of long-barreled pistol?" she asked, trying to take on the roll of bitchy cop.

"You could say that," Scott grinned.

"What's that suppose to mean? Do I have to extract it from your pants before it does me any harm?" she sternly asked.

"Be my guest."

Claudia nudged him against the wall, sandwiching his big cock between their crotches. "You'd like that, wouldn't you. Little pervert. Sitting out here in public, with you mom's panties in your mouth, sucking on her juices. Get your hands behind your back!"

Scott did so, which allowed his mom's gigantic tits to smother his entire chest. Her face was within inches of his and he could see his reflection in her big glasses. "I'm not resisting," he stated.

**“You better not. I'll slap these cuffs on and haul you downtown. You think just because you're a hot guy with a big concealed weapon that you can do whatever you want?” She playfully asked. “Think again!”**

**“Your welcome to take my ‘concealed weapon’ out anytime.”**

**“Yeah, that's just what you want, isn't it? You want me to release your big, dangerous weapon, so you can try to use it on me. So you can try to jab me with it!”**

**“Well, the idea had crossed my mind a time or two,” Scott confessed.**

**“See what I mean? You're a menace! A threat to women everywhere with your big, throbbing weapon,” she stated. “You think I don't feel it down there, twitching and flexing? Eager to be used.”**

**“On you, yes!”**

**“I've handled big weapons before. Don't think you have anything that I couldn't handle,” officer Claudia revealed, then moved away from her son.**

**Scott watched with lustful eyes as his mom turned and sashayed back towards the fitting room. The booty shorts were molded to her meaty ass like a second skin and the hems had ridden up, so that a good deal of creamy ass-flesh seeped out. Her rounded mommy-buttocks swayed back and forth teasingly as she entered the fitting room.**

**When Claudia turned back around, her son was standing right there in front of her. “Maybe I should cuff YOU, huh?” he blurted, then snatched the cuffs from her hip. “Maybe you're a crooked cop that needs to be cuffed and punished!”**

**He backed his mom to the wall, then forced her hands behind her back and cuffed her with the plastic cuffs, making her huge tits jut outward. “Your so afraid of my concealed weapon. Maybe I should push it against you, so you can see just how huge and dangerous it is.”**

**The boy nuzzled into his curvy mom and almost instinctively, Claudia raised a leg and curled it around his young frame. The long meaty shaft of his cock pushed against her heated crotch, making them both let out a sharp gasp from the intimate contact. “Don't do it! I'm warning you,” the mother sighed, still in her female cop roll.**

**For nearly ten seconds, the two of them became lost in a lustful haze. Their bodies began to writhe against each other like passion-stricken animals.**

**“Mmnnff!” Scott snarled, his face nuzzled against Claudia's neck. He could feel her big spongy milkers sloshing around against him, while he ground the erect muscle of his cock against her cunt.**

**“Scott, stop!” Claudia's voice gasped, lowering her leg. “Honey, enough!”**

**“Come on, mom, it's fun!” the boy panted, humping against her.**

**“It's wrong! I'm sorry. I let things go too far,” she replied, then her voice became more stern.**

**“Scott, stop now!”**

**The teen awkwardly moved away from her, his boner clearly twitching with excitement through his pants.**

**“Sorry,” he muttered shamefully.**

**“OK, so...um, definitely not the police uniform,” Claudia breathlessly stated. “It would remind me of what just happened, which was VERY wrong.”**

**“You mentioned that already,” Scott pointed out in frustration.**

**“Let's just decide between Supergirl or the Egyptian Goddess, then we can leave.”**

**“Well, I uh...love ‘em both,” Scott muttered, still feeling a little guilty for basically dry-humping his mother.**

**“Let's do this. The party isn't until tomorrow night. Let's go get some lunch, go home and we'll talk it over. I'll stop back by tomorrow and get whichever one we decide on.”**

**“Good suggestion. I am getting hungry,” Scott agreed.**

**After she was dressed, Claudia and her son left the store and went to the local brewpub for lunch. There seemed to be an awkward silence between the two of them as they waited for their food. Claudia knew the best way to purge the incident from their minds was to focus on something else. “So what are YOU gonna do for Halloween? Hanging out with your friends again this year?” she asked.**

**“No, Randy has to work. I think I'll just hang out at home. Maybe help pass out some candy.”**

**“Well, I'm sure your sister will be happy to have the help.”**

**Scott saw a couple women dressed in scrubs, clearly nurses, sit down near them. “What about a sexy nurse?” he asked his mom, like a light bulb just went off in his head.**

**“Nurse?”**

**“A sexy nurse's costume. You don't see very many of those around on Halloween.”**

**“Oh, well...I could look and see if they have one there when I go by tomorrow.”**

**“You could wear some latex gloves, like you're getting ready to do a prostate exam,” Scott joked.**

**“Oh, wonderful!” the mother giggled.**

**“Can I ask your opinion on something?” Scott inquired.**

**“Of course, honey. I ask for your opinion all the time, don't I?”**

**“Yeah, but this opinion is regarding something... kind of personal.”**

**“Oh, well...I guess we've gotten kinda ‘personal’ already today, so it wouldn't hurt, I suppose. What's your question?”**

**“I know we were just role-playing and joking around at the costume shop, but you said I had a ‘big concealed weapon.’ Did you really think so, or were you just saying that?”**

**“Well, it um...looked big...and felt big. If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it must be a duck, right?” Claudia answered.**

**“I hope it is, because girls like big ones, don't they?”**

**“Yeah, I mean...if I'm being honest, I think most girls prefer a guy with a larger penis. Just like most guys prefer girls with big boobs.”**

**“Yeah, but that's different.”**

**“How is it different?”**

**“Well, guys like big boobs for smothering and sucking, where girls like bigger dicks so they can feel fuller, right?” Scott inquired.**

**“Yes, that's true, but it all boils down to sexual gratification, honey. Guys get sexual pleasure by being smothered and gorging themselves on a women's breasts,” Claudia explained.**

**“Women get off from feeling a hard penis in the deepest areas of their vagina. Different places entirely, but the same types of pleasurable results.”**

**Claudia took a moment to reflect on her lack of ‘sexual gratification’ here lately and how much it frustrated her.**

**Scott had gotten fully erect from just sitting there next to his mom glancing at her king-sized jugs. “Well, I certainly hope I have the size to please a girl that way. Do you think you could check...just to make sure?” he boldly asked.**

**“Check?”**

**“Yeah, you know, just um...feel it, to make sure it's a size that girls would like.”**

**Claudia glanced over at his crotch and could see the bulge of his erection. “Scott, I don't know...we've already gotten WAY more touchy-feely today than we should have.”**

**“Yeah, but this time is different. We're not just fooling around. You'd be doing it so you could just give me your honest assessment...on my size down there.”**

**Claudia looked around to determine the level of privacy they had to conduct such an ‘assessment.’ She knew if she got caught touching her own son's prick in public it would be**

disastrous. *“Even if someone did see us, these people don't know we're mother and son. As far as they're concerned I'm a cougar with a young boyfriend and we're being affectionate in public. Big deal,”* she told herself.

“Alright...scoot over closer to me,” she nervously muttered.

Scott moved his chair over so he was literally hip to hip with his mom, with the table concealing their lower bodies from the view of any other patrons.

“Are you, um...fully hard?” Claudia whispered.

“Yes. I have been since we sat down.”

Claudia giggled. “Scott, why are you getting stiff like that in a restaurant of all places?” she asked.

“The same reason you are, I suppose.”

“The same reason I'm getting...stiff?” she inquired with a look of confusion.

“Yeah, mom,” he answered, glancing over at her breasts. “You've been stiff for awhile too.”

Claudia looked down at her ballooning tits and noticed that her thick teats had hardened and were clearly visible through her top. “Oh, snap! I guess I um...am a bit stiff, aren't I?” she blushed.

“You could say that,” Scott smiled, imagining that he was latching his lips around the peak of her mammary.

“Alright,” Claudia muttered, moving her hand over onto her son thigh, “just a quick assessment, then we'll pay the bill and get out of here.”

“Sounds good,” Scott sighed. He peeked down and watched his mom's pretty hand slide onto his hard cock. She traced her long nails around the outline of his bell-shaped crown through his pants. *“Holy fuck that feels good!”* his brain shouted.

*“I think I have officially sunk into the pit of depravity,”* Claudia thought as she squeezed her boy's glans. The way her wedding ring sparkled on her finger made her feel a tinge of guilt. It had been years since she'd touched any penis besides her husband's, so she was naturally feeling a bit guilty. *“Is IS a pretty good-sized knob though,”* she assessed. *“Let's check the shaft.”*

The mother let her tender clasp move down the length of his erection. His thick vein-encrusted stalk just seemed to go on and on and she tried to keep track of the inches as she went along. *“Four, five, six, seven...eight...maybe nine. Holy heavens...nine inches! And I may very well have been underestimating,”* she wondrously thought. *“Can that be right?”*

“What do you think?” Scott asked, eager to hear her opinion.

She looked over into his eyes blushing. "Well, honey, let's just put it this way. I can confidently say that you have absolutely NO reason to be concerned."

"So I do have a size you think girls will like?"

"WILL like?" Claudia asked. "You mean, you haven't been with anyone...sexually yet?"

Scott shook his head in response. He HAD been sexual, with many girls in fact, and had gotten quite skilled at using his oversized cock. However, he wanted his mom to think he was a naïve virgin, so maybe she'd be willing to show him a thing or two. "I've gotten close a few times, but never went all the way."

"Oh..." his mother muttered. She had lost her cherry when she was fifteen, so the idea that such a handsome eighteen-year-old with a large penis was still a virgin completely mystified her. "So, have you ever even felt a girl...on her private parts?"

"I squeezed a boob once, but that was about it," Scott lied. He loved how his mom's hand was still clasping the base of his boner. She seemed in no hurry to move it.

"Scott, you're eighteen-years-old. Are you telling me that all you've ever done with a female is squeezed her boob?"

"Yeah, that and kissed," he answered.

Claudia was genuinely stumped. By the way her son had aggressively handled himself in the fitting room earlier she would have guessed the opposite. She would have thought that he'd had a ton of experience. "Are you sure you're not lying, because you're worried I'll be upset if I knew just how much sex YOU'VE REALLY had?" the mother asked.

"No, I'm not lying, mom," he answered. "In fact, I'm kinda freaked out that I might make a fool of myself once I do get my hand in a girl's panties."

"Why would you worry about that?"

"I don't know...maybe because it would be so new to me, but she would expect me to do what the other guys do and I would completely suck at it," Scott explained.

"Honey, I'm sure you wouldn't suck at it," the mother said consolingly.

"How would I not, when I've never even touched a woman's vagina before?" he stated, then peeked down at her denim-covered crotch. "Do you think maybe I could um...try it on you?"

Claudia suddenly pulled her hand away from his penis. "Honey, no. That would not be appropriate at all."

"Even if it's just to show me? I mean, you just felt MY privates, just to help me. What would be the difference?"

Claudia knew her son had a point. She had touched his stiff penis through his pants, but only for the purpose of assessing it's size for him. "I touched you through your clothing, honey. You're asking to go INSIDE my panties, which is different."

"Okay, then I'll stay outside your panties."

The mother giggled. "Women are built differently. You'll gain nothing from feeling me outside my panties," she stated.

"I guess I'll just have to make an idiot of myself then, when and if I do ever get to feel a girl up," Scott mumbled.

Claudia's pussy tingled at the thought of being felt up. Plenty of curious hands had dug through her panties when she was younger, but during her married life it was something her husband had rarely done. "*Routine sex,*" she sadly thought, "*that's what my sex-life has become. Routine and boring. Without all the exciting groping and risky public raunchiness. Fuck, I have a husband who can't even get me off anymore.*"

Scott was prepared to give up on the idea, when he heard his mom's sexy voice. "Go ahead then," she muttered.

"Go ahead?" he asked. "Really??"

"Yes, but let's get one thing straight. Just like when I touched you earlier, this is nothing sexual between us. It's only so you can know what it's like...so you're not stupidly nervous the first time."

"Understood," Scott said, while looking down and watching his mom unbutton her denims, exposing the crotch of her panties. He sneakily reached down and slipped his hand beneath the hem. His heart-rate was through the roof as he felt the smooth, shaved lips of his mom's outer labium. "Whoa, that feels nice!" he whispered.

"Scott, please try not to act too excited. I don't want other people to catch on to what you're doing," she softly warned.

"Got it!" he answered, stroking her pussy and letting his middle finger slip between her tumescent outer folds. His digit sunk between inner flanges, entering the moist pit of her cuntal vestibule. "*Holy fuck, she's wet! Hard nipples...wet pussy! I'm clearly not the only one enjoying this,*" Scott thought.

Claudia took a sip of her wine, trying to act inconspicuous in the eyes of the other patrons who may look her way. Her body jerked suddenly as she felt Scott's finger strum beneath her clitoral hood and across love-button. "Are you sure you've never done this before?" she sighed.

"No...never!" Scott lied.

**“You seem to know your way around awfully well down there for someone who's never had their hand in a girl's panties before.”**

**“Beginners luck, I guess,” he smiled. His hand was now cupping his mom's vulva, wiggling his middle finger back and forth across the grape-sized nubbin of her clit. He could tell by the way his mom was restlessly shifting her body that she was enjoying it.**

**“Do you um...have any...questions?” his mom asked, with heavy breath.**

**“Can I slip a finger in...maybe two?” he brazenly asked.**

**Claudia knew that was part of feeling a girl up, so she agreed. “Go ahead.”**

**Scott eagerly plunged two fingers inside her pussy, exploring her snug inner lining. He began doing the ‘come-hither’ motion, massaging the rough textured area that he knew was her G-spot.**

**“Damnit, I knew you were lying to me,” the mother gasped, reaching over and grabbing his wrist. She was holding onto him, but making no effort to pull him away. “You’ve done this before!”**

**“Okay, maybe a few times, but I do appreciate you helping me get better at it,” Scott confessed.**

**“You lied to me...just to get into my panties, didn't you?”**

**“Mom, your slit is soaking wet. That tells me that you probably wanted this as much as I did.”**

**“I bet you tricked me into touching your erection too, didn't you?” the mother quavered.**

**“You knew you had a large one. You just wanted my hand on it.”**

**“I've always been told I was huge, but I wanted the opinion of a beautiful grown mother, who's opinion I respect the most.”**

**Claudia clenched her toes in their heels as her legs began to tremble delightfully. She couldn't remember the last time she had been finger-fucked by her husband. She had forgotten how much she loved it. Yet, this was her son and they were treading in dangerous waters.**

**“Scott, you have to stop that!” the mother mumbled, clearly about to go out of her mind in ecstasy.**

**“Why mom? You clearly like it. Just let it happen. Dad hasn't made you cum recently, has he?”**

**“Why do you say that?” the mother asked, surprised that her son knew that detail of her sex life.**

**“I used to hear you cry out all the time at night. I don't anymore.”**

**“That's nothing that YOU need to be concerned about,” Claudia stated.**

**Scott plunged his fingers in and out, curling them as he did so, to provide more pressure on her sweet-spot. He used his thumb to strum against his mom's fat clit, to provide extra stimulation. His eyes were fixed on her breasts, watching them shift and quiver from the pleasure that was surging through her.**

**“Oh my God, Scott, please stop!” she hissed, but her son refused to comply.**

**“Just let it happen, mom. You know you need this.”**

**The sound of his mom's suppressed gasps and the way her cunt-tube was clapping at his fingers made the boy intensify his fingerings. A lewd creamy sound began to emanate from her crotch and he suddenly heard a cute squeal leave his mom's lips.**

**Lights of many colors flashed before Claudia's eyes as she experienced a tremendous clitoral orgasm. She prayed that no one was watching her. It must have been obvious by her slightly contorted face that she was cumming. It was all she could do to keep from screaming out as she gushed all over her son's plunging fingers. It was several minutes before she could even think straight again. “OK, Honey, that’s enough!” she whispered with a satisfied sigh.**

**Scott removed his hand from her panties, marveling at how soaking wet it was. “Wow, mom...that was a gusher,” he gleefully stated.**

**“Here,” she said breathlessly, handing him her cloth napkin. “Clean your hand up with this.”**

**That evening Claudia took a long shower, replaying the naughty happenings that had occurred that day in her mind. Scott looked so much like her husband, Ward, that it almost felt like taking a trip down memory lane. When they were young, they flirted and took risks by being naughty in public. These days it seemed like they barely had time for intimacy with the hustle and bustle of work and caring for their children. She missed those types of sexual shenanigans. She missed having body-shaking orgasms. Perhaps that's what made her day with Scott so incredibly thrilling.**

**“Make love to me!” Claudia excitedly requested, pouncing on her husband in bed.**

**“Claudia, we just had sex last night,” he stated, trying to ignore his kisses and her giant breasts rolling all over him.**

**“Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I'd reached my sex-limit for the week,” she replied, continuing to kiss him. “Besides, I didn't get to cum, remember?”**

**“Can we just...do this tomorrow night?” he asked. “I have to be out the door super-early in the morning.”**

**“Whatever!” his wife blurted, getting up and throwing on her kimono robe.**

**“Babe, I'm sorry...it's just been a crazy day and I'm beat,” her husband explained, standing up and hugging her. “I'll make it up to you tomorrow. We'll go to the party, then come home and have some intimate time, ok?” he said consolingly.**

**Claudia nodded understandably. Although she knew the ‘intimate time’ would most likely include her not having an orgasm. “Alright,” she whispered, then looked at the door. “I'm not that tired, so I'm just gonna go down and watch some TV for awhile.”**

**She shared a kiss with her husband, then left the room, closing the door behind her.**

**The blonde-haired beauty padded down the hallway on bare feet, her unfettered boobies bobbling heavily beneath her robe. She peeked in on her kids, saving Scott for last. “Are you behaving yourself in here?” she asked, gazing over at her boy, who sat in bed on his laptop.**

**“Hey, mom...come look at this. They have it!” he stated.**

**“Who has what?” his mom asked, stepping towards him.**

**Scott loved the way her heavy breasts moved beneath her robe when they were unrestrained by a bra. He always fantasized that her robe would accidentally slip open, while she came in to say goodnight to him. He turned the computer screen so she could see it. “I checked the costume company's website. They have a sexy nurses costume. Look at this thing.”**

**Claudia checked out the skimpy costume on the woman modeling it. “Looks like half a costume to me, honey” she joked.**

**“Well, yeah...incredibly sexy, don't you think? You'd look amazing in it!”**

**“Well, thank you, but I don't think your father would let me wear something that risqué to his company Halloween party,” she contended.**

**“Even so, you should still check it out tomorrow.”**

**“I'll see if they have it in stock...and what it looks like on me.”**

**“I figured out what I'm wearing, while I pass out candy,” said Scott.**

**“What's that?”**

**He quickly threw on a ski mask. It was the kind with just the eyes and mouth-hole cut out.**

**“The creepy burglar!”**

**“Oh, very creepy! I'm going downstairs to watch TV alone. I certainly hope a burglar like that doesn't come creeping through the window.”**

**Scott could tell by the playful look in his mom's eyes that it was less a concern and more a suggestion. “You never know,” he stated.**

“Well if you hear me screaming you better come rescue me,” she winked, then sashayed from his bedroom, with a little more sway in her hips than usual.

Scott quickly scrambled to his feet and threw on an old sweat suit. Then, he slipped the ski mask on and checked himself out in the mirror. *“Damn! I look like the perfect creepy burglar!”* he thought.

Downstairs, Claudia poured herself a glass of wine, then sashayed into the living room and turned on the TV. Through the corner of her eye, she noticed a shadow move on the wall. This caused a mischievous smile to cross her lips as she curled her smooth lovely legs up onto the sofa. She heard the quick patter of footsteps behind her and her eyes lit up as she ran her pink tongue across her lips anxiously. The mother was most definitely horny and ready to play.

Scott crawled along the back of the sofa, then peeked over the arm, looking at his mom as she sat on the other end. Her legs looked amazing and he watched her toy with the sash to her robe, loosening it up a bit. This caused the slit of her gown to creep open a tad, exposing her naked tit-cleavage. *“Holy fuck, yes!”* the boy's mind screamed, wishing it would slip completely open.

His mother glanced his direction and the way her lips slightly smirked told him that she knew he was there, but was trying to pretend like she didn't. She quickly rolled on to her tummy, but stayed propped up on her forearms, looking at the TV. Her knees were bent and dainty feet pointed towards the ceiling and moved slightly, like they were waving to her boy. Scott squeezed his aching prick, staring straight up his mom's slightly-splayed thighs. Though the lighting wasn't good, he could just make out the outer lips of her pudendum and the meaty swell of her naked buttocks, peeking out of the robe.

“Don't move!” A voice blurted into Claudia's ear and she felt a body pounce down on top of hers.

“What do you want?!” she asked, trying to sound panicked. She could feel her son's hard cock-muscle digging between the cheeks of her ass, pushing against her butthole through his sweat-suit.

“I'm a burglar. I'm here to steal from you,” Scott answered, hovering over her shoulder. The mother peeked over at him, her green eyes smoldering with lust.

“What are you here to...steal?” she whispered.

“Pleasure,” Scott answered, flexing his horny cock against her ass. “Where in the house would I find that?”

Claudia looked towards the top of the stairway. She knew if her husband or one of her kids were to get up they could look straight down on them and get the shock of their lives. “The

basement," she softly replied. "It's the most private place in the house and it has doors that lock. If pleasure is what you want...that's where you'll find it."

Scott climbed off her. "Let's go!" he demanded in a hushed tone. His mom got up also and led him through the downstairs. Scott watched her bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs as he followed her down a stairway, into the finished basement. "Take me to the most private place you have down here," he demanded.

His mom peeked back at him, trying not to smirk. "That would be the closet, in the guest bedroom," she replied.

"Take me there," he demanded, poking her in the ribs.

"I'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt me," the mother said with an innocent stare, letting her tongue linger between her lips.

The sexy mother led him down a narrow hallway and entered a good-sized guest bedroom. Scott closed the door behind them.

"Lock it," Claudia whispered, as if, just for a moment, she were speaking outside her victim role. This mommy was ready to play along, but wanted to do it as safely as possible.

Scott locked the door, then followed his mom to the closet. She clicked on the light, illuminating the small space in a warm glow.

He closed the door behind them and watched his mother back against the wall, staring at him, just as a frightened victim would.

"So, this is where the pleasure is, huh?" the boy asked.

"Yes. It's in here."

"What kind of pleasure are we talking about?" Scott asked.

His mom stared straight into his eyes. "Pussy," she whispered.

"Take your robe off," Scott requested, his heart racing out of his chest. He stood there for a moment staring into his mom's eyes. It was as if this was a crossroad in their relationship and he was anxiously waiting to see which direction she took.

Claudia took a determined gulp. "*Ward, you had a chance to please me tonight. You fucking blew it!*" she thought as if speaking to her husband.

Claudia reached down and untied the sash to her robe. She slowly slipped it off her shoulders, watching her boy's reaction.

"Fuck!" Scott gasped, staring at his mom's jutting double-H cup knockers. He knew they'd be a sight to behold, but never imagined how wide and exuberant her nipples and areolas would

be. They certainly looked nothing like those of the young girls he'd been with. His mother's areolas were slightly oblong and three-and-a-half inches in diameter. They were a dark dusky-pink in color, thickly textured and dotted with Montgomery glands. Fat, supple-looking teats protruded from their centers, making Scott lick his lips lustfully.

"What's wrong?" Claudia softly asked. "Getting scared? Afraid to steal that pleasure you wanted?"

"No. What I want just looks more amazing than I ever imagined," he answered, tearing his eyes from his mom's tits, following her tapered torso down to her shaved pubis. The turgid fleshy folds of labial tissue met in the middle to form a well pronounced mound of Venus.

"Come take it then," Claudia urged, squeezing the sides of her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. "Come plunder and ravage this hot pussy, until you get your fill."

Scott dove for his mother, slapping their bodies together in a fit of passion. Their lips fused in open ovals and their tongues wrestled heatedly inside his mouth. Claudia quickly peeled off his shirt, then began untying the string to his sweatpants, wanting to get to his dreamy cock as quickly as possible. They gasped and clawed at each other, like two panting, sex-crazed animals in heat. Scott lost his footing and crashed down through some lightly-packed boxes, arriving on his back at the rear of the closet. He pulled his mother down with him and gasped as he felt her weight on top of him; her giant tits crushed against his bare chest. She lashed her wild tongue against his neck, while yanking his sweatpants off. Before he knew it, she was grasping onto his cock with her hand, fitting it's tapered tip to the entrance of her pleasure-pit.

"Ungghh!!" they both grunted in unison as Scott's penis squeezed through the remnants of his mom's hymen and sunk inside her juicy cunt-tube.

"FUCK!!" Scott gasped, feeling her hot, ribbed vagina sleeve his sturdy cock. His mom was already humping before he even hit bottom, her fatty rounded ass bobbing up and down. His boner pumped in and out a few time before his crown kissed the puffy ring at the head of her cervix.

"*Good God, he is so much bigger than his father!*" Claudia deliriously thought. The mere thought of her husband made her blush in guilt for a moment, but when her son began humping his ass from the floor, all thoughts of her sexually-inadequate hubby simply faded away.

Their heated crotches SMACKED together lewdly and repeatedly, finding a passionate fuck-rhythm.

Scott's cock flexed with hardness, making his mom's cunt react with hot, slippery clenches that felt amazing against his penile flesh. His big cock-head mushroomed as it dug against areas of his mom's pussy that she hadn't had touched in over twenty years.

**"Come on!"** Claudia gasped, savagely riding her son. **"Take my pussy! Take it!!"**

He was surprised at how loud his mom had screamed, but he knew that's why she had brought him down here. The basement was a place they could be as loud and nasty as they wanted, without anyone else in the house hearing them, even if his family were awake.

The teen felt his mom's crotch strike his cock-base and remain there. Then, she began swiveling her wide mommy-hips, plowing her cunt with his erection in full penetration. **"OHH, DAMN!"** the boy grunted, feeling his steely cock get jerked around, so it stretched his mom's uteri in every direction.

Claudia rose up on extended arms, so she could really grind the fuck out of her son's dreamy prick. This allowed Scott to gaze straight up at her wildly-swinging breasts. Girls he'd fuck from school had some pretty big knockers, but he'd never seen anything like this. His mom's dangling udders were like two huge watermelons as they swung around, rippling wonderfully as they beat together. **"FUCKING HELL, THOSE ARE HUGE!!"** the boy's brain cried out.

Claudia's heart and respiration rate continued to increase, as did her heavy breathing. Spasms in her pelvic muscles began to cause contractions in her lower vagina, as she felt a powerful orgasm, the first she's had in months, begin to sweep through her beautiful body.

**"OH, GOD, SCOTT, I'M CUMMING!!"** her cute voice squealed as she intensified her grinding motions.

Scott gazed up through the canyon between his mom's wildly-wobbling tits. He watched her silky blonde hair swirl around and her pretty face become contorted with pleasure. **"UUUHHGG!!"** she screamed out.

**"GOD!!"** the boy sighed, feeling the contractions in her pelvic floor compress her fuck-tube around the plunging muscle of his erection. It was easily the most pleasurable sensation he'd ever experienced on his prick, but he was determined to give his mom a fuck she'd remember before he came himself.

After humping and shaking and crying out in orgasm for nearly two minutes, Claudia collapsed onto her boy. **"FUCKING FUCK, I NEEDED THAT!"** he brain gasped. She continued bobbing her ass up and down. This hot mother was skilled at fucking and she knew how to keep her man's cock doing what it was made to do, even if she had just been temporarily drained by a mind-blowing climax.

Scott was in tittie heaven. His wonder-filled face was wedged between his mom's fatty mammaries and he was kissing his way around their warm spongy contours. He peered down between their slapping bellies and could see his mom's cunt riding the big slick pole of his

cock. He marveled at the way her labial flanges were stretched around his girth. Her fleshy prepuce had retracted back over her fat, blood-engorged clitoris and her juicy bulb smacked against his pubic bone on every thrust.

“Fuuuck!” he snarled, flexing his boner inside her, making her respond with wonderful cuntal squeezes. Rubbing his face up one of her giant tits, he found her engorged nipple and latched on.

“*OH MY GOD!*” the boy's mind swirled euphorically as his face sunk into her squishy melon, completely masking it in the warm meat of her boob. He tried his best to get his lips around the huge cap of her tit, gorging himself on as much flesh as he could get in his mouth. His tongue dueled with her fat elongated teat, while he sucked in ways he always dreamed of.

Claudia blushed in satisfaction, knowing she was making her boy's wicked fantasy come true. Scott was sucking on her giant titties and she certainly had no plans of rushing him. If her baby wanted to nurse on her huge, squishy boobs all night, she was prepared to let him do just that. From regular exercise, the mother had well-conditioned hips that allowed her to ride her boy's erection over the next hour, gushing her hot mommy-ejaculate all over him repeatedly. “*Holy fuck, I've never cum this much in my life!*” she thought. The mother was simply blown away by her son's stamina. How his long dick could stay so incredibly rigid and thunder through her cunt without cumming for well over an hour now absolutely amazed her. It was something she knew her husband never ever do.

“Mmgff!” Scott snarled, his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He felt his mom's female juices soak his tender dick and run down the sides of his nuts. It was a struggle to breathe beneath all that heavy, quivering breast-flesh, but it was worth it. He'd been sucking for well over an hour and gorging himself on his mom's giant tits was the biggest rush of his life.

Claudia finally lifted her chest from her boy to give him a break. Her rubbery teat popped from his lips, red and distended. “Don't pass out on me, honey,” she giggled.

Scott watched her sit upright, with her knees firmly astride his hips. She bounced up and down, fucking him like a mommy who just couldn't get enough of his dick. Scott's eyes widened in lust, gazing up at her huge bouncing boobs. The teen knew his mom liked sex and was moderately athletic, but never dreamed she could fuck him this way. His stamina was well matched by her tireless pursuit of more orgasms.

“Yes! Fuck me, Scott!” the beautiful mother gasped, gazing down over her breasts. “Fuck me hard!”

Scott humped his ass from the floor, meeting her downward thrusts and socking his prick from knob to ball inside of her.

“God, your cock is so hard!!” his mom cried, clearly on the verge of another toe-curling climax.

Hearing those words, paired with the incredible sensations his cock was receiving, made the semen rush up Scott's shaft and explode out the tip of his prick. His mom cried out in climax also and for several wonderful minutes they bucked and trembled in a powerful mutual orgasm.

After coming back down to earth, Claudia stood up and led her son out of the closet. They climbed into the queen-sized guest bed together and fucked again. This time Scott was on top and pummeled his mom's pussy hard and fast, while her luscious legs were scissored in the air.

"Oh, hell yeah, mom!" the groaned, beating his long dick through her cunt-tube furiously.

Claudia locked her lovely naked legs around him and used them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress. She pumped her overheated cunt up around Scott's satisfying stiffness, feeling his fat knob knock against the ring of her external os.

"Oh, fuck, baby...you're in me so deep!" she cried out.

The teen rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom's huge fleshy tits roll up and down her chest to the rhythm of their union.

"Goddamn, I could fuck you all night, mom!" the boy gasped.

Claudia pulled her son down, crushing her tits between them. "Fuck me all night then, you naughty burglar!" she urged, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

Claudia woke to the sound of KNOCKING at the door. "Claudia, are you in there?" her husband asked.

"Oh, shit!" she whispered, looking over at her son who was just waking up next to her. "Shit, shit, shit!"

"Claudia?"

"Yeah, honey...hold on!" she shouted.

"Is that dad?" Scott asked in a hushed tone, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes! Hide under the bed or something," the mother answered with panic in her voice.

"Hurry!"

While Scott quickly squirmed under the bed, Claudia threw the sheet around her body and went to the door. Her husband was standing outside with a suspicious smile. "You slept in the guest bedroom last night? Why didn't you come back to bed?" he asked.

"Oh, um...well, I knew you had to get up early, so I didn't wanna wake you."

**“Have you seen Scott? His door's open, but I didn't see him in there.”**

**“Um...Scott? He uh, said something about getting to school early today. He must be gone already.”**

**Ward was shocked at how disheveled his wife looked. “You looked like you had a rough night,” he stated, then noticed the condition of the bed behind her. The fitted bedsheet was dotted with big wet spots of female ejaculate. “Good grief, Claudia. Is that what I think it is?”**

**Even Claudia was a bit shocked at the mess her and her son made. She knew she had spent most of the night cumming shamelessly on his cock and that this was the aftermath. “I'll admit...I did a bit of masturbating,” she blushed.**

**“Are you sure it was just you?”**

**“What?” she panicked. “What do you mean?”**

**“Are sure there wasn't a party of women in here masturbating together. The bed is soaked,” her husband chuckled.**

**“Oh, no...just me,” she sighed. “You knew I was horny last night.”**

**“Apparently a little more than I realized.”**

***“Yeah, too bad your son's big dick made my cum more times last night that you have in a year,” Claudia thought to herself.***

**Ward noticed the closet door open and boxes everywhere. “What the hell happened in there?” he asked, stepping over to that area.**

**“In there? Oh, I was um...just going through some old boxes last night.”**

**Ward picked up the ski mask laying on the floor. “Isn't this Scott's?” he asked.**

**“Yeah, I um...found it in one of the boxes. It must have accidentally gotten packed in there.”**

**Claudia's husband picked up one of the boxes. “You know, these are small enough. Maybe we should just slide them under the bed, get them out of the way,” he suggested.**

**Claudia snatched the box from his hands, knowing her son was beneath the bed. “I'll do that, honey. You should probably get going,” she stated.**

**“True,” Ward agreed, checking his watch. “I can't be late for this meeting.”**

**He gave his wife a quick kiss and she walked him upstairs. She felt a bit guilty knowing she had spent the night fucking their son, but if she could do it all again she wouldn't change a thing. *“It's not like I didn't give Ward a chance to fuck me,” she thought. “He was the one who decided that sleep was more important than sex with his wife. It doesn't matter. He would have left me unfulfilled anyway.”***

**“Wow, mom...what a night!” Scott exclaimed after coming upstairs.**

**Claudia fed him a naughty smile, while pouring herself a cup of coffee. “Yes, that damn burglar that broke in really took his time taking what he wanted,” she joked.**

**“I'm sure he enjoyed himself,” Scott smiled. “Who knows, he might even be back to take more.”**

**Claudia stared into her son's eyes seductively, while sipping her coffee. “Good thing I have a lot more pussy to give,” she replied.**

**“Do I have to go to school today? Can we just stay home and fuck?”**

**“Honey, no! You can't miss two days in a row. Hurry and get ready. I'll give you a ride, and not like the one I gave you last night,” she winked.**

**Scott could hardly focus at school. Not only was he exhausted from fucking his mom's ass off all night, but he could hardly stop thinking about it. He could still feel her warm smothering tits around his face and her snug, ribbed pussy gliding up and down his cock. It didn't help that his mom was texting him kissy lips all day. 🍑**

**After school he was surprised to see her pull up in her car. “Hey, sexy boy, need a ride?” she asked in a teasing tone.**

**Scott got in and looked over at her. She was dressed to the nines, in a skimpy mini-skirt and snug top with a V-cut neck that displayed a lot of cleavage. “Did you go try on the nurses costume today?” he asked.**

**“No, I wanted to take my right-hand-man with me. You're helping me pick out this year's costume, remember?”**

**“Sweet!” Scott smiled, knowing that even if his mom didn't like the costume, he'd at least get to see her in it.**

**At the costume shop, they found the nurses uniform on the rack and headed back to the fitting room. “We don't really have to close the curtain this time, do we?” Scott asked.**

**“What...you think you have free rein now to see your mom naked whenever you want?” Claudia asked with an amused smile.**

**“Uh...yeah!” Scott answered, shrugging his shoulders.**

**“I guess you can leave it open then.”**

**Scott watched his mom shimmy out of her skirt and blouse. Without hesitation, Claudia reached back and unfastened her big bra, releasing her giant milkers. Standing there in only her high-heeled mules and thong panties, the mother held the skimpy nurses outfit up to her**

body, while looking at it in the mirror. "I don't know about this one. Could you get any more risqué?" she asked.

"You have to at least try it," Scott urged.

He watched his mother squeeze into the costume. The white skirted outfit just barely fell below the meaty cheeks of her thonged ass and the plunging neckline left more tit-cleavage on display than any other top she owned. A cute nurses hat topped off the titillating get-up. She turned towards her boy with a mischievous grin. "The doctor will see you now," said Claudia in a seductive tone, the stiff nubs of her nipples clearly visible through the costume.

Scott stepped into the fitting room and closed the curtain. "I don't need the doctor today...just his sexy nurse," he stated.

"Well, let the sexy nurse check you over then, to make sure there are no issues," Claudia softly advised.

She unbuttoned her son's shirt, then sensually kissed her way down his chest. She lowered down into a crouched position in front of him, with her thighs bowed wide open, so her son could see the bulge of her panty-covered pussy lips.

Scott looked on in awe as his mom began unbuttoning his pants and pulled them down. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly hitting his mom in the chin. "Oh, I think I see a problem here," she muttered, peeking up at her boy with her alluring eyes. "Don't you worry though, Nurse Mommy knows just what to do to make it better."

Scott watched her grasp his erection near the root and begin teasing his knob with the tip of her long tongue. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, feeling her wet licker dart all over his sensitive glans.

Claudia plunged her son's dick into her mouth and began sucking on it's tender pink meat. Her head began to bob in traditional blow-job fashion, forcing more and more of his boner into her mouth and throat. She sucked harder, gulping and slurping, while working her throat muscles around the throbbing shaft of her son's hard-on.

"Oh, God, yes, mom!" Scott gasped, feeling the warm, wet snugness of her oral affection.

Gulping sounds bubbled out of Claudia's throat as she lowered the ring of her lips to his cock-base, taking all him. Scott held his mom's head to his crotch, feeling her nose and lips mashed against his cock-root. He flexed his boner inside her, making her gag on it. After quickly coming up for air, his mom resumed sucking, while beating her boy's boner into her mouth at the same time.

For a moment, the mother paused at his spongy cock-head, sucking it, licking it, biting it gently, then plunged her mouth back down to his nut-sack once again.

**“Fuuck!” Scott gasped, watching his mom bob her head gracefully on his cock. She toyed with his balls with one hand, tugging them and rolling them around inside his sack, while sucking shamelessly.**

**The mother was so horny she could hardly stand it. All she could think about was how good her son's dick tasted and how badly she needed it squeezed up the smoldering tube of her cunt and making her cum. She couldn't stand it any more. Her pussy was so wet she could feel her juices drooling from her fuck-slit.**

**Claudia stopped sucking, stood back up, turned around and bent over, pointing her thonged ass back at her boy. “Get ‘em off!” she lustfully demanded. “Get my panties off and fuck me!”**

**Scott happily complied, peeling her red thong down her legs so his mom, still in her heels, could step out of them. He moved to his mom's naked, rounded ass, grasped his boner and fed it through the coral slit of her twat. “Ahh, yeah!” he moaned, feeling her spongy inner lining sleeve his cock in a snug, juicy grip.**

**Claudia jerked her ass back against him, setting them into a rhythm. Her son grasped her lush hips and met her frantic thrusts with one's of his own. The fleshy-slapping sounds of a heated fuck filled the dressing room.**

**Scott stared down at his mom's fatty rounded ass, watching her butt-meat ripple delightfully each time their bodies beat together. His rock-hard penis stabbed through her quivering tube of pleasure, stretching her inner lining. Her secretions slathered the muscled cock, lubricating it's deep relentless thrusts.**

**Scott looked in the mirror and could see her dangling tits nearly being jerked free of the costume. Big mounds of tit-flesh were rippling wilding. He slapped his mom's ass while he fucked, making her squeal in delight. “You like that, you naughty mommy-nurse?” he panted.**

**“Uh-huh!” his mom answered. “I fucking love it!”**

**Again, Scott drew his hand back, then smacked her derriere, making her fatty butt-flesh quiver upon impact.**

**After ten minutes of ass-pounding action from behind, Scott pulled his cock out. His long sturdy pussy-prod was dripping with her ejaculate. He yanked his mom around. They embraced, locked lips and frantically kissed, lashing their lickers together wildly inside the boy's mouth.**

**“Hop up on me!” he demanded between kisses.**

**Claudia leapt gracefully from the floor, throwing her luscious mommy-legs around his waist. Her son pinned her against the fitting room mirror and jabbed his stiff pecker in as far as it would go. She gasped as she felt his big bell tip mash in between the lips of her cervical head,**

threatening to pop right into her womb. The sexually-charged mother gyrated her hips up and down, grinding on his pole and marveling at its stiff, unyielding strength.

***"I'VE NEVER HAD A DICK THIS HARD!"*** her mind confessed.

The overly-horny mother clung to her boy as tightly as she could, pancaking her giant tits between them. "Pound the fuck out of me!" she hissed in his ear, wanting nothing more in the world than to be royally fuck by her well-endowed, sexually- talented son.

Scott set his hips in motion, fucking his mother's quivering pussy with full-length thrusts. He sunk his fingers into her jiggling ass, taking big handfuls of flesh and using his grip to pull her pussy into him on every thrust.

"Goddamn, you feel incredible, mom!" his voice quivered, feeling her cuntal muscles flex, making the spongy tube of her vagina chew at his cock.

"So do you, baby!" she panted. Between her experiences before meeting her husband and her marriage days, Claudia had been fucked thousands if times. However, she'd never been manhandled and screwed so intensely as today. She couldn't even imagine her husband, Ward, holding her up and fucking her this way. This was something that only young, strong studs like her son did. It was something she'd forgotten how much she'd missed and she desperately needed it to become a permanent part of her sex life again.

"Promise you'll never stop fucking me!" she pleaded, while gazing into her boy's eyes.

"I promise," he muttered, intensifying his thrusts.

"I need to be fucked this way. I need it so bad in my life, baby," the mother mewled.

"You got it," Scott replied. "You got me."

Scott suddenly saw his mom's pretty eyes roll and her head arch, throwing her long blonde back in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!" she squealed.

The teen felt her cunt-tube clench up and contract around his cock. He heard a deep squelching-sound emanate from their smacking crotches, then felt his mom's girl-cum swirling wonderfully around the meat of his piss. "Ahhh, shit!" he groaned, feeling his dick and balls tingle from his own approaching ejaculation.

He pummeled his penis in nice and deep, grunting in pleasure as he began hosing out big cords of gooey baby-makers inside his mother.

Claudia felt her son's oversized organ twitch and jerk and the force of his cum-load warm her greedy, sectioning cunt.

For nearly five magical minutes they stood there kissing and gazing, while feeling their draining genitals pulse and clench together. They could even feel each other's excited heartbeats through their engorged pissers.

"I think...I'll go with the Egyptian Goddess costume for the party," Claudia said decisively.

"Bummer!" Scott stated breathlessly.

"AND...I think I'll get this SEXY nurses costume too," she grinned. "Because you, young man, have a serious condition, and it will need lots of follow-up visits with nurse mommy."

"Awesome!" Scott beamed, then shared another passionate kiss with his mom.

**THE END**