

Mom's Darling Entrepreneur – Part 2 of 3

By Klrxo

“How could you, Laura?!” Amy exclaimed, thrusting the crumpled photo into her face. In the image, a woman with a small tattoo on her wrist posed provocatively for the camera. It was unmistakably Laura's tattoo, one that she and Amy had gotten together on a cruise two years prior as a symbol of their deep friendship.

“I'm not getting enough sex in my marriage. Why wouldn't I?” Laura replied, trying to justify her actions.

“Because it's Austin, that's why. He's my son. You're like a second mother to him. You were there the day I gave birth to him for god's sake,” Amy retorted, her voice laced with hurt and disbelief.

“Look, Amy, it's an anonymous fuck. He won't even know it's me. What's the harm in sleeping with him?” Laura argued.

Amy shook her head in dismay. “My sex life isn't the best either right now, but you don't see me using my own son's cock to compensate for it.”

“Maybe you should,” Laura smirked, her words dripping with suggestive implications and disregard for boundaries. “He could probably fuck the frown right off your face.”

“You know I can't do that, and neither should you,” Amy stated firmly, her eyes narrowing in disapproval.

“So Austin gets a brilliant idea for a business venture and every other mom in town can take advantage of it but me? That doesn't seem fair,” Laura expressed with a disappointed scowl, her hands placed firmly on her hips.

“Well, what can I say. Life's unfair sometimes.”

“Are you sure this isn't just a jealousy thing?” Laura asked.

“A jealousy thing?” Amy repeated incredulously, unable to hide the slight tremor in her voice.

“Yes, jealous that this hot young stud has a service providing women pleasure, and it's available to everyone but you, because you think mothers should be ‘off limits’ to their sons,” Laura's words were laced with sarcasm and amusement.

“Why would you even think that I'm jealous?” Amy asked defensively, though deep down she knew her friend had hit a nerve.

“Oh I don't know because you're being so nosy maybe. Sneaking around, constantly wanting to know who Austin's customers are. I mean, how did you even get a hold of that picture unless you were prying for information from him?” Laura continued to prod, her tone growing more accusatory.

“I was being a curious mother,” Amy answered, trying to defend herself. “That doesn't mean I was doing it out of jealousy, just concern.”

Laura let out a knowing giggle. “Concern for what exactly, Amy? Look, why can't you just admit that you're at least somewhat attracted to your son, and the idea of fucking his cock, without him even knowing it's you, is sort of thrilling, in a kinky kind of way.”

“Alright, I'll admit...Austin is gorgeous, and if he weren't my son and was offering a service like this...maybe I would take advantage of it. But HE IS my son, so it's different.”

Laura raised an eyebrow and snickered. “Different how?”

Amy hesitated, but then blurted out, “Well, if he were just any other guy, maybe I would be curious about what it would feel like. But as my son, it's just...wrong.”

Laura's smirk widened. “So wrong that you can't stop reading his emails, and maybe even imagining yourself as one of his clients, huh?”

Amy's face flushed as she realized how deep her curiosity was going. “That's not fair,” she stammered. “You're putting words in my mouth.”

“No, Amy,” Laura said sternly. “I'm just calling you out on your hypocrisy. You're pretending to be outraged at me for wanting to fuck Austin when you're just as attracted to him as I am.”

Amy could feel heat rising in her cheeks as Laura's words stung her. She had never wanted to consider the idea that she might be attracted to her son, but the truth was undeniable. As she stared at the email, she found herself intrigued by the possibilities of what it would be like to experience Austin's touch, to have him as her own personal plaything.

But acknowledging that attraction was one thing; acting on it was another. Amy knew that she couldn't justify crossing such a boundary, no matter how much she craved the thrill of it. She owed it to herself, and more importantly, to Austin, to resist.

"Maybe I am attracted to him," she admitted grudgingly. "But that doesn't give me the right to fuck him like some whore. I have a responsibility to him as his mother."

Laura mused on this for a moment. "Well, I'm not his mother, so at least let me take advantage of his services. I'll even share every detail with you so you can enjoy it vicariously through me."

Amy hesitated, her eyes darting between the photo and her best friend. She knew that Laura was right in a way – this was happening whether she liked it or not, and she might as well let her be his client instead of trying to stop it outright.

"Fine," she sighed, defeated. "You can do it if that's what you really want, but on one condition."

"Which is?"

“I get to watch.”

“Watch?” asked Laura, with a confused expression.

“Yes. I go with you, sit in the corner and watch.”

“You're serious?!” Laura giggled.

“Austin would recognize my voice, even if I tried to disguise it, so I'll be your friend, visiting from France, that way I won't have to say a word, since I don't know English. I'm just there to observe, and maybe touch myself...a little.”

**“You seriously wanna watch me have sex with your son?”
Laura asked incredulously.**

“Yes, that way I can at least enjoy it vicariously, like you said, and what better way than being there in person and observing.”

“You know what? You may not be fucking your son, but you're still the kinkiest bitch I know,” Laura relented, shaking her head in surprise.

The following morning, as the sun crept up over the horizon and Austin's father left for work, he seized his opportunity to ask his mother about the mysterious woman in the photo. With a sense of urgency, he cornered her in the kitchen, his mind swirling with questions.

"So, why were you acting suspicious about that picture I showed you yesterday? Do you know that lady or something?" he probed, his tone eager for answers.

Amy hesitated before responding, fidgeting with a dish towel as she searched for an explanation. "Oh...that. Well, um...I thought I recognized her at first, but it turns out I was mistaken," she finally admitted, avoiding his gaze.

Despite her apparent attempt to play dumb, Austin could tell there was more to the story. "But do you know who she is now?" he pressed on.

"It doesn't matter, honey. You're still fucking her today, right?" Amy deflected the question with one of her own.

"Yeah, I got a confirmation email from her. But she did make a strange request."

"What kind of request?" she asked innocently.

"She wants to bring along a friend from France, just to watch us." Austin's cheeks flushed at the thought of having an audience during such an intimate encounter.

"Oh...well, what did you say?"

"I told her it was fine, even though it might be a little awkward," he confessed.

Amy smiled sympathetically. "It doesn't have to be awkward, honey. Just try to ignore her presence and focus on enjoying yourself."

He nodded thoughtfully. "I guess I can do that. It'll definitely be a unique experience, fucking one woman another watches."

"Well, at least it's not every day that you get to meet someone from France," she chuckled.

Her words sparked a sense of excitement within him, and he couldn't help but grin. "Yeah, I guess you're right. It'll definitely be a memorable day."

Amy suddenly thought of something else she might need to prepare him for. "And don't be surprised if her friend...um, touches herself, while she's watching."

"Touches herself?" Austin repeated.

"Yes," Amy said, blushing slightly. You know, rubs her pussy in front of you. Some people get aroused just by watching other people fuck. It's not uncommon, especially among curious moms."

Austin's eyes widened, but he didn't seem to be put off by the idea. "I guess it's not like I can control what other people do, right?"

Amy nodded, relieved that her son seemed to be taking the situation in stride. "Exactly. Just focus on enjoying yourself and giving your cock pleasure, and everything will be fine."

As they finished their conversation, Austin couldn't help but feel a mixture of nervousness and excitement about the day ahead.

Amy's heart swelled with pride for her son's open-mindedness and willingness to try new things and she may have gone a little overboard with the advice that day. "Just remember, as long as all three of you are comfortable, that's what matters most."

Amy and Laura met that morning to shop for new outfits. The last thing they wanted was for Austin to identify them by the clothes they were wearing. "What do you think of this one?" Amy asked, holding up a short black dress with a plunging neckline.

Laura's eyes widened. "Oh, that's definitely hot, but the attention's suppose to be on me, remember? You're just going along to watch."

Amy nodded, setting the dress aside. "You're right, I'll stick with something more subdued. What about this? Simple, but still attractive."

Laura looked at the dress, a more conservative option with a high neckline and long sleeves.

"That'll work," she said. "We don't want you to steal the show."

On the way back home to get ready, they both practiced disguising their voices, to lessen the likelihood of Austin figuring out who they were. "You know, I think we just might pull this off," Laura proudly expressed.

“We'd better,” said Amy. “The last thing I want is for Austin to know that it's us. Talk about awkward.”

As the day went on, Amy couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and trepidation. She knew this was wrong, that she was crossing a line she should never have ventured past. But she also couldn't deny the thrill of watching her son in action.

“Well, here we are,” Laura said as they arrived at the remote location where Austin's tent was set up. “Are you sure this is the way you want things to go, Amy?”

Amy nodded, her heart pounding in her chest. “I know it's a little weird, but I'll just be observing. It's not like I'm gonna let him actually...you know...”

“Fuck your hot little mommy-hole?”

“Yeah, that,” Amy giggled.

Laura raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure about that? With the way you're dressed, you're practically begging to be fucked.”

Amy looked down at the swell of her giant tits through her dress. She was so anxious that her nipples were standing erect and visible through the fabric.

“I promise I'll keep my hands to myself,” Amy assured her. “I came here to observe, nothing more.”

With shaky hands, they stepped out of the vehicle and quickly put on their masks, concealing their identities.

Taking cautious steps through the dense woods, they finally arrived at Austin's tent. Amy, having helped her son set it up, was familiar with the layout. But for Laura, this was a new and exhilarating experience.

"Hi there, I'm...Jennifer," Laura said as she and Amy slipped off their heels and entered the tent.

Austin's eyes widened at the sight of two stunning women with ginormous tits entering his den of sin. He stumbled over his words as he greeted them back.

"Um...hi," he managed to say, his face flushing red. "Nice to meet you."

Amy met Austin's gaze and extended her hand for a gentle shake, praying that he couldn't recognize her despite wearing a mask.

"Enchanté," she whispered in a low murmur, altering her voice slightly to make it sound foreign.

"Hello," the teen replied with an awkward but friendly grin. The atmosphere inside the tent felt charged with anticipation and sexual desire.

"This is quite a setup you have here," Laura said, looking at the comfy-looking air mattress, ready to cushion her and Austin's sexual encounter.

"Oh, um...yeah," Austin replied, his eyes darting between the women and the bed. He could feel his erection growing, but he forced himself to focus on welcoming his guests.

“It's important to be comfortable when you're um, you know...?”

“Fucking?” Laura asked, finishing his sentence.

“Yeah, that. Do you want any music playing before while we're going at it?” Austin asked.

“No,” Laura replied, moving in closer to him and running her hands down his chest. “I'm ready when you are.”

Austin's body tensed up suddenly as he looked at his client, then over at her friend from France. The two women had taken great measures to hide their true identities, but they made one crucial mistake that he immediately picked up on - matching tattoos. The one detail that led to this whole "bring a friend" arrangement - their small, identical tattoos that they neglected to conceal.

As Laura took off her dress, Austin could see hers clearly on her wrist, and he caught a glimpse of his mother's peeking out from under the sleeve of her elegant gown. With this information, it was obvious to him that these women in front of him were his mom, Amy and best friend, Laura.

“Is everything alright?” Laura inquired, her sharp eyes picking up on the weight of Austin's thoughts.

He hesitated for a moment before responding. “Yeah, I'm fine.” But deep down, Austin's mind shocked at the boldness of their plan.

For several years he had been consumed with desire for his mom's blonde-haired friend, Laura. She had been a fixture in their lives for as long as he could remember, and yet her presence still stirred something primal within him. She was more than just a casual acquaintance; she felt like a part of the family. And despite his mother's watchful eye, Austin couldn't resist the temptation to sink himself into such a stunningly voluptuous woman. So he made a quick decision to play along with their charade and enjoy every moment of it.

“Good,” Laura said, her lips curling into a naughty smile. “Let's get to ravaging each other then.”

She slipped off his shirt, then anxiously reached back to unclasp her bra. Austin watched, mesmerized, as her huge tits were finally set free. They were a sight to behold: two perfect mounds of flesh, topped with erect nipples that begged to be sucked.

“Let's get these off of you,” said Laura, quickly undoing Austin's pants. “I wanna see that big, young cock of yours.”

Austin noticed that Laura was having a hard time keeping her voice disguised, confirming that it was actually her. He looked over at his mom who now sat in the corner of the tent watching, staring at his cock as it sprang from his underwear. He could tell by how big her eyes got that she was impressed by what she saw. The fact that it was his own mother made him shudder with a wicked thrill.

Laura quickly peeled off her panties, revealing her fully shaved pussy, glistening with arousal. She reached out for Austin's erect cock and began to stroke it, her hand moving up and down with surprising intensity.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Laura whispered, her voice betraying her excitement. "I am a married woman after all, but that doesn't matter. I want you to fuck me so hard that I forget all about my husband."

Amy watched from the corner of the tent, her heart pounding in her chest. She could feel her own arousal building as she watched her son and best friend become more intimate. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help but feel turned on by the sight of her son's naked body. He was lean and chiseled, and his cock was larger than the biggest dildos she'd ever owned.

Laura knelt down in front of Austin and wrapped her lips around his erect cock, sucking it hungrily. Her tongue danced around the head, tasting every inch of him. Austin let out a low moan, his hands resting on the back of Laura's head as she continued to pleasure him.

Meanwhile, Amy could feel her own desire rising, her hand slowly making its way over beneath her panties to her now sopping-wet pussy. She touched herself slowly, her eyes never leaving the scene unfolding before her.

Austin's heart skipped a beat and he looked over and saw his mom with her hand between her legs in the corner. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, but the sight of his

own mother touching herself only fueled his desire to fuck even more.

Laura's throat made a lewd sound as she gagged on Austin's cock, the veins bulging in her neck. He could see the excitement in her eyes as she looked up at him, her lips still wrapped around his erection. Despite the taboo nature of the situation, he couldn't help but be turned on by the sight of his mother's friend with her face buried in his crotch. He decided to let her suck his cock to ejaculation, since he knew with one cum out of his system, he'd be able to control himself better for when it really mattered.

He looked down at Laura, who was now FULLY engrossed in sucking his cock. Her eyes were closed and her cheeks were flushed, the telltale signs of someone in the throes of passion.

"Oh fuck," he gasped. "You're really good at that."

Amy couldn't help but feel jealousy at Austin's comment. She had always fancied herself as an exceptional cocksucker, but here was Laura, swallowing her own son's cock and receiving compliments for it.

Laura smiled up at Austin, her lips still encircling his erection. "I know how to give a good blowjob," she said confidently, her voice shaking with lust. "And I'm even better at fucking."

Her masked head bobbed up and back in perfect rhythm, the sucking noises echoing through the tent as she brought

Austin closer to climax. The teen groaned and gripped her head tighter, the pleasure building within him.

“Fuck, yes,” he growled, his hips thrusting forward to meet Laura's mouth.

He made eye contact with his mother, her gaze alternating between Laura's cock-sucking and her son's pleasure-filled face. Her finger frantically moved in circles over her exposed clit, matching the rhythm of Laura's sucking.

Finally, with a guttural groan, Austin released his load into Laura's waiting throat. She swallowed every drop, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she milked his cock dry. When he was finished, she slowly released him, creating a wet slurp sound as his cock slipped from her lips.

Amy watched in awe, her own hand still busy between her legs. She couldn't believe she was witnessing her son and her best friend giving in to their desires. But it had her so worked up that it was all she could do to keep herself from joining in. She quickly stripped out of her panties, kicking them off her bare feet, her naked pussy glistening with arousal.

“Mm, that was a nice appetizer,” Laura said, climbing onto the mattress, her giant, dangling titties wobbling as she did so. “But I'm ready for the main course now.”

With that, she rolled onto her back and seductively spread her sexy legs wide, offering Austin a clear view of her glistening pussy. He could see every detail, from her

swollen lips to the wetness that indicated just how much she wanted him.

“Come on,” Laura whispered, patting her thick thighs, her voice dripping with lust. “Fuck me. Make me scream.”

Austin hesitated for a moment. He knew that this was awkward in front of his mom, but seeing her best friend spread out in front of him, her body begging for him, was too much. With a deep breath, he climbed on top of Laura, the feeling of her soft, warm skin against his sent shivers down his spine.

Their bodies meshed together perfectly, as if they were meant to be this way. Austin's hard cock slid effortlessly into Laura's tight, wet sheath, and he groaned at the feeling of her muscles squeezing him from the inside.

Amy crawled up onto her knees to get a better view of the action. She knew it was wicked to feel this way, but she was so damn jealous of Laura right now it was killing her. She wanted to feel Austin's big, thick cock inside her, pounding away at her cunt-hole, not watch her best friend get all the pleasure.

As she watched him thrust into Laura, his muscles flexing and his sweat-covered body glistening in the dim light, she couldn't help but feel her own desire building.

Laura moaned with every thrust, her hands gripping the sheets beneath her. She was lost in the moment, in Austin's hard body moving inside her. She didn't care that they were doing this in front of Amy right now. All that

mattered was the pleasure she was feeling, the way Austin's cock filled her up and sent shivers racing through her body.

“Yes, fuck me harder!” she cried out. “Deeper!”

Austin obliged, slamming his steely penis through her pussy with authority, making the air mattress shake wildly beneath them. Since Laura had only given birth a few months ago, her pussy had a unique texture, with a snug and wet canal that gripped Austin’s cock with a maddening intensity.

Amy couldn't help but touch herself as she watched, her fingers dipping into her wet pussy and running up and down her sensitive clit. The sounds of Laura's moans and Austin's grunts filled the tent, a symphony of pleasure that sunk her deeper into her own sexual desires.

Austin relished the sensation of Laura's legs tightly wrapped around him, their matronly strength and silky softness guiding his every move. With each savage thrust, he felt them clutching his body, pulling him deeper into their embrace.

“Kiss me,” Laura gasped. “Kiss me while you fuck my pussy.”

Austin gladly obliged, leaning down to kiss her passionately, their tongues tangling in a wild dance inside his mouth. Austin's rhythm increased and Laura's moans turned into high-pitched squeals, adding even more fuel to the fire.

Amy could hardly bear the sight of it all. She watched as Austin plunged into Laura's wet depths, her own body screaming for attention. *"I need to get fucked,"* she thought. *"Oh my God I need fucked so hard and deep."*

Amy's heart raced as she couldn't bear to just watch any longer. She moved closer, drawn by the undeniable pull of desire. The sight of her son's young, muscular body moving with tireless vigor was almost too much to handle.

Her own arousal overwhelming her, the mother shamelessly stroked her clit with one hand while reaching out with the other to touch Austin's pumping ass. Her long nails dug into his flesh, tracing the contours of his muscles that tensed and flexed with every powerful thrust of his cock.

A primal moan escaped Laura's lips as she surrendered to pleasure, crying out in ecstasy as she climaxed. "Oh fuck!" she screamed, her body trembling with release. "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck...I'm cumming!"

Despite the intense friction on his cock, Austin continued fucking. He wanted nothing more than to prove to the closest, hottest women in his life that he could fuck like no one else.

Austin's muscles strained as he raised himself on extended arms, relishing in the explosion of sheer pleasure beneath him. He couldn't decide what was more thrilling - the way Laura's face contorted in orgasmic delight or the way her enormous, milk-swollen tit-melons jiggled and rolled with

each thrust of his hips. His hungry gaze darted back and forth between both, his throbbing cock flexing as it drove into Laura's pliable, dripping sex. The intense scent of sex filled his nostrils, mingling with the musk of their bodies as they moved together in perfect harmony.

Amy was enthralled by what she was witnessing, yet felt a void inside her overheated pussy that cried out for attention. She longed to be the one underneath Austin, feeling his thick, hard cock plunging into her depths, her juices slipping down his shaft, her clit tingling for a good, deep rub.

But it wasn't meant to be. She watched him thrust harder into Laura's pussy, closer and closer to the brink. She could see it in his eyes, the desperate need to cum, to release all the pent-up desire, to claim Laura's body as his own.

Laura's eyes rolled back, her body trembling, her nails digging into the sheets, her wetness gushing, her second orgasm growing stronger and stronger. "FUCK...I'M CUMMING AGAIN!" she squealed.

And then it happened. Austin's face twisted in ecstasy, his eyes closed as he thrust once, twice, three times, the primal grunt of climax filling the tent. His body trembled, his cock twitching with pleasure as wave after wave of hot cum pumped deep inside Laura's welcoming, tight pussy.

Laura screamed in pleasure, her body shaking violently as she felt Austin's cock twitching and pulsing inside her,

releasing its load, joining her own raging climax. She clawed at the mattress beneath her, her eyes wide with shock and pleasure.

Amy watched, her own pussy throbbing in desire. Seeing her son's powerful release left her breathless, her arousal now at a fever pitch.

After a short break, basking in the afterglow, Austin rose up on his knees, his cock pulling out of Laura's sopping pussy with a wet pop. He paused for a moment, taking in the sight of Amy hovering beside the bed, her eyes glued to his still-hard member. A grin spread across his face as he turned towards her, his boner wagging stiffly.

"Are you sure your friend doesn't want some?" Austin asked, his voice dripping with lust and mischief. "I can fuck her hard and make her cum too."

Laura and Amy exchanged a quick glance, and Laura could see the desire burning in her friend's eyes. She knew that Amy desperately wanted to be fucked by him. "She really didn't come prepared to fuck. And by that I mean she didn't bake you anything."

"No? Well, that's alright," he said with a shrug. "I'll fuck her for free. No baked goods necessary."

Amy let out an audible gasp at his words, making it clear that she understood exactly what he was offering and was secretly all for it.

"N-no, really," stammered Laura, trying to regain control of the situation. "She just came to watch. I'm sure she appreciates the...I mean, she WOULD appreciate the offer, if she could understand what you're saying."

"Well, that's too bad," Austin said with a mischievous glint in his eyes, locking gazes with his mother. "She's extremely hot and I'm sure sex with her would be amazing." The tension between them was palpable as they both held their ground, challenging each other.

"If you're wanting more pussy," Laura purred, quickly climbing onto her hands and knees and crawling towards Austin. He couldn't help but appreciate the way her body moved, sleek and graceful like a panther. "I'd be more than happy to ride you."

"Sure, that sounds good," Austin stated confidently, "on one condition though."

Laura's dark curls tumbled over her shoulder as she cocked her head in curiosity. "Condition?"

"Yes," Austin confirmed. "Your friend doesn't have to fuck me, but she does have to straddle my face and let me lick her pussy."

A sly grin spread across Laura's face as she glanced at Amy, who seemed just as surprised by this turn of events. They exchanged a look before Laura turned back to Austin. "Let me, um...talk to her about it, outside in private, and I'll let you know."

With a playful wink, Austin sprawled back on the mattress, his big, wet erection slapping back onto his abdomen. "I'll be here," he sighed.

His gaze drifted between the two women, who were now deep in conversation, just outside the tent door, their voices too low for him to hear. But he could see the hunger in their eyes as they looked at him and each other.

"Laura, I can't," Amy whispered, glancing back inside the tent at Austin. "I mean, I shouldn't....should I?"

"This is one decision I won't make for you, otherwise you could hold it against me later," Laura answered.

"It's not that I don't want to," Amy whispered, still believing that they had Austin fooled. "My pussy is soaked, and I can't imagine anything more delicious than my son's talented tongue between my legs. But..."

"But?" Laura urged, already knowing what Amy was thinking. "But what?"

"But he's my son," Amy sighed, her body trembling with desire. "I don't wanna cross that line, even if he doesn't know who's pussy he's really eating out."

Laura bit her lip, contemplating her friend's dilemma. She knew the feeling all too well. The thrill of wanting something so deeply, yet being held back by the natural boundaries of family and morality. After all, it wasn't every day that a mother got to watch her son fuck her best

friend, and then possibly have the chance to let him lick her pussy.

Laura reached out to offer some sort of reassurance, her voice gentle and understanding. "I understand your hesitation," she began. "But I still wanna ride him. God, his cock felt amazing."

Amy's frustration was evident in the way she spoke. "And that's supposed to make me feel any better?"

"Sorry," Laura whispered back, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "Look, I'll just tell him you're not feeling well. Maybe he'll understand and fuck me again anyway."

Amy nodded, hardly able to contain the urge to straddle Austin's face and let him feast on her wet, fragrant folds. "As much as I want to, I can't go back in there," she admitted. "If I do, I might be tempted to do something I'll regret later."

"I understand," Laura nodded in agreement. "Wait for me in the car and I'll join you soon."

Nearly an hour passed before Laura emerged from the woods and joined Amy in the car. "When you said 'I'll join you soon,' I didn't think you meant a fucking hour," Amy complained with a sigh.

Looking hot and sweaty, Laura had a satisfied smile on her face like she had just completed a grueling marathon. "I just took the best fucking ride of my life," she confessed, starting the car and driving away.

Her words only made Amy feel worse, knowing what she had missed out on. "I didn't need to hear that," she said firmly as they drove off down the road.

"Sorry, but...WOW!" Laura sighed, like she'd just been fucked to the moon and back.

"What do you mean 'wow,' was it really that amazing?" Amy asked, her interest helplessly piqued.

"I thought you said you didn't need to hear about it?" Laura teased.

"Just tell me. How many times did he make you cum?"

"I don't know. I lost count," she answered. "One thing I do know is I soaked his mattress pretty good. He'll spend the rest of the day just cleaning up the sweat and cum all over the place."

"Just great!" Amy huffed. "Perfect."

"What?"

"Now I'm gonna be kicking myself for not letting him lick my pussy," she complained, feeling her own desire build at the thought of her son's talented tongue between her legs. She knew she would never forgive herself if she missed out on such an opportunity. "Why am I such a chicken?"

Laura reached over and patted Amy's knee reassuringly. "You're not a chicken. You're just wary of stepping over that line. It's natural to feel that way."

Amy nodded, still frustrated with herself. "But I don't want to miss out on something that could be so amazing."

"Well, I'm not gonna lie," Laura said, "that was some of the best

sex I've ever had. I'm not sure how much of it was because of who he was, and how much was because of how fucking great he was at ramming his cock into me. But I can tell you this, I would do it again in a heartbeat."

Amy sighed, feeling torn between her desires and her moral compass.

As soon as Amy got home, she masturbated furiously to the image of her son's erect cock sliding in and out of Laura, the sweat glistening on her body. She touched her engorged clit-nubbin, imagining that she was Laura, feeling Austin's thick, hard cock inside her, the pleasure overwhelming her.

The hot sun bore down on Amy as she made her way to join Austin by the pool. Her son couldn't help but notice the revealing bikini she was wearing, something he had never seen his mother wear before. It was a borderline micro-style bikini, and it took all of Austin's willpower not to stare.

"How did your date with the woman and her French friend go yesterday, honey?" Amy asked, smiling up at him.

"It was good," he answered, trying to keep his eyes focused on hers rather than all the exposed tit-meat.

"Did she give you a nice, hard ejaculation?" Amy asked with a smirk. "Maybe more than one?"

"Three actually, but I think I would have enjoyed fucking her friend more though." He knew this would flatter his mother and couldn't resist teasing her a little.

"Her French friend? The one who was there to observe?"

"Yeah."

"Why's that?" she pressed, leaning in closer to hear his response.

"She was so fucking sexy," he expressed. "And the way she smiled at me, it was..."

"It was what, honey?" Amy asked, her heart racing as she hung on his every word.

"It was the kind of smile that makes you forget your own name," he replied, his eyes locked on hers. "You know, the kind of smile that makes your cock as hard as a rock"

Amy gasped, feeling a rush of heat between her legs as her own nipples hardened. She knew he was talking about her, and she couldn't believe he had just said that to her face.

"Well, it sounds like this girl thought you were something special too if she was looking at you that way."

“I don't know about that,” he said, his eyes never leaving her. “But I can tell you this, I wouldn't mind fucking her brains out if I ever got the chance.”

Amy bit her lip, her heart pounding in her chest. She knew this was a dangerous game she was playing, but she couldn't help feeling nature's call. The desire to have her son's cock inside her was overwhelming, and she knew that if she didn't act now, she might forever regret it.

“Well, you never know,” Amy said, stepping to the edge of the pool. The thong wedged up her ass-crack left her luscious cheeks bare, allowing her son to gawk at her rounded half-globes. “You may still get your wish.”

Amy gracefully dove into the water, her body rippling with desire as she swam to the other side.

TO BE CONTINUED