

## Mom's Detour

By Klrxo

After using the service station restroom, James came back to find his mother laying down the back seats of her SUV.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"I lost an earring back here somewhere," she said, looking around as the gas pump CLICKED full.

James took it out of the fuel opening in the car and hung it back up on the pump. "Why would your earring be back there?" he asked.

Wendy froze suddenly, then looked over at him with a guilty expression. "I don't know. I um...figured maybe when I leaned in to get groceries out, it may have fallen out of my ear," she said.

"Didn't dad just buy you those earrings for your anniversary?"

Wendy continued her search. "Yes...which is why I'd love to find them," she answered.

"Let me help you," James said, opening the rear side door and laying the seat down. Something fell out that caught his attention. "Hmm, well, it's not your earring, but I found SOMETHING."

Wendy looked over and her expression became one of dread as she saw her son holding an empty condom wrapper. "Where did that, um...come from?" she said, snatching it from his hand.

"Good question," he said with a smile. "It's certainly wasn't mine. I have my own car, remember? So does dad."

Wendy slammed the back hatch down in frustration. "Forget about the earring. I'll find it later. Let's just get home," she said in a perturbed tone. Her heels clicked loudly on the cement as she marched over and got in the car.

Things were quiet for the first couple of miles. Wendy had just taken her son to college orientation at a school about three hours from their home town. She had dropped him off for the two-hour tour and introduction, since he'd soon be attending the college.

"You didn't go shopping, did you?" he asked, breaking the silence.

"What?" she asked, even though she heard him loud and clear.

"When you dropped me off at orientation, you told me you were going shopping," he said. "If that's true, where are your shopping bags?"

Wendy stammered for an answer. "I...I didn't find anything I wanted," she answered.

"Come on, mom, I wasn't born yesterday. I found an empty condom wrapper in here, which I know's not mine...and you're looking for your earring near the back of your car, and fed me some stupid excuse for it being back there."

"Can we just...talk about something else please?" the mother asked in frustration.

"You fucked some guy in here today, didn't you?" James plainly asked.

The car got quiet for a long moment. James heard his mother sniffing and looked over to see tears running down her cheeks.

"So...who was he?" James asked.

"Not who I thought," she answered, wiping a tear away.

"What do you mean?"

"We started talking about a month ago online...just innocent flirting," she explained. "Then we started sending pictures and...well, he didn't look anything like his pictures."

"So, it was a different guy? You got catfished?" James asked.

"Pretty much, yes."

"Wait...if this wasn't the guy you thought he was gonna be, then why did you still fuck him?" the confused teen asked.

Wendy huffed. "James, please...do you have to use that word?" she softly scolded.

"OK, then why did you still have sex with him?"

Wendy ran her fingers through her dark hair as she formulated the right words. "Things with your father and I haven't exactly been the same in the bedroom here lately. I just needed some... attention," she uncomfortably explained.

"You and dad aren't having sex?"

"We are, it's just...well, if I can be frank, it's just been very dull and boring here lately. He spends two minutes on top of me...does his thing, then rolls over and I'm left hanging," Wendy explained.

"Have you tried talking to him about it?" James asked.

"Of course I have, honey, and it got a little better, but unfortunately now it's right back where it was before...quick and unfulfilling."

"So, you thought this guy...who really wasn't the guy you thought he'd be...could satisfy you sexually?"

"Yes, and boy was I wrong," Wendy answered. "Not only was his face not the same one as in the picture he sent...but his, you know..."

"Penis?"

"Yes, that thing wasn't the same one he sent a picture of either," she said blushing.

James giggled. "Pretty small, huh?" he asked.

"Yes, and he only lasted about five seconds longer than your father has here lately," Wendy answered, then sighed in frustration and shook her head. "Hardly worth risking my marriage over."

“Look, mom, you don't have to worry...I'm not gonna tell dad.”

Wendy glanced over at him with a sweet smile. “Thank you,” she softly said.

James found himself being a little jealous of the chump that catfished his mom, but more so angry at his father for neglecting her sexual needs. His mom was a beautiful brunette, with an incredible body. He'd lusted after her king-sized tits and thick scrumptious ass since he'd reached puberty, and couldn't imagine any guy just spending two minutes on top off her, then rolling off selfishly.

His mom looked over at him again, sensing that he was processing it all. “Do you think I'm horrible?” she asked.

“Of course not,” he answered. “Everyone makes stupid decisions once in awhile. At least you had a really good excuse to make yours.”

“I do love your father...I just wish he showed as much passion in the bedroom as he used to.”

“Well, since I'm keeping YOUR secret, will you keep one of mine?” James asked.

Wendy fed him a quirky smile. “Um...sure,” she muttered.

“Tim told me that Aunt Patty is going through something similar, with Uncle Rich,” he said. “Sex in their marriage is pretty bad too right now I guess.”

“Well, honey, that's not really a secret. Your Aunt Patty and I are sisters...we talk about everything. I'm well aware that her sex life is just as pathetic as mine.”

“Did she tell you what she's doing about it?” James asked.

“Doing about it?” the mother asked, giving him a curious look.

“Yeah, how she's getting the pleasure she needs.”

“Well, I assume she's probably just, um...”

“Masturbates?”

“Yes, just like most women do when they're having a dry spell,” Wendy said.

“Or find a cute guy online to screw,” her son teased.

“Not funny,” the mother said with a stern glare.

“Sorry. What would you say if I told you that her and Tim were fuck..um, having sex together?”

“Tim? Her son, Tim?” Wendy asked with a doubtful expression.

“Yep, for about a month now.”

“Tim told you that?”

“He did,” James said. “They're having sex at least three times a day. Apparently, Aunt Patty doesn't tell you EVERYTHING.”

Wendy shook her head. “I don't believe that. Patty would never do something like that,” she said.

“You don't think so?”

The mother flashed her son an amused smile. “No, I don't,” she said with surety.

“Aunt Patty has a large freckle on the underside of her left boob, right?” James asked.

“Yes, she got it checked out when she was younger. How do you know about that spot?”

“Tim told me, and how does HE know about that spot, unless he's having sex with his mom?” James pointed out.

Wendy continued to seem doubtful. “I don't know...but I still don't believe you.”

“Fine,” James said, opening the picture gallery on his phone.

This captured his mom's attention as she drove. “What are you doing?” she asked.

“I'm gonna show you something he sent me that'll prove I'm right.”

“What?” Wendy asked curiously.

“Let me find it and I'll show you.”

Finally, James pulled up a picture on his phone and showed it to his mom. “Now tell me I'm wrong,” he said.

Wendy found herself staring at a photo of her older sister beneath her nephew, Tim, with her big tits squashed between them, and her smooth motherly legs wrapped up around his midsection. Her sister's head was arched back, her face twisted in pleasure, while her son Tim gave the camera a cocky smile. “Good grief!” Wendy gasped.

Suddenly, an oncoming car's horn screamed. James quickly reached over and jerked the wheel to the right. “Mom!” he shouted.

Wendy quickly pulled the car over so she could process what her son was showing her. Her breath was heavy as she stared at the lewd photo. “Why didn't she tell me?” the confused mother muttered.

“Do you believe me now?” James asked.

“Yes,” she whispered. “I believe you.”

“So now you know what I mean when I say we both have secrets.”

“It's so weird to see them together like this,” Wendy said, staring at the photo. “I'm mean, this sort of thing is...so taboo.”

“But, it's also an answer to Aunt Patty's issue, and one that she doesn't have to go online looking for. It's right there under her own roof,” James pointed out.

Wendy suddenly gazed over at her boy with an odd expression. “Your not suggesting that we? That you and I...?”

James smiled and shrugged his shoulders. “It would solve your problem...AND fulfill a huge fantasy I've had since I hit puberty,” he confessed.

“Oh God, James, I did not just hear that,” she said, tossing the phone back onto his lap.

“I’m sorry, mom, it's true,” he exclaimed. “You’re incredibly hot! Your body is to die for. Your tits are...gigantic...”

“James!” the mother said, half-embarrassed as she looked out the window on her side.

“What would be so bad about me helping you out sexually?”

“I don’t know, let’s start with...everything! I’m your mother, not some sexual conquest.”

“It's working for Tim and Aunt Patty, isn’t it? Why couldn't it work for us?” the boy asked.

“Just because it's working doesn't mean it's right!”

“Oh, you mean right like you cheating on dad with some stranger you met off the internet?”

“That was wrong of me, and I fully admit it,” Wendy said, “but what you’re suggesting is on a whole other level of wrong, and IT'S NOT happening.”

James huffed and looked out his window. “Fine! Sorry I told you. Let's just go,” he said.

Wendy sat there a moment at the side of the road. “If you wanna tell your father what happened today, go ahead...I deserve it,” she said softly.

“I told you I wasn't telling dad, mom, and I keep my word,” James assured her. “We have another hour on the road, so can we just go?”

His mother put the SUV back in drive and continued down the street. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts as they traveled in silence. Sure, she was somewhat jealous of her sister. Patty was getting fucked hard by a young stud and probably cumming like crazy every day. That's exactly what Wendy was craving, but couldn’t wrap her head around letting her son be the one to do it to her. *“Sure James is handsome, and probably well endowed, but he's my son and I could get in so much trouble if I went down that road,”* she thought.

Speaking of road, up ahead was a large orange sign that directed cars off the highway. It read: “DETOUR,” and had an arrow pointed the way they needed to go.

*“Detour...”* she said in her mind. *“A road you take to avoid an issue, but one that's only temporary,”* she thought.

She glanced over at her boy as she turned off on the exit. “So...what do you and I do in these...fantasies of yours?” she asked him.

“What?” James asked, even though he was pretty sure he knew what she meant.

“These ‘HUGE’ fantasies that you say I’m in of yours...what do we do in them?”

“What do you think we do, mom?” James asked.

Wendy glanced at his crotch. Even though she usually tried to be a prim and proper mother around him, she wanted to know what was going on in his brain. “Do you imagine me...sucking on you?” she softly asked.

James looked over at her, sort of surprised that she would ask him that. "Yeah...um, sometimes," he answered.

"Do you envision me being pretty good at giving head?" she brazenly asked.

Now she really had James's attention. "Yes," he muttered, his heart speeding up.

Wendy smiled and looked out at the road. "Well, besides cooking and cleaning, there's one other thing that we stay-at-home moms are VERY good at," she said, then looked over at him, "and that's sex."

"I bet," James said.

"I mean, can you believe your father wouldn't wanna take advantage of that fact every night?!" she exclaimed.

"I can't. He's crazy," the boy said, staring over at her huge heaving tits.

"He IS crazy! It's frustrating, and now I feel like I can't even talk to my own sister about it...because she's getting screwed silly every day...so what does she care?" Wendy said in exasperation.

James shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could help you out," he said.

She looked over at him. "I know you do," she said, then glanced at his crotch. "and I'm sure you could...given that you're probably well equipped...and have a lot of stamina."

"I'm not gonna deny that," James said, "but I don't wanna pressure you into doing anything you don't wanna do."

Wendy pulled the car over and put it in park. "What if we take a detour?" she asked.

"Isn't THIS a detour?" James asked, looking out at the road they were on.

"Not that kinda detour. A detour on our road as mother and son. We get off the main road for a couple hours, then right back on it again," she explained.

"I'm not following."

"Honey, I'm talking about parking somewhere and letting you fuck my ass off. Is that clear enough for you?" Wendy said desperately.

"Mom, do you have to use that word?" the boy joked.

The mother giggled and rolled her eyes. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Do you wanna fuck me or not, young man?" she asked playfully.

"Yeah, I do! You know I do," he answered, his heart racing.

She looked at him with a serious expression. "It's a detour. When we're through we get right back on the road we we're on, in a normal mother and son relationship," she said.

"Got it!"

"Ok..." the mother sighed nervously. "We're gonna do this. Oh my God, we're really gonna do this," she told herself and her son out loud.

“Yes, we are,” James agreed.

She looked out the window. “So now the question is...WHERE are we gonna do this?” she asked.

“There's a dirt road right up there. We can take it...see if it leads somewhere private,” the teen suggested.

“OK, let's try it,” the mother said, putting the vehicle in drive.

They turned on to the old dirt road and disappeared into the woods. “This road looks like it hardly gets used at all. What about down there, under that brush?” James suggested.

“Seriously?! You want me to pull the car down there? What if we get stuck?” she asked.

“You're not gonna get stuck, mom. Just pull down under that brush, so if anyone does happen to come out here, they won't even see us.”

“Fine, but if we do get stuck, I'm gonna murder you,” she teased.

The anxious mother pulled her SUV off the road and down a shallow embankment, then carefully slipped the car between some tall brush.

“Perfect!” her son said. “Well done.”

“Thanks,” she said with a proud smile, shutting her car off.

“So...where were you and this internet guy going at it...in the back seat?” James said, looking back.

“Oh, James...do we have to talk about that?”

“I'm just curious.”

“Well, first of all...we were hardly ‘going at it’ at all. It really wasn't even worth all the prep work to be honest,” the mother explained.

“Prep work?”

“Yes, well...I thought it would be better to lay all the seats down and do it on an air mattress,” she said a bit shamefully. “That's why I thought my earring disappeared somewhere back there.”

James giggled. “You actually brought an air mattress, and took the time to pump it up?” he asked.

“I brought your dad's battery-operated pump, so it only took a couple minutes,” she said.

“Your date only took a couple minutes too, apparently,” James teased.

“Yeah, well...like I said, HE was hardly worth the effort.”

“Will I be worth the effort you think?” James asked, smiling over at her.

She gazed at him flirtily. “Yeah, I do,” she answered.

They got out, and after a few minutes had all the seats in the back laid down and the air mattress pumped up. Wendy slipped out of her heels, and they both crawled in the back. The mother had brought a comforter, so it was cozy and comfy. James closed back cargo door behind them.

“Ouch!” his mom said, then reached down under her butt.

“What is it?” her son asked.

She giggled and showed him what she sat on. “My lost earring,” she said, then put it back in.

“Well, better that it poked you in the ass than punctured the mattress,” the boy said, looking over at her strong silky calves, and dainty bare feet, with freshly painted toenails. For years he'd marveled at how sexy her legs were, and the thought that he was about to have them wrapped around him in a sexual way made the boy dizzy with anticipation.

“I hope I don't shock you,” his mom said.

“Shock me?”

She peeked over at him. “I like hot nasty sex a lot, James. You're about to see a very primitive side of me,” she warned.

“Well, let be ‘primitive’ together then,” he said.

“Ready to take that detour?” Wendy asked him anxiously.

“Ready,” he answered with a nod.

Before the boy could blink his mom was on top of him, tearing off his t-shirt. “*Holy shit!*” he thought, unprepared for her aggressive start.

“Get your bottoms off!” the mother said in an lusty tone as she sat back on her heels and quickly shed her blouse. The boy's eyes went wide as he stared at her beautifully-embroidered black bra. Huge mounds of tit-flesh were spilling over the cups, and Wendy hastily reached back and unclasped her hooks.

James's long thick slab of meat caught on the waistband of his briefs for a moment as they were being pulled off, then sprung free, slapping back against his lower abdomen in full hardness.

“Oh wow!” the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's vein-encrusted erection while pulling off her bra. It looked just like the big dick in the picture her failed date sent her.

“You like it?”

“Uh-huh,” she said, biting her bottom lip for a moment lustfully. “It looks like the picture of the boner I was suppose to get this morning.”

James was enamored by the sight of her monstrously meaty tits. Her thick-textured areolas were like softball-sized pink crowns situated on the peaks of her melons, with swollen nipples protruding from their centers. Her fatty orbs wobbled wonderfully as she slipped out of her skirt, then quickly peeled her dainty black thong down her lovely legs.

Now they were both bare naked, and James could smell the sweet pungent aroma of wet pussy. His mom was on top of him in an instant, and he found his face wedged between her soft dangling tits as she grasped his cock and fit his tapered knob to her vulvar vestibule.

The boy quickly peeked down from between her hanging udders and saw his boner sticking straight up, with his knob smothered between the puffy cleft of her pudenda. Her vulva was crowned by a neatly trimmed landing-strip of pubic fur.

“Oh, James!” the mother gasped, lowering her wide hips and feeling the thick tubular hunk of his cock split her spongy cuntal walls as he sunk into the slippery heat of her vagina.

The teen felt his tender bell tip squash against the puffy head of her extocervix, and her bare pubis met the hilt of his cock.

“I wanna fuck you so hard!” the mother whimpered desperately as she set her wide hips in motion, and began plunging her aroused pussy up and down the steely column of his erection.

“Ohh, shit!” the boy gasped excitedly, feeling his pink boner slip along the smothering walls of her birthing tube, while two heavy melons of squishy tit-flesh swung on either side of his face.

Wendy’s SUV subtly rocked from the rhythm of her fuck-humps. It didn't take long for the window to fog up due to their heavy moaning and gasping.

Her crotch beat against his cock-base relentlessly, her blood-swollen flanges slapping wetly around the root of her boy's muscular shaft. Her fleshy prepuce was peeled back over the glans of her clitoris, which mashed against her son's pubic bone on every downward thrust.

“Oh God, you’re gonna make me cum already!” the mother's shaky voice announced.

James pressed his face a little deeper into the hollow between his mom's wobbling breasts, kissing the quivering fatty flesh that now sandwiched his entire head at the sides.

He felt her snug pelvic floor muscles contract around his burrowing erection as his mom let out a beautiful orgasmic scream. He looked up between her sloshing tits, at her pretty face as it twisted in pleasure between the curtain of her silky brunette hair. His cock flexed excitedly as he witnessed his mom in her most primal state.

Wendy enhanced her climax by mashing her vulva against her son's pubic base and grinding frantically up and back on his erection. This got a delightful groan from her stiff-cocked son as he writhed beneath her.

James had girls grind on his cock before, but none felt nearly this incredible. His mom's juicy cuntal grip felt like a velvet fist clutched onto him, and jerking his stiff meat around like a fleshy gear shift, stretching her uteri in all different directions. He could feel her love-nectar running down along the sides of his nuts.

She dropped against him, plastering the open oval of her lips around his, and darting the long pink snake of her tongue into his mouth. Their lickers wrestled frantically inside of James's mouth, while their naked bodies writhed with equal passion.

“*Holy fuck this is amazing!!*” James's brain screamed, as he lay there blanketed in his mom's warm MILF flesh as they kissed, while having his boner pulled and squeezed by her skilled cunt. Her thick rubbery nipples prodded against his chest, squashed between them.

Wendy broke their kiss and gave him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "Roll me over and pound the fuck out of me!" she panted lustfully.

James did just that. Keeping his cock fully sheathed, he rolled them over and took the top. He knew he wasn't a porn star by any means, but was anxious to show his mom the skills he'd developed from recent sex with girls his own age. He immediately began thrusting into her at a rapid pace, holding himself up on extended arms, so he could watch her expression. He got just the reaction he was hoping for, as Wendy clenched her eyes closed tight and arched her head back in ecstasy.

He felt the smooth cradle of her mommy-thighs slip up around his bobbing hips as he stared down at the giant twin mounds of boobie-flesh rolling up and down her chest.

*"Fucking gorgeous!"* he wondrously thought, still processing the fact that this hot woman beneath him was his own mom.

His boner throbbed as it pumped through the snug pleated walls of her vagina. James's weeping precum and her cuntal secretions mixing to create a hot slippery oil that lubricated their fuck-thrusts.

Wendy extended her sexy legs out, throwing them back in a wide V, with her dainty feet nearly touching the ceiling of the vehicle.

"Holy shit, mom!" the boy gasped, looking at the width of her amazing spread. Her sexy little feet bobbed from the force of his thrusting as they pointed towards the back window.

"I told you I'm good at this," she panted with a teasing wink, bouncing her ass from the mattress to meet his thrusts.

"I know a few tricks myself," James bragged.

"Oh yeah? Show me."

The teen brought his chest down against hers, then slipped his arms beneath her back and grasped on to her shoulders from behind. Then, he thrust his hips forward powerfully, fully sheathing his brick-hard penis and holding it there, with his knob crushed against her cervix.

Wendy let out a delightful squeal, arching her back and lifting her son's body up, then back down. Her hips jerked in a wild humping motion, but James stayed with her, keeping his boner buried in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" he hissed, feeling her squeeze the meat of his cock harder than it ever had been. He rested his head between her neck and shoulder, as their bodies rocked feverishly on the mattress.

Both of them groaned and clawed at each other, like a couple of grappling animal, as if they were desperately trying to pull James's body back inside her, to the place where he was conceived. This went on with increasing intensity until Wendy suddenly tossed her lovely legs around James, high on his back, so her ankles were twined together, nearly across his shoulders, and began crying out in orgasm.

The teen started pounding her again with savage thrusts, making her hot girl-cum squelch out between their joined genitals.

The boy lunged his face up against one of her squishy tits and greedily sucked her nipple and areola into his mouth.

“YES!! SUCK ME!!” the mother cried out, delighting in the feel of his suctioned lips and lashing tongue, as his steely erection continued to thunder through her.

The boy's balls beat against her luscious buttocks, hitting the throbbing lips of her anus and the bulging ringed muscle of her external anal sphincter.

The muscle and ligaments at the root of his erection bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his cock-shaft as it hammered through the juicy labial-fleshed mouth of his mom's twat.

“Mmnnff!” the boy grunted into the fatty bulge of his mom's tit-meat, feeling his tender glans squeezed by Wendy's muscled cuntal walls as she put his will-power to the test.

Despite the exquisite sensations on his cock, he passed with flying colors, fucking her steadily for the next half-hour and giving her body-shaking climaxes several more times.

Finally, with their naked bodies glistening with perspiration, the boy felt the warming, tingling sensation of an impending orgasm. “Oh shit, mom...I'm gonna cum!” he groaned, bucking wildly between her thighs.

Wendy wasn't on any form of birth control, but she didn't care. She wanted to feel her boy's milky excrement splashing around inside her sex chamber as much as he did. “Cum, baby! Cum hard!!” she cheered encouragingly.

He happily obliged, letting out a guttural grunt as a fat blast of boy-semen erupted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. His body humped and jerked, letting his mom have all the ball-juice her slippery-ribbed cunt walls could milk out.

He finally collapsed against her and she held him, gently stroking his back with her long nails in silence for nearly a half-hour.

“That was a nice little detour, but we should probably get back to the main road now,” Wendy said.

“Main road meaning, you and me...back to our normal relationship?”

“Yes, that and the ACTUAL main road,” she said. “Your father's probably wondering why we're not home yet.”

“Can we do one thing first?” James asked.

His mom fed him a naughty smile. “And what would that be?” she asked.

“Well, remember you asked me if I imagined you sucking on me,” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Well...do you think you could really quick?”

“James, we really should get going,” she said. “How about this...You drive and I'll suck, how's that?”

“Perfect,” he answered.

They got dressed and hit the open road again, with James driving. It wasn't far before the detour ended and they were back on the highway. "Now we should be able to make some good time," Wendy said, crawling over and fishing his cock from his fly-hole. "After this blowjob, or detour's over, got it?"

"Got it," he said, then felt his mom's wonderful tongue licking his peter-tip.

The mother wasn't lying earlier when she had told him she was good at giving head. First, her licker swathed up and down his tender erection, looping around his knob, then down to his balls and up again.

"Wow!" the teen muttered, feeling her thick pink tongue lash all over his glans.

"Please don't make us crash, honey," she told him between licks.

"I won't," he assured her.

Wendy fit her lips over his knob, then sink the first few inches of his boner inside her mouth, giving it a few tender sucks. Then she grasped around the base with her hand and began beating his prick-meat as she sucked it.

"*Holy shit...amazing!*" the boy wondrously thought, watching her head bob up and down as her fist jerked him steadily. He looked at the big sparkling wedding ring on her finger, which reminded him of what a chump his dad was for not wanting more of this.

He put one hand down on her head, curling his fingers in her dark tresses, holding her cock-sucking mouth in position as she slurped greedily on his tasty prick.

Lewd gurgling sounds escaped Wendy's mouth as she took more and more cock-meat into her mouth, letting his glans plug through her throat.

The boy didn't know how his mom had room to move her tongue around in there, but she did, digging it wetly back and forth against the band of his frenulum.

"Jesus Christ, mom!" he gasped, feeling a warm tingling sensation shoot through his crotch.

His knob popped from her lips, but only for a second, and she took full-length strokes with her hand as she spoke to him. "Pour it out, James," she cooed, then went back to sucking, wrapping her lips in a tight loving circle around his tender prick and using her mouth like a pussy, plunging up and down.

"Ahhh, damn...I'm gonna cum!" the boy groaned.

His mom stroked and sucked urgently, as long fat ropes of spunk began erupting from the slit of his meatus, splattering all around inside her mouth and shooting past her tonsils.

Wendy's body shivered with the thrill of drinking her own boy's potent sperm. His load tasted sweet and yummy, just as she imagined it would.

"OK, I gotta say it, mom. That was the most incredible blowjob I've ever gotten," he confessed.

Wendy giggled, licking the last of his cock cream from her lips. "Glad you enjoyed it," she said.

"That was some pretty amazing fucking we did too," he confessed.

She gave him a stern look. "James...that word!" she scolded.

“Oh, sorry...I mean incredible SEX we had.”

“I agree with that whole-heartedly, honey, but...we're back to things being normal between you and I now, right?”

“Right,” the boy said, a tad disappointed. “Sadly, the detour’s over.”

“What the heck?!” Wendy exclaimed, looking at a sign ahead of them.

“What's wrong?” James asked, spotting the orange sign just before they passed it. It read: “DETOUR AHEAD.”

“Another one?! We'll never get home at this rate,” his mom said with a huff.

“You wouldn't think they'd have two detours so close to one another, but I guess they can sometimes,” the boy said, then looked at his mom as he took the exit.

Wendy peeked over at him and her lips curled into a mischievous smile. “Yes, I guess they can, can't they?”

THE END

