

*Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.*

Mom's Dream Lover

By klrxo

Charlie came from a religious household. His family went to church every Sunday. Ironically, it was during a boring sermon one day that the boy's naughty fascination with his mother had begun to develop.

On that day his mom Stacey had on a dress with a neckline that was cut deeper than usual. This allowed him to see a substantial amount of her succulent cleavage. Girls with big boobs at his school had always captured his attention, but they carried nothing like what his mom had.

Stacey was a beautiful thirty-nine-year-old brunette. Her girlfriends all called her Wonder Woman. Not only because she was the mother of five children, but also because she was a striking image of the eighty's actress Lynda Carter. Despite birthing all those children, the mother managed to keep a fairly good figure with long strong legs and an ample buttocks. Stacey came from a long line of busty women and because of this, she was blessed with an enormous rack.

It was no shocker then that a horny eighteen-year-old boy, living under the same roof, would quickly develop a fascination with her wobbling wonders.

"Charlie, I saw what you were staring at in there," Stacey chided as they walked side by side to the car, "that's not ok, especially at church."

"Staring?"

"Yes, staring...at my breasts," she said. "It's not polite to look at a woman's breasts."

"Is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's cock?" Charlie asked.

Stacey gasped. "Charlie Adams! I can't believe that word just came out of your mouth."

"Fine, is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's crotch?"

"No, of course it not."

"Then why do you stare at mine sometimes?" the boy asked.

Stacey blushing glanced back to make sure her husband hadn't heard that. James was a ways back, walking hand in hand with two of their smaller children. "I DO NOT stare at your crotch," she muttered, but not too loudly.

"You were staring when I got out of the pool yesterday."

"Ok, I think we need to end this conversation," she said, clearly frazzled that he had turned it back on her.

"Whatever you say, Mom."

Yet it was Stacey who refused to let it go. "I'm sure it may have seemed like I was staring at your crotch, but that wasn't the case at all," she said defensively.

The truth was Stacey HAD BEEN staring at her son's crotch, studying the big tubular outline of his prick as his wet shorts clung around it.

During the car ride home James glanced back at his oldest son through the rear-view mirror. "I'm not sure if your mother told you or not, but I'm taking a new schedule at work for a while. I'll be working the overnights, eight PM to six AM," he explained.

"So, you'll be gone every night?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, except on weekends of course. I'm gonna need you to step up and help your mom out in the evenings, when she needs it."

Charlie and his mother glanced at each other, sharing a little smile.

"Sure, dad, whatever she needs me to do," the boy answered.

The worst thing about being the oldest of five kids was having to share a bedroom. Luckily for Charlie, his fourteen-year-old brother Gabe was addicted to video games. The youngster rarely did anything besides play on his game console and he had a good set of gamer headphones, which meant Charlie wasn't bothered by any noise. Still, sharing a room meant no locking the door and beating off when Charlie wanted to.

The bathroom wasn't a good wank-retreat either, since it seemed like one of his siblings was constantly knocking on the door. The teen was forced to find another place for his private wank sessions.

Parked in the attached three-bay garage was an old Volkswagen Camper Van that his father had purchased. Every summer, James had planned to fix it up, but never quite got around to it. This became Charlie's "go to" spot for daily masturbation.

"I'm heading down to the park to shoot some hoops, Mom," the boy would announce, then retreat to the van and lock himself inside.

The rear portion of the van folded out into a full-sized bed. Charlie would sprawl across it, fish his dick out and lather it with lotion that he kept stashed in there, for just that purpose. As he rested there on this day, the boy clicked on a video he had recorded on his phone.

His mom came up on the screen from recording he'd made at the lake." Charlie, are you getting in the water with us?" she asked.

"I'm just texting a friend, then I will," Charlie answered.

Clearly the teen was doing no such thing, but rather secretly recording his mom as she stepped into the lake. Stacey wore a modest white, one-piece swimsuit, but to her son, it was still a feast for the eyes. The swell of her boobs were massive and he could even see the thick fleshy nubs of her nipples protruding out of the fabric.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," the modest mother shivered, making her big boobies shimmy back and forth. Charlie loved that part. This was recorded last summer, and he had lost count how many times he had beat off to it. He clicked rewind and watched it again.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," he listened to his mother say, only this time Charlie zoomed in on her giant jugs and played it back in slow motion.

"Ohhh man!" the horny boy sighed, beating his boner while watching his mom's heavy breasts slowly shake from side to side.

Charlie was endowed with a large uncircumcised peter. He knew this by comparing his own size the those of the boys his age in the locker room at school. Despite having a long thick cock, he had yet to use it on a girl. From a young age he was taught the importance of saving sex until marriage, so every time the opportunity presented itself, he would chicken out.

While Charlie beat off in the garage, James, Charlie's father entered the kitchen. "Mmm, that food smells good, hon," he said.

"I hope it's good. Tina shared a recipe she found in one of her women's magazines. I thought I'd try it out," Stacey said, "Will you stir this for me for a sec?"

"Sure."

James took over at the stove and his wife searched through the freezer. "Shoot, the frozen pie crusts must be out in the other freezer. I'll be right back," she said.

"No worries, I got this."

Stacey went out the side door into the garage, where they kept a large freezer full of items. Such a big family required lots of space for food storage. As she looked for the items she needed, she heard the faint sound of a video playing from across the garage.

The busty mother looked out over her vehicle to the old Volkswagen. She noticed a strange glow coming from the inside, so she slowly walked over to investigate. Peering in the back window, her eyes widened in utter shock as she saw her son laying on his back beating off.

*"He told me he was playing basketball!"* she said to herself. *"He lied to me."*

Her mind screamed for her to run away, but her legs wouldn't move. She was witnessing the lewdest thing she'd ever seen, and it was her oldest son who was doing it.

Her eyes drifted down his young lean chest, zeroing in on the biggest dick she'd seen in her life.

It was easily nine inches and so hard it looked like it was carved in stone.

*"It's simply enormous!"* she muttered to herself.

Her son's fist traveled up and down his cock's rigid length, the shroud of foreskin was pulled back, revealing a huge angry knob that pointing straight up towards the ceiling. Stacey was absolutely spellbound. Her curious eyes studied every bulging vein that crisscrossed up the shaft. *"Dear Lord, that can't be real, can it?"* she asked herself, *"that's just much too big to be real."*

She turned to walk away. *"I need to get away from here!"* she told herself, then she stopped and clenched her fists in frustration. *"God, please help me to be strong right now,"* she silently prayed. However, no assistance was given, and she turned around and moved back to the window, peering back in at her teen.

At this point she could see that her son was watching a video of her in her swimsuit. *"Oh my Gosh, was that at the lake last summer? He videoed me in my swimsuit and now he's..."*

Her eyes went back to watching her son beat his hard dick, mesmerized by the thick slab slipping through his circled fist. Charlie's hips were thrusting rapidly from the cushion, fucking his cock upward, while jacking off at the same time.

*"Where on earth did he learn to move his hips like that?!"* she wondered, then felt herself feeling angry towards her husband, *"James never moves his hips like that when we make love!"*

She saw a bead of precum weep from Charlie's meatus. "Ohhh!" she gasped, watching it run down his knob before getting swiped up by his fist.

Her knees felt weak, her big swollen tits heaving with every heavy breath. She bit her bottom lip, wanting nothing more than to shoot her hand down into her panties and rub her hot genitals right along with him. *"Nooo, I can't!"* the good-girl, church-going mom side of her screamed. *"Yesss, you can!"* the deeply repressed naughty-girl part of her answered back.

Her husband's shout from the kitchen made her decision a little easier. "Everything alright out there?" he shouted.

Yet for a moment longer her eyes remained transfixed. Even as she crept away from the van she continued to peer inside the window for as long as she could. *"I wonder how long it takes him to ejaculate?"* she wondered.

"Did you find what you needed?" James asked his wife when she returned.

Her mind was clearly frazzled. "No, we urn...we must be out."

"Are you ok, hon?" her husband asked. He could tell she was completely out of sorts.

*"Well, other than just looking at the longest, meatiest penis I've ever seen before, yeah I'm fine,"* she thought.

"Yes, um...I'm fine," she lied, forcing a smile.

The image of Charlie's cock was branded in her mind and try as she may, she couldn't shake it.

The next day, while most of her kids were in school, Stacey went to her friend Tina's house. They both sat at the table having coffee and cradling their infants.

"So, he was just lying in there masturbating?" Tina asked, a bit surprised at what her friend had told her.

"Yes, it was the last thing I expected to see when I looked in that window."

"Well, it's not uncommon. I'm sure both our oldest boys masturbate, but I suppose it's better than them engaging in premarital sex," Tina said.

"Yes, I suppose. I just...really didn't expect it to look that way," Stacey said blushing.

"His penis you mean?" Tina asked innocently.

"Yes. It was just um...bigger than I expected."

"Ohh," Tina muttered, incredibly intrigued, but reminding herself how inappropriate that was. After a long pause, she couldn't resist but comment. "Connor's size shocked me too."

Stacey looked at her questioningly, raising an eyebrow.

"I accidentally walked in on him coming out of the shower one day," she explained.

"Ohh, well accidents do happen," Stacey said, "I mean, if I knew Charlie was in the van masturbating, I never would have peeked in."

"Of course not, you didn't know. How would you have known?"

"Exactly...but I did peek in, and it just confused me," Stacey confessed. "Why are their penises so big do you think?"

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "It's a new generation of boys. Maybe God wanted to create UPGRADED versions of our husbands...make them more handsome and increase the size of their manhood."

Stacey nodded in agreement. "That makes sense. I mean, a larger penis would make them better at procreation," she theorized.

"How do you figure, " " When their sperm flows out, it would be much closer to the point of conception, right"

"Yes, I guess that's right."

"And from what I saw, their seed is much thicker and richer," Stacey said

"Explain," Tina said, beaming with interest, "what did you see?"

"It was only pre-ejaculate. It came trickling out while Charlie was masturbating," Stacey said, "but it was SO THICK and such a beautiful pearly white, Tina, I couldn't believe it."

Tina's eyes lit up. "The seed of life," she said.

"Yess...so much of it and THAT was only the pre-ejaculate. The amount our boys emit during an actual climax must be incredible," Stacey exclaimed, her heart racing.

The mothers sat there for a moment in wonder. Stacey reflected on what she saw through the van window, how her son rapidly thrust his hips. "I think you're right. I think God did make them superior...in looks, size AND sexual abilities," she said.

"Abilities?"

"When I peeked in the van, Charlie was moving his hips in a way I'd never seen before." "Thrusting?" Tina asked, her thick nipples tingling beneath her blouse and bra.

"Yes, but really, REALLY fast," Stacey said, then took an excited gulp, "James never moves his hips like that."

"Do you think Charlie knew he was doing it, or do you think it was just instinctual?" "I don't know, but what I do know is if girls ever see him doing that...if they ever see the size of his endowment, I fear he's gonna be presented with more temptation than he can bear," Stacey said with genuine concern.

Tina replayed the image of her own son's big cock hanging between his legs when she "accidentally" walked in on him. "So, you think Charlie was watching a video of you?" she asked. "It WAS me in the video. Charlie must have taken it during our lake trip over the summer," Susan said. "He was zoomed right in on my breasts. I didn't think my swimsuit was that inappropriate." "It probably wasn't. Connor is the same way. It seems like every time I look his way he's staring at my breasts, especially now that their all swollen with milk for the baby."

"The poor boys. Temptation surrounds them at school AND at home," Stacey said.

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "What can we do though? We're both extremely large breasted women. Other than the times we're nursing the babies, we keep them covered the best we can." "God really tests mothers and sons, doesn't he?" Stacey concluded.

"In what ways do you mean?"

"Temptation mostly," Stacey answered, "By nature, we Moms are naturally drawn to handsome young men with large penis's, who are the most gifted at breeding us and at providing us pleasure. For years we thought our husbands were these men.... but we were wrong."

"And the boys are tested too," Tina agreed.

"Yes. Boys are drawn to older, large breasted women. Ones who are skilled at lovemaking."

"That's why they obsess on us so much," Tina agreed.

Stacey knew it was true. Just talking about her son and his cock made her nipples throb and her panties were soaked with the secretions of her arousal. "We should pray for strength," she suggested.

Holding their babies with one arm, the mothers reached across the table and held each other's hands. They bowed their heads and Stacey began praying. "God, we ask for your hand in leading us from temptation. Help us to stay wholesome mothers and faithful wives. We thank you for the gifts you've bestowed upon our boys. Please give them the strength to refuse the harlots and to save their skills and wonderfully large endowments for marriage. In Jesus name, amen."

The mothers hugged, feeling strengthened in their resolve.

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"First night of working the overnight," James said as he prepared to leave that evening, "you gonna miss me?"

"Of course I'll miss you," Stacey said, giving her hubby a big hug. "I love you so much!"

After her husband left, Stacey went upstairs to the nursery, closing the door for privacy before nursing her two-month-old daughter. When she was finished, she put the baby to bed, then closed her robe tight, making sure her huge bobbling tits were completely covered.

Charlie and his brother were both in bed on their devices when their mom peeked in. "Good night boys," she said sweetly.

Gabe just gave her a wave, but Charlie actually sat up, hoping she would come in. Sometimes she did and he loved watching her braless boobs jostle beneath her robe. "Goodnight, Mom," he said.

Stacey smiled at him and quickly glanced at his crotch before closing the door. She went to her and her husband's bedroom, keeping their door open a crack in case the baby cried in the middle of the night as she often did, needing a feeding.

Then, the mother slipped out of the robe and put on a big, oversized t-shirt, wearing it and her panties to bed. It felt strange and lonely being in bed alone. This was the time of night that her and James would usually engage in their nightly lovemaking.

*"Oh James, why did you take that shift?"* Stacey thought as she tossed and turned. Her husband had assured her that their sex life wouldn't suffer because of it, but with five children, who kept her busy most of the day, she wasn't sure how they were going to squeeze in time for marital sex.

Stacey rolled onto her back, looking up at the ceiling. She always left a night-light on in case her children needed her. It cast strange shadows across the room, one of which looked like a large thick penis. It immediately made her think of her son's cock. This image of him beating his boner flashed through her mind. *"No! I can't think about that. I'm married and Charlie's my son!"* she reminded herself.

She repositioned several times, restless and horny, trying to ignore the images of Charlie's big juicy dick in her mind, as well as the lustful itch between her legs.

Charlie got up later in the night to use the bathroom. The house was still and silent, about the only time it was that way with so many brothers and sisters. He noticed his parent's door was cracked like usual, but tonight he knew it was just his mom in there.

He wandered over and bravely peeked inside. With the night-light on in the room, Charlie could clearly make out his mom's frame on the bed. He noticed a portion of her lovely legs sticking out of the blankets. His heart pounded with excitement, knowing she could just be wearing panties, or better yet, nothing at all.

*"I can hear her heavy breathing. She has to be asleep,"* he thought, *"I'll just take a quick peak, then leave."*

The boy slowly wandered over to the edge of the bed. His mom was on her side, with her legs curled up. A portion of her smooth calves, along with her sexy bare feet, stuck from the blanket. With shaky hands, he carefully grasped the edge of the comforter and pulled it up.

*"Holy shit!"* he gasped inwardly as more and more of her smooth naked legs were exposed.

She moved slightly and sighed, making the boy freeze in horror. When he was convinced she was still asleep, he continued to raise the blanket up her body.

He audibly gasped as he unveiled her thick peach-shaped mommy-buttocks. Susan wore a pair of blue bikini panties and the hem had crept up into the crack of her ass, leaving half her meaty half-moons exposed.

Charlie could hardly believe his eyes. *"Soo sexy!"* he thought, his big prick rising in his boxers.

He stooped down to get a view of her panty-covered crotch. The gusset hugged his mom's snatch, outlining her puffy cunt-lips and the deep crevice between them. The urge to lean down and sniff her pussy was too strong to resist. *"Just one sniff and I'm outta here,"* he thought.

Since Stacey had Charlie's big hard dick on the brain all night, by the time she finally fell asleep her cunt was soaking wet. So, when her son's nose got close to his target, he was hit with a sweet pungent aroma that made his head spin. *"Holy wow...incredible!!"* his brain shouted as her feminine scent was inhaled deeply.

He bravely placed his nose against her mound, letting it sink down into the furrow between the meaty bulges of her outer lips. When he inhaled, his eyes rolled back in their sockets. The scent of aroused pussy was so strong it nearly made him pass out.

Charlie reached down and fished his massive erection from his boxers, stroking it up and down.

His carelessness made Stacey's eyes suddenly pop open as she awoke, conscious that there was someone in the room with her. *"Oh my Lord, don't panic, Stacey! she thought, feeling the nose at her crotch, "It could be an intruder! He could have a gun or a knife!"*

Since the night-light was on the wall behind him, Charlie's shadow was cast across the bed and wall that Stacey faced, allowing her to study the "intruder's" every move. As the boy stood up, it became clearly obvious he was beating off to the site of her.

*"Oh my Goodness, is that... That's Charlie!"* she thought, not wanting to believe what she was seeing. *"He's masturbating!!"*

The teen brazenly hovered beside the bed, staring at his mom's sexy ass, while beating his hard boner. He imagined that he was ripping those panties off, crawling between her silky legs and pounding his cock-meat deep inside her. So much blood had flowed to his penis that he felt light headed. *"I bet it feels so good in her pussy. Warm and wet and snug!"* he thought, his hardon flexing in his hand.

Stacey's eyes were wide in shock and fascination as she remained motionless, watching the shadow of her son beating off. *"I can't believe he's doing this. The first night his father's out of the house and he's in here peeping and stroking his large penis,"* she thought. *"He should be ashamed of himself."*

Her breathing got heavier and heavier as she watched her son's hand fly up and down his enormous jutting erection. The shadow was so well defined that she could see the shape of his flaring knob stretching from his foreskin.

The mother made the muscled walls of her cunt-tube clench, secretly yearning to have that void filled by such a big meaty cunt-splitter. *"Oh James, why did you take that shift?"* she thought, wanting to blame anyone but herself for her lewd thoughts.

Charlie gawked and pumped his fist relentlessly up and down the length of his hardon, precum lubricating his strokes.

His mom watched in shameful fascination, not wanting to miss a single stroke. *"So many pumps! How on earth is he going that long?"* she screamed out in her mind. Then she had a question for her creator. *"God, you've already given him an extremely large penis. Are you telling me you've gifted him with incredible staying power too?!"*

It was nearly five more minutes of steady cock-stroking before Charlie felt his knob tingle. *"Oh fuck, where am I gonna cum?"* he thought in a panic.

The last thing he wanted to do was squirt his load all over her. Actually, that's what he really wanted, but he knew he couldn't. He quickly looked for something to use as a cum-rag, delighted to find one of her bras strung over the chair nearby.

*"Grab it, quick!"* his mind shouted as he felt the rushing torrent of jizz shooting through his fuck- tube.

He snatched the bra and covered the end of his prick with one of the huge silky cups. "Hhmmpph!" he whimpered, his knees buckling as he sent a long milky rope splashing against the fabric.

Stacey's eyes widened even more as she witnessed her son using her bra to pump his load into. She was ashamed to feel her fleshy clit throb beneath its domed hood and her nipples were so erect they felt like stones resting on the peaks of her tits. *"He's ejaculating!!"* her mind excitedly screamed.

She could smell his musky spunk from where she lay on the bed. It made her body tremble with a wicked thrill. She clenched her eyes closed. *"No, just go back to sleep, Stacey!"* she thought.

After coating the inside of her bra-cup with hot cum, the boy just held it there a moment, the soft silk against his glans felt really good. *"Ok, I'll just put it back. My cum should be dry by morning, hopefully,"* he thought.

After putting it back where he found it, Charlie took one more look at his mom's succulent ass, then retreated back to his room.

Stacey's eyes popped back open, realizing he was gone. She quickly sat up and looked straight over at the soiled bra he had placed back on the chair. Her heart was racing and the itch between her legs was almost unbearable. *"Layback down!"* the wholesome part of her brain told her.

*"I will. I won't do anything inappropriate, I just wanna see it,"* her horny, curious side answered back as she slipped off the bed.

With shaky hands, she lifted the bra and studied its milky contents. The inside of the cup was plastered with boy-spunk. *"I knew it! So much of it! God HAS truly gifted him."*

Her nostrils flared, breathing in the aroma of hot baby-seed. Her mind swirled and her birthing tube squeezed and contracted. The busty mother quickly put the bra back down, as if it were burning her hands. *"Ok, curiosity satisfied, now go back to bed,"* she said to herself.

She turned back to her bed and sighed. *"Thank you, God, forgiving me the strength to do what's right. I pledge my resolve to be a wholesome wife and mother,"* she prayed.

She tried to move back onto the bed, but her overly horny body had other ideas.

It was 4am and Stacey's children all still slept soundly. In the hot mother's bed, however, there was no rest to be had. Stacey was now completely naked, on her back in the center of her bed. Her knees were thrown up nearly to her shoulders, her thick smooth thighs bowed open as she rubbed her clitoris furiously.

"Ohhh-h-h-h!" she whimpered, her cute voice shivering lustfully and muffled by the big bra-cup masking her face. Her enormous knockers were spread out across her chest in big fleshy quivering mounds. Her nipples were thick and distended, leaking breast milk that trickled across her wide areola.

Her thick naked buns bounced from the mattress, humping her cunt up around the imaginary cock that was pounding her senseless. Beneath the frantic stroke of her fingers, her large fleshy clitoris tingled and throbbed exquisitely.

With her other hand, she held the bra-cup to her face, cleaning out its juicy contents with her long lapping tongue, while lustfully inhaling the scent of warm boy-spunk. *"It's soo rich!"* her frazzled mind shouted. *"There's so much of it!"*

She sucked some slimy spunk into her mouth and let her tongue play around in it, while panting excitedly. "Mmmmm," she whimpered, feeling it run down her throat. She knew she was out of control and a little tear of shame ran down her cheek, yet this didn't detour her from licking more slime from the material and stroking her cunt even faster.

*"Sooo much sperm, but I knew there would be. He's been endowed with a whopping baby-maker, so of course there would be a lot of seed!"* she thought.

She imagined her son standing there watching her masturbate while beating his dick wildly. *"You're not the only one in this house with gifted sexual abilities!"* she thought, imagining she were talking to her son, *"we Moms can do things too!"*

Stacey extended her luscious legs back, scissoring them wide open, pointing her sexy, dainty bare feet back at the headboard. She bobbed her ass up and down off the mattress in a horny rapid manner, making her boobies jiggle and roll on her chest. *"We can squeeze and hump our vaginas on you in ways you never dreamed of!"* her mind bragged.

She felt her climax peak, making her back arch from the cushion, heaving her mammoth jugs upward. *"Squirt our juices!!"* her mind squealed. *"AH over your big, wonderful penis!"*

Susan grabbed the big double pillow and screamed into it as a juicy orgasm ripped through her middle-aged body. The long fluffy pillow reached from her head to her knees, and she quickly latched her arms and legs around, humping wildly as if she were being fucked in the missionary position.



*"Oohhh, Charlie!!" ^ brain cried, "Ohhh my baby, look what you do to me!"*

She continued to stroke and hump and writhe for several minutes, before relaxing her lush body and letting out a big, satisfied sigh. The guilt suddenly came flooding in and she felt extremely ashamed. Tears trickled down her cheeks as Stacey wept herself to sleep.

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"I'm horrible!" Stacey sniffled as she sat next to Tina. They were both nursing their newborns, so each mom had one hefty boob hanging out of her maternity bra.

"You're not horrible. You're human," Tina said consolingly.

"I'm a horrible human."

"You had a weak moment, Stace," Tina said, "God forgives those who acknowledge their wrongdoings."

"Charlie snuck in my bedroom and I liked it. I'm not supposed to like those things," she said, "Then I sucked up all his seed like a depraved whore."

Tina lowered her own head in equal shame. "Well, if it's any consolation...I haven't exactly been the model mother myself here lately."

Stacey fed her a confused look. "How so?" she asked.

Tina sighed, "Connor's been fingering me every day for the past two weeks."

Stacey looked at her best friend in surprise, "Fingering you?" she asked.

"Yes, putting one or more fingers inside my vagina." "I know what fingering is...I just... How did this start?" Stacey asked.

"We were just hugging one morning and the next thing I knew his hand was in my panties," she explained, "I was too weak to stop it, so it continued day after day until...well, here we are."

They exchanged a guilt-ridden look. "Do we stop them?" Stacey asked, "we should stop them, right?"

"Maybe if we just try to eliminate the situations that provide temptation, they'll move on to something more appropriate."

"How do we do that?" Stacey asked.

"Well, in my case, I could try to avoid hugs, when Connor and I are alone together," she suggested, "And when it comes to Charlie, well, maybe you could try locking your door at night." "Good idea. I don't know if he'll try it again, but if he does, having the door locked will certainly keep something like that from happening again."

"Let's pray," Tina suggested. "If there was ever a time we needed God to give us wisdom and strength, it's now."

"Do you wanna lead us this time?" Stacey asked, taking her friend's hand.

"Sure. God, we ask your forgiveness for the mistakes we've made. We've allowed our son's extraordinary good looks...large sex organs...and bountiful sperm-supply to lead us into temptation. We ask you to give us strength to resist their charms and be the wholesome, exemplary mothers you'd like us to be, amen."

"Amen." Stacey said.

Once she got home and put the baby down for a nap, Stacey found herself trying on different outfits. It wasn't until the third set of clothing that she realized she was doing it with her son in mind, as if

subconsciously wondering which outfit he would approve of the most. *"What am I doing? This is ridiculous,"* she thought.

She decided to just go with the one she had on, which was a pair of snug gray yoga pants and a cute cami top. Stacey moved to her vanity and glanced at the clock. *"A half-hour until he's home,"* she thought. She applied a little make-up, a couple sprays of sweet perfume and fluffed her dark hair.

James walked through, hot and sweaty from mowing the grass outside. He gave his wife a wolf whistle. "Look at you! Meeting someone for a hot date?" he asked.

"No, of course not," she giggled, "just thought I'd make a little extra effort in looking pretty for you today." "Aww, babe, you look pretty every day," James said, starting the shower.

"Thanks, so...I guess no lovemaking today," she commented sadly.

"Yeah sorry. Maybe we could lock ourselves in here tomorrow, while the baby's napping," James suggested.

"Maybe," she said, but with children at home it was highly unlikely.

Stacey sat on the edge of the bed and put on a pair of sexy four-inch heeled sandals, completing her outfit. She knew deep down that "looking pretty" for her husband's benefit was a lie. She had captured another set of eyes in the house and figured there was really no harm in looking her best for Charlie when he arrived home.

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"Wow, Mom, you look great today?" Charlie said after he walked in the door.

"Are you saying I look bad the other days?" Stacey joked.

"No, when it comes to YOUR looks, there is no such thing as a bad day."

"Goodness, thank you honey," the hot mother blushed.

Charlie noticed the cami top had a deep neckline, allowing more cleavage than he was used to seeing exposed for his viewing pleasure.

At dinner the boy simply couldn't take his eyes off his gorgeous mom and her sexy choice of attire. Several times during the usual dinner-time banter, Stacey and Charlie's eyes would meet and linger for a few magical moments, before looking away.

After the meal, James excused himself to get ready for work and the children scattered, leaving Charlie alone in the kitchen with his mother. "How did you like dinner, honey?" the mother asked. "Delicious," the teen answered, staring straight at her creamy tan cleavage.

She smiled sweetly. "Well, it must have been. Your plate looks like it's been licked clean," she said. She stood from table and leaned over, taking his plate. "Nope, wait, you missed a spot," she said, the extended her thick tongue from her mouth and took a long-wet lick across his plate.

The boy looked on in wide-eyed fascination. From his vantage-point, he could see every detail of the erotic lick, with her dangling tit-cleavage centered perfectly in the background.

"There, now it's clean," Stacey said with a cute giggled, then took their plates to the sink.

"*THAT was hot!*" Charlie thought, watching his mom sashay towards the sink. Her gray yoga pants fit like a second skin over her meaty mommy-buttocks, allowing the teen to observe every jiggle of her undulating ass cheeks.

While his mother usually looked great, tonight she looked especially ravishing. The sharp CLICK.CLICK..CLICK of her dainty heels drew Charlie's eyes to her sexy little feet. They were arched in a displayed manner in her sandals, which consisted of just a thin strap crossing her foot, just above her painted toes.

The boy reached down and squeezed the hardening muscle protruding from his lap. His newborn sister began crying from her baby seat, distracting him.

"Oh honey, would you mind holding her while I finish up these dishes?" Stacey asked.

"No problem mom," Charlie said, standing up, lifting his baby sister from her seat and rocking her in his arms.

Stacey peered over nonchalantly and wasn't surprised to find a bulge pushing Charlie's shorts out obscenely. "*Certainly no surprise there. I don't know how he could possibly hide that thing,*" she thought.

After finishing up a little cleaning she stepped over to her two children and smiled sweetly. "She's hungry," Stacey commented, looking at her baby. Her next words carelessly left her mouth before she could stop herself. "Your dinner's in Mommy's bra, isn't it sweetheart," she said to her little-one.

Charlie's cock flexed in his shorts. He secretly wished he could feast on her tits as well.

Stacey inwardly chided herself. "*Dumb thing to say, Stacey! Really dumb!*"

"Would you mind bringing her up to the nursery, honey, so I can feed her," she asked her son. "Not at all, mom."

Charlie wasn't sure why she asked him to do this, since she could have just taken the baby herself, but he certainly wasn't complaining. Following his mom through the house gave him a chance to admire that hot swaying ass some more.

"Rooms need to be clean before bedtime, I mean it," the mother shouted to her other children as they passed their rooms.

Charlie followed her into the nursery and stood there as his mom readied her items for nursing. "*Ok, now take the baby and send him on his way,*" she thought, "*This isn't the time or the place for a boy's curious eyes.*"

Rather than listen to her righteous inner-side, Stacey peeled her cami top off without hesitation.

"*Wow, wow, WOW!!*" the teen silently exclaimed. His mom had on a sexy white maternity bra and the flesh of her milk-filled tits were spilling out all over the place. Through the delicate floral lace, he could faintly make out the huge dark rings of her areola.

"Ok, all set," the mother said, her eyes glued to her son crotch as she stepped towards him.

Charlie was too entranced to even notice where her eyes were. He couldn't tear his own lustful gaze from her huge bra-clad knockers, which trembled heavily as she stepped up to him and took the baby.

"Thanks, honey," she said.

"Anything else I can do to help?" he asked, wanting to stick around as long as he could. "Not unless your lactating," Stacey answered with a teasing wink.

"Hold on, let me check," Charlie joked, lifting his shirt and squeezing his nipple. "Nope nothing."

Stacey laughed, letting her eyes drift all over his lean chest. "If I squeezed my nipple like that I'd have milk shooting out all over the place."

She reached down to unfasten her bra-cup but paused for a moment. *"Are you crazy?! You can't do this with your son standing right there watching,"* she told herself.

She undid the clip anyway and let the enormous melon come spilling out. *"Hogwash! I'm nursing a baby, not putting on some strip-tease show. This is perfectly natural. There's nothing sexual about it at all,"* she rationalized.

Yet her gawking boy was imagining that it was HIS mouth preparing to feast on her bounteous bosoms. Before his sister could latch on, he decided to add upon her earlier comment. "Would it really shoot out like that?"

"What?" Stacey asked, curiously looking back at him.

"Your nipple. Would it really shoot out all over the place?"

She smiled, amused and intrigued by his interest. "A woman has as many as nine milk ducts surrounding her nipple, so yes, if I squeezed it, milk would likely come squirting out in every direction," she giggled.

"Could I see that?" he bravely asked.

Stacey hesitated a moment. *"Don't be a prude. Lactation is a natural process,"* she told herself. *"This isn't inappropriate. It's a teaching moment."*

"Let me get your sister started with this one, then I'll show you on the other."

Charlie watched his mom position the baby at her tit. Once she was hungrily feasting away, Stacey unfastened the other cup, and the gawking teen watched the second boob bobble out heavily. *"Whoa!"* he inwardly sighed, amazed at the sheer enormity of her tits.

Stacey was equally enamored by the size of her son's cock-bulge. She knew her clitoris was abnormally fat and began to wonder if she passed these "size" genes on to her son. "James was simply left out of the equation," she thought to herself. "Charlie and I are both extremely attractive, have unusually large endowments and we both have extremely high sex-drives. We were cut from the same cloth."

The mother glanced down at the floor at her feet. "Do you wanna kneel down where you can see it better?" she asked.

The boy happily obliged, kneeling in front of her.

Stacey's heart raced as she hefted her big tit-melon, raising it up so that her stiff fleshy nipple nub pointed straight at him. Her areola had hardened some as well, becoming a large thick dark circle of rubbery tissue, dotted with mammary glands.

"Ready?" she asked with a cute smile.

"Yep."

Cupping her boobs, she sunk her fingers into her swollen tit-meat. Her nipple puffed up and milk began squirting out in thick streams going every direction. Some even spouted from the end, spraying on to her son's chest.

"Whoa!" the teen exclaimed.

Stacey laughed. She didn't expect to soak him. "Oh my Gosh! Sorry honey," she said.

"That's ok. Man, you weren't kidding. The milk really squirts out everywhere."

"Told you," Stacey said.

"Can I taste some?" he brazenly asked.

Stacey's clitoris tingled. She looked towards the doorway, hoping her husband didn't walk by and see both her tits out. "Honey, the milk is for the baby and that really wouldn't be too appropriate," she replied.

"I understand," the boy said in a disappointed tone. "Dang, I should have just opened my mouth when you squirted it. I could have caught some."

Stacey laughed. "Try explaining that one to your father if he just happened to walk by," she said. "Yea, that might have been awkward," the teen said, standing back up.

Stacey's eyes immediately went to the erection pushing his shorts out. *"Good heavens, I can see the shape of the tip bulging out. It must be incredibly hard,"* she thought.

Charlie noticed his mom checking out his bulge. He clenched his ass, making his hardon flex and stretch the fabric of his shorts even more. He was delighted to see her eyes widen and her mouth open slightly in awe. Then she glanced up at him shamefully.

"Stacey?" her husband called from down the hallway.

The mother quickly squeezed the tit she wasn't nursing with back in her bra. "Down here, honey," she answered back, then looked at her son. "Charlie, maybe you should um, head to your room for a bit," she said, glancing again at his boner, so he got the point.

"Oh, right, probably should," he muttered, then put his hands down over his hard dick in an attempt to conceal it while walking past his father.

Stacey had a conversation with her husband, but her mind was a million miles away. She had a lot of unanswered questions that secretly intrigued her.

*"Exactly how large is Charlie's manhood?"*

*"How many sessions of masturbation a day does such a large meaty sex organ like his require?" "Will he visit my room to satisfy his penis again tonight?"*

*"What if he knew I WOULDN'T wake up. How far would he dare to go??"*

"Stacey?" her husband said, raising his voice to snap her from wonderland.

"Huh? Oh sorry, honey...I was just trying to remember something," she lied, showing a tinge of shame.

"I just asked if there was anything you needed before I left for work."

"Oh, no, I think I'm good," she said with a sweet smile.

Later that night, Stacey got a text from Tina. "Don't forget to lock your bedroom door tonight. Good luck!" it read.

"Thanks! Will do," Stacey texted back, but had no intention of locking her door at all.

"I have small children," she said out-loud as if conversing with herself, "I can't just lock myself in my bedroom. I need the door open. If Charlie comes in, I'll just have to let him know it's not appropriate."

Even though she had made this resolve, she still found herself going through her drawers to find something super-sexy to wear to bed. She decided on a black chemise with a plunging neckline and hem

that fell just barely below the crotch. She showered, shaving her lovely legs and all her delicate mommy-parts.

It was nearly ten-thirty when Charlie heard a gentle tap at his door. His younger brother was already fast asleep. "Hey hon," Stacey said, poking her head in, "can I come in for a sec?" "Sure Mom," the boy answered, putting his laptop aside.

Stacey stepped across the room on bare feet. The chemise looked absolutely stunning on her, showing off all her silky-smooth legs. It had spaghetti straps with a long V neck, revealing huge bulging tit-cleavage.

*"Wow, she's not wearing a bra!"* Charlie thought. He could tell by the way her breasts jiggled and shifted about as she moved. He had never seen her look this amazing at bedtime.

The busty mother sat on the edge of his bed and looked at him, letting her eyes linger on his bare chest a moment. "I just wanted to say goodnight and ask for a favor," she said.

"Sure."

"I've been sleeping horribly the past few nights, so I'm gonna take a sleep aid tonight, see if it helps," she explained. Then the guilt suddenly kicked in. *"Oh my Gosh, you're horrible! You're lying to your own son!"* her inner voice screamed. *"Not only that, but you're also lying, in order to draw him into your bedroom like a cheap whore, so he can have his way with you while he thinks your sleeping!"*

"Oh, ok, well thanks for letting me know," Charlie said, feeling like he could let out a mighty cheer. "Yeah, well the reason I wanted to let you know is, whenever I take those, I'm extremely out of it," she said, "I mean, a marching band could probably go by, and it wouldn't even wake me up."

*"Holy shit, this is perfect!!"* the teen thought.

"So, if you happen to hear the baby crying, could you come in and dump a bucket of cold water on me or something," she joked.

"Really?"

She shook her head playfully. "I'm kidding of course, please don't dump water on me," she cutely begged.

Charlie giggled. "Don't worry, I won't do that. If the baby cries, I'll try to rock her back to sleep. If that doesn't work, I'll figure out some way to wake you up."

"Oh honey, you're an angel." "Can I hug you goodnight?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. I'm your mother. Of course you can hug me goodnight," Stacey said, standing up.

Charlie stood up also, displaying the boner that was lewdly tenting his boxers.

Stacey, of course, immediately hazed right at it. *"Goodness gracious, he's always so hard down there!"* she thought.

They embraced and her squishy boobs melted against his bare chest. Charlie let out a delighted sigh, holding their hug as long as he could.

"Goodnight, honey...and thanks again," the pretty mother said as she sashayed away. The boy loved the way his mom's buttocks swayed when she walked. If the gown were an inch shorter, he'd get a peek at those succulent cheeks.

Stacey went to bed with her door wide open. As she lay there, she mentally justified her actions. *"I'm only doing this because I'm curious about how far he'd actually go, if given the opportunity,"* she thought, *"Of course I'd stop it if things got too heated."*

Several times she would almost be asleep, when she'd hear a noise that would cause her eyes to pop open. It would end up being a false alarm, however, and soon she drifted off into real sleep.

Just after midnight, Charlie snuck down to his parent's bedroom. He wasn't surprised to discover his mom sound asleep, but he wondered if she was really resting as deeply as she said she would be. "Mom, are you awake?" he said, at a normal speaking level.

When he got no answer, Charlie sat on the edge of her bed. Stacey was resting on her back with the blankets pulled nearly to her neck. He shook her shoulder. "Mom?"

Stacey woke up, but didn't dare open her eyes, *"it's Charlie! He's sitting right next to me,"* she said to herself. *"Ok, don't move...and whatever you do, DO NOT open your eyes."*

Satisfied that his mother in a deep sleep, Charlie stood from the bed and removed his boxers. His cock was already fully hard and wagging stiffly as he crawled back onto the bed.

The boy peeled the blanket aside, uncovering his mom's lush, half-naked body. *"Holy shit those legs...so Goddamn sexy!"* he thought, his heart racing with a wicked thrill, *"I gotta feel them around me."*

Stacey trembled nervously as she felt her son hook his arms under her thighs and maneuver himself down between them. *"You should stop this now...before it gets out of hand,"* she thought.

Before she knew it, her boy was settled on top of her, crushing his hard cock against her panty-covered crotch. He held her lovely legs around his waist, running his hands along her smooth outer-thighs. She could hear his heavy excited breathing and she fought to regulate her own excited gasps.

"Soo beautiful," she heard her son softly mutter, as he brought his body flat on top of hers, crushing her tits against his naked chest.

Stacey's heart was racing. She felt like a virgin preparing to be taken for the first time all over again. She tightened her naked legs in an anaconda grip around her son's hips, making him freeze cautiously for a moment.

*"Be still Stacey!"* she screamed inside, sensing that her son was watching her face for any signs of her waking.

Charlie wedged his face between her chin and shoulder, planting tender kisses on her neck, while setting his hips in motion. *"Ohh no Charlie, not my neck. Please don't do this!"* she thought. Her neck was major pleasure-spot for her, and she knew her son kissing it would break down what little defenses she had.

The boy's huge hardon was right on target, the underside wedged between the puffy outer folds of Stacey's labium, with only the thin panty-fabric separating them. The mother bit her bottom lip, feeling the hard cock-muscle dig against her genitals. *"Ohh my Goodness!"* the mother's mind swirled lustfully. *"Ohh my Goodness, it feels so big and powerful!"*

Charlie snarled in fuck-lust, his hands still gripping Stacey's strong mommy-thighs, while he dry humped his cock against the gates of paradise. He ran his hands up her hips, underneath her bunched-up chemise and along her smooth midriff.

*"He's going for my boobs!"* Stacey told herself. *"I should start moving around. This has gone far enough... too far in fact."*

Charlie's hands slipped up onto his mom's massive mammarys. He was amazed at how easy this was. Her body was showing no resistance whatsoever and very little movement for that matter. *"And her legs are still squeezed around me and I'm not even holding them there. That's incredible!"* he thought.

He sighed delightfully as his hands sunk into the warm dough-like flesh of Stacey tits. *"Her nipples are hard! Soo hard!"* he excitedly thought as he squeezed and pulled at her giant jugs.

He settled all his weight on her, sinking into her soft curvy body, rocking his hips in a faster rhythm, really digging his boner against her with everything he had. *"Ohhh shit, I wanna fuck her so Goddamn hard!"* his horny mind screamed.

Stacey's body trembled with arousal from her son's aggressive humping. *"Ohh please God, help me!"* her mind cried out. *"Damn you James, this is your fault! A wife should never be left in her bed alone!"*

Her big marital bed rocked and creaked from the power of her son's grinding humps. *"Ohhh God, sooo fucking soooft!"* the boy's brain whimpered, thrilled at the feel of Stacey's voluptuous body and the way he was able to just lay into it, without her showing the slightest signs of life.

The mother could feel her twat becoming a juicy grotto of pleasure. Every scrape her boy's boner against her hot engorged clitoris was sending waves of pleasure coursing through her big titted body. *"This is wrong! What am I doing?! This is sooo wrong!"* her mind screamed, yet she made no attempt to stop it.

Charlie brazenly humped at his mom's lush body, feeling his cock throb excitedly as dug through her pussy-crease.

Stacey struggled to contain her gasp as Charlie forcefully rolled them over, so he was now on bottom. She planted her knees astride his humping hips, keeping her full weight against him, doing her best to remain completely limp.

*"He just flipped me over on top of him like a ragdoll!"* she excitedly thought. *"Good grief, he is just sooo strong!"*

"Ohh yeah!" the boy sighed, clutching onto his mother, feeling her huge bobbling boobies jiggle all over him through the thin chemise, while he pumped his prick up against her smothering cunt.

She felt her son's hands lifting the gown up, over her tits, forcibly shedding it from her body. *"What's he doing?! Oh, my Lord, he's getting me naked!"* the mother's brain panicked.

Stacey's huge bare tits joggled all over the boy. The spongy softness of her tit-meat felt amazing to him, making his boner flex even harder against her pussy-mound. *"Holy shit, I've never felt tits like this!"* he thought.

The milk that trickled from her nipples and smeared again his chest reminded him of the feast that was contained inside these massive mommy-mounds. *"I WANNA SUCK!"*

He slid her chest up onto her face and latched his lips around one of her big pink nipples. The first hungry suck resulted in a mouth full of sweet nectar. "Mmmnnfff!" the boy mewled, lashing his wet licker up and down across the rubbery flesh of her engorged papilla, as his face sunk deeper into the meaty flesh of her boob.

Stacey nearly squealed in delight. She clenched her toes and began to pant heavily out her nostrils. The pleasure Charlie was giving her cunt and now her nipple was driving her insane. *"Oohh please, Charlie! Ohhh good grief, you're too good at this honey!"* her brain pleaded.

Warm tit-milk poured from a half-dozen milk ducts around Stacey's thick tumescent nipple as her son sucked and lapped and swallowed like a starving infant. *"Ohhh my God, this is amazing!!"* his young horny brain exclaimed, continuing to plow his prick up against her smothering cunt.

*"Not now!!! Please not now!!!"* Stacey silently cried out, as she felt a hot juicy climax rise toward a peak.

Unless she faked waking up, she would continue to be putty in her son's hands. She knew if she came, she would shake and scream out, making it apparent that she was not unaware at all, but faking her slumber. *"Good grief, get ahold of yourself! You need to stop this right now!"* the angel on one shoulder told her.



However, the devil on the other shoulder had other plans. *"Just a little longer! Your husband never gives you this type of pleasure. You know you're loving it!"*

"Yesss!" Stacey answered, carried away in heated passion by the feel of Charlie's big hot cock muscle plowing away at her dripping crotch.

The angel on her shoulder made one final stand. *"Noo, you're not loving this! You're a married woman Stacey...a wholesome mother, not some whore for your son,"* the angel reminded her. *"Must stop!"* Stacey reluctantly told herself, feeling as though she could explode in orgasm at any moment. If she didn't put an end to this now, she might lose all inhibition and let her son fuck her senseless.

Just as she were about to fake waking up, Charlie tossed her over onto her back. The mother's hefty tit-mounds wobbled heavily back and forth from the force of her landing on her back. *"What's he doing now??"* she excitedly asked herself.

Charlie grabbed the hem of her tiny black panties and savagely pulled them down her shapely legs.

*"Charlie no! Not my panties!! We can't!"* her inner voice screamed.

The boy tugged them completely off, then grabbed her slender ankles, pulling her legs apart in a wide scissoring spread. Like a sex-crazed animal, his tongue hung from his mouth lustfully, while staring at the splayed folds of Stacey's pussy. *"I'm gonna fuck her! I'm gonna fuck mom!"* he thought with horny resolve.

The teen crawled forward, his big eager dick wagging and throbbing with anticipation. He cupped her pussy and dug his fingers down inside her juice-slickened coral slit.

*"Ohhh man, she's so wet and ready!"* he thought.

Stacey clenched her eyes and gritted her teeth, feeling her son's fingers rubbing the big fleshy nub of her clitoris. *"OHHH DEAR GOD, THAT FEELS SOOOO GOOD!!"* her mind screamed.

She peeked her eyes open slightly and peered down to see her teen positioning himself between her legs. His large boy-spear was pointed straight at her pussy. It was so hard that the foreskin was pulled all the way back, exposing Charlie's big purple knob. The slit of his meatus drooled a big dollop of precum, and it lowered from his knob like the drool of a hungry dog.

*"Good heavens! His penis looks like it could split me in half!"* she lustfully thought.

Such a lewd, yet thrilling site made Stacey's heart about leap out of her chest. Just when she thought she couldn't get any more turn-on, her teen grabbed one of her sexy feet and brought it to his mouth, stoking his dick while he sucked on her big toe.

*"Wow! Where did he learn to do that??"* she silently exclaimed, nearly cumming on the spot. *"Mmmm,*

*Mom's pretty little feet. So fucking sexy!"* the boy thought, rolling his tongue around her toe. *"I'm gonna keep them hooked around me while I pound the juice out of her cunt!"*

Charlie bent her knees way back, level with her shoulders, bowing open her smooth thighs and lowering himself between them.

Stacey felt the fat flaring head of his prick prod at her pussy, trying to get lined up with the juicy mouth of her vagina. It bumped her swollen clitoris, making her body tremble internally. *"This is wrong! Do something!!"* her indecisive brain screamed.

Rather than fake waking up, Stacey heaved her big jugs upward, pressing her arms against the sides, making them squeeze together. Her erect nipples puffed up and long trickles of breast milk began spraying from the tips of her mammaries. *"I'll distract him,"* she thought.

Distract him she did. Charlie froze and gazed down at the big milk-fountains. His eyes widened, mesmerized at the numerous ropes of spraying breast milk. He licked his lips lustfully, watching some of the sweet white nectar flow down into the enormous canyon between her boobs.

"Ohh yes!" he hissed out-loud, climbing up and straddling his mom's torso. He clutched her boobs along the spongy sides and speared his cock between them.

*"Oohhh, goddamn!!"* The boy's horny brain groaned, feeling his erection glide through the warm soft pocket of tit-meat.

Stacey peeked out her slitted eyelids and found herself face to face with her teen's huge shiny knob. It repeatedly peeked from her smothering cleavage as he fucked her tits steadily. *"He's still enjoying my body, but this is the lesser of two evils,"* she thought, justifying her actions.

Her eyes studied his cock-knob dreamily, each time it made its appearance. *"It's just so big and beautiful,"* she confessed.

Many times, when the boy reared his cock back, the fat knob would slip back into the surrounding sheath of his foreskin. Then, on that forward thrust his glans penis would expand out fully, his huge shiny tip nearly poking his mom in the face.

"Ohhhh!" she heard her son sigh in delight.

She peeked at his drooling piss-slit, knowing that his milky seed would soon be squirting her directly in the face. *"Maybe this is my place in life,"* she thought. *"Perhaps this is what God wants for me. Maybe this is what he intended for all mothers to be. To birth, to raise and nurture our boys...and to be vessels of sexual pleasure for them, to keep them from engaging girls his own age in premarital intercourse."*

Charlie pressed his mom's tits together even tighter, creating greater friction around his cock.

Slick with breast milk, his meaty member fucked her snug cleavage like a pussy. The fatty outer layer of breast-meat molded around the contours of his plunging pink boner, causing his sensitive nerve-endings to sizzle exquisitely.

"Ohhh yesss!" the boy moaned.

His knob had just disappeared back into her tit-crease, when Stacey saw a big gob of bubbling spunk spout out from between her boobs. She knew she was about to get her face painted. *"Here we go!"* she thought, with an anxious thrill.

Sure enough, her son's peter-tip popped out and sent a big milky rope right across her lips.

"Ohhgff!" Charlie whimpered. He tried to time the pulses of ejaculate so that he could get as much cum on his mom's pretty face as possible.

Stacey was amazed by the amount that her son was squirting on to her. Rope after rope of hot boy jizz was splashing against her face, coating her with ball juice. *"Soooo much!!"* her mind swirled. *"How can there be so much?!"*

The site and smell and feel of her boy's baby-batter squirting onto her face made her cunt erupt into its own mind-blowing orgasm. It was all she could do to keep her face from grimacing in pleasure.

The climax shot through Stacey's body like an electric current. Her sexy little feet pointed down, her painted toes spreading apart as her legs trembled violently. Luck for her, Charlie was still busy milking his own organ between her tits to even notice.

Once they had both settled down from their mutual orgasms, Charlie looked down at her cum-plastered face in a panic. *"Oh shit, I can't leave this mess. I gotta dean her up and get her dressed,"* he thought.

It was quite the feat, and he was amazed she hadn't woken up from it, but he managed to get her face wiped off and night-clothes back on.

*"He's so sweet!"* his mother thought. *"I can't believe he's taking the time to make things exactly the way they were."* "What if God wants us to have sex with our sons?" Stacey asked Tina, the next morning as they had coffee.

Tina looked at her like she was completely crazy. "You didn't lock your door last night, did you?" she asked.

"Charlie and I DID NOT have intercourse."

"Ok, so what DID you do?" Tina asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well...I didn't do anything, but Charlie, he..."

Stacey, if you did nothing, then you did something. You let him have his way with you, didn't you?" Tina asked.

"Yes. I mean...no. Well, sort of," Stacey stammered.

"What did he do?"

Even in front of her best friend, Stacey seemed a tad embarrassed. "He put his penis between my breasts and sprayed his ejaculate onto my face."

Tina burst out laughing.

"What? Why are you laughing?" Stacey asked.

"No, seriously...what happened last night?"

Stacey said nothing, just shook her head and rolled her eyes.

Tina suddenly got a serious look. "Oh my Gosh, you're serious, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm serious. If I hadn't distracted him with my boobs, he would have done a lot worse." "Ok, but how long before it is 'a lot worse'...tonight, tomorrow night?" Tina asked.

"What if this is God's will?" Stacey suggested.

"Come again?"

"What if God wants us to help our sons this way. Our boys have needs...and they're not suppose have sex before marriage. What are they supposed to do?" "Ok, but having sex with US kinda falls under that "sex before marriage" category, doesn't it?" "It's not really the same though. We're their mothers. Maybe God not only wants us to provide for them in every way, but in... EVERY SINGLE WAY," Stacey explained.

"Stacey, I don't remember reading about that anywhere in the bible."

"Well, that's not true. I mean, maybe it wasn't taught, but Eve was the first woman. Doesn't that mean she would have had sex with her son to populate the earth?" Stacey said, grasping at straws.

Tina giggled. "I doubt that's how it worked. Besides, even if it did, that was a gazillion years ago, over in the Middle East somewhere. Those rules don't apply today."

"How do we know they don't," Stacey asked. "Maybe it's one of our duties as a mother to be vessels of pleasure for our sons?"

"Vessels of pleasure?"

"Yes, a sort of...sexual surrogate, until they're married."

Tina sighed, shaking her head. "Even if it were God's will, do you really think it would fly with our husbands?" she said. "There's no way James would let you have sex with Charlie."

Stacey shrugged her shoulders. "We're making sacrifices. Maybe our husbands will just have to make sacrifices also."

Tina smiled. "Yeah, well, let me know how that turns out," she joked. "I'm worried enough about my husband finding out that I sucked Gabe's penis."

"Wait, what? When did you suck on Gabe? I thought he was just feeling you up?"

"About an hour ago, after his father left, Gabe put his hand in my panties, like he normally does," Tina explained, "then, out of nowhere, he grabbed my shoulders and pushed me down to my knees in front of him."

"Did he force you to suck on him?"

Tina looked at her bestie a bit shamefully. "No... not exactly."

Stacey sighed. "And you weren't gonna tell me this?" she asked.

"I just did, didn't I?"

There was a short pause in the conversation as they each reflected on their own transgressions. "Your theory makes sense, or else why would something so wrong feel so right?" Tina said.

"Maybe it's because it just simply IS right, and we've been falsely seeing it as wrong this whole time."

*k'k'k'k*

Charlie was still flabbergasted that he was able to pull off what he did last night without his mom waking up. His only regret was not fucking her, even though the experience of fucking his mom's mammoth tits and blowing his wad all over her pretty face WAS damn incredible. "Mom, are you home?" he shouted, arrive back from school.

"In the nursery honey," he heard her say.

The boy knew it was another free pass to see her boobs, maybe even get squirted with tit-milk again. He went upstairs and stopped in the nursery doorway.

"How did school go?" Stacey asked.

Charlie was surprised to see her draped in only a tiny white towel, her smooth lovely legs on full display. "Good, um, just the normal stuff," he said.

She caught him gawking at her body. "Sorry, I was about to take a shower, but your sister needed changed," she lied.

"That's ok, it's not like your naked or anything."

"True, only about eighty-five percent naked," she joked, making them laugh.

"That's ok, I don't mind," the boy confessed.

"Why IS that?"

"Why is what?" he asked, even though he thought he knew what she meant.

"Why don't you mind seeing me eighty-five percent naked?"

"Oh, um...well, that sort of thing really doesn't bother me I guess."

"I see," she said, then flashed him a flirty little smile, "so it's not because you think I'm hot?"

Charlie was caught off guard. He'd never really had a conversation with his mother like this, but of course it excited him. "I do think you're hot," he blushed.

"Well, you certainly thought I was hot in the dream I had last night."

"Dream?" he nervously asked.

"Yeah, it was quite the steamy one," Stacey said. "I had a dream that you and I were alone in my bed."

"Oh, urn...what were we doing?"

His mom fed him the naughtiest look he'd ever seen from her. "Do you really wanna know?" she asked.

"Sure," the boy muttered, his heart pumping fast.

Stacey turned towards him, placing her hands on her hips. Her boobs ballooned outward, her stiff nipples clearly visible through the towel. "First, we were kissing..." she said, slowly stepping towards him, "then we started undressing each other..."

Charlie's dick was now at full mast, tenting his shorts out. He listened with excitement as his mom continued speaking, slowly closing in on him.

"Once we were naked, you crawled between my thighs and bent my knees back," Stacy said in a seductive manner, then she paused just in from of him, "then we had some VERY intense sexual intercourse."

"Wow," Charlie muttered, with a slight look of guilt, but he was mostly aroused.

Stacey smiled, staring into his eyes. "Good thing it was just a dream huh?"

"Yeah, good thing."

"It was probably just those sleeping pills I took. I heard they could give people crazy dreams," she said, "but they worked well, so I'm taking more of them tonight. I might even double the dose."

Charlie cheered inside. *"Yess! Music to my ears,"* he thought. *"I'm definitely gonna be balls deep in Mom's pussy tonight."*

She stared him in the eyes, her lips curling into a mischievous grin. "I guess I should be prepared for more of those naughty dreams, right?"

"At least you'll have a good night's sleep," her son reminded her.

*"Ha, I haven't had a good night's sleep since your father started those overnights. Partly your fault, young man, but mostly your fathers. Husbands should never leave horny wives unattended,"* she thought. *"Thank goodness for naps."*

"Well, I should probably feed your sister," Stacey said, looking back at the squirming infant in the crib.

"Hungry girl needs Mommy's nipple."

While her head was turned, Charlie peered down at her massive cleavage. The towel looked like it could pop off her body at any moment and he wished it would. He got his wish, but it didn't fall off accidentally. Stacey reached up, untied her covering, then lowered it and tucked it around her waist.

"*Holy fuck!*" Ryan inwardly exclaimed, his mouth falling open as he found himself staring at his mom's huge naked tits.

"I hope you're not embarrassed watching me nurse," Stacey said, walking over and picking the baby up. "It's a natural thing, so there's no shame in it. Besides, with the towel's tied at my waist I'm still only eighty-five percent naked," she said with a wink.

Charlie smiled. "That's true."

The boy would have been perfectly content standing there with an obvious boner, watching her nurse, but then his dad walked in. "Whoa! What is this a topless bar in here?" James said.

Stacey giggled. "We were just talking while I nurse the baby."

James glanced at his wife's huge naked knockers as she sat down in the rocker. "Maybe when your top's on would be a better time for a discussion, you think?" he said.

"James, I'm nursing. Don't try to make this into something inappropriate," his wife chided.

"Stacey, there's a difference between carefully slipping your breast out of your clothes and being full-on topless. Charlie doesn't need to see that."

Stacey scowled, "Ha, neither do you apparently. You haven't paid attention to them in days."

Feeling awkward, Charlie slowly crept to the door, doing his best to conceal his boner from his father's view. "I think I'm gonna go outside for a bit."

When he was gone, James glared at his wife. "I know this shift is an adjustment for everyone, but I told you, we'll try to find some times to be intimate during the day," he said.

"How?! James, we have five kids who are all over this house during the day," Stacey said, "the time for intimacy is at night, but obviously that was the farthest thing from your mind when you committed to that shift."

James frowned in guilt. "Honey, I'm sorry. I can't back out of the shift now. I'm a manager, so those workers would get into all sorts of mischief at night without a supervisor there."

"*Fine! Well, guess what, your wife and son are getting into all sorts of mischief at night while you're not HERE, but you have only yourself to blame,*" she thought.

"How 'bout we get you mother to watch the kids at her place this weekend," James suggested, "We'd have the house all to ourselves."

Stacey faked a smile. "Sounds like it could be fun," she muttered.

"And will you please do me a favor?" James asked. "Will you tell Charlie to stay out of here while you're nursing. He doesn't need to see your boobs."

Stacey inwardly giggled. "*Wouldn't you freak out if you knew he had his hard penis thrusting between these boobs last night,*" she thought.

Later that evening Charlie was getting a drink from the kitchen when he heard a voice behind him. "Nice butt."

He turned to see his mom standing in the doorway checking him out. He couldn't believe what she was wearing. "*Holy fucking shit!*" his brain exclaimed.

Stacey was standing there in a sexy pose, wearing only a black transparent lingerie robe and nothing else. Her huge breasts were clearly visible through the thin mesh and jutted out obscenely. Even her crotch was bare, revealing the V of her mons. She was thrilled by the way her son was soaking in her nearly naked displayed. "You said you didn't mind seeing me eighty-five percent naked, so I figured you wouldn't mind seeing me ninety-five percent naked either," she said with a flirty giggle.

Charlie didn't realize his mouth was hanging open as he shook his head. "I don't mind at all. A hundred percent would be even better."

"Would it now?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Yeah, but I'm not gonna press my luck," he said, making Stacey laugh.

"Well, never be afraid to press your luck," she said, subtly trapping her boobs between her arms and making them balloon outward. "When you do, you never know what might happen."

"I'll try to remember that," the boy said.

"So, I'm going to bed and I'm doubling up on those sleeping pills. So, if your sister wakes up..."

"I can handle it, Mom. You just focus on your rest."

She smiled warmly, then stepped towards him.

Charlie swallowed hard, glancing down at the huge tit-mounds that bobbed just beneath the see-through robe. The Lynda Carter look-alike placed her hands against his upper chest, gently stroking him while gazing at him with those alluring eyes. "You're a sweetheart, you know that?" "Thanks," he blushed.

"Do you know what I want more than anything?" she asked lovingly.

"What?"

She brought her lips to his ear, pressing her squishy jugs against his bare chest. "To see you in my dreams again tonight," she seductively whispered, making the boy's heart skip a beat.

She kissed his cheek, then sashayed away. The site of her naked buttocks swaying seductively beneath the lingerie-robe made him so fucking aroused he could hardly stand it.

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Waiting until it was a safe time to sneak into her room was the hardest thing Charlie had ever done. He wanted so badly to beat his dick to what he had just witnessed in the kitchen but decided to wait it out and fuck her with every ounce of energy he had.

Stacey also grew restless from waiting. She had no doubt in her mind that she'd be getting screwed silly tonight and the anticipation was killing her.

*"It God's will, "she told herself. "My divine purpose is to provide pleasure for my son."*

Her phone chimed and she read a message from her husband. "Love you so much. Can't wait for this weekend!"

She didn't as answer it. At that moment, she could care less about the weekend, or her husband for that matter. All her thoughts were on tonight and the royal fucking she was about to receive from her son.

*I wonder how Charlie will take me? Missionary? Doggy-style? No, probably not doggy. I'd have to be able to hold myself up. Can't do that if I'm supposed to be sleeping," she thought.*

Charlie finally crept out of bed around midnight and made his way to his parent's bedroom. The door was wide-open. *"Wide-open, just like Mom's legs will be soon,"* he excitedly thought.

He closed her door behind him. One thing he hadn't considered before was one of his younger sibling walking in and catching him. *"That would be bad!" he thought.*

He looked down at his mom's pretty face as she slept and the form of her body beneath the covers as he removed his boxers, releasing his rock-hard cunt-splitter. *"Time to fuck her!" he anxiously thought.*

The boy peeled back the cover and just as he thought she was completely naked.

Stacey breathed heavily out her nose, trying to keep her composure as she felt her son crawl onto the bed with her. *"This is it. Here he comes!"* she thought, curious to know exactly what his first move would be.

"Mom, are you awake," she heard him ask.

*"No, I'm asleep honey. Have your way with me!"* Stacy said in her mind.

Charlie grasped his mom by her ankles and bowed her sex tan legs back into a widespread. His eyes zeroed in on her mature cunt. *"Look at that!"* he thought, his tongue nearly hanging out.

Stacey's pussy was moist and ready. Her slippery cunt lips were wantonly unfurled, and her son gazed up into the rosy inner flesh that was glistening with the oily juices of her lust. The beautiful mother's swollen clit was protruding from its hooded cover, looking like a gleaming pink pearl just waiting to be devoured.

Needing no urging, Charlie crawled up between her widely splayed thighs. He reached down and grasped his thick fuck-shaft, then guided the big purple knob to the mouth of her vagina.

Stacey felt his thick knob starting to press between the slippery flesh of her juicy cunt lips. She could feel her horny slit stretching to accommodate the big prick that was sinking so deliciously inside of her.

*"Ohh my heavens, I've never had one nearly this big!"* she anxiously thought. *"It's like I'm a virgin all over again."*

*"Ohhh hot damn!"* the boy's mind cheered and he shivered with rapture as he felt her soft, hot cunt closing around his hard meat, coating it with slippery fuck-oil.

*"Damn, what a pussy!"* his brain exclaimed, feeling his tender cock sinking deeper and deeper into the warm folds of her squeezing cuntal flesh.

*"Ohhh heaven help me, I've never felt anything like this inside me!"* Stacey excitedly thought. The delicious pressure of Charlie's muscled erection pressing out against the stretched walls of her fuck-channel sent thrill after thrill surging through her body.

Finally reaching full penetration, the boy lay perfectly still, savoring the feel of his mom's hot cunt-tube deliciously sheathing the length of his throbbing boner.

He gripped her outer-thighs tight, holding them around his hips, bringing all his weight down on top of her as he started fucking frantically. *"I'm gonna fuck you to the moon and back, Mom!"* the boy thought as he pounded into her.

*"Ohhhh yesss!"* Stacey's mind screamed, as the frenzy of her son's fucking increased. She instinctively began slamming her loins up to meet every deep thrust of his wonderful boner.

Charlie was laying it to her with long sweeping strokes, drawing back until only the tip of his prick remain in her before drilling back in. Again and again, he fucked his hard meat into the scalding hotness of her juicy clinging twat, feeling his balls slapping against the soft flesh of her luscious mommy-ass.

*"Ahhhh, fuck yaaaah!"* the boy audibly whimpered, clutching his mom's thick naked buttocks. Her huge sloshing tits were leaking all over him, applying a slick glossy layer of milk on his chest. Her legs were still folded around him, and he hammered his hips between her smooth thighs with animal-like intensity, making the bed rock and creak.

Stacey had never been fucked this wildly before. Charlie was making her marital sex with his father seem almost laughable by comparison. Her entire gorgeous body tingled and throbbed as she rose towards what she knew would be a mind-blowing climax.

*"He'll know,"* she frantically thought. *"I'm a screamer! When I orgasm, he'll know I'm faking this whole thing!"*



Charlie increased his cunt-fucking tempo, pounding her squeezing pussy with jarring thrusts. Stacey felt his knob punching the juicy head of her cervix, over and over, igniting nerve ending she never even knew she had. "Oohhh noo, I'm gonna cum soo hard!" her brain screamed.

It wasn't how she wanted him to find out he was fucking a fully conscious mother, so she made her secret known vocally.

"Yesss! Fuck me, Charlie!" she cried out, tightening her strong legs around his humping torso.

At first the boy thought it was his imagination, but then he realized what he'd heard was his mother's actual voice. This was, however, no time to ask questions. His balls were itching for release and could feel his mom's cunt-tube tightening up around him, a sure sign that she too was about to cum.

He fucked like his life depended on it, hammering his hardness through the juicy ribbed lining of her muscled cock-harness. "Ohhhyess, baby, I'm cuummiinnnggg!!" the sexy mother sang.

The teen could feel her hot slick cuntal sheath squeezing and sucking deliciously around the meaty thickness of his swollen dong as it drilled in and out. "Ohhh God!" he cried out, feeling his knob tingle exquisitely in his mom's juicy grip.

"Ohhh God, I love you, Mom!" Charlie groaned as big spurts of ball-juice began pouring into Stacey's juicy-burbling cunt.

"I love you, Charlie! she shouted, then squealed from the intense pleasure she was feeling.

Stacey feverishly pounded her loins up against him in the wild throes of her uninhibited orgasm. "Uuuhhggh!! Uuuunnhhgg!!" she screamed, praying she didn't wake her other children.

Slamming her hips up from the bed, she lifted him into the air with her as she was struck with the hardest cum of her life. Clinging to the wildly bucking beauty beneath him, Charlie continued pounding his hard prick into her, letting her clutching pussy squeeze every drop of jizz from his load.

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When James didn't receive a text back from his wife, he figured it was because she was fast asleep. Nothing was farther from the truth. In his marital bed, his wife was happily cheating on him. Stacey's knees were planted astride Charlie's hip, her thick ass-meat rippling as it beat against his crotch.

"Ohhh yess, Mom!" her boy whimpered, feeling his tender hardon thunder up and down her hot slick birthing-tube.

Most women would have loosened up after having five children, but not Stacey. Her cunt was as snug as it was when she was her son's age but having to push so many babies out had given incredibly strong cuntal muscles. Her pink pussy-cavity squeezed up and down his muscled shaft, massaging it in a tight slick grip of rubbery ridges.

Laying under his mom while she rode his cock provided Charlie with the most amazing view he'd ever seen. Stacey's king-sized titties leaped up and down her chest, providing quite the show. The milk-filled melons beat heavily against her lower torso, sweet nectar dripping from her aroused teats.

The pretty mother gazed down lustfully at her boy between her wildly bouncing boobs. "Thrust your hips, Charlie!" she gasped. "Meet my humps!"

The boy pushed his hips from the bed, timing his pumps so their genitals smacked together, screwing her labial lips around his cock-hilt.

"Yess! Like that. Ohhh my gosh, you're so incredible at this!" she cried out.

"You think so?" Charlie panted.

"Ohhh Charlie, yess! You have the type of hard penis that women dream of!" the mother confessed, bouncing up and down tirelessly. "And the way you move your hips... wait..." Stacey said, then suddenly stopped as if remembering something.

"What?" Charlie asked.

"Charlie, I saw you masturbating in your father's van, in the garage the other day."

"You did?"

"Yes, you're not in trouble," she said, "I know that every boy needs a private spot to do those things. What I noticed though was the way you were moving your hips while you stroked your penis. You were thrusting them very, VERY fast."

Charlie felt her cunt-grip quiver around his boner. "I was," he asked.

"Yes, you were. Do you think you could do that now...with me on you like this?"

"Sure," the boy said with a cocky smile. "Do you want me to start doing it now?"

Stacey gulped anxiously, knowing he was about to make this amazing fuck even better. "Sure," she timidly muttered.

Charlie's hips set in motion, bobbing up and down rapidly, digging his pussy-pleaser through the deepest regions of Stacey's pussy.

"Ohhhh baby!!" his mother wailed, her entire body bouncing up and down as if she was straddling a quickly trotting horse.

"Ohh wow, mom, your tits!" the boy said in a delighted tone, watching her huge dangling jugs jiggle and quiver, milk-droplets raining down on him.

"Ohhh Charlie, this feels sooo good!" Stacey cried, her pretty face masked in pleasure.

"Come down on top of me, Mom. I'll hump even faster."

His mother didn't hesitate, dropping down on top of him. Charlie threw his arms around her, peeking up from between her warm smothering cleavage. "Ohhhh yeeaah," his voice trembled as he jackhammered his prick up through her juicy cunt-hole.

This position blanketed Charlie's upper-half in pounds of meaty tit-flesh. He squeezed his hand between their humping bodies, hefting one of his mom's boobs, maneuvering her nipple to his mouth.

"Yess! Suck me honey," Stacey cried, tightening her cunt-muscles.

"Mmnnfff!" the boy mewled, as his face sunk into her meaty tit-melon. Warm tit-nectar squirted around his licker as it danced with her fat rubbery nipple.

Even while sucking her milky tit, Charlie kept his hips moving at a rapid steady pace, making Stacey's pussy turn to cream. "Ohh! Ohhh!!! Ohhhhhhhh!!!" the mother's sexy voice cried out in ecstasy.

"Cuuuminngg!"

Charlie felt hot girl-cum swirl around his womb-pounding boner. Coupled with the grip of hot quivering cunt-tissue, the feel of his mom's juicy excrement made his knob tingle and a surge of intense pleasure shot through his young body.

The boy's orgasmic cry was muffled by his mom's big squishy boob. "Mmmnngggffff!!!"

Writhing and screaming on top of him, Stacey's eyes were rolling crazily around in her head, her body wildly convulsing as she violently slammed her hips up against him, meeting Charlie's rapid pumps, while feeling his hot boy-spunk splash against the back wall of her pussy.

Charlie kept pumping, while slurping at her tit, until he'd emptied the last of his jism into her hotly sucking slit. They lay there in a sweaty sticky heap for the longest time. When the boy's thick limp prick finally slipped out of her with an obscene POP, his mom rolled over onto her back.

"Oh, Charlie," she sighed, a blissful expression on her lovely face. "I've never enjoyed anything as much as that."

"Neither have I," said the boy, "That was fantastic."

Stacey suddenly realized she really hadn't given him a lover's kiss yet, so she quickly rolled over so her boobies pressed against him and locked lips in a fiery French kiss. "Mmm, my Goodness, a good kisser too!" she exclaimed in a horny tone, "Is there anything you're not good at?"

The boy smiled with pride. "Sorry, I didn't mean for you to wake up earlier," he said.

Stacey's face hovered over his. "First of all, don't be sorry. I loved it and would have been extremely disappointed if I knew I slept through sex like that," she confessed. "Second, I have to be honest...I was never really asleep at all, Charlie."

The boy's face filled with shock. "Not last night either?"

"Not last night, or the night before that. I was awake for everything, and I loved every second of it," she admitted.

"Really?" the boy said, trying to wrap his head around the fact that his own Mom was as into him as he was in to her.

"Really," she said with a satisfied smile. "What girl wouldn't have loved every second of it. You're amazingly handsome and you have the longest, thickest penis I've ever seen," she said, glancing down at it.

"Thanks," the boy blushed.

She gazed him in the eyes. "You use it incredibly well too," she said with look of adoration. "Which is what had me worried and why I decided to let you use MY body for sexual pleasure." "What do you mean?"

Charlie asked.

"God wants you to save yourself for marriage honey. A boy like you will be bombarded with attractive females who'll tempt you to have sexual relations with them," Stacey explained. "By using MY body to satisfy all of your sexual urges, you'll be able to resist the harlots of this world and follow the plan God has for you." "So, this...wasn't just a one-time thing?"

Stacey giggled. "Oh, heavens no, honey. We'll be having sexual intercourse every night. Well, as long as you understand and agree with my reasons for us doing this," she said.

"Of course I understand and I'd be crazy not to agree mom."

"We'll have to be careful and lock the door, but I think you should start sleeping with me at night," she suggested. "That way we can have intercourse as many times a night as you feel you need."

Charlie felt like he should pinch himself. *"I'm not dreaming. Mom really wants me to fuck her whenever dad's not around. This is fucking crazy cool!"* he thought.

Her eyes were wide with lust. "And we can be as wild as you want. If there's something you want, just ask me."

There is actually something..." Charlie said, a little smile forming on his face.

A few minutes later he was still laying on the bed but propped on his elbows watching Stacey's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch.

"Ohh yes, mom. You suck it so good," the boy panted.

"Mmmnn," the mom replied, her mouth packed full of cock-meat.

Charlie stared down at the beautiful mother who was sensuously licking his hard knob. The inexperienced youth was trembling like a leaf as he lay there getting head from an experienced cocksucker. He'd heard and dreamed about blowjobs all his life, but these were the first lips that had ever touched his prick.

His knob popped like a cork from Stacey's mouth. "Do you like this honey?" she whispered up to him, "do you like the way Mom's sucking on your meaty penis?"

"God, yes," the youth panted. "It feels fantastic."

He watched his mom's long pink tongue fly all over his knob with expert licks. As she continued licking the sensitive head of his cock, she reached up between his legs with one hand and began caressing his big cum-bloated balls.

"Ohh yess," the boy sighed.

He feasted his eyes on her huge dangling jugs. They wobbled heavily back and forth from the motion of her vigorous sucking.

"Your large lady-pleaser is so fun to suck on honey," she whispered, momentarily pulling her lips away from his prick.

Her soft warm fingers deliciously encircled his thick, throbbing shaft as she passionately stroked it. She could feel his huge boner throbbing madly against her palms as her talented fingers worked the tightly stretched foreskin up and down over his swollen meat.

She giggled, looking it up and down. "It makes your father's penis seem so tiny," she said.

Charlie's excitement was suddenly increased a hundred-fold when Stacey's hot sucking lips closed around his knob. Then, giving him a little teasing smile, she'd deliciously tickled his sensitive knob with the tip of her tongue until she almost blew his mind.

She stroked his cock while sucking it, rolling the layer of foreskin over his knob, then worming her tongue inside the fleshy sheath, looping her licker wetly around and around his glans.

"Ohhh wow mom, I like that a lot!" he exclaimed.

"Then I'll do it a lot.," she said, taking more wet licks, "that and SOOO much more."

The skilled cocksucker beat his dick into her mouth, while lashing her tongue all over the tender pink meat of his hard cock.

"Ohhh mom! Ohhh hot damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

The hot spunk poured out of Charlie's meatus in big milky spurts and Susan kept sucking, determined to slurp every drop and swallow it down before stopping. She took the entire length of his lusty boner into her hot mouth.

"Ggnfff!" she gagged, but kept her lips and nose mashed into the base of his thick cock, forcing it deeper and deeper into her throat.

"Ohhhh!" Charlie wailed in delight.

Stacey tightened her lips and continued sucking and swallowing until she'd completely drained his thick manhood.

James continued working the overnight shift, but his wife was ok with that. Her dream lover shared her bed at night and their passion knew no bounds.

One year later, Stacey and Tina were on all-fours side by side on Stacey's bed. Their sons were positioned behind them, pounding their hard dicks through the grip of their mom's cunts.

"Have you and Charlie talked about names for the baby?" Tina asked.

Stacey rubbed her massive fully developed baby-ball. Tina had one too. The two mothers were so big and pregnant they looked like they could give birth at any moment. Their enormous milk-swollen knockers swung wildly as they hung down.

"I like Isabella, but Charlie's not quite sold on that one yet," she said.

"I'm sure he can be persuaded," Tina said with a naughty smile.

Charlie and Connor pumped their hips in perfect form, their crotches smacking wetly against the perspiration-sheened globes of their mother's meaty asses.

Their cocks were rock-hard, thundering through the juicy grip of cuntal flesh.

The boys marveled at the site of Stacey and Tina's naked bodies bent over in front of them, their huge pregnant tits wobbling, their thick peach-shaped asses rippling as they pounded back against their midsection.

"That's an awesome view right there!" Connor panted.

"You got that right!" Charlie said with a satisfied smile, giving his friend a high-five.

THE END