

Mom's Favorite Sex Toy

By Klrxo

"What's bothering you, Christy?" asked Tina, noticing her friend's frustration as they watched their sons play baseball.

"It's nothing important, really," Christy replied, fiddling with her glasses.

Tina raised an eyebrow. "I know that look, and it screams 'sexually frustrated'. What's going on with James?"

Christy let out a nervous laugh, feeling her cheeks redden. "He's been so focused on work lately. Our sex life is practically non-existent."

"We all have our ups and downs in the bedroom. You're not alone in that."

"I know, I try to remind myself of that. But sometimes it feels like I was just born with a high sex drive," she joked.

Tina chuckled, shaking her head. "Well, if James isn't satisfying you, maybe it's time to take matters into your own hands."

"Oh, trust me, I have."

"They do make things that can make it more interesting, you know," Tina noted.

"I don't know... I've never... you know..."

"Never used a toy?" Tina finished for her with a mischievous grin.

"I've fooled around with objects when I was younger, but never anything made for that particular purpose," Christy confessed.

"Maybe it's time to step out of your comfort zone," Tina suggested, her eyes glinting with excitement.

"You mean like...purchasing a sex toy?" Christy awkward asked.

"Exactly. If James won't satisfy your needs than why not purchase a little something to help yourself out," Tina winked, her tone encouraging and supportive.

"Alright, fine. I'll consider it," Christy agreed, trying to sound more confident than she felt.

"Great! There's a store downtown that has a wide selection of toys. We can go together this weekend and find you something that suits your fancy."

"Thanks but I think I'd rather buy online. I mean, what if I saw someone I know there?" Christy blushed, her voice barely audible.

Tina chuckled, understanding her friend's hesitation. "That's a fair concern. But don't worry, there are plenty of online stores that offer discreet packaging and shipping. I've done it myself and it's always been smooth sailing."

"That's good to hear," said Christy. "I would die if my son knew I bought something like that."

Tina brought up a website on her phone. "Here, this place is my go-to store for whenever I need a toy. They have a great selection and like I said, very discreet packaging."

Christy hesitated for a moment before taking the phone and looking at the website. "Good grief, I've never realized there were so many options. I don't know, all these fancy gadgets may not be my cup of tea."

"Then why not stick with something basic," Tina suggested, clicking on a fake penis, "like a dildo."

"Good grief, those things are huge!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening at the sheer variety on the screen.

Tina burst into laughter at her friend's reaction, the sound echoing across the baseball field.

"Not all of them are massive," Tina managed to say between giggles. "There are plenty of smaller options that are more beginner-friendly."

"I'll just choose a smaller one," Christy agreed. "I don't want Jim to find a fake penis in my drawer that's bigger than his real one."

"What about this one? It's seven inches," Tina suggested.

"Seven inches?!" Christy exclaimed, causing the other moms to turn and give her curious looks.

"Seven inches," she repeated, this time in a hushed tone. "That's too much."

"Come on, Christy. A seven inch penis is decent, but not overly large."

"What about this one, five-and-a-half. I think that's more James's size," Christy said, pointing to a smaller option on the screen.

"OK, but do you really think he'd be all that upset if you had a dildo that was a bit larger than him?" Tina asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Well, I would certainly be upset if he had a set of fake boobs to play with that were bigger than my real ones," Christy retorted, trying to make a joke out of it.

"What are the odds of that happening?" Tina laughed. "You have the hugest hooters out of all the women I know."

Christy blushed and chuckled, appreciative of Tina's honesty and support. "Okay then, I'll go with the six-inch one. It's slightly bigger than Jim, but not by much."

"Perfect!" Tina exclaimed. "I think that size will be a great starting point."

"Starting point?"

"Well, yes, most women start with something around that size and then work their way up to find their perfect fit," Tina clarified.

"I think six inches will work just fine for me."

"I said that once too," Tina chuckled, "then I ended up with a foot long monster that could knock over a small child."

"A foot long?!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"Yeah, it was a bit excessive, but it was still fun." Tina winked. "But like I said, start small and work your way up. Who knows, you might surprise yourself."

As the players sprinted off the field, Logan and Quinn's moms, Christy and Tina, were waiting for them with open arms. Both of the boys embraced their proud moms in tight hugs, lifting them off the ground with their strong, muscular arms. "Way to go out there!" exclaimed Christy as she hugged Logan tightly against her soft, curvy body. Her plump nipples tingled involuntarily at the scent of sweat and pheromones radiating from her son's hardworking body.

"Undefeated again this season," bragged Logan, squeezing his mom even tighter.

Meanwhile, Quinn was already thinking ahead to post-game celebrations. "Can we stop for burgers on the way home?" he asked eagerly. Christy and Tina exchanged a knowing glance and smiled. It was an away game and they all had a long ride back home so stopping for some well-deserved burgers sounded like a great idea.

"That can definitely be arranged," replied Tina with a grin.

"We need some sex advice," Quinn stated as he and Logan sat in the backseat of the minivan on the way home.

"Sex advice?" Tina asked, sharing a nervous glance with Christy as she drove.

"Yeah," Logan chimed in. "Quinn thinks you should give a girl one orgasm during sex, but I think you should aim for three."

Tina glanced back at the boys in the rearview mirror as she spoke. "If a guy can give a girl at least one orgasm, that's more than most men can do," she commented.

Logan, sitting next to his mom, chimed in. "But why settle for just one when you could give her three and make her feel even more satisfied?"

His mom chuckled and turned to smile at him. "There's no set number, honey. Every girl is different, so it's important to communicate during a sexual encounter. Don't be afraid to ask your partner what they like."

Logan then asked his mom, "How many do you like to have?"

The two moms shared a slightly embarrassed laugh. "I said to ask your date during a sexual encounter, not your mom on a car ride," Christy playfully scolded.

Tina then volunteered, "Personally, one intense orgasm is enough for me, but I wouldn't turn down the possibility of having three or even more if my husband was capable of delivering them."

Not wanting to come across as uptight, Christy followed Tina's lead and shared her thoughts. "I agree with Tina," she said, glancing at

Logan. "Having one satisfying orgasm is great, but if your father can give me more than that, I won't complain."

Logan didn't hesitate to ask for more details. "Does he though?"

Christy blushed and looked at Tina before answering. "That's a conversation between a husband and wife, sweetie."

Tina jumped in again. "It all depends on how much effort my husband puts into it. If he's just being lazy, I'll only have one orgasm. But when he puts in the work, three is definitely achievable."

Christy felt obligated to share her own experiences with Logan. "It's similar with your father. If he takes his time and focuses on my pleasure, then yes, multiple orgasms are possible. But if he's in a rush, I'll be lucky to have just one."

"What's the most you guys have ever had?" Quinn asked, addressing both mothers.

Tina and Christy exchanged a knowing smile, amused by their sons' curiosity. "I've had six," Tina answered, "but it wasn't with your father, unfortunately."

"You cheated on dad?" Quinn inquired.

"No, I didn't cheat. I had a life before I met your father, you know."

"What about you, mom?" Logan eagerly awaited her response.

Christy hesitated slightly before answering honestly, feeling a bit awkward talking about this in front of her son. "There was one time where I had quite a lot, but that was when I was younger and more adventurous," she admitted.

"How many is 'quite a lot?' I'm just curious."

"Sweetie," she chuckled at his persistence. "It was a considerable amount, trust me, but it was before I even met your dad."

"More than ten times?"

"Yes, more than that," she replied with a smile.

"More than twenty?!" Logan's curiosity continued to grow.

"If you must know, it happened twenty-six times, but those types of experiences are extremely rare," she shared, her heart racing at the memory.

Logan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wow, that's... a lot," he muttered, starting to understand the significance of his mother's past. "Was this just some guy you were dating?"

"Yeah, Christy, please share," Tina urged, glancing back at her through the mirror with interest.

"I was only 22 years old at the time," she answered with a slight blush. "My friend and I were on vacation at a Mediterranean resort where we met two very attractive and well-endowed young men at the local beach."

"And then what happened?" her son pressed on.

"And then what do you think happened, honey?" She giggled. "Do I really need to say anything else?"

"Did you have sex with both of them?"

"Yeah, did you guys switch off?" Quinn added with a smirk.

"I'm not going into details, boys," Christy giggled coyly. "I'll just say there were many long, passionate hours filled with sweat and tears."

"Tears?" Logan questioned, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Yes, tears. But not all tears are from sadness, honey. Some can be brought on by moments of intense pleasure," Christy explained with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Twenty-six moments to be exact," said Logan, unable to hide his surprise.

"Like I said, it was a rare and unforgettable experience. Those two young men were clearly some type of sexual prodigies and my girlfriend and I just happened to be at the right place at the right time," Christy concluded smugly. The memory of that wild day still sent shivers down her spine.

"Wow, that's a high bar to reach," Logan exclaimed. "Now I feel like I have to make a girl orgasm twenty-six times every time we have sex."

Both Christy and Tina burst into laughter. "Oh honey, don't put that kind of pressure on yourself," said Christy, rubbing his shoulder comfortingly. "Sex isn't just about achieving a certain number of orgasms. It's about connecting with your partner, experiencing pleasure together, and understanding each other's desires."

"I know, I know," Logan agreed, acknowledging the truth in their words with a shrug. "But you know me, I always want to be the best at everything."

"You know what," Tina interjected with a smile, "it's great that you both care so much about making your partners happy. But remember, it's not about the quantity of orgasms. It's about the quality of the experience."

Christy nodded in agreement. "Exactly, instead of focusing on a number, focus on giving mind-blowing orgasms that leave her breathless and craving more."

"Hey there, handsome husband of mine," Christy purred in a seductive tone as she appeared from their en-suite. "Do you want to have some steamy, passionate sex tonight?"

James took a moment to admire his wife in her revealing baby doll nightgown. Her ample cleavage spilled out of the V-neckline and the skirt of the gown barely grazed her hips, showing off her smooth, toned legs. "You look stunning, but I might have to take a rain check for tonight. I'm exhausted from waking up so early," he replied. "How about tomorrow instead?"

"That's what you said last night," his wife pouted, "and the night before."

James let out a sigh, feeling guilty. "I know, I know. Work has been really demanding lately and I need to catch up on sleep before the big presentation next week. But how about this: I promise to make it up to you on Saturday. We'll go out for dinner and then come home for a long, sensual evening together."

"I suppose...whenever you can fit me into your busy schedule," she said in a dejected tone, taking off her gown, removing her robe from the hook and slipping it on.

"Oh come on, babe, it's not like that. I just need to stay focused and make sure my projects are completed on time then we can have quality time together."

Christy gave him a soft smile and leaned down to kiss him gently on the lips. "I understand. I'm gonna go down and lay on the couch for awhile," she said in a soft tone.

"Why? Aren't you coming to bed?"

"Do I really need to explain, James?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Let's just say I'm not waiting until Saturday for an orgasm. I need a little personal time."

"Oh, I see," he nodded suddenly realizing what she was up to.

It was well past midnight when Logan made his way down to the kitchen in search of a late-night snack. As he tiptoed through the quiet living room, his attention was drawn to the sound of heavy breathing coming from the direction of the sofa. Intrigued, he cautiously approached the couch which sat in the middle of the room, facing the fireplace. The sound of intense female panting only grew louder as he got closer. With a sudden realization, Logan realized it must be his mom on the sofa and he crouched down on all fours to get a better look. He couldn't see her face, but the heavy breathing gave him a pretty good idea of what she was up to.

Logan cautiously raised his head above the arm of the sofa and was met with a lascivious display of self-pleasure. Christy lay on her back, her robe haphazardly bunched up around her waist, revealing her hand eagerly exploring beneath her panties. The sight sent Logan's heart racing as he took in every inch of her exposed body. Her cute bare feet were mere inches from his face, arched in delight with freshly painted red toenails and toes that seemed to quiver with pleasure. His eyes trailed up her smooth, bare legs, muscles flexing beneath the skin as she indulged in the sensations emanating from her clitoral nerve endings. The frantic movements of her hand beneath her dainty panties caused her unfettered breasts to sway and roll enticingly beneath the fabric of her robe. Her pretty face was contorted in ecstasy, each breath coming in quivering gasps. Logan couldn't tear his eyes away from this thrilling display, feeling his own arousal grow as he watched Christy lose herself in pleasure.

Suddenly, Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she caught sight of Logan watching her. She quickly removed her hand from between her legs, sitting up and drawing her knees to her chest. "Logan, what are you doing?!" she panicked, feeling ashamed that he had just seen her in such a vulnerable state.

"I just came down for a snack and heard the breathing," he answered, his cheeks turning red from being discovered. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Yes, I'm fine. I was just..." Christy realized there was no use in lying. "Well, I think you know what I was doing."

"Why do you need to masturbate? Isn't it dad's job to give you pleasure?" Logan asked incredulously.

"Well, yes...but sometimes your father gets too tired. He's been working a lot of hours lately," she awkwardly explained. "So, sometimes wives just have to take care of business themselves."

Logan moved closer and sat next to her on the couch. "That's crazy," he uttered.

"Why is it crazy?"

Logan's voice was filled with disbelief as he spoke. "It's crazy that he has the chance to have sex and is passing it up. I mean, who would do that?"

Christy let out a tired sigh. "Your father works hard all day and comes home exhausted. When you get older and life gets busier, you'll understand." Her words were tinged with a hint of sadness.

"But why do you make excuses for him?" Logan asked.

Christy looked at him with confusion in her eyes. "Excuses? What are you talking about?"

"All this talk about his work and exhaustion, it's just an excuse not to be intimate with you. You're his wife, his partner. If he truly loved you, he would never let work get in the way of giving you pleasure."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her son's bold statements. "Are you a sex therapist now?" she joked.

"No," Logan replied, "just someone who cares about you and wants to see you satisfied."

"That's very sweet of you, Logan," Christy said, touched by his concern, "but my sexual well-being is not something that my son should be concerned with."

"Well, dad certainly doesn't seem concerned with it," said Logan boldly pulling her foot over onto his lap to begin massaging it.

Christy was startled by his touch, but then she let out a sigh of relief. "Logan, what are you doing?" she asked, her voice a mixture of surprise and gratitude.

"Just giving you a foot massage, mom," Logan replied, looking up at her with a warm smile. "I see how stressed you are, and I want to help."

As he gently massaged her sexy foot, he placed her heel right on top of the shaft of his erection as it bulged from beneath his underwear. "That does feel good, honey, but I don't know if this is too appropriate," said Christy.

"It's a foot massage. What's not appropriate about it?"

Christy couldn't help but smile at her son's innocent jest. "Sweetie, my foot is sitting on your, um...erection," she pointed out.

Logan laughed, feeling a little embarrassed. "It's not like that, mom. I'm just trying to help you relax," he said defensively. "My erection is just a guy thing. It happens all the time."

"I know how erections work, honey, I just...don't think I should be touching yours, that's all."

"It's not like you're reaching out to touch it," Logan pointed out. "Your foot's just resting on it while I massage it."

Christy thought for a moment, then sighed and shook her head, giving in to her son's persistence. "Fine, but just for a few minutes and then you have to go to bed, okay?"

Eagerly, Logan's voice chimed in the air. "Deal," he said, his hands already reaching for her other foot. His touch was firm yet gentle as he began massaging her tired feet, his fingertips tracing along the arches and heels with expert precision. As she felt the tension melt away under his skilled hands, Christy couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. Her first foot rested on top of the muscular outline of his cock, bulging through the fabric of his underwear.

Logan chuckled, breaking the silence between them. "At this rate, dad's certainly not going to break that twenty-six orgasm record of yours," he noted, recalling their discussion from the previous day.

Christy smiled softly at the memory. "That was a once in a lifetime experience," she said. "I didn't marry your father with any intention of him breaking that record."

"Isn't that kind of depressing though, knowing he'll never be able to top that?" Logan asked, his voice laced with concern and curiosity.

A slight frown creased the corners of her mouth as she considered his question. "Yes, it can be a little disheartening," she admitted, "but it's an unrealistic expectation to put on your father or most men for that matter. My girlfriend and I were lucky enough to have met a couple of young sexual prodigies that day. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."

She paused, a wistful look in her eyes. "Every woman has one defining experience that marks their sexual peak, and while it's not something I'll ever forget, it's certainly not something I expect to ever happen again."

Logan nodded in understanding, his hands working magic on her tired feet. "So why do you think dad can't top that record?"

"Well, my dear...your father is 43 years old, not 18," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Like me?" Logan asked, feeling a surge of pride and arousal at her words. His erection strained against his underwear beneath her foot.

"Yes, 18, just like you," Christy confirmed with a knowing look in her eyes. "For men, sex is like sports. You don't see many professional athletes in their 40s."

"So basically, I'm a sexual athlete then?" Logan grinned, pleased with the comparison.

"I suppose you could say that," Christy replied coyly, glancing down at his still-erect member beneath her foot. "But don't let it go to your head," she teased with a playful wink.

Logan's grin was mischievous and his eyes sparkled with playful defiance. "Or what?" he challenged, not missing a beat.

Christy couldn't help but smile at his audacity. "Or I'll have to give you a spanking!" she retorted, trying to maintain a light tone.

Logan chuckled and playfully pushed her feet off of him. "I'd love to see you try that," he replied daringly.

Her gaze roamed over his toned muscles, the product of his rigorous weightlifting routine. "What, you think just because you're strong and muscular, you're too tough to be spanked by me?" she teased.

"I'll have you bent over MY knee way before you can bend me over yours, Mom," Logan declared confidently.

"Let's just see about that," Christy grinned, attempting to pull him onto her lap. But Logan didn't budge. Instead, he effortlessly yanked her over his lap and she let out a playful squeal.

As she felt Logan's cock press against the soft flesh of her tits, Christy couldn't help but gasp. Logan pulled up the hem of her robe, revealing a glimpse of her thong-clad ass, causing his eyes to widen in appreciation.

"Holy fuck," he breathed, admiring the perfectly rounded half-moons of her exposed cheeks.

Before she could cover herself back up, Logan landed a firm slap on one of her butt cheeks, making it ripple.

"Logan!" Christy gasped, sitting back up in shock. "You better not have left a handprint on my ass, young man."

But Logan was too distracted by the sight of her cleavage spilling out of the open robe. In her rush to cover her lower-half, the garment had slipped down and revealed nearly all of her breasts. She quickly fixed it, concealing them in silk once more.

Logan's cocky smile widened as he leaned back comfortably on the plush couch. "What was that you were saying about spanking me?"

Christy sat there with her jaw hanging open, unable to tear her gaze away from Logan's chiseled chest and perfectly defined six-pack abs. The way his body looked in the dim light of the living room made her heart race and heat pool between her thighs.

But as she followed the trail of tantalizing muscles down his body, her eyes landed on something even more shocking. Logan's briefs could no longer contain the length of his boner, and his pinkish-purple knob protruded proudly from beneath the waistband like a ripe plum ready to be plucked from the vine.

"Oh my God," Christy gasped, quickly turning her head and covering her eyes. "Logan, please cover yourself."

Logan chuckled, trying to adjust his underwear to cover his erection. "Oops, sorry about that."

Christy took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "Honey, I think it's time for you to go to bed. If your father walked out here and saw you in that...condition, I'm sure he wouldn't be happy."

"You're right," Logan agreed, standing up from the couch. "I should let you...um...finish."

Christy nodded, still feeling flustered as she sat awkwardly on the couch. The soft glow of the lamplight gave her face a warm, rosy tint as she tried to compose herself. "Yes, I'll just be a few minutes and then I'll move back to bed as well."

"Goodnight," said Logan, his voice strained as he made a half hazard attempt to hide his boner by shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Goodnight, honey," Christy smiled with a tinge of discomfort. She could feel Logan's eyes lingering on her, making her skin tingle with a mix of embarrassment and arousal.

Logan retreated but not far. He wanted to stroke his cock while listening to her get herself off. The sound of Christy's sweet voice breathing, gasping and finally squealing with pleasure made the seed start spurting from his own love organ as he pulled out a pent-up load, trying to catch it in his hand, but failing miserably as it landed on the carpet in front of him.

"Oh, damnit, Logan," Christy whispered in frustration a few minutes later as she stepped in a pool of goo, squishing it between her toes. She knew exactly what it was and who it belonged to - evidence that Logan had stuck around to listen to her climax.

Rather than confront him about it, however, she just grabbed some paper towel and cleaning spray to wipe up the mess herself. It wasn't the first time she had cleaned up remnants of his nectar. She often did deep cleans of his filthy bedroom while he was in school, wiping up jizz-splatters and washing the crusty cum-rags he left beside his bed. She chalked it all up to it just being her responsibility - taking care of everything for him, even when it involved cleaning up after his sexual escapades.

After a long day at school, Logan walked up the front steps of his house with his friend Quinn in tow. As they approached the doorstep, they noticed a small package sitting on it. "Dude, sweet...this must be the new game controller I ordered!" exclaimed Logan.

"Finally," Quinn blurted. "Now you'll stop borrowing mine."

With excitement, they quickly brought the box inside and up to Logan's bedroom. However, when he opened it, he was shocked to find a large dildo inside. "What the fuck is this?!" he exclaimed, causing Quinn to burst into laughter.

"That's some controller there, buddy," joked Quinn. "Is there something you're not telling me?"

Logan looked at the label on the box, realizing he should have checked before opening it. He saw his mother's name written on it.

"Shit, it's my mom's," he revealed.

"Well, I should hope so, since everyone else in this household is male," replied Quinn.

Logan took a second to examine the toy displayed within its clear packaging. "I can't believe she ordered a dildo," he said incredulously.

"My mom has a whole damn collection of them," confessed Quinn.
"Although hers are all much bigger than that."

"Yeah, this one seems kind of smaller. I wonder why she chose this size?"

"Maybe it reminds her of your dad's cock."

"Yeah, that must be it," exclaimed Logan.

"It was only a guess," retorted Quinn. "There could be other reasons. Maybe she prefers smaller sizes."

"No way. Remember I told you the other night I caught her masturbating on the couch?"

"Yeah."

"Well, the reason was because my dad hasn't been having sex with her. That must be why she bought a dildo his size," speculated Logan.

"You don't know for sure if it's his size though. Maybe your dad has a massive cock and your mom just needs a break from it," suggested Quinn.

Logan burst into laughter. "Yeah, I'm sure that's it," he said sarcastically.

Quinn studied the dong through its packaging with a mixture of fascination and disbelief. The details were so incredibly lifelike, from the veins that ran along the shaft to the subtle curves at the tip. "It's crazy how realistic they make these," he remarked, turning it over in his hands. "Did you know there's a place that'll make them custom using a mold of your own cock?"

"You're kidding?" Logan's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"No, I'm fucking serious man," Quinn replied with a smirk. "A guy I know had it done for his girlfriend. They sent him a kit so he could make a mold of his dick, then sent him a custom dildo a week later."

Logan looked like a light bulb suddenly went off in his head. "Dude, wouldn't it be wild if we replaced this dildo my mom ordered with one that was fashioned after my own cock?"

"That would be totally perverted," Quinn exclaimed, but couldn't help feeling excited by the idea. "And extremely fucking awesome!"

"It would take time though and I'm sure my mom's tracking this thing. She may have even been alerted that it's already here."

"Don't worry," Quinn grinned mischievously. "If you're serious about doing this, I have a plan that could make it work." He leaned in closer, lowering his voice so no one else could hear. "Although I have to ask...what's your end game?"

"To fuck her, what do you think?" Logan replied eagerly.

"That's what I thought," Quinn chuckled. "I mean, we've hinted around about wanting to fuck them, but never really talked about it."

"Maybe if I can get her addicted to my dick in dildo form," Logan mused, "then she would at least entertain the idea of letting me fuck her once she saw how similar my cock is to her toy." The thought sent a thrill of excitement through him, and he couldn't wait to put their plan into action.

"How does this even happen?" Christy asked in exasperation, her disappointment evident on her face as she sat across from Tina at the cafe, their steaming cups of coffee untouched.

The package lay open between them, and upon closer inspection, they could see that the knob had been ripped completely off the dong and was now lying beside it in the box.

"I don't know," Tina scowled, her frustration mirroring Christy's, "but you just went from 6 inches to 5; barely exciting to almost worthless."

Christy let out a heavy sigh. "I swear to God, these postal people have no respect for packages anymore. No pun intended."

"Good one," Tina giggled nervously, trying to lighten the mood.

"But seriously," Christy continued, "how the fuck do you break a dildo? It's not like it's made of glass or anything."

Tina's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Well, I've broken a few dildos in my time," she admitted sheepishly, "but we won't get into that. You'll just have to send it back and have them send you another one."

Christy let out a deep sigh of frustration as she stared at the broken dildo lying in the box. "I suppose I've already gone without for this long, what's another week?" she mused, her fingers running over the smooth surface of the toy.

Tina let out a chuckle next to her. "Or you could always threaten to cut off James's balls if he doesn't satisfy you," she joked.

Christy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "Seriously, it's been almost a week since I've had any action."

Tina raised an eyebrow. "Well, I do get laid every night, but lately it's been pretty pathetic," she admitted. "Last night Rob barely lasted twenty minutes, and the one orgasm I had wasn't even satisfying enough to make my toes curl."

Christy groaned in frustration. "I just hope that when this new dildo finally arrives, it will make me cum harder than I have been. Rubbing myself off three times a day just isn't cutting it anymore."

"What the fuck is going on with our husbands?" Tina scowled. "It's like their libidos are slowly withering away."

"And OUR libidos are raging almost uncontrollably," Christy added. "It's like some sick biological joke that nature is playing on us."

"We can't back down though," Tina stated. "We need to demand that our husbands have sex with us as much as we want it."

"Well, we know that's not gonna happen," Christy giggled.

"Otherwise they wouldn't be going to work and we'd be getting fucked all day."

"True, so maybe we won't get it quite as much as we want it, but I don't think two hours of sex every night and a quickie every morning is too much to ask."

"I agree," Christy nodded.

The custom dildo kit arrived in the mail, and Logan was filled with excitement. He eagerly opened the package to reveal a variety of materials and instructions for making a mold of his own erection. But first, he wanted his dick to be as hard as possible so that his mom could feel every vein and contour of his manhood when she used the finished product.

With determination in his stride, Logan made his way downstairs to the basement where Christy was working out on the elliptical machine. Her face was flushed and glistening with sweat as she pushed herself on the machine.

"Hey there, honey," she grinned as she caught sight of him.

"Getting a workout in?" he asked casually, but inside he was thinking about all the ways he could use this opportunity to tease and taunt her.

"Just part of my routine," Christy replied, still breathless from her exertion.

Logan couldn't help but admire her figure as he stood there watching her giant breasts bounce beneath her snug yoga top. The sight was enough to make his penis twitch and grow hard within seconds.

"You know," he said with a sly smirk, "since it's Saturday, you should have skipped the machine and had dad give you a workout instead."

Christy's expression turned from playful to serious at his words. "I like that idea," she stated firmly. "If only I could count on him as much as I can on my trusty elliptical machine." The disappointment and frustration were evident in her voice.

Logan shook his head in disbelief at his father's obsession with golf. "Dad's crazy," he confessed, rolling his eyes. "I'd much rather be spending the day having sex than chasing a tiny white ball around a huge field."

His mom let out a laugh, her lips curved into a mischievous smile. "I'm sure you're doing just fine in that department. Maybe better than I am these days."

Feeling emboldened by her flirtatious tone, Logan leaned in closer and decided to impress her with some fabricated stories he knew women loved to hear. "Actually, I've been more focused on quality over quantity lately," he said confidently, his gaze fixed on her bouncing tits.

She raised an eyebrow, clearly amused by his boldness. "Well, right now it seems like you're focusing on something else entirely," she chuckled, tilting her head towards his staring eyes.

Flustered, Logan quickly looked away, feeling a slight heat rising to his cheeks as he realized she had caught him gawking. "Sorry about that," he mumbled sheepishly.

Her laughter filled the air once again as she playfully teased him. "It's OK. I realize they're hard not to notice," she quipped, "especially when I'm working out on this machine."

"I wanna do more than just have a quick session of sex with a girl, ya know," Logan continued with his earlier train of thought. "I really wanna make sure I please her over and over."

"That's really admirable, honey. Most guys just want to get their rocks off and move on," Christy said, sounding impressed.

Logan nodded in agreement. "There's this one girl I met recently, and she's so adventurous and open-minded. I want to show her just how far I can take her; give her the type of experience you had, you know...when you got your twenty-six orgasms."

Christy's eyes widened at the mention of her record breaking experience and Logan's desire to replicate it.

"Wow, that's quite an ambitious goal," she stated with a mixture of amusement and disbelief.

He nodded confidently, his eyes shining with determination. "I know it sounds crazy, but I've been working hard to be able to perform at my peak sexually."

She couldn't help but smirk at his bravado. "Just keep in mind that giving a girl twenty-six orgasms is no easy task for any guy. It takes hours of intense, stamina-filled sex."

He leaned in closer, eager to impress her even more. "But I have techniques that can make her come harder and more frequently," he boasted.

Her eyebrow raised skeptically as she continued her workout on the elliptical machine. "Techniques? Do tell."

He eagerly explained, gesturing animatedly with his hands. "Like angling my thrusting just right to hit her sweet spot, using different rhythms and speeds...it's all about knowing what works best for each woman."

"That's true, but it's also about controlling your release when a woman uses HER techniques on you," advised Christy in between deep breaths, sweat glistening on her forehead. She paused her workout and reached for a towel to wipe away the moisture.

"Her techniques?" questioned Logan, intrigued by the idea.

Christy stepped off the machine and made her way over to her exercise mat. "Well, yes, honey. Guys aren't the only ones who have techniques that they use when making love. All I'm saying is that when your lady friend employs some of these techniques on you, it may truly test your staying power."

"Will you...um, show me a few of them so I know what to expect and how to prepare for it?" asked Logan with a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Christy let out a small laugh. "And how exactly am I supposed to do that?"

"Show me on your peanut ball," suggested Logan, pointing to the large peanut-shaped exercise ball next to the mat.

Christy hesitated, looking slightly uncomfortable at the thought. "I don't know, Logan...that could be kind of awkward," she stated.

"Oh, come on, help me out. I won't be able to reach my goal unless I know what women have in store for me," pleaded Logan.

Giving in to his persistent requests, Christy let out a sigh and agreed. "Fine. Let me take off these sneakers and I'll demonstrate a few things."

With a graceful movement, she untied her sneakers and peeled off her socks before gracefully settling onto the mat. Logan positioned himself next to her, eagerly awaiting Christy's demonstration.

"Alright, honey," she began, "I'll show you four techniques that a woman might use on you during sex - two when she's on bottom and two when she's on top." With practiced ease, she brought the inflated peanut onto her voluptuous body, its smooth surface contrasting against her creamy skin.

"Now let's say the two of you are in the missionary position," Christy continued. "Instead of just wrapping her legs around you like this," she demonstrated by securely folding her legs around the inflatable, "she may bring them higher up around your back, like this."

Logan's eyes were glued to her as she effortlessly lifted her shaven legs high around the back of the peanut, interlocking her ankles and showcasing her flexibility. A surge of desire shot through him as he imagined what it would feel like to be cradled between her legs, pressed against her soft breasts.

"Now, once she's positioned this way, she can use her legs as leverage around your body to pull her pelvis up and meet your thrusts," Christy explained. She demonstrated the motion, smoothly pumping her hips from the mat.

Mat's eyes widened as he watched her, completely entranced by the rhythmic humping motions of her luscious curves. He couldn't help but admire the flexing of her sexy legs and the way her cute feet with their perfectly painted red toenails gripped onto the back of the inflatable.

"This adjustment causes deeper penetration and will increase the friction around your penis," Christy stated matter-of-factly. "It could make it much more challenging for you not to ejaculate."

Logan nodded, still gazing at Christy's movements with wide-eyed fascination. She brought her feet flat to the floor, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Another technique she might try is called the CAT," Christy continued, turning to address Logan directly. "Have you heard of that before, honey?"

"No...I never have," Logan replied, his interest piqued.

"It stands for the Coital Alignment Technique," Christy explained. "She might try this one in order to bring herself to orgasm by providing more contact with her clit. It won't necessarily provide greater friction on your penis like the first one, but it will definitely raise your excitement level and could result in a quicker orgasm."

Logan eagerly leaned in closer, ready to learn this new technique.

"How does she do it?" he asked eagerly.

"Watch carefully," Christy said with a sly smile. This time, she wrapped her legs low around the inflatable and began moving as though she were literally pulling the top person up into her vagina rhythmically.

Logan's eyes widened in awe as he watched her move her body with such skill and sensuality. "Damn, you must know a lot of tricks," he remarked, feeling both impressed and turned on.

"Well, climax is different for men and women, honey," she replied with a smirk. "While a man generally has one orgasm, a woman can have multiple. And from what you've told me earlier, it seems like

you want to get a woman into a state of hyper-arousal so she can stack her orgasms."

"Stack them?" Logan asked, his curiosity piqued by her words.

"Yes, it's when a woman has one orgasm, but before it subsides, they begin ramping up for the next wave. It's like an endless cycle of pleasure," she explained.

"That must be what you experienced when you had twenty-six orgasms that one time when you were younger," Logan surmised.

"Yes," she confirmed with a smile. "My partner at the time knew how to make me stack my orgasms for several hours."

"Damn," Logan couldn't help but utter in amazement. "Will you show me what a woman might do from the top now?"

With any bit of embarrassment now gone, Christy gracefully straddled the exercise peanut, her movements fluid and sensual as she settled onto the mat. Her knees planted on either side of the peanut, she perched atop it as if she were astride her lover.

"So, traditionally a woman would just move up and down in this position," she stated confidently, demonstrating the technique with ease. Her huge, ballooning breasts jostled heavily with each humping motion, drawing Logan's gaze like a magnet.

"But in order to provide even greater genital friction," Christy continued, "she would create more of a rocking motion, like this." Her hips swiveled and rolled with graceful precision, stirring desire in Logan's core as he imagined the sensation of his erection moving inside the tube of her vagina that way.

Logan's eyes widened as he suddenly remembered that his plan was not to be impressed, but for him to be the one impressing her. He couldn't help but puff out his chest and brag, "Yeah, it looks cool, but

I could probably last a long time that way. Plus, I would hold onto the woman's hips to guide her thrusts."

Christy's eyebrows raised in interest as she continued to ride the inflatable with increasing fervor. "So, you've had a girl on top of you doing it this way?"

"Oh yeah, for well over an hour," Logan boasted confidently.

"Over an hour?" Christy echoed, her eyes widening in disbelief. "The way I'm doing it now?"

"Yeah, she was even moving faster than that at times," Logan lied smoothly.

"You mean like this?" Christy asked, her swiveling hips becoming a blur as they thrust up and back rhythmically.

Logan's jaw dropped as he watched Christy's impressive display of sexual technique. Her breath came in short huffs as she continued her fast-paced rhythm, her body a blur of motion.

"As you may already know," she panted, "When a woman moves this fast, it can become quite the challenge for you not to cum."

"I'd hold out for a while and at least let her stack some orgasms before I cum," Logan replied confidently.

Christy smiled at his words, but as she stopped rolling her hips, she noticed the bulge beneath his shorts. "We should probably stop now, honey," she said, climbing off him.

"Why? You were really helping me understand a lot," Logan protested.

"Well, I know, but it looks like you're having another one of those 'guy thing' moments," Christy answered with a glance down at his

tubular-shaped bulge. She was even more surprised to see a wet spot on the knob, where precum had soaked through.

"Oh...um...sorry," Logan blushed, though he couldn't help feeling excited by her gaze on his arousal.

"I hope I was able to help you out," Christy smiled. "It sounds like you have some pretty lofty sexual goals and now you know some of the things you might be in for."

"Thanks for your help," Logan said quickly before rushing back to his room. He already had the mold for the custom dildo mixed up and ready to dip his hard cock into. As he removed his shorts, his boner sprang upward, proud and powerful. He gazed down at it with admiration, watching as it stretched upward from his loins like a mighty phallic column. The knob was shiny and bulbous, the fat blue veins pulsing prominently along his lengthy penile shaft. "I hope you enjoy it, mom" he said out loud as he slowly inched his cock into the solution.

Logan anxiously awaited the return of his custom dildo from the company, fearing that it wouldn't arrive in time before his mom's replacement dildo was set to arrive. He kept a close watch on the delivery status, hoping to intercept the package before his mother could receive it. Luckily, it arrived while she was out running errands.

"Houston, we have a problem," Logan whispered urgently into his phone, careful not to be overheard by his mother.

"Did she get the package before you did?" Quinn's voice crackled through the line.

"No, I have it here and I'm ready to make the exchange, but how am I supposed to fit this 9 inch monstrosity into a 6 inch dildo box?"

"Can't you just swap out the labels and keep it in its original box?" Quinn suggested.

Logan let out a relieved sigh. "Oh yeah, just switch the labels. Why didn't I think of that?"

"You're too focused on how much she's gonna love it," Quinn teased.

"Well, she's definitely in for a shock when she sees the size of this thing," Logan chuckled.

"The real question is, will she even use it?" Quinn posed.

"I mean, with all the detail and effort put into making it look like the real deal, I can't imagine why she wouldn't," said Logan, admiring the intricate design and lifelike features of his custom dong.

Tina's jaw dropped in awe as she took in the sight of the giant dildo resting on the coffee table in front of them. "Holy fuck, it's beautiful!" she exclaimed, unable to tear her eyes away from its impressive size and lifelike features.

"I won't disagree, but it's not really the size I ordered," Christy stated, her gaze fixated on the toy as well. Ever since she opened the box, she had been mesmerized by its appearance, feeling almost drawn to it in some strange way.

"Then I'll purchase it from you, but you are not sending that thing back," Tina insisted, her fingers grazing over the intricate cock-veins that ran along the length of the flesh-colored dong.

"It's almost 3 inches longer than James's erection is," Cathy chimed in worriedly. "If he finds it in my drawer, he might get upset."

"Just...hide it somewhere where he can't find it then, or...you can keep it here and just take it when you need it," Tina suggested with

a sly grin, already imagining all the possibilities this new addition could bring to her sexual adventures.

"Yeah, right, you'd be using it more than I would," Christy teased back with a laugh.

After a moment of contemplation, Christy spoke up again. "I'll hide it down in my sewing room. He never goes down there." The thought of sneaking off to use her new toy whenever she pleased made her heart race with excitement.

"A word of advice," Tina said with a sly grin. "Only use it when you're home alone, because trust me, you're gonna cum so fucking hard that you'll scream like a banshee."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her friend's words, already feeling herself getting aroused from the thought. "I'll keep that in mind," she replied, feeling the anticipation building in her loins.

But then another thought crossed her mind. "Since we're on the subject of penises," Christy began hesitantly. "Does Quinn ever...get an erection around you?"

Tina burst into laughter. "When doesn't Quinn have an erection around me?" she joked. "But then again, he is a young man and they're almost always erect."

Christy nodded in agreement, her mind drifting to her own experience with Logan. "Yes, Logan too. Maybe it's just my penis-deprived brain playing tricks on me, but lately it seems like Logan is almost flaunting them in front of me."

Tina fed her an understanding smile, her long curls bouncing with the movement. "Look, I know they're our son's, but we're women. Our brains are designed to recognize signs of attraction in men, and they give off subtle pheromones that we can't help but be drawn to. It's not their fault or ours, it's simply biology."

"I know, I know," Christy sighed, feeling a wave of relief wash over her. Her fingers toyed with the hem of her shirt as she spoke. "But it still just seems odd. I constantly catch Logan staring at my breasts and then I look down and he's...aroused."

Tina couldn't contain her laughter any longer. "Christy, we both have H-cup breasts. Any guy, son or not, who doesn't stare at them is either blind or gay."

"I guess you're right," Christy snickered. "Our boys are only human."

"And if you ever wanna give you and Logan a secret thrill," Tina said mischievously, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Take off your bra, put on a thin lacy top, then give him a long, tight motherly hug and watch his fucking eyes light up."

"Tina, that's terrible," Christy stated firmly, though the thought intrigued her.

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," Tina countered. "Besides, there's no harm in it. It's not like we're scarring them for life by letting them feel our bare breasts." She winked playfully at Christy before taking a sip of her tea.

Christy's eyes shone with excitement the next day, her face alight with pleasure as she slid her new dildo into her dripping pussy. The way the vein-encrusted shaft stretched her walls and stimulated every nerve ending was an unparalleled sensation, one that had been absent in her sex life for far too long. With each thrust, the large knob pushed against the head of her cervix, a feeling she hadn't experienced since her wild twenties. It was as if the cock had been perfectly molded to fit the contours of her vagina.

Thankfully, she had taken Tina's advice and waited until mid-morning when everyone else was out of the house before indulging in her new toy. Her moans and screams filled every corner of the house as she shamelessly rode herself to ecstasy on her bed, naked and uninhibited. Her heavy breasts bounced and swayed with each powerful contraction, adding to the intensity of her pleasure. She lost herself in a haze of pleasure for nearly two hours, until she lay spent and panting on the bed, drenched in sweat from the sheer force of nearly a dozen mind-blowing orgasms.

Logan longed to be a hidden fly on the wall, an unseen witness to Christy's indulgence in a toy molded after his own cock. Her radiant post-orgasmic glow every time he caught sight of her told him all he needed to know. Now, it was time for him to move on to phase two of his plan - somehow revealing his throbbing erection to her, so she could see just how identical it was to the new toy that she couldn't seem to get enough of.

Logan knew he had to somehow provide her with a look that was up close and personal, not just some half hazard glance at his boner from a distance. He wanted her to see just how closely it resembled every detail of her new dildo.

"Mom, I need your opinion on something," Logan stated anxiously, interrupting his mother's conversation with his father in the kitchen.

His mother turned to him with a gentle smile. "What is it, honey?" she asked in a soothing tone.

"It's kind of personal," he said, looking down at his feet.

"You can share it with your mother but not me?" His dad chimed in with a playful tone. "That's not fair."

Logan shook his head. "No offense, dad, but I think mom's perspective might be more helpful in this particular case."

Christy glanced at her husband. "Why don't you just stir dinner for me, honey. I'll go help Logan real quick and then we can all eat together."

Logan led his mother up to his room and closed the door behind them. She couldn't help but feel a bit worried as she looked at him expectantly. "Logan, is everything alright? What is this about?" she asked with concern lacing her voice.

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting down to the obvious bulge in his pants. "I think I have an issue with my...you know," he hesitantly admitted.

"Your penis?" Christy raised an eyebrow, trying not to smirk at his awkwardness.

"Yeah. It's been hard for like...two hours and it looks a little different to me," he lied, hoping she wouldn't see through his facade.

"Two hours?! Did you get into your father's Viagra or something?" she asked, her tone now stern and disapproving.

"Dad takes Viagra?" Logan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes...um, sometimes," Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"Do we need to take you to the walk-in clinic? A two-hour erection isn't normal unless you're..." she trailed off, giving him a pointed look.

"Having sex?" Logan finished for her, feeling even more awkward and embarrassed.

"Yes," she nodded. "And you said it doesn't look like it normally does."

"I don't know, maybe it's just because it's really hard," Logan shrugged, hoping to downplay the situation. "Will you just have a look and let me know if everything seems alright?"

Christy hesitated, looking at the closed door as if seeking confirmation of privacy. "Honey, I—"

"Please, mom," Logan interrupted, desperation creeping into his voice. "You're obviously someone who would know if something doesn't look right."

Christy mulled it over before finally nodding. "Fine. But you should really see a doctor if you're concerned. I'll have a quick look just to put your mind at ease."

Logan nervously fished through his shorts, relieved to find his erection still fully rigid from earlier vigorous activity. As he pulled it out for Christy to see, he watched her eyes widen in surprise and a small gasp escape her lips. The sight of his throbbing member caused her to go speechless, fixated on its size and shape.

"It...it actually looks more normal now," Logan stated with a hint of pride, flexing it against his loins. Christy continued to stare at it, clearly struck by how closely it resembled the new toy that had become her latest obsession.

"Are you alright?" Logan asked, snapping her out of her trance.

"This is...um, how it normally looks?" Christy whispered, still in shock.

"Yeah. Maybe I was just being paranoid before because it was so hard."

"Well, even if it does look normal to you now, we should still address why it's been erect for two hours," Christy said with concern, trying to hide her own excitement as her pussy tingled uncontrollably.

"Could you touch it and make sure it doesn't feel too warm?" Logan boldly suggested.

"I...I don't know if I..."

"Just real quick. Like you said, just to give me peace of mind."

With hesitation, Christy reached out and lightly touched his erection with her fingers. Despite feeling a tad ashamed, she couldn't deny the excitement coursing through her body as she felt the heat and rigid texture of his member.

"Does it normally get this...erect?" she whispered.

"Yeah, and I suppose I have been thinking about sex so maybe it's my fault," he admitted. "Maybe there's no reason to be concerned and I'm just feeling extra horny today."

Christy found herself unable to take her eyes off his erection, or remove her fingers from its flesh. It was like she was under a spell, unable to resist his arousal.

"Maybe you should...give yourself some release. You know, to help it go down," she suggested, her voice shaking slightly.

"I could try that. Sometimes it works, but usually it just makes me want more," Logan bragged with a smirk.

Still mesmerized by the sight of his erection, Christy finally snapped out of her trance and took a step backwards. "Well, um...if you think everything looks normal then I should probably get back to preparing dinner," she said.

"Thanks for taking a look. If I notice any changes, I'll probably just go to the clinic and see what they have to say," Logan stated, tucking his erection back into his shorts.

As they sat down for dinner, Logan immediately noticed that his mom seemed off. Her typically cheerful demeanor was replaced by a distant, pensive expression. Every so often, he would catch her stealing glances at him before quickly averting her eyes, like a shy girl at a school dance. He couldn't help but wonder if she was

starting to see him in a new, more sensual light. Perhaps the events of earlier had sparked something in her, awakening desires she never knew she had. The atmosphere in the room felt charged and tense, as if unspoken thoughts were swirling between them like wildfire.

Despite the intimate act of making love with her husband James that night, Christy's mind was elsewhere. All she could think about was her trusty dildo, shamefully comparing it to the size and shape of Logan's impressively large and erect member. Enduring a lackluster 15-minute session with James felt more like a chore than pleasure. His average-sized penis barely stimulated her at all, leaving her yearning for the fullness and intensity that only her silicone lover could provide.

"You didn't climax tonight, babe," James pointed out, still basking in the afterglow of his own ejaculation.

"Yeah, I um...I haven't been feeling too great tonight," Christy lied, trying to hide her disappointment. "I might go sleep on the couch so I don't disturb you if I get sick."

"I hope you feel better," James replied with concern. "Let me know if you need anything."

The lies weighed heavily on Christy's conscience as she retreated to the couch, unable to shake off the thoughts of her son's impressive endowment. Only once before had she encountered such a breathtaking erection, and that one memory had left her with twenty-six reasons to never forget it.

"We need to talk, young man," Christy's voice was stern as she stood in his doorway, her piercing gaze directed at Logan. Even in her anger, Logan couldn't help but find her attractive. His eyes drifted

down to her chest, admiring the way her huge breasts pressed against the fabric of her top.

"What about?" Logan asked curiously.

"First of all, my eyes are up here," she scolded, pulling his attention away from her tits. With a hand behind her back, she brought out something that made Logan's heart sink. It was the 6-inch dildo she had ordered. The one he had secretly switched with a custom one and stashed in his room.

"I found this in your room today while I was cleaning," she stated, giving him a questioning look.

"Yeah, I...bought it for a girl I've been seeing," Logan lied.

"Bullshit," Christy blurted out. "This is the same dildo I ordered a few weeks ago. You knew that because you switched it out with another one, a custom one. I found the receipt for that too. Why would you do such a thing?"

Logan knew he couldn't keep lying. He had been caught and it was time to come clean. "I just wanted you to experience real pleasure," he admitted. "I knew you weren't getting it from Dad and certainly not from that tiny thing," he gestured towards the box containing the 6-inch dildo in her hand. "I wanted to give you something I knew you'd enjoy...a dildo that would make you orgasm over and over again."

"So you had a mold made of your own penis?!" Christy exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. Her eyes widened as she processed the information. "Logan, do you realize how...twisted that is?"

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his face turning red with embarrassment. "I've had other girls tell me it's the perfect size, so I thought it would be something you'd enjoy," he explained weakly.

"I'm not one of those 'other girls,' Logan. I'm your mother," she stated firmly, her tone conveying her disapproval. "You can't go on staring at my tits. You can't continue to try to show me your erections and you certainly don't need to be purchasing me sex toys!" With that, she turned and walked away from his doorway, leaving him standing there feeling foolish and ashamed.

"Wait, mom!" Logan called out desperately. Christy paused and turned back to face him, frustration evident in her flushed face.

"What?!" she asked impatiently.

"I'm gonna be honest and just let the cards fall where they may," he confessed, his voice trembling with nervousness.

Christy's expression softened slightly, curious about what he could possibly have to say. "Go on," she urged.

"I know you're my mom and it's wrong, but I really wanna have sex with you," he blurted out, unable to hold it in any longer.

There was an awkward silence and tension in the air as Logan waited for her response. "So, be mad, punish me if you need to, but at least I was honest and got that out into the open," he continued nervously.

Christy looked shocked, like a million thoughts were flowing through her mind. She walked away without saying anything, leaving Logan feeling both relieved that he had finally been honest with her and anxious about what her reaction would be. At least he knew Christy wouldn't be telling his father, since he doubted that his dad was aware that she used a dildo to give herself pleasure.

"What a week!" Tina exclaimed, her laughter echoing through the mall as she and Christy took a break from their shopping. They

settled down on a bench, the soft cushion sinking beneath their weight.

"So let's recap," Tina continued, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "Logan switched out your dildo for one fashioned from his own cock, then he admits that he wants to fuck you, and now..."

Christy raised an eyebrow, waiting for Tina to finish her sentence.

"And now you're still using the dildo?" Tina finished, a smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Heat crept up Christy's neck and into her cheeks. "I know it may seem weird," she admitted, feeling self-conscious under Tina's gaze. "I just...couldn't make myself throw it away."

Tina leaned in closer, curiosity piqued. "Let me guess," she said in a teasing tone. "You tried the 6-incher that you originally ordered and it didn't quite hit the spot?"

"It didn't hit any of the spots," Christy confessed, feeling embarrassed by her own words. "I'm just gonna say it, even though it sounds awful. This dildo...it fits me perfectly and hits all the right spots. It's like it was made just for me."

Tina chuckled. "It WAS made 'just for you' actually," she quipped.

"You know what I mean," Christy retorted with a playful swat to Tina's arm. "I know I should probably just throw the damn thing away and try to find another one, but—"

"Don't you dare throw it away," Tina scolded with a laugh. "Give it to me. I have no reservations about cumming all over it; it's about the most perfect dildo I've ever seen."

"And therein lies the reason that I can't let it go," Christy admitted, a hint of sadness in her voice. "It's the one thing that brings excitement and pleasure into my life right now."

The air between Christy and Logan had been thick with tension after the big discovery and his confession, but things were slowly starting to return to normal. As Logan entered the living room, he found his mom downstairs doing stretches on the yoga mat. Her body moved gracefully, like a dancer's, as she flowed from one pose to the next.

"Hey, how's the workout going?" Logan asked, trying to break the awkwardness.

"Hi, honey. Fine, just doing some yoga," she replied with a smile. "How did school go?"

"Blah."

Christy chuckled. "That well, huh? Let me guess, you were thinking about sex all day," she winked playfully.

Logan couldn't help but gulp excitedly at her words. She was dressed in a little less than usual for her workout, wearing lavender colored booty shorts and a matching cami top that left her sexy midriff exposed. As she pulled her leg back limberly, it stretched upward like a fleshy spire with her toes pointed towards the ceiling.

"You know me well," he smiled.

"Like mother, like son I guess," she giggled.

Feeling himself getting aroused, Logan didn't want things to get awkward again. "I should probably go back to my room," he stated nervously.

But before he could make his escape, Christy glanced down at his crotch and blurted out, "Honey, wait!"

"Huh?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry about what I said earlier about you not getting erections around me. I was just shocked and overreacting. But I know it's not

really within someone's control when those things happen...so I just wanted you to know that it's okay if it happens around me."

"Alright, thanks," Logan replied with relief.

"Did you want to come in and watch me workout?" she asked, her eyes filled with genuine care.

"Sure," Logan answered, grateful for the opportunity to diffuse the tension between them.

Logan settled onto the edge of the mat, his eyes following her every move as she gracefully continued her stretching routine. Christy's lithe body bent and twisted, her muscles flexing with each gentle movement. As she lowered to the ground, her legs spread out into a perfect split, her bare skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat. Logan's gaze was drawn to the smooth line of her inner thighs, leading down to her feet pointed in opposite directions.

She leaned forward, pressing her forearms onto the mat and giving Logan an unobstructed view of the deep valley between her breasts. He couldn't help but take in the sight, feeling his cheeks flush with heat.

Her voice broke through his thoughts, soothing and understanding. "I know I said you shouldn't be looking at my boobs, but I was wrong about that too," she whispered.

Logan's surprise was evident on his face as he turned to look at her. "You were?"

"Of course, I was," she confirmed with a nod. "There's no harm in admiring the human form. It's only natural, right?"

"Right," Logan agreed, returning his gaze to her ample bosom.

"In fact, you might think I'm horrible for asking, but..." Her voice trailed off, leaving Logan hanging in suspense.

"But what?" he urged, eager to know what she wanted to ask.

Christy hesitated before shaking her head. "Never mind," she sighed. "I should probably just focus on my routine."

"You know how I feel about you," Logan stated firmly. "If there's something you wanted... anything, you know I would give it to you."

"I know," Christy blushed, her cheeks turning a rosy shade. Then she mustered up the courage to meet his gaze directly. "Can I see your dick again?" she whispered.

Logan's heart skipped a beat at her words, his desire for her growing even stronger. It was like music to his ears, and he couldn't wait to fulfill her request.

"How do you want me?" he asked, his voice low and husky. Christy's heart raced as she moved to her knees, her body buzzing with anticipation. She patted the mat in front of her, a gesture that felt both commanding and inviting at the same time. "Lay down here," she directed, her voice firm yet tinged with a hint of shyness. Logan quickly complied, sprawling onto the floor in front of her.

She wasted no time maneuvering between his legs, her fingers deftly unfastening his shorts. The fabric fell away to reveal his toned thighs and Christy couldn't help but appreciate how good he looked lying there, vulnerable and exposed for her. Her cheeks flushed slightly as she undid his briefs, revealing the impressive length and girth of his cock.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips as she stared at the meaty slab in front of her. It was a shape that she was all too familiar with at this point, having spent countless hours playing with its silicone replica. But this was the real thing, pulsing and throbbing with life right before her eyes.

"I guess it must seem a little familiar to you, huh?" Logan asked playfully, drawing a mischievous grin from Christy.

"Yes, more than just a little," she confessed breathlessly.

"Did you cut the dildo into little pieces, then burn it?" he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"No, I didn't," she giggled, feeling a surge of arousal at his words. "I would never dispose of something that gives me that much pleasure."

"You still use it?" Logan asked, seeming surprised.

"Only several times a day," she winked, then went back to admiring his cock with hungry eyes.

"Do you wanna touch it," he boldly asked. "Wrap your hand around it?"

Her answer was immediate, without looking away from his cock.

"Probably just as bad as you want me to," she grinned mischievously.

"Go ahead," Logan urged, his own excitement building.

Her face lit up with a primal hunger, her eyes sparkling with desire, as she lifted his erection, pointing it upwards towards the ceiling. The weight of it in her hand was intoxicating, hot and hard like molten steel. Arousal coursed through her body as she pulled the taut skin of his penile membrane along the column of pulsing flesh beneath it. Her gaze fixated on the engorged tip, marveling at its swollen shape and perfect symmetry. Memories flooded back to her of how that same part of the dildo had stretched and glided along the walls of her moist cuntal cavern.

"You can stroke on it if you want," Logan offered, eager for things to progress.

"Do you mind?" Christy asked shyly, almost sheepishly admitting her obsession with his cock.

"What do you think?" he replied sarcastically.

"I think you'd like me to do a lot more than just stroke on it," she playfully retorted.

"Well, yeah."

She ran her free hand up his abdomen, teasing his skin with her long nails. "Take off your shirt," she whispered seductively.

"Only if you take off yours," he responded, a mischievous grin playing on his lips.

Their eyes locked in an intense stare, like two explorers contemplating a forbidden path. They both knew they shouldn't go any further, but the temptation was too great to resist.

A small sigh escaped her lips as she whispered, fingers trembling as they reached for the hem of her cami top. Logan's eyes widened in shock as he watched, unable to contain his excitement. With a slow, teasing tug, the top was pulled up her breasts, revealing the full, meaty undersides that had always been hidden beneath fabric. As if in slow motion, her tit-melons slipped out from the top and bounced heavily onto her rib cage. Logan couldn't help but stare in awe at their size and shape, his mouth watering at the sight of her wide areola and dusky pink nipples. They looked thick and inviting, begging to be touched and tasted.

"Those are...the most incredible breasts I've ever seen," he sighed dreamily, barely able to believe that he was actually seeing them in all their naked glory.

Christy smirked and grasped his cock again, giving it a long stroke that left him shuddering with pleasure. "I'm glad you appreciate

them," she purred playfully. "But I have to admit, I'm pretty obsessed with something of yours too."

Logan grinned and removed his own shirt, now fully exposed to her hungry gaze. Her eyes roamed greedily over his chiseled chest and sculpted arms.

Christy extended her free hand to his and their fingers intertwined tightly. Her other hand slowly fisted up and down his length, eliciting moans of pleasure from him. As they gazed into each other's eyes, they both knew this was just the beginning of a wonderful sexual journey.

Christy's teeth gritted in a mix of desire and arousal, her fat clit pulsing beneath its hood as she gripped onto his hard, muscular cock. Her mind was filled with explicit images of him thrusting into her, splitting her twat and pounding fiercely into her core.

The memory of her friend Tina's suggestion to give Logan a braless hug flashed through Christy's mind, but she wanted to take it one step further. With an almost wicked grin, she plotted out a plan for a tight embrace without a single shred of clothing between them. The anticipation built within her as she knew she couldn't make the move right away - she had to tease him first, playfully building up the tension until they were both ready for the explosive release that would follow.

"Just imagine if I was to come down there for a hug," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction and desire. "And flatten these big titties against that gorgeous bare chest of yours."

Logan's heart raced as he imagined her pressing against him, her soft curves squashed tightly against his own muscled body. He could feel the heat radiating off of her, igniting a fire within him.

"I think you know, I'd like that a lot," he gasped, his breath coming in short pants as he stared at her hungrily.

"But then I'd have to let go of your big dick," she whispered teasingly, tugging it up and down while squeezing his other hand. "I don't wanna let go of your big dick."

The touch of her hand on his throbbing length sent shivers through his body, leaving him craving more.

"I don't want you to let it go either," he confessed, his eyes locked on her wobbling breasts.

"I suppose we could sandwich it between our bellies and feel it throb and pulse, or..." Christy trailed off suggestively.

"Or what?" Logan urged her on.

"We could press it against my naked pussy while we hug," she teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would you mind that, honey?"

"Oh, God, you're so sexy," Logan groaned, his arousal reaching new heights as she teased him relentlessly.

"I didn't think you would," Christy giggled playfully, knowing his response had answered her question. With a sly smile, she released his hand and cock, sitting back on her lovely ass and began stripping off her bottoms seductively.

Logan lifted his head off the mat and watched as Christy effortlessly slid her tiny shorts down her smooth legs. Her bare inner thighs were slightly spread open, allowing him an enticing view of her exposed vulva. She had meticulously shaved her outer lips, leaving only a small triangle of hair on top. As she joined him on the mat on her knees, her large breasts bounced heavily with each movement. With one hand stroking his hardening member, the other explored the

defined muscles on his chest. "If we hug, it's only natural that we'll want to kiss too," she purred seductively. "And once we start kissing, who knows where things will lead," she added with a playful glint in her eye. Logan nodded in agreement as he listened. "Things could get so intense that I might even ask you to roll me onto my back and..." she trailed off.

"And what?" Logan asked, hanging on her every word.

Without a word, Christy slithered on top of Logan, her body moving with the fluidity of a snake. She pressed her soft breasts against his chest, smothering him in their spongy warmth. Her lips eagerly sought out his in a frenzy of desire, resulting in a fiery French kiss that left them both breathless.

As they continued to explore each other's mouths, their bodies began to writhe and grind together. Logan groaned as he felt the heat radiating from Christy's naked body, her bare pussy pressing against his growing erection.

Their hips moved instinctively, mimicking the motions of sex even though there was no penetration. They clutched at each other's skin, desperate for more contact.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Christy broke the kiss and whispered into Logan's ear, her voice trembling with need. "Roll me over," she pleaded. "Fuck me!"

Logan didn't hesitate, eager to fulfill her request after waiting so long for this moment. He effortlessly flipped Christy onto her back and she wrapped her legs around his lean frame, their lips crashing together once again.

In that moment, nothing mattered except their mutual desire and hunger for each other. Logan reared his hips back, lining up his throbbing member with the entrance of Christy's wet folds.

The both gasped and shuttered in unison as he thrust forward, burying nearly ten-inches of cock-flesh into the wet clutches of Christy's pussy. Logan began fucking her with animalistic intensity, his muscular ass flying up and down between the cradle of her thighs, pounding his dick through her cavern of carnal desire.

Christy's eyes rolled back in pleasure as Logan's firm thrusts sent waves of bliss coursing through her big-titted body. Her hands gripped onto his taut hips, guiding him deeper with each hard, powerful stroke.

"Oh, yes," she moaned, her voice hoarse with passion. "Fuck me, Logan - fuck me hard!"

With a growl of pure male desire, he surged forward, burying himself balls-deep inside Christy's clinging pussy. He continued to piston his hips, driving into her mercilessly, his eyes locked onto hers as she writhed beneath him.

Christy's fingers dug into his flesh, her nails practically sharp enough to draw blood as she clawed at his back. Her hips met each of his thrusts with equal fervor, craving his cock like there was no tomorrow.

The throbbing pulse of a real cock, pulsing with blood and sinew, was everything her dildo had to offer but more. Attached to a handsome youth with a chiseled jawline and piercing eyes, she could feel the heat of his desire radiating onto her skin. He was prepared to fuck her senseless, his primal instincts driving him towards conquest.

On the exercise mat, their bodies moved with wild urgency, slick with sweat and pulsating with desire. Every flexing muscle was accentuated by the glistening sheen on their skin as they tangled together in a feverish embrace.

Logan plunged his throbbing cock deep into Christy's tight, hot pussy, savoring the sensation of her walls gripping him tightly. His glans pressed against the entrance to her cervix, as if trying to push its way even further inside.

With her legs wrapped around his back, Christy arched her hips and rolled them in perfect rhythm, showcasing the strength and agility she had learned from using her peanut exercise inflatable. Despite being fully penetrated, their hips continued to move in a frenzy of passion as they clung to each other.

Logan growled, feeling Christy's pussy clench and release around him as they writhed on the floor like two mating serpents. Their bodies were consumed by pleasure and ecstasy as they reached new heights of desire together.

Logan was nearly startled as Christy let out an ear-piercing scream, her voice sounding through every corner of the house. He set his hips in motion again, delivering deep, full-length thrusts into her quivering pussy as she continued to orgasm.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head as her body shook uncontrollably. With every powerful thrust, Logan felt her pussy tighten even more around his cock, milking him as he fucked her. He loved the feel of her fat, cushy tits rippling between them, her erect nipples poking into his chest.

In that moment, time stood still and all that could be heard were the sounds of their heavy breathing, mingling with soft moans and gasps of pleasure. Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, creating a symphony of wet slaps as skin met skin.

Christy's legs wrapped tightly around him, using them as leverage to lift her hips off the mat and meet Logan's every powerful thrust. His unyielding shaft plunged deep into her slick core, its bell-shaped tip carving through her walls with precision and sending waves of

pleasure throughout her body. The rhythmic friction of his vein-encrusted cock against her corrugated walls sparked a second orgasm, coursing through her like an electric shock.

Logan's movements intensified, his body driven by an insatiable desire to give her a mind-blowing orgasm she would never forget. The way she screamed and writhed beneath him, her nails digging into his skin, confirmed that he was succeeding in his goal.

He shifted his weight on top of her, propping himself up on his extended arms so he could see her in all her glory. Her huge breasts rolled up and down her rib cage with each forceful thrust, mesmerizing him. Christy's flushed face glistened with sweat, her hair matted against her skin as she panted for breath. But it was her huge jiggling jugs that stole his attention - they were shamelessly dancing for him, enticing him further.

"Are you enjoying this?" Christy panted, her voice husky with pleasure.

"Hell yeah," he replied, unable to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing display of rippling flesh.

"I thought you'd be sucking on them by now, my little boob-addict," she teased, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"That sounds like a fantastic idea," he groaned, lowering himself down to capture one of her nipples in his mouth.

Logan groaned against the flesh of her tit, feeling her vagina tighten around him in response to his ministrations. His tongue lashed wildly at her swollen teat as he suctioned in as much flesh as he could.

He didn't want the attention he was giving her boobs to throw off his rhythm so he focused on gliding his cock through Christy's pussy at the perfect speed and angle, quickly bringing her to another orgasmic peak.

Her pussy clamped around his shaft like a vice, milking his cock as she screamed out her climax, her pretty voice echoing through the house. The feeling of her muscles fluttering around him quickened his own arousal, sending him further into the abyss of lust.

As Christy's body trembled beneath him, Logan thrust harder and faster into her, his cock sliding wetly against her inner walls. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the room, punctuated by their grunts and gasps of pleasure.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head, her face twisted in ecstasy as she climaxed over and over again. Her pussy tightened around him, gripping his cock with a vice-like hold as she threw her head back and cried out in pleasure. She was riding the wave of orgasm, her body shuddering with every powerful thrust.

They'd been going at it for nearly an hour now and with a half-dozen orgasms behind her Christy was racing towards another. This time, Logan was right there with her, his own release imminent.

He slammed his cock into her pussy, burying himself as deep as he could go. Christy let out a scream that threatened to shatter the windows, her body arching off the mat with the pure force of her climax. Her nails raked down Logan's back, nearly drawing blood as he continued to plunge his dick into her.

The pleasure the two of them shared was unlike anything they'd ever experienced. In that moment, all their inhibitions, all their doubts, were washed away in a tide of lust. Their bodies danced in perfect harmony, each movement echoing the other.

Christy's cunt clamped down on Logan's cock, milking him mercilessly as she screamed out from her release. He could feel the pulsing of her muscles, her juices flowing around his shaft. Every thrust was like a jolt of pure pleasure, driving him to the edge of madness.

"Shit!" he gasped, her nipple popping from his gasping mouth. "I'm gonna cum!"

Logan's cock throbbed and twitched, the knob mushrooming, the veins on his shaft swelling as he neared his climax. Christy could feel the tense muscles in his back beneath her nails, and she knew this was going to be something special.

"Cum for me," she whispered, her voice husky with arousal. "Fill me up with your hot cum! Show me what a real man can do!"

Hearing her words, Logan thrust harder into her, slamming his hips against her helpless body with wild abandon.

As Christy's words of longing reached his ears, Logan's primal instincts took over. He thrust harder into her, his hips slamming against her body with fierce determination.

"Fuck, yes!" Christy exclaimed, her voice filled with ecstasy as she bucked and arched beneath him. With every thrust, Logan felt himself losing control until he released a guttural grunt and hot streams of cum erupted from his pulsating member, splattering deep inside her core. It was like a million tiny soldiers racing towards her egg in search of fertilization.

Finally, after experiencing an earth-shattering mutual orgasm, their bodies came to a stop and they lay there, a tangled mess of sweaty limbs, basking in the euphoria of their love-making. The air was thick with the scent of sex and their mingled fluids, creating an intoxicating atmosphere around them.

The next morning, Logan was pounding into Christy from behind at the kitchen sink, her skirt hiked up to her waist. The sound of their bodies colliding and the wet, lewd smacking filled the room as they both groaned in pleasure.

His hands were firmly planted under her top and bra, eagerly groping her supple breasts as he thrust his aching erection between the tightness of her folds.

Christy couldn't help but be nervous as she kept an eye on her husband through the kitchen window, watching him do yard work outside. "He's coming back inside," she warned.

Logan's throbbing member made a creamy popping noise as he withdrew it from her dripping core, coated in the slick juices of their arousal. He quickly tucked himself back into his shorts while Christy smoothed out her dress and adjusted her top.

"Honey?" James called out, entering the house once again.

"In here!" Christy answered with a falsely sweet tone, trying to hide the intense pleasure that still lingered within her body from Logan's touch.

James paused in the doorway of the kitchen, his posture tense and his hand hidden behind his back. "Can I speak to JUST YOU for a minute?" he asked, his voice low and serious.

"Oh, um...sure," she replied, exchanging a nervous glance with Logan who was sitting at the table.

"I'll be downstairs in my room," Logan announced, sensing the tension between his parents. "Will you still help me with my homework?"

"Of course, honey," she smiled softly, her eyes meeting Logan's as they both had the same thought – a passionate tryst on his bed.

Once Logan left, Christy turned to her husband with a questioning look. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

"I was going through the trash looking for some paperwork and I found this," he said, revealing a large custom dildo from behind his back. "Would you care to explain?"

Christy couldn't help but smirk. "That's a dildo," she said nonchalantly. "One of my old ones that I no longer use."

"I didn't know you owned a dildo," James stated, his eyebrows raised in surprise. "And one this size...it's quite unrealistic, don't you think?"

"In what way?" Christy challenged playfully.

"Come on, Christy, no penis is this big. It looks like it belongs on a horse, not a human."

She couldn't contain her laughter at his naïve remark. If only he knew about the real cock upstairs that was more than capable of stretching her pussy and bringing her to multiple orgasms.

"Well...I must admit, dicks that size are quite rare, but they do exist," she said coyly. "But I no longer have any use for it. It simply can't compare to the real thing," she added dreamily, her gaze drifting off into space before snapping back to her husband. "And you, my dear, give me the real thing so wonderfully," she purred.

Her husband let out a small scoff. "If that's your attempt at getting some action right now, I'm sorry to disappoint. I have a lot of work to do outside today."

"I know, and I appreciate all your hard work," she responded sweetly. "But since I have skills that Logan finds useful, I'll do my part as well. I'll even close and lock his door while we're in there so he can truly focus on what I'm helping him with. So please, try not to bother us, okay?"

"No problem," her husband replied with a nod before glancing at the dildo in his hand. "I'll make sure King Dong here gets properly

disposed of. We definitely don't want James finding it and being traumatized by the thought of his mother using something like this."

Christy snickered, "Oh gosh, can you imagine? Poor kid probably wouldn't know what to think."

As Christy stepped into Logan's bedroom, she was met with a sudden jolt as he leaped out of the closet wearing an Incredible Hulk mask. His roar echoed off the walls, filled with ferocity and playful energy. She couldn't help but giggle at his antics.

"Mm, are you gonna jab that big green cock inside me, baby?" she teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Hulk horny!" Logan declared in a deep voice, trying to mimic the powerful superhero.

"Oh yeah?" she taunted, climbing onto the bed and hitching up her skirt to reveal her smooth, naked ass. "Then come give this damsel in distress some a nice, hard doggy-style fuck, Mr. Hulk."

She wiggled her meaty behind enticingly as Logan eagerly shed his underwear. His erection stood proudly, glistening with a string of precum running down the length of it. With a sense of urgency, he pounced on her from behind and mounted her haunches in one swift motion.

The primal sound of Logan's Hulk-like roar echoed through the room as he jabbed his monstrous cock deep inside Christy, causing her to let out a pleasurable squeal. His grip on her hips was aggressive and unyielding as he thrust into her with force, causing the flesh of her buttocks to ripple wildly upon each strike to his midsection.

This was their first time doing it doggy-style, and Logan felt like the king of the universe as he pounded into her pussy from behind, their bodies creating a symphony of smacking flesh that reverberated off the walls. The intensity of his erection could rival that of the Hulk

himself, as it pummeled through the delicate folds of Christy's pussy with relentless power. Every inch of her snug cunt was filled with his furious thrusts, the friction between them causing Christy's hot fuck-oil to seep from her sex glands and coat his meat with slippery wetness.

With a gasp, Christy snatched Logan's pillow and buried her face in it, muffling her screams of pleasure. She was always mindful of their surroundings, even with her husband outside.

Logan couldn't resist grinning beneath his mask as he felt her walls clench around him in a series of intense spasms. His cock pulsed inside her, merging with her wetness and heat as she climaxed. He gave her round ass a sharp smack, sending shivers of pleasure through her trembling body. The waves of orgasm radiated through her like electric pulses, intensifying the already overwhelming sensations.

"Oh, fuck!" Christy cried out, her body arching back against Logan's powerful thrusts. "That's it, good boy... fuck me, Hulk! Fill me up!"

She knew she was pushing it with their unusual role-play, but the excitement of doing something different and playful fueled her passion. She knew her husband would never accept such childish, role-play behavior, but she thought it was absolutely thrilling.

Logan's balls slapped against Christy's ass with every powerful stroke, his Hulk-like grunts filling the room as he drove himself harder and faster into her. He was well aware of the danger they were in with his dad around, but the rush of adrenaline only seemed to enhance their pleasure.

As Christy felt another orgasm begin to crest, she reached down and began to massage her engorged clit. The sensation of her own fingertips combined with Logan's monster erection was an explosion

of intense pleasure. She let out a wild cry, her body trembling as the orgasm took hold.

Logan felt the walls of Christy's cunt rush his cock, swelling and constricting around it in a powerful embrace. He groaned, his face twisting into a snarl beneath the Incredible Hulk mask.

"I'm gonna cum!" he growled, his hips thrusting harder and faster.

Christy let out a gasp as the first spurt of cum hit the back of her womb, causing her to convulse around his cock. She could feel his cum filling her insides, the warmth and thickness of it spreading through her, making her feel even more alive and charged.

Logan slammed into her as he unloaded his boy-semen into her core, his body trembling and shaking with the force of his orgasm.

As the last spasms of their climax subsided, Christy collapsed onto the bed, her face still buried in the pillow. She let out a contented sigh, feeling utterly satisfied as Logan's cock slowly softened inside her.

"Well, that was something," she muttered, still catching her breath.

Logan let out a chuckle, the sound muffled by the mask. "Hulk agree. We make good team, you and me."

Christy laughed, reaching back to give his ass a playful swat. "Hey, Hulk, can I have my son back? Let him know I wanna ride his cock," she said playfully.

Logan threw off the mask. "Hey, mom...did you miss me?"

"Ha-ha, very funny," she giggled. She shed her blouse and bra, releasing her heavy hooters, then fed her son a sensual kiss. "Now, get on your back and let mom show you HER superhero abilities, young man."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, sprawling onto his back.

The next day, Tina couldn't help but notice the radiant glow on Christy's face. "Wow, did you get some last night?" she asked with a wink. "Your freshly-fucked glow is almost blinding."

Christy's grin grew wider. "You could say I 'got some,' yeah."

Tina's eyes widened in excitement. "Do tell. Did that husband of yours finally find out he was competing with a dildo and step up his game?"

Christy's smile faltered slightly. "No, James is still the same old James," she said with a slight frown. "And my days of using dildos are definitely over."

Tina furrowed her brow in confusion. "Wait, how can both of those be true? Who else are you fucking?"

A mischievous glint appeared in Christy's eye. "Let's just say I traded in that dreamy dildo for the real thing, literally," she said with a sly grin.

Tina gasped in realization. "You're fucking Logan, aren't you?" she exclaimed, letting out a sigh of relief. "Oh my God, that is such great news, Christy! I thought I was the only one being depraved in this friendship."

"What do you mean?" Christy asked.

"I've been letting Quinn fuck me for a few days now," Tina confessed, blushing slightly. "I wanted to tell you, but I was afraid you would think I was a complete whore or something."

Christy reassured her with a giggle. "You're not a whore, Tina. Just because we're sharing our love with them doesn't make us whores."

We're simply exploring our sexuality and finding happiness in our relationships." She leaned in closer and whispered conspiratorially, "And let's be honest, who wouldn't want to share some fun with Logan and Quinn? They're quite the studs."

Tina grinned mischievously. "I won't argue with that. In fact, I have a naughty idea for the four of us if you're up for it," she stated with a wink.

The musky scent of sweat and sex filled Quinn's bedroom as his bedspreads squeaked rhythmically beneath the weight of four bodies. The air was thick with moans and gasps, forming a primal chorus that echoed off the walls. Quinn and Logan lay side by side on the queen-sized mattress, their bodies slick with sweat, while Tina and Christy straddled them, riding their erections with feverish abandon.

The men's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as they gazed up at the giant breasts bouncing above them. The soft mounds of flesh moved like huge rippling watermelons in perfect sync with Tina and Christy's vigorous fuck-thrusts, creating a hypnotic spectacle for the two teens below.

They'd been at it for nearly two orgasmic hours, both women at the point in their arousal where they were 'stacking' their climaxes quickly and with greater intensity.

Logan marveled at the way Christy moved her body, doing the hula-grind on his cock, soaking the bed beneath them with her ejaculations. Both he and Quinn had already cum once, which relaxed their sensitivity, allowing them to fuck longer and harder without cumming a second time.

Every little while the two women would slap their sweaty tits down against Logan and Quinn's chests and make out with them like

lovers, their tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths like snakes.

Meanwhile, Christy and Tina continued to work their hips, their glistening bubble butts bobbing up and down tirelessly as they continued to fuck with skill and fervor.

Moving from her lips, Logan worked his way down the canyon between Christy's massive tits, licking and sucking at her flesh. Quinn did the same to Tina and for a long while the two boys resting beneath the weight and softness of their boobs, gorging themselves on the succulent peaks of the women's jugs.

The moms writhed and moaned, caught in a seemingly never-ending cycle of orgasms that rolled through their bodies like waves crashing on the shore. Their symphony of ecstasy filled the room, their voices sweet and melodic, but also raw and primal. Quinn couldn't tear his gaze away from Christy, who trembled and cried out as she ground her pussy against his friend's cock with reckless abandon.

"Did you reach it?" Quinn eagerly asked, his own arousal growing as he watched.

"Yep," Logan grinned proudly. "Twenty-seven orgasms. I just broke her record."

The boys exchanged a proud high-five before returning to their frenzied fucking, each thrust bringing them closer to their own release.

Logan pulled Christy back down against him, their bodies molded together like two puzzle pieces. He wrapped his arms tightly around her, savoring the fatty softness of her breasts pressed against his chest. With a surge of lust and possessiveness, he began to thrust his hips up from the mattress with a ferocious intensity, driving his throbbing cock deep into her slick, quivering entrance. The rhythmic

smacking of their wet flesh filled the air, like a primal drumbeat that reverberated off the walls.

"Ah, shit!" Logan gasped as he felt himself reaching the edge. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

"Me too!" Quinn whimpered, matching his movements with equal fervor. The two friends climaxed simultaneously, their hot seed spurting between the pulsating folds of Tina's and Christy's cunts, mixing with their sweet juices.

As they all collapsed onto the bed, spent and panting, Christy leaned in close to her son's ear. "Twenty-eight," she whispered with a satisfied smile, giving his cock a loving squeeze with the walls of her sex-chamber.

The four of them lay there in a tangled mess of limbs and sheets, basking in the afterglow of their wild afternoon. Their bodies glistened with sweat and cum, evidence of their intense passion and pleasure.

THE END