



# Mom's HERO

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## Story



"Frankie, I have something VERY important I need to talk to you about?" Lori said.

"What is it, Mom? Is everything ok with dad?" Frankie asked, knowing his father was overseas in the military.

"Yes, your father's fine, but as you know he's gone for three months, so he's not here to perform his special duties."

"Well, I told dad I'd help take care of things while he's gone."

Lori got a big pretty smile, gazing at her boy with her lovely hazel eyes. "I know you did. That's why I'm coming to you with a VERY important task that needs accomplished here at home," she explained.

"Sure, how can I help?"

The pretty mother took a deep brave breath. "Well, how would you like to make a little brother or sister with me?" she asked nervously.

"A little brother or sister?"

"Yes, I've been wanting another baby in my belly for awhile now, but your father always seems so busy with his career," the mother explained. "So, I was thinking that you might be interested in helping me out."

"By helping you get pregnant?" Frankie asked, his heart racing a mile a minute. For the longest time, he'd had fantasied of doing that very thing. All his friends had pretty moms, but his own mother took the cake. She

had long silky-brown hair, amazing motherly legs and the biggest squishiest-looking boobs of any woman in town.

"I'm ovulating, starting tomorrow," Lori said with a raised eyebrow.

"Ovulating?"

"It's a woman's special time, when her body produces an egg that attaches itself to her uterus," she said, "but you don't need to concern yourself with all the technicalities. Let me worry about that. Your task is very simple, and one that I think you'll like a lot. Pump as much sperm into my vagina with your penis as you can the next five days. That's it!"

"Five days?" Frankie asked, so excited that he felt faint. At first, he was thinking this was just gonna be a

one time thing.

"Yes. We have a five day window to inseminate me. If we're not successful, we have to wait another month before we can try again."

"Geez, that long?"

"Yes," she whispered, then thrust her chest, making her huge round boobies balloon outward, stretching her thin top. "Can you be my hero, Frankie? Can you make this happen for me?" she asked, giving him a sexy pleading look that made her boy's dick flex with stiffness.

"I'll do whatever I can," he muttered.

"Oh, honey, thank you!" the mother exclaimed, near tears she was so grateful and excited. She lunged forward and hugged her teen, pancaking her large fatty melons against his young chest.

"Does, um... dad know we're doing this?" Frankie asked.

Lori broke their embrace, a tinge of guilt spread across her face. "That's actually the other thing I wanted to mention. Him and I had sex the night before he left, so if I do get pregnant, I can just tell him it must have happened that night," she explained.

"Yeah, I don't suppose dad would be too happy if he thought I put a baby in you."

"Probably not," Lori giggled, her face a tad blushed at the fact that she was so eagerly planning to cheat on her husband. "I guess it'll just have to be OUR special secret."

"If we're successful that is," Frankie said.

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Of course we'll be successful, as long as we stick to the goal, and make creating a baby our whole focus for the next five days," Lori said, then quickly took her son's hand. "That reminds me... I have an idea."

The busty beauty anxiously led her son down the hallway, to her and her husband's bedroom. They stopped just inside the door. "So I was thinking," Lori said. "We should probably take my mattress off the bedframe and put it on the floor."

"Why?"

"Well, honey, five days worth of vigorous sexual intercourse will definitely take its toll on my bedframe," she explained. "We don't wanna have to explain to your father why the bed is in shambles, and there's holes in the wall from the headboard pounding against it so hard."

"True," Frankie said, still in disbelief that his own mom was making reference to them fucking each

other's asses off.

"The other thing I was thinking was that you should move some of your stuff down here and share my bedroom with me," she suggested, with a big smile.

"You mean sleep in here at night?"

"Well, honey, during the baby making process you don't get much sleep, but I certainly think if we're going to be copulating like a couple, we should definitely be sharing a room like one."

"What does copulating mean?" Frankie stupidly asked.

Lori giggled and placed both her hands on his shoulder, gazing at him lovingly. "Copulation means having hot, nasty, baby making sex together," she teased, giving him a cute wink.

"Oh, yeah, guess I should have known that."

"Like I said, I don't expect you to know all the technical terms, and special techniques. I'll coach you through all that stuff as we go. Your job is just to keep that thing hard as much as you can," Lori said, glancing down at his bulging crotch. "Then help me transfer those little swimmers from your balls to my cervix."

Frankie nodded confidently. "Got it!"

"Good," his mom said, showing her perfect gleaming white teeth as she smiled. Her eyes were so dreamy and radiant, Frankie could hardly think straight when she looked at him.

"So if I'm gonna be staying in here, which side of the bed is mine?" the boy asked. "You won't need a 'side,' you goof!"

"I won't?"

"No, we're making a baby. There are no sides, honey. You'll be on top of me, or I'll be on top of you...pretty much constantly," Lori said with a quirky smile.

"Well, that's not necessarily true."

"And why's that?" Lori asked in a questioning tone.

"Well, I could be BEHIND you," he joked, making his mom burst out laughing.

"You have a point. We'll be doing plenty of doggy, so that's true."

Frankie let out a little gasp in reaction to her words. Having his mom's thick peach-shaped ass beat against his midsection, while they fucked doggy-style, had been a fantasy of his for a long time.

"So, when do we start all this baby making stuff?" the boy asked, so anxious it was killing him.

"Tomorrow morning," she answered. "Tonight we'll focus on getting our bedroom all set up. Since it'll be our first time sharing a bed together, we should probably engage in some sort of little ice breaker tonight."

"Ice breaker?"

"Yeah, tomorrow we're gonna be naked together, honey, and as close and intimate as two people can get," Lori explained, gazing lovingly into her boy's eyes. "So maybe tonight we'll prepare ourselves for that. We'll go to bed a little early, and just let ourselves become acquainted in a way we never have before."

"Dang," the boy gasped, his heart racing. "Is it bedtime yet?"

His mom laughed. "Oh, looking forward to getting acquainted are we?" she asked cutely. "Sure," the boy said with an anxious smile.

"You're just excited to see what mom wears to bed," Lori joked.

"That too."

She fed him a sultry look. "What if I decide to wear nothing?" she asked.

"That would be fine."

"Yeah? You'd be OK with Mom crawling into bed in nothing but tits and ass?" she teasingly asked. Frankie felt his cock flex stiffly in his pants. "I would definitely be OK with it," he answered. "Well I certainly hope so, mister, because after tonight you'll be seeing me more naked than dressed." "Obviously, right?"

"Not only are you gonna be seeing your mother naked, you're gonna be seeing her in the raw, you know that, right?" Lori asked, raising an eyebrow as she stared through her curtain of dark silky hair.

"What do you mean in the raw?"

"Well, all these years you've seen me in my mom roll, and now you're gonna see a whole other side of

me. A side of mom that sons don't usually get to see. My sexual side," she said with a mischievous little smile.

"I suppose so, but there's no getting around that, right?"

"Nope. I just hope I don't shock you too much."

"Why would you shock me?" Frankie asked.

She looked straight into his eyes with a serious expression. "I can get pretty wild in the sack. Sex is something I've always taken very serious, Frankie... and I consider myself EXTREMELY good at it," Lori said.

"Well um... OK then," the boy muttered, so anxious he could hardly speak. He knew that this wasn't gonna be like having sex with the girls at school. His mom was a bona-fide milf, and it may just be the best piece of pussy he'd ever get.

"Now, let's get this bed on the floor, shall we," Lori said.

Frankie helped his mom dismantle his parent's bed, leaning all the parts in the corner, while the big king sized mattress was placed flat on the floor.

"There! Now we can't break anything. Unless you pound me through the floor," the mother joked, hugging her son from behind.

"I doubt that'll happen."

"Oh, you never know. If we get going hard enough, anything's possible," the mother said with a giggle, clinging onto him with her soft motherly curves.

"Yeah, never mind the bed, try explaining a big hole in the floor to dad."

"Oh God, that would be a tough one to talk our way out of" Lori said. "I suppose we could be honest. Sorry honey, Frankie and I were making a baby together and we started going at it a little too rough."

Frankie giggled. "Yeah, I doubt he'd find that amusing at all," he said, loving the feel of his mom's mammoth tits pressed against his back.

"Ha, right. Divorce for me, and a grounding for you... for life."

"Probably true."

"That's ok, if he kicks me out you can come live with me and we'll make more babies," the mother giggled.

"Should I go get my stuff?" Frankie asked, anxious to get moved in.

"Not yet," his mom whispered playfully into his ear. "I wanna do something first. Turn around."

Frankie turned, facing his sexy mother. "What?" he asked curiously.

"Let's take something off," she said with a wicked smile.

"Like what?"

She looked at his chest flirtingly. "How 'bout our shirts."

"Our shirts?"

"That's right," his mom answered, grabbing the hem of his shirt and peeling it over his head and off, exposing his lean well-fit chest.

"That didn't take much effort," Frankie said, acknowledging that she was the one who took his shirt off for him.

"No, but now you can take mine off of me if you want."

Frankie wasted no time peeling off his mom's snug blouse, revealing her huge bra-clad breasts. "The bra too?" he asked.

"Nice try, mister. I said shirts, not bras," Lori teased. "If you wanna see big naked tits, you have to wait until tomorrow."

"Damn," the boy said in a disappointed tone. Gazing at his mom's naked knockers was a huge fantasy of his.

Lori put on a cute pouty face. "Oh, you have to settle for seeing mom in a semi-sheer bra, poor baby," she teased.

"Semi-sheer?" Frankie asked, taking a step back so he could get a good look at her upper half. Sure enough, his mom's big pale-yellow bra was made of semi-transparent mesh. Lori's enormous mommy melons bulged out from her chest, putting immense strain on the four hooks of her back-strap. Her puffy nipples and huge round areolas looked like big dark-pink demon eyes staring back at him.

"Whoa!" the boy muttered, taking in their immense size. Lori's motherly papilla looked thick and rubbery, with areola that were dotted with Montgomery glans. The amount of creamy cleavage that bulged out the top of the cups was mind-boggling.

"Don't worry, honey. You'll be getting better acquainted with them tomorrow," the mother giggled, making her tit-meat jiggle like jello. She stepped up to her boy, throwing her arms over his shoulders.

"They would like to be pressed against your chest right now though," she said with a flirty look.

Frankie sighed as his mom moved in for a tit-smothering embrace. Through the thin mesh, her boobs felt almost as magical as if they were bare. Her thick engorged teats prodded the bare flesh of his chest. Lori was slightly shorter than her son, so when they hugged his aching erection pressed her lower belly, right where she hoped there would soon be a big round baby ball.

"Feels like someone's ready to start planting seeds," she teased.

"Sorry, a little excited I guess."

"Just A LITTLE excited?!"

"Okay, a lot excited."

His mom giggled. "I can tell, and don't apologize. If it didn't get hard like that I'd never get my baby," she said.

"That's true."

"Don't worry, honey, tomorrow I'll have a place he'll feel right at home," Lori said, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "Somewhere warm."

Frankie was so damn excited he could hardly speak, so he just nodded.

"And I should probably warn you, I'm kind of a gusher," she said, her face a little red with embarrassment.

"A gusher?"

"Yes, well, when some women get excited, they shoot hot liquid out of a part of their genitals called the urethra."

"Oh, you mean they squirt kind of like guys do?"

"Sort of. It's brought on by intense pleasure, I just don't want you to be shocked if I soak you, ok?" "Ok."

She nuzzled up against him. "I kind of feel like I'm young again, kinda like deja vu." "How so?"

"Well, when your dad and I were young, we got married and began sharing a bedroom, just like you and I are now. Then, we immediately started trying to make a baby, just like you and I are gonna start doing tomorrow," Lori explained. "It's ind of the same, but not really."

"Why not really, because we're not married?"

"Yes, that, and I just think with you and I things are gonna be a lot different."

"How so?"

She gazed into his eyes and smiled salaciously. "Honestly, I think the baby making process will be way more fun with you than it was with your father."

"It wasn't that fun with dad?"

"Oh it was fun with him, but with you I think it's gonna be incredible," she said, gazing dreamily into his eyes.

Frankie brought a few things down to their bedroom, but since sexual intercourse was the only thing on the agenda for the next several days, he didn't need much.

After dinner, he helped his mom clean up. He loved that she hadn't put her blouse back on, giving him a chance to watch her oversized breasts bobble around beneath her bra. They retreated to the bedroom, to become "acquainted" in a whole new way, as Lori had suggested.

"Why don't you strip down to your briefs, honey, and get into bed. I'll be out in a few minutes," the mother said with an anxious little smile as she stepped towards bathroom.

Lori wore a pair of snug cotton shorts, and Frankie watched her meaty buttocks undulate atop her smooth motherly legs as she sashayed towards the bathroom .

Then, the boy did just as his mom suggested, removing his pants, hopping into bed and waiting in restless anticipation for her to emerge.

"Ready for your new roommate to join you," the mother said as she stepped from the bathroom wearing a white sheer baby doll chemise made of delicate floral lace.

Frankie was speechless, as once again he was greeted by the huge puffy caps of her tits that he could clearly see right through the gauzy fabric. "That's really sexy," he finally muttered, letting his eyes wander down to the matching panties covering her crotch. It was just a tiny patch of triangular-shaped fabric covering her vulva, with thin straps crossing her hips. The panties also were transparent enough for him to tell that his mother was completely shaved down there.

"Here you go!" Lori said with a wink. "You're getting to see what mom wears when she goes to bed." "I like it."

The heavy-titted mother crawled onto the mattress and slipped under the blankets with her boy. She reached over and clicked off the bedside light,

shrouded them in darkness.

Frankie's body shuddered as he felt his mom's squishy boobs press against the side of his chest. She intertwined their legs and held him close, with her head resting on his chest in the sweetheart cradle. "Are you nervous about tomorrow?" she softly asked.

"Maybe just a little," he admitted.

"Don't be. You're gonna do amazing."

"You think so?"

She rubbed his chest tenderly. "I know so."

After a short silence, the mother spoke again. "Have you had sexual intercourse with a girl before, honey?"

"Yeah, a couple girls."

"Your own age?"

"Well, one was a little older, but only by a couple years," he admitted.

"We're they on birth control?"

"Yes, at least that's what they told me."

"Good. I want my own baby. I don't need to be Grandmothering someone else's," Lori said. "When we start to copulate tomorrow, you're gonna notice some differences with someone my age right off the bat."

"Like what?"

"As a woman gets older, her body goes through some wonderful changes. Her boobs get bigger and softer, and the muscle fibers in her body, including the ones inside her vagina, get strong, making it extremely pleasurable for a man."

"I've heard some guys say it's better with a younger girl, since their vaginas are tighter," Frankie said.

“Yes, but they’re only tighter because of inexperience. A lot of moms, including myself, work very hard at keeping their love tunnel’s strong and tight for a man,” Lori explained.

“That's cool.”

“Plus, you're gonna feel a different type of texture in there that's gonna feel amazing around your glans.”

“What do you mean texture?” Frankie asked curiously, his heart racing from just listening to his mom explain it.

“As a woman gets older, the lining of the vagina thickens. The ribbed walls become more pronounced, and the muscles in her pelvic floor get strong, so she can push babies out. All these things provide intense friction on a man's hard penis during intercourse,” she explained.

Frankie gasped softly. His dick was so hard it almost hurt. “That doesn't sound bad at all,” he whispered.

“Well, those are just the physical changes a woman goes through. The other thing that sets us moms apart is our skill-set.”

“You mean like... how good you are at it?”

“Yeah, with a healthy sex life, by the time you reach my age, a woman has had sex several thousand times. With that much practice she's gotten very, very good at it,” Lori said with a cute giggle.

“I suppose your right.”

“That's a good thing too,” she said, giving him a little kiss on the chest.

“That means I’ll be able to use my special skills to milk a lot of sperm out of you this week.”

Lori could feel her boy's heart racing. She lifted her head from his chest.

“Sorry, maybe ‘milking’ wasn't the best term to use. I don't want you to feel like a cow that's getting squeezed off every five minutes,” she giggled.

“What I meant to say was, using my sexual mom skills, I think I'll be able to

get you off quite frequently, and help you produce some very powerful ejaculations inside me.”

Frankie was so horny he was about to go out of his mind. “Mom, can I just run to the bathroom really quick?” his shaky voice asked.

“Well, that depends. Are you going to the bathroom to pee, or are you going to the bathroom because all this sex talk has gotten you so excited you need to squeeze one off?”

“Sorry, I just um...can't really help it.”

“Honey, I know you're horny, but I really need you to hold off until tomorrow. It would be amazing if that first ejaculation you pumped into me had millions of strong swimmers,” Lori said.

“I can try.”

“Oh, Frankie, it'll be worth the wait, I promise,” the mother cooed, hugging him tight and mashing her fatty boobies against him. “You'll probably cum so hard the first time it'll feel a huge volcano of baby makers going off inside me,” she said with a cute giggle.

“You're probably right,” the boy sighed, his body trembling with desire. “I'll hold off.”

“Here,” the mother said, taking position beside him. “Roll over onto your side and let's spoon. You can push your erection against my buttocks. That might ease the pressure some,” she suggested.

Frankie doubted it would ease any pressure, but he wasn't about to turn down the offer. He got on his side behind his mom and snuggled up against her lush body.

Lori's chemise was bunched up around her waist, allowing her teen to push his brief-covered bulge against her thonged ass. He felt his rigid tube sink down between her thick mommy-buns, with only the tiny string of her thong separating his bulge from the crinkled ring of her asshole.

“There, is that better?” she asked.

“Kind of,” the boy answered.

“I know it's hard not to think about all the hot intercourse we're gonna be having, Frankie, but it's important that not a drop of that sperm come out, unless your hardon is fully sheathed in my vagina,” Lori said.

“Why can't it be tomorrow already,” the boy sighed, pushing his blood-engorged member deep into his mom's butt-crevice.

Lori giggled, mashing her ass back against him. “The anticipation will make it all the more exciting when the time finally arrives,” she said. “Then when it does, we'll float away, honey. We'll float away completely naked together, on a cloud of baby making pleasure,” she mewled.

“God, mom, this is killing me,” Frankie said, more aroused than he ever had been in his life. He began to gently rock his pelvis in a steady dry hump between her warm smothering butt cheeks.

“Oh, honey, are you sure that's a good idea?” his mom asked. “Can you engage in a dry hump without ejaculating out your piss-slit?”

“Just a few minutes and I'll stop.”

“Ok, I can feel a wet spot smearing against me, but I'm not worried. It's just your pre-ejaculate. It's not the same as the powerful type of seed that'll pierce my ovum,” she said, with heavy aroused breath.

“No?”

“Nope. The real baby-juice comes out when you orgasm, and that won't be until tomorrow, when we're humping away like newlyweds.”

“So, we can wake up at midnight and get started? Technically that's tomorrow,” the boy pointed out.

His mother giggled at his eagerness. “Patience, honey. Trust me, once we get going, you'll be begging me for a break in the action,” she said.

“I doubt that.”

“I'm gonna hold you to that, mister.”

“Fine by me. I won't need, or want any breaks,” Frankie said confidently, steady dry humping against her ass.

His mom suddenly twisted around so she was facing him. “Oh my God, Frankie! You're impressing me so much and we haven't even started copulating yet,” she said, then slid on to his chest and began showering him with kisses.

Frankie squirmed hornily beneath his mother, delighted by the feel of her floral laced covered tit-melons crushed against his chest. He could feel the fatty meat of her knockers squeeze and slosh against him, while her lips planted wet kisses all over his face.

“I love that you're more than equipped for the job,” she said between kisses, pressing her pubic mound against his hard muscle. “And that you're gonna get me pregnant in the best possible way.”

“Muah, muah, muah...muah!” the mother kissed, while pushing her panty-covered pubis against his long twitching boner. “When my belly's big and round, we'll both know that it was YOU who made me that way, Frankie. A baby made with your sperm and my ovum. OUR baby really,” Lori cooed.

“That's true,” Frankie sighed, still in shock that he was laying under his mother this way, let alone fucking her brains out tomorrow.

“I know you have what it takes to be my hero, honey. To load mom up with so much hot sperm that my egg won't stand a chance against it,” she said.

“I will make you pregnant, mom. I promise.”

“I don't doubt that even for a second, handsome. These next several days will be a nonstop whirlwind of baby making fun, and I know your mom will be pregnant and giddy when we're all through,” she said.

Sleep didn't come easy for either of them. They both eagerly longed for that magical moment of penetration, when Frankie's broad fat bell-tip stretched Lori's labial flesh aside and sunk into the lovely hot-juiced grip of her mature fuck-tube.

Then, their joined genitals would do the mating dance, repeatedly washing the mother's womb with millions of baby making tadpoles that would begin the search for her prized pearl.

“Frankie and I are making a baby today,” Lori said excitedly, winking over at her boy as she spoke to her mother over speakerphone.

“Oh, honey, that’s wonderful. I think the two of you will create a beautiful baby together.”

“I think so to,” the mother said, giving her son a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth. “I know that boys Frankie's age have short refractory periods, so we'll be able to have back-to-back sessions of sexual intercourse ALL DAY.”

Frankie gulped excitedly. The idea of fucking his heavy-titted mom was thrilling enough, but now to know he'd be screwing her repeatedly in the coming days was an absolute thrill.

“Well, just make sure you two do the doggy-position a lot,” Frankie’s grandma Kim said. “I swear by that position when it comes to making babies.”

“We did talk about that one, didn't we, pumpkin?” Lori asked her son.

Frankie smiled and nodded anxiously.

“There's actually about a dozen positions I'd like to try, that I’ve heard can be affective when it comes to sperm transferal,” Lori told her mother. “My friend Jessa was telling me about this new position called the ‘butter churner’ that's suppose to be highly affective with baby making.”

“Oh, try the lotus also,” Kim suggested. “Great position for conception.”

Lori smiled over at her teen. “We just have SO much to do, don't we, pumpkin?” she asked, making her giant unfettered boobies wobble heavily

beneath her robe. Frankie could see her thick rubbery nipples protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

"We sure do," he answered.

"Frankie?" his Grandma called.

"Yeah?"

"I know you'll be the man your mother needs you to be in your father's absence," Kim said. "Make me proud and pump a beautiful Grandbaby inside my daughter."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

After his mom hung up the phone, Frankie looked at her like the wait was killing him. "Are we gonna be getting started soon?" he asked.

Lori gazed down at the obvious erection beneath his shorts. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry. You didn't masturbate last night, so your boner must be aching this morning," she said sympathetically.

"Yeah, a little bit," he answered, even though it was actually "aching" a lot.

"I wanna make you a hearty breakfast before we begin copulating," Lori said, stepping over to the refrigerator. "You'll need incredible endurance for all the vigorous intercourse we'll be having today. How about some eggs?" the mother asked, bending over and retrieving them from the bottom shelf.

Frankie's eyes widened as he watched the hem of her robe creep up over her naked mommy-buns. His mom's thick unblemished half-moons pointed towards him, with her cute crinkled butthole peeking out of the crack between them. His eyes drifted down her butt-crevice, along her perineum, to the puffy outer folds of her vulvar lips. Protruding out of her cuntal cleavage were the pink flanges of her inner labium. The boy reached down and squeezed the leaking knob of his bulge, knowing that soon he'd be smashing his aching prick through that pussy clamshell, and feeling all that slippery pink tissue inside slip along his sensitive boy-glans.

“Are you ok, Frankie,” his mom asked.

The boy's eyes traveled up to see her staring back at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. “OH, yeah...um, I'm fine,” he answered, releasing his cock.

Her eyes darted down to his protruding organ, watching it throb to his excited heartbeat. “It won't be long now, pumpkin,” she assured him. “It won't be long and you'll be riding into vagina-ville.”

Frankie watched his mom cook him breakfast, fascinated by the way her huge unfettered boobs moved beneath her robe. Since he'd hit puberty he'd been obsessed with her king-sized melons, stealing her big bras several times and rubbing his tender dick through the embroidered cups while he masturbated. He knew from looking at the tags that she wore a 36H cup bra. He doubted that any other boy at school could brag about having a mom with a rack that huge.

Lori moved gracefully through the kitchen on dainty bare feet with freshly painted toenails, smiling over at her ogling teen several times. “*He's so infatuated with mommy,*” she thought, then let her eyes quickly travel his frame while biting her bottom lip. “*And mommy's infatuated with him. I can't believe I'm making a baby today with such a handsome teenager.*”

Frankie reminded her so much of her husband when he was younger. They had fallen in love just after high school and gotten married a year later. Her libido had grown over the years, craving her husband's dick inside her as often as she could get it. However, like most husbands, Henry had gotten busy at work and with other interests, and sex didn't seem to matter as much to him. Only recently, the mother had begun wanting another child, and her and Henry made plans to start trying during her next ovulation period. Then he got a three month assignment overseas unexpectedly, leaving her to rely on her handsome boy to plant a seed in her womb that would blossom into a child.

“Here you go, pumpkin,” the mother lovingly said, setting a plate of food in front of him.

Frankie watched her sit down at the table near him, which made the melonous swell of her tits jostle from their immense weight. “You're a

boobie-boy, aren't you, Frankie?" the mother teased.

"A boobie-boy?" he asked.

"Yes, a boy that's fascinated with big boobies," she explained. "I don't think you've taken your eyes off mine all morning."

"Sorry," the boy said timidly, looking down at his breakfast.

"I didn't say it was a bad thing. A mom with big breasts is sure to capture a boy's attention, especially when she walks around the house without a bra on."

"Yours are just REALLY big," the boy confessed, seeing that the neck of her robe had crept open, providing a view of her enormous creamy cleavage.

"You think they're big now...wait until I get pregnant. They'll be so big and milk-swollen that I might have a hard time standing up straight," she said with a cute giggle.

"Wow, that's gonna be pretty cool to see."

She brushed her long dirty blonde hair off her face and smiled at her boy.

"Well...they are yours you know?" she said.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours. A mom's boobies are for her babies...to suck and squeeze. You did used to nurse on my nipples when you were little you know?"

"I thought a kid was suppose to grow out of that though?" Frankie asked.

"Nonsense. You'll always be my baby, so these will always be here for you," the mother said, rocking her shoulders and making her knockers wobble back and forth.

"Not to drink from though, right?"

"Well, if they're producing milk, like they soon will be, you can," she answered. "But boys your age like to do other things with them."

"Like what?"

“Like...sucking and chewing on the nipples, smothering their faces under the flesh, and rubbing their dickies down into the cleavage,” she explained in a sensual tone, running her fingers along her expose tit-crevice teasingly.

“Those things sound wonderful,” Frankie said with excited breath.

“Would you like to start our first round of copulation by spending some time giving mommy's titties some attention?” she asked with a naughty grin.

“Would I ever!” the boy answered, his heart racing.

“Then finish your breakfast, baby boy,” she said, standing up. “Mommy's gonna go get ready. Come down to our bedroom when you're done.”

Frankie took a quick bite, watching his hot mom step across the kitchen. The rounded swell of her buttocks undulated from side to side, almost as if its movement was meant to draw his attention. She peeked back at her teen before exiting the room with lust-filled eyes and their mutual gaze lingered for a moment, like an anxious couple preparing to fuck their asses off.

Frankie's arousal level was through the roof as he quickly finished his plate of food. His dick was so hard it almost hurt.

After quickly washing his dishes, he rushed down to the bedroom he was temporarily sharing with his busty mom and knocked on the door.

“Come in, pumpkin,” his mom's sultry voice said from the other side.

Frankie opened the door and gasped in wide-eyed wonder as he saw his mom standing there at the foot of the mattress waiting for him, completely naked. She was in a striking pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward and bent at the knee, so it rested on the squatted painted toes of her dainty bare foot. Her hands were on her hips, making her giant tits balloon outward. The teen took a nervous gulp, staring at the grapefruit-sized rings of dark-pink areola. They were thick and textured along their surface with dozens of Montgomery glands. Thick protuberant nipples protruded from their centers, making the boy lick his lips with desire.

The mother had clearly fluffed her hair some, put on a dab of lipstick and a squirt of sweet perfume. Her bee stung lips curled into a naughty smile. "What do you think, Frankie," she asked.

His eyes drifted down her sexy torso, admiring how her motherly hips flared out. Positioned atop her lovely smooth legs was the crown jewel of her womanhood. Lori's V-shaped crotch was completely shaved, with the split of her pudendal cleft running down the center. The boy's heart was racing so fast he thought it might beat right out of his chest. "You're beautiful," he finally answered.

"Do you think my vulva looks good with no hair?" she asked, grazing her nails across it. "Incredible," he responded.

"What about my tits...big enough for you?" the mother asked with a knowing smile, pressing them between her biceps and making them bulge out even further.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, reaching down and squeezing his boner-tip through his shorts.

Lori watched him and made a cute sad face. "Oh, poor dickie. He wants to get to work, doesn't he?" she cooed.

"Yes," the boy sighed.

"He wants to be buried to his root in hot pussy, so he can squirt those baby makers into me." "Uh-huh," the boy muttered.

"Well that's not gonna happen...unless my handsome boy gets naked first."

Frankie quickly shed his shirt, then shucked his shorts and briefs off at the same time. An impressive nine-inch erection sprung free and pointed across at Lori as if stiffly saluting her. Pre-cum dripped from the slit of its fat angry knob and oozed towards the floor.

The mother smiled with lustful desire, staring at the blood-engorged column of flesh. "I'd say you have your father beat by about three inches," she said. "That looks like the perfect baby making dick, honey."

“Thanks,” the boy blushed.

The previous day, Lori and her son had placed her big marital mattress on the floor, to prevent her husband from finding potential damage the mother and son would do to the bedframe while fucking.

The mother turned and crawled onto the mattress pointing her thick naked ass back at her boy. “Come follow me into bed, pumpkin,” she said.

Frankie didn’t need to be told twice. He joined his mom on the bed. Still on her knees, Lori rested her ass back on her heels and patted the mattress in front of her. “Come lay on your back, Frankie.”

The teen crawled over and sprawled out on his back beside his beautiful mother. She leaned over, resting her hands astride his body so her boobs hung down like big fat udders, just above his chest. “Now, you just relax and stroke your boner, while mommy rubs her boobs against you,” she said, “but NO cumming, ok?”

“Alright,” he answered, staring up into her gaping mile-long cleavage.

Lori only had to lower herself slightly to allow her big spongy tits to drag along his lean bare chest.

Frankie was over the moon, stroking his cock up and down while watching her hanging mams softly brush all over his chest. His chin parted the twin melons and his face sunk into the soft canyon of her cleavage.

“*HOLY HELL!*” the boy’s excited mind screamed as he found himself in a thick pocket of breast-meat. He turned his head slightly and kissed the warm dough-like flesh of his mother’s tit, while his mom lowered her chest even more, squashing her mounds against her son’s shoulders, causing their rounded fatty contours to bulge together around Frankie’s wonder-stricken face. “Ohh, you like that, don’t you, baby?” his mom asked.

“Mm-hmff,” the boy’s muffled mouth answered.

Lori ran her long thick tongue across her top lip lustfully, while looking down and watching him stroke his hard peter. “Can mommy help you

squeeze on it?" she asked.

She felt his tit-plastered face nod, so she reached down and circled her hand around the thick base. "Oh, Frankie...it's so incredibly hard," she said in genuine adoration. She watched the huge purple knob squeeze through his fist, shimmering with slippery pre-ejaculate. His dick-meat felt hot in her hand, "*I can get my hand around his father's easily, but this thing...my hand barely goes half-way around it,*" she thought, with horny butterflies flickering through her tummy.

"Goodness, honey...I've never squeezed a cock-base this thick before. You might just split your mother in two with this thing," she said with anxious thrill in her voice.

Frankie was busy moaning and kissing all the squishy boobie-meat plastered against his face. He felt his mom's breast move slightly so her big rubbery nipple drug up his cheek, until he was able to capture it in his mouth.

The mother's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she felt her teat and most of her areolar ring sucked inside her boy's greedy mouth. Her hand now followed her son's, slowly pumping up and down the stalk of his erection.

"Hhmmff!" the boy whimpered, digging his tongue against her engorged mamilla. Her thick fleshy nub throbbed as it stretched out from the rest of her rubbery tit-cap, tugged deep into her son's suctioned mouth.

Frankie remembered what she said about how her tits were made for him to suck and chew on. While he always dreamed of sucking, he never imagined that a boy could chew on a woman's tits as well. He clamped his teeth around the teat, pulling it even harder.

"Ohhh!" he heard his mom gasped, making her fatty flesh ripple across his face. He assumed she did this because she liked it, so he continued gnawing on her nipple.

Unable to breathe through his tit-smothered nose, the teen gasped for air through his mouth, then went back to sucking and nibbling. "*Damn! There's no other place I'd rather be in the world,*" he thought. All the times

he lustfully watched his mom's tits jiggle beneath her clothing. All the times he'd stare at her exposed cleavage in wide-eyed wonder, and now here he was...right at the core of what he always wanted. His face sunk deep into the fatty meat of her wonderful breasts, gorging himself on the fleshy parts he never got to see until now.

Lori felt his hips thrust up and his boner flex in her hand. She watched his purple knob expand out even more, mushrooming with more blood, causing more pre-ejaculate to seep from his piss-hole and run down across his glans.

“Ohh, honey,” she mewled, watching the stream of pre-spunk ooze over his fingers, then hers, covering the diamonds in her wedding ring with pearlescent gooey ball-juice.

“Frankie, I think we should start copulating now, honey. Your pre-cum is starting to get thicker and milkier, which means it has sperm in it,” Lori explained.

As much as Frankie was enjoying himself, he couldn't wait to climb between her thighs and feel his mom from the inside. Lori's nipple popped from his mouth, wet and distended. Her boobies bobbed back and forth as she lowered on her back between the boys parted legs. He watched in aroused fascination as her knees drew back and her smooth thighs spread wide open...a position a mother only takes if she's fucking or giving birth.

“Whoa!” he muttered, watching the meat of her labium splay open like a blooming flesh-colored rose. The thick tumescent glans of her clitoris stuck out from it's fleshy prepuce and the teen could smell the sweet cuntal aroma rising from her juicy coral slit.

Lori reached out for her boy. “It's time, honey,” she said, pulling him up and guiding him down into her warm sexual saddle.

The teen felt completely overwhelmed, like a kid who just started driving, climbing into a lush luxury automobile. He marveled at how wide his mom's thighs were spread open. How absolutely beautiful she looked gazing down at him over her huge round naked tits. He was seeing her in a

whole exciting new way, and was about to bury his hard penile flesh in a mother's most secret place.

He dropped down on top of her, mashing her tits between them, and heard her hiss with delight, bringing her luscious legs up around him, high on his back, while reaching down between them to guide his cock in.

“Ahhh!” he sighed, feeling his knob drag through her swollen flanges then down into the mouth of her cuntal vestibule. His bulbous tip squeezed through the remnants of her hymen and was suddenly shrouded in slippery heat as it sunk inside her fuck hole.

“Give me a baby, honey!” the mother cried out, reaching around and clutching his young ass with her long, painted nails, pulling him deeper inside her love-socket. Using her strong silky legs, the mother lifted her lovely ass from the mattress, screwing her tight vagina up around her boy's entire dong, mashing her cock-stretched vulvar lips against his pubic base and holding it there. “Ahhhh!!” her pretty voice sang out in pleasure.

“Hot damn!” her son whimpered, bucking between the cradle of her thighs.

Despite his thrusting movements, his mom kept his pecker lodged in full penetration as their coiled bodies began to wrestle in a violent grind.

“Shit!” the teen gasped, feeling his swollen knob pressed against her cervix as his huge-titted mom writhed beneath him. He felt like his entire body was wrapped in soft warm mommy-flesh as she dug her painted nails against his ass while rocking them on the bed frantically.

She finally scraped her fingers from his ass up his back, pumping her hot pussy up and down. “Fuck meee!” she cried out.

Frankie put his hips in motion, pounding his engorged fucker through his mom's cuntal grip. “Ooaaahhh!!” his young voice quivered, feeling the strong vaginal muscles compress her juicy ribbed walls around his pink dick.

“Yesss!” his mom cried out, and he felt her snug sheath pulsate around his plunging dick, adding more compression around his sensitive glans. He felt

his prostate swell, and his entire prick tingle in pre orgasmic delight.

“Oh God, I can't hold it, mom!” he whimpered, feeling the raging torrent speed up his urethral canal.

“Thrust deep, honey! Splash my cervix with your cum!” his mom panted, meeting his frantic humps with one's of her own, making their wet crotches beat together.

“Aauuughh!!” the boy groaned, hosing out the first big rope of jizz just where his mom told him to. He grunted again, pissing out more and more cum-paste.

For several minutes the mother used her well-practiced coital walls to milk out every drop of sperm her son's balls could give her.

“Oh, Frankie, that was wonderful, honey,” she finally said, stroking the back of his hair as he rested against her.

“Sorry I couldn't go longer,” he muttered. “It just felt amazing.”

“Oh honey, when you're making a baby, it's not about how long you last. It's about being able to recover quickly, that way you can go at it again and pump more semen inside a girl,” his mom explained.

“I think once I catch my breath, I'll be able to go again.”

Her cuntal muscles tightened around him. “That's my boy. That's what mommy wants to hear.”

She rolled them over so she was now laying directly on top of him, gazing down into his eyes. “Do you wanna bump our bellies in a different position this time?” she asked.

“You mean with you on top of me?”

“Sure...you just lay back and let mommy do all the work this time,” she said, giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

Frankie gasped in wonder as his mom lifted upright, so she was straddling his loins like a cowgirl. This allowed him a view of the huge rounded

undersides of his mom's boobs as they stuck from her chest like two big ripe watermelons.

Lori peeked down over her mammaries. "Ready, my boobie-baby?" she asked.

"Yes!"

She used her legs that were curled astride him to pump her hot pussy up and down the steely hardness of his prick, quickly falling into a crotch-smacking rhythm.

Watching his glistening cock sink in and out of his mom's fuck hole was a surreal sight. He could see where the inner folds of her vulva formed the hood of her fleshy prepuce, and the blood-filled clitoris protruded out like a plump grape. Her vaginal introitus gripped his muscled meat, secreting mucus from her glands that lubricated their union.

His leaking knob plunged up her birthing tube, kissing the puffy lips of her cervical entrance. Her flexible lining molded to its tubular outline, massaging the boy's rigid penile flesh with the pleats of her vaginal rugae, and the strong cuntal muscles beneath.

"Oh man, mom! This feels really good!" the boy gasped.

"Mmm, it does to me too, baby," she said breathlessly. "Even though our goal is getting me pregnant, there's nothing wrong with us enjoying the process, right?"

"Oh, I'm enjoying it alright," Frankie sighed, his eyes traveling up his mom's sexy torso, to the rippling jugs bouncing heavily on her chest.

Lori pressed her crotch against her son in full penetration, then swiveled her lush hips up and back, stirring his meaty prick inside her clutching vaginal tract, letting his knob plow along her back wall, in areas her husband didn't have the length to touch.

"Oh my God, Frankie...you're making me feel like I'm losing my cherry all over again," she gasped. "What do you mean?"

“Your cock is so much longer and fatter than your father's...it's working areas of my vagina that have never been touched by a man's boner before.”

“It feels incredible, but I'm not cumming quickly like I did the first time,” the boy pointed out.

“That's because you've gotten one hot cum out of your system. Now you'll be able to hump mommy's pussy for longer without squirting more cum out your piss-slit,” she explained, still grinding away on him.

Lori lowered her upper body, resting on extended arms that were planted astride Frankie's head. She began bobbing her ass with cunt-thrusts, making her giant hanging boobies swing delightfully just above her boy's face.

“Wow!” the teen groaned, staring up at his mom's fat tits as they wobbled and rippled up and down above his ogling eyes.

“Good heavens, pumpkin. Your boner is still so hard!” she gasped in wonder, feeling his muscled meat dig through the hot juice-slickened grip of her cunt, igniting the pleasure receptors scattered along her cuntal lining.

She could feel a powerful climax begin to build in the core of her cunt, creating a full body sexual blush. As she increased her cock-humping tempo, her heart rate and respiration continued to rise, making her gasp and whimper excitedly.

“Oh, Frankie, I'm gonna cum!” she squealed, as a series of rhythmic contractions suddenly jarred her uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. A warm body-tingling sensation suddenly swept through her, causing the busty mother to shudder and cry out in orgasm.

Frankie could feel every wonderful contraction of her vagina around his plunging cock, and it felt divine. Being milked the way it was, his sex organ began to throb and tingle also, making him squirm in delight beneath her. “Fuck, that's so good!” he groaned.

Lori dropped her body against his, crushing her squishy tits between them, while continuing a steady up and down fuck-motion on top of him. Her first orgasm rolled into a second more powerful climax, making her squeal as her urethral meatus bulged out and began spraying hot girl cum all over Frankie's boner. Their wet crotches made a lewd smacking sound as they beat together in a heated fuck.

“Ohh, mommy!” the teen cried out, feeling his dick swell even bigger as his vas deferens contracted, squeezing his semen towards the base of his penis and his prostate gland. Muscles at the root of his erection began to contract, firing the cum up his urethral tube. With huge spurts, the teen began hosing the walls of his mom's vagina with potent spunk.

While Lori continued to ride the spurting rod of his dick, her boy bucked and grunted beneath her, so hard that it made her enormous mommy-melons careen up around his face, smothering him in pounds of rippling tit-cleavage.

“Uuaahhff!” the trembling boy squealed, his voice muffled by the dough-like flesh of Lori's heavy boobs.

His mother felt another hot jet of semen splash against the door to her baby chamber. She wanted more than anything for just one of the millions of strong swimmers to reach her egg and impregnate her. It wasn't her fault that her husband had to go away on assignment. He had business to attend to, but so did she. The business of making a baby. Her precious Frankie was there to help her every step of the way. Yes, she'd be embarrassed if her husband found out...especially if he knew how much she'd been creaming all over their son's cock. *“It's part of the process,”* she thought. *“You can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs.”*

For nearly an hour she snuggled and kissed her baby, letting him enjoy the feel of her warm curvy mommy-body blanketing his young flesh.

“Are you ready for round three, sweet angel?” she asked, gazing down at him with her beautiful hazel eyes.

“Sure,” he answered eagerly.

“This time we'll follow Grandma's advice,” she said, rising up, turning and pointing her thick ass back at him. “We'll pump some cum in me doggie-style.”

Frankie got to his knees behind his mom, staring at the rounded cheeks of her peach-shaped derriere. Through her slightly splayed buns, he could see the muscled ring of her anus. His eyes traveled down her perineum, to the camel-toe of bare cuntal flesh.

Peeking back, Lori watched her boy study her posterior. She knew that seeing a grown woman bent over this way was really special for him. She also knew by the way the fat knob of his rigid cock was twitching that he loved what he saw.

“Come squeeze your dick in, honey,” she said softly, wagging her buttocks teasingly.

The teen mounted her from behind, pushing his knob through the juicy split of her twat. He continued forward until his boner was fully sheathed in the snug tunnel that had once squeezed him out.

His mom got the action going by moving up and back, pounding her vagina back on the satisfying stiffness of his cock. Even behind her, Frankie could see the huge hanging contours of her side-boobs swinging to their humping rhythm.

“Hold on to my hips, honey, so you can really pound it into me,” his mom said with heavy excited breath.

Doggie was one of Lori's favorite positions for it's extreme depth of penetration, although her big dicked son didn't have a problem smashing the back wall of her pussy in any position. However, there was more than one way she liked it, while on her hands and knees. “*God, I bet he would feel incredible up my ass,*” she thought, gazing lustfully back at his chiseled chest.

“Baby, I have an idea,” she said while they continued fucking.

“What's that?”

“Well, we want you to explode in the strongest ejaculation possible, that way you give mommy as many spermies as you can.”

“True,” he muttered, smacking his crotch against her thick ass repeatedly.

“How would you feel about sticking your stiff penis in my asshole, so I can milk you that way?” “You can't get pregnant that way though, right?”

“No, but when you're ready to shoot your jizz out, you can pull it out of my ass and stuff it back in my pussy. How's that sound?” she asked.

“Sounds great.”

One thing Frankie hadn't expected in a million years was to be shoving his cock up his mom's shitter. His knob was certainly wet and slippery enough, from his mom's cuntal secretions, to slip right through her tight sphincter.

“Ohh, how fucking delightful!” his mom couldn't help but cry out as she felt her rubbery rectum stretch around his meaty prick. She mashed her cushy buns against him, burying his stip prick all the way to her ampulla.

“Whoa!” the boy sighed, then backed his prick out, making his mom squeal as his cock drug along her slippery ass walls. When only the knob remained in the circled ring of her butthole, Frankie plunged his prick back home.

“Yess! Fuck my asshole, Frankie!” his mom cried out, working her jiggling rounded ass back on his erection.

The butt-humping teen watched his mom's sexy naked ass beat against his mid-section. The layers of fat and muscle rippled wonderfully just beneath the skin of her rump, each time it smacked against him.

They engaged in anal intercourse at a heavenly pace, beating Frankie's tender dick through the snug cavity for ten pleasurable minutes. Lori tightened her ass muscles, smothering her son's glans with her rubbery rectum. Her udders hung down off her chest and swung wildly to the rocking rhythm of her body.

The horny mother reached under and rubbed her itching clit, humping back to meet his thrusts. “Make me cum, honey,” she squealed. “Make my

asshole cum on your cock.”

“I might need to slow down, mom,” he panted. “I’m feeling REALLY good!”

She gazed back at him over her shoulder without slowing her backward thrusts one bit. “Just fuck my ass as long as you can, then pull out and finish in mommy’s pussy,” her voice quivered.

The boy mustered up all the staying power he could, plunging his prick through her throbbing asshole for another five solid minutes, before making his mom cry out in a cunt gushing climax. Her body trembled, and her rectal-muscles pulsated around her boy’s steely prick, milking the cum up from Frankie’s balls.

“Ahhh!” the boy groaned, his body giving off a pre-orgasmic shudder.

“Slip it back in my pussy, Frankie!” his mom said in an urgent tone.

The teen pulled his boner from his mom’s anal oven, then watched her distended ass-ring clench closed. A fat milky gob of jizz oozed from his meatus, just as he plunged his prick inside her vagina, smearing his seed along her smothering walls. They smacked their juicy genitals together violently, making the boy’s swinging balls beat against the swollen hood of Lori’s clitoris.

“CUMMING!!” he grunted, clenching his ass-cheeks as a series of wonderful contractions sent a load of hot jism splattering the walls of his mom’s sex chamber. For several minutes the boy enjoyed the sensations of having his cock milked off by his mother’s experienced pussy.

“Do you think you’re pregnant yet?” the boy naively asked as they sat having lunch.

The mother giggled, making her giant boobies jiggle. They had both stayed naked while they sat in the kitchen having lunch. “Oh, honey, I won’t know if I’m pregnant for several weeks. That’s why it’s important that we just get as much of your sperm into me as we can, and hope one of them finds my egg,” she explained.

"I heard you telling Grandma about a position your friend told you about," he said.

"Yes, the butter churner. I can't wait to try it. A woman lays on her back with her legs raised above and behind her head. Her partner then squats and penetrates her from above."

"So, it's suppose to be a good baby making position?" Frankie asked.

"That's what they say," Lori answered, smiling anxiously over at her teen. "Wanna try it?" "Sure."

She quickly stood up, making her titties bobble heavily. "You're gonna have to catch me first," she teased, then rushed away.

Frankie hopped up and chased her through the living room, watching her bare buttocks jiggle as she moved. The giggling mom let out a playful scream as he closed the distance between them. "No fair, you're faster than me," she shouted.

"I sure am," he responded, his stiff prick wagging obscenely as he chased her.

The sofa was situated in the center of the room and Lori scrambled around it, her huge fleshy mommy melons flopping up and down. Stopped at opposite ends of the couch, they stared at each other playfully as Frankie waited to see which way his mom was gonna try to escape. She spit her tongue out at him teasingly. "What are you gonna do if you catch me? Are you gonna carry your girl to our bed like a caveman?" she asked.

"If I have to," he said with a smile.

The mother quickly rushed to the laundry room, sliding the glass-paneled door closed before her son could get there. She stood there giggling as she looked at him through the glass. "Oh, darn, now what are you gonna do, hotshot?" she flirtingly asked.

"Well...you gotta come out sometime."

“I could stay in here for awhile,” she said, then looked down at the boner protruding stiffly from his loins. “Start stroking that erection for me and I might come out sooner.”

Frankie reached down and slowly slipped his fist up and down the length of his prick. “Push your knob up against the glass for me,” his mom said.

Frankie did as she asked, pressing his fat bell tip against the glass panel of the door. He watched his mom lower to her knees and bring her mouth over to it. She mashed her lips against the opposite side of

the glass, right next to his cock-tip. Her thick pink tongue curled out and began flailing wildly up and down as if she were licking his glans.

“Wow!” the boy sighed, watching in fascination and wishing more than anything that there wasn’t glass separating them.

Lori peeked up into his eyes while her licker danced wildly against the glass, then she looked at the plump bulb of his cock flattened out in front of her obscenely. She could see pre-cum weeping from the dark slit of his meatus and smearing against the glass. She curled her tongue over and made just the tip of her pink snake flicker next to his piss-slit, as if scooping out the slimy nectar.

“Ohhh,” the boy gasped in wide-eyed wonder, imagining how good it would feel if his mom was licking his glans that way.

Lori moved her mouth away from the door, then pressed her wobbling boobies against it, mashing them against the glass.

Frankie got down on his knees, stroking his boner again while watching in wide-eyed delight. His mom's nipples spread out against the glass, huge and distorted-looking, as she flattened her fat melons against the inside of the door.

“Goddamn that's hot,” her son muttered.

“You like that, honey?” she asked sweetly.

“Hell yes.”

She quickly got on all fours and turned around, making her titties droop down and teeter back and forth as she brought her ass against the glass.

Her son quickened his cock-strokes excitedly, watching her rounded rump mash out lewdly. The ring of her butthole kissed the glass. The elastic muscle was still a bit moist from being pounded earlier and left a cute little wet pucker-mark on the surface of the glass. Her vulvar folds pressed against the door also displaying the contorted ribbons of labial flesh for her son to gawk at.

“Ready to get back to our baby making, Frankie?” his mom asked, peeking back at him with a salacious smile.

“Sure,” the teen answered with an anxious gulp.

His mom stood up, unlocked the door and slid it open. He remained on his knees as she stepped over in front of him and gazed down over her ballooning stiff-nippled boobs. She extended her foot out and grasped the tip of his knob with her toes. Frankie always loved looking at his mom's pretty feet, with their freshly painted toenails. He only now realized they were colored a deep maroon, his favorite color.

“You’re leaking, honey,” she giggled, smearing her big toe across his gooey piss-slit. “It's from watching you,” he admitted.

She tilted his prick down, then slipped her toes off of it, watching his boner spring back up stiffly. “*My God, such a hard dick!*” her mind exclaimed as she bit her bottom lip lustfully.

“Are you ready to ram your rod in me some more, baby boy?” she asked.

“Are you ready to give mommy a big round belly?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Well, you didn't catch me, but I'll still let you carry me to our bedroom like a caveman if you want.”

Frankie stood up and his mom moved up against him, kissing his chest with her doughy-soft tits and placing her hands on his shoulders. “Or would you

like to carry me like a husband does his bride on their wedding night, right before they make hot passionate love all night?" she asked, gazing in lust.

"That sounds even better," the boy said, aroused beyond belief.

He picked his mom up off the floor and into his arms. Lori's face lit up with adoration, and she stroked her son's cheek gingerly. "Take me to bed, baby," she whispered.

The confident teen carried his pretty mom across the house and into their bedroom. After he put her down on the mattress, Lori immediately raised her legs and folded them over limberly, so her ankles were on either side of her head and her ass pointed straight up into air. She gazed up at her teen and smiled. "Ready to churn some butter?" she asked.

Frankie's ogling eyes traveled from his mom's dainty arched feet, up the backs of her smooth strong legs to the rounded rump framing her waiting pudenda. He stepped up onto the bed and dipped his cock in, straddling her hips as he stood.

"There's you go, honey. Just pump it into me this way," she said.

Frankie felt like he was doing some variation of a squatting exercise and he pumped his prick down into his mom's cunt hole. Arched back the way she was, his mom's boobs looked like two huge round pillows of flesh nudged up around her pretty face.

After about ten minutes of pumping this way, Lori extended her legs up, so her feet hugged her boy's face on either side. "Hold my legs, honey. That way you can really start fucking hard," she said.

The boy complied, grasping her lovely legs, which acted as leverage while he beat his cock into her. He looked down and watched his mom throw her pretty head around in ecstasy, her big boobies wobbling all around from the rhythm of his humps.

"Ohhh fuck!!" Lori screamed out, her legs trembling in her son's arms as she experienced tremendous orgasmic contractions.

Frankie gasped as he felt his mom's birthing tube shrink up around his prick. He looked down at their crotches and saw the slit of his mom's urethral opening bulge outward, then a jet of female ejaculate burst out, spraying down all over his mom's jostling tits.

As Lori squirted, her strong pelvic floor pushed and pulsed against the burrowing slab of her son's cock, compressing it against the cluster of engorged rugae lining the top wall of her cunt-tunnel. The feel of her textured lining from this angle made her boy's balls clench up and triggered a quick orgasm.

"Ahhh! Ahh, shit!" the teen gasped in delight as he punched his prick in as deep as he could and held it there. "AHHHH!"

Lori felt her boy's knob mushroom against her cervix, then she experienced the hot liquidy sensation of his ball-juice pouring into her. "Oh, yes, honey...give mommy all that cum!" she said, breathless from her own orgasmic contractions.

As the day went on Frankie's young balls were constantly beating against his mom's buttocks.

Lori couldn't count the number of orgasms her son had fucked her through. One orgasm seemed to roll into another, then another, making her body convulse with pleasure.

They fucked in various positions and by the late afternoon their bodies were a sweaty tangled mass of humping flesh, as they beat their pissers together in lusty copulation.

"Fuck!" the teen gasped, looking up from between his mom's smothering tits as she lay on top of him bobbing her rounded ass up and down as she fucked him tirelessly.

"Are you gonna cum again, baby?" she asked, flexing her cunt muscles around him. "Yes! Real soon," he panted.

"Would you like to kiss me while you cum this time?" she asked him.

It hadn't occurred to the boy that they'd spent the day fucking their asses off without sharing one intimate kiss.

"I would love to," he replied.

Tilting her head slightly, his mom lowered her bee stung lips and fused them around his in an open oval. Their tongues danced wildly inside Frankie's mouth, raising his excitement level even more. For two full minutes he felt his climax build while engaging in the wildest French kiss he'd ever shared.

Lori suddenly felt her boy's unyielding hardon swell even larger in the grip of her pink ribbed pussy walls. His back arched from the mattress, the muscles in his neck straining as he let out a guttural grunt. His groans were muffled by the fatty pocket of sweaty cleavage surrounding his face.

His swollen peter flexed and pulsed, blasting milky jets of cock-cream out of his cunt-smothered meatus. His curvy mother trembled, squealed and pissed out hot orgasmic juice that ran down along the sides of his scrotum, letting him know that she was cumming again also.

Over the next half-hour they kissed and writhed together, riding the dreamy waves of pre-orgasmic bliss. Their fully penetrated genitals marinated in their gooey excrement, wrapped snugly together in a union of pulsing vaginal and penile flesh.

Lori tenderly kissed her son's forehead as they snuggled. "Oh Frankie, you're gonna give me a baby. I just know you are," she whispered.

It was 2 a.m. and Lori's neighborhood was illuminated by the soft glow of a full moon. Inside the house, the rooms were dark and still. The only noise to be heard came from the master bedroom. It was the sharp repetitive sound of naked flesh beating together.

A big fluffy comforter was draped across a king-sized mattress that sat on the floor in the darkness. The blanket bulged up and down at a steady rhythm. It was clearly the source of the lewd creamy smacking noise that didn't miss a beat.

Beneath the blanket, Lori was folded in half. Her handsome son Frankie resting on top of her, beating his tireless cock through her vagina. They were shrouded in complete darkness, until the mother's cell phone rang, illuminating their cocoon of love.

"It's just your father," Lori gasped, like she'd been fucking for hours. Actually, she had. She looked up into her boy's eyes. His perspiration-sheened face hovered only inches above hers. It was cradled on either side by her slender ankles. Her dainty bare feet with ruby red toenails were arched, pointed back past their heads. "Don't break your rhythm, baby. You're doing amazing!"

"Thanks," the teen hissed, his tongue nearly hanging out. He socked his boner in deep, from knob to balls on every thrust. His mom's lovely corrugated walls chewed at the tender meat of his dick, soaking it in fuck-oil.

"Hi, honey!" Lori blurted, answering her phone.

Her husband's Jim's voice blurted from her phone's speaker. "Sorry, I know it's late there. Were you sleeping?" he asked.

"No, Frankie and I are, um...still awake."

"At 2 a.m.?"

"Well, yes...neither one of us can sleep tonight."

"What's that noise I'm hearing?" he asked, referring to the sound of Frankie's nuts beating against his wife's ass.

"Noise?" Lori said, trying to play stupid. "I'm not sure what noise you mean, honey." "Your breathing is awfully heavy," Jim observed. "Are you doing housework or something?"

Lori hated keeping secrets from her husband. She had gone back and forth on whether to tell him what her and her boy were up to. She decided to spill the beans, in hopes of having his support. "Jim...I wanna be honest with you. Frankie and I are making a baby together," she confessed.

“A baby?”

“Yes, remember you and I talked about getting me pregnant, but then you had to leave on assignment? Frankie offered to step up and help us out. Isn't that wonderful?”

“Wait, help us out? Are you telling me that you and Frankie are having sex together?” Jim gasped. “Well, honey...that IS how baby's are made... remember?” Lori giggled.

“Lori, please tell me you're joking,” her husband pleaded.

“Honey, I wouldn't joke about something as serious as conception. Frankie and I have already been engaging in sexual intercourse for several days. We're fully committed to making this baby! I'd like to know that I have your support.”

“You're having sex with our son. How the hell do you expect me to support that?” Jim exclaimed.

“It's not like Frankie and I are having a secret love affair. If that were the case, I never would have told you in the first place,” the wife explained. “He was gracious enough to volunteer his sperm, because he knew how much we wanted this baby.”

“That's not the kind of thing that boys should be volunteering to their own mothers,” Jim scolded.

“Are you kidding? That's exactly the type of thing a mother should be able to go to her son for. Especially if her husband is unable.”

Frankie couldn't believe his mom was having a conversation with his father while he fucked her. He felt a little guilty beating his dick through a pussy that was technically his dad's. However, he knew it was for the purpose of making a baby and it just felt too fucking good to stop. He was amazed at how his mom could talk on the phone and fuck at the same time. She'd gone from having her silky legs propped back

on his shoulder, to wrapping them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She rocked her hips subtly, screwing her cunt up around his cock-root,

meeting his thrusts with one's of her own. Her enormous tit melons were crushed between them, sloshing against his bare chest.

"Couldn't you just have waited until I got back home to start making a baby?" Jim asked his wife.

"Honey...it's probably better this way anyway. If you recall, you were having issues just getting an erection, even with the help of those little blue pills," Lori reminded him.

"The pills WERE working...sometimes," Jim pointed out.

"A woman who's trying to conceive needs to know she can count on her man more than 'sometimes,' honey," Lori informed him. "That's why it's probably better that Frankie helps us. He has the opposite problem as you," Lori giggled. "He can't ever seem to make that thing go soft."

"I'm still hearing that noise. What is that?" Jim asked. "It's gotta be coming from your end."

Lori sighed. "Well, since the cat's out of the bag, I suppose I'll tell you. Frankie's been on top of me the whole time you and I've been talking. Actually, he's been on top of me for the past two hours."

"So what's the noise you're making?" Jim asked.

"Honey, after what I just told you...you still don't know?"

"Obviously not," Jim answered.

"I didn't wanna have to spell it out for you, but that sound you're hearing is Frankie's balls, beating against my upturned ass.

"You two couldn't have waited to have sex until you were off those phone with me?" Jim shouted.

"You called ME...and you're lucky I picked up. I could have waited to call you when we were finished, but that could be several hours from now."

"Oh, I feel so grateful all of the sudden," Jim muttered sarcastically.

“Hon, don't take that tone with me. You should be thanking your son. He's spent the last three days unselfishly giving me sperm injections.”

“We should have had this discussion before you even started,” Jim muttered.

“To what avail, honey? Jim, you have to be a man and face the facts. The probability of me getting pregnant is MUCH higher with Frankie in the captain's seat.”

“What makes you think that?”

“A whole list of things, honey. First of all, his penis is about three-inches longer than yours. That puts him right there next to my cervix when he ejaculates. Second, he has VERY short refractory periods. Do you realize how many times him and I have had baby making intercourse, just today?”

“No, and I DON'T wanna know.”

“I love you, Jim, but I could never have back to back sessions with you, honey. You just don't have the sexual stamina that he has.”

“Lori, he's a lot younger than me,” Jim stated in his defense.

“Yes, I know...and bigger and harder...and has a whole heck of a lot more staying power than you do,” Lori shared, her breathing getting heavier.

“Not to mention the amount of ejaculate he squirts out when he cums. It's quite extraordinary!”

“Well, he should be out impressing other girls with that...not his mom,” Jim complained.

Before Lori first answered the phone with her husband, a powerful climax began to swell in her loins. By now, her boy's knob had plowed along her sweet spot long enough that she was seconds away from a body shaking orgasm. “Honey, I need to put you on hold for a few minutes!” her voice quivered.

“What's going on?” Jim asked.

After hearing just the beginning of his wife's climax, Lori's phone was put on mute. The husband's stomach sunk as he pictured his wife and son wrestling in sexual delight. "This is ridiculous," he griped out loud.

It was nearly three minutes before Lori came back on. "OK, Honey, I'm back," she informed him breathlessly, like she had just experience the most intense three minutes of her life.

"What was that all about?" her husband inquired.

"It was nothing. Let's just get back to our discussion," she blushed.

"Lori, I'd like to know why you just put me on hold for three minutes," Jim demanded, even though he pretty much had it figured out already.

Lori sighed. "Fine. I was having an orgasm," she admitted.

"An orgasm?! Since when did YOU having an orgasm become part of the baby making process?" her husband scolded.

"Actually, honey...it's an important part of the process."

"Yeah, right," Jim muttered jealously.

"No really. It's been proven that female orgasm relaxes the cervix. And that helps tremendously with sperm transferal," she informed him. "That means orgasms actually INCREASE my chances of getting pregnant."

"That doesn't matter," he fumed. "You shouldn't be having orgasms with your son."

"Well, honey...it's not like I can stop them. Orgasms are just a natural part of having intercourse, like it or not."

"I DON'T like it...at all!"

"Jim, I know this isn't easy on you, honey. Knowing that your son and wife have been having sexual intercourse for the past three days must be heartbreaking," Lori sympathized. "Just think though...when you get home in a couple months, we'll have a little son or daughter growing in my womb. Isn't that exciting?"

“If it were a child I helped create, yes!”

“You did help, honey. You created the child who's creating a child inside me,” Lori reminded him. “Very funny!”

“Hold on just a second, honey,” Lori said to her husband. Jim could clearly hear her speaking to their son. “Baby, your hips must be burning from all that thrusting. Would you like mommy to take the top for awhile?”

“Sure,” the boy replied. His boner made a creamy popping sound as it slid from her cunt. It was still fully erect and dripping in his mom's cunt-juice.

Frankie plopped down on his back, and watched his heavy-titted mom straddle his loins, while holding the phone to her ear.

“Honey, Frankie and I did take the mattress off the bed frame. We certainly didn't wanna do any damage to the new bed set,” Lori told her husband.

“That bedframe's build like a rock. I highly doubt you would have done any damage.” “I don't know. This boy of ours can certainly buck around like a Texas bull when I'm on top.”

Frankie watched his mom reach down with her free hand and point his boner up at her cuntal cleft. She lowered it down on his satisfying stiffness, making him sigh from the feel of her warm slick vaginal sheath. Lori lowered all the way to his scrotum, making her fleshy prepuce squash against his pubic base.

“Honey, I better let you go until tomorrow,” she informed her husband. “I won't be able to have much a conversation with you once I start riding him. Call me around lunch time, ok?”

After hanging up and tossing her phone aside, Lori smiled down at her handsome teen. Frankie was laying there, staring lustfully at her huge ballooning tits. “Ready to make these big titties swing, baby?” she purred.

“Yes ma'am!” he excitedly replied.

Lori set her hips on motion, feeling her boy's thick hardon drag down her cuntal walls. His fleshy spear jabbed into to her cuntal depths as she slammed it back down against his crotch. The mother repeated this wonderful process, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm.

"I love it when your boobs dance like this," Frankie confessed. His mom's huge plump melons jumped around on her chest. The fatty flesh of her knockers rippled, and her rubbery nipples throbbed as they jutted stiffly from the wide rings of her areola.

"I know you love watching my titties, baby, and they sure have loved all the sucking you've done the past few days."

"Did you feel guilty at all...telling dad we were doing this?" the boy asked. His breath was increasing, due to the vigorous cock-pumping his mom was doing.

"A little bit. I love your father...and I don't wanna hurt him, but he's known for a long time how bad I want another baby. You're here and he's not. There's no reason why YOUR cum-loads shouldn't be blasted into my fertile pussy instead of your cum-rags. He just has to accept that," Lori explained.

Frankie loved watching his mom perform on top. Most of the time, during the day, she wore her hair in a ponytail, so it was a thrill watching her beautiful dark trusses swaying across her shoulders freely. The way she alternated from bouncing to grinding made his cock give off an invigorating throb. One thing was for certain...his mom REALLY knew how to fuck.

"Come on, honey! Buck under mommy like a rodeo bull!" she shouted encouragingly.

Frankie pumped his ass from the mattress, making their crotches smack loudly as they met in the middle. This caused his mom's fat tits to shudder and her cunt-sleeve tightened around the unyielding hardness of his plunging erection.

"Hot damn that feels good, mom!" the boy exclaimed, feeling his glans sizzle.

Lori leaned forward, resting her hands astride his head. This allowed her huge stiff-nippled udders to swing delightfully, right above her boy's wonder-filled eyes.

To Frankie, the sight was almost hypnotizing. His mom's huge hanging jugs swung in a steady circular up and-back motion. They met in the middle and beat together, making their giant fatty contours ripple. The thrilling sight made the boy's long muscular dick flex in arousal.

The slick corrugated ribs along Lori's vaginal lining compressed around her son throbbing meat-stick. She had strong pelvic floor muscles that could tighten her mommy-muffin up like a velvet vice.

“Are you ready to blast another hot creamy load for me, honey?” his mom panted. “Real soon for sure!” the boy sighed.

Lori suddenly fell forward, smacking her enormous tits down against his upper chest. Her thick round bubble butt flew up and down, beating her tingling twat down on her boy's boner. “Hold on, baby! Mommy's cumming right now!” she moaned.

Feeling his mom's warm curvy body shudder on top of him, was the corkscrew that popped Frankie's top.

“OH WOW, MOM...I'M CUMMING!!” Frankie announced.

His muscles tensed and he began to make involuntary movements in his pelvis. Semen was already deposited at the top of his urethra, ready for ejaculation. There was a sudden series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles, and around the base of his anus. The nerves sent messages of pleasure to Frankie's brain, making him grunt in ecstasy.

Long hot jets of pearlescent-colored baby-batter splattered along the mother's coital walls. They were forced out of Frankie's cunt-smothered piss-slit by powerful contractions in the root of his prick.

Lori's female ejaculate squelched around the boy's spurting cock, bathing it in the results of her own tit quivering climax. Frankie's young body shook as he jabbed his twitching boner in deep and held it there. The rest of his

load soaked the head of his mother's cervix, coating it with hundreds of millions of potent sperm.

Mom and son writhed in what was known as the resolution phase of the sexual response cycle. This involved a lot of heavy kissing and catching their breath. Some of their swollen body parts returned to their previous size and color. Not Frankie's cock, however. His erection remained as hard as a tree branch. Lori was certainly ready for a rapid return to the orgasm phase through further intercourse. However, she knew her boy needed just a short recovery time.

"Oh, Frankie, you don't know how much this means to me," she cooed. "I've wanted another baby for so long and thanks to you, it's really gonna happen."

"Glad I can help, mom," he sighed.

"Yeah, I bet you are," she giggled, gazing down into his eyes. "I feel like I owe you so much. Why don't you let me give you something extra special for stepping up to the task," Lori offered.

"Like what?"

"Well..." she answered, her bee stung lips curling into a naughty grin. "I could give you a handjob...a footjob...A BLOWJOB, or maybe even tit-job."

"Really?" Frankie gasped.

"Sure," his mom replied, rising up on her hands and knees. She moved her shoulders, making her big hanging udders rock back and forth. "It's been awhile since I wrapped these big soft boobies around a strong cock like yours."

"That would be...amazing!" Frankie blurted in wide-eyed wonder.

His mom gawked down at his jutting prick. "I would go get some heated lubricant to use, but it looks like your dick is still soaked with my juices," she observed, then crawled down between his legs. "Would you like to turn the light on, so you can see me wank your dick off with my tits, honey?"

“Sure!”

Frankie reached over and clicked on the bedside lamp. His mom lowered her heavy tits down around his stiff penis, then pressed them together. This smothered his slick boner in a spongy grip of tit-meat. “Ready to fuck my tits, baby?” his pretty mom asked.

“Oh, yes!” Frankie answered, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

His mom was the one in the driver's seat, controlling the stimulation. She pushed on the huge rounded sides of her boobs, compressing her boy's meat in the warm squishy pocket of her cleavage. Then, she rose up and down, giving him a nice snug tittie-fuck.

“Ohh!” the boy sighed in wide-eyed delight. He watched his engorged peter-tip disappear between his mom's breasts, then peek out the creamy split of her cleavage, over and over.

“How does that feel, honey? Do you like your cock smothered between mommy's big meaty tits?” “Oh my God, yes!” the boy answered, glancing up into her watchful eyes.

“This may not always work with girls your age. But us moms have huge round melons that are perfect for this sort of thing.”

“It's really something,” Frankie breathed, watching her use her tits on him.

“Would you like me to lick your knob when it peeks out?” Lori asked.

“Yes, please!”

Lori lowered her head down. Her long pink licker extended from her mouth and fluttered around the broad tip of her son's cock.

“Ahh!” Frankie shuddered, feeling the tip of her tongue tickle his glans.

“Mmm, you like that, baby boy?” Lori mewled. “Mommy knows all the spots that make your balls clench, doesn't she?”

“Uh-huh.”

The thick-tongued mother darted the tip of her pink snake against the band of his frenulum, then looped it around his coronal ridge. This made her teen tremble with pleasure.

“Mmm, mommy's gotta take care of her boy's crown,” Lori sensually said. “Keep it big and fat so it can pound against her cervix.”

“Oh, mom!” the teen whimpered, his cock tingling exquisitely between her humping tits.

Lori continued battering the penis-tip with tender licks, each time it emerged from the snug sleeve of her cleavage.

“Mommy just loves the feel of that huge barbed tip digging through her baby-chute. Plowing against her G-spot, making me throb all the way up to my clitoris.”

“Oh, man, mom,” the boy's excited voice quivered. He was getting just as excited by her hot nasty words as he was the feel of his cock gliding between her breasts.

“Does that get you excited, baby?” Lori cooed between licks. “Does that make you wanna take a ride into pussy town?”

“Oh, yeah!” the teen gasped, feeling his knob tingle and his testicles clench up in their sack.

“Mmm, mommy has some hot pussy reserved just for you, baby. A nasty mattress-dance for her and her stiff-dicked boy.”

“Damn, mom...I'm gonna cum real soon!” Frankie moaned.

“Are you gonna give mommy a pretty cum-necklace, honey?” Lori asked, pumping his cock even harder between her squishy tits. “Come on...shoot your wad up around mommy's neck!”

Frankie felt his prostate swell. He arched his back from the mattress and let out a guttural grunt. A rope of thick ball-juice splattered up onto his mom's neck.

“There it is!” she beamed, watching the stands of cum shoot up towards her. “Mmm, you’re mommy’s little rope thrower, aren't you, baby. Blasting all those little trouser-troopers all over me.”

For several dick-quivering minutes, Frankie was milked-off by his heavy-titted mother. “Oh, baby...look at me. I’m an absolute mess. I look like a cum-bomb went off in front of me,” she giggled.

“Sorry!”

“Oh, trust me...I'm not complaining, honey. I love the feel of ball-juice dripping down my tits,” she assured him. “After I clean it all off with my tongue...do wanna take a nice hot shower with me?”

“Of course,” Frankie nodded, watching his spunk trickle off the thick rubbery nubs of his mom's teats. “We can wash each other's bodies, then come back to bed for more baby-making fuckies and suckies.” “Sounds amazing!” the boy gasped. Frankie knew he must just be the luckiest teenager on earth.

Frankie and his beautiful, big busted mom, Lori, had been fucking their asses off for nearly five straight days. The lucky boy had pumped load after load of potent teenaged sperm into his mother's fertile cunt. Their naked bodies glistened with perspiration as they spent endless hours beating their overheated genitals together in baby-making intercourse.

Unlike sex with her husband, Lori's stamina was well matched with Frankie. He was 18 and she was 38; they were both at their sexual prime. Frankie's long, muscular boy-cock was constantly hard and Lori's cuntal lining produced an endless amount of fuck-oil, lubricating their mating dance. The pair fucked relentlessly, resulting in endless body-trembling orgasms.

Lori's naked bubble butt bobbed up and down at the center of her marital mattress, pummeling her boy's unyielding hardness through her tube of pleasure. Frankie was reclined on some pillows underneath her, his face buried beneath one of her giant squishy breasts. Licking, sucking and chewing at his mom’s engorged teats was something he'd spent hours

upon hours doing over the past few days. His mom's oversized breasts were warm and filled with fatty fluff. He simply couldn't get enough of being smothered by them. The way her spongy mammary-meat masked and rippled against his face, while he gorged himself on the peaks of her tits was the most wonderful feeling he'd ever experienced. After being under her tit for over an hour, while feeling his rigid meat being milked skillfully, Frankie had the nipple pulled from his mouth as his mom sat up.

“What do you wanna name our baby, Frankie?” she asked.

“Aren't you and dad suppose to decide that?”

“Well, yes, if the baby were mine and his, but it won't be. He, or she will be a product of OUR sexual body fluids, so you and I should be the ones deciding on a name.”

“Oh, true,” Frankie muttered, gazing up at the rounded undersides of Lori's melons as they jutted over him like two big bowling balls. “How about Frankie Junior?”

“I think that's a wonderful idea!” Lori smiled. “After all, you will be the baby's biological father. It'll be YOUR cum-spermy that fucks its way inside my egg.”

“Are you sure dad won't be mad about that?”

“He has no right to be. He knows it'll be YOUR aggressive sperm that inseminated me. He's fully aware that my pregnancy will be a result of all the wonderful baby-making coitus you and I have had while he was away,” Lori assured her son.

“I bet he wishes it was him here getting you pregnant,” Frankie sighed, watching his mom glide her hips. This caused the boy's fat bell tip to plow along the back wall of her vagina.

“I'm bet he does,” Lori giggled. “I'm sure it eats at him knowing all the wonderful pussy you're getting.” “Hey, it's not my fault he had to go away,” Frankie happily stated.

“Nope. He did tell you to help TAKE CARE OF THINGS while he was away and that's exactly what you're doing. Just because your big cock is getting milked by his wife's hot, tight pussy all week doesn't mean he has the right to be upset. Besides, we all know that YOU are a way better ‘baby-maker’ than your father is.”

“You think so?” Frankie asked, watching her milkers bobble to the rhythm of her cock-grinding.

“Of course you are, baby. Your younger and more attractive than he is. Your dick is bigger and harder, and you have short refractory periods. That means you can pump more loads of hot sticky semen inside your mommy's needy hole than he ever could.”

Frankie's boner flexed inside her and was met with a loving squeeze. “Jeez, mom, just listening to you talk that way gets me WAY excited,” he sighed.

Lori smiled down over the swell of her jutting tits. “Mm, you like hearing mommy talk about what a fucking stud you are?” she teased.

“Sure!”

“How incredible your big, muscular dick feels pumping through my baby-chute? Plowing through all my most pleasurable spots...making your mommy scream, shake and gush all over your young dreamy dong?”

“Yes!” Frankie sighed. “Damn that's hot!”

“Mm, you must love hearing how mommy enjoys doing the fucky-sucky with you, WAY more than she does with your father?”

“Yeah, I just wish it didn't have to end once you get pregnant,” Frankie frowned.

“Aww, does somebody wanna bury his bullhorn in his mom's pregnant pussy?” Lori teased. “Does he wanna smother his young body beneath a big round baby-ball and giant, milk-swollen titties.”

“Damn...do I ever!” the boy exclaimed.

“You think your mother's horny now. You should see me when I'm big n pregnant and all my hormones are out of whack. I'm like a depraved nymphomaniac that wants to do nothing but fuck and cum all day.”

“Not for nothing, mom...but you're kind of like that now,” Frankie teased.

“Only because we're making a baby, brat!” Lori smiled, tightening her cunt muscles around his cock. “I'm not usually quite this fuck-hungry.”

“You like that word, don't you?” her son asked.

“What word...FUCK?”

“Yeah, you say it a lot when we do it.”

“Do you like hearing mommy say filthy words, like FUCK, COCK and PUSSY. Does it turn you on, baby?” Lori asked.

“It sure does!”

Lori lowered her upper half down onto him, squashing her juicy tit-melons between them. She brought her pink bee-stung lips to her son's ear.

“Come on, honey...fuck a baby into me!” she mewled. “Pump that hot fucking cum up into mommy. Lay that sticky seed up into my greedy womb. Put your baby there!”

“Oh, yeah, mom...that's hot!” Frankie gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal sleeve drag snugly along the length of his cock as she screwed him.

“Yes, Frankie! Fuck your baby-momma! Beat your rock-hard boy-meat up into the hole I squeezed you out of! Let mommy pull all that hot pasty milt up from your balls.”

“Goddamn, mom!” the teen gasped, going out of his mind with lust. He was looking down over her shoulder while she whispered in his ear, watching the rounded cheeks of her meaty ass spring up and down on his crotch.

The splayed, shaved outer lips of Lori's vulva smacked lewdly on her boy's cock-base. The muscles and tendons at the root of Frankie's erection bulged powerfully, sustaining the force of his mother's fuck rhythm.

“Fuck me! Breed me, Frankie!” Lori lustfully urged. “Give me your baby! Pound our fucking sex organs together. Let's spray our hot fuck-juices all over each other!”

“OH, DAMN, MOM...I'M CUMMING!!” the teen announced.

“ME TOO, LOVER!!”

Frankie felt his mom's pussy swath and squeeze his cum-spewing prick with hot suction. Their slapping flesh became wet and lewd-sounding. The teen felt the heat of his mother's ejaculate run down the sides of his nuts and drip onto the mattress beneath them. Lori's pelvic floor muscles flexed with orgasmic contractions, compressing the slippery-ribbed lining of her cock-socket around the meat of her boy's penile flesh. Frankie groaned and grunted in delight as pearlescent-colored ball-goo spurted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. It was only noon and it was the forth load of ejaculate that day that he had pumped out inside the warm constricting walls of his mother's pink pussy.

With each of Frankie's orgasms, Lori took her time milking him dry. She wanted every once of his baby honey inside her needy cunt. She would spend this post-orgasmic extraction period kissing him intimately, making her long, experienced mommy-tongue duel with his inside Frankie's mouth. This, while dragging her tightly-clenched twat up and down the meat of his twitching hard-on.

“Wow, mom...you sure know how to drain me down there,” Frankie sighed.

“Well, you know how to make a woman cum pretty hard too, honey.”

“Do I do a better job than dad does at that?” he asked.

“Are you kidding? You're a thousand times better at it than your father is. Your cock is MUCH longer and thicker than his though, so that doesn't surprise me.”

“Cool!” Frankie proudly smiled.

“Wanna hear something funny?” Lori asked.

“Sure.”

“Not only does your dad have to take a stupid fucking pill to get hard, but sometimes, only after about ten minutes of screwing, he goes completely soft again. Can you believe that shit?”

“That’s crazy!” Frankie muttered. “How could he possibly go soft?”

“Right? Men like that have no business between a woman's legs trying to conceive,” Lori stated. “I mean, you should see the tiny spurts of cum that your father shoots out. It's like watching some glue drip out the tip of an Elmer’s glue bottle. It's hilarious!”

“Wow, only that much?!” Frankie asked.

“Uh-huh! Your father doesn't blast long, thick cum-ropes out of his penis like you do, Frankie. Your loads would fill a shot glass, while I'd be lucky to get a half a teaspoon out of your father's nearly-worthless dick.”

“Damn, with cum-loads that small dad would have never got you pregnant,” Frankie expressed.

“Exactly! Especially when he's done after one pitiful, ten-minute round,” Lori giggled. “My sex-rounds with you go for at least an hour, and we're getting ready to start what...number five, just today?”

“Yeah, and the day's only half over,” Frankie stated, his cock flexing back to full hardness. “Knock, knock!” Came a voice from the front of the house.

“We're down here, mom,” Lori announced.

Frankie's Grandma Kim stepped to the open bedroom doorway and saw her beautiful daughter sprawled out on top of her Grandson, with her huge naked tits crushed against his chest and bulging out at the side. “Looks like there's all sorts of baby making going on in here!” Kim gleefully sang.

“We were just getting ready to start some more intercourse.”

“I hope you two have been doing it doggy like I suggested.”

“Yes, we did a lot of doggy-style fucking yesterday, didn't we, baby?” Lori asked her son. “Yep!”

“Frankie shot about six loads of baby batter up my fertile pussy yesterday, while hitting it from behind like a cunt-fucking stud!”

“Excellent!” Kim blurted gleefully. “I'm so proud that my darling Grandson is such a skilled baby maker.”

“If I wasn't already pregnant I'd be shocked,” giggled Lori, while combing her long nails gingerly through her boy's hair.

“Well, if you're not it just means the two of you will get to fuck like bunnies next month too.” “Unfortunately, Jim will be home by then.”

“Well, too fucking bad. We both know HE'S not getting you pregnant,” Kim giggled. “You can just come over to our place. Frankie can use the guest bedroom to fuck a baby into your womb.”

“That probably won't be necessary,” Lori smiled, gazing adoringly at her boy. “I have a feeling between all the wild, nasty baby-making intercourse we've had, and the sex that's left on our agenda that we'll get the job done this week, right, baby?”

“Yep!” Frankie answered.

“Well, maybe we should reward this handsome teen for all his efforts.”

“Sure. What did you have in mind?” Lori asked.

“What about a nice, hot, juicy double-blowjob,” Kim suggested.

“Would you like that, baby boy?” his mom asked, gazing down at him with her smoldering brown eyes. “Would you like your Grandma and I to give your boner and balls some sloppy oral affection?”

“Would you like to fuck our cock-hungry mouths, sweet boy?” his Grandma asked, curling her tongue across her top lip. “To pound your young penile flesh through the ring of our lips?”

“I sure would!” the gleeful teen answered.

Lori lifted her clasping cunt from Frankie's stiff cock. His peter-meat was soaked in his mother's secretions and flopped back onto his abdomen.

"Would you like me to be naked, baby?" Kim asked her Grandson, peeling off her blouse. "Would you like two naked cock-suckers working you over?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Frankie replied, staring at all his Grandmother's heavy tit-meat, which was threatening to spill right out of her sexy embroidered bra.

Kim unfastened the four hooks holding her thick bra straps together. Her Grandson gasped as he watched her triple-J cup mammaries spill out onto her chest. They were huge and fat, just like his mother's. The way her hardened nipples puffed out from the centers of her wide areolas made him lick his lips with desire. Next, Kim shed her mini-skirt, then her dainty lavender-colored panties. She had a tiny neatly-trimmed landing strip of dark pubic hair that crowned her vulva. Below it, dark-pink flanges of labial flesh dangled from her cunt-slit. Frankie wondered if her birthing tube would feel as incredibly good squeezed around his fat cock as his mom's did. Kim did a teasing twirl, wagging the meat of her naked buttocks.

"Let's give this handsome teen a good work-over," Kim insisted, crawling onto the bed with the boy and his mother. The two women hovered over Frankie's stiff cock, each with a hand around it, stroking its length. Frankie flexed his dick in their hands, causing their eyes to light up.

"Have you ever seen a dick so hard?" Lori asked her mother.

"Mmm, no, and such a fat crown. The girls must love that thing plowing through their cunt-holes," Kim marveled, staring down at her Grandson's turgid knob.

"I know THIS girl sure does," Lori stated, squeezing her fist around the boy's glans. Her and her mother's wedding rings sparkled on their fingers, reminding them of how wonderfully wicked they were being.

Frankie's heart was about pounding out of his chest as he watched both women lean over licking his erect dick. Their tongues were long and thick

and the sight of them curling and flickering all along his vein-encrusted shaft and swollen knob was mesmerizing. The teen clenched his toes, while watching the tips of their lickers attack his bell tip. They kissed it sensually and lightly nibbled at it's flesh with their perfectly-white teeth. This made the engorged knob mushroom between their surrounding mommy lips.

Lori and her mother began taking turns sucking Frankie's cock. The meat-stretched ring of their lovely lips rose and fell around the thick phallic-stalk. Soon, Frankie's Grandmother was kissing his cock-base, lightly gagging on his prick from having it crammed down her clasping throat.

As soon as Kim came up for air it was Lori's turn to deep-throat him. "Ahh, wow!" Frankie gasped, feeling his prick plunge down his mother's warm throat.

"Mmm, you like that, Frankie," Kim asked as she kissed as his scrotum, taking in the warm musky scent of his cum-filled balls.

"Yeah, I do," he replied.

"Mmm, your mother's a talented cock-sucker, isn't she?"

"Uh-huh!" Frankie answered, feeling his Grandma slurp one of his big nuts into her mouth. He was staring at her humongous tits as the dangled from her chest, imagining how wonderful they'd feel squashed around his head.

"Mmmnnhhh!" Lori delightfully whimpered, tasting the pre-jizz that bubbled from her teenagers piss hole. She wrapped her hand around the base of his boner and beat it into her mouth as she sucked.

Kim slurped, kissed and lightly nibbled at Frankie's nuts, adding to the extraordinary pleasure the boy was experiencing. It wasn't long before the teen was squirming beneath them, going out of his mind with sexual delight. They teased him verbally, while continuing their oral affection. "Do you like that, baby?" his mom asked, while stoking his boner up and down. "Do you like having your dick and balls sucked at the same time."

"Yes!" Frankie replied.

“Kind of like being fucked by pussies with tongues, isn't it, baby?” his Grandma asked. “Yes. It feels amazing!” his voice quivered.

“Are you gonna feed us your cum, Frankie?” Kim asked, watching her daughter's cock-stuffed lips sink to the boy's nut-sack. “Are you going to let your mother and I share your ball-honey, baby boy?”

“Yes, ma'am!”

The women were certainly in no hurry to get him off this way. They wanted to take their time and give the squirming teen a good oral work-over. Frankie loved watching their heads bob up and down on his

prick, making their pretty hair swirl wonderfully around his crotch. The way their king-sized udders hung down and bobbed from their chests just added to Frankie's excitement-level.

“Let's eat his ass and taint, while we milk his prostate,” Kim suggested to her daughter. Lori kept her hand up around the steel cock, stroking it steadily, while joining her mother down between Frankie's legs. “Bend your knees up, love,” she directed her son.

Frankie propped his knees up and watched in shock as his mom and Grandmother buried their faces down between his legs. He felt Kim's tongue plowing against his asshole, while his mom's licker dug at his taint. “Good hell!” he gasped, feeling them give him pleasure that he never imagined possible. They were definitely skilled at what they were doing. Even his mom's hand wasn't just jerking with half hazard cock-strokes. Her grip went all the way up over the tip and back down, with perfect corkscrew twists. This created exquisite friction. Frankie shuddered in delight, bucking his hips inadvertently. The mother's patiently followed his writhing motions, whipping their tongues wildly, bringing him closer and closer to orgasm.

“I'M GONNA CUM!” Frankie finally announced. His hips gave off a violent jerk and with a mighty grunt he sent a long creamy cum-rope sailing neatly four-feet into the air.

Kim and Lori quickly brought their faces back up. They hovered over his shivering crotch, side by side with their mouths open and their tongues out. A second cum-jet streaked across their pink, bee-stung lips.

Grandmother rubbed the boy's perineum with her fingers, stimulating his prostate, while mom continued to stroke Frankie's cock. "Cum in our mouths, baby!" his mom encouraged, curling her thumb, so she could plow it against the frenulum of Frankie's erection.

The lucky teen grunted and groaned, throwing his ass from the mattress as he was skillfully milked-off by the beautiful mother-daughter duo. More cum shot into their mouths and they swirled their tongues around in it before gulping it down.

For nearly ten body-trembling minutes Frankie felt them squeeze and suck every once of cum from his cock-lance. They took turns nursing on his spongy bulb, scrubbing it with their overactive tongues, while each grasping on to one of his nuts, stroking it with their long painted fingernails.

"God! That was...intense!" Frankie gasped, then watched them crawl up and plop down to either side of him. Lori and Kim both had a boob spread out across his young chest. When Frankie peered down it looked like one giant, melonous breast spread out across him.

"Only the best for MY huge-dicked Grandson," Kim cooed, stroking his cheek tenderly. "Can I suck on both your nipples?" Frankie bold asked.

"Both of them...at once?" his Grandma asked.

"I could try."

They both rose up on their hands and knees, letting one of their hang down above his face. Frankie's eyes widened and his expression filled with wonder as he stared up at the two giant tit-caps that were about to smother him. The pink flesh of their areolar rings were thickly-textured from arousal and their nipples were fully turgid. The boy gulped excitedly as they began to lower their boobs down to his waiting lips.

"I'M PREGNANT!" Lori announced, nearly two weeks later, as she came in the door from her doctor's appointment. Both her husband and son were standing there, but she rushed to Frankie first, giving him a long tit-squashing embrace. "We did it, Frankie!" she stated with prideful emotion in her voice.

"That's excellent!" Jim stated, standing there awkwardly.

Lori rushed over and hugged him also. "Isn't it? I never had a doubt. I knew Frankie and I could do this."

"I still wish you would have waited until I got back, but I am thankful he helped us out," Jim expressed, not wanting to ruin the moment by griping about his wife and son's baby-making exploits.

"My pleasure," Frankie stated, knowing how literal his statement really was.

Jim looked at his wife. "I assume now that this is all done there will be no more hanky-panky going on around here?" It seemed more a statement than a question.

"Of course, honey. Frankie and I were only having intercourse to make the baby, and now that it's done, things can go back to normal," his wife assured him, then gave her son a flirty wink.

Eight months later, a old camper-van sat in the secluded woods outside of town. The shocks squeaked as the older vehicle rocked steadily back and forth. The beat of a sexy R&B tune could be heard coming from the inside.

"OH, YES, FRANKIE...FUCK ME!!" Lori cried out. The pregnant mother was only days from her expected due date, but this didn't stop her or her son from driving out to their special spot for a heated fuck. Frankie had saved up enough money from his part-time job at the theater to buy an old conversion van. He rigged a full-sized bed near the back, since he knew the vehicle would be primarily used for fucking his mom.

"*THIS...is where it's at!*" Frankie thought to himself as he lay beneath his mother's abundant flesh. They were both completely naked and the sexy

beat of a song through Frankie's stereo seemed to dictate their fuck-rhythm. One of his mom's huge milk-engorged tits was squashed around his face as his head rested back on a pillow. His mouth was completely gorged with the cap of Lori's tit. Her breasts were already producing milk and Frankie could hardly keep up with the flow. Warm tit-nectar sprayed into his greedy mouth from several different milk-ducts surround his mom's engorged teat. He could feel milk from her second nipple running down his shoulder, from the other giant breast that was nestled next to his face like a rounded pillow.

Lori's huge fetus was sandwiched between them and they could feel their twin girls squirming around inside their womb-sack. With her knees planted firmly astride him, the mother's rounded bubble butt bobbed up and down to the rhythm of the music.

Their humping genitals glistened. Lori had cum so hard and often over the past two hours that her boy's dick and balls were soaked with female ejaculate. Despite have being ridden vigorously, by a pregnant mother who simply hungered for more and more, Frankie's cock remained fully erect. It was rock-hard slab of penile flesh, with strong jutting muscles, veins and tendons to sustain his mother's desire to fuck until she simply couldn't take anymore.

“Mnff!” the teen grunted, tit-honey spurting from the corners of his mouth as he felt his long teenage bullhorn exquisitely humped on. The changes that had taken place to his mother's body over the past nine months were absolutely wonderful. Not only had her tits swelled up even bigger with warm milk, but her vagina also had undergone fantastic changes that had become a true test for Frankie's staying power. Increased blood-flow to her genitals, in preparation for birth, had caused the cuntal pleats lining

the mother's vagina to engorge. This created a spongy-ribbed sheath that felt unlike anything Frankie had ever experienced. When factoring in how much stronger her pelvic floor muscles had become, in preparation to push out two babies, Lori's vagina had become a formidable pleasure-box. It pumped and squeezed at the length of his prick, chewing on it's tender

tubular meat and laving it with hot, slippery secretions. Frankie's dick flexed and throbbed, basking in his mother's sexual grip.

“Oh, Frankie...I think you're gonna make me cum again, baby!” Lori squeezed, intensifying her cuntal thrusts.

Frankie's talents had grown over the past nine months. He bucked beneath his pregnant mother, gasping as he peeked up from between her jiggling jugs. “I'm gonna cum too, mom...fuck!!” he announced.

The teenager's eyes rolled back in delight. His mom had already lost her mucus plug, during one of their fervid doggy-style fucks earlier that week. This caused her cervical head to soften and dilate in preparation for labor. This ‘cervical softening’ creating extraordinary sensations on Frankie’s glans. It literally felt like his mom had a set of hot, pursed lips at the back of her vagina sucking on his peter-tip with every plunge. The smoldering frothy mucus that oozed out from her womb created the perfect lubricant to oil their union and keep their crotches smacking together for hours.

“OH, YES, BABY. GOD, YOU’RE AMAZING!!” Lori cried, on the verge of a mind-blowing climax.

Frankie's van jerked back and forth as they writhed wildly on the mattress. The boy's head was wedged between her meaty tits, peeking up out of her cleavage and watching her pretty face twist with sexual pleasure.

“OHH, DAMN!” Frankie wailed, feeling her claspng cunt contract and quiver like a vibrating vice around his prick. This opened the floodgates in his nuts and sent a torrent of jizz shooting up the tube of his prick. His load was met by a surge of female ejaculate, creating a wonderful cocktail of mother and son cum inside Lori's pussy.

Once they had settled down, after minutes of mutual climax, Lori peered down at her boy with wide eyes. “I think we need to go...now!” She breathed.

“Home?”

“No...to the hospital. I think I'm going into labor, Frankie.”

The boy had never gotten dressed so fast in his life. He raced his mom to the hospital, then called his dad. Jim got there just in time to see his wife give birth to twin baby girls. They weren't his biologically, but he was still their proud father.

"So, you guys were just in the middle of grocery shopping and then the labor pains started?" he asked his wife and son as they visited Lori's hospital bed later that evening.

"Yeah, it was the strangest thing," Lori answered, then looked over at her son adoringly. "Once again, Frankie was there when I needed him. Mom's Hero, right, honey?"

"Yep!" Frankie proudly smiled. "Mom's hero."