

Mom's Hero

By Klrxo

Chapter 1:

"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 it's 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 a 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 flirtily. "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 your 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.