

Mom's Hero – Part 3

By klrxo

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, illumining 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 in 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 make 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.

