

Mom's Intervention



by KLRXO

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Amy set down the groceries and paused, listening intently. The unmistakable sounds of passionate moans and rhythmic thumping carried down the hallway from Max's bedroom. Her face flushed as she realized what her teenage son must be doing in there.

She knew she should give him privacy, but Amy's curiosity got the better of her. The blonde-haired mother crept down the hall, her heart racing. Max's door was slightly ajar so biting her lip, Amy cautiously peeked through the crack.

Her eyes widened as she took in the shocking scene. Max lay naked on his bed, his muscular young body glistening with sweat. A VR headset covered his eyes but it was clear what he was looking at from the lewd sounds of women's moans emanating from it.

Her son's hand was a blur as it pumped furiously up and down his rigid cock. It was bigger and thicker than Amy had imagined, just a tad over 9 inches. The swollen head jutted like a wet, purple mushroom, slick with pre-cum. His other hand fondled his heavy balls as they tightened, drawing up close to his body. He was clearly getting close to orgasm.

Just then, Amy heard a sultry female voice from Max's VR headset moan "Ohh yeah baby, does Mommy's pussy feel good?" Amy's heart nearly stopped as she realized Max must be watching incest-themed MILF porn as he touched himself.

At that moment, her boy let out a deep guttural groan. His back arched off the bed as his cock erupted, shooting thick ropes of pearly white cum straight up into the air. Jet after jet of the hot sticky fluid splattered onto his tensed six-pack abs and heaving chest.

Amy's busty body reacted in a way she hadn't expected. She felt a sudden gush of wetness between her legs as her pussy clenched and spasmed with arousal. The muscles of her vaginal walls contracted rhythmically, as if trying to milk an imaginary cock. Slick juices flowed from her, soaking through her panties and running down her inner thighs.

Her heavy, milk-laden breasts ached with need, the nipples hardening into stiff, rubbery peaks that strained against the fabric of her bra. Tingling shocks of pleasure radiated from her swollen, throbbing teats straight to her pulsing clit. Drops of warm breastmilk began to leak, dampening her shirt.

The sight of her son's virile young body, his impressive boy-cock erupting with seed, sent jolts of forbidden lust through Amy's very core. Her womb clenched as if trying to pull sperm deep inside to impregnate her. The mouth of her cervix kissed open and closed, practically puckering with the instinctive urge to suck her son's cock deep inside her hungry body.

Amy's hand slipped into her soaked panties, fingers gliding through the slickness to find her painfully erect clit. As she rubbed the swollen bud, her pussy made obscene wet sounds, gushing and squelching with her taboo arousal. She had to bite her lip hard to keep from moaning and giving herself away, unable to look away from the obscene display of her son's impressive ejaculation. Max's dick continued to twitch and pulse in his stroking fist, milking out every last drop of his copious teenage load.

Finally, with a shuddering gasp, her son went limp against the mattress, his softening member slipping from his fingers to lay on his thigh, still dripping semen.

Amy carefully backed away from the door, her mind reeling and panties dampened from the forbidden scene she'd just witnessed. Flustered, she

hurried back to the kitchen, trying to process these confusing new feelings about her son and what she'd seen him doing.

The next day, Amy met up with her lifelong best friend Greta for their usual morning coffee date. The two women settled onto the couch, each cradling their nursing newborns to their oversized racks.

As Amy watched Greta's little girl suckle hungrily at her giant, milk-swollen tit, she sighed heavily. "I just don't know what to do about Max," she confessed. "I caught him yesterday jacking off to MILF porn. Stuff with mothers and sons. He's clearly obsessed."

Greta nodded sympathetically, gazing down at her own infant as he fed greedily, milk dribbling down his chin from her enormous nipple. "I'm worried about Chad too," she admitted. "He's been so secretive lately, always alone in his room. And I found a flash drive labeled 'Hot MILFs' under his bed last week."

"Do you think it's just normal teenage boy stuff? Or something more concerning?" Amy wondered aloud as she shifted her baby to her other engorged breast. Her huge, veiny tit jiggled with the movement, almost overflowing her nursing bra.

"I don't know," Greta sighed, cupping her free hand under her massive boob as if to support its heavy weight. "I mean, I get that they're curious about sex and attracted to older women. We probably represent a 'safe' fantasy for them in some Freudian way. But this obsession with mother-son incest porn... it just feels unhealthy, you know?"

Amy nodded, her expression creased with concern. She stroked her baby's downy head as he suckled contentedly, his rosebud lips tugging rhythmically at her fat, leaking nipple. "If I tell you something, will you promise not to think I'm horrible?"

"Ames, stop," Greta answered, using her friend's nickname. "I would never think your horrible. We're practically sisters for crying out loud."

"I feel so guilty for spying on Max like that," she said quietly. "But seeing him stroke that big, hard cock while he listened to a woman pretending to be his mom...God help me Greta, it turned me on. What kind of mother does that make me?"

Greta reached over to squeeze Amy's thigh reassuringly, her blue eyes full of understanding. "You're not alone, honey. Sometimes when I picture what Chad must be doing in his room, thinking about me while pulling on that hard teenage flesh, I get all hot and bothered too. We're sexual beings, even if we are mothers. It's natural to feel a bit confused."

The two MILFs sat in companionable silence for a few minutes, the only sounds the gentle suckling of their babies nursing at their bountiful breasts. Finally, Greta spoke again.

"I suppose all we can do is be there for the boys," she said resignedly. "Keep the lines of communication open, try not to shame them for their desires. Maybe this is just a phase they need to work through."

Amy bit her plump lower lip, looking troubled. "I don't know. I'm worried that if we don't do something, the boys might become porn addicts. You know how impressionable teenage minds are. What if they start needing harder and harder content to get off?"

Greta frowned, absently adjusting her nursing bra as the baby detached from her nipple with a soft pop. "You're right, that's a real concern. But what can we do? Ban them from the internet and make things worse?"

"No, I have another idea," Amy said slowly. "What if... what if we started dressing and acting more like the women in those MILF videos they're so obsessed with? Give them an outlet for their fantasies that's a little more healthy and reality-based."

Greta's eyes widened. "You mean, like, seducing our own sons? Amy, we can't!"

"No, no, nothing that extreme!" Amy said hurriedly. "I just meant, you know, wearing sexier clothes around the house. Making more innuendos. Touching them 'accidentally'. Letting them see us in compromising situations. Enough to be a tease and keep them hooked."

Greta thought about it, her pussy giving a traitorous throb at the idea of enticing Chad. "I guess that could work," she said hesitantly. "If we give them little peeks and thrills, it might be enough to draw them away from the really hardcore stuff online."

"Exactly!" Amy looked excited now. "We can even pretend to get stuck in the washing machine or something, let them ogle our asses. The MILF porn tropes are so predictable."

Greta giggled, starting to warm to the naughty plan. "Okay, let's do it. For the boys' sakes. We'll be like their personal MILF pornstars."

The next afternoon, Greta came over to Amy's house so they could enact their plan. They changed into the skimpiest outfits they owned - Amy in a strappy tank top that barely contained her huge tits and a miniscule denim skirt, Greta in skintight yoga pants that molded to her amazing ass and a flimsy crop top that exposed her midriff.

They stood side by side in front of Amy's full-length mirror, critically examining their reflections. Greta turned to the side and arched her back, making the half-globes of her buttocks strain against the thin fabric of her yoga pants. The pants had ridden up into the cleft of her ass, exposing the rounded underswell of each full cheek.

"How's this?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder at Amy. "Think it'll get Chad's attention?"

"Definitely," Amy breathed, eyeing her friend's jutting bubble butt enviously, even though she had one that was equally round and juicy. She cupped her own heavy breasts, barely restrained by the flimsy tank top. Her deep cleavage swelled over the low neckline as she bounced

lightly on her heels, making the giant orbs jiggle enticingly. "But are you sure my tits look okay? I feel like they're about to spill out any second."

"That's the point, honey," Greta reassured her, moving behind Amy and reaching around to boldly squeeze her massive boobs. Amy gasped as Greta hefted the weighty melons appraisingly, the brunette's fingers sinking into the pliant titflesh. "You wanna keep Max on the edge, constantly worried about a nip slip. He won't be able to look away."

Greta released Amy's tits with a parting jiggle, stepping back to appraise the overall effect in the mirror. Both women's nipples poked visibly through their tops, the jutting peaks impossible to ignore.

Amy had foregone panties under her minuscule skirt, and she fretted that her cleanly waxed pussy might be peeking out. She tugged the hem down, but that only served to further accentuate the lush curves of her wide hips and thick thighs.

Satisfied with their appearances, the MILF besties shared a conspiratorial smile. Greta pulled a tube of reddest red lipstick from her make-up kit and uncapped it. She leaned forward over the vanity, pursing her full lips into a sexy pout as she slowly, sensuously applied the glossy color.

The phallic shape of the lipstick tube sliding in and out between Greta's plump, glistening lips gave Amy all sorts of naughty ideas. She imagined her friend wrapping those bee-stung lips around Max's swollen purple cockhead, slurping and gurgling as she struggled to deep throat his huge shaft.

Shaking off the forbidden fantasy, Amy turned her attention to her own primping. She misted her neck and cleavage with a light body spray, the scent fresh and subtly floral. Grabbing a paddle brush, she bent at the waist, deliberately giving Greta an eyeful of her naked, dangling tits as she brushed out her long blonde hair until it crackled with static electricity.

Amy and Greta slipped their dainty feet into strappy high-heeled mules, their perfectly polished toenails gleaming against the patent leather. The shoes arched their heels sharply, forcing them to balance on the balls of their feet, toes pointed like ballerinas en pointe. Their calf muscles flexed with feminine power as they teetered for a moment before finding equilibrium.

Greta took a few experimental steps, her hips swaying seductively with each stride. The vertical jut of her rear was even more pronounced in the high heels. "God, I feel like a total vixen in these shoes," she purred, doing a little spin. "I bet Chad won't be able to take his eyes off Mommy's ass today."

Amy nodded, adjusting her humongous breasts so they sat high and proud on her chest, the tight tank top molding to their rounded contours. "Same with Max and my tits," she agreed. "I'm amazed I don't have a wardrobe malfunction every time I move."

When Max and Chad got home from school, the two MILFs were ready. They greeted the surprised boys with exaggerated hugs, pressing their big squishy breasts against the teens' muscular chests.

"How was school today, boys?" Amy asked brightly, bending over provocatively to set out snacks on the coffee table, her tank top gaping to reveal the curve of her heavy tits.

"Uh, fine Mom," Max mumbled, his eyes glued to her cavernous cleavage. He exchanged a disbelieving glance with Chad, who was staring at his own mother's juicy spandex-clad ass.

Greta dropped her phone on purpose and slowly bent over to retrieve it, giving the teens a perfect view of her plump cheeks and cameltoe.

"Oops! Clumsy me. What are you boys up to this afternoon?"

"We were gonna play some Warzone," Chad said distractedly, adjusting himself as his cock started to swell.

"Sounds fun! Maybe we can join and you can show us how to play... I bet you're both so good with your fast reflexes and clever fingers," Amy purred, winking suggestively at Max.

"Um, I dunno if you'd like it, Mom, it's pretty violent," Max hedged, swallowing hard. The crotch of his jeans was visibly tented now.

"Oh I don't mind getting a little rough," Amy said silkily, trailing a finger down his chest. "But if you boys would rather play alone, maybe Greta and I will just hang out here and chat while we do some yoga. You don't mind if we stretch and bend in all sorts of positions right in front of you, do you?"

The teens practically tripped over each other's words assuring their moms that was fine, their eyes glazing over slightly as they pictured it. Amy and Greta shared a subtle high five as they settled onto the couch, satisfied their plan was working perfectly so far.

As the boys started up their game, the two mothers slipped off their heels and began doing yoga poses deliberately chosen to show off their assets. They arched their backs in cat/cow, sticking out their huge asses. They spread their legs obscenely wide in happy baby pose, displaying their flexibility. They laid on their stomachs and propped themselves up on their elbows for sphinx pose, their heavy tits threatening to spill out of their skimpy tops.

Amy's voluptuous post-pregnancy figure was on full display in her skimpy outfit. Her breasts had swollen to an impressive double-K cup-size, full and heavy with milk for her newborn. They strained against the thin fabric of her tank top, the outrageously deep cleavage threatening to spill out with every breath. Her nipples poked through the material, large and erect from the constant stimulation of breastfeeding.

Below her massive rack, Amy's belly was still soft and slightly rounded, not yet fully deflated from carrying her child. But the extra weight looked good on her, giving her a lush, fertility-goddess vibe. Her wide hips flared

out from her nipped-in waist, and her thick thighs pressed together as she held the sphinx pose, making her juicy ass look even more substantial in the too-tight denim micro-mini.

As Amy shifted position, her skirt rode up dangerously high, revealing the lower curves of her plump cheeks. Max forced himself to focus on the video game, but his eyes kept darting to his mother's incredible body, so lewd and tempting in her skimpy clothes. He could hardly believe this was the same woman who had tucked him in at night and packed his lunches, now shamelessly flaunting her sexy assets like a pornstar MILF.

Amy glanced over and caught her son staring at her wobbling chest, his gaze riveted to her deep cleavage. She felt a rush of heat between her thighs at his blatant ogling, her pussy growing wet and needy. It was so wrong to want her own son this way, but she couldn't deny how much his lustful stares turned her on.

Holding eye contact with Max, Amy slowly and deliberately arched her back, thrusting out her huge milk-swollen tits even more. She let out a soft moan, as if the stretch just felt sooo good. Max's eyes nearly bugged out of his head and he licked his lips, his cock visibly throbbing in his jeans.

Beside her, Greta was putting on a similar show for Chad, rolling her hips sensually as she moved through the yoga poses. Her booty shorts had gotten wedged between her plump cheeks, giving her a major whale tail, and the teen boy was transfixed by the lewd sight.

"Mmmm, it's so hot in here," Greta purred, fanning herself theatrically. "I'm all sweaty from this workout." With that, she stripped off her little crop top altogether, revealing a lacy red bra that barely contained her giant heaving tits.

Chad made a strangled sound, his controller forgotten in his hands as he gawked at his scantily-clad mother. His cock was tenting his shorts obscenely, looking painfully hard.

The teen's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's breasts straining against the flimsy lace of her bra. He could clearly make out the wide brown circles of her areolas and the jutting points of her thick nipples through the semi-sheer red fabric. It was the most erotic thing the virginal teen had ever seen in real life.

"I...uh...I gotta hit the bathroom!" Chad stammered, leaping up from the couch. He held his hands awkwardly in front of the massive bulge in his shorts as he practically sprinted out of the room.

Amy shot Greta a meaningful look as they heard the bathroom door slam. "Sounds like someone needs to relieve a little...tension," she murmured. "What about you, Max? You seem a bit distracted too. Maybe you should take a little personal time in your room, hmm?"

Max swallowed hard, his eyes flicking guiltily from his mom's deep cleavage to the obscene cameltoe clearly visible in Greta's tight shorts. "Uh, yeah, I guess I should...go study or something," he mumbled, getting up and holding his history textbook strategically in front of his crotch as he fled.

As soon as the boys were out of earshot, Amy and Greta dissolved into giggles. "Oh my God, did you see the SIZE of those boners?" Amy gasped. "I thought Max's cock was going to bust right through his zipper!"

"I know!" Greta squealed. "Chad looked like he was about to nut in his pants when he saw my nips through this bra."

Amy and Greta exchanged an exuberant high-five, their gigantic tits jiggling with the motion. They grinned at each other triumphantly, thrilled that their plan to distract their sons from online MILF porn seemed to be working so far.

"We make a pretty damn good pornstar duo!" Amy said smugly. "Did you see how fast they ran out of here to go jerk off? I bet they'll be thinking about our hot mom bods the whole time they're beating their meat."

"Totally," Greta agreed, adjusting her bra to make her cleavage even more pronounced. "It's like we're their personal spank bank material now. I could practically smell how horny they were!"

The next day while the boys were at school, Amy invited Greta over for coffee and to put the next phase of their plan into action. They were both eager to see what kind of MILF porn had their sons so obsessed.

"I feel a little guilty snooping like this," Amy admitted as she retrieved Max's VR headset from his room. "But I just have to know what he's been watching that's got him so hot and bothered."

"Same," Greta agreed, holding up Chad's headset. "I figure if we're gonna keep teasing them with our hot mom bods, we should know exactly what turns them on so much."

They settled onto the couch and slipped on the VR goggles, giggling nervously. Amy navigated to Max's recent videos with trembling fingers. "Okay, here goes..."

The first video loaded, showing a busty redheaded MILF in a skintight white blouse. Her huge tits strained against the buttons, looking like they might pop open any second. She wore a tiny plaid miniskirt and sheer thigh-high stockings with garters peeking out.

"Well, we know he likes redheads with big titties," Greta snickered. Just then, the MILF in the video bent over, flashing her bare pussy and ass under the micro skirt. She wasn't wearing panties!

Amy felt her face flush. No wonder Max was jerking off so much if this was his visual stimulation. She clicked on the next video.

This time, a stacked brunette MILF strutted on screen wearing only an apron that barely covered her shaved snatch and enormous boobs.

"Looks like someone's been a naughty boy," the MILF cooed, fondling her huge breasts. "Mommy's going to have to punish you..."

Amy squirmed on the couch, her pussy growing damp as she imagined saying those words to Max, seeing the huge tent in his pants... She shook her head. Focus, Amy! This is research, not fantasy fodder.

Meanwhile, Greta was blushing furiously as she scanned through Chad's favorite videos. The MILFs all had a similar look - ridiculously large tits barely contained in too-small bras and lingerie, round juicy asses poured into thongs and G-strings, stockings and garters, towering stripper heels.

And they were all acting so slutty and sex-crazed, begging their "sons" to fuck them with their big cocks. Greta felt an illicit shiver of arousal as she pictured herself in one of those obscene getups, seducing Chad.

"We're gonna need to do some serious shopping I think," Amy declared, pulling off the VR goggles. Her nipples poked visibly through her thin t-shirt, aroused by the raunchy scenes.

Amy and Greta arranged for Amy's sister Lisa to babysit their infants for the afternoon so they could go on a secret shopping trip. Lisa arrived and cooed over the adorable babies, cuddling them to her own ample bosom.

"You two deserve some time to yourselves," Lisa said, winking. "I know how exhausting new motherhood can be. Go have fun! And maybe buy yourselves something nice while you're at it. You both have such killer bods, you should show them off!"

Amy and Greta exchanged a conspiratorial glance, trying not to giggle. If Lisa only knew what kind of "something nice" they planned to purchase! The two MILFs thanked her profusely and hurried out to Greta's SUV before Lisa could ask any more questions.

Giggling like naughty schoolgirls, the busty mothers drove to a strip mall on the other side of town, not wanting to risk running into anyone they

knew. They made a beeline for a trashy-looking store with mannequins in the window modeling crotchless panties and cupless bras.

"This place definitely looks like it'll have what we need to live out those MILF porn fantasies," Greta said with a laugh as they entered the sex shop. Raunchy club music pulsed and the walls were lined with every manner of kinky costume and stripper wear.

For the next hour, they pored over the racks of slutty lingerie and skimpy outfits, holding up possibilities and debating what their sons might like best based on the VR porn they'd snooped on.

"I think Max would lose his mind if he saw me in this little number," Amy said, dangling a hanger with a sheer red babydoll that would barely cover her colossal boobs and came with crotchless lace panties.

"Girl, he'd bust the biggest nut! Speaking of busting out..." Greta held up a "virgin killer" sweater that was more like a cropped tank top with a neckline that plunged to the navel. "I don't think my areolas would even be covered in this thing!"

"That's the point! We've gotta let the nips breathe," Amy joked, adding it to her haul, along with some thigh-high stockings and a garter belt.

Greta grabbed a few crop tops that looked more like slingshot bikinis, a latex micro mini, and some "yoga pants" that were basically just see-through tights. "If these don't make Chad pitch a tent pole in his pants, nothing will!"

By the time they finished shopping, both MILFs had spent way too much money on a provocative porn star wardrobe. But picturing their sons' slack-jawed, bug-eyed expressions when they modeled the raunchy getups made it all seem worth it.

That afternoon, Max and Chad arrived home from school, laughing and jostling each other as they burst through the front door. "Mom?" Max called out. "We're home!"

There was no answer. Puzzled, the boys wandered through the quiet house looking for their mothers. As they neared the back door to the pool area, they heard the sound of feminine laughter.

Chad pushed open the door and both teens froze, their jaws dropping at the sight before them. Amy and Greta were laying out on pool loungers, sunbathing in the skimpiest bikinis the boys had ever seen.

Amy's suit was a slingshot style, basically three tiny triangles held together by dental floss. The top barely covered her enormous nipples, the weight of her huge tits stretching out the fabric so it was nearly sheer. The bottoms were equally miniscule, disappearing between the globes of her juicy ass.

Greta's bikini wasn't much better. The top was more like a shelf for her massive rack, pushing her boobs up and together into a deep, mouth-watering valley of cleavage. Her bottoms were so low-cut in front that they showed off her pubic mound.

"There you boys are!" Amy called, lifting her sunglasses to wink at their stunned faces. "How was school?"

"Uh...um...it was...uh..." Max stammered, unable to tear his eyes away from his mother's enormous exposed tits.

Max and Chad both felt their cocks spring to immediate painful hardness at the shocking sight of their mothers' practically nude bodies. Mortified by their own instant reaction, they stammered out excuses about homework and bolted into the house.

The two teens fled to Max's bedroom, slamming the door shut and leaning against it, breathing hard. Chad adjusted himself, trying to will down his huge erection. "Dude, what the fuck was that?!" he hissed. "I've never seen my mom dressed like such a slut!"

"I know," Max groaned, palming his own throbbing cock through his jeans. "Did you see my mom's tits in that bikini top? They were like, falling out!"

Just then, there was a soft knock at the door. The boys jumped. "Max? Chad? Is everything okay?" came Amy's concerned voice.

"Y-yeah mom, we're fine!" Max called back, his voice strangled.

"Can we come in? You both rushed off so suddenly..." Greta added.

The boys exchanged panicked glances. "Uh, just a sec!" Chad stalled. They quickly grabbed Xbox controllers and jumped on the bed, holding the controllers over their crotches to hide their boners.

"Okay, come in," Max said weakly.

The door opened and Amy and Greta stepped inside, still wearing their obscene bikinis. Max felt light-headed as all the blood rushed to his cock at the sight. The bikinis looked even smaller up close, barely covering their nipples and slits.

Amy and Greta sauntered into the room, their colossal tits swaying and jiggling with each step in the barely-there bikini tops. The flimsy triangles of fabric were straining to contain their massive, milk-heavy udders, stretched to the limit and nearly transparent from the sheer size and weight of their breasts.

Greta's huge boobs wobbled up and down as she walked, the skimpy top doing nothing to restrain their movement. Her plump nipples poked visibly through the thin fabric, looking like they might pop out any second. The cups were so small that the soft, pillowy flesh of the tops and sides of her breasts spilled out obscenely.

Amy's enormous jugs bounced and quivered, defying gravity in the dental floss slingshot bikini. The spaghetti straps dug into her shoulders, clearly not designed to support such a heavy load. Her areolas were

clearly visible through the sheer fabric, wide and brown against her pale skin. The boys couldn't help but notice a few drops of milk leaking through, dampening the bikini.

"What are you two up to?" Amy asked innocently as they neared.

"Just p-playing some Warzone," Chad stammered, determinedly looking at the TV and not his mother's enormous cleavage.

"Mind if we join you?" Greta asked with faux innocence. Without waiting for an answer, she sprawled out on her stomach next to Chad, her huge tits pillowing on the mattress. Her son made a choking sound.

Not to be outdone, Amy laid back on the bed next to Max and stretched languorously, arching her back. Her bikini top slid to the side, revealing one puffy pink nipple. Max forgot how to breathe.

"Oops!" Amy giggled, adjusting her top without actually fixing it. "This bikini is so small, I'm practically falling out of it. I hope you don't mind, sweetie."

Max shook his head dumbly, unable to look away from his mother's exposed nipple. He could see a bead of moisture glistening on the tip. Was that... breast milk? His cock jerked in his pants.

Beside him, Chad was in a similar state of paralyzed arousal. Greta had shifted so that her bulbous ass was pointing right at his face, the flimsy bikini bottoms disappearing between her cheeks. He could see the wet spot darkening the crotch. The urge to bury his face in her pussy was overwhelming.

The two teens tried valiantly to focus on their video game, but it was impossible with their scantily clad mothers right there, all soft skin and dangerous curves, the musky scent of their arousal filling the room.

Amy and Greta continued lounging provocatively on the bed, giggling and chatting as if they were all alone, not caring that their sons were right there gawking at their nearly nude bodies.

"Ugh, I'm still so jiggly after having the baby," Amy complained, cupping her huge tits and jiggling them. "But I guess that's what happens when these things inflate to the size of watermelons!"

"Tell me about it," Greta commiserated, running her hands over her soft, rounded belly. "I've still got this little pooch that won't go away. But our asses have never looked better!" She reached back and smacked her own rump, making the plump cheeks jiggle.

"That's for sure! Pregnancy gave me some serious meat back there. I'm like a Kardashian now," Amy laughed. "What do you think, boys? You like mommy's big new booty?"

She rolled onto her stomach and arched her back, thrusting her bodacious rear in the air. The tiny slingshot bikini bottoms vanished into the crack of her ass, giving Max and Chad an eyeful of her plump, nearly bare cheeks.

Greta copied the pose, her own thong riding up between her juicy buns. "Mmm, this position feels sooo good on my lower back. Carrying around these giant titties really puts a strain on it."

The two MILFs laid there, asses in the air, swaying their hips slightly as if humping the mattress. Max and Chad gripped their controllers white-knuckled, not daring to speak lest their voices crack like pubescent boys.

"You know what else feels amazing?" Amy purred sultrily, flipping onto her back again. "Rubbing my sore, swollen feet after being on them all day." With that, she extended one shapely leg and planted her foot directly on Max's chest.

Max inhaled sharply as his mom wiggled her painted toes against his pecs. Her smooth sole slid up to his collarbone, then along the side of his neck. He shivered as her big toe traced his jawline.

She made eye contact for a moment, and his mom gave him a sweet little smile, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

Greta followed suit, extending her sexy leg and rubbing her dainty foot over his chest and abs. She lightly scratched her toenails down his stomach, stopping just short of the straining bulge in his shorts.

"You boys are so tense," Greta cooed, continuing to caress Chad with her foot. "Doesn't this feel good? Mommy just wants to help you relax..."

Amy nodded, now trailing her toes up and down Max's arm, making his skin pebble with goosebumps. "We've been so busy taking care of the babies, we've neglected our special time with you. Let mommies make it up to you..."

She stretched her other foot into Max's lap and brushed over the rock hard ridge of his erection. Max bit back a groan, his hips involuntarily pushing up into the pressure.

Greta went even further, boldly cupping the bulge of Chad's cock with her sole and giving it a squeeze. Chad's whole body jerked as if electrified and a damp spot appeared on his shorts where pre-cum leaked out.

"My my, what's this?" Greta asked with faux innocence, rubbing her foot up and down the teen's shaft. "Is that a Popsicle in your pocket or are you just happy to see mommy?"

"Holy shit mom!" Chad yelled as his mother fondled his stiff prick with her toes. "W-what are you doing?!"

Max spoke up too, his voice strained. "Yeah, seriously, what's going on with you two? You never used to dress like this or act so..." He trailed off, gesturing at their skimpy bikinis and provocative poses.

Amy and Greta exchanged a guilty glance, realizing they may have taken things a bit too far. They sat up on the bed, adjusting their scanty swimsuits to cover themselves slightly better.

"You're right, boys, we have some explaining to do," Amy began. "The truth is, we know you've been watching a lot of...explicit content online. MILF porn, to be specific."

Max and Chad both turned bright red, but didn't deny it. They squirmed uncomfortably, hands still covering their laps.

"We're concerned about the unrealistic expectations that kind of porn sets," Greta continued gently. "So we thought maybe if you had some healthier outlets for your fantasies and urges, with real women, you wouldn't need it as much."

"Whoa, wait," Max interrupted, eyes wide. "Are you saying you WANT us looking at you sexually? Like, you're gonna dress sexy for us on purpose?"

"And what, fuck us too?" Chad blurted out crudely, then immediately looked horrified at his own boldness.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves!" Amy said quickly, cheeks flushing. "We're not suggesting that. We just thought some flirting, teasing, sexy outfits... giving you boys an outlet for your MILF kinks without actual sex..."

"Basically, we wanna be the stars of your teenage spank bank material, not those fake porn actresses," Greta finished. "Keep you interested in the real thing."

There was a moment of stunned silence as Max and Chad processed this. They stared at their mothers, seeing them in a whole new light - as sexual beings, willing participants in their forbidden fantasies.

"So, let me get this straight," Max said slowly. "You're gonna parade around the house half-naked, rubbing your tits and asses on us... but not actually let us fuck you. Is that the deal?"

Amy bit her lip, looking uncertain. "I know it seems like a tease. But we just wanna give you a safe outlet for your desires. Work up to things slowly, see how it feels for all of us."

Greta nodded in agreement with Amy's words. "We wanna ease into this new dynamic gradually. But part of that means you boys being open and honest about your needs too."

She took a deep breath, steeling herself before continuing. "So when you feel the urge to...relieve some tension, you don't need to run off and hide anymore. You can just stay right here with us and take care of business, like you do with those VR videos you watch."

Max's mouth fell open. "Wait, you want us to jack off in front of you?! While you're wearing those tiny bikinis??"

Greta shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant even as a flush crept up her chest. "Why not? It's nothing we haven't seen before, thanks to your porn habits. This way, we're your inspiration, not those silicone bimbos."

"And you'd be okay with that?" Chad asked his mom incredulously. "Watching us stroke our cocks?"

Amy's cheeks were burning, but she nodded. "I think it could be very bonding, actually. Seeing you in the throes of pleasure, knowing we caused it... it's intimate."

Max licked his suddenly dry lips, his erection pounding insistently at the mention of masturbating in front of his hot mom. "Would you... I mean, while we do that, would you..."

"Would we what, baby?" Amy asked gently. "What do you need from mommy?"

Max's voice was almost a whisper, his cheeks scarlet. "Would you swing your tits back and forth, let them bounce in our faces in those bikinis while we stroke? Like you're dancing for us?"

Amy and Greta looked at each other, pulses quickening. The mental image was incredibly erotic - their teenage sons working their cocks furiously while the moms jiggled and shook their massive jugs right in those innocent young faces.

"I suppose we could do that," Amy said slowly, cupping her heavy breasts and hefting them, feeling the weight of her son's rapt gaze. "These bikinis barely hold the girls in anyway. It's not much of a stretch to pop them out and let them swing."

"Yes," Chad breathed, palming himself through his shorts. "I'm so fucking hard right now."

Greta felt a gush of wetness flood her bikini bottoms at her son's crude language. She couldn't believe how much it turned her on to hear him talk about his cock and her tits that way. Who knew being a mommy porn star for her boy would feel so thrilling?

The two MILFs stood up from the bed, bodies swaying sensually as they found a rhythm. They started to hum a stripper tune as they rolled their hips and shimmied their shoulders, making their huge boobies bounce and quiver in the skimpy tops.

Max and Chad watched in awe, hands automatically going to their groins. They rubbed themselves through their pants as their mothers performed an impromptu striptease right in front of them, slutty smiles on their flushed faces.

"Go ahead and take them out, boys," Amy purred sultrily. "Stroke those boners for us like you do when you watch mommy porn."

With trembling hands, the teens unzipped their flies and pulled out their stiff members. The thick rods of flesh slapped up against their bellies,

pulsing with need. Hesitantly at first, then with more confidence, they started to glide their fists up and down their shafts.

"Ohhh fuck," Greta moaned at the sight of her son gripping his impressive cock, working it faster. "Mommy's so proud of you, baby. So big and strong, pumping that meat..."

She reached up and untied her bikini top, letting it fall away completely. Her colossal tits spilled out, heavy and round, nipples fat and swollen. Milk dribbled from the tips, leaving silvery trails down her shaking mounds.

Not to be outdone, Amy unhooked her top and tossed it aside, revealing her own gigantic, milky jugs. She cupped them and pushed them together, making nectar spurt from her mammary-ducts. Then, she started to swing them wildly back and forth, slapping the massive orbs against each other.

Max and Chad were mesmerized by the lewd display, watching their busty mothers shake and jiggle their colossal jugs. Milk sprayed from Amy's swollen teats as she made them slap together forcefully. The teens pumped their swollen cocks harder, fists flying over their throbbing shafts.

"Mom... Aunt Amy..." Max groaned, squeezing his prick. "In those videos, the MILFs always talk so dirty and nasty while they show off their tits. Could you maybe..."

"You want us to talk filthy to you, baby?" Amy purred, pinching her fat nipples and tugging on them. "Mommy can do that. You want me to tell you what a naughty boy you are, stroking that big dick while you stare at my huge titties?"

"Yes," Chad panted, rubbing his cock head, smearing the slick pre-cum that leaked steadily from the tip. "Talk to us like pornstar sluts, mom!"

"You boys are so bad, jerking off to your own mothers," Greta moaned, hefting her heavy jugs and shoving them outward. "Mommy's gonna dirty talk you so hard, you'll never need that filthy porn again. As long as you promise to only cum for us from now on and not those online videos."

"We promise!" Max gasped eagerly, his balls already tightening.

"You like this, Max? Seeing mommy's huge tits bouncing in your face while you beat off?" Amy gasped, undulating her torso so her breasts swung in hypnotic circles. "I'm your personal busty MILF porn star now, baby. These big mommy milkers are all yours."

Max whimpered, fist blurring over his thick cock as he watched his mother shake her enormous rack mere inches from him. Watery milk sprayed his face as her nipples whipped past, the musky scent filling his nose. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Greta had bent over and was thrusting her tits down at Chad, letting them sway and wobble tantalizingly above his purpling cockhead. Strings of pre-cum linked the shiny tip to her dangling nipples each time they brushed past.

Amy and Greta swung their huge, milk-heavy tits back and forth, building speed and momentum as they dangled the enormous orbs over their sons' pumping fists. The teens' cocks throbbed and pulsed beneath the hypnotic undulation of mommy tit-flesh, shiny with sweat and milk spray.

Greta whipped her pendulous jugs in circles, making them slap together lewdly. Each collision sent droplets of breastmilk flying, splattering Chad's face and chest. He groaned gutturally, fucking his cock harder into his fist as the warm fluid coated him.

"That's it baby, stroke that big dick for mommy," Greta panted, swinging her watermelon-sized tits faster. "Paint yourself in my titty milk while you pump that hot cum for me!"

Amy leaned back slightly, making her massive rack bounce and quiver right over Max's purple cockhead. Her elongated nipples dragged up the underside of his shaft with each pass, leaving sticky trails of milk and precum.

"Fuck Mom, your huge titties feel so good on my cock," Max grunted, hips bucking to meet the swinging globes. "Milk my dick with those big mommy milkers!"

The room echoed with the wet slapping of tit-flesh and furious male masturbation. The MILF mommies beamed at each other, ecstatic to be the stars of their sons' perverted jerk off fantasies. No more VR bimbos for these boys - only the real life bounce and sway of their own mothers' massive fun bags.

"I'm getting close," Chad warned, balls tightening as Greta buffeted his cock with her silky boob pillows. "Gonna cum soon!"

"Me too," Max panted, the feeling of Amy's stiff nipples flicking his cockhead driving him wild. "Fuck, I'm gonna blow my load!"

"Yes, cum for us!" Amy cried, frantically pummeling Max's throbbing dick with her swinging jugs. "Soak mommy's big titties in your hot teenage spunk!"

"Paint our huge milky tits, baby!" Greta urged breathlessly, angling her nipples to poke rapidly at Chad's spurting slit. "Give mommy that young cock cream!"

With twin cries of rapture, the boys erupted simultaneously. Thick ropes of pearly jizz blasted from their jerking cocks, splattering in long streaks across their mothers' shuddering tit mountains. Amy and Greta continued to swing and bounce their mammoth breasts wildly, coaxing out every drop of cum.

Spurt after spurt of Max's hot seed sprayed onto Amy's jiggling jugs, painting them in glistening ivory. Milk and semen mixed together, leaving sticky trails in her deep cleavage as her huge boobs shook and wobbled.

Chad's cock pulsed like a geyser, sending jets of cream arcing through the air to coat Greta's heaving milkers. Her massive teats were soon glazed in a dripping layer of his ball batter as she slapped them together, rubbing his spunk into her skin.

The MILF mommies milked their sons through every last shuddering spasm, not stopping the titty assault until the final dribble of cum oozed from their softening cocks. By the time they were done, both busty mothers were drenched in sperm, their giant breasts criss-crossed with pearly ropes and dripping with cream.

"Holy shit," Max panted in awe, staring at the erotic sight of his mom's cum-soaked titties. "That was unreal."

"Best mommy-son bonding ever," Chad agreed dazedly, watching a glob of his jizz slide down into Greta's cavernous cleavage.

Amy and Greta shared a triumphant grin, their chests heaving and dripping with milk and spunk. They had successfully fulfilled their sons' ultimate MILF fantasies - and discovered an intensely arousing new dimension to their relationship in the process.

Later that evening when Max's dad and little sister got home, the teen watched in amazement as his mother seamlessly slipped back into her normal domestic role. Just hours before, Amy and Greta had been half-naked and covered in cum, lewdly shaking their huge tits in their sons' faces while the boys jerked off. But now, there was no trace of those wanton, cock-crazed MILF sluts.

"Hi honey, how was your day?" Amy asked brightly as she greeted her husband with a chaste kiss, looking like the perfect doting housewife in her modest sundress. Max goggled at her, unable to reconcile this prim

and proper image with the mommy porn star who had just drenched herself in his spunk.

"Dinner is served!" Greta chirped in her own kitchen as she set the meal on the table, her hair neatly coiffed and conservative blouse buttoned all the way up, not a hint of cleavage showing. Chad had to pinch himself to make sure he hadn't imagined the whole titty-milking session.

The next day while the boys were at school, Amy and Greta met up to compare notes on what other MILF porn tropes and kinks their sons were into, so they could further indulge the teens' kinky fantasies. They had no qualms about snooping through the boys' browser histories, telling themselves it was for a good cause - keeping Max and Chad obsessed with mommy sex and out of trouble.

As they scrolled through the list of raunchy video titles, one theme quickly became apparent - the boys had a serious thing for upskirt videos. "Oops, I Dropped My Pencil in Front of My Son", "Helping Stepmom in the Kitchen", "Hide and Seek with Mommy"... In every video, the MILF "accidentally" let her skirt ride up to reveal her panties or bare pussy to her son or stepson.

"Well, well, well," Greta smirked knowingly. "Looks like our boys are dying for a peek up mommy's skirt at her goods. I think we can arrange that, don't you?"

"Definitely," Amy agreed with a naughty grin, already plotting. "Let's give them an eyeful of hot mommy snatch they'll never forget. They'll be hooked on the real thing and never go back to porn!"

That afternoon, the women put their plan into action. They changed into dangerously short skirts and "accidentally" forgot to put on underwear. When the boys got home from school, Amy and Greta made sure to bend and stretch in front of them as much as possible, giving tantalizing glimpses of their bare, waxed pussies.

"Oops! Silly me, I dropped the TV remote," Amy giggled, slowly bending at the waist right in front of Max. Her skirt rode up to reveal the smooth, plump lips of her labia peeking out from between her thighs.

Max's eyes bugged out of his head as he ogled his mother's exposed cunt, so close he could smell her sweet, heady musk. His cock immediately started swelling in his pants at the intoxicating sight and aroma.

Meanwhile, Greta was in the kitchen, perched on a stepstool to reach something on a high shelf. She made sure to position herself so that when Chad walked by, he was treated to a perfect view straight up her skirt to her juicy, bare ass and pussy.

"Oh! Hi honey," Greta said breezily, pretending not to notice as she wiggled her rump. "Could you help mommy get the flour down? I can't quite reach."

Chad audibly gulped, unable to tear his eyes away from his mom's glistening pink slit winking at him from under her skirt. He felt lightheaded as all the blood rushed to his hardening dick.

"S-sure mom," he croaked, scrambling to assist, desperate to keep that privileged view of her goods. He "accidentally" brushed his crotch against her ass in the process, biting back a moan.

All afternoon, Amy and Greta engineered excuses to flash their bare pussies at their sons. They dropped things, cleaned low surfaces, even staged a fall that ended with them spread-eagled on the floor, skirts flipped up around their waists.

The poor boys sported raging boners the entire time, their young cocks throbbing painfully in their pants from the non-stop peep show. Amy and Greta snuck sly glances at their sons' bulging crotches, delighted by how clearly hot and bothered they were.

The next afternoon, Max and Chad eagerly rushed over to Greta's house after school, their teenage cocks already stiffening in anticipation of what their MILF mommies might have in store for them today. They could hardly focus during their classes, too busy reliving yesterday's upskirt reveal, and the incredible tit-bouncing, cum-soaked masturbation session from earlier in the week.

As they burst through the front door, the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies wafted through the air. But that delicious smell was quickly overpowered by an even headier scent - the musky perfume of horny MILF pussies. Max and Chad shared a knowing grin, their dicks twitching in their pants as they followed their noses to the kitchen.

The sight that greeted them made their jaws drop and cocks spring to full attention. Amy and Greta were bent over the kitchen island in the skimpiest, laciest lingerie imaginable, their giant asses jutting out and swaying provocatively as they slid trays of cookies into the oven. Stiletto heels adorned their feet, the tall spikes making their thick legs look a mile long.

"There you boys are," Amy purred sultrily, straightening up and turning to face them. Her bra was a sheer scrap of red lace that barely contained her massive, milk-swollen tits, the dark circles of her areolas clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. Matching crotchless panties displayed her bare, glistening pussy lips.

"We thought you might like a little after school snack," Greta cooed, licking melted chocolate off her fingers. Her outfit made Amy's look downright demure. A black leather corset cinched her waist and lifted her enormous jugs up to her chin, while a tiny G-string disappeared between the globes of her ass. Thigh-high fishnet stockings encased her curvy legs.

Max and Chad ogled their moms shamelessly, drinking in every mouthwatering inch of scantily clad MILF flesh. Their pants tented obscenely, straining to contain their swollen teenage cocks.

"Mmm, looks like you're hungry for more than just cookies," Amy observed, her eyes zeroing in on Max's bulge.

Max spoke up boldly. "Actually Mom, Chad and I were talking, and we heard about this really hot new porn video. It's a young guy putting his penis between a busty MILF's buttcheeks. We were gonna go watch it, unless..." He trailed off meaningfully.

"Unless what, baby?" Amy asked, swallowing hard.

"Unless you two wanted to offer us the real thing instead," Chad finished, palming his bulge. "Let us do that to you instead of watching it."

Amy and Greta exchanged uncertain looks, biting their plump lower lips. This was moving so fast - they had only intended to tease and titillate their sons, not necessarily perform hardcore sex acts. Anal play seemed especially taboo.

"Boys, we wanna be your personal MILF material, but rubbing your dicks against us..." Greta hedged.

"We can just go jerk off to porn if you're not up for it," Max said with a shrug, turning as if to leave.

"Wait!" Amy called out, not wanting to lose her son's attention to some skank on a screen. She took a deep breath. "Okay, we'll do it. We'll let you hotdog our asses."

Greta nodded hesitantly. "But just rubbing between the cheeks! No penetration."

"Deal," the teens readily agreed.

Amy and Greta led their eager sons down the hall to Greta's bedroom, their stiletto heels clicking on the hardwood floor. Max and Chad followed close behind, their eyes glued to the tantalizing sway of their mothers' barely-clad bubble butts.

Once inside the bedroom, the MILF moms slowly peeled their panties down their thick thighs, bending at the waist to give the teens a perfect view of their juicy cunts and heart-shaped asses. They could even see the pink, crinkled rings of their assholes peeking from between their buns.

The moms stepped out of the skimpy underwear and kicked them aside, now completely bare from the waist down except for their stockings and heels.

"Let me grab some lube," Greta said breathily, rummaging in her nightstand. She produced a bottle of warming lubricant. "This should help everything slide nice and easy between mommy's cheeks."

Max and Chad hastily shucked their clothes, their stiff cocks springing free and bobbing heavily. They stroked themselves to full mast as they drank in the mouthwatering sight of their mothers' naked bodies - ripe tits straining against flimsy lace, smooth pussies glistening with arousal, plump asses just begging to be split by a hard shaft.

Amy and Greta crawled onto the king sized bed and laid side by side on their tummies, pillowing their heads on their folded arms. They looked back at their sons over their shoulders with sultry gazes, wiggling their hefty naked rumps invitingly. The position made their thick ass cheeks spread slightly, revealing the tight puckers hidden between.

"Come and get it, boys," Amy purred, reaching back to smack her own ass. The fleshy globe jiggled from the impact. Then she amped up the dirty talk, which the boys had specifically requested. "Shove those big young cocks between mommy's buns and fuck my ass crack."

"Mommy wants to feel your hard dick rubbing all up and down her slutty ass cleavage," Greta added, arching her back to thrust her rump higher.

Nearly tripping over themselves in their haste, Max and Chad clambered onto the bed and knelt behind their prostrate mothers' spectacular asses. They each grabbed a meaty cheek in both hands and spread them wide, making the moms gasp. Greta fumbled to hand them the bottle of lube with trembling fingers.

The teens drizzled the slippery liquid into the deep crevices of their moms' asses, then smeared it all over their cracks and twitching holes. Amy and Greta shivered and moaned as their sons rubbed the warm oil into their most intimate areas, fingers grazing their sensitive puckers.

"Fuck yeah, get mommy's asshole all nice and slick for your cock," Greta whimpered as Chad circled her rim with a fingertip, making it flutter and wink.

Once their moms' ample backsides were thoroughly greased, Max and Chad took their rigid poles in hand and nestled the broad heads right into the slippery crevices. With the slow, steady pressure, they pushed forward, sliding their throbbing cocks deep into the tight channels of their mothers' ass cracks.

"Unngghh yesss, shove that fat dick between mommy's cheeks!" Amy groaned, fingers clutching the sheets as she felt her son's steely rod glide against her most taboo place. The slick drag of his cock head over her twitching asshole made her eyes roll back in ecstasy.

Max grunted in pleasure as his aching shaft was engulfed in the hot, slippery vice of his mom's ass crack. He began to piston his hips, sawing his thick teenage meat back and forth between her jiggling buns. On either side of his pumping cock, Amy's voluptuous ass cheeks wobbled and rippled with each thrust.

"Oh fuck Mom, your ass feels amazing around my dick," Max panted, increasing his pace. Sweat beaded his brow as he worked his hips furiously, determined to milk his cock with his mother's plush rump. "So soft and slippery...gonna make me cum so hard!"

Beside him, Chad was humping away just as vigorously between Greta's lush cheeks. The horny MILF was writhing and undulating beneath her son, grinding her greasy asshole against his sliding shaft.

"That's it baby, fuck mommy's big fat ass!" Greta wailed, pushing her hips back to meet Chad's thrusts. Her heavy jugs swayed beneath her with the force of his movements. "Use my slutty ass crack like your personal fuck hole! Mommy's shitter is your cock sleeve!"

The room filled with the sounds of slick flesh slapping together and the MILF moms' wanton moans as their sons fucked their asses with wild abandon. The musky scent of hot aroused cunt and sweaty teenage balls permeated the air.

"Holy shit, I'm getting close," Max warned through gritted teeth, his cock throbbing almost painfully between Amy's squishy cheeks. "Gonna shoot my load all over your ass, Mom!"

"Me too," Chad panted, his rhythm growing erratic as his balls drew up tight. "Fuck, I'm gonna glaze your big booty in so much cum, Mom!"

"Yes, do it!" Amy cried, reaching back to pull her ass cheeks as far apart as possible. Her fluttering pink asshole winked up at Max as his cock sawed over it. "Paint mommy's ass with your hot seed! Mark my fucking shitter with your spunk!"

"Cream my corn hole, baby!" Greta babbled, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt Chad's prick pulsing against her sensitive rim. "Squirt that young jizz deep in the crack of my ass! Fill mommy's shit gutter with cum!"

With twin roars of release, Max and Chad hilted themselves balls deep in their moms' slippery ass crevices and let loose. Their swollen cocks jerked and spasmed as they erupted, sending thick ropes of pearly white cum splattering all over Amy and Greta's upturned rumps.

Jet after jet of hot teenage spunk painted the MILFs' ample backsides, coating their ass cheeks and dripping into their deep clefts. Stray spurts shot up the small of their backs and into their disheveled hair. But the teens made sure to aim most of their creamy load right at their mothers' twitching assholes, glazing the puckered stars in glistening jism.

"Fuck yes, so much cum," Amy moaned deliriously, feeling her son's semen leak down her crack and over her pussy lips. "Mommy's ass is fucking drenched...I'm marked as your anal cum slut now!"

"Unngghh, it's so warm and gooey in my shitter," Greta whimpered, clenching her messy hole and making more spunk ooze out. "My ass is overflowing with your seed, baby! You filled mommy's butt with your special cream!"

Max and Chad slumped forward, resting their sweat-slick chests against their mothers' backs as they caught their breath. Their softening cocks slipped from between the MILFs' cum-soaked cheeks with obscene wet plops.

For a moment, the only sound was heavy panting as they all recovered from the intensity of their anal hotdogging session. Amy and Greta lay face down in a puddle of cooling jizz, their asses still twitching and fluttering, gaping slightly from the prolonged friction.

Finally, with a mischievous smile, Amy turned her head to catch Max's eye over her shoulder. "Well, I think it's safe to say porn has got nothing on the real thing, hmm?"

Max grinned back, giving his mom's plump rump a playful smack and making it jiggle. "Definitely. Who needs VR when we've got the hottest MILF asses in the world right here?"

As the teens carefully climbed off their mothers and flopped onto their backs beside them, Greta sat up and assessed the cum splattered disaster of her ass and bedsheets. She giggled and reached for a towel to clean up. "Looks like I'd better throw these sheets in the wash before your father gets home and wonders why our bed smells like a brothel."

The four of them burst out laughing, basking in the afterglow of their secret, taboo tryst. Max and Chad knew they were the luckiest sons in the world to have such sexually open and adventurous mothers. And Amy and Greta couldn't wait to see what other dirty MILF porn fantasies they could fulfill for their horny boys.

As the MILF moms gingerly stood up on wobbly legs, cum still trickling down their thighs, they knew they needed to get cleaned up and back to their normal, respectable selves before their husbands returned. With a conspiratorial wink at their sons, they sauntered to the joining bathroom, cum-glossed asses jiggling with every step.

Max and Chad high fived as they watched their mothers disappear into the bathroom, admiring the glistening jizz painted across their backsides. "Dude, I can't believe we just fucked our own moms' asses," Max marveled, shaking his head. "This is like, every guy's ultimate fantasy."

"I know right?" Chad said dreamily. "Did you see how much they loved it? The way they were moaning and begging for our cum like total anal whores?"

"Fuck yeah, they couldn't get enough of our dicks in their ass cracks. Who would've thought our own moms were such kinky sluts, even if they are just doing it to keep us away from porn." Max adjusted his sticky cock, which was already starting to thicken again at the thought.

The next day, Amy and Greta surprised their sons by picking them up from school in Greta's SUV. The teens exchanged curious glances as they climbed into the backseat, noticing picnic baskets and blankets stacked on the floor.

"Hey boys, we thought we'd take advantage of this gorgeous day and go for a little drive out of town," Amy said breezily from the passenger seat, her voice laced with mischief. "Have a private picnic somewhere secluded, just the four of us."

Max and Chad's cocks immediately began to swell in their jeans as they read between the lines. A "private picnic" with their hot MILF moms could only mean one thing - more naughty fun was in store. They squirmed in anticipation the whole drive, barely able to focus on the small talk.

About a half hour later, Greta pulled off the main road onto a hidden dirt path that wound through a forested area. She drove until they reached a clearing with a bubbling stream and lush green grass dotted with wildflowers. It was like a scene from a fairytale, but the teens knew they were in for a much dirtier kind of fantasy.

"This looks perfect," Greta declared, putting the SUV in park and hopping out. "Secluded enough for some MILF/son bonding time, don't you think?"

She threw a wink over her shoulder at Chad, whose jaw was hanging open at the insinuation. Amy giggled and gathered up the blankets and baskets, her huge tits already straining against the flimsy fabric of her sundress.

The horny moms spread out the blankets in a sunny patch of grass right next to the gurgling stream. But instead of unpacking food, they cued up a sultry R&B playlist on a portable speaker. Then, right there in the middle of nowhere, they began to sensually sway their curvy bodies to the beat.

Max and Chad laid back and watched in awe, pulses pounding, as their mothers started to strip tease for them. Amy reached behind her neck and untied her halter dress, letting it slither down her body to pool at her feet. Underneath she wore only a sheer pink bra and matching thong that left nothing to the imagination.

Not to be outdone, Greta peeled off her tight tank top to reveal a black lace bralette that barely contained her massive jugs. Her miniscule denim shorts came next, sliding over her thick thighs to expose the plump globes of her ass bisected by a tiny G-string.

The MILF mommies kicked off their heels and prowled towards their sons, hips rolling seductively. They lipsynched the dirty lyrics as they fondled their barely concealed tits and ass, undulating their voluptuous bodies.

"Holy fucking shit," Max breathed, palming his throbbing erection through his jeans. Beside him, Chad looked ready to bust a nut untouched.

Amy turned around and bent at the waist, her thong riding up into her ass crack as she shook her big booty in her son's face. "You like this, baby? Mommy's putting on a special show just for you."

Greta faced Chad and reached behind her to unclasp her bralette, letting it fall away, her giant jugs tumbling out like wrecking balls. She cupped her heavy jugs and jiggled them, the full flesh spilling obscenely over her small hands, nipples engorged. "Don't you wanna just suck on Mommy's big titties? I know how much you love them."

Panting heavily now, the boys shucked their shirts and shorts, their hard young cocks springing free. The pink skin pulled taut along their sinewy shafts, accentuating every ridge and vein. They stroked themselves as they feasted their eyes on the live porno playing out before them, performed by their own scantily clad mothers.

The final scraps of lingerie hit the grass, leaving Amy and Greta completely naked except for their dainty toe rings glinting in the sun. They danced closer, tits bouncing and asses jiggling, until they were straddling their sons' laps.

"Fuck Mom, you're so goddamn sexy," Max groaned, boldly grabbing two handfuls of his mother's plump ass. Amy responded by grinding her slick, bare cunt against his rigid shaft, coating him with her juices.

Greta, meanwhile, had pressed her massive rack into Chad's face, smothering him in warm, fragrant titty flesh. "Suck Mommy's big nipples, baby," she whispered. "They're all swollen and achy for your mouth."

As the teens slurped and fondled, their moms reached for the picnic baskets. But instead of food, they pulled out bottles of flavored massage oil - chocolate and strawberry.

"We thought we could have a different kind of picnic today," Amy purred, dribbling the chocolate oil all over her huge tits. It ran down the jutting slopes and into the darkened canyon of cleavage. "A MILF body buffet for our special boys."

"Lick it all off Mommy," Greta urged, pouring the strawberry oil in a line down her toned stomach to her bare mound. "Feast on our sexy bodies like the horny young studs you are."

Max and Chad glanced at each other in disbelief, then dove in face first, lapping at the sweet flavored lube coating their moms' naked curves. Heads disappeared between giants jugs as they motorboated slippery titties, tongued glistening cleavage, and followed sticky trails over taut tummies. They ate syrupy cunts like starving men, slurping and suckling until the MILF mommies were writhing and wailing in ecstasy.

Amy laid back and drizzled more chocolate oil between her big, oiled up ass cheeks. She reached back and spread them wide in invitation, her

puckered hole winking. "Don't neglect Mommy's naughty place, baby. Get your tongue in there deep and taste my forbidden fruit."

Max obliged with relish, burying his face between the slick globes and spearing his tongue into his mom's twitching asshole. He groaned at the intense flavor - dark chocolate and the funky musk of her most intimate place. He ate her out with sloppy enthusiasm, fucking her tight rear entry with his stiffened tongue.

Not to be left out, Greta positioned herself over Chad in a 69, lowering her bald strawberry glazed cunt onto his eager mouth. At the same time, she deep throated his cock, the thick shaft gliding into her well-lubed throat. They slurped and slobbered shamelessly, lost in the heady sensations.

Chad snarled like a feral beast as he devoured his mother's juicy cunt with ravenous hunger. He shoved his face deep into the plump, strawberry-scented folds of her pussy, his tongue lashing wildly over her engorged clit.

"Fuck yes baby, eat Mommy's cunt!" Greta wailed, grinding her slick slit harder against her son's mouth. "Suck on my fat clit like a good boy!"

Grunting and growling, Chad sealed his lips around the throbbing bud and attacked it ferociously, alternating between flicking the tip of his tongue over it and suckling it hard.

Greta shrieked in ecstasy, her wide mommy-hips undulating as she rode her son's face. Cunt nectar and sticky strawberry lube smeared over Chad's cheeks as he motorboated her sloppy cunt, his chin and nose rubbing against her pulsing opening.

"Mommy's gonna cum on your face!" Greta babbled deliriously, her eyes rolling back. "Fuck, I'm gonna squirt all over you! Don't stop, make Mommy cum!"

Chad doubled his efforts, growling like a rabid dog as he shoved his tongue as far as it would go up his mom's twitching vaginal canal while frenziedly frigging her clit. His face was drenched in her fragrant juices, the musky taste of cunt filling his mouth and nose.

Just as Greta was about to explode, she took Chad's rock hard cock to the hilt, deep throating him with wild abandon. The shaft was still slick with chocolate flavored oil, letting it glide easily down her clutching gullet.

Chad's eyes crossed at the sensation of his mom's hot, wet mouth enveloping him, her throat muscles rippling and massaging his sensitive cockhead. He let out a muffled bellow into her cunt as she started aggressively facefucking herself on his throbbing pole, her head bobbing up and down.

Spit and chocolate lube frothed out the corners of Greta's stretched lips as she furiously sucked her son's meaty prick, strings of it flying as she gagged and slurped. Her tongue swirled all over the veiny shaft and pulsing head, lapping up the sticky chocolate coating.

Chad could feel his balls tightening, the cum boiling up as his mom worked his cock like a sex-starved slut. He knew he was gonna bust the biggest nut of his life down her throat. But he was determined to make her cum first.

With an animalistic snarl, he clamped his mouth around Greta's clit and sucked viciously, at the same time plunging three fingers deep into her greedy fuckhole and crooking them against her G-spot.

Greta came with a muffled shriek around Chad's cock, her cunt spasming and clenching wildly, drenching his face with a gush of hot squirt. Her entire body convulsed with the force of her intense orgasm, her huge tits mashed against Chad's abs.

The feeling of his mom cumming on his tongue while throating his dick was too much for the boy. With a guttural roar, he bucked his hips and exploded, firing a huge load of jizz directly down Greta's gulping throat.

Greta swallowed greedily, working her muscles to milk every drop as Chad groaned and spasmed beneath her. Cum and spit leaked out around his pumping shaft, coating her chin and dripping onto his balls.

Finally, with a gasp, Greta let Chad's softening cock slip from her lips. It flopped onto his stomach with a wet splat, streaked with chocolate and spit. She rolled off him, panting, a blissed out smile on her flushed face.

Meanwhile, Amy was worshipping Max's virile young body with sensual devotion, trailing open-mouthed kisses over every inch of his chocolate-smearred skin. She laved her tongue along the ridges of his abs, tasting the tangy sweetness of his sweat mixed with the flavored oil.

Max groaned and fisted his hands in his mother's hair as she moved lower, lapping at his hipbones and inner thighs. Her massive, lube-slicked breasts dragged heavily over his tensed muscles, the hard points of her nipples grazing his fevered flesh.

"You taste so good, baby," Amy purred, nuzzling his chocolate-coated balls before sucking one into her hot mouth. Max bucked and cried out as she rolled it on her tongue, lavishing the delicate sac. After thoroughly tonguing his balls, she kissed and licked her way up his rigid shaft, swirling her tongue around the swollen head to lap up the pearly pre-cum leaking from the slit.

"Fuck Mom, your mouth feels incredible," Max panted, gently thrusting into the wet heat engulfing his cock. Amy smiled around his thickness and took him deeper, hollowing her cheeks as she bobbed her head.

She brought him right to the edge again and again, backing off whenever she felt him getting close. Max was reduced to a babbling, whimpering

mess as his mother skillfully worked his throbbing cock with her lips and tongue, driving him mad with lust.

After several torturous minutes of edging, Amy finally released him with a slick pop. Max whined at the loss of her mouth, his hips chasing the sensation. But Amy had other ideas. She climbed up his body, slithering sensually against him until they were face to face.

"Kiss me, baby," Amy breathed, her plush lips hovering over his. "I wanna taste your mouth."

Max surged up to capture her lips in a searing kiss, their tongues tangling filthily as they shared the chocolate flavor. They made out sloppily, hands roaming everywhere, smearing the massage oil into their skin as they writhed against each other, the boy's entire upper chest and neck smothered in warm titty-flesh.

Amy straddled Max's hips and ground her slick, needy cunt along his rigid shaft, coating it in her juices. The head caught on her entrance with each pass, threatening to slip inside. They both moaned into the kiss at the teasing almost-penetration.

"Please Mom," Max begged breathlessly when they broke for air. "I need to be inside you."

"I know baby, I want it too," Amy panted, rocking harder against him. "But we can't. We shouldn't..."

Even as she said it, Amy couldn't resist angling her hips so the fat crown of Max's cock pressed insistently against her slippery opening, the shaft sliding between her plump pussy lips with each thrust. She was so wet and open, it would barely take any pressure for him to slip inside her hot, clutching depths.

Max gripped his mother's wide hips, fingers sinking into the fleshy globes of her ass as he desperately dry humped up into the swollen, dripping folds of her cunt. The head popped teasingly just inside her entrance

before gliding up to rub against her throbbing clit, over and over until they were both panting and shaking.

"Gonna cum," Max gritted out, his cock jerking and pulsing against Amy's juicy slit. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum so hard..."

"Yes baby, cum for Mommy," Amy mewled, grinding her clit frantically into Max's shaft. "I'm cumming too! Cum with me!"

Max tensed and shouted as his orgasm ripped through him, erupting in powerful spurts that splattered Amy's cunt and tummy with his hot seed. At the same time, the mother shrieked and convulsed above him, her pussy spasming and gushing, adding her juices to the sticky mess between their bodies.

They clung to each other and shuddered through the intense peaks, Max's cock sliding through the slick, swollen folds of Amy's cunt as they bucked and undulated. It took every ounce of willpower not to thrust up into her inviting heat and bury himself to the hilt.

Finally, spent and satiated, they collapsed into a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs on the blanket. Max's softening cock slipped from Amy's drenched slit with an obscene squelch. Streaks of cum webbed between their bodies, mixed with massage oil and cunt honey.

Amy peppered her son's face with soft kisses as they basked in the afterglow, both trembling from the magnitude of their orgasms. "My perfect boy," she murmured adoringly. "Mommy loves making you feel good."

"I love you so much, Mom," Max mumbled, nuzzling into her neck. "That was incredible. Better than any porn."

They lay cuddling for a long moment, listening to the birds chirping and the stream burbling, a light breeze cooling their fevered skin. Amy absently trailed her fingers through the cum splattered on Max's stomach, drawing lazy patterns.

A loud moan caught their attention and they glanced over to see Greta and Chad in a similar post-orgasmic embrace, their naked bodies slick with oil and various fluids. The two families exchanged sly, satisfied grins, content in the knowledge that their taboo bonding activities were remaining a well-kept secret.

After cleaning up with some wet wipes and packing away the blankets, Amy and Greta slipped back into their sundresses while the boys pulled on their shorts, all still radiating a fucked-out glow. The drive home was filled with relaxed chatter and laughter, the atmosphere light and easy.

But inside, the MILF moms and their teenage sons were already thinking ahead to their next clandestine rendezvous, craving more of the forbidden fruits they had tasted. What other kinky adventures would their "special alone time" bring? Only one thing was certain - boring, unsatisfying porn would not be part of the equation. Not when they had each other to explore every dirty fantasy.

As their infants suckled contentedly at their breasts the next day, Amy and Greta shared secretive smiles. They were both still riding the high of their taboo sexual adventures with their teenage sons, their bodies humming with satisfaction.

"I have to admit, I thought I would feel guiltier about taking things so far with Max," Amy confessed, shifting her infant to her other milk-heavy tit. "But honestly? It just feels...right somehow. Like this is how we're meant to bond as mother and son."

Greta nodded, absently stroking her baby's downy head as she nursed. "I know exactly what you mean. Society would certainly condemn us for being so intimate with our own boys. But the way I see it, we're just giving them a safe, loving outlet for their natural urges. Better than them getting warped ideas from all that online porn."

"Exactly!" Amy agreed. "We're keeping it in the family, so to speak. Guiding them through their sexual awakening with a gentle, experienced hand. What could be more motherly than that?"

The two busty MILFs giggled naughtily, their massive jugs jiggling and leaking milk. They licked the sweet cream from their fingers as they fantasized about all the other kinky fun they could have with their sons.

"Of course, I highly doubt our husbands would see it that way," Greta pointed out wryly, dabbing at a few drops of breastmilk on her cleavage. "Can you imagine? 'Honey, I've been jerking off our son and letting him hotdog my ass, but it's totally fine. It's just an intervention so I can broaden his sexual horizons!'"

Amy burst out laughing, nearly dislodging her suckling babe. "Oh God, Frank would have an aneurysm! He's so old-fashioned, he'd probably accuse me of child abuse or something equally ridiculous."

"Mmhmm, Dave too. He's never been the most sexually adventurous man. The idea of me being a total freak in the sheets with Chad would break his boring brain." Greta rolled her eyes.

"Well, that's why this is our spicy little secret," Amy said conspiratorially. "What our hubbies don't know won't hurt them. And in the meantime, we get the thrill of molding our strapping young sons into the perfect lovers!"

"Amen to that, sister!" Greta held up her hand for a high five, which Amy enthusiastically returned. "Here's to being the ultimate MILF mommies, selflessly saving our boys from porn addiction with our hot bods and dirty minds!"

The naughty mothers dissolved into another round of giggles, their massive milky tits bouncing. They popped their nipples out of their hungry babies' mouths and playfully sprayed each other with breastmilk, shrieking with laughter.

Yes, the conventional world may clutch their pearls at the notion of a mom sexually mentoring her own son. But Amy and Greta knew that they were doing a beautiful, natural thing, and they refused to feel an ounce of shame over it.

As Chad and Max walked home from school, their minds reeled with the erotic memories of their recent encounters with their MILF moms. They could hardly believe how enthusiastically Amy and Greta had embraced their new roles as kinky maternal mentors, fulfilling the boys' every dirty fantasy.

"Dude, do you think they'll let us go even further next time?" Chad wondered aloud, adjusting himself as his cock started to swell at the thought. "Like, maybe we could finally fuck them for real instead of just dry humping and hotdogging."

Max licked his lips, picturing his huge shaft splitting his mom's juicy cunt open. "God I hope so. I don't know how much longer I can resist shoving my dick in my mom's hot pussy. Especially when she grinds on me like she did yesterday!"

The horny teens were so engrossed in their lurid speculation that they didn't even notice the voluptuous figure approaching until she was right in front of them. "Well hello there, boys!" a familiar sultry voice purred.

Max and Chad looked up to see their neighbor Mindy, a stacked blonde MILF in her late 30s. But there was one major change since the last time they saw her - her normally flat tummy was now hugely swollen with late pregnancy, straining against her tight sundress.

"Whoa, hi Mrs. Johnson!" Max greeted her, trying not to ogle her massive belly too blatantly. "Congrats on the baby. You look like you're ready to pop any day now!"

"I know, right? I'm huge!" Mindy laughed, cradling her gravid belly. She looked Max and Chad up and down with a flirtatious gleam in her eye.

"You know, they say pregnant women are super horny from all the hormones. And I have to admit, seeing you two strapping young bucks is really revving my engine right now!"

To punctuate her point, Mindy coyly hiked up her short dress a little, revealing that she wasn't wearing panties under her sheer stockings. The teens goggled at her plump, glistening bare pussy, framed by the lacy garter belt. The large fat dome of her clitoral hood protruded from between her flanges, peeled back slightly to reveal the plump pink nub of her clit.

"You boys look like you could help a girl out, hmm?" Mindy said huskily, giving her slick slit a few teasing strokes. "What do you say, wanna give a preggo MILF a thrill and fuck me as hard as you can?"

Max and Chad exchanged overwhelmed glances, their cocks rapidly hardening to full mast in their jeans. As unbelievably tempting as the brazen offer was, they couldn't stop picturing their own moms' naked bodies and remembering their vow to save all their cum for them.

"Wow, um, thanks Mrs. J," Chad said awkwardly, willing his boner to behave. "But uh, we actually have a lot of homework, so we'd better get going."

"Yeah, big project due tomorrow!" Max chimed in, giving the pouting MILF an apologetic grin. "Maybe next time though!"

They hurried away before she could tempt them further, leaving Mindy to huff in frustrated arousal. Their teenage cocks ached in their pants as they tried to banish the image of her swollen, ready-to-burst body from their minds.

Max and Chad barely made it another block before they were accosted by another neighborhood MILF on the prowl. Curvy redheaded Daphne, whose husband worked with their dads, was out walking her dog in obscenely short booty shorts and a skintight tank top.

"Well if it isn't Max and Chad!" Daphne called out, waving enthusiastically. Her huge, unfettered tits bounced and jiggled with the movement, nipples clearly visible through the thin fabric. "My, how you've grown! Especially you, Max. What are you, 6'2" now?"

As she spoke, Daphne not-so-subtly thrust out her colossal rack and licked her luscious pink lips, giving the teens a sultry once-over. Max gulped, knowing she was referring to more than just his height. He could practically feel her eyes undressing him.

"Yep, uh, finally hit that growth spurt," he said weakly, willing himself not to stare at her bodacious rack. Beside him, Chad shifted uncomfortably, trying to hide his own growing bulge.

"I'll say! You know, if you ever need help picking out clothes for that new bod, I'd be happy to take you shopping," Daphne purred, running a fingertip down Max's chest. "And Chad, I'm sure we could find you some stuff to really fill out too, hmm?"

Her "friendly" offer held an unmistakable undercurrent of cougar lust. She boldly cupped and lifted her heavy jugs, as if picturing the teens' young hands on them. Max and Chad stammered out vague excuses and all but sprinted away, cocks throbbing painfully against their zippers.

"Jesus, is there a full moon or something?" Chad panted as they fled. "Why are all these married MILFs suddenly coming onto us?"

"I dunno, but my dick can't take much more of this!" Max groaned.

They were so busy adjusting themselves that they ran smack into a wall of cleavage. Startled, the teens looked up into the smirking face of buxom brunette Tanya, a MILF yoga instructor whose massive tits were barely contained by a fluorescent sports bra.

"Oops! Careful there, boys," Tanya tittered, not-so-accidentally squishing her giant rack against them as she steadied their shoulders. "Wouldn't

want you to fall and hurt yourselves! I'm heading to teach a private class... unless you'd like a one-on-one session instead?"

She winked salaciously, arching her back to present her yoga-toned ass to them.

Her heavy tits wobbled as she turned to face Max, gazing into his frazzled eyes with her own baby blues. "How about it, Max?" she asked, thrusting her colossal tits out obscenely. "You wanna go somewhere private and go one-on-one with me? I can make you bust so hard."

The invited was clear in her words and bedroom eyes. Max and Chad mumbled frantic refusals, untangling themselves from her heaving bosom and booking it out of there at top speed.

By the time they reached Max's house, the poor teens were harder than they'd ever been in their lives, their swollen cocks weeping pre-cum and screaming for attention. Three aggressively horny MILFs propositioning them in the space of a few blocks had filled their heads with all sorts of raunchy imagery.

Max and Chad burst through the front door, panting and sweating, their raging erections tenting their shorts obscenely. They were about to dash upstairs to take care of their aching needs in private when they heard strange noises coming from down the hall - feminine gasps and moans mingled with the unmistakable buzzing of vibrators.

Exchanging curious glances, the horny teens crept down the hallway towards the master bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, the sounds of pleasure spilling out into the corridor. Pulses pounding, Max and Chad peeked inside - and nearly blew their loads untouched at the sight that greeted them.

Amy and Greta were sprawled wantonly on the king-sized bed, both wearing the laciest, most revealing bodystockings imaginable. The sheer floral fabric clung to every mouthwatering curve, the intricate patterns

barely concealing their huge nipples and dripping cunts. Garters and thigh-high stockings encased their thick, toned legs.

But it was what the MILF mommies were doing that made the boys' cocks jerk and leak in their pants. The bodystockings were crotchless, and each sexy mother had a thick, vibrating dildo stuffed deep in her hungry cunt, pumping it in and out furiously. Their free hands tweaked and tugged at their fat, protruding nipples as they masturbated shamelessly.

"Ungh yeah, fuck me hard!" Amy panted, grinding her clit against the buzzing toy splitting her open. "Shove that big fat cock in Mommy's greedy cunt!"

"Oh god, I'm getting close!" Greta mewled, thrusting the dildo faster. "Gonna cum all over this fat dick! Fuck fuck fuuuuck!"

The MILF moms acted as if they didn't even notice their slack-jawed sons standing in the doorway, gawking at the live porno playing out before them. Max and Chad hastily shoved their shorts down, their stiff cocks springing free and slapping against their bellies.

Whimpering with need, the teens wrapped their fists around their throbbing erections and started jacking off furiously, unable to look away from the incredible sight of their own mothers pleasuring themselves. Their eyes darted from Amy and Greta's jouncing tits to their plump asses to their stretched, dildo-stuffed pussies, drinking it all in.

"Holy shit dude, this is so much better than any porn," Max rasped, pumping his cock in time with his mom's vibrator thrusts. "I can't believe they're really doing this!"

"I know," Chad panted, fixated on his mother's juicy cunt lips clinging to the thick shaft splitting her open. "Fuck, I'm not gonna last long watching this!"

Max grunted in agreement, his balls already drawing up tight as he watched his mom grind her engorged clit against the buzzing toy. His hand was a blur on his pulsing shaft, the other cupping and tugging his cum-heavy sack.

Meanwhile, Amy and Greta's gasps and moans were rising in pitch and volume as their orgasms rapidly approached. Their voluptuous bodies writhed and undulated on the bed, the vibrators plunging in and out of their dripping fuck holes at a frenzied pace.

"Yes yes yessss, I'm cumming!" Amy suddenly shrieked, her back arching off the mattress, tits wobbling violently as she shoved the dildo as deep as it would go. "Oh fuck, cumming so hard on this fucking cock!"

Her cunt clamped and spasmed around the thick shaft, gushing and squirting all over it as she came. The obscene wet sounds of her climax filled the room, making Max dizzy with lust. With a hoarse cry, he pointed his cock at his mother and let loose, rocketing spurt after spurt of hot jizz all over her quivering body as she peaked.

Seeing Amy's intense orgasm set Greta off too. Wailing like a banshee, she pistoned the vibrator wildly in and out of her twitching cunt, juices spraying everywhere. Her huge tits bounced and swayed hypnotically, the hard nipples poking through the lace.

"Me too, fuck!" Chad roared, fisting his meat furiously as he watched his mom cum before his eyes. Thick ropes of pearly cum erupted from his cock head, splattering all over Greta's shuddering form as she spasmed through her climax.

For a long, suspended moment, the only sounds were panting breaths and the slowing buzz of vibrators as both generations came down from their mind-blowing orgasms. Amy and Greta lay limp and dazed in puddles of their sons' cooling spunk, their bodies still twitching with aftershocks. The dildos slipped from their gaping, satisfied cunts with obscene slurps.

Max and Chad stumbled into the bedroom on wobbly legs, their spent cocks hanging heavy and dripping between their thighs. They collapsed onto the bed next to their equally fucked-out mothers, all of them struggling to catch their breath amidst the mingled scents of sex and spunk.

"Holy shit Mom, that was unbelievable," Max panted, still in awe of the lewd masturbation show he'd just witnessed - and participated in.

"Seeing you pleasure yourself like that... fuck, I don't think I'll ever need porn again after this!"

Amy smiled coyly, trailing a finger through the creamy puddles of her son's jizz decorating her heaving tits. "Mmm, that's what Mommy likes to hear, baby. Who needs those silly porn sluts when you've got the real thing right here, ready and willing?"

Greta nodded, lazily scooping up some of Chad's spunk and sucking it off her fingers with a moan. "We'll give you all the naughty shows you can handle and more. No more wasting that precious teenage cum on your hand and a computer screen!"

Chad grinned at his cum-covered mom, but then bit his lip. "Actually... it's not just you two MILF moms making our cocks hard as iron these days."

Max nodded sheepishly. "Yeah, on the way home from school, we got hit on by like, three different horny neighborhood MILFs! Mrs. Johnson even flashed us her pregnant pussy under her dress. It's like every busty cougar on the block suddenly wants a piece of young dick."

Amy and Greta exchanged sharp glances, a flare of jealous possessiveness rising up. The thought of their sons' virile cocks being greedily eyed - and potentially sucked and fucked - by other wanton MILF pussies made their own cunts clench in envious irritation.

"Is that so?" Amy asked tightly, trying to keep her voice level even as green-eyed monster snarled in her chest. "And what did you boys do when these desperate housewives came onto you, hmm?"

Max and Chad looked at each other, a mischievous glint in their eyes as they caught the edge of jealousy in their mothers' tones. A wicked idea began to form - one that just might finally push their moms over the edge into full-blown incestuous fucking.

"Oh, you know, we let them down easy," Chad said casually, fighting back a smirk. "I mean, as tempting as it was to take Mrs. J up on her offer to plow her preggo cunt, or get a private 'yoga lesson' from Tanya, we know we promised to save our loads for you two."

"But man, it wasn't easy," Max chimed in, hamming it up. "Walking around town is like navigating a MILF minefield these days. Sexy cougars throwing themselves at us, begging for our hard young cocks... it's only a matter of time before we slip up and give in, you know?"

Amy and Greta saw red at the thought of their precious sons' dicks being gobbled up by the other cock-hungry mothers in the neighborhood. They knew it was better than a porn addiction, but no way were they going to let those wanton bitches steal their boys' cum!

With twin growls of possessive lust, Amy and Greta sat up and started peeling off their cum-splattered bodystockings. The flimsy lace clung to their sweat-slick skin as they shimmied out of the confining garments, baring their massive, heaving tits and dripping cunts.

"You know what, boys? Let's play a little game," Amy purred, eyes glinting with mischief as she kicked her ruined lingerie aside. "You two run and hide somewhere in the house, and Mommy will come find you. And if she does..."

"You have to fuck her," Greta finished, licking her lips. "None of this dry humping and hotdogging bullshit. Real, balls-deep MILF fucking."

Max and Chad's cocks, which had started to soften, immediately sprang back to full attention at the naughty proposition. Pulses pounding with excitement, they scrambled off the bed and took off in opposite directions, naked asses flexing as they sprinted out of the bedroom.

"You get a 30 second head start!" Amy called after them, giggling.
"Better find a good hiding spot, because when Mommy catches you, she's going to drain those big balls dry!"

After half a minute of listening to the sound of running feet and slamming doors, Amy and Greta shared a conspiratorial grin and sauntered out of the room, completely nude. Their massive tits swayed heavily and their thick asses jiggled as they began their sensual hunt for their soon-to-be-claimed sons.

Amy decided to search upstairs first, figuring Max would pick a secluded spot. She crept down the hallway on bare feet, keeping an ear out for any telling sounds. Suddenly, she heard it - the creak of a floorboard from inside the guest room closet.

Smirking to herself, Amy silently opened the closet door, letting the light spill in. She spotted Max crouched in the back corner, half-buried under a pile of winter coats. His eyes widened when he saw his naked mother looming over him, her pendulous breasts swinging inches from his face as she closed the door behind her, shrouding them in darkness.

"Found you," Amy singsonged, grinning in triumph. In one swift motion, she pounced on her son, tackling him to the closet floor in the darkness. Puffy coats and scarves tumbled down on top of them as they wrestled and groped, Max putting up a playful struggle.

"Resistance is futile, young man," Amy growled, finally pinning her boy beneath her. Her tits softly strangled his neck as clothes rained down around them. She could feel his huge erection pressing insistently against her belly, the bulbous head smearing pre-cum on her skin.
"Mommy caught you, now she gets to have her wicked way with you."

Max let out a strangled moan as Amy reached between their sweat-slick bodies and grabbed his throbbing cock, guiding it to her soaked entrance. The plush tip nudged against her swollen pussy lips, making them both gasp.

"You ready for this, baby?" Amy purred, rubbing his dick head up and down her slick slit. "Ready to finally fuck Mommy for real?"

"God yes," Max panted, bucking his hips up desperately seeking her hot cunt. "Please Mom, I need to be inside you! Fuck me!"

With a primal groan, Amy sank down on Max's rigid pole. His hot puffy knob split her twat and squeezed through the snug tube of her vagina as she took him to the hilt in one swift motion. They both cried out at the exquisite sensation of his huge cock finally sheathed fully in her tight, wet heat. Amy's pussy clamped down on him like a silken vise, fluttering around his thickness.

"Ohhh fuck yesss," Amy hissed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she started to bounce on her son's steely cock. Her massive jugs swayed hypnotically above his face, the hard nipples grazing his lips. "Mmm, you feel so good in Mommy's cunt, baby. So big and hard and perfect."

Max grunted desperately, his hands flying to Amy's rippling ass cheeks, squeezing the plush globes as she rode him. He pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, their skin slapping lewdly as they rutted. The pile of clothes muffled their wanton moans and the creaking of the closet floor.

"Mom, holy shit," Max babbled breathlessly, feeling his thick shaft disappear into his mother's juicy pink folds again and again. "So fucking tight and wet. I can't believe we're really doing this!"

"Believe it, stud," Amy purred, swiveling her wide hips in a figure eight. "Your big cock is mine now. Mommy's gonna fuck the young cum right

out of you every chance she gets. No more wasting it on porn or skanky neighborhood MILFs!"

She punctuated her filthy words by slamming herself down harder on Max's pistoning cock, taking him so deep she could feel him kissing her cervix. Her engorged clit ground against his pubic bone with each collision, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through her.

Max closed his eyes, lost in the incredible sensation of his mother's molten pussy sheathing him over and over. She was gripping him so tightly, her inner muscles milking his shaft like she was trying to coax the cum right out of him. He knew he wasn't going to last long inside her heavenly cunt.

As Amy furiously rode her son's throbbing cock under the heap of winter coats, Max found himself completely engulfed by her enormous, heaving breasts. The massive melons swayed and bounced wildly mere inches from his awestruck face with each roll of his mother's hips.

Unable to resist, Max buried his head between the sweaty, jiggling mounds, motorboating the plush titflesh with happy groans. He nuzzled deeper into her fragrant cleavage, kissing and licking every inch of silky skin he could reach.

"Mmmm, you like Mommy's big fat titties, baby?" Amy cooed breathlessly, cupping the back of Max's head and pushing his face further into her abundant bosom. "Go on, get in there. Explore Mommy's milky jugs with that tongue."

Max did just that, laving his tongue along the deep valley between Amy's breasts and up the soft slopes. He latched onto one bulbous mound, suckling the salty-sweet flesh, his lips seeking her straining nipple.

"Ohhh yesss," Amy hissed as Max's hot mouth found her swollen peak and drew it in, sucking greedily. "That's it, nurse on Mommy's big milky tits while she rides your young cock!"

Max groaned around his mouthful of erect nipple as warm, sweet breastmilk gushed over his tongue and down his throat. He suckled harder, guzzling the creamy nectar straight from the source as he fucked up into his mom's slick cunt.

Amy cradled Max's head to her chest as he drank thirstily, undulating her hips in time with his hungry pulls on her sensitive teat. Milk dribbled down her son's chin and neck, mingling with the sweat on their writhing bodies.

"Mmmm, drain Mommy's jugs, baby," Amy panted, grinding her clit against Max's pubic bone. "Suck down all that sweet titty milk while Mommy drains your big balls dry with her cunt."

Max released Amy's nipple with a gasp, immediately latching onto the other jouncing breast and drawing the fat nub into his mouth. He nursed from her furiously as he pistoned his hips, fucking up into his mother's rippling pussy with abandon.

Their bodies undulated as one in the darkness amidst the mountains of winter clothes, Amy's huge milky tits smashed against Max's face, smothering him deliciously as he suckled. The closet filled with the wet sounds of energetic fucking and the creaking of the floorboards beneath them.

"Oh fuck, I'm getting close!" Amy keened, slamming herself down harder on Max's jack-hammering cock. "Mommy's gonna cum all over your big dick!"

"I'm close too!" he gritted out, fingertips sinking into the fleshy globes of Amy's ass as he fucked up into her harder. "You're gonna make me cum!"

"Yesss, give Mommy that hot load," Amy mewled, bouncing feverishly on her son's throbbing cock as clothes cascaded around them. "I wanna feel you erupt deep in my cunt! Fill me up with your seed!"

Max let out a hoarse groan, his entire body going rigid as his orgasm crashed through him. His pulsing cock jerked and spasmed inside Amy's silky sheath as he pumped her full of his potent teenage spunk. Jet after jet of cum splattered her inner walls, painting them white.

The feeling of her son's hot jizz flooding her pushed Amy over the edge too. With a banshee shriek, she slammed down one last time, grinding her clit against Max's spurting cock as she exploded. Her cunt clenched rhythmically, milking him for every drop as gush after gush of girl cum sprayed his groin.

Mother and son clung to each other, shaking and crying out as they rode the waves of their mind-blowing mutual climax. Max's cock continued to twitch and throb inside Amy's spasming cunt, more cum pulsing out to mix with her honey. They were both soaked with sweat, the musky scent of their coupling filling the stuffy closet air.

Finally, utterly spent, Amy collapsed on top of Max, burying her face in his neck as she panted for breath. Max's softening cock slipped out of her well-fucked pussy with a wet plop, a river of their combined juices leaking out after it. They lay tangled together amidst the scattered clothes, basking in the afterglow of their first real fuck.

"That was incredible," Max mumbled against Amy's damp skin, still seeing stars. "So much better than any porn fantasy. You're amazing, Mom."

"Mmm, you're not so bad yourself, stud," Amy purred, nuzzling his cheek affectionately. "I can't wait to do that again and again."

Meanwhile, Greta was prowling through the downstairs rooms, peeking behind furniture and inside cabinets as she hunted for her hiding son. She was just about to check the garage when a muffled thump from above caught her attention. Grinning to herself, she crept up the stairs, following the sound.

The noise seemed to be coming from her bedroom. Puzzled, Greta stepped inside - and burst out laughing at the sight of two size 11 feet poking out from under her bed. Shaking her head in amused exasperation, she crawled onto the mattress and hung her head over the side.

"Gotcha!" she crowed, making Chad jump and bang his head on the box spring. "You know, for such a strapping young man, you sure are shit at hide and seek."

"Aw c'mon, I thought this was a genius spot!" Chad protested, awkwardly army-crawling out from under the bed. "You'd never think to look for me in your own room..."

His voice trailed off as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body kneeling above him. Her massive tits swayed pendulously, the rosy nipples already puckered with arousal. The neat triangle of hair on her mound glistened with moisture.

"Well, you thought wrong," Greta purred, pushing Chad onto his back and straddling his waist. She reached between them to grab his rock-hard cock, positioning the broad head at her entrance. "And now you're all mine."

With that, she sank down on her son's thick shaft in one smooth glide, letting out a rapturous moan as he stretched and filled her. Chad groaned deeply as his mother's hot, wet pussy engulfed all 9 inches of his penile flesh, hugging his cock like a velvet glove.

"Oh fuck Mom, you feel incredible," he rasped, hands flying to her wide hips as she started to bounce on his pole. Her giant breasts jiggled hypnotically above him with each roll of her pelvis, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly.

"You're not so bad yourself, stud," Greta panted, undulating her body sensually as she rode him. "Mmmm, Mommy loves having your big young

cock buried in her horny cunt. Soooo much better than your father's stubby little dickie."

Chad growled possessively at the mention of his dad, pistoning his hips up harder to meet his mom's downward thrusts. He never wanted that limp-dicked loser touching his sexy MILF mom ever again - this perfect pussy belonged to him now. He'd make damn sure he ruined her for any other man.

As Greta bounced feverishly on Chad's jack-hammering cock, her enormous jugs swayed and flopped right in his face, the elongated nipples grazing his lips. Unable to resist, Chad opened his mouth and captured one plump teat, drawing it in to suckle greedily.

"Ohhh yessss, nurse on Mommy's big titties!" Greta wailed, pushing her chest down to smother her son in her abundant titflesh. Milk immediately began to burst from her nipple, filling Chad's mouth with warm sweetness. He gulped it down eagerly, his cheeks hollowing as he drank.

Greta cradled her boy's head to her breast, letting him feast on the endless stream of rich breastmilk as she rode his pistoning cock. She couldn't get over how sexy it was to have her strapping teenage son suckling from her like a babe while he fucked her full of his mighty shaft. The ultimate Madonna/whore taboo.

"Mommy's big cow tits have so much yummy milk for you," Greta cooed breathlessly, humping Chad's face as he switched to her other jouncing jug. Drops of creamy white liquid dribbled down his chin as he suckled, his hips snapping up sharply to pound her cunt. "Guzzle it all down while you fuck Mommy hard and deep!"

Chad groaned around his mouthful of squishy titmeat, the vibrations making Greta shiver. He motorboated her huge knockers sloppily, licking and suckling every inch of plump flesh he could reach. All the while, his

pelvis continued to buck rapidly, drilling his steely rod in and out of her clutching sheath.

The room filled with the lewd sounds of hard fucking and Chad's obscenely loud nursing. Greta's rapturous cries rose in pitch as he hammered her G-spot, the bulbous head of his cock kissing her cervix with each powerful thrust. Her clit ground against his pubic bone, sending sparks of pleasure zinging through her.

"Unnngh fuck, I'm getting close!" Greta keened, her bounces becoming erratic as she chased her peak. "Make Mommy cum on that big dick, baby!"

Chad released her nipple with a wet pop, milk dribbling down his chin. "Me too," he panted, fingers sinking into the plush globes of her shuddering ass. "Gonna fill this pussy up. Breed you with my seed."

Greta wailed at her son's filthy promise, slamming herself down one last time and grinding her clit against his pelvis as she exploded. Her cunt rippled and spasmed around Chad's throbbing cock, squeezing him rhythmically as she gushed all over his groin.

The feeling of his mother's pussy milking him, her fem-cum cascading down his balls, pushed Chad over the edge too. With a hoarse shout, he bucked up hard and erupted, painting Greta's inner walls with thick ropes of cum. His balls pulsed as they emptied, pumping spurt after spurt of potent seed deep into her convulsing cunt.

"Yes! Give me that young cum!" Greta babbled deliriously as she felt her son's hot essence flood her spasming channel. "Breed Mommy's hungry cunt! Knock me up with your virile spunk!"

They clung to each other, jerking and shaking through the intensity of their mutual climax. Chad's cock continued to throb and twitch inside Greta's fluttering sheath, more pearly jizz pulsing out to mix with her honey. Milk sprayed from her bouncing teats, splattering them both.

Finally, utterly spent, Greta collapsed on top of her boy, burying her face in his neck as she struggled to catch her breath. Chad's softening member slipped out of her drenched pussy with an obscene slurp, a river of their combined fluids gushing out after it to pool on the sheets.

"That was...wow," Chad panted after a moment, his hands lazily roaming over Greta's damp back and ass. "I can't believe we just did that. You were amazing, Mom."

"You weren't half bad yourself, stud," Greta giggled, playfully nipping his earlobe.

Meanwhile in the guest bedroom, Amy and Max had made it as far as the guest bed and were going at it like animals in heat again, their naked bodies a sweaty tangle of limbs and writhing flesh.

Max had his mother pinned to the mattress beneath him as he pistoned into her mercilessly, the headboard slamming against the wall with each powerful fuck-thrust.

"Oh fuck yes, harder baby, harder!" Amy urged, her nails raking down Max's flexing back and ass. She wrapped her thick thighs around his pumping hips, locking her ankles high around his back to draw him in deeper. "Pound Mommy's pussy! Give me that big young cock!"

Max grunted and complied, hammering his engorged shaft into Amy's sopping wet cunt with wild abandon. His heavy balls slapped against her jiggling ass with each collision, the lewd sound mixing with their wanton moans and the creaking of the abused bed frame.

"Take it Mom, take my fucking cock," Max growled, gripping Amy's shoulders for leverage as he rutted into her. Sweat rolled down his chest and abs, dripping onto her huge bouncing tits. "This hungry MILF cunt belongs to me now. You're my slutty mommy fuck toy."

"Yes baby, all yours!" Amy babbled, tossing her head from side to side in ecstasy as Max's fat cock head pummeled her G-spot. "Mommy's your personal porn star fuck hole. Use me however you want!"

Max bent down and captured his mom's lips in a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss, their tongues wrestling wildly as they continued to hump. He reached between their slick bodies to grab one of her heaving jugs, kneading the huge milk-heavy tit roughly.

Amy mewled into the kiss as Max pinched and tugged on her sensitive nipple, making breastmilk spray out and coat his fingers. He brought his hand to their joined mouths, letting her lick and suck the sweet cream off his digits as he fucked her.

They were both burning up, their skin feverish and slippery with perspiration as they mated like wild animals. Amy's voluptuous body undulated sinuously beneath Max, her curves melding to his muscular contours, clinging to him like a koala bear. It was like they were trying to fuse into one writhing mass of incestuous flesh.

Amy's post-partum pussy was a marvel of strength and resilience, the muscular walls gripping Max's pistoning cock like a velvet vise. With each powerful kick of his hips, her slick vaginal canal clenched and rippled around his girth, massaging every rigid inch. The friction was exquisite, her tender, textured flesh rubbing and chewing on his aching hardness.

Hot secretions flowed from Amy's depths, bathing her boy's shaft in her essence. The musky nectar coated his entire veiny length, easing his passage as he plowed into her again and again. Obscene squelching noises filled the room each time he hilted inside her, evidence of just how sopping wet she was for her son.

Despite having given birth mere months ago, Amy's cunt was as tight as a virgin, hugging Max's oversized cock perfectly. He could feel every nuance and fold of her most intimate place, could trace the spongy ridges that made her gasp when he hit them just right.

As Max pistoned faster, the broad head of his cock started to bump against the soft, fleshy barrier deep inside Amy - her cervix. The little nub yielded under his insistent pressure, still pliant from childbirth. He groaned in bliss as the ring of muscles fluttered and suckled the tip of his cock, drawing him in deeper.

"Holy fuck Mom, I'm in your womb," Max babbled nonsensically, drunk on pleasure as he felt Amy's cervix nuzzling his glans. "My cock is kissing your baby hole. Gonna shoot my cum right into your fertile cunt."

"Yes baby, do it!" Amy wailed, tossing her head from side to side as she canted her hips up to meet Max's frenzied thrusts. She wanted him deeper, wanted to take him into her very core. "Plant your seed in Mommy's unprotected pussy! Knock me up with your virile spunk!"

Max roared at his mother's filthy encouragement, his pace becoming almost brutal as he chased his orgasm. The bed frame shook and creaked dangerously under their wild coupling, but neither paid it any mind. They were both too lost in the carnal ecstasy of forbidden flesh and the depraved thrill of mother-son incest.

Amy keened as the constant battering of Max's cock against her G-spot sent her hurtling towards climax. "I'm gonna cum!" she sobbed brokenly, her cunt starting to spasm and clench erratically around him.

As Amy's orgasm crashed through her, clear feminine ejaculate gushed from her twitching cunt, mixing with the copious amounts of Max's precum to create a frothy, slippery lather around his pistoning shaft. The combination of their juices formed the perfect lubrication, allowing Max's purple, blood-engorged cock to glide effortlessly in and out of his mother's clutching sheath.

Every bulging vein and ridge on Max's rock-hard dick flared prominently as it stretched Amy's rippling walls to the max. The sheer girth and length of him was almost painful in its rigidity, the contours of his manhood exquisitely defined as he surged into her again and again. His

cockhead flared and pulsed, the slit weeping a steady stream of viscous fluid that dribbled down to coat his heavy, cum-laden balls.

"Fuck, I'm gonna blow!" Max gritted out through clenched teeth, his pelvis jackhammering into Amy with unrestrained vigor. He could feel his impending release building at the base of his spine, his swollen sack drawing up tight to his body.

Amy locked her ankles behind Max's pumping ass, trying to pull him in even deeper. "Yes baby, give it to me!" she urged breathlessly, undulating her hips to meet his wild thrusts. "Flood Mommy's cervix with your potent seed! I wanna feel you erupt inside my womb!"

With a wordless shout, Max surrendered to the exploding pleasure, his cock jerking and throbbing violently as it unleashed a torrent of scalding spunk directly into Amy's fluttering depths. His cockhead flared impossibly wider, stretching her cervix obscenely as thick ropes of jizz sprayed through the snug ring of muscle, splattering the walls of her uterus.

Amy shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's molten cum bathe her insides, triggering another bone-rattling climax. Her vaginal muscles worked overtime, rippling and undulating along Max's spurting length, milking him for every drop. Her clit pulsed in time with his throbbing dick, the little bud engorged and sparking with sensation.

Mother and son bucked and shuddered through the seemingly endless waves of shared rapture, their bodies locked together as they rode out the intense peaks.

Max's balls pulsed again and again, pumping an unbelievable volume of cum into Amy's spasming cunt. Pearly rivulets oozed out around his pistoning shaft, unable to be contained by her fluttering folds.

Finally, when they were both empty and raw, Max collapsed on top of his mom, burying his face in the sweat-slick valley of her massive, heaving tits.

"That was incredible," the teen mumbled eventually into the side of Amy's neck. "Like, the best fuck ever. I can't believe I wasted so much time jerking off to lame MILF porn when I could've been banging you senseless this whole time."

Amy let out a breathless giggle, carding her fingers through Max's damp hair. "Well, we'll just have to make up for lost time, won't we stud? Mommy plans to keep this big cock very, very busy from now on."

From that day forward, Amy and Greta made good on their promise to sexually satisfy their sons in every way imaginable. Barely a day went by that the horny MILF moms didn't drag Max and Chad off for a raunchy romp, their curvaceous bodies always ready and willing.

The teens quickly learned that their mothers had absolutely no shame or boundaries when it came to fulfilling their every kinky desire. Amy and Greta would brazenly bend over in front of the boys at every opportunity, wiggling their juicy, barely-covered asses in blatant invitation. They'd "accidentally" let their massive tits pop out of skimpy tops, giggling coquettishly as their sons ogled the bouncing melons.

Whenever they had a moment alone, the wanton MILFs would pounce on Max and Chad like cats in heat, shoving their hands down the front of the teens' pants to grope their swelling cocks. They'd drag the boys into closets, bathrooms, any private corner they could find, hiking up their skirts and presenting their dripping cunts for a hard, fast fuck.

The moms took every chance to wrap their luscious lips around Max and Chad's thick dicks, slobbering and slurping noisily as they sucked the teenage meat down their throats. They loved surprising their sons with

spontaneous blow jobs, dropping to their knees and fishing out those young cocks no matter where they were or who might catch them.

Max and Chad were in horny teen boy heaven. They strutted around smugly, exchanging knowing winks and discreet high fives as they watched each other's mothers service them with wanton enthusiasm. Greta bouncing on Chad's cock was a sight Max would never tire of, just like Chad couldn't get enough of seeing Amy deep throating Max to the root, her eyes watering and mascara running.

The boys' favorite position quickly became doggy style - there was just something about seeing those big, juicy MILF asses jiggling and rippling as they pounded into their moms from behind that drove them wild. They loved the way Amy and Greta would reach back and spread their cheeks, giving their sons an unobstructed view of their thick cocks splitting the MILFs' wet, needy fuckholes open.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Amy would moan shamelessly, tossing her hair as Max pistoned into her slick cunt, his heavy balls slapping her clit with every thrust. "Pound me with that big dick! Make Mommy's ass clap for you!"

Not to be outdone, Greta would arch her back and push her huge tits into the mattress, letting her son admire the exaggerated curve as he rutted into her from behind. "Mmmm yeah, drill Mommy's cunt!" she'd urge breathlessly, humping back to meet Chad's thrusts. "Wreck my pussy with that fat cock! Deeper, baby!"

Max and Chad would grin at each other over the acres of undulating MILF ass flesh, smug in the knowledge that they were the kings of their own personal incest porn empires. It was like their every feverish jerk off fantasy come to life - and then some.

When their dads were at work and their baby siblings were napping, the teens would swagger into whichever room their moms were in, casually whipping out their oversized dicks with confident leers. Without a word,

Amy and Greta would stop whatever they were doing and assume the position - bent over the kitchen counter, on all fours on the living room rug, perched on the washing machine.

No matter the surface, the results were always the same - a wild, no-holds-barred fucking that left both generations sweaty, spent, and immensely satisfied. The sounds of skin slapping, orgasmic wails, and filthy incestuous dirty talk became the secret soundtrack of the households.

After particularly intense sessions, the moms and sons would collapse into a tangle of damp limbs, basking in the afterglow. Amy and Greta would tenderly clean off Max and Chad's sticky cocks with their tongues, cooing about what good boys they were for making their mommies cum so hard.

"You spoil us," Amy would sigh dreamily, nuzzling Max's cum-splattered abs. "Mommy's greedy pussy is so lucky to get this big young dick every day. I don't know how I survived without it for so long!"

"It's our pleasure," Max would assure her, lazily palming her tits. "Literally. You MILF mommies are like living wet dreams. Way hotter than any porn star!"

As Max and Chad snuggled with their busty mothers in post-coital bliss, they'd marvel at their incredible luck. What horny teen didn't dream of fucking their hot moms? But to actually have two cock-hungry, deprived MILFs constantly gagging for their dicks was beyond their wildest imaginings.

Things got even better for Max and Chad a couple months later when their moms started experiencing some familiar symptoms - fatigue, nausea, sensitivity to smells. Pregnancy tests confirmed the exciting news: Amy was carrying Max's twin babies, while Chad's virile sperm had taken root in Greta's fertile womb. The MILF mommies' bellies and tits started swelling with new life, physical proof of their sons' potent virility.

Far from being freaked out or guilty about the scandalous pregnancies, the horny moms and their teenage baby daddies were thrilled. Amy and Greta preened and glowed, proudly flaunting their rounding tummies and growing busts as badges of honor. They loved feeling so feminine and fertile, their bodies lush and ripe with the fruit of their loins' loins.

"We're such lucky mommies," Amy would purr, rubbing her burgeoning baby bump. "Carrying our strapping young sons' offspring, being bred and seeded by their superior cocks. Is there anything sexier than a knocked up MILF?"

"I can't think of anything hotter," Greta would agree, hefting her plumping pregnancy tits. "Every pound I gain, every new stretch mark, is just evidence of what a good job my baby boy did impregnating me. I'm the human embodiment of Chad's spunk!"

As the MILF moms' bellies ballooned and their milky jugs turned into utterly ridiculous proportions, Max and Chad's horniness for them reached a fever pitch. Something about seeing their own mothers swell with their seed, knowing they'd planted those babies in those ripe wombs, made the teens crazy with lust.

The fucking took on a whole new intensity during the pregnancies. Amy and Greta were insatiable, their hormones raging out of control. They couldn't get enough of their sons' hard young cocks stretching their needy cunts and plugging their greedy mouths.

Max and Chad had to resort to skipping school and faking sick just to keep up with their knocked up moms' sexual appetites. But they were more than happy to spend all day, every day, worshipping and defiling those pornographic maternal bods with their overactive teenage cocks.

Amy in particular was voracious, the twins making her belly balloon to epic proportions early on. By the start of her third trimester, she was bigger than a beach ball, her midsection a taut sphere dwarfing the rest

of her body. Her tits had grown to the size of the biggest watermelons, the skin shiny and straining, blue veins clearly visible beneath the surface.

Despite her hugely pregnant state, Amy was still the most energetic fuck Max had ever had. She'd heave her massive belly on top of him and ride his cock like a pogo stick, her gigantic jugs slapping him in the face with each bounce. Wobbling and teetering precariously, she'd grind her hips in lewd circles, the sheer weight of her gravid middle pinning Max beneath her.

"Ohh...fuck...Mommy!" Max would gasp, smothered by acres of sweaty, milk-slick MILF flesh. Amy's belly alone felt like it weighed a ton, but combined with her beach ball tits, it was like being crushed by a sexy landslide.

But what a way to go, suffocating under his own mom's fertile body as she used his cock like her personal fuck stick. Max wouldn't have traded places with anyone in that moment, his hands sinking into the sides of Amy's baby-bloated belly as she rode him into oblivion.

"Oh yeah baby, bang Mommy's pregnant pussy!" Amy would howl, her face red and tits leaking as she impaled herself on Max over and over. "Make our babies feel it right through my cervix! Drown those twins in Daddy's cum!"

Max would laugh breathlessly and buck up harder into Amy's sloppy cunt, relishing the filthy depravity of her words. Only his nasty slut mommy would say shit like that. He loved pounding her hard enough to make her whole body jiggle obscenely, like some kind of raunchy pregnant MILF porn star.

Max groaned in blissful agony as Amy's pregnant pussy gripped his cock like a velvet vise, her powerful inner muscles churning and rippling around his shaft. The sensation was almost unbearably intense, her slick vaginal walls seeming to suck and tug on him with a primal hunger. It felt

like her cunt was trying to milk the cum right out of his balls, to devour his very essence.

Each squeeze and flutter of Amy's tight channel sent bolts of electricity zinging up Max's spine, making his eyes roll back in his head. The ridges and folds of her most intimate flesh rubbed and chafed against his throbbing erection, stimulating every hypersensitive nerve ending until he saw stars. It was like her pussy had a direct line to his pleasure centers, setting them all ablaze.

Hot, syrupy secretions gushed from the depths of Amy's womb, coating Max's pistoning cock in a frothy lather of her juices. The liquid silk soothed the delicious friction even as it heightened every exquisite sensation, allowing him to plunge faster and harder into her greedy fuck hole. Obscene squelching noises filled the room as his juice-slicked shaft pounded her cervix, the sloppy sounds of their coupling spurring them on.

"Ungh fuck Mom, your pregnant cunt is unreal," Max babbled breathlessly, his hands kneading the drum-tight swell of Amy's colossal belly as it bounced on top of him. "So fucking tight and strong, like it's gonna rip my cock right off. Feels so goddamn good!"

"Mmmm yes baby, Mommy's pussy was made for this big young dick," Amy panted, grinding her hips in lewd circles. She clenched her internal muscles even tighter around him, eliciting a strangled moan. "I'm gonna wring every drop of cum out of you. Milk your balls dry with my mommy cunt!"

The textured heat engulfing his cock was unlike anything Max had ever felt. It was like Amy's vaginal walls had grown even more muscular and articulated with the pregnancy, becoming an unbearably pleasurable snare of undulating flesh. He could feel every ripple and contraction around his shaft, squeezing and massaging from root to tip.

When Amy would clench just right, bearing down with all her considerable strength, it felt like she might just sever his dick from his body with her pelvic floor. But what a way to go - having his cock ripped off in the churning, sucking depths of his own mother's ravenous fuck tunnel. Max was pretty sure he'd die with a smile on his face.

Steaming rivulets of Amy's essence poured out around her son's pile-driving girth, drenching his groin and thighs, soaking into the sheets beneath them. It was like her overheated cunt was melting around him, trying to liquify his very being. The searing, sloppy ecstasy of her molten depths made Max delirious with pleasure, his balls seizing up in preparation to explode.

"CUMMING!" he growled, his voice muffled by tit-meat as he pushed his face against his mom's boob and clamped his teeth around her spurting nipple.

What felt like gallons of molten semen hosed from rod, splattering through his mom's quivering love-tunnel with fierce intensity.

Greta, while not quite as enormous as Amy, still grew to epic proportions as Chad's baby grew in her womb. Her already shelf-like tits became downright freakish, jutting straight out from her chest like two overinflated flesh zeppelins. The slightest movement made them sway and bounce ludicrously, drawing awed stares wherever she went.

Chad couldn't keep his hands (or cock) off his mom's exaggerated new curves. He loved fucking Greta from behind, watching that big pregnant booty jiggle and ripple as he pounded into her. Reaching around to maul her huge milk jugs and pinch the fat, leaking nipples between his fingers as she wailed in ecstasy.

"Mmmm yeah, play with Mommy's big titties while you wreck her cunt!" Greta would moan, loving the way her son manhandled her sensitive, swollen breasts. "Mommy's just a fuckpig for this big cock now. A semen depository for your baby batter."

Chad would growl possessively and hammer into Greta harder, the wet squelch of his dick stirring up her cream filling the room. He'd press his mouth to her ear, breathing hotly as he whispered the filthiest things he could think of.

"Fuckin' right you are, Mom. Nothing but a cum toilet for my dick. Gonna flood this pussy with so much jizz, you'll slosh when you walk. Breed you over and over till you're just a walking incubator for my seed."

Greta would cum her brains out hearing her baby boy say such nasty shit, her eyes rolling back as she pictured herself perpetually pregnant with Chad's offspring, her body permanently altered to be his ideal fertile fucktoy. She'd never felt so sexy, so feminine, so alive than when she was stuffed full of her son's cock and babies.

"Oh fucking shit!" Chad gasped as his fat cockhead caught on Greta's cervical opening with each thrust, the flared ridge of his glans tugging and snagging the swollen ring of muscle.

Her changing pregnant anatomy had caused the opening to her womb to become more pronounced, protruding slightly into her vaginal canal. It formed a fleshy speed bump that Chad's dick head bumped and dragged over again and again, making them both see stars.

"Holy shit, Mom!" Chad choked out, eyes crossing at the sensation of Greta's cervix fluttering and kissing his tip. "It's like your pussy is making out with my cock! Sucking on it, trying to draw me in..."

"Mmmm yesss," Greta slurred, drunk on pleasure as she felt that fat mushroom head pop in and out of her grasping womb entrance with each stroke. "Mommy's cervix is hungry for your cum. It wants to gobble up every drop straight from the tap!"

Searing gobs of Chad's pre-cum poured directly into Greta's spasming baby hole as he teased the spongy gateway, mixing with the bubbling mucus her body produced. The combination of their sexual fluids created

a molten lava of ecstasy that sloshed obscenely in Greta's deepest reaches, churned to a froth by Chad's pistoning cock.

The lewd sounds of her pregnant pussy being stirred and plundered filled the room - wet, suctioning slurps and glugs that made it sound like Chad was fucking a pot of macaroni and cheese. The noise drove him wild, his strokes growing harder and more frantic as he chased the volcanic eruption building in his balls.

"Gonna cum!" Chad gritted out, his pelvis smacking against Greta's jiggling ass with bruising force. "Gonna pump you so full of jizz, you'll taste it in the back of your throat. Drown our baby in Daddy's spunk!"

"Do it!" Greta wailed, throwing her head back as her climax crashed through her. "Paint Mommy's insides white! Cum in my fucking womb!"

Chad let out a roar like a rutting animal as the first searing jet of his seed blasted directly through Greta's convulsing cervix, splattering the walls of her uterus. Spurt after thick, ropey spurt erupted from his slit, flooding Greta's unprotected depths with what felt like gallons of molten cum.

The sheer volume and force of his eruption made Greta's already gravid belly swell and bulge obscenely, his sperm inflating her like a cum balloon. She shrieked in mindless ecstasy as she was seeded so thoroughly, claimed and bred on the most primal level by her own son.

Nine months flew by in a blur of swollen tits and bellies, raging hormones and non-stop incestuous sucking and fucking. By the end, Amy and Greta were virtual caricatures of pregnant lust, their massively distended bodies craving their teenage sons' dicks at all hours. They took great satisfaction in flaunting their obscenely fertile figures, seeing the shock and reluctant arousal on people's faces as they waddled by with their babies jutting out so far in front of them.

When the MILF moms finally went into labor within days of each other, Max and Chad were right there, holding their hands and coaching them through the wild ride. Panting and grunting like animals, Amy and Greta pushed their sons' big healthy babies into the world, a final testament to the teen studs' potent virility.

And of course, as soon as they were medically cleared, the cock-hungry mommies were riding their baby daddies' dicks to break in their newly vacant pussies. The marathon fucking continued, now with double the babies to tend to between raunchy romps.

Life settled into a deliriously happy pattern for the four of them - raising their children, engaging in wild, no-holds-barred incest behinds their husbands backs whenever possible. Max and Chad were the proudest papas and most satisfied sons on the planet, their oversized dicks perpetually drained by their mommies' cum-hungry cunts and throats.

Amy and Greta, for their part, couldn't imagine a more fulfilling life than being bred by their strapping boys, their bodies worshipped and defiled on the regular. They'd become the ultimate MILF sex goddesses of their sons' dreams, eclipsing any porn fantasy.

And if their flat, empty wombs sometimes ached to be seeded again...well, their baby daddies were always locked and loaded, ready to fill those fertile bellies with more offspring. After all, what was a horny, depraved mommy for, if not to be her teenage son's perpetually pregnant fucktoy?

Life was good for the young studs - and it was only going to get better as Amy and Greta dreamed up even kinkier ways to worship their sons' cocks. The boys couldn't wait to see what other raunchy porn tropes their perverted mommies had in store for them. One thing was certain - boring, unsatisfying jerk off sessions to online porn were officially a thing of the past.

THE END

