



# MOM'S MOUNTAINTOP QUARANTINE

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## Story



!" Lori's pretty voice was a desperate plea as she and her husband Phil tangled passionately beneath the blankets, their bodies entwined in a heated dance. "I need you," she whispered, her voice trembling with urgency.

"I'm trying, hon," Phil replied, his voice strained with effort as his cock remained soft.

Lori's bare foot emerged from the cocoon of blankets, her silky leg wrapping around Phil with a fervent grip. "Oh my God, please, Phil. I need it," she implored, her voice thick with desire.

"Lori, I'm trying, I really am," Phil insisted, frustration underlying his tone.

"Let me try sucking on it," she suggested, her desperation palpable. "That doesn't work," Phil replied, a hint of defeat in his voice.

"Let me try; it might this time," she insisted, determination fueling her words.

Her giant boobies swung across her ribcage as she maneuvered to her knees, clutched her husband by the nuts and lifting his limp member towards her parted, bee-stung lips.

Suddenly, Lori's cell phone erupted with a piercing ringtone. They both froze, recognizing the sound. "It's Alex," Lori stated, a note of alarm threading her voice.

"Just call him back," Phil urged, trying to maintain their momentum.

"He should be playing in the game right now. Something's wrong." The urgency in her voice broke through the haze of their passion as the blonde bombshell disentangled herself and reached for her phone.

"Alex?" she answered, her heart pounding with dread.

"Mom, hi," her son's voice crackled over the speaker phone, a hint of urgency in his tone.

"Is everything alright? Did they cancel the game?" Lori's voice was laced with anxiety.

"No, it's worse. We had to take the rapid test before the game and... I tested positive. I have COVID," he confessed, his voice dropping as if the words themselves were a burden.

"Oh my God, Alex, how could this happen?" Lori's heart clenched, her mind racing as she tried to grasp the gravity of the situation. Her golden

hair framed a face reminiscent of Elizabeth Banks, though her friends often remarked she had a bit more substance, in all the right places.

"Probably from one of my friends. Two other guys on the team tested positive too," he replied, his voice tinged with frustration and disbelief.

By now, Phil had thrown off the blanket, his eyes wide with concern. "Have you shown any symptoms? Are you feeling ill at all?" he pressed, his voice a mix of worry and urgency.

"No, that's the crazy part. I feel perfectly fine," Alex said, the irony not lost on him. "I wouldn't have known if the coach hadn't insisted on the tests."

"What are we supposed to do now? Did you talk to Dr. Matson?" Lori's voice wavered, her concern palpable.

"Yeah, he said I need to quarantine for two weeks. I can't risk coming home; I don't wanna get anyone sick," Alex said, his determination clear even through the phone.

"Alex, this is your home. Daniel wouldn't mind if you stayed in his basement room. You'd be isolated down there," Lori offered, her voice a mix of insistence and maternal instinct.

"Why don't I just go to the cabin for a couple weeks? There's still plenty of food there, right?" Alex suggested, his voice steady. "Then I wouldn't have to worry about exposing anyone else."

His mother glared fiercely. "Absolutely not! There's no way you're spending two weeks alone in that freezing cabin," she snapped.

"I can handle it, Mom. I know how to build fires, and there's enough wood up there to burn for a year. Trust me, my hands still bear the calluses from chopping it with Dad."

"Alex, I refuse to let you isolate yourself up there for two weeks. It'll be downright miserable," Lori insisted.

"Mom, I'll manage. I've got food and Netflix... what else does a guy need?"

"Human contact," Lori shot back. "And don't forget, there's no internet up there. The cell signal's almost nonexistent. How do you expect to use Netflix?"

"I'll download everything I need before heading up. Seriously, Mom, I'll be fine. I'll call you as soon as I reach the cabin, okay?"

"If you need anything, let us know right away, son," Phil urged.

"And be careful on the road," Lori added, her voice tinged with worry.

"I will. Love you both," Alex replied, hanging up.

Lori turned to her husband, her face pale with concern. "This is terrible," she murmured.

"I had a feeling something like this might happen. The school's bound to reconsider the winter sports program now," Phil replied.

"Oh Phil, the thought of him being alone for two weeks is unbearable," Lori said.

Phil chuckled, trying to lighten the mood. "Come on, honey. Two weeks in a snug cabin, away from everything? I'd swap places with him in a heartbeat."

"But what if he falls seriously ill? The cell service is practically non-existent. What if he needs us and can't reach us?"

"Then he'll drive down and make a call. We do it all the time when we're up there," Phil asserted, his voice tinged with casualness.

"No, this is different, Phil. He has a deadly virus. Of all the times he shouldn't be alone, it's now. I'm going up there," she declared, throwing off the covers and climbing out of bed with determination etched into every movement.

"You're joking, right? You're gonna expose yourself to this thing? Honey, come on, it's unnecessary," Phil protested, his voice rising in disbelief.

He took a moment to admire his wife's voluptuous form, from the slope of her giant tits to the rounded, protuberant shelf of her naked bubble butt. The fact that he couldn't get his dick hard enough to fuck his beauty-queen of a wife absolutely killed him.

"I don't care if I get COVID. I'm not an old woman," Lori retorted fiercely, her eyes blazing with resolve. "I'm healthy. I don't have any medical conditions that put me at risk."

"Ok, but why take that risk if you don't have to?" Phil implored, desperation creeping into his tone.

Lori's face was a storm of worry and frustration. "I do have to. I have to take that risk. My son needs me. If that sounds corny, I'm sorry. I'm going up to quarantine with him," she insisted, her voice unyielding.

With a sense of urgency, Lori packed her suitcase, methodically including some of Alex's belongings. After swiftly arranging care for her younger children, the determined blonde mother kissed her husband goodbye, her heart pounding as she embarked on the two hour drive to their secluded mountain cottage.

Alex was startled as headlights pierced through the night, illuminating the driveway. His astonishment deepened when he recognized his mother's white jeep pulling up.

He rushed onto the porch, his breath visible in the cold air, and watched her emerge from the vehicle, bundled tightly in her formidable winter coat. "Mom, what are you doing? You can't be here," he exclaimed, his voice a mixture of shock and concern.

"You're not spending two weeks up here by yourself," she declared, her voice a fierce promise echoing through the crisp night air.

"Mom, seriously, I'll be fine. Please, don't come any closer. I can't risk you getting sick."

"If I get sick, then so be it. I'm your mother, and we're facing this together," Lori declared fiercely, the swell of her pillowy boobies

shuddering with each step as she strode onto the porch with determination in her eyes.

"At least let me grab a mask. We can stay six feet apart," Alex pleaded, retreating toward the door.

But Lori was relentless, grabbing his sweatshirt with fierce resolve and pulling him into an unyielding embrace. "Absolutely not. I refuse to keep my distance from you for the next two weeks."

Alex chuckled, a mix of disbelief and warmth washing over him as her gigantic tits enveloped him, even through her thick winter coat. "This is the complete opposite of social distancing," he remarked.

Lori seized the collar of his sweatshirt, yanking him down to meet her unwavering gaze. "To hell with social distancing," she declared, before showering him with a barrage of fervent kisses. "Mua, mua, mua, mmmuah!"

"Good grief, Mom," he laughed, caught between amusement and affection.

She released him with a triumphant grin. "Well, now there's a pretty good chance you've just shared your COVID with your mother. So la di-da," she said nonchalantly.

"You're insane, you know that."

"I'm not insane; I'm freezing. Can we please go inside now?" she asked, her playful smile daring him to defy her.

Alex trailed behind his mom, watching her undulating ass as she headed straight for the cramped kitchen.

"It took me forever to get it warmed up in here," he said with an edge of frustration.

"Feels divine in here now. I'm gonna make some hot tea. Want some?"

"No, I'm good," he replied, trying to mask his irritation.

Lori set the kettle on the burner, then peeled off her jacket and scarf, revealing the stretch of her thin cotton pullover sweater over her ample chest. "I brought you some clothes. You'll just have to be a sweetheart and haul my suitcase in for me."

"Oh awesome," Alex replied with sarcastic relief. "Thought I was stuck with the same two outfits the whole time."

"Oh, and I, uh, brought something else I thought you might want with you," she said, her voice teasingly cryptic.

"Let me guess, my PS4?" Alex asked, his hope barely veiled by his joking tone.

"No, nothing like that."

"Damn," he muttered, disappointment etched into every syllable. "This is actually something I stumbled upon last week, in your room." "Stumbled upon?" Alex echoed, tension creeping into his voice.

"Just so you know, I wasn't snooping. I was dusting and rearranging some of your magazines and, well, they kind of fell out of one."

Alex's heart plummeted as he stared at his mom, horror etched across his features. He knew exactly what secret she had uncovered. "Oh, uh, I can explain those," he stammered, desperately grasping for words.

Lori jammed her hands into the snug pockets of her form-fitting jeans, attempting a cute yet clumsy smile at her son. Her titties jutted out from beneath her snug sweater like two huge wrecking balls, the cleavage between them dark and creamy. "You don't have to explain anything. I'm a big girl, I figured it out on my own."

"Sorry," Alex mumbled, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

"Uh huh," Lori replied, her grin quirked with amusement. "Anyway, it's with the other things I brought. I... really think we should talk about it at some point."

"Ok," Alex muttered, already feeling the weight of that impending conversation.

Lori yanked her phone from her back pocket with a brisk motion. "I better shoot a text to your father, let him know I made it here okay and that you've already infected me," she teased with a playful glint in her eye.

"Hey, I warned you not to come in. You brought this on yourself."

"Yup, mommy sacrificed her health to be here for her baby. I should definitely win the Mom of the Year award for this one," she quipped with mock drama.

Lori threw herself into making dinner, a perfect opportunity to dive into a discussion about the virus and the onslaught of symptoms they might face while trapped in quarantine.

Once they scrubbed the dishes clean, she took a long, hot shower, steam billowing around her, before unpacking her suitcase with a sense of urgency. "Hey, come get your stuff!" she shouted, her voice cutting through the air.

Alex stepped into the room, halting abruptly in the doorway as his eyes fixed on what she was wearing. The black thermal sleepshirt hugged her figure, accentuating her form as it fell to the middle of her thighs.

Alex had seen plenty of attractive women in his life, but he couldn't deny that his mom had the most incredible legs, ass and tits he'd ever laid eyes on. Lori's bronze legs were both strong and gracefully sculpted, glistening with a glossy sheen under the room's light. They tapered elegantly to slender ankles and her cute bare feet, adorned

with pink-painted toenails, completed the picture. Her damp blonde hair cascaded just below her shoulders, a shade darker from her recent shower.

Lori turned to face her son, her damp golden hair framing her delicate features. The thin, clingy fabric of her thermal sleepshirt did little to conceal the magnificent swell of her breasts. They were truly colossal, easily a J-cup, straining against the tight shirt and jutting out impossibly far

from her slender frame. The deep valley of her cleavage was mesmerizing.

As she turned and bent over the suitcase, Alex couldn't tear his gaze away from his mother's spectacular ass. The sleepshirt had ridden up, exposing the lacy black boyshort panties that clung to her like a second skin.

Her full, rounded cheeks looked deliciously plump and ripe, jiggling ever so slightly with her movements. The sheer mass and perfect shape of her juicy ass was almost unreal. Alex felt a familiar stirring in his groin at the intoxicating sight.

"Here you go, sweetie," Lori said, straightening up and handing him a stack of clothes, not completely oblivious to her son's transfixed stare. "I think I remembered to pack all your favorites."

"Thanks for grabbing these things for me," he said, his voice tinged with gratitude and a touch of awkwardness as he quickly snatched his neatly folded clothes from her bed.

"Well, I figured you didn't have much with you."

A few photographs lay there too, and his gaze flitted to them with visible discomfort. "You didn't have to bring those," he confessed, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

"Why, you wouldn't miss looking at them?" she replied with a teasing smile, deftly refolding one of her shirts.

"I don't know, I guess."

Lori giggled softly. "You guess? Gee, thanks."

"No, I mean, I would, but ..."

She gathered the three photographs and settled onto the edge of the bed, then crossed her shaved legs and patted the spot beside her invitingly. "Sit down here, honey," she urged gently, her voice carrying an intensity that was hard to resist.

Alex shifted beside her, exuding a palpable discomfort as Lori rifled through the trio of photographs. "We were at Driftwood Beach that day, right?" she asked, keeping a casual tone.

"Yeah, last summer," he confirmed, his eyes narrowing at the memory.

"That was the day I lost my sunglasses. I was furious," she recalled, his frustration still simmering beneath the surface.

"I swear someone rummaged through your bag," Alex insisted, his suspicion unyielding.

"Or maybe those damn seagulls swooped in and snatched them," Lori retorted with a hint of defiance.

Alex's laughter erupted, sharp and unexpected. "Mom, they were sunglasses, not a French fry."

Lori playfully slapped his leg, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Well, it seems the thieves weren't the only ones with their eyes on the prize that day," she quipped, eyeing the photographs of herself in a revealing yellow bikini, her tit-meat spilling out over the tiny triangles of fabric.

"I suppose I thought capturing some pictures of you would be cool."

"Uh huh, I can see that," she grinned, her curiosity piqued. "So, were these the only ones you took, or just your three prized captures?"

"No, I just took those three. I wasn't exactly a beachside stalker snapping endless shots of you," Alex assured, his voice laced with sincerity.

"You really should hide these better. If your father had found them, you'd have some serious explaining to do," Lori warned, her tone both serious and teasing.

"Yeah, probably," Alex conceded, the weight of potential consequences looming over him.

"No, not probably. Most definitely," she giggled, her voice a mix of relief and amusement.

Sitting side-by-side, they scrutinized the three photographs with an almost feverish intensity. Lori fixated on one that showed only the top half of her body. The meager yellow bikini struggled to contain

her enormous breasts. "My tits are just too fucking massive," she growled.

"What makes you say that?" her son asked.

"They're taking over the whole damn picture, that's why," she snapped, making Alex burst into nervous laughter.

"Seriously, Mom, they're really incredible. You should own that shit." Alex's voice was low and fierce.

She shot him a smoldering smile. "Oh hell, I've created a tit-obsessed monster, haven't I?"

"A T-Rex on the prowl, right?" Alex agreed.

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a deep, throaty sound. She stood, her body taut with tension. Facing Alex, she thrust her

massive tits out, her fat nipples straining against her top, clearly braless. She rocked her shoulders sharply, making her breasts sway heavily. "T for tits," she hissed.

Alex's eyes were wide and hungry. "Damn, Mom. Do that again," he rasped, his breath coming fast.

Lori paused, a sultry smile playing across her lips as she gazed down at her son. "If I do that again, you might just bust a nut right in your underwear," she purred teasingly.

Alex swallowed hard, his heart pounding as his mother leaned in closer, her colossal tits dangling heavily right in front of his face. The deep, creamy valley of her cleavage seemed to go on forever, drawing his eyes like a magnet.

"Is this what you wanted you little perv?" she purred, a wicked gleam in her eyes as she pressed her cleavage mere centimeters from Alex's face.

Alex nodded, unable to tear his gaze away from his mother's magnificent cleavage hovering tantalizingly close to his face. Deep in his groin, he felt the first stirrings of arousal as his penis began to swell and lengthen.

Blood flowed into the corpora cavernosa, the twin chambers running along the shaft, making it grow thick and hard. The corpus spongiosum, the spongy chamber surrounding his urethra, also filled with blood, further engorging his manhood. His cock twitched in his pants as it reached its full impressive size, straining against the confines of his jeans.

Lori felt an answering throb between her legs as her vagina reacted to the blatant lust on her son's face. Her labia swelled and parted slightly as blood rushed to her intimate area, making her folds slick and puffy with desire.

The walls of her vagina loosened and lengthened while her cervix pulled back, preparing to accept an intruder. Her fat clit emerged from its protective hood, buzzing with sensitivity. Moisture seeped

from her core to coat her petals and inner thighs as her body readied itself for penetration.

"Mmmm, what's the matter baby? Cat got your tongue?" Lori teased, her voice a seductive purr. She swayed her shoulders, making her huge boobs jiggle hypnotically before his enraptured eyes.

"Holy shit Mom," Alex croaked, his mouth dry. He could feel pre-cum beading at the tip of his cock, dampening his underwear. The musky scent of his mother's arousal reached his nostrils, making him even harder.

"Alright horny toad, take your pictures and get moving. I've got stuff to unpack." Her voice was harsh, but her eyes sparkled with dark amusement.

Alex trudged upstairs to his cramped room. Though it was small, it comfortably housed the bunk bed he shared with his siblings during their visits. But now, the space was his alone. He stuffed the photos into his bag and descended the stairs, adding another log to the crackling fire. His mind replayed the mesmerizing sight of his mom's "ta-ta's" swaying

beneath her sleep shirt—something she'd never done before, and it was astonishingly captivating.

His mom's sudden entrance jolted him. "We should check your temperature. How are you feeling?" she asked, her voice cutting through his thoughts.

"I feel fine," he replied, his eyes drawn to the hypnotic sway of Lori's breasts beneath her shirt as she approached with silent, bare-footed steps and placed a thermometer in his mouth.

"It might take a couple of days for symptoms to show," she remarked calmly.

"Uhm-hmn," Alex hummed, unable to tear his gaze away.

"If we're lucky, we won't show signs at all. We're both healthy, but at least we're here to look after each other if necessary," she continued, extracting the thermometer.

"Thanks, Mom. I didn't say it before, so I just wanted you to know that I appreciate you being here," he admitted, sincerity lacing his words.

"I'll always be here. No thanks needed. I'm your Mom, and that's what we do. Your temperature is a bit high. Why don't you get some rest? A good night's sleep is probably the best remedy," she suggested, her concern palpable.

"Yeah, it's been a pretty long day," he acknowledged, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle upon him.

"That it has. Gimme a hug," she said, moving in for a tit-squasher.

Alex exhaled audibly as Lori pulled him into a tight embrace, flattening her gigantic breasts against his chest. The warm, pliant flesh molded against his upper body, engulfing him in softness. He could feel the weight and mass of her huge boobs compressing between them, the sheer size and volume of her tit-meat overwhelming.

Her stiff nipples poked into his pecs through the thin fabric of her sleepshirt, the hard nubs digging into his skin. The heat of her body radiated through the flimsy cotton, warming his front. He caught a whiff of her natural scent - a tantalizing combination of flowery body wash and pure womanly essence that made his head spin.

As she hugged him tighter, the upper swells of her mammoth jugs pushed up, nestling into the sides of his neck. The smooth, supple skin felt amazing against his jaw and throat.

Lori's huge, heavy tits seemed to surround him, cocooning Alex in their erotic warmth and mind-blowing abundance.

He wanted nothing more than to bury his face completely in his mother's expansive cleavage and motorboat that epic valley. To feel the silky skin of her breasts caressing his cheeks and lips, to inhale her scent and taste her flesh. His cock throbbed almost painfully in his jeans as Lori finally released him from her smothering hug.

"Goodnight sweetie," she said with a soft smile, conscious of the effect her innocent embrace had on her son. "Sleep well."

"Night Mom," Alex managed to choke out as she turned and padded silently out of the room, her plump ass swaying hypnotically. He stared after her for a long moment before heading upstairs, knowing he would be stroking his aching dick to visions of his mother's phenomenal body as soon as he reached the privacy of his room.

Alex awoke to the robust aroma of sizzling bacon wafting through the air. He wandered into the kitchen, where his mom was orchestrating a breakfast masterpiece.

He paused, captivated by her presence. Her hair, a cascade of golden waves, was tousled from sleep, and her sleepshirt clung to her form, revealing the natural, unrestrained movement of her body.

"Good morning," she greeted him, catching his mesmerized gaze.

"Morning. The smell is incredible," he replied, his stomach growling in agreement.

"Thanks. Sit down, I'll whip up something for you," she said with a warm smile.

Lori served him a plate piled high with breakfast delights and joined him at the table.

"So, what's the agenda for today?" Alex inquired, a hint of anticipation in his voice.

"Well," she began with a playful glint in her eye, "I thought we could indulge in some serious relaxation, then follow it up with more relaxation, and maybe cap it off with even more relaxation. How does that sound?"

"Sounds like a ridiculously relaxing day," Alex chuckled, and their laughter filled the room.

"I'd suggest a walk, but it's brutally cold out there," she commented, glancing out the window at the wintry landscape.

"Looks like we're in for two weeks of pure, unadulterated laziness," Alex declared with mock solemnity.

"Ah, the joys of quarantine. I suppose I should take a shower. That'll at least consume a thrilling twenty minutes," she joked, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Once you're finished, I'll tackle the mountain of laundry. I refuse to leave you shivering in a cold shower by taking all your hot water."

"You're an angel. Since you're conquering the laundry beast, could you throw something of mine into the battle?" she asked, a hint of desperation in her voice.

"Of course, Mom."

He attacked the cleanup with his mother, then Lori jumped into the shower, the water pounding against the tiles like a relentless drumbeat. Alex gathered his laundry, including the t-shirt from the night before, still slightly slimy with his spunk. He paused at the bathroom door. "Mom, you had something for the wash?"

"It's on my bed, sweetheart. Thank you," she called through the door, her voice echoing ominously.

Alex stepped into her room, his heart throbbing in his chest like a war drum. There it was, a massive white bra sprawled across her bed like a beast awaiting sacrifice. He grabbed it by the thick strap, his fingers trembling as he lifted it high. The cups were enormous, adorned with lace as delicate as a spider's web. He tossed it onto his pile and descended to the laundry room, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

He threw open the washer's maw and fed it his clothes. Then he grabbed the bra, his eyes wide with forbidden excitement. The tag on the strap screamed 36J, a size that sparked illicit images in his mind.

Slowly, reverently, he lifted it up and pressed his face into one of the cups. Her scent, sweet and intoxicating, filled his nostrils.

"God, her massive tit was right here, yesterday," he thought, his heart pounding like a primal beat.

"Feel good?" a voice cut through the air, startling him into dropping the bra from his face. Lori stood in the doorway, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

Caught in the act, Alex hastily lowered the bra. "Oh, I, um... I was just about to start it."

Lori's eyes darted to his crotch, her heart skipping a beat at the sight of teenage meat-tent.

"My bras are very delicate. Make sure you run it on the gentle cycle, okay?" Her words were firm yet kind.

"Got it," Alex said, his fingers clumsy as he fumbled with the dial like it was a live wire.

Lori's unfettered boobies bobbed beneath their covering as she moved gracefully, stepping beside him with the fluidity of a dancer in her short white satin kimono robe, which shimmered against her bronzed skin. "Let

me help," she offered softly, her hands deftly setting the dials with practiced ease.

"Sorry, I usually just throw my stuff in and start it," he admitted, feeling the heat of embarrassment creeping up his neck.

"Did you remember the pods?" she reminded, her voice like a gentle nudge.

"Ohh," Alex muttered, his hand darting like a startled rabbit to grab some laundry pods.

Lori perched herself on the dryer, watching her frazzled son with an amused glint in her eyes.

"One or two?" he asked, holding up the pods.

The mother's smile widened. "They're kinda like boobs. Always two," she quipped with a mischievous glimmer.

Alex's cheeks flared with color as he tossed them in, the lid slamming shut with finality.

"The bra goes in there too, sweetheart," Lori reminded patiently, her tone soft yet insistent.

Realizing he was still clutching the bra, Alex quickly tossed it in with the other items and started the washer, the machine roaring to life.

Lori threw her arms up triumphantly, and her laughter rang out, causing her to giant tits to jiggle beneath the thin fabric. "Yaaaay! You did it," she cheered, her voice a playful crescendo of mock celebration.

"Now, I suppose it's time to unwind," he growled, but as he attempted to pass, Lori thrust out a bare leg, barricading him in the cramped space.

"Not so fast," she commanded. "You didn't answer my question." "What question?"

"You had your face buried in the cup of my bra. Did it feel good?" she demanded, her voice laced with provocative undertones.

"Yes, it did," he admitted, his voice low and tense.

"You had your whole head in there," she purred, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "I told you they were big."

"That much was obvious, Lori," he bit out, using her name to avoid the intimacy of 'Mom'.

"First, I find pictures of me in a bikini, then I find you playing with my bra. Anything else you're hiding?" she probed, her gaze deliberately dropping to his waist.

"No," he lied, trying and failing to conceal his arousal.

"There's a toll to pass," she purred, her leg and foot a tantalizing barrier.

"What toll?" he ground out, his breath coming faster.

"Hands on your head, if you want me to move," she ordered, her smile sweet venom.

"You're kidding me," he groaned.

"That's the price."

He complied, his hands clenched on his head, his eyes locked on hers.

She moved her leg, her eyes trailing down to the prominent bulge in his shorts. "I knew you were hiding something," she murmured, her giggle a sultry taunt.

He shot her a hungry look. "You're cruel," he rasped, their exchange dripping with tension.

After showering and throwing on some clothes, Alex found his mom in the living room, hurriedly pulling on her jacket. "My text didn't go through last night, so I'm heading down to the main road to call your father," she declared, determination in her eyes.

"Do you want me to come?" Alex offered, sensing the urgency in her voice.

"I'll be fine, just keep the couch warm for us," she replied with a playful wink, masking her anxiety.

Lori navigated the treacherous two-mile descent down the steep, uneven dirt driveway to the main road. Once there, she pulled over with a sigh of relief and dialed her husband.

"Hey babe," he answered, his voice a soothing balm.

"Hey, sorry, I sent a text last night, but it didn't go through," she said, the frustration evident in her tone.

"That's what I figured. How's everything? Alex okay?" Phil asked, concern lacing his words.

"Yeah, he's fine. I'm just glad I can be here for him," she assured, her voice softening.

"Well, don't worry about things here. I'll make sure everything's taken care of," he promised, his resolve firm.

"You're a sweetheart. I'm sorry I rushed out of there so quickly, I just knew I had that two-hour drive," she explained, guilt mingling with her words.

"No worries. When you get back, we'll finish what we started. I'll take care of you, I promise," Phil vowed, his voice a gentle caress over the line.

Lori giggled, a spark of warmth amidst the tension. "Hon, you don't need to worry about that right now, really."

"Of course I do. You're my wife, and it's my job to take care of your needs. There's one other drug I haven't tried. My doctor mentioned it during my last visit. I'll call before you get back and have him write me a prescription," he stated, his determination unwavering.

Lori smiled, her heart swelling with affection. She knew her eyes had been lingering on another cock all morning, one that had the opposite problem as her husband's and just wouldn't stay soft around her. "Okay, that sounds fine."

"I love you. I'm gonna miss you guys," Phil confessed, the weight of his longing palpable.

"We'll miss you too. Don't worry about a thing, okay? Alex and I will be fine," she reassured, her voice a soothing lullaby.

"Okay, hon. I know it's a pain in the ass, but drive down the mountain in a couple days and give me an update," Phil requested, his voice tinged with a mix of hope and worry.

"I will. Kisses," she replied, sealing their conversation with love. "Kisses back. Bye babe," Phil said, then hung up.

When Lori returned to the cabin, she tore off her winter gear with a fervor and settled next to her son on the couch. They exchanged

words, their conversation skimming the surface, as she rifled through a women's magazine with restless fingers.

Lori sprawled sideways on the cushions, her sexy gray yoga pants clinging to her form, and a white fitted tank top accentuating her figure. The moment Alex's eyes landed on her, he couldn't help but notice how her top emphasized her curves, her cleavage drawing his attention like a magnet.

"What are you reading, Mom?" he asked, trying to divert his focus.

"Just an article. What about you?" she replied, her voice laced with casual curiosity.

"A book," he said, a tinge of boredom in his tone. "But I'm not really into it. I thought I might watch a movie I downloaded."

"Oh, what one?" she inquired, her curiosity piqued.

"I forgot the name. Some martial arts movie," he shrugged. "Ohh, sounds very manly," she teased with a mischievous giggle.

"I would have skipped it, but my friends insisted it was pretty good," he explained.

Lori glanced back at her magazine, then her son, her expression shifting to one of playful intrigue. "Did you know that thirty-seven percent of all women prefer shoe shopping over sex?" she tossed out, a sly glint in her eyes.

Alex chuckled, shaking his head. "That's a bizarre fact."

"Isn't it, though? I can't fathom a woman loving anything more than sex," she mused, her tone laden with mock disbelief.

"What kind of article are you reading over there, Mom?" Alex questioned, his curiosity piqued.

"It's an article on weird sex facts. Here's one for you. Let's see if you can guess it: what is the current number one aphrodisiac, reputedly?" Lori challenged, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Hmm, dark chocolate," Alex ventured, his brow furrowed in thought.

"Nope, asparagus," Lori announced with a dramatic grimace, her nose wrinkling as if she could smell it already.

"Of course, it would be a nasty vegetable."

Lori thrust the magazine toward him with an eager glint in her eyes. "Here, read me number three, see if I know it."

Alex accepted the magazine with a grin stretching across his face. "Hold on, are we diving into a fierce competition here, to see who can nail more answers?"

"Competition? You're out of your depth, young man," she taunted, her leg snaking out to nudge him with one of her provocatively bare feet. "I guarantee I know way more about this stuff than you could ever hope to."

"Oh, it's on. What do I get if I win?" he challenged.

She met him with a mischievous smile that promised secrets. "What do you want?"

"Hmmm." Alex hummed, feigning deep contemplation, his eyes drifting to her gaping tit-cleavage.

Lori wasted no time unveiling her prize. "If I win, I want a back massage. Soft music, candles, hot baby oil. The whole nine yards."

"Alright, umm..." Alex hesitated, the desire burning inside him, but fear of her reaction held him back. "How about if I win, we switch beds tonight and I get to crash on that luxurious queen-sized bed in your room. You take the bunk bed."

Lori's laughter bubbled up, bright and teasing. "I'd agree in a heartbeat if I didn't think there was something else you craved even more."

Alex feigned innocence. "Like what?"

She shot him a sly grin. "You tell me. I think you've made it pretty clear."

"I don't know," he shrugged, the tension mounting.

"Yes, you do," she said, piercing through his pretense. "But you're afraid to ask, and I get that. So let me make it easy for you. If you win—and you won't, I'm certain of that—but if you do, I'll let you see my boobs," Lori laid down her offer with a smirk.

"You'd... Really, you'd do that?" Alex muttered, his heart pounding like a war drum.

"Well, I wouldn't have thrown it out there if I didn't mean it, but don't get your hopes up, T-Rex; it's not gonna happen."

"I guess we'll see," Alex declared, determination blazing in his eyes. He knew he just had to win.

"Ok, so there are ten questions total," she said, her voice tinged with nervous energy, "we're on number three."

Alex read the question from the magazine with a focused intensity. "The average female orgasm lasts how long?"

"Hmm, the duration of a female orgasm..." Lori pondered deeply. "I mean, a lot depends on the type. Vaginal orgasms typically linger much longer than clitoral ones, but on average, I'd say... thirty seconds?" she said, her eyes drilling into him for confirmation.

"Twenty seconds."

"Ohh, damn, I was close."

"Close, but no cigar, Mom," he said, triumphantly handing her the magazine.

"Ok, Mr. Sex Expert, here's one for you. In a single ejaculation, a guy sends how many sperm racing towards the egg? It gives an estimate, so if your answer falls within the range, I'll give it to you," Lori said, her challenge hanging in the air.

Alex shrugged, throwing caution to the wind. "A hundred million?" "The answer is between thirty and seven-hundred million sperm." "Yess!" Alex shouted, pumping his fist with explosive victory.

"Nice job. I sincerely hope you don't know that because you count them as they squirt out?" Lori teased, returning the magazine with a sly grin.

"Ha, that would be quite a task."

"You think?! I guy could probably count his big gooey ropes off jizz, but certainly not the individual sperm," Lori giggled.

"I've never really counted those either," her son confessed.

"Seriously?" Lori asked with a quirky grin. "You've never counted the number of cum-ropes that spurt into the air when you ejaculate? I figured all young guys did that."

"Nope, I never have. One to zero, my lead, mom," he said, his smile broader than ever.

"Enjoy it, it won't last," she warned, her voice a promise of fierce competition.

"Speaking of lasting...how many thrusts does the average sex session go on for?"

Lori giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I like how you just jumped right into that one. Alright, is the answer a precise number or a range?"

"There's a range, so if your guess falls somewhere in there, you nail it."

"Hmm, thrusts. Sadly, I bet it's fewer than it ought to be. I'm gonna go with a hundred. A hundred thrusts," she declared confidently.

"The answer is between a hundred and five hundred. You barely made it."

"Woooo! Yes!" Lori cheered, flinging her arms triumphantly skyward. "Told you, you wouldn't hold onto that lead," she taunted, snatching the magazine back with a grin.

"I bet you do a lot more than a hundred, by the way," the mother said with a naughty smirk.

"A hundred what?"

"Thrusts silly," his mom laughed. "I bet you do MUCH more than a hundred thrusts, when you have sex with a girl."

"I'm not sure. Maybe," he answered with a sly grin and shrug of his shoulders.

"Okay, here's your question. Other than the bedroom, where's the second most common place people have sex?" Lori asked, eyes gleaming with challenge.

"Umm, the kitchen."

Lori burst into laughter, the sound ringing through the room. "Good guess, but nope. Picture where you'd get it on if your house was packed with people, or if you were out on a date."

"Oh, the car?"

"Yes," she confirmed, satisfaction in her voice.

"Damn, I should've nailed that," Alex admitted, shaking his head.

"Oh, why's that? Had lots of backseat escapades?" Lori teased, her voice dripping with playful accusation.

"A few. What about you?" Alex asked boldly, his curiosity piqued.

She laughed, a sound filled with nostalgia and surprise at his audacity.

"Plenty when I was younger, but since getting hitched, not as many. Your dad and I do occasionally drive out somewhere dark and secluded, though, just to keep the spark alive."

"Do you ever worry about getting caught?"

"Worry, no," she replied, her voice dripping with adrenaline. "The danger of getting caught is half the thrill," she added, raising an eyebrow with a mischievous glint.

"So what you're saying is I should brace myself to bail you and Dad out from the police station one of these days," Alex quipped, eliciting a burst of laughter from his mom.

"Well, any cop who dares to arrest a married couple for indulging in passion within their own vehicle is clearly plagued by a serious case of envy."

"True," Alex conceded, flipping through the magazine with a smirk.

Lori paused, her expression growing more serious as she met Alex's gaze. "You know, it takes a hard, stiff shaft of erectile flesh to really enjoy good sex. And to be honest, your father has been having some trouble in that department lately."

Alex shifted uncomfortably, surprised by his mother's candid revelation.

"Oh, um, really?"

"Mm-hmm. See, a man's erections aren't perpetually hard and ready like a teenage boy's tend to be," Lori explained, her eyes drifting down to the prominent bulge tenting the front of Alex's pants. The sight of her son's

young, virile manhood swelling with potency made her cuntal sheath clench with an instinctive, needy ache.

She dragged her gaze back up to Alex's face, noting the flush of arousal coloring his cheeks. "Your father's doctor gave him some pills to help, but they haven't been working very well so far. It's...frustrating, to say the least," Lori confided with a sigh.

Alex nodded, unsure what to say. The thought of his parents' sex life made him uncomfortable, but at the same time, discussing such an intimate topic with his gorgeous mother was undeniably titillating. His cock throbbed insistently against his fly, the denim suddenly feeling far too tight and constricting.

Lori's eyes sparkled with mischief as she noticed her son's predicament. "Looks like someone is enjoying our little chat," she teased, brazenly eyeing the straining ridge of his erection. "Must be nice to be able to get hard at the drop of a hat like that."

Alex flushed even deeper, equal parts embarrassed and turned on by his mom's provocative observation. "Uh, yeah, I guess," he mumbled, shifting again in a futile attempt to conceal his obvious arousal. "It seems like I'm always hard."

"Well, you'll never find a woman who'll complain about that," Lori smirked, secretly delighting in her ability to fluster her handsome son. It gave her a naughty thrill to know she could affect him so

powerfully. Her pussy clenched again, growing slick and swollen with illicit desire.

Shaking her head to clear the wicked thoughts, Lori plastered on a bright smile. "Anyway, enough about that. Why don't you read the next question, stud?"

Alex cleared his throat, trying to regain his composure as he picked up the magazine with slightly shaky hands. As he scanned for the

next quiz item, he couldn't help but wonder just how far his flirtatious mom was willing to take their charged banter.

"The next question comes with a visual," Alex noted. "You have to name that sexual position."

"Okay, let me see the visual."

"Hold on, I'll cover the answer," he said, reaching over to reveal the image. It was a bold illustration of a woman perched on a man's lap, facing him with her legs draped over his shoulders. "It's a multiple choice. I'll read the possible answers," Alex offered.

Lori's smile widened with confidence. "Don't bother. It's the rocking chair position."

Alex checked the answer. "The rocking chair position, you're spot on."

"Naturally, I'm spot on. I know my sexual positions. Who's in the lead now, buster?" she taunted, her eyes gleaming with playful challenge. "Two to one."

Alex handed the magazine back with a determined grin. "Not for long."

"Okay, what is the average length of a man's erect penis?" Lori asked, her smile daring him.

"Twelve inches," Alex joked with exaggerated bravado. "Ha, wouldn't that be something."

"I'm joking, of course. I think it's more like six inches." Lori nodded sharply. "'Between five and six inches,' barely correct." "Heck yeah!" Alex growled, a flush creeping up his neck.

Lori flashed him a fierce grin. "Glad to know you're not just average, honey." She shoved the magazine into his chest.

He caught it, breath hitching. "Why would you say that?"

Lori leaned in, her voice a low purr. "That bulge your sporting is far from average," she winked, slow and deliberate.

"Yeah, um...I guess your right," Alex stated, glancing proudly at his protruding package.

Lori's eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned in closer to her son. "You're lucky you're packing some extra meat, sweetheart. Trust me, women appreciate a longer, girthier cock."

Alex swallowed hard, his face flushed. "Oh yeah?" he managed to croak out.

"Mmm-hmm," Lori purred, her voice dripping with seductive knowledge. "A big, thick dick stretches us in the most delicious ways. When you've got some length and serious girth, you can hit all those special spots deep inside."

She traced a finger along the arm of the couch, her eyes locked on Alex's. "And when a cock is really meaty, with pronounced ridges around the head and thick veins running down the shaft...mmm. That extra texture feels incredible rubbing against a woman's inner walls."

Alex shifted in his seat, his erection now straining almost painfully against his pants. His mother's graphic dirty talk was driving him wild with lust.

"The friction, the fullness of a huge cock pumping in and out - it's mind-blowing," Lori continued, her voice husky. "A big dick is way more likely to make a woman come hard and often. Those little dicks just don't get the job done."

She flashed him a wicked smile. "So count your blessings, baby. I have a feeling you'll be very popular with the ladies thanks to what you're packing in your pants."

Alex couldn't believe what he was hearing. His own mother was not only acknowledging his large manhood, but explaining in explicit detail why he was lucky to have a big cock. It was beyond his wildest fantasies.

"God Mom," he groaned, shifting again as his rigid shaft throbbed with need. "You can't just say stuff like that to me."

"Why not?" Lori asked innocently, but the devilish gleam in her eye gave her away. "I'm just giving you a valuable female perspective."

She stood up languidly, deliberately stretching to make her tank top ride up and expose a tantalizing strip of toned midriff. Alex's eyes zeroed in on the revealed flesh like a starving man spotting a feast.

"Well, I think that's enough sex talk for now," Lori announced breezily. "We have a quiz to finish and I'm still in the lead."

She sauntered over to the kitchen, her yoga pants molded to the round globes of her perfect ass.

Alex watched her go, his heart pounding and his dick still rock hard. He had no idea how he was going to make it through the rest of this day, let alone two weeks, with his sexy mother prancing around and saying such naughty things.

Lori returned from the kitchen with a glass of red wine, taking a long sip as she sauntered back over to Alex. She had a mischievous glint in her eye that made his heart race. Instead of returning to her previous spot on the couch, Lori surprised her boy by plopping herself right down on his lap.

"Oof, Mom!" Alex exclaimed as her substantial weight settled on his thighs. Her plump ass cheeks enveloped his crotch, the crack of her buttocks wedging around the rigid pole of his erection. Even through the layers of clothing, he could feel the heat of her body against his aching cock.

"What? I'm just getting cozy," Lori said innocently, wriggling a bit to get comfortable. Her movements caused her ass to rub back and forth along his shaft, the friction making Alex bite back a groan. He could feel the pucker of her asshole through her thin yoga pants, nestled right against the sensitive head of his penis.

"I, um, I thought you said that was enough sex talk," Alex stammered, his hands clenching into fists at his sides. It took every ounce of willpower not to grab his mother's wide hips and grind up against her.

"Mmm-hmm," Lori agreed, taking another sip of wine. "But there's nothing wrong with a little innocent snuggling, is there?"

Alex's face burned, but he held her gaze. "Fine. Next question. Two left, and we're tied."

Lori cracked her knuckles. "Bring it on."

Alex's lips curled into a smirk. "Another penis question."

Lori threw her head back and laughed. "Might as well hand over the point now, boy. I'm a penis encyclopedia."

Alex's eyes flashed. "We'll see. The most sensitive spot on a man's penis is called what?"

"Frenulum!" Lori whooped, triumphant.

Alex's face darkened as he thrust the magazine at her. "Fine. You win. I've never even heard of that."

Lori's smile was wolfish. "The frenulum, Alex. The sweet spot. Don't tell me you don't know your own?"

Alex's breath hitched. "The tip, you mean?"

Lori's voice was low, intense. "Almost. It's that little band of skin just beneath the tip. Works like the skin under your tongue." She curled her tongue up, showing him. "The lingual frenulum."

Lori shifted deliberately on Alex's lap, maneuvering her ass so that the firm globes wedged even tighter around his straining erection. The thin fabric of his shorts was pulled taut across his crotch, trapping his rigid cock in the smothering heat of her ass crack.

As she ground down subtly, the delicate skin of his frenulum was stretched to the limit, the sensitive band of flesh beneath the head of his penis pulled as tight as a guitar string. The exquisite friction made Alex's hips buck involuntarily, seeking more of that delicious pressure.

Lori smiled to herself as she felt her son's body respond to her teasing ministrations. She could feel the dampness spreading where the tip of his cock nestled, knowing it was his copious pre-cum soaking into the fabric.

"What's the matter, honey?" she cooed innocently, giving an extra little shimmy of her hips. "You seem tense."

Alex groaned through clenched teeth, fists balled tight at his sides. "Nothing. I'm fine," he gritted out, even as another fat bead of pre nectar welled from his meatus and saturated his shorts. The musky scent of his arousal began to permeate the air.

"Mmmm, if you say so," Lori purred, shifting again so that her crack engulfed even more of his throbbing length.

Alex's heart thudded in his chest as he desperately tried to refocus their attention on the game. "I need an easier question, or I'm toast," he said, tension threading his voice.

"You're in luck," Lori replied, her eyes gleaming with the challenge. "It's a true or false question, so you've got a fifty-fifty shot."

"Alright, hit me with it," Alex said, bracing himself.

"True or false," Lori began, her voice dripping with suspense, "there are more nerve endings on a woman's clitoris than on the tip of a man's penis?"

Alex hesitated, his mind racing. "Oh man, I'm not sure about this one..."

Lori arched an eyebrow, a teasing smile on her lips. "Should I go ahead and start preparing for my victory massage then?"

"Hold on," Alex interjected, his mind zeroing in with determination. "I'm definitely leaning one way on this. I'm gonna say true."

"Are you sure?" she pressed, her gaze intense and unwavering. "Yes," Alex affirmed, his voice steady.

"So that's your final answer?" she asked, her eyes locking onto his with anticipation.

"Final answer," he declared, his heart pounding in his ears.

Lori's expression shifted, a playful frown tugging at her lips. "You're right."

"Yess!" Alex exclaimed, his arms shooting into the air in triumph. "Damn, I got lucky on that one. So it's a tie score and there are no more questions. What now?"

Lori tossed the magazine aside with a flourish. "Well, we could come up with a bonus question for each other, or..."

"Or what?" Alex asked, his voice brimming with eagerness.

"Or we could call it a tie, which means we both win and we both get rewarded."

Alex's face broke into a wide grin, his heart pounding like a bass drum. "I'm good with a tie."

"Me too," Lori said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Only because I know you. You'd dig up the hardest sexual question on earth for me, and I don't wanna risk losing that massage."

Alex shot his Mom a glance laden with guilt and desperation. "I wouldn't do that, I swear."

She tossed a pillow at him, a playful gesture underscored by a hint of challenge. "Sure you wouldn't, Alex. Let's have lunch, then convene in the bedroom for the reward ceremony."

Alex's laugh was a low growl, his eyes never leaving hers. "It sounds like a ritual. Should we sing the national anthem first?"

His mother's laughter was a sultry melody.

"Maybe we will," she purred, her voice dripping with promise. "But it will be my version."

Alex's breath hitched as she leaned in close to his ear, her voice a husky whisper, "Ohhh say can you see, my bra'aa slippin' off of mee!" His heart pounded in his chest as he watched her rise, her hips swaying hypnotically as she made her way to the kitchen.

Lunch was a blur, the air thick with anticipation. "Give me ten minutes," she commanded, her voice laced with desire. "I want the

candles, the soft music, the works. You just prepare those magic hands."

Alex nodded, his body taut with anticipation, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

Time crawled as he waited, his heart pounding in his ears. Then, finally, her voice called out, a sultry siren's song. "Alex, I'm ready, sweetie."

Alex strode purposefully across the cabin to the expansive bedroom. As he paused in the doorway, a sharp intake of breath escaped his lips. Lori stood tantalizingly near the bed, enveloped in a long, provocative white bridal-laced robe. One bare leg extended elegantly, bent slightly at the knee, emerging seductively from the robe's high slit. Her dainty feet, adorned with pink-painted nails, balanced gracefully on 4-inch mules. Through the delicate lace, Alex discerned a matching white bra and panty set that clung enticingly to her form. She had meticulously fluffed her hair, and the air was rich with the alluring fragrance of her sweet perfume.

The room was cloaked in a soft, intimate glow, with the shades drawn and candles flickering gently. The rhythmic pulse of R&B music resonated from a small Bose speaker perched on the nightstand.

Alex's gaze flicked to a plush white towel draped across the bed and a neat stack of others close by, yet his focus was irresistibly drawn back to his stunning mother. "Wow, you look incredible," the teen murmured, his voice thick with awe.

"Thanks. I know it's not a real ceremony and it's just you and me, but... I wanted to look pretty," she replied with a sweet, genuine warmth.

"You've more than succeeded at that. You always look beautiful, Mom."

"Aww, you're making me blush," she said, her eyes sparkling with adoration as her smile beamed.

"It's the truth."

"Close the door and come over here," she commanded softly, beckoning him with an inviting wave.

Alex kicked the door shut behind him, stalking over to stand inches from her. With her heels on, they were now eye-to-eye.

"Since I have to strip for my reward," his mother said softly, "we might as well let you have your reward first."

Alex's breath hitched, nervous anticipation coursing through him. "Makes sense."

"Swear to me," she demanded, her voice a low throb. "Swear this stays between us. No one can know, especially not your father. He'd destroy me if he ever found out."

"I swear," Alex rasped, his voice thick with promise. "Not a word, Mom. Not a soul."

"Good," she said, then slowly, deliberately, untied the sash of her robe.

Alex's eyes widened, his heart pounding as the robe slid from her shoulders, down her curvaceous body, and pooled at her feet. "Jesus," he breathed, his gaze locked onto her heaving chest. Her breasts, enormous and barely contained, threatened to spill out of her lacy bra, creating a valley of creamy cleavage that begged for his attention. Lori's tits were a force to be reckoned with, and Alex was utterly at their mercy.

The mother reached behind her back, unclasping her bra with a deft twist. The straps slid down her shoulders as the flimsy lace cups slowly peeled away from her mammoth breasts.

Alex held his breath in anticipation as the bra dropped to the floor, finally exposing his mother's colossal tits in all their naked glory.

Her breasts were absolutely gigantic, each one easily the size of his head or larger. They sat high and proud on her chest, defying gravity with their incredible mass and density. Her creamy skin was flawless, stretched taut over the mountainous swells of tit-flesh.

Lori's areolas were huge, each one nearly the size of his palm. They were a delicate pink hue, a few shades darker than the surrounding skin. In the center of each puffy cap stood her nipples, engorged and throbbing with

arousal. They protruded at least half an inch, thick and rubbery, just begging to be sucked.

As Alex stared transfixed at his mom's epic rack, he noticed the faint tracery of blue veins just beneath the surface of her milky skin, a testament to the sheer size and weight of her breasts. They swayed heavily with her slightest movement, quivering like mounds of jello.

Lori let out a throaty laugh, delighting in his wide-eyed response. "I told you they were more than a handful."

Alex swallowed hard, his voice a husky rasp. "They're not just big, they're... magnificent."

Lori's eyes gleamed with amusement, watching his unblinking stare.

Alex was transfixed, his breath ragged. These weren't the modest breasts of girls his age; these were voluptuous, commanding, pulsating with Lori's every inhalation.

Lori's brow furrowed. "This feels unfair. You're getting short-changed here."

Alex tore his eyes from her heaving chest. "How so?"

Lori's voice was a sultry purr. "I get a half-hour of your magic touch, and all you get is an eyeful."

Alex's gaze drifted back to her bosom, his voice thick with desire. "Trust me, I'm far from disappointed."

Lori chuckled, her breasts quivering with the movement. "Still, I think we should even the scales. Make things more... interesting."

Alex's eyes snapped up, meeting Lori's smoldering gaze. "What did you have in mind?"

Lori's lips curled into a wicked smile, her teeth gleaming. "Do you wanna touch them? Feel their weight in your hands?"

Alex's heart pounded in his chest, his voice a low growl. "Yes..."

He reached out, his hands trembling as he grasped her ample breasts, squeezing gently. A guttural moan escaped his lips. "God, they're so soft. So warm..."

Lori arched her back, pushing her breasts further into his hands. "Don't be shy, Alex. They won't break. Show me how much you like them."

Alex grabbed massive handfuls of his mother's breast flesh, squeezing harder than before, a primal hunger consuming him. Lori's eyes fluttered closed, a guttural moan escaping her lips as her son ravaged her breasts, time stretching into a blissful eternity.

"Fuck," the teen growled, his voice thick with lust, jolting Lori's eyes open.

"Do you like how Mommy's tits feel?" she panted, her voice laced with sin.

"More than anything," he groaned, kneading her flesh with a desperate hunger. "If I'm massaging you for half an hour, do I get half an hour with these?"

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a throaty sound that made her tits shake in his grasp. "I said a little extra, Alex."

"Come on, Mom. You said you wanted to make things fair."

"Fine, five more minutes. We wouldn't want you to feel cheated," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "Now, sit behind me on the bed. I think you'll enjoy this even more."

Alex, his cock throbbing and obvious through his pants, did as he was told. He watched his mom approach, his eyes zeroing in on her panty-clad pussy. Her white bikini panties were tight against her slit, outlining her most intimate place. She turned, flaunting her fleshy ass before sitting on his lap, crushing his erect member.

"Now, reach around and take what you want, honey," she commanded, her voice breathless with anticipation.

Alex eagerly wrapped his arms around his mother's torso, his hands immediately cupping the hefty globes of her breasts. He groaned at the incredible sensation of her naked tit-flesh overflowing his fingers, the warm, smooth skin like silk against his palms.

He squeezed roughly, sinking his digits deep into her pliant flesh. Her massive mammarys yielded to his touch, compressing and bulging between his fingers. He could feel the weight and density of them, each tit like a bowling ball filled with jello.

Lori let out a sultry moan, arching her back to thrust her giant jugs more firmly into his kneading hands. "Mmmm, that's it baby. Grope Mommy's big tits. Squeeze them hard," she purred, rolling her hips so that her plump ass ground against his rigid cock.

Alex did as he was told, mauling her colossal breasts with increasing urgency. He sank his fingers in deep, feeling her abundant tit-flesh bulge and overflow. He rolled and tweaked her fat, rubbery nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, drawing more wanton moans from Lori's lips.

As he played with her breasts, Lori executed a skillful twerk on his lap, undulating her hips so that her gigantic ass cheeks squeezed and massaged his throbbing erection through his pants. She clenched her glutes, trapping his cock in the hot, smothering crevice of her ass crack.

Alex groaned as his mother's plump ass cheeks enveloped his straining erection, her gluteal cleft forming a tight, warm sheath for his throbbing shaft. The firm, dense muscles of her buttocks flexed and rippled, massaging his engorged cock through the fabric of his pants.

He could feel every twitch and throb of his tumescent penis as it pulsed between the globes of her ass. The meaty shaft flexed involuntarily, jerking and kicking against her soft flesh. His cock head flared, the sensitive glans mashed up against her clenching rosebud.

Copious amounts of preseminal fluid leaked from the tip, dampening his underwear and leaving a sticky wet spot on the back of Lori's panties. The

clear, slick fluid seeped through the thin fabric, allowing Alex's cockhead to glide smoothly along the crease of her ass.

His balls, swollen and heavy with pent-up semen, churned in their sack as they were pressed firmly against her taint. The musky scent of his arousal mixed with Lori's sweet perfume, creating an intoxicating aroma of sex that filled the room.

Alex's hips bucked of their own accord, his body operating on pure instinct as he humped against his mother's gyrating ass. The motion caused his girthy shaft to saw back and forth between her cheeks, stimulating every nerve ending in his highly sensitive knob.

The dual stimulation of groping his mom's huge naked tits while she gave him an ass job was driving Alex wild with lust. He could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing against Lori's crack, his swollen cockhead leaking copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Oh god Mom, your tits are amazing," he groaned, squeezing a little harder and feeling her heavy jugs compress. "So huge and soft."

"Mmm, and you're so big and hard," Lori purred back, giving an extra firm clench of her ass cheeks around his straining erection. "I can feel every thick inch of your cock with my ass."

Alex grunted, pistoning his hips upwards to hump against his mother's jiggling bottom. Her cheeks rippled and shook with each thrust, the sensation mind-blowing. He tweaked and tugged at her oversized nipples as he dry humped her, lost in a frenzy of taboo lust.

Lori finally peered over at him and giggled. "I'm pretty sure your five minutes was up like five minutes ago, T-Rex."

"Sorry," Alex sighed, easing his grip.

"We don't want you getting tired out. I need those strong hands for that back massage."

He reluctantly released her boobs. "Thanks for the extra time," he said.

Lori handed him a bottle of hot babyoil. "Oil me up, messier," she joked, and as the mother stood up from Alex's lap, her eyes were instantly drawn to the prominent bulge tenting the front of his shorts. She couldn't help but stare at the massive shaft of his erection, clearly outlined through the thin, damp fabric.

A tiny gasp escaped her lips as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. It looked to be at least 9 inches long, possibly even 10, and as thick as her wrist. The hefty tube of cockmeat strained against the cotton material, the flared head clearly visible where it created an obscene protrusion. A wet spot had formed where the tip pressed insistently, soaked through with Alex's copious preseminal fluid.

Lori licked her lips unconsciously as she imagined what that enormous penis would look like freed from its confines.

Alex stood up, eyes ablaze with lust, his pants tightening around his throbbing erection. His mother's body was sprawled out before him, a temple of flesh, her legs slightly parted in silent invitation. His gaze was drawn, magnetically, to the ripe curves of her ass, her panties stretching to contain the ample flesh. Her tan legs were taut and smooth, and her massive breasts heaved against the mattress, a sight that sent his heart pounding like a war drum.

His mother looked up at him, her eyes smoldering with anticipation. "Ready when you are, honey," she purred, her voice a husky whisper that sent shockwaves through his body.

"Oh, sorry," Alex stammered, his voice hoarse with desire, as he was jarred from his carnal stupor.

He descended onto the bed, kneeling beside her, and squirted a liberal amount of oil onto her back. He began to massage her, his hands gliding over her flawless, velvety skin. He dug his fingers into her muscles, kneading and working them with a fervor that left his breath ragged.

Lori moaned, a deep, guttural sound that vibrated through her body. "Mmmnn, that feels divine," she gasped, writhing under his touch, her

body responding to his strong hands.

Alex moved down her back, his eyes tracing the curve of her hips, flaring out like a sacrificial altar. "This is truly what they mean by an hourglass figure," he thought, his mind consumed by her body.

His gaze was locked onto her ass, his mind unable to comprehend how a woman could possess such perfection in both her breasts and her ass. His cock throbbed painfully, his body aching with need. His mother's sighs and whimpers were like gasoline on the fire of his lust, pushing him to the brink of his control.

Alex paused, heart pounding, deciding to push his boundaries. "I don't want to ruin your panties with oil, Mom. Maybe you should take them off."

Lori let out a low, throaty laugh. "First the bra, now you're after my panties?"

Alex leaned in, his voice a low growl. "Oil stains, Mom. It won't wash out."

Lori stretched languidly, her voice a sultry purr. "I'm so relaxed, I can barely move."

Alex's voice was a husky whisper. "Should I just skip your lower back?"

Lori murmured, "No, don't skip anything. If my panties are in your way, take them off."

Alex's heart pounded like a drum in his chest. "Okay," he rasped, sliding his thumbs under the waistband. He tugged her panties down, revealing her meaty ass inch by inch. He felt like a starving man seeing food for the first time in days.

Kneeling there, he was overcome with lust and awe. He couldn't believe the naked body before him was his own mother. Her figure

was every fantasy come to life. Almost unconsciously, he gripped his erection through his shorts, squeezing hard.

"Mmm, where are those magic hands?" Lori murmured, her voice like velvet.

Alex started kneading her lower back, his hands drifting down to her buttocks. He felt a surge of courage. "I can massage your butt and legs too, if you want."

Lori moaned softly. "Oh sweetie, you don't have to. You've already done so much."

Alex leaned in, his voice a low growl. "I want to, Mom. I want to do it all."

Lori, propped up on her forearms, flashed him a smoldering smile. "You're a sweetheart," she purred. "But if I let you keep massaging me, I might feel indebted to you again."

Alex's voice trembled with anticipation. "You mean more time exploring your body?"

Lori's eyes gleamed with mischief. "Yeah, that... or maybe I could rinse off this oil, and we could burrow under the blankets, take a little nap together."

Alex's breath hitched. "Naked, you mean?"

A sultry giggle escaped Lori's lips. "No, not naked. But how about almost naked?"

Alex swallowed hard. "I'm in."

"Then we have a deal," Lori whispered, laying back down. "Now, get back to work."

With her consent to massage her ass, Alex dove in with fervor. He squeezed and kneaded her firm, rounded flesh, working the hot, slippery oil deep into her skin.

Lori moaned, a low, guttural sound. "That feels so good."

Emboldened, Alex pushed his luck, letting his fingers slip down into her crack. When she didn't protest, he gently dragged his slippery thumb

across the tight ring of her buttocks. Lori's body tensed, but she remained silent, her breath hitching slightly.

Alex's mind was on fire, desperate to bury his face between her cheeks and devour her until she begged for mercy. But he knew that would be crossing a line from 'massage' to something far more primal.

Moving down to her legs, the room's dim lighting hinted at the shaved outer lips of her mons as he rubbed her smooth, powerful thighs. The atmosphere was electric, charged with a tension that begged for release.

He took his time, savoring every sharp intake of breath as he descended towards her alluring feet. He kneaded them with a fierce intensity. Alex didn't just have a foot fetish; her perfect, bare feet drove him to the brink, his head spinning and his dick throbbing, leaking pre-cum like a sieve.

"How was that?" he growled, hunger edging his voice as he anticipated the next stage of his reward.

"Oh my God," Lori gasped, "That was incredible."

"Did I satisfy you?" he demanded.

"Oh sweetheart," she panted, "More than you know. You've melted me completely. I need you close now. A nap, with you holding me, sounds like heaven."

"I want that too," he admitted.

"Good," she purred, wrapping a towel around her body as she stood. "It's your reward, after all. You've earned it, going above and beyond. Now, go clean up in the kitchen sink. I'm going to shower, then meet me back here in ten minutes."

"Understood," Alex rasped, his body trembling with anticipation. He washed quickly, then stoked the fire, his heart pounding wildly. Massaging his mom's body, especially her voluptuous tits, had been the most exhilarating experience of his life. He knew that if things escalated any further, he might just explode.

The door was shut tight, so he rapped sharply. "Mom?" His voice already tight with anticipation. "Just a moment," Lori called from within, her voice laced with promise. He could feel his heart throbbing as he waited for her call.

"Come in, honey," she finally summoned, her voice barely above a whisper. The room remained shrouded in dim candlelight. She stood by the bed, the blankets cast aside. His breath hitched as he took her in.

Lori was draped in a black lace babydoll that clung to her like a shadow. The neckline plunged deeply, exposing her expansive cleavage. The delicate lace cups were adorned with intricate floral patterns, and the mesh hem skimmed just below her hips, leaving her long legs bare. The sheer lace did little to hide her form; he could clearly see the enticing V of her shaved mons. Her hair, still wet from the shower, was slicked back, emphasizing her fierce gaze. She smirked at his wide-eyed stare.

"Is this what you wanted?" she asked, her voice a sultry purr.

He swallowed hard, his mouth dry. "You look... incredible," he managed to choke out. Lori chuckled, a low, throaty sound. She took

a slow, deliberate step towards him, her fingers finding the hem of his t-shirt. "But you," she murmured, "you're overdressed."

She tugged at his shirt, her eyes locked onto his. "Remember the rules? Almost naked, I said." With a swift movement, she pulled his shirt up and over his head, her breath hot on his suddenly bare skin.

Then she dropped to her knees, her breath hot and heavy, and tore at his fly with a feral urgency. Alex looked down, shock and disbelief coursing through his veins, as she ripped his shorts away and Lori's eyes widened at the sight of the massive bulge straining against his

briefs. She looked up at him, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "Did I do that?" she growled, her voice thick with desire.

"Yeah, pretty much," Alex choked out, his face flushing with a mix of embarrassment and lust.

Lori rose, her body pressing against his as she took his hand and dragged him to the bed. Alex's gaze was locked on her bare buttocks, visible through the thin gown, watching the hypnotic sway of her hips atop her long, lean legs as they moved across the room.

Lori crawled onto the bed, pulling Alex in with her, and covered them both with the sheets. She pressed her body against his, her arm and leg draped over him possessively, her full breasts crushing against his chest. "Mmm, this is nice," she murmured, her breath hot on his neck.

"Sounds like you're enjoying this reward as much as I am, Mom," Alex managed to say, his voice strained.

Lori lifted her head, her eyes locked onto his. "Oh, I know," she said, her voice a low purr. "And that's not fair, is it?"

"What do you mean?" Alex asked, his heart pounding in his chest.

"I got my reward earlier, and it was incredible," Lori said, her voice dripping with intensity. "Yours should be equally pleasurable, not to me, but to you."

She ground her hips against him, her hard nipples pressing into his flesh. "Oh, trust me, I'm enjoying every second of it," Alex gasped.

"Yeah, as the giver, once again," Lori said, her voice a low growl. "Yes, it was your reward earlier, but you pretty much gave me a boob massage, then you gave me a full body massage. I think for once today, you should be the receiver, don't you?" Her eyes bore into his, filled with a hungry, primal need.

Alex wasn't about to argue. "I'm in. What's coming my way?" he demanded, his grin sharp as a blade.

Lori's smile cut like a knife. "Don't get too excited, I won't be giving you a handjob."

Alex growled, disappointment already burning within. "Didn't expect you to."

Lori leaned in, her voice a sultry purr. "But let me tell you what I will do. I WILL press my breasts hard against your chest. I WILL drag my tongue up your neck. I WILL whisper filthy, dirty words into your ear.

And I WILL do it all while you fuck your own hand. Does that sound like something you can handle?"

Alex swallowed hard, his heart pounding. "Yeah, I can handle it." Lori's smile was pure sin. "I thought so."

"Just how dirty are we talking?" Alex rasped, already gripping his cock through his briefs.

Lori's eyes flashed. "How dirty do you want it, baby?"

"You said you'd talk dirty. How fucking filthy can you get?" he challenged, his breath already ragged.

Lori's smile was wicked. "How about filthy enough fuck your mind, Alex? How about I say things that will make your cum blast through your cock like a fucking volcano. You won't even know what hit you."

Alex shuddered, anticipation coursing through his veins like wildfire. He'd never heard his mom talk like this, never seen her like this. He knew she was about to blow his fucking world apart.

"What are you waiting for, big boy?" she demanded, her voice laced with urgency. "Get that fucking cock out and start stroking it for me."

Alex didn't hesitate. He whipped out his thick prick, already throbbing and eager, and began to stroke it with a fierce intensity.

Lori, kneeling beside him, pressed her mesh-covered tits firmly against his chest, her lips finding his neck in a hot, hungry trail. "You made Mommy feel so fucking good earlier," she growled, her voice a low, sultry rumble. "Now it's my turn to make you feel even better."

She buried her face in his neck, her teeth grazing his skin. Her strong, experienced tongue lashed out, striking the most sensitive spots on his neck with precise, electrifying strokes.

Alex bucked upward, a guttural groan tearing from his throat. "Oh, fuck, Mom!" he cried out, his body convulsing with pleasure.

"Yes, baby!" she hissed, her tongue flicking out in quick, sharp licks. "Stroke that fucking cock! Beat that big dick while you think about fucking those hot, tight pussies." Each word was punctuated with a lick, driving him wild.

Alex groaned, his hand moving in long, hard strokes, his pre-cum slicking his shaft.

Lori paused, her eyes locking onto his, her face inches from his. "Mmmnn, feeling all that hot, wet pussy gripping your dick while you suck their big, juicy tits," she purred, her voice dripping with lust.

"Oh, fuck," Alex moaned, his cock throbbing in response to her words.

"Pounding their fucking cunts," Lori cried, her tongue lashing out in a series of rapid licks. "Slapping their asses," she growled, her body pressing against his.

Suddenly, she slid up, her cleavage enveloping his face. She squeezed her tits together, smothering him in a pocket of soft, warm flesh. "Smothering your face between their big, fucking tits," she moaned, her voice a husky whisper.

Lori watched with rapt fascination as Alex furiously stroked his throbbing cock, his face still buried in her massive cleavage. She could feel his hot, panting breaths against her sensitive skin as he lost himself to the pleasure.

"That's it baby, stroke that big fucking dick," Lori purred, grinding her mesh-covered pussy against his hip. She could feel her own arousal building, her clit swelling and throbbing as she watched her son pleasure himself. "Mommy wants to see you explode. I want to watch you paint your chest with cum."

Alex let out a strangled groan, his hand moving in a blur over his straining erection. Lori's filthy talk was pushing him right to the edge. "I'm gonna

cum!" he grunted, his voice muffled by her abundant tit flesh. "Fuck Mom, you're gonna make me come so hard..."

"Do it," Lori commanded, her eyes blazing with lust. "Shoot that hot load all over yourself. Coat your chest in jizz for Mommy."

With a guttural roar, Alex's cock erupted, sending thick ropes of pearly semen arcing through the air. Lori gasped in delight as she

watched her son's cum splatter across his heaving chest and abs, some spurts reaching as high as his neck. His cock jerked and twitched as he milked out every drop, the sticky seed pooling in the valleys between his muscles.

The erotic sight was too much for Lori. She felt her pussy clench hard as a mini-orgasm ripped through her, making her shake and moan. Her nipples drilled into Alex's face as her back arched, pressing her aching clit against the hard ridge of his hip bone. She ground herself against him shamelessly, riding out the waves of her climax.

"Oh fuck yes," Lori gasped, her juices soaking through the crotch of her teddy. She couldn't believe how intensely she had come, just from dirty talk and watching her son's explosive orgasm. Her sex throbbed in time with her racing heart as she slowly came down from her high.

Alex lay there panting, his softening cock still clutched in his fist, coated in his own spendings. His chest rose and fell rapidly as he struggled to catch his breath, shiny ribbons of cum streaking his torso. He looked thoroughly debauched and completely satisfied.

Lori finally lifted her heavy tits off his face, allowing her son to breathe properly. She stared down at him with a triumphant grin, taking in his blissed out expression and cum-splattered body. "Mmm, I'd say you enjoyed your reward," she purred smugly, trailing a finger through the mess on his chest.

Alex let out a breathless laugh, his eyes glazed with post-orgasmic euphoria. "That was incredible," he sighed.

"Good, now that we're even, we can do some snuggles and a nap," she said, cozying back at his side.

Phil stared intently at his phone while perched at his office desk. With a restless sigh, he started typing a message to Lori, then abruptly stopped, recalling the cabin's isolation. They had chosen a weekend escape far removed from civilization, and the cabin epitomized seclusion. The only way to grasp a fleeting cell signal was to drive a grueling two miles down the treacherous mountain to the main road, as his wife had attempted, only to find the connection frustratingly unreliable.

The cabin gnawed at Phil's nerves that first year, his mind racing with images of deranged country bumpkins or unruly gangs of youth descending upon their sanctuary to wreak havoc. Driven by paranoia, he fortified the retreat with a robust security system—alarms and clandestine cameras poised to unmask any intruders.

In a secret he kept close, Lori was unaware of the interior surveillance. It had simply slipped his mind to mention this clandestine layer of protection. On rare occasions, temptation whispered to him—like when his son invited friends to the cabin. The urge to peek in and ensure everything was above board tugged at him, but he resisted, opting to trust Alex's judgment.

Today, however, the stakes were higher. Phil resolved to activate the cameras, compelled by the relentless threat of the COVID virus. If Lori and Alex needed anything, he would brave the roads, delivering whatever they required to stay safe.

The security system was comprehensive, with two vigilant cameras guarding the cabin's exterior—one at the front and one at the back. Inside, three more cameras kept watch: one surveyed the main living area, another monitored the kitchen, and a third kept a keen eye on the hallway near the bedrooms. Ingeniously hidden within the overhead recessed lighting, these cameras remained invisible to any potential intruders, a silent sentinel in their seemingly serene refuge.

After logging into the system, Phil slammed his fingers onto the keyboard, clicking on the front camera with a sense of urgency. The livestream burst onto the screen, revealing the porch and driveway. As expected, Alex's car and his wife's jeep were stationed upfront.

His heart pounded as he switched to the interior living room feed. The room lay barren, an unsettling emptiness accentuated by the fire crackling fiercely in the fireplace.

He waited, tension coiling within him, but when no one emerged, he shifted to the kitchen camera. Like a ghostly echo, the kitchen too was deserted, devoid of any trace of his wife and son.

Phil's anxiety ramped up as he clicked the last camera, focusing on the hallway. The emptiness was oppressive, and he noted the master bedroom door was tightly shut.

"She must be resting," he muttered to himself, unease gnawing at his thoughts. "They both must be resting."

Yet, a relentless need to confirm their well-being gripped him. He needed to see them, to ensure they weren't exhibiting signs of a grave illness. Fixated on the hallway feed, he rewound the footage, his eyes searching desperately for movement. He was taken aback by how far he had to rewind, nearly two hours of lifeless video before his son finally emerged from the master bedroom.

Phil played the recording at normal speed, observing Alex knock on the door, wait with an air of anticipation, then slip inside, sealing the door behind him. "What's he doing?" Phil's mind buzzed with unease.

He rewound further, tension mounting as he watched his wife traverse the hallway to and from the bathroom, wrapped in nothing but a towel that clung to her voluptuous form. Confirming that they were together in the bedroom at that very moment, Phil's heart raced as he returned to the live feed of the hallway. The bizarre events he

had witnessed earlier had ignited a blazing curiosity within him, a need to uncover what truly lay behind that closed door.

"How was your nap?" Alex asked his mother who was stretched against him, their bodies still entwined.

"Like a dream," she purred, "I dreamt of dried cum stains all over my comforter."

She threw back the blanket, revealing the stark evidence of their passion. "Well, would you look at that? Dreams do come true."

Alex let out a low laugh, "Guess I should've used a towel, huh?"

"Fuck towels," she said, her voice a sultry growl as she slid out of bed. "It's more fun to leave your mark everywhere, isn't it?"

She held up her nightie, soaked with his essence. "Look at this, you absolute beast."

"Same goes for my briefs," Alex said, his voice thick with lust. "I should've torn them off first."

He wrapped a towel around his waist, then tore off his briefs.

His mother yanked the towel away, her eyes flashing. "Nice try, but that towel is fucking filthy too, my shy boy."

Alex stood there, naked and exposed, his hands attempting to shield his dick. "Fuck, Mom," he groaned, his face flushing.

She shot him a wicked look. "Oh, spare me the blushing act, Alex. We've gone way past that, haven't we?" Without a shred of hesitation, she peeled off her nightie, her massive tits bouncing as she tossed it onto the pile.

Alex was transfixed, his eyes wide with disbelief and desire as he stared at his mother's naked body. She scooped up the pile of cum-

stained laundry, her voice a commanding growl. "Come get the rest of your stuff out of the dryer."

Alex trailed behind her to the laundry room, his eyes glued to the seductive rhythm of her bare buttocks swaying above her alluring legs.

Phil's eyes widened in shock as his wife emerged from their bedroom, completely naked, balancing a heap of laundry in her arms. His son, equally unclothed, trailed behind. "What in the world?" Phil muttered with disbelief as he watched them vanish into the laundry room.

Minutes later, they reappeared. Lori now wore the bra Alex had washed for her, and her son clutched his clean laundry. Phil's jaw dropped in disbelief. He couldn't fathom how his wife and son could be so boldly naked in each other's presence. He observed Alex standing at the end of the hall, his eyes fixed on his mother as she teasingly glanced back at him, her hips swaying provocatively as she retreated into her room.

A storm of nausea and confusion churned inside Phil. "What the hell's going on between those two?" he wondered, his mind a whirlwind of suspicion.

The urge to confront Lori burned inside him, yet he knew that doing so would reveal the hidden cameras in the cabin. If they discovered the surveillance, they would alter their behavior, and he might never uncover the truth lurking in the shadows, the secrets they kept when he wasn't around.

Determined to unravel the mystery, Phil chose vigilance, observing them closely throughout the day. Their activities seemed deceptively normal. Lori prepared dinner for herself and Alex, and Phil watched them engage in animated conversation, their laughter resonating at the table. He cursed the lack of audio, his curiosity gnawing at him.

In the evening, they lounged by the fire, their closeness raising Phil's suspicions. At times, the intimacy between mother and son seemed to teeter on the edge of propriety, yet nothing blatantly crossed the line.

Phil's mind raced, but he knew he couldn't remain glued to the screens all night. Reluctantly, he left his post and headed home, his thoughts a tangled web of uncertainty and dread.

Phil scrubbed his skin under the scalding shower, then threw his laptop onto the bed, eyes glued to the screen, monitoring their every move. He

witnessed his wife and son locked in an uncomfortably long embrace before finally retreating to their respective rooms.

Midnight cloaked the cabin, as snowflakes silently fell. Alex lay in his top bunk, hand working furiously, consumed by the fresh memory of his mother's naked breasts pressed against him, her tongue exploring his body, her dirty whispers echoing in his ears. That memory would be seared into his brain for eternity.

Suddenly, a sharp rap at his door. "Honey, you still up?" Lori's sultry voice cut through the darkness.

Alex released his throbbing cock and jolted upright, nearly concussing himself on the ceiling. "Yeah, Mom. I'm awake."

Lori slinked into his room, her short kimono robe barely concealing her curves. She prowled over to the bunk, bare feet silently padding on the cold floor. She looked up at him, eyes smoldering. "How's the view from up there?" she purred.

Alex swallowed hard, glance flicking to the window. "It's snowing."

"I see that," she murmured, voice dripping with suggestion. "They're saying it might be a blizzard. Not that it matters to us, locked away here. We're not going anywhere."

Alex felt a thrill at her words. "No," he agreed, voice steady. "We're not."

Lori's eyes gleamed with mischief. "I was thinking about that game we played earlier. Your first request, remember?"

Alex's heart pounded. "You mean switching beds?"

"God, I feel awful," Lori confessed, her voice laced with guilt. "I hadn't realized these bunks were this miserable."

"They're not great, but the mattresses are nowhere near as comfortable as yours and Dad's," Alex admitted.

Lori's eyes flashed with resolve. "Then it's ridiculous for you to sleep here, Alex. It's just the two of us, after all."

"No, Mom. I can handle it. You don't have to do this," Alex protested, but Lori cut him off with a laugh that was equal parts amusement and determination.

"I'm not suggesting we trade places, Alex. What I want to is share my bed with you. We have plenty of room, and we can make it work. Remember how well we slept together earlier today?"

Alex hesitated, then nodded. "Yeah, that was amazing."

"Then it's settled," Lori declared. She watched as Alex pulled his briefs back on and climbed down from the top bunk, his desire still evident.

Lori's eyes zeroed in on the prominent bulge tenting the front of Alex's briefs as he climbed down from the bunk. His erection was clearly visible, straining against the thin fabric. The shaft of his cock

formed a long, thick column that pointed directly at her, the fat head creating an obscene protrusion.

A damp spot had formed where the tip pressed insistently against the cotton, soaked through with Alex's copious preseminal fluid. His heavy balls created a sizeable pouch that swayed with his movements.

Lori licked her lips unconsciously as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. "Has that thing even gone down once today?" she purred teasingly, unable to tear her gaze away from his crotch.

Alex flushed, equal parts embarrassed and aroused by his mother's blatant ogling of his junk. "I, uh..." he stammered, at a loss for words.

Lori giggled sultrily. "I'll take that as a no." Her nipples visibly stiffened beneath the thin silk of her robe, poking out like hard little pebbles.

As Lori stared at her son's erect cock, her body began reacting as if preparing for sexual intercourse. Blood rushed to her vulva, causing her labia to swell and part slightly. Her clitoris emerged from its protective hood, engorging and becoming exquisitely sensitive. Vaginal lubrication seeped from her core, coating her petals and inner thighs with slick moisture.

The walls of her birthing tunnel loosened and lengthened, while her cervix pulled back slightly - physiological changes designed to accommodate a large intruder. Her areolas crinkled and darkened as her nipples stiffened into tight buds, ready for stimulation. Lori's heart rate and breathing quickened, her skin flushing with arousal.

Every cell in her body was priming itself to be penetrated by Alex's huge erection. Her primal hindbrain screamed at her to drop to her knees, rip his briefs off with her teeth, and take his throbbing shaft

into her mouth. To lick and suck him until he was slick with her spit, then impale herself on his massive cock and ride him until they both exploded in ecstasy.

Lori shook her head, trying to dispel the depraved fantasies. She needed to get ahold of herself before she did something she couldn't take back. Tearing her eyes away from Alex's straining bulge, she spun on her heel and sashayed out of the room, deliberately putting an extra sway in her hips.

"Coming?" she called over her shoulder, her voice a husky invitation. Then she laughed at her accidental double entendre. "To bed, I mean."

Phil was just succumbing to the darkness of sleep when his laptop screen flickered, jarring him awake. The hallway camera had detected movement. His eyes widened as he watched his wife, with a familiar, almost possessive grip on Alex's hand to their bedroom. He slammed his fist on the desk. He could not believe it. The door shut with a finality that echoed through the house.

"Again?! How dare she?!" he roared, the words ripping from his throat.

He stabbed at the keys, rewinding the footage, praying he'd misseen. His breath hitched as the scene played out again, confirming the betrayal. His heart pounded, but the rage was nothing compared to the storm brewing within Alex at the cabin.

The teen slunk onto his mom's bed, his eyes locked onto her as she shed her robe. What awaited him was no innocent sight; it was a vision that

would forever be etched into his mind. Lori was poured into a black lace teddy, the floral pattern doing little to hide the expanse of her smooth skin or the tantalizing glimpse of her areolas. The plunging neckline was a dangerous descent, beckoning his gaze.

The busty mother slid under the blankets, her body pressing against his. She kissed his cheek, her lips lingering a moment too long. "See, isn't this cozier?" she murmured, her voice a sultry purr. "It's freezing outside, and we both have a virus. We need to stay close, keep each other warm, Alex," she cooed.

The boy could hardly breathe. The soft, warm press of her oversized tits against him was pure pleasure. He was already aroused, and when Lori innocently threw her leg over him, her thigh brushing against his rock-hard cock, he had to bite back a groan.

"Sorry," she giggled, but Alex could only mutter a strained, "It's ok," his body taut with desire from just that single, innocent touch.

"Lori's voice was a hushed whisper, "If I ask you something, will you be brutally honest?"

Alex swallowed hard, "Yes."

She leaned in closer, her voice barely audible, "Were you stroking yourself in bed before I entered?"

Alex met her gaze, his heart pounding. "Yes."

Lori's eyes flickered with a mix of understanding and desire. "I could sense it," she murmured. "The scent of your testosterone and pre cum was still lingering in the air. I apologize for interrupting."

Alex's breath hitched. "It's fine, Mom."

Lori paused, her eyes searching his. "Do you wanna finish?" Alex's heart raced. "Finish? Now?"

She nodded slowly. "I don't mind, Alex. If you need to release, do it." Alex hesitated, his voice barely a whisper. "Would you...?" Lori's eyes narrowed.

"Would I what, honey?"

He looked away, embarrassed. "Never mind."

Lori sat up, her gaze intense. "Would I what, Alex? Tell Mommy."

The boy's voice was barely audible. "Would you say dirty things to me again?"

A slow, seductive smile spread across Lori's face. "You loved Mommy's dirty talk, didn't you?"

Alex nodded, his breath coming in short gasps. "Yes."

Lori's voice turned stern. "You know I shouldn't be saying those things to you. Are you sure you won't tell anyone, honey?"

Alex's voice was firm. "Not a word. I swear."

Lori's gaze softened, her voice a low murmur. "I wanna believe you, Alex. Because if I can trust you, there's something else I might do for you. Something I think you'd enjoy immensely."

Alex's heart hammered against his ribs, stealing his breath. "Something else?" he gasped.

"Yeah, we just cleaned the sheets," Lori growled. "I don't want your cum exploding all over them again."

"No..." Alex whispered.

"If you cum like last time," she said, her voice low and dangerous, "we'll both be swimming in your slime all night." A cold smile played on her lips. "But Mom can make sure that doesn't happen."

Alex's eyes widened, his breath hitching. "How?"

Lori leaned in, her voice a sultry purr. "By taking your load deep inside my belly, instead of all over my clean sheets."

Alex's mind raced, his body trembling. "Are you talking about...?"

Lori's smile was pure sin. "Oh, yes. Have you ever had a woman drink your cum, Alex?"

"I've had blowjobs," he stammered, "but they never swallowed..."

Lori's laugh was a low, throaty sound. "Girls your age don't know what they're doing. They fear a man's taste. But I'm not like them."

Alex's gaze dropped to her heaving cleavage, his pulse roaring in his ears.

"So here's what's gonna happen," Lori commanded, her voice leaving no room for argument. "I'm going under these blankets, and I'm gonna take your hard cock in my mouth. You're gonna close your eyes and picture fucking the hottest bitch you've ever imagined. Think you can handle that?"

Alex nodded, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Good," Lori growled. "Now, grab my hair and fuck my mouth like you mean it. Understood?"

"I won't choke you?"

Lori smiled. "You might, some, but that's ok. Mommy's a trooper, she can handle it."

Lori disappeared under the blankets, her body slithering down the bed until she was level with her son's crotch. He felt her hot breath through the thin fabric of his briefs a moment before her fingers hooked into the waistband and tugged them down, freeing his throbbing erection.

"Mmm, there's my big boy," Lori purred, her voice muffled by the covers.

Alex gasped as he felt her tongue, hot and wet, lick a slow stripe up the underside of his cock from base to tip. She swirled her licker

around the swollen head, lapping up the bead of pre-cum that had already formed.

"You taste so good, baby," she murmured before opening her mouth wide and sinking down on his shaft. Her lips sealed around him as she took him

deep, engulfing his manhood in the slick heat of her mouth.

Alex groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his mother began to suck him off with expert skill. Her lips slid wetly up and down his thick cock, her tongue swirling and lashing along the sensitive underside. She took him right to the back of her throat on every downstroke, swallowing around his girth.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Alex gasped, fisting his hands in her hair through the blanket. He felt more than heard Lori's moan of encouragement vibrate through his meat as he began to thrust up into her hot, sucking mouth.

She relaxed her throat, letting him fuck her face with abandon. Wet, obscene slurping noises filled the room as Alex used his mother's mouth like a cunt, pistoning his hips to drive his cock in and out of her oral cavity.

Lori reached up to cup his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm. She could feel them churning with his impending release.

Pulling off his spit-slicked shaft with a lewd pop, she dipped down to suck one of his nuts into her mouth, rolling it on her tongue.

"Ungh, fuck!" Alex cried out, his cock twitching and leaking at the intense sensation. Lori released his testicle and licked lower, dragging the flat of her tongue along his taint.

The teen nearly came off the bed as he felt the tip of his mother's tongue circle his puckered asshole. She laved the tight ring of

muscle, getting it wet with her spit before pointing her tongue and wiggling it inside him.

"Holy shit, Mom!" Alex yelled as Lori tongue-fucked his ass, her oral muscle probing and squirming deep in his most private place. The taboo pleasure was overwhelming, threatening to make him explode.

Lori sensed his impending climax and quickly moved back to his cock, taking him to the root in one smooth motion. She hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard, wanting to drain his balls dry.

"I'm gonna cum!" Alex cried out in warning, his body tensing as his orgasm barreled down on him like a freight train.

Lori moaned around his cock in encouragement, bobbing her head faster as she felt his shaft swell and throb against her tongue. She reached up to fondle his balls again, coaxing his release.

With a primal roar, Alex exploded in his mother's mouth. His cock jerked and pulsed as it spewed thick ropes of hot, salty semen across her tongue and down her throat.

Lori moaned in delight as Alex's cock erupted in her mouth, flooding her oral cavity with his thick, creamy seed. The first powerful spurt hit the back of her throat, making her swallow convulsively. Then rope after rope of hot semen coated her tongue, the musky, slightly bitter flavor bursting across her taste buds.

She savored the unique taste and texture of her son's ejaculate as it filled her mouth. It was slightly salty with a hint of sweetness, the consistency like warm, melted marshmallow. The sheer volume was impressive, a testament to his virility and pent-up arousal. Lori had to gulp repeatedly to keep up with the seemingly endless streams of jizz pouring from his cock.

Her tongue swirled through the viscous fluid, feeling the sticky strands stretch and cling to the slick muscle. Alex's cum was a rich,

potent essence, the concentrated masculinity of his balls distilled into liquid form. It rolled over her tongue and slid down her throat like a naughty, forbidden treat, lubricating her gullet as she swallowed it down.

The spongy head of the teen's penis flared and throbbed against her tongue, pumping out jet after jet of his release. Each spurt was accompanied by a full-body shudder as he strained to push out every last drop.

Lori kept suckling, drawing forth every bit of his warm, gooey spunk until she had completely drained his balls.

She imagined she could almost feel his semen sluicing down her esophagus, a river of hot, slippery sperm coating her insides. It pooled in

her belly like a naughty secret, the ultimate taboo of a mother consuming her own son's most intimate essence.

Some stray drops escaped the seal of her lips, dribbling down her chin, but Lori paid them no mind. She was too focused on extracting every precious drop of Alex's cum, not wanting to waste a single morsel of his delicious juices.

Finally, his orgasm subsided, his spent cock giving a last feeble twitch on her tongue. Lori released him from her mouth and licked her lips, savoring the lingering taste of his seed. She had never enjoyed the flavor of semen so much before - something about it coming from her own son made it headier, more intoxicating.

She licked up the errant drops that had escaped, swiping her fingers through the sticky trails on her chin and sucking them clean. Lori wanted to consume every bit of Alex's cum, to have his essence inside her, becoming a part of her body.

When she was certain she had swallowed every last drop, Lori placed a tender kiss on the softening head of Alex's penis, then slowly

crawled back up his body to emerge from under the covers. She smiled at him, her face glowing with satisfaction. "How was that, baby?"

"Fuck, Mom, that was incredible," he rasped, voice hoarse from crying out.

Lori giggled, looking like the cat that got the cream - literally. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. You tasted delicious."

Alex gazed up into an overwhelming cascade of heaving, lace straining flesh. Her engorged nipples bore down on him like the eyes of some voluptuous demon. The colossal orbs were crowned by his mom's face, her pretty features twisted into a wicked smile. "How's the view?" she purred, her voice laced with mischief.

Alex swallowed hard, his eyes trapped in the vast chasm of her cleavage. "Like a dream come true," he panted, still breathless from the searing

climax. He decided to turn her own tactics back on her, to strip her defenses bare. "Can I ask you something personal?"

Her smile sharpened, like a cat who'd been invited to play. "Alright, let's hear it."

"Do you touch yourself?" he demanded, his voice steady despite the pounding in his chest. "When you're aching, do you take matters into your own hands?"

"Of course," she admitted, her voice a low throb. "We all do, married or not. Some just won't admit it."

"You spoke of fairness earlier," he pressed, his voice intense. "You took me, so it's only right if—"

Lori's smile widened, a hot, sultry curve. "Ah, Alex. Sometimes, pleasure is its own reward. I loved making you feel good."

"And I love you," he countered, his voice fierce. "I wanna make you feel good too. You've sent me to heaven twice today. No, three times."

Intrigue sparked in her eyes. "And the third?"

"In the shower," he confessed, his cheeks flushing with heat. "All I could imagine were your big boobs."

Lori chuckled. "Ah, that explains why you took extra time in the shower today."

"You brought me so much pleasure. Is there anything wrong with me returning the favor?"

She flashed him a playful grin. "No, I guess that's fair. What are you thinking?"

"Well, you went down on me, so maybe I could do the same for you... or use my fingers."

Lori's grin became mischievous. "Why not do both?"

Phil's eyes were glued to the monitor, unblinking and intense, as he scrutinized the hallway cam. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat echoing like a drum, while he desperately waited for his wife and son to emerge from the bedroom. But as the minutes dragged on, the stillness of the screen began to feel like a suffocating shroud, suggesting they wouldn't appear until the morning light.

A chilling suspicion gnawed at the edges of his mind, whispering that something deeply wrong might be occurring behind that closed door. He shook his head violently, trying to banish the disturbing notion. "Lori would never do something so twisted. It's madness," he muttered under his breath. Exhaustion finally claimed him, pulling

him into a restless slumber, where he hoped the dawn would bring clarity and relief.

Lori shifted position on the bed, throwing one leg over Alex's body so that she was straddling his head. She lowered herself down until her core hovered just inches above his face. Even in the dim light, Alex could see that his mother's pussy was glistening with arousal, her pink folds swollen and slick.

The heady aroma of her musk filled his nostrils, an intoxicating perfume of pure feminine essence. His cock immediately stiffened again at the scent, rising to full attention. Lori noticed and gave a throaty chuckle.

"Someone's eager," she purred, reaching down to stroke his erection lazily. Alex groaned at her touch, his hips bucking up involuntarily.

"Please, Mom," he begged, his voice strained with need. "Let me taste you."

"Since you asked so nicely," Lori murmured, lowering herself the last few inches until her hot, wet sex was pressed against Alex's mouth.

He moaned in bliss as her slick folds met his lips, her tangy-sweet flavour bursting across his tongue. He lapped at her slit hungrily, running his tongue up and down her seam before zeroing in on her swollen clit.

Lori gasped and rocked her hips as her son swirled his tongue around the sensitive nub, flicking it rapidly. He brought one hand up to spread her open wider, exposing the glistening pink of her inner walls. Dipping his tongue inside, he fucked her with the slick muscle, probing as deep as he could reach.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that baby," Lori panted, grinding her pussy against her son's face.

He grabbed her ass cheeks, squeezing the firm globes as he pulled her harder against his mouth. His chin was drenched in her juices as he ate her out voraciously, suckling and licking every fold and crevice.

When he sealed his lips around her clit and sucked hard, Lori cried out sharply, her thighs trembling on either side of his head. "Yesss, right there! Don't stop!" she demanded breathlessly, one hand fisting in his hair to hold him in place.

Alex obeyed eagerly, working her clit relentlessly with lips and tongue while thrusting two fingers knuckle-deep into her tight, clenching sheath. He curled them forward, rubbing the sensitive spot on her front wall as he sucked hard on her throbbing nub.

Lori threw her head back with a throaty moan, undulating her hips to grind herself shamelessly against Alex's mouth and hand. "So close," she gasped out, "Gonna come all over your face!"

Alex doubled his efforts, pumping his fingers rapidly and flicking her clit with the tip of his tongue.

As Lori rode Alex's face, grinding her sopping pussy against his lips and tongue, he gazed straight up the length of her incredible body. Her vulva was completely hairless, the plump lips glistening with her arousal. Her taut stomach rippled with each undulation of her hips.

But what really captured Alex's attention were the massive, wobbling globes of tit-flesh perched on his mother's chest. Her gigantic breasts quivered and shook with every movement, the creamy mounds jiggling

hypnotically. He could see her engorged nipples poking against the thin lace of her teddy, straining the delicate fabric.

The erotic sight, combined with the musky taste of Lori's juices flooding his mouth, was too much for Alex to handle. Almost unconsciously, he reached down and gripped his own rigid cock,

stroking it in time with the thrusts of his fingers into his mother's snug channel.

He fisted his throbbing erection shamelessly as he ate her out, not caring how depraved it was to jerk off while pleasuring his own mom. His cock pulsed in his hand, the shaft slick with his own pre-cum. He could feel another orgasm building rapidly in his balls as he feasted on Lori's delectable pussy.

Above him, the mother threw her head back with a sharp cry, her entire body going rigid as she hit her peak. "Fuck yes, I'm cumming!" she wailed, her inner muscles clamping down rhythmically around Alex's plunging fingers. A gush of hot liquid squirted out against his chin as she climaxed hard, drenching his face in her essence.

The knowledge that he'd made his mother cum so intensely pushed Alex over the edge too. With a muffled shout against her spasming sex, his cock erupted in his stroking fist, painting his stomach and chest with ropes of thick semen. He continued to lap at Lori through her orgasm, not letting up until she was trembling and mewling from the intensity.

Finally spent, his mom collapsed bonelessly to the side, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. Alex released his softening penis and brought his sticky hand up to lick it clean, savoring the taste of his own cum mingled with hers.

When Lori had recovered enough to speak, she rolled over to face him with a satisfied grin. "Damn baby, you really know how to eat pussy," she purred, tracing a finger through the cooling pools of jizz on his torso. "Came so hard I squirted everywhere."

"I noticed," Alex chuckled, his voice slightly hoarse. "You taste incredible, Mom. I could feast on you for hours."

"Mmm, I may just take you up on that offer," Lori said with a wicked gleam in her eye. "We better stop though or mom will end up riding your face like a carousel pony all night," she said with a giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

Lori lifted her head, a teasing smile playing on her lips as she gazed down at him. "Oh, you wouldn't, huh? Should I start calling you my little P-Rex now?" she teased, her voice dripping with playful provocation.

"Oh, P for pussy, I get it. No, T-Rex is good. I like tits a lot more, especially yours," he replied, his voice thick with desire, "but I could definitely lick you some more, if you wanted me to?"

"Hmmm, you don't say," Lori responded, her grin turning wicked and mischievous. With a fluid motion, she sat up, spun around, and straddled his chest, her luscious curves dominating his view.

His eyes widened as he drank in the sight of her delicious booty. "How about we do something even better," she purred, her voice a sultry promise.

Alex's breath hitched, anticipation thrumming through him as he stared at her tantalizing presence. "What?" he muttered, his voice a mix of eagerness and awe.

Lori peeked back over her shoulder, her eyes gleaming with fiery intent. "I'll give you a hint. It comes after sixty-eight and before seventy," she whispered, her words a sultry seduction.

"Ohh," he murmured, a slow, knowing smile spreading across his face as desire coursed through him like wildfire.

Lori swung her leg over Alex's head and lowered her dripping pussy onto his eager mouth. At the same time, she bent forward and took his rigid cock deep into her throat in one smooth motion. They both

moaned in unison as they began pleasuring each other orally in the sixty-nine position.

Alex plunged his tongue deep into his mother's slick folds, lapping up her copious arousal. He swirled his licker-muscle around her sensitive clit, flicking the engorged nub rapidly. Lori gasped around his thick shaft as jolts of electric pleasure shot through her body.

She responded by taking him even deeper, relaxing her throat muscles to engulf his entire length. Her nose pressed into his wiry pubic hair as the swollen head of his cock pushed into her gullet. She swallowed around him, the rippling constrictions massaging his rigid flesh.

Alex groaned into Lori's sopping pussy, the vibrations making her shudder. He reached up to grab two handfuls of her plump ass cheeks, squeezing the firm globes as he feasted on her sweet nectar. He thrust his hips upward slightly, fucking his mother's face with shallow strokes.

Lori hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard, her tongue swirling around the throbbing shaft stretching her lips. She could taste his musky pre-cum leaking steadily onto her taste buds. She lapped it up hungrily, savoring the flavor of her son's essence. Her own juices gushed out to coat Alex's chin as she ground her aching sex against his mouth.

For the next two hours, mother and son lost themselves in giving and receiving oral pleasure. They switched positions frequently, taking turns being on top. Sometimes Lori rode Alex's face, smothering him with her dripping cunt as she rocked her hips. Other times Alex pinned Lori down and devoured her, holding her legs spread wide open as he licked her from clit to taint.

Through it all, Lori sucked Alex's cock like a woman possessed. She worshipped his manhood with lips and tongue, determined to give

him the best blowjob of his young life. She deep throated him repeatedly, suppressing her gag reflex to take him into the tight clutch of her throat again and again.

Alex returned the favor with enthusiasm, eating his mother's pussy like it was his last meal. He licked, sucked, and nibbled every fold and crease until she was writhing and wailing above him. He thrust his tongue as deep as it would go, fucking her slick channel relentlessly.

They made each other climax over and over, swallowing each fresh surge of cum and pussy juice. Lori gulped down every drop of her son's copious semen, relishing the taste and texture of his youthful seed. Alex lapped up his mother's sweet ambrosia, drinking from the pulsating tap.

Phil sat rigid at his office desk the next morning, eyes locked onto the security feed from the moment he arrived. His fingers drummed impatiently against the keyboard as he waited.

Suddenly, the bedroom door swung open, and out stepped his wife, a wide grin spread across her face, her son's hand clasped in hers. Both of them bare, unabashed, and unclothed. Lori's heavy breasts swayed with each step, a blatant display of flesh as she led her son into the bathroom.

Phil's mind reeled, a whirlwind of chaos. Why were they naked? Was this just some innocent morning routine, or something more sinister? His stomach churned with a twisted cocktail of emotions. Rage boiled within him, confusion gnawed at his thoughts.

The sickening feeling in his gut was undeniable. He was angry, yes, but there was something else lurking beneath. Something dark and primal. A sensation he couldn't ignore. It was lust. It was depraved and shameful. He was aroused.

On the third day, the ominous shadow of COVID descended upon Alex and Lori, marking a sinister turn in their cabin retreat. Fevers spiked, and flu symptoms clawed at them like a relentless beast. The air was thick with unease as the third and fourth days blurred into a haze of lethargy and dread. They lay sprawled on the couch, clutching at each other for warmth and solace, while movies flickered on Alex's laptop, a feeble distraction from their mounting fears.

The atmosphere was charged with a mother's fierce determination. She tirelessly ensured that both her son and herself were fortified with an arsenal of medications and a steady flow of liquids, battling to stave off the worst of their misery and maintain a fragile grip on comfort.

Phil's mind was a whirlwind of doubt, teetering on the edge of disbelief despite the unsettling evidence. He had witnessed them emerge from the bedroom, stripped bare, yet he clung desperately to the hope of a rational explanation.

That night, with his heart pounding, he sat before his laptop, eyes glued to the screen as his wife and son slipped into the bedroom once more, the door clicking shut like a sinister seal. "They're just going to bed, that's all," he muttered, his voice trembling with the strain of self-deception.

On the fifth day, Alex was jolted awake by the tantalizing aroma of breakfast. "Hey, Mom," he greeted as he strode into the kitchen.

"Hi sweetheart. Hungry?" she asked with a knowing smile. "Starving," he replied, his stomach growling in agreement.

Lori served him a hearty plate and joined him at the table, a renewed energy emanating from her. "I can't believe how much better I feel today."

"Me too," Alex replied, relief washing over him.

"I'm so glad things didn't spiral any further, for either of us."

Alex's eyes fell on a deck of cards casually strewn on the table. "Where did the cards come from?"

"Oh, I brought those up the last time we were here. Tossed them in the drawer and completely forgot about them."

"Perfect, we should dive into a round of blackjack," he suggested, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Lori's lips curled into a sly smile. "I'm in. Are we staking anything, like maybe more massages?" she giggled, a playful challenge in her voice.

"I guess. If I must," Alex retorted with feigned reluctance.

"Ha, if you must?! I have a hunch THAT reward is as much for you as it is for me," Lori teased.

"I have my own reward in mind," her boy admitted.

Lori regarded him with a curious smile, the memory of their intimate moment still vivid. "Uh-oh, should I dare ask what?"

"Would you let me capture some pictures of you?"

"Pictures?"

"Yeah, seductive photos, like the ones we snapped on the beach," Alex said, his tone eager.

"You mean the ones YOU took on the beach, without my knowledge?" she responded, a stern yet amused glint in her eyes.

"Yeah, like those, only this time you could pose for them. You know, like sultry poses."

"Hmm, alright, I'll agree to this—on one condition: the pictures are for your eyes only," Lori said, her voice firm yet teasing.

"Swear to God, I'll show no one."

"Well, there won't be many to show anyway, because you're gonna lose, buster," she challenged, giving him a firm nudge on the shoulder.

Alex grinned with determination. "We'll see."

"I know this may sound over the top, but I think we should do team uniforms," Lori declared with enthusiasm.

"Uniforms, Mom, seriously?"

"Yes! It'll be exhilarating. Team Alex versus Team Mom."

"So, you're seriously gonna make me find something else to wear, just for some games of blackjack?" Alex queried, incredulous.

"Yes! Something exciting, just play along. Trust me, you'll end up loving the uniform idea more than you think."

"Fine," he relented.

They retreated to their rooms, each with a mission to embody their team spirit. Alex donned his school team jersey, pairing it with his lace-up football pants. He opted against indoor cleats, but a backward cap completed his battle-ready attire.

His mom's voice rang out from her room with anticipation. "How's it going down there?" she asked.

"I'm almost ready," Alex shouted back, smearing black marks under his eyes as if gearing up for a high-stakes football match.

"Hey, I'm the woman. I'm not supposed to be ready before you are," Lori laughed, her voice now echoing from the hallway, alive with playful energy.

"Mom, brace yourself. I've just put the final touches on a masterpiece. Prepare to be blown away."

He swung open the door and stepped into the hallway, stopping dead in his tracks. "What the...?" He faltered, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of his mother.

Lori stood in the center of the hallway, her body arranged in a playful pose that oozed confidence. She wore a jaw-droppingly tiny yellow bikini that barely contained her voluptuous curves. Her breasts spilled over the top, the creamy mounds too large for the scraps of fabric to constrain.

"Looks like someone just got their socks knocked off," she smirked, her teeth gleaming like a predator's.

"Is that...?" Alex started, his voice barely a whisper.

"The same bikini from your pictures? You bet it is." She tugged at the strap, her breasts bouncing with the motion. "It's a little tighter though. Must be all this growth."

She cupped her breasts, her eyes never leaving Alex's face.

"You look...incredible." He swallowed hard, his eyes tracing the curves of her body.

Lori's gaze raked over him, taking in his uniform. "You don't look so bad yourself. Quite the studly football star."

Alex flexed, his muscles bulging. "I AM a studly football star," he growled, a primal sound echoing in the hallway.

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a sound that sent shivers down Alex's spine. She turned and walked towards the kitchen, her ass cheeks playing peekaboo with the bikini bottom. "Ready to get your butt kicked at blackjack?" she called over her shoulder.

Alex was rooted to the spot, his eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her ass. The bikini bottom barely covered her rounded buttocks, the flesh jiggling enticingly with each step. He couldn't form a coherent thought, let alone an answer. The sight of her was intense, overwhelming, and utterly mesmerizing.

At the table, Lori shuffled the cards with a practiced flair, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Here are the stakes. If I win a hand, I get a two-minute massage. I choose the body part," she declared with a teasing wink.

"Alright," Alex agreed, his grin wide and eager, anticipation crackling in the air.

"And if you win, I strike a sexy pose, and you can take all the photos you want. First to win ten hands scores a SPECIAL PRIZE."

Alex's curiosity piqued as he raised an eyebrow. "A special prize?"

"Yep, something very special," she replied, her voice dripping with mystery.

"Can I at least get a hint?" Alex pressed.

Lori giggled, a sound that danced through the room. "Nope. But believe me... you'll wanna win this game."

"Alright then, let's go," Alex said, his voice tinged with excitement.

Lori dealt the cards, their crisp sound slicing through the tension. She glanced at Alex, brows arched in question.

"Hit me," Alex confidently stated.