



MOM'S PANTY EXCHANGE

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Incest/Taboo
4.579.4k words

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Story



Page walked into her bedroom, still dripping from the shower, and froze in shock. There was her 18-year-old brother Oliver, holding her lacy pink panties up to his face and inhaling deeply. "Oh my god, you pervert!" Page shrieked.

Oliver jumped and dropped the panties, his face turning beet red, even as the ripe aroma of his sister's 19-year-old cunt still lingered.

Page tightened the robe around her meaty triple-d's and ran out of the room. "Mom!" she yelled as she dashed down the stairs. "Oliver is being a

total fucking creep! I caught him sniffing my panties!"

Their mother Sloane came out of the kitchen, a concerned look on her face. "He was doing what? Oliver, get down here this instant!"

Oliver skulked down the stairs, unable to make eye contact with either of them. "Care to explain yourself, young man?" Sloane asked sternly, hands on her hips.

Sloane was like a living reflection of her 19-year-old daughter, a more mature version whose similarities were so striking that only the most discerning could tell them apart from afar. Yet, the differences were

undeniable: Page had a modest figure, while Sloane boasted a voluptuous silhouette that defied logic. Her voluptuous curves were a testament to time and nature, with a gravity-defying bubble butt and outrageously oversized breasts that demanded attention and admiration.

Sloane's hourglass figure seemed almost cartoonish, like she had stepped out of the pages of one of Oliver's comic books. Her ridiculously tiny waist flared out to impossibly wide hips that stretched her pencil

skirt to its limits. Above, her white blouse struggled to contain her massive, jutting tits that threatened to spill out with each breath. Oliver couldn't help but stare slack-jawed at his mother's unreal body.

"Well? I'm waiting," Sloane said impatiently, tapping her foot. The motion made her huge rack bounce and sway hypnotically.

"I...I don't know," Oliver mumbled, his face flushed with shame and arousal. "I guess I was just...curious."

"Curious?! About your own sister's panties?!" Page screeched. "Really, Oliver?"

Page glared at him in disgust. "You're such a fucking perv! Wait until Dad hears about this." Her unfettered boobies bobbed beneath her robe as she stormed back upstairs on bare feet and slammed her bedroom door.

Sloane frowned at her son, shaking her head in disappointment. "We'll discuss your punishment later. Go to your room and think about what you've done."

Still bright red, Oliver hurried to his room without another word.

Sloane sighed heavily. "Teenagers," she uttered to herself with a roll of her eyes.

Later that evening, Sloane entered the master bedroom, her globular assmeat undulating atop her sexy legs beneath snug booty shorts. Her husband Greg was sitting up in bed, reading a book. He glanced up as she approached.

"I spoke with Oliver," Sloane said, perching on the edge of the bed. "He's very embarrassed and ashamed about what happened."

Greg's brow furrowed. "As he should be! Sniffing his sister's underwear, I mean really. The boy needs a serious punishment to make sure this never happens again."

"Now hold on," Sloane said, placing a hand on her husband's arm. "Yes, what he did was inappropriate. But he's 18, his hormones are raging. I seem to recall a certain someone getting caught with his sister's bra when he was that age..." She raised an eyebrow pointedly.

A slight flush crept into Greg's cheeks. "That was different," he muttered.

"Was it? Boys that age are curious. They can't help themselves sometimes." Sloane's hand slid up his arm. "I'll handle Oliver's punishment, don't you worry. A stern talking-to and some extra chores ought to set him straight."

Greg sighed but nodded. "Alright, I'll leave it to you then."

Sloane smiled and leaned in to kiss him. "Thank you, honey. I'll make sure our little panty sniffer learns his lesson."

The next day, Oliver stumbled through the front door, his entire frame weighed down by a crushing wave of despair. His shoulders sagged like a

wilting flower as Sloane glanced up from the laundry she was folding on the couch. "What's wrong, sweetie?" she asked, her voice heavy with deep, maternal worry.

"Everyone at school knows about... you know, the panty thing," Oliver muttered, his words barely escaping his mouth as his cheeks burned with humiliation.

"What?! How?" Sloane exclaimed.

"How do you think, Mom? Page couldn't keep her mouth shut. Now the guys are pelting me with jokes, and the girls are staring at me like I'm some kind of pervert. I'll never get a date now," he lamented, his head falling forward under the weight of his shame.

"Oh honey," Sloane cooed, standing up and enveloping him in a warm hug. She pulled his head against her warm, giant breasts, nuzzling him. "Don't you worry about those stupid kids at school. This will all blow over before you know it."

Oliver couldn't help but be comforted by the soft, pillowy embrace of his mother's tit-melons. He breathed in her familiar scent and felt some of the tension leave his body. "You really think so?" he asked, his voice slightly muffled.

"I know so," Sloane assured him, stroking his hair. "And any girl who doesn't wanna date you because of some silly mistake isn't worth your time anyway. You're a handsome, sweet boy. The right girl will see that."

Despite herself, Sloane felt a traitorous throb between her legs as she held her son close, his face buried in her ample bosom. She tried to ignore the way her vaginal walls clenched involuntarily, a gush of hot secretions smoldering from her tightly furled sex. Her engorged clitoris pulsed beneath its protective hood, swelling with forbidden arousal.

What was wrong with her, getting turned on by hugging her own son? It had to be because she hadn't gotten laid in days, Sloane told herself. Greg had been so busy and tired from work lately. That had to be why her body was reacting this way, aching to be fucked. It didn't mean anything...

Sloane quickly released her boy from the embrace, holding him at arm's length. She forced a bright smile. "Why don't you go get started on your homework, sweetie? I'll make your favorite dinner tonight, how's that sound? Chicken parmesan?"

"Okay Mom, thanks," Oliver said with a small smile, seeming comforted by her reassurance and back to his usual self again. He turned and headed to his room.

Sloane exhaled shakily once he was out of sight. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to quell the incessant throbbing in her core. This was so wrong. She was a married woman, fantasizing about her teenage son! What kind of mother did that make her?

No, she refused to entertain such inappropriate thoughts a moment longer. Sloane marched to the master bathroom, stripped off her clothes, and got into the shower. She turned the water on cold, gasping as the chilly spray hit her overheated skin.

But even the frigid water sluicing over her heavy-breasted body couldn't seem to calm the fire burning low in her belly. Images of Oliver's handsome face pressed against her breasts flashed through Sloane's mind. Her fat nipples hardened into aching peaks. A whimper escaped her throat as she imagined him suckling her, teasing her...

"No!" Sloane cried out loud, smacking the tile wall with her palm. She wouldn't allow herself to think that way. Resolutely, she snatched up the soap and began vigorously washing herself, trying to scrub away the shame of her illicit desire.

The following week, Oliver nervously approached Emily, a cute girl from his English class who always seemed to smile at him in the halls. He had been crushing on her for months and finally worked up the nerve to ask her to prom.

"Hey Emily," he said, fidgeting as he stood by her locker. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what's up?" she replied, her eyes kind.

"Well, I was wondering... would you maybe wanna go to prom with me?" Oliver held his breath, his heart pounding.

But to his dismay, Emily's smile faded. She bit her lip and looked away. "Oh wow, um... I'm really flattered, Oliver. But I actually already have a date."

His heart sank. "Oh. Okay, no problem," he mumbled, starting to turn away.

"And honestly," Emily added, lowering her voice. "I don't think we should go together anyway. I heard about you sniffing your sister's panties. I'm sorry, but I don't want people thinking I'm into someone who does stuff like that. I hope you understand."

Oliver's face burned with fresh humiliation. Of course she had heard. Everyone had. "Yeah, I get it," he said tightly. "See you around."

He walked away quickly, fighting back tears. Rejected again, all because of one stupid mistake. Would he ever live it down?

Oliver arrived home in a dismal state. He walked through the front door with slumped shoulders and a hanging head. Sloane immediately noticed her son's demeanor and rushed over.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" she asked, enfolding him in her soft, comforting embrace once again. Oliver buried his face between her huge breasts, finding solace in her warmth.

"I asked Emily to prom," he said, his words muffled against her cleavage. "She said no. Because she heard about me and Page's underwear. She doesn't want people thinking she likes a pervert." His voice cracked on the last word.

"Oh, my poor baby," Sloane soothed, stroking his hair and holding him tighter against her pillowy chest. "I'm so sorry. That girl doesn't know what she's missing. You made an embarrassing mistake, but that doesn't define you."

She guided Oliver over to the couch and sat down, pulling him down to lay his head in her lap. "Listen to me," she said firmly. "You are an amazing

young man. You're kind, smart, handsome... any girl would be lucky to have you. Forget Emily. Forget all those small-minded kids at your school. You are so much better than that."

Oliver sniffled and gazed up at his mother with wet, grateful eyes, trying his best to ignore her ballooning juggernauts. "You really mean that?"

"Of course I do," Sloane said emphatically. "I will always be here for you, no matter what. You're my special boy."

She cuddled him closer, letting him take comfort in her soft, pillowy breasts.

As Sloane held her son close, cradling his head against her perfumed tits, a sudden forbidden image flashed unbidden through her mind. She pictured Oliver's hard, throbbing cock straining through the thin fabric of a pair of lacy panties, the delicate material stretched taut over his engorged flesh.

It was like she was tucked inside the panties, watching as Oliver rubbed the lacy fabric over his erection frantically, groaning with need. The flimsy cloth became damp with his pre-cum as his cockhead poked obscenely through the sheer lace. He thrust his hips faster and faster, fucking his aching dick through the gossamer panties.

With a strangled cry, Oliver exploded, his cock pulsing and jerking as thick ropes of hot semen burst from the dilated slit of his bulbous knob. Creamy jizz soaked through the panties, turning the pale pink fabric a lewd, translucent white. The panty pouch sagged with the weight of his massive load, clinging wetly to his still-twitching shaft.

Sloane shuddered with illicit arousal, a fresh flood of moisture soaking her own panties at the taboo images in her head. What was wrong with her, fantasizing about her son doing such dirty things? And why did it

turn her on so much? She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to will away the perverse vision.

Oliver nuzzled deeper into his mother's perfumed tit-cleavage, oblivious to the inappropriate direction of her thoughts. His breath was hot against her skin as he sighed. "Thanks, Mom. You always make me feel better."

"Of course, sweetie. That's what moms are for," Sloane murmured, gently disentangling herself before her secret, shameful arousal could grow.

"Why don't you go wash up and I'll get dinner started, okay?"

Oliver nodded and slowly peeled himself off the couch. As Sloane watched him shuffle to the bathroom, she fanned herself, feeling overheated and flustered. She had to get a hold of herself. Lusting after her teenage son was beyond unacceptable.

As prom night approached, Oliver's dread only grew. Despite his mother's reassurances, he couldn't bear the thought of facing his classmates and their cruel jokes again. Watching them whisper and snicker behind his back all night would be pure torture.

In the end, he decided not to go at all. What was the point without a date anyway? He would just be miserable and alone.

To make matters worse, he found out Page, his bratty sister, was attending prom with a guy who was a year younger than her, even though she had already graduated last year. It stung to see his sister moving on with her life while he was still mired in social exile.

On prom night, Oliver was sulking in his room when Page stopped in his open doorway, looking radiant in her sleek red dress, tits and ass jutting out proudly. "Try not to sniff too many panties while I'm gone, perv," she sneered. "I know it'll be hard with me looking this hot, but control yourself, 'kay?"

Oliver's face burned with anger and humiliation as she laughed and flounced out. Seething, he waited until he heard the front door slam, then crept into her room. He rifled through her hamper until he found a pair of skimpy, day-old panties, then retreated back to his room.

"Everyone thinks I'm a panty-sniffer anyway," he told himself. *"I might as well do something to enjoy myself tonight."*

Bringing the silky fabric to his face, he inhaled deeply, drowning in Page's sweet, cuntal perfume. His cock stiffened immediately, jutting from his

teenage crotch like a granite pillar. Oliver rubbed the panties against his aching erection as he breathed in his sister's musk, stroking himself faster.

Suddenly, the door flew open. "Oliver, honey, have you seen my—OH MY GOD!"

Oliver froze in horror, Page's panties still pressed to his nose, his hand wrapped around his rod. His mother stood in the doorway, her mouth hanging open in shock.

"M-Mom!" Oliver sputtered, dropping the panties and using his hand to cover himself. "I can explain!"

"I cannot believe what I am seeing!" Sloane cried, her voice shrill. She advanced into the room, her huge breasts swaying. "What has gotten into you? Violating your sister's privacy AGAIN, and... and pleasuring yourself with her panties."

Oliver cowered under his mother's fury, his face burning with shame. "I'm sorry!" he wailed. "I don't know what's wrong with me! Page, she said this horrible thing, and I just got so mad, and I couldn't help it..."

To his surprise, Sloane's expression softened. She sighed heavily and shook her head. "Oh, Oliver. My sweet, misguided boy."

She sat down on her son's bed, her rounded ass-cheeks sinking against the mattress and patted the space beside her. Oliver hesitantly perched next to her, unable to meet her eyes.

"Honey, I know your sister can be cruel sometimes," Sloane said gently. "And I know you're going through a confusing time. Your body is changing, you're having all these new urges and feelings..."

She placed a comforting hand on his knee. Oliver flinched but didn't pull away. "But violating Page's privacy, using her intimate items to... gratify yourself... it's not okay, sweetheart. It's a huge breach of trust and respect."

"I know," Oliver muttered, his voice thick with self-loathing. "I'm so ashamed. Something's horribly wrong with me. I'm just a disgusting

pervert."

"No!" Sloane interrupted with fierce conviction. "You're not disgusting, or a pervert. You're a teenage boy overwhelmed with urges, and on top of that, you're crushed by the disappointment of missing prom. It's completely understandable that you'd need some kind of... release."

"I know, but even so, I shouldn't have done what I did," he admitted, his voice tinged with regret. "Especially after enduring the nightmare I faced the first time it happened."

Sloane's hand slid further up Oliver's thigh as she spoke, her voice low and soothing. "What if... what if I gave you a pair of MY panties to use instead?" she suggested tentatively. "Would that help satisfy these urges without violating your sister?"

Oliver's eyes widened in shock. "What? Mom, I can't... I mean, you're my mother! Isn't that like, even more wrong?"

"Shh, it's okay," Sloane assured him, squeezing his thigh. "I'm just trying to help you, sweetie. If it keeps you from rifling through your sister's unmentionables, then I'm willing to do this for you. It can be our little secret."

Oliver swallowed hard, his mind reeling. Getting caught sniffing Page's panties had been mortifying enough. But now his own mother was offering hers up for his perverse enjoyment? It was wrong on so many levels. And yet... the thought of burying his face in his sexy mom's musky, womanly scent was undeniably thrilling. His cock twitched beneath the pillow covering its hardness.

"How... how would we do this?" he asked hoarsely, hardly believing the words coming out of his mouth.

Sloane smiled, looking pleased. "We'll make a little panty exchange," she explained. "I'll leave a pair of my worn panties for you in the back of your closet, behind your winter boots. Whenever you need them, you just take those ones and leave the previous pair in their place. That way, we always know where to find them."

Oliver nodded slowly, his heart hammering. This was really happening. He was agreeing to sniff his own mother's soiled underwear. "Okay," he whispered. "I'll do it."

"Good boy," Sloane purred, giving his thigh a final pat before standing up. "Now, I have three conditions. One, you only use them in your room, with the door locked. We can't have a repeat of today. Two, this stays strictly between us. No one else can ever know, especially your sister and father. And three..." She paused, fixing him with a stern look. "This is only a temporary solution, until we get these urges of yours under control. It doesn't mean there's an open invitation to snoop in my panty drawer. Understand?"

"Yes, Mom," Oliver said quickly. "I swear, I'll be careful. And I won't tell anyone. Thank you for... for helping me."

Sloane's stern expression dissolved into a radiant, glowing smile. "You're welcome, honey. I'd do anything for you. I love you more than words can express." She leaned down with fervor, pressing a tender kiss onto his forehead, as her blouse shifted to reveal the deep, mesmerizing expanse of her creamy, cavernous cleavage, drawing his gaze like a magnet.

Since it was prom night and Page was out of the house, Sloane wanted to make this extra special for her dejected son. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she reached under her short skirt, right there in front of Oliver. His heart nearly pounded out of his chest as he watched, transfixed, while she slowly slid her panties down her long, smooth, sexy legs. The silky fabric glided over her creamy thighs, past her knees, and finally off her dainty bare feet.

Oliver's mouth went dry as Sloane dangled her black thong panties from one finger, a sultry smile playing across her plump lips. "These should tide you over for a while," she purred, her voice like warm honey.

He reached out with a trembling hand to take them from her, his fingertips brushing against hers. The panties were still warm from being nestled against his mother's most intimate place. Oliver swallowed hard, desire and shame warring within him.

"Remember our deal," Sloane reminded him, tapping a finger against his nose playfully. "Only in your room, door locked, and this is just between us. Got it?"

"Got it," Oliver croaked, his hand closing around the forbidden fabric. He could already smell Sloane's tantalizing musk wafting up to his nostrils. His cock strained, harder than it had ever been.

"Good boy," Sloane cooed. Then to his shock, she leaned in and brushed her lips against his burning cheek, her giant tits pushing against his chest through her thin blouse. "Have fun, sweetie. I'll just be downstairs if you need anything else."

With that, she turned and sauntered out, her ass swaying seductively beneath her short skirt. Oliver gaped after her, hardly able to believe what had just transpired. His own mother had not only given him her panties to sniff, but had rubbed her tits against him too, her nipples

poking into his chest. It was like a wild fever dream.

Wasting no time, Oliver locked his bedroom door and stretched out on the bed. He brought his mother's panties to his face and inhaled deeply, his head swimming with her dizzying scent. With his other hand, he grabbed his throbbing erection and began to stroke himself hard and fast.

As he breathed in Sloane's intimate musk, Oliver's mind spun with forbidden fantasies. He imagined burying his face between his mother's thick, creamy thighs, lapping at her dripping pussy. He thought about fondling and sucking her huge, heavy breasts, teasing her fat nipples with his tongue.

Oliver's thick, swollen cock throbbed and pulsed in his hand as he stroked himself to a frenzy. His teenage prick was an impressive specimen - nearly eight inches long and as girthy as a Red Bull can. The pulsing shaft was crisscrossed with bulging, angry veins that throbbed in time with his racing heartbeat.

The smooth, shiny head was a deep purplish-red, swollen and flared, leaking clear pre-cum from the slit. His cock flexed and jumped in his

grasp, rock hard and straining.

Oliver's heavy, cum-filled balls churned and tightened as he inhaled another deep whiff of his mother's panties, the intoxicating aroma of her pussy juices and intimate musk flooding his senses.

He imagined her slick, puffy pussy lips sliding along his aching shaft, her huge tits bouncing as she rode him. The forbidden depravity of it all pushed Oliver over the edge. With a choked cry, he exploded, huge spurts of thick, hot cum shooting out of his jerking cock and splattering his chest and stomach.

Oliver stroked himself through the intensity of his orgasm, milking every last drop from his sensitive cockhead, whimpering and shuddering from the pleasure. As the last shudders subsided, he laid there panting, his softening dick slick with jizz and his nose still buried in his mother's fragrant panties.

From that moment on, Oliver was hooked. He couldn't get enough of huffing his mom's musky underwear and jerking off while imagining the taboo delights of her body. The guilt and shame only heightened his dark arousal.

Every day, he would eagerly check the back of his closet for a new pair of Sloane's panties to defile. Some days he would find them soaked with the tangy evidence of her arousal, the crotch sticky with her forbidden nectar.

He would lick and suck the fabric, savoring her flavor before wrapping the panties around his throbbing cock and fucking them until he soaked them with hot spurts of his teenage seed. Other times, they would be streaked with the creamy residue of her excitement, which he would ravenously lap up.

Oliver lived for those daily doses of depravity. During the day, he would steal glances at his mother's curvy figure, growing hard at the thought of what treasures lay beneath her clothes, just waiting for him. Every knowing smile or wink Sloane sent his way made his balls ache with need.

Sloane too found herself growing more and more aroused by the taboo arrangement with her son. Knowing that he was getting off while inhaling her intimate scent, that he was stroking his young, sinewy cock

with her panties wrapped around it, sent electric thrills through her voluptuous body.

She began leaving him little notes with the panties she'd set aside, scrawled on pink post-its. "Let's see if you can make today's load even bigger than the last one, honey, " one read.

"Are they potent enough for you, handsome? Mommy's been doing her best to make them extra moist and fragrant for you, " said another.

Sloane began to derive a perverse pleasure from deliberately soaking her panties with her juices throughout the day, sometimes masturbating while wearing them, knowing her son would be stuffing them in his face and drinking in her musk. She would rub herself to the brink of orgasm, letting her arousal soak the silky fabric before leaving them for Oliver.

She couldn't help but notice the copious amounts of Oliver's youthful seed soaking her delicate panties each day as she collected them. The sheer volume and potency of his teenage spunk never failed to amaze her. Thick, creamy ropes of jizz saturated the silky fabric, still warm and

fresh from being pumped out of his swollen balls.

Sloane found herself unconsciously bringing the cum-soaked panties to her nose, inhaling the heady masculine musk of her son's spent seed before tossing them in the wash. The taboo scent made her pussy clench and flood with arousal. She knew it was beyond twisted to be excited by her own son's semen, but she couldn't help herself.

As she started the laundry, the mother's hand drifted down to rub her slick, throbbing clit through her shorts. She couldn't believe she was about to diddle herself to the thought of Oliver's cum, but her pussy was absolutely aching, desperate for relief. Sloane shoved her hand into her panties, her fingers slipping easily through the copious juices soaking her swollen lips.

Flashes of Oliver's impressive cock pulsing and spurting as he defiled her panties flitted through her mind. Sloane friggd her clit faster, plunging two fingers into her clenching hole. She imagined Oliver stroking his throbbing teenage prick, veiny and glistening with pre-cum, aiming it at her huge tits. She could almost feel the searing heat of his erupting cock painting her bouncing jugs with thick ropes of jizz.

"Fuck... oh god, Oliver!" Sloane gasped, pumping her fingers in and out of her greedy cunt. The obscene squelches of her pussy juices being stirred up filled the laundry room. "Cum for mommy, baby! Cum all over these big fucking tits!"

With a strangled cry, Sloane came on her fingers, her pussy contracting and gushing around the invading digits as she imagined Oliver hosing her huge rack down with his potent seed. She shuddered and bucked through the intense waves of taboo pleasure, soaking her hand with her juices.

As she came down from her illicit high, Sloane felt a pang of guilt. Getting off to perverted fantasies about her own son was deplorable, she knew. But god help her, she craved more. Her pussy twitched with renewed arousal as she imagined all the deliciously depraved things she wanted to do with Oliver.

Sloane couldn't help but think what a waste it was for her son to spill so much virile seed into mere fabric when there were countless women out there who would cherish such a gooey gift. She knew it was beyond wrong, but a dark part of her longed to feel Oliver's massive loads painting her skin, pumping down her throat and splattering the walls of her pussy.

One afternoon, as soon as Oliver left for basketball practice, Sloane texted her sister Naomi: "He just finished with today's pair! Get over here quick before it cools! "

Naomi rushed right over, her own huge tits bouncing in excitement. The two sisters hurried up to Oliver's room, giggling like schoolgirls. Sloane carefully picked up the panties from the bed, cradling the crotch in her palm. The silky pink fabric was absolutely drenched, soaked through with Oliver's prodigious load.

"Wow, that horny boy of yours really outdid himself this time!" Naomi marveled, her eyes wide. "Look how much jizz he pumped into your panties, sis!"

"Mmm, that's all from one ejaculation," Sloane purred proudly, bringing the cum-soaked crotch to her nose and inhaling deeply. The pungent, musky scent of her son's seed made her dizzy with lust. "Ahhh, it's still so warm and fresh."

Naomi leaned in to sniff as well, her eyes fluttering closed in bliss as she breathed in her nephew's essence. "Fuck, that smells potent," she moaned. "No wonder you can't get enough."

Gingerly, Sloane set the panties down on the bed and spread open the crotch with her fingers. The sisters gasped in unison. Oliver's semen was pooled in the silky folds, a thick, pearly puddle of teenage cum. Sticky strands clung to the fabric, connecting the gooey mass. It was already starting to seep into the sheets below.

"Holy shit," Naomi breathed. "He pumped out a massive load! Look at that huge puddle of spunk!"

"God, feel the warmth and texture," Sloane marveled, swiping a finger through the viscous puddle. She held it up, watching the pearly fluid stretch into a glistening strand between her fingers. "So thick and creamy."

Naomi leaned in closer, inhaling the intense masculine musk. Her mouth watered with desperate hunger. "I have to taste it," she whimpered. "I can't resist anymore."

She extended her long, pink tongue and dragged it slowly through the pool of cooling jizz. Her taste buds exploded with the rich, salty flavor of pure virility. "Unghhhh fuck!" Naomi moaned, savoring it. "Sloane, you have to try this. It's incredible!"

Sloane was already scooping up a fingerful of her son's nut-batter. She brought the coated digit to her mouth and wrapped her lips around it, eyes rolling back in bliss as she sucked it clean. "Mmmm! Oh wow, it's

delicious," she purred, the thick cream coating her tongue. "Such a strong, potent taste. I need more!"

The two sisters fell upon the cum-soaked panties like ravenous animals, lapping and slurping at the huge, teenage load Oliver had expelled. They took turns holding the crotch to their faces, inhaling deeply, getting drunk on the dizzying cocktail of semen and pussy nectar.

"Fuck, the scent of his cum mixed with your juices is driving me crazy," Naomi panted, rubbing the sticky fabric against her cheek. "It's the perfect combination. So wrong but so fucking hot!"

Sloane whimpered in agreement, busy running her tongue along every inch of the panty gusset, determined not to waste a single ounce of her son's precious seed. She sealed her lips around the soaked fabric and sucked hard, feverishly drawing out the liquid essence.

For several minutes, the sisters moaned and slurped, their faces smeared with jizz, too far gone in their taboo hunger to care about anything else. They were like semen-starved succubi, desperate for every molecule of Oliver's cum they could possibly extract.

"Getting...hard to...get more out," Naomi gasped between sloppy sucks, the panties now spit-soaked and stretched. Most of Oliver's load had been ravenously consumed, but the women kept suckling the fabric, whimpering needily.

"I'm still tasting him," Sloane sighed breathlessly, her tongue laving at the fabric. "We have to...unghhh...get every last...mmfff...drop! Suck harder!"

They took turns fellating the cum-drenched panty gusset, their lips and tongues working feverishly as they wrung out every bit of flavor from the threads.

Naomi suddenly looked up at Sloane, her face smeared with saliva. "Hey sis, you know how our husbands are always on our case about finding ways to make money from home?"

Sloane paused her frantic slurping and nodded. "Mhmm, what about it?"

A sly grin spread across Naomi's face. "Well, what if we turned this little arrangement with Oliver into a business opportunity? Think about it - we could have him fill up panties with his hot, fresh semen that belong to horny housewives and kinky bitches who want it for all kinds of naughty reasons!"

Sloane's eyes widened. "Oh my God, Naomi, you're a genius! Women would go crazy for teen cum-soaked panties. We could market it for skincare, as a secret ingredient in protein shakes, fertility treatments, you name it!"

"Exactly!" Naomi exclaimed. "And Oliver would have no idea. He'd just keep jizzing away, smelling pussy after pussy, thinking he's using your panties to get off. The poor boy will never know his cum is being bought and paid for!"

Sloane giggled deviously. "This is so wrong. I love it! We'll make a fortune peddling my son's seed. But how do we find buyers without getting caught?"

"Leave that to me," Naomi said with a wink. "I have connections. I'll get the word out to the right people - bored housewives with dirty fetishes, cum-hungry moms with money to burn. Trust me, they'll pay top dollar for a stud teen's fresh cum, especially in such an intimate delivery method."

"God, you're so bad," Sloane purred, licking a smear of jizz from Naomi's cheek. "I'm getting wet just thinking about it. My son is gonna make us rich with all the semen we'll milk out of him!"

Naomi shivered at the touch of her sister's tongue. "We deserve this, sis. Putting up with our ungrateful husbands, raising kids, keeping house - it's time we get something for ourselves. And if it happens to come from exploiting your son's overactive cock and balls, well, that's just a dirty little bonus."

Sloane halted abruptly, a storm of anxiety brewing on her face. "But Naomi, doesn't this feel utterly wrong, I mean in terms of deceiving Oliver

in such a way? I mean, it's one thing to indulge his urges with my panties, but him unknowingly doing the same with other women's panties..."

Naomi waved a dismissive hand. "Oh please, he's a teenage boy. He'll be thrilled to have an excuse to jack off even more than he already does. And think of the money, Sloane! We could finally afford those luxury vacations we've been dreaming of."

Sloane bit her lip, unconvinced. "I don't know. What if he starts getting suspicious about why I'm giving him so many pairs? Or notices that they smell different sometimes?"

"Hmm, good point," Naomi mused. Then her eyes lit up. "I've got it! Why don't we just tell Oliver about our business plan and cut him in on the profits? That way, there's no shadiness, and he'll be motivated to produce as much cum as possible for his devoted customers."

Sloane considered this, a slow smile spreading across her face. "You know, that's actually brilliant. We could reward him with special 'prizes' for meeting certain quotas."

Naomi's eyes glittered with mischief. "Yes, but the 'prizes' will have to be pretty damn special to make it worth him sniffing all that pussy. I mean, think about it - he'll be huffing panties soaked with the juices of dozens, maybe hundreds of different women."

Sloane's eyes widened as realization dawned. "When you say 'special prizes,' are you suggesting we...cheat on our husbands? With my son?!"

Naomi shrugged, a sly grin playing at her lips. "Hey, you said it, not me. But let's be real here - what red-blooded young stud is gonna put in maximum effort just for some extra allowance money? No, if we want Oliver to really apply himself, we'll have to offer him something no teenage boy can resist - pussy."

Sloane worried her lower lip between her teeth, her huge tits heaving as she wrestled with the moral implications. On one hand, the thought of being unfaithful made her stomach churn with guilt. But on the other...the

taboo thrill of seducing her own son sent tingles of dark arousal straight to her core.

"Think of the money, Sloane," Naomi urged, sensing her sister's hesitation. "We're talking thousands, maybe tens of thousands of dollars."

Sloane's resistance crumbled as visions of luxury vacations and designer handbags danced in her head. The potential profits seemed to outweigh her misgivings. And if she was being honest with herself, the idea of rewarding Oliver with her body was becoming more appealing by the second.

"Alright," she said at last, her voice heavy with resigned excitement. "I'm in. We'll make Oliver our star panty cummer and reap the kinky rewards. God help us."

The two voluptuous sisters hugged, their massive tits mashing together as they giggled conspiratorially. They could hardly wait to put their plan into action and start raking in the cash.

The next day, Sloane decided it was time to bring Oliver in on her and Naomi's naughty business plan. She wanted him to be a willing and eager participant, so she knew she had to make the pitch extra enticing.

The voluptuous mother slipped into a skimpy string bikini that barely contained her massive tits and poured herself a glass of wine for some liquid courage. Then she called Oliver into the living room for a "family meeting".

Oliver's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw his mom lounging on the couch in her revealing swimwear, her huge jugs practically spilling out. "H-hey Mom, what's up?" he stammered, trying not to ogle her too blatantly.

"Have a seat, sweetie," Sloane purred, patting the cushion beside her. "Your Aunt Naomi and I have cooked up a little business venture, and we need your help to make it a success."

Intrigued, Oliver plopped down next to her, the warmth of her soft thigh pressing against his. "Sure, how can I help?"

Sloane took a fortifying sip of wine, then fixed her son with a sultry look. "Well honey, you know how you've been enjoying mommy's dirty panties lately?" She traced a finger along his arm, feeling him shiver. "How would you like to sniff the panties of other women too? Dozens, maybe even hundreds of them?"

Oliver's mouth went dry. "I...wow, really? But how? Why?"

"You see, baby, there are lots of moms out there who would pay top dollar for a young stud's hot, fresh cum," Sloane explained, her voice like warm honey. "Especially if it's delivered in a sexy pair of panties. So here's the deal - Naomi and I will supply you with all the panties you can handle, and you just keep doing what you're already doing, jacking your big cock and pumping them full of jizz. We'll sell them to our kinky clients and split the profits with you. It's a win-win!"

Oliver's head was spinning. Getting paid to sniff pussy and bust fat nuts all day sounded like a teenage boy's wildest dream come true. "Holy shit, Mom, that's... wow. You really think women will buy my cum?"

"Sweetie, once they get a whiff of the massive loads you pump out, they'll be hooked," Sloane assured him, giving his thigh a squeeze. Her hand was dangerously close to the growing bulge in his shorts. "You'll be our star panty cummer."

Sloane leaned in closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Now, in terms of compensation, we have two options for you, honey. Option one - Naomi and I give you a third of the profits. You'll have more spending money than you know what to do with."

She paused, letting that sink in before continuing. "Option two is a bit more...unconventional. But I have a feeling it might be more up your alley." Sloane's hand slid further up Oliver's thigh, her fingers grazing his now rock-hard bulge.

Oliver swallowed hard, his heart hammering. "Wh-what's option two?" he asked hoarsely, already suspecting the answer.

Sloane smiled, slow and sultry. "Instead of taking your cut in cash, Naomi and I will personally reward you for your hard work. The more cum you produce, the more pleasure we'll give you."

She took a deep, brave breath, then squeezed her son's throbbing erection through his shorts, making him gasp. "I'm talking blowjobs, titjobs, maybe even letting you fuck our wet pussies if you really impress us. How does that sound, baby?"

Oliver thought he might pass out. Getting his dick sucked and fucked by his own mother and aunt in exchange for jacking off? It was beyond his wildest fantasies. "Holy hell, Mom," he croaked. "I mean, isn't that kind of wrong though? You're married, and we're related..."

"Shhh, don't worry about all that," Sloane soothed, rubbing his cock with more intent. "What your father and uncle don't know won't hurt them. And this will just be our special arrangement, purely transactional. It doesn't mean anything more."

Oliver knew that was a lie. How could repeatedly having sex with his mom and aunt, his two biggest jack-off fantasies, not make things weird? But the teen was too horny and tempted to care. His cock was doing the thinking for him now.

"Okay, I'm in," he said eagerly, thrusting into Sloane's hand. "I want option two. I'll give you all the cum you need in exchange for those rewards."

"Mmm, I knew you'd make the right choice," Sloane purred, pleased. "You're such a good boy, Oliver. See how your silly mistakes turned into such a wonderful opportunity?"

A few days later, Sloane and Naomi were giddy with excitement as they prepared for their first round of customers. "Alright Oliver, we have three lovely ladies coming over today to drop off their panties for you to fill," Sloane explained, her huge tits straining against her low-cut blouse. "Remember, the bigger the cum loads you blast out of your piss-slit, the bigger your reward."

Oliver gulped, his cock already stirring at the thought. "Got it. I'll do my best, Mom."

Naomi giggled. "Oh, we have no doubt about that, honey. And to make sure these panties are as fresh as possible for you, the ladies will be taking them off right here when they arrive. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

Oliver nearly choked. Getting to see strange women take their panties off in his own house? It was like a porno come to life.

The doorbell rang, signaling the arrival of their first client. Sloane opened the door to reveal an attractive blonde MILF in a sundress, her fat tits nearly spilling out. "Hi, I'm here for the, um, panty exchange?" she said a little nervously.

"Of course, come on in!" Sloane ushered her inside. "Don't be shy, dear. We're all friends here. Now, if you'll just slip out of those panties, my son will get to work on filling them up for you."

Blushing, the MILF reached under her sundress and shimmied out of her dainty panties. Oliver caught a glimpse of neatly trimmed golden pubes and the darkened fissure of her cuntal cleft before she handed the lilac silk thong to Sloane. "They're already a little damp," the woman admitted with an embarrassed laugh. "I've been thinking about this since my husband left for work this morning."

Naomi took a lascivious sniff of the panties and moaned. "Oooh yes, I can tell! Looks like you're in for a real treat today, Oliver. Better get those balls nice and churned up!"

The pretty mommies giggled conspiratorially as Oliver disappeared down the hallway with the MILF's panties clutched in his fist like a precious treasure. "Ooh, he seems eager!" the blonde customer remarked with a salacious grin.

"Well, you know how much teenage boys love the smell of pussy smothered panties," Sloane stated with an amused smirk.

"How, um... big is his cock?" the MILF customer asked, her cheeks pink from even asking such a scandalous question.

“Well, I've only seen it once, when I caught him sniffing his sister's panties,” Sloane answered. “But if I had to guess, based on what I saw, I would say around 8 inches, maybe bigger.”

“Oh my God, I love big teenage dicks,” the mother confessed, her face flushed with arousal.

“I know what you mean,” Naomi smiled. “The way they're always hard and leaking. There's nothing like a hot, young dick.”

“I can't wait to feel that young stud's hot cum soaking into my panties,” the MILF customer exclaimed. “I'm gonna rub that potent spunk all over my hungry pussy when I get home and make myself cum so hard!”

Sloane and Naomi exchanged knowing looks, their own birthing tubes clenching at the dirty talk. “Mmm, you're in for such a treat,” Naomi assured the MILF. “Oliver pumps out the biggest, thickest loads you've ever seen. Those cute little panties of yours will be absolutely drenched!”

Down the hall in his bedroom, Oliver was already furiously beating his engorged cock, the blonde MILF's silky thong wrapped around his throbbing shaft. He brought the crotch to his face and inhaled deeply, the sweet, musky scent of her middle-aged mommy-pussy filling his nostrils and making his heavy balls churn with seed.

“Fuck!” Oliver grunted, fisting his cock harder as he lapped at the damp spot on the panties, tasting the woman's tangy essence. He couldn't believe this was really happening - strange women were paying him to jack off into their underwear! It was like all his teenage fantasies come to life.

Oliver felt his orgasm building rapidly as he huffed the MILF's intimate scent, his cock pulsing and throbbing in his stroking fist. He thought about her naked pussy, how hot and wet it must be. He imagined burying his face between her thick thighs and lapping up her juices directly from the source, sucking her fat clit like an achy nipple.

“Gonna...unghh...gonna fucking explode!” Oliver gasped, his chiseled abs clenching and his swollen balls drawing up tight. With a strangled cry, he

aimed his cock at the panty crotch and unleashed a massive eruption of semen, the first thick spurt splattering loudly against the fabric.

Jet after jet of potent teenage cum blasted from Oliver's jerking cock, quickly soaking the panties with his churning load. He made sure to lay the thong flat and open on the bed to catch every drop, watching in awe as the pearly jizz pooled on the silk before soaking in.

"Holy shit," Oliver panted as the last weak spurts dribbled out, milking his cock to wring out every drop. The panties were absolutely drenched, sopping with his hot seed. The blonde MILF was gonna flip when she saw how much cum he'd pumped into her thong.

With a satisfied grunt, Oliver threw his shorts back on, scooped up the cum-soaked panties and headed back out to the living room.

The blonde MILF's eyes lit up with feverish excitement as Oliver returned to the living room, clutching her cum-soaked panties. She snatched the dripping thong from his hand and held it up to her face, inhaling deeply. A blissful shudder ran through her body.

"Fuck, it smells so potent," she moaned, practically salivating. "I can't wait to get home and rub this all over my needy cunt. I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!"

Sloane grinned and held out a ziplock bag. "Here you go, hon. Seal them up tight to keep that fresh young cum nice and warm for you."

The MILF eagerly stuffed the soaked panties into the bag, then dug into her purse and produced a crisp fifty dollar bill. "Worth every penny," she declared, thrusting the cash at Sloane. "I'll definitely be back for more!"

With that, she turned and hurried out the door, ziplock bag clutched to her chest like a precious treasure. Sloane, Naomi, and Oliver all burst out laughing.

"Did you see her face?" Naomi howled. "That bitch looked like a junkie getting her fix! You've got some seriously addictive cum, kiddo."

Oliver blushed, but couldn't help feeling a swell of pride. His magic balls were the key to this whole kinky enterprise.

A short time later, the doorbell rang again, signaling the arrival of their next client. Sloane went to let her in. But when she returned with the woman in tow, Oliver felt his stomach drop.

It was Mrs. Henderson, his third grade teacher! He gaped at her, blood draining from his face. She was older now, but still attractive, with shoulder-length chestnut hair, tits for miles, and a fat ass. Oliver had always thought she was hot, for a teacher.

Mrs. Henderson blushed when she saw him, clearly remembering her former student. "Oh! Hello, Oliver. My, how you've...grown up," she said awkwardly, her eyes dipping to his hardened crotch.

"Hi, Mrs. Henderson," Oliver croaked, his mouth dry. He couldn't believe his sweet elementary school teacher was here to have him jack off into her panties. It was beyond surreal.

"Well, let's get those panties off, shall we?" Naomi chirped, trying to dispel the tension.

Biting her lip, Mrs. Henderson reached under her dress and shimmied out of her underwear. Oliver goggled at the sight of her plump, hair-fringed pussy, so different from the younger blonde MILF's neat landing strip.

Mrs. Henderson had a fleshy prepuce, that protruded from thick outer lips and was drawn back enough to reveal the pink, marble sized nub of her clit, making Oliver's heart skip a beat.

The teacher's thick outer flanges glistened with arousal. Naomi leaned in and took an appreciative sniff. "Oooh, somebody's excited," she teased.

Mrs. Henderson cleared her throat nervously. "Actually, I was wondering if I could pay a little extra to, um, watch the process?" She glanced at Oliver, her cheeks flushing. "I'd love to see him stroke his erection, if that's alright."

Sloane and Naomi exchanged surprised looks. This was an option they hadn't considered before. "Well, I suppose that could be arranged," Sloane said slowly. "For the right price, of course."

"I'll give you \$100," Mrs. Henderson blurted out. "Instead of the usual \$50."

Naomi's eyes widened. She turned to Oliver questioningly, silently asking if he was comfortable with this. He gulped, his cock already stirring at the thought of jacking off in front of his former teacher. It was so wrong, but that only made it hotter.

"Yeah, okay," he agreed, his voice coming out husky. "I'll do it."

Mrs. Henderson looked thrilled. She followed Oliver down the hall to his bedroom, clutching her panties in a white-knuckled grip. Sloane and Naomi trailed behind, eager to see how this would play out.

Once inside, Oliver turned to face his audience, his heart hammering. "Should I just, uh, take it out?" he asked, gesturing to his tenting crotch.

"Just do what you normally do, sweetie," Sloane encouraged from the doorway where she stood with Naomi and Mrs. Henderson, the giant titties poking into the room. "Pretend we're not even here."

Oliver took a deep breath and unzipped his jeans, fishing out his already hard cock. He heard the women gasp as his impressive length sprang free, slapping against his abs as it pointed at a perfect upward angle.

"Good Lord," Mrs. Henderson whispered, clutching her chest. "I had no idea he was so...blessed."

"You were right, sis – it does look well over 8 inches," Naomi murmured appreciatively as Oliver began to stroke himself to full hardness. "Look at that fat cock, and those heavy balls. So virile."

Sloane watched with a mix of pride and illicit hunger as her son pumped his massive meat, working himself up with long, twisting strokes. His cock grew even thicker and longer with each pass of his hand until it was a throbbing, engorged beast, the swollen head an angry purple.

"Look how firmly he's holding it... sliding over the swollen tip, then adding a twist as he moves down," the mother observed with admiration.

"And all those veins," Naomi commented, appreciating the muscular strength of his youthful member.

"Ungh, fuck," Oliver grunted, fisting his shaft faster. He tried to block out the presence of his audience and focus on the task at hand - churning out a huge load for his former teacher's panties.

Pre-cum bubbled from his tip and he used it to slick his strokes, the wet sounds of his jerking filling the room. The women watched in awe as Oliver worked his cock, his sculpted abs flexing, teen musk filling their nostrils.

"He's leaking so much," Mrs. Henderson marveled, licking her lips. "He must produce gallons of semen with balls that size."

"You have no idea," Sloane purred. "My boy pumps out enough spunk to fill buckets. Your panties are gonna be drowning in cum."

Oliver's eyes rolled back in pure bliss as he buried his nose in Mrs. Henderson's panties, inhaling the pungent aroma of her mature arousal. The heady, intoxicating musk seemed to shoot straight to his balls, making them churn and tighten with the need to breed. He snarled ferally around the fabric clenched in his teeth, beating his throbbing meat-stalk like a boy possessed.

"Fuck... gonna... gonna cum!" Oliver choked out, feeling his impending eruption building at the base of his shaft. At the last second, he yanked the panties from his mouth and held them in front of his violently pulsing cockhead just as the first massive spurt of semen blasted forth.

"Ohhh my goodness!" Mrs. Henderson squealed in shock and delight as Oliver's cock unleashed a veritable geyser of hot, virile spunk directly into the crotch of her panties. Jet after jet of thick, ropey jizz splattered loudly against the fabric, quickly overwhelming the flimsy silk.

"Holy shit, look at him go!" Naomi crowed, watching in awe as her nephew's big dick jerked and pulsated, hosing down the panties with what

seemed to be a truly endless volume of cum. "He's gonna ruin them!"

Sloane just looked on smugly, arms crossed over her huge rack. "That's my boy," she purred as Oliver groaned and shuddered, draining his balls into the overflowing panty crotch. "I told you he pumps out titanic loads. Your underwear never stood a chance, honey."

By the time Oliver's orgasm finally tapered off, Mrs. Henderson's panties were absolutely plastered with jizz, the fabric swollen and distended, dripping obscenely onto the carpet. The room reeked of semen and pussy, an intoxicating mix of male and female musk.

Panting, Oliver held up the cum-logged panties with a shaky hand, a self-satisfied smirk on his face. Mrs. Henderson stared at them in shock, her eyes glassy, thighs pressed together.

"That was... the hottest thing I've ever seen," the teacher breathed, snatching the sopping garment from Oliver. Globes of spunk dripped from the crotch as she examined it reverently. "I can't believe how much you came! It's soaked through to the other side!"

Sloane chuckled, patting her son's sweaty shoulder. "Well, what did you expect? He's a one-man sperm bank, my Oliver."

Mrs. Henderson just shook her head in amazement, carefully sealing the cum-drenched panties in a ziplock bag.

She handed Sloane a crisp \$100 bill with a shaky hand. "Worth every cent. I'll definitely be back for more!"

With that, Mrs. Henderson hurried out, hugging the precious bag of cum-soaked panties to her chest. The door slammed behind her and Sloane turned to Oliver with a huge, proud grin.

"Baby, that was incredible!" she gushed. "Did you see how desperate she was for your load? I think we have a very loyal customer on our hands."

"Definitely," Naomi agreed. "And I have a feeling word of Oliver's special sauce is gonna spread like wildfire among her horny housewife friends. We'll be drowning in orders soon!"

An hour later, the doorbell rang again. Oliver opened it and his jaw nearly hit the floor. Standing there in a tight sundress that hugged her voluptuous curves was none other than Emily's mother Sandra. She looked like an older, even sexier version of the girl he had hoped to take to prom.

"Well hello there, Oliver," Sandra purred, her eyes raking over his body appreciatively. "I heard through the grapevine that you're offering a very special service here. I just had to come check it out for myself."

"Uh, y-yeah, come on in," Oliver stammered, trying not to drool as he stepped aside to let her pass. He couldn't believe his luck - first his former teacher, and now his crush's hot mom! This panty selling business was a dream come true.

Sandra sauntered into the living room where Sloane and Naomi were waiting, her high heels clicking on the hardwood. "Well, shall we get down to business ladies?" she asked with a wicked grin.

"Absolutely," Sloane said. "We have a deluxe package? In addition to the sperm, you get a front row seat to watch Oliver beat his cock and fill up your panties?"

"Oh, I want that, most definitely," Sandra confirmed, already reaching under her tight dress. "I overheard my daughter telling one of her friends that he was well-hung, so I'll gladly pay double for the privilege."

Oliver gulped audibly as Sandra slowly peeled her skimpy thong down her long legs and stepped out of it. His eyes zeroed in on her plump, glistening pussy lips, completely bare and swollen with arousal. He inhaled sharply, the sweet tang of her excitement filling his nostrils and making his cock surge to full mast in record time.

Sandra smirked at his reaction, pleased by the obvious bulge straining against his zipper. She dangled her damp panties from one finger and crooked it at him. "Here you go, sweetie."

Nearly tripping over himself in his eagerness, Oliver led Sandra back to his bedroom, his mother and aunt following close behind. He quickly shucked

off his clothes, proudly freeing his huge, throbbing erection. It bobbed heavily before him, the fat purple head already shiny with pre cum.

"Oh fuck," Sandra breathed, her eyes widening at the impressive sight. "Emily wasn't exaggerating. That's the biggest cock I've ever seen!"

Oliver whimpered as he buried his nose in Sandra's used panties, inhaling deeply. The ripe, tangy musk of her arousal flooded his senses, making his cock throb and leak. It wasn't quite as mind-blowingly intoxicating as his mother's scent, but still sweet, heady and utterly mouth-watering in its own unique way.

As Oliver huffed Sandra's panties and stroked his engorged cock, the three mothers watched in rapt fascination, their own bodies responding intensely to the erotic display. Sloane's massive, heavy tits heaved and swayed with each excited breath, her thick nipples hardening into tight, spongy peaks that strained against the thin fabric of her blouse. The wide, pink areolas puckered and crinkled as the long, rubbery teats grew even longer and harder, poking out like sensitive fingertips desperate to be sucked.

Naomi unconsciously squeezed her own huge, pillow breasts, feeling the dense tit-flesh overflow her clutching hands. Her light blue tank top couldn't contain the sheer size of her jiggling jugs, the undersides of her cavernous cleavage exposed as her top rode up. Naomi's nipples were even bigger than her sister's - thicker and darker, like puffy Hershey kisses crowning each massive mammary.

Sandra licked her lips as she eyed Oliver's stroking fist, her cunt clenching and dripping with need as she imagined that teenage rod jackhammering like a piston through her barrel of love, hosing out fat cords of virile semen.

"My husband and I have been trying to get pregnant for over a year now with no luck," she explained. "We finally went to a fertility specialist and it turns out Ron is shooting blanks. His sperm count is practically zero."

"Oh wow, I'm so sorry," Sloane said sympathetically.

"It's been really hard on both of us," Sandra continued. "We want a baby so badly. The doctor gave us some options, but they're all so expensive. Artificial insemination, IVF, sperm donors... we just can't afford any of it right now."

She turned her gaze back to Oliver's imposing erection, a calculating gleam in her eye. "But then I heard about your little panty business here and I got an idea. A nice, cheap, under-the-table idea."

Naomi gasped, cottoning on. "Wait, are you saying you wanna use Oliver's cum to get pregnant?!"

"Why not?" Sandra asked with a shrug. "He's clearly virile as hell and pumping out massive loads on the regular. All that potent, fresh semen is going to waste in a bunch of horny housewives' panties. I figure, why not put it to better use in my fertile womb?"

"What a brilliant idea!" Naomi exclaimed. "But how on earth will you guarantee his sperm reaches your egg?"

"Well, I was thinking I could use a turkey baster to suck up all his cum from my panties and insert it directly into my pussy," Sandra explained matter-of-factly. "Right up near my cervix to give those swimmers a head start. It may take a few tries, but I have a good feeling about his super sperm. I bet he'll get me pregnant in no time."

Sloane nodded in agreement, then moved behind her son, pressing her huge, soft tits into his back as she leaned in close to his ear. "You're doing so good, baby," she purred, her warm breath tickling his neck. "Mommy and Auntie are so proud of you."

Her manicured hands slid around his waist, one dipping low to cup and fondle his swollen balls. "Your big nuts are so full, aren't they? Just churning with all that thick, potent cum."

Oliver whimpered and nodded, stroking faster. Sloane's other hand joined his on his straining erection, her slender fingers wrapping around the throbbing shaft. "Pump out the biggest load you can for Mrs. Fisher,

sweetie. Really soak those panties so she can scoop up every drop and shove it deep into her ripe, fertile cunt."

"Fuck, Mom!" Oliver gasped, his cock pulsing and leaking like a faucet. Sloane grinned and began jacking him off in tandem with his own fist, the obscene wet sounds filling the room.

"If you give her an nice, thick, extra-sloppy load, Mommy and Auntie Naomi will reward you SO good, baby boy," Sloane promised filthily, nibbling on his earlobe. "We'll both wrap our hands around this big, beautiful cock and stroke it nice and hard, just how you like. Maybe even rub it between our huge, soft titties too until you explode like a fucking geyser all over them!"

"Oh god, yessss," Oliver snarled desperately, his hips bucking to fuck his mother's fist. "Gonna cum so fucking hard for you!"

"That's it, sweetheart! Drain those swollen balls!" Sloane urged, pumping her son's throbbing meat furiously. "Paint those panties with a massive load of that special Oliver-baby-batter! Knock our slutty customer up with that virile spunk!"

With a choked, animalistic grunt, Oliver thrust one last time into their combined grip and exploded with a force that shocked them all. Huge, powerful jets of semen blasted from his jerking cock, splattering into Sandra's panties with the velocity of a firehose.

The flimsy silk was quickly overwhelmed, rivulets of Oliver's relentless cum flooding the fabric and overflowing to splatter obscenely onto the floor. He just kept cumming and cumming, his balls emptying what seemed to be a truly inhuman volume of jizz as Sloane milked his wildly erupting cock.

"Holy fucking shit!" Naomi breathed in awe, watching the carnal spectacle with wide eyes. Sandra looked positively ecstatic, practically vibrating with excitement as Oliver's massive load thoroughly drenched her panties.

By the time Oliver's balls were finally spent, Sandra's panties were absolutely drenched, dripping with a massive load of his potent teenage seed. She looked positively giddy as she carefully scooped up the sodden

underwear, cradling the precious cum-soaked fabric like a delicate treasure.

"This is perfect," Sandra breathed in awe, her eyes glinting with excitement. "So much virile spunk! I just know this is gonna do the trick. Oh Oliver, thank you! You've given me and my husband the greatest gift."

She threw her arms around him in a tight, grateful hug, smooshing her warm, meaty tits against his chest. Oliver blushed, pleased that he could help but still a bit dazed from the intensity of his orgasm.

Sloane and Naomi beamed at him proudly. "You did so good, sweetie," Sloane praised, running an affectionate hand through his damp curls. "Mrs. Fisher is one lucky lady to have access to your super sperm."

Sandra carefully sealed her cum-drenched panties in a ziplock bag, handling them like gold. She handed Sloane a wad of cash, her hands shaking slightly in her excitement. "I'll be back in a couple weeks to give you an update - hopefully with some very good news!"

After she left, Naomi reluctantly gathered her things. "Sorry sis, duty calls - Alyssa just texted that she sprained her ankle at Jazz's house and needs me to come get her. Raincheck on that reward?"

Sloane nodded in understanding. "Of course. You go take care of my niece. Oliver and I can handle things here just fine," she added with a saucy wink.

Once Naomi had left, Sloane turned to her son with a hungry glint in her eye. "Well, well, well...looks like it's just you and me now, baby boy," she purred, sauntering closer to him. "And since your aunt had to run off before properly rewarding you, I guess that means Mommy will just have to give you something extra special to make up for it."

Oliver gulped, his spent cock already starting to stir back to life. "Wh what did you have in mind?" he asked, voice husky with anticipation.

Sloane reached out and grabbed the collar of her low-cut blouse. With one swift yank, she ripped it open, sending buttons flying everywhere as her

massive, heavy tits spilled free. Oliver's eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the glorious sight of his mother's bare breasts. They were even more phenomenal than he had imagined - expansive, milky white globes capped with saucer-sized areolas and large, puffy nipples that were a mouthwatering dark rose color.

"I think it's time you got to experience the real thing, don't you?" Sloane asked rhetorically, cupping her huge jugs and offering them to her son. "No more sniffing Mommy's scent second-hand from my panties. You've more than earned a taste straight from the source."

Oliver made a choked sound of pure, desperate want. He took his mom's outstretched hand and was pulled forward, burying his face between Sloane's warm, pillowy tits, motorboating them enthusiastically. She laughed happily and cradled his head, encouraging him to explore her abundant mommy-meat.

Oliver licked and kissed every inch of her smooth, supple flesh, relishing the faint salty-sweet taste of her skin. When he captured one fat, rubbery nipple between his lips and sucked hard, Sloane let out a throaty moan, arching into his eager mouth.

"That's it, baby, suck Mommy's titties," she urged breathlessly, holding him against her chest so his face was masked in flesh. "Ahhh, your mouth feels so good! I've been aching for you to do this..."

Oliver groaned around her nipple, the proof of his mother's desire for him making his head spin. He suckled hungrily at her teats, swirling his tongue around the sensitive tips and grazing them ever so lightly with his teeth. Sloane gasped and whimpered, her pussy clenching and dripping with arousal.

As he feasted on her jugs, Oliver's hands roamed his mother's voluptuous body, mapping out her soft curves and firm muscles. He had never touched a grown woman this way before, but it felt so natural, so right. Like he was always meant to worship his mom's divine form.

"Get on the bed, baby," Sloane instructed breathlessly. "Lay down on your back for Mommy."

Oliver eagerly obeyed, practically launching himself onto the bed. His erection was throbbing with excitement against his abdomen. Sloane grinned slyly as she leisurely slid off her skirt, then her panties, unveiling her luscious, glistening sex. Oliver's mouth watered at the sight of her inviting outer lips and tender inner folds peeking from her cleft. Her pussy was impeccably smooth—completely bare, without a trace of hair.

"Like what you see, sweetie?" Sloane purred, running a finger along her wet slit. Oliver just whimpered and nodded frantically, too aroused to form words.

Grinning, Sloane climbed onto the bed, her dangling udders wobbling wonderfully, and straddled Oliver's head, her thick thighs bracketing his face. She slowly lowered her dripping cunt until it was hovering just inches above his open mouth, letting him get an up close and personal look at her most intimate area.

"This is Mommy's special place," Sloane cooed, spreading her swollen lips apart with her fingers to reveal the glistening pink flesh within. "Isn't it pretty? Tell me how much you wanna taste it, baby boy."

"Please," Oliver rasped desperately, his breath puffing against her exposed folds. Her hole gaped just enough so that he could gaze straight up their barrel of her vagina. Rows of pink, spongy corrugations lined the

fleshy tube, glistening with hot fuck-oil, promising penile pleasure beyond his wildest dreams. "Please Mom, can I lick you?"

Sloane shivered at his neediness. She lowered herself the last few inches until her sopping wet cunt was pillowed against Oliver's face, smearing her mommy-love-oil across his cheeks and chin.

He immediately went to work, lapping at her like a boy starved. He dragged the flat of his tongue through her folds, savoring the tangy sweet musk of her overflowing juices. Sloane threw her head back and keened, instinctively rocking her hips to grind against his eager mouth.

"Ohhhh fuck yessss," she hissed, running her fingers through his hair. "Lick Mommy's cunt, baby! Shove that tongue in deep and taste how wet you make me!"

Oliver obeyed with gusto, spearing his licker as far as it would go into Sloane's fluttering channel. He fucked her with the slick muscle, thrusting in and out, swirling it around to caress her silky walls. His nose bumped against her engorged clit with every thrust, making her jolt and gasp.

"Unghhh yes, just like that! Mommy loves your tongue so much," Sloane babbled, lost in ecstasy. Her cream flooded Oliver's mouth as he ate her out, the filthy sounds of his slurping filling the room.

The teen was in a state of pure bliss as he feasted on his mother's succulent pussy. Eating her out was a thousand times more intense and satisfying than simply huffing her scent off her panties. The dizzying aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils, spurring him on to lap and suck at her dripping folds with increased fervor.

And the taste - dear God, the taste! The flavor of Sloane's tangy-sweet nectar was indescribable, better than anything Oliver had ever experienced. He couldn't get enough, burying his face deeper into her soft, slick flesh, his tongue exploring every fold and crevice.

When he zeroed in on her swollen clit, lashing the sensitive bud with fast flicks of his tongue, Sloane nearly screamed. Her thighs clamped around his head like a vice as she ground her cunt against his face, smearing his cheeks with her juices.

"Yes, yes, yesssss! Just like that baby, don't stop!" she wailed, tugging on his hair almost painfully. Oliver doubled his efforts, alternating between sucking her clit and fucking her entrance with his tongue, determined to make his mother cum.

It didn't take long. With a sharp cry, Sloane tensed and then shattered, her pussy rippling around Oliver's plundering tongue. A flood of her hot girl-cream gushed into his mouth as she rode out her intense climax, bucking and shuddering above him.

"FUCK! Oh fuck, Mommy's cumming! Drink it baby, drink Mommy's cum!" Sloane babbled incoherently, lost in the throes of ecstasy. Oliver eagerly complied, gulping down her release, relishing the gush of her sweet tangy juices sliding down his throat. He didn't stop licking until she was spent and twitching with aftershocks.

Sloane slid off her son's face and scooted back, admiring her handiwork. His cheeks and chin were glazed with her juices, his lips swollen from eating her out so thoroughly. He looked utterly debauched and blissed out.

Then she noticed him fisting his huge, angry-looking erection, no doubt aching for relief after getting so worked up. Sloane grinned wickedly and grasped his wrist, halting his desperate stroking.

"Ah ah ah, none of that now, baby boy," she purred. "You've more than earned something much better than your hand."

With that, Sloane straddled Oliver's hips and positioned herself over his throbbing cock. She reached between their bodies to grasp the thick shaft, notching the engorged head at her entrance. They both shuddered and moaned at the electric contact.

"Are you ready for Mommy's tight pussy, sweetie?" Sloane cooed, rubbing his leaking tip along her slick folds. "Ready to feel me stretch around this big, beautiful cock?"

"Yes, please Mom!" Oliver begged, his voice strained with desperate need. He tried to buck his hips up to spear into her, but Sloane held him down with a firm hand on his abdomen.

"So eager," she giggled. "Okay baby, here we go..."

Slowly, torturously, Sloane sank down on Oliver's rigid pole, letting gravity do the work of impaling her. They both cried out as his cock pushed past her tight entrance and slid into her welcoming heat, inch by excruciating inch.

Sloane's pussy walls fluttered and clenched, struggling to accommodate the impressive girth of her son's cock. She felt deliciously stretched and full in a way she'd never experienced before. Oliver was far bigger than his father had ever been.

"Oh my god," Sloane whimpered once he was fully sheathed, the head of his cock kissing her cervix. "You feel incredible inside me, sweetie. So big and hard!"

She could feel his excited heartbeat pulsing through the thick, blood engorged shaft, could feel every throb and twitch of his cunt-engulfed cock against her sensitive walls. It was pure ecstasy.

Oliver looked equally overwhelmed, his face slack with pleasure and awe. "Mom... you're so tight and wet," he choked out. "I can't believe this is really happening!"

"Believe it, baby," Sloane purred, giving an experimental roll of her hips that made them both gasp. "Mommy's gonna ride this fantastic cock until you pump me full of cum, just like you did Mrs. Fisher's panties. Except this load is all for me."

Oliver stared in awe at the mesmerizing sight of his mother's cunt stretched obscenely around his thick girth. Her swollen, glistening pussy lips clung wetly to his veiny shaft with each upward drag, peeling back to reveal the hypersensitive bundle of nerves at her core.

Oliver clenched his pelvic floor, flexing his cock even harder inside Sloane's gripping heat. The head flared and pulsed, the shaft growing impossibly stiffer until it felt like a meaty, throbbing cudgel prying her open.

Sloane gasped and shuddered at the intense sensation, her inner muscles fluttering wildly around him. "Oh fuck baby, that's so good!" she panted. "Look how deep you are in Mommy's pussy. Stretching me so wide around this big, beautiful cock!"

Oliver groaned at the filthy praise, his balls drawing up tight with the need to cum. But he didn't want this to end too soon. He wanted to savor every second of being buried balls-deep in his mother's divine cunt.

Sloane seemed to read his mind. She began to rock and swivel her hips in a sensual figure-eight, riding Oliver's steel-hard erection with deliberate slowness. "Don't worry, sweetie, we have all afternoon to enjoy this," she purred sultrily. "Mommy's gonna milk your cock so good, so many times. Wring out every last drop of cum from these big, swollen balls until you're totally empty."

As she spoke, one hand drifted down to cup and fondle the cum-bloated balls in question, rolling them in her palm. Oliver whimpered and arched into her touch, the stimulation almost too intense to bear.

Sloane grinned and slowly increased the pace of her undulations, her huge titties wobbling and bouncing hypnotically with each roll of her hips. The wet, obscene sounds of her pussy claiming his cock grew

louder, accompanied by the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh as she took him to the hilt over and over.

"Mmm, you like that baby boy?" Sloane gasped, grinding down hard and circling her clit against his pubic bone. "Like feeling Mommy's tight cunt squeezing this big dick? Milking this huge slab of fuck-meat like it was made just for me?"

"Yes, fuck yes!" Oliver babbled mindlessly, completely at her mercy. "It's yours Mom, all yours! Made just for your perfect pussy! Please don't stop, it feels so good!"

Sloane keened in bliss, her pussy clamping down rhythmically around Oliver's plunging shaft as she rode him with abandon. Her orgasm was building fast, a delicious tension coiling tighter and tighter at the base of her spine.

The wet, filthy squelches and slaps of their rutting bodies grew deafening as Sloane bounced on her son's huge cock with wild abandon, chasing her explosive release. Having already cum three times today from their panty-sniffing clients, Oliver found he had incredible staying power to fuck his mother through her orgasm.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, unnghhh Mommy's gonna cum!" Sloane wailed, slamming herself down on Oliver's cock with bruising force. "Don't stop baby, don't stop fucking me! Make Mommy cum all over this big dick!"

Oliver snarled and jackhammered up into her, gripping her wildly jiggling ass cheeks hard enough to leave imprints. He used the leverage to yank her down as he thrust up, spearing into her rippling cunt with animalistic intensity.

A piercing scream ripped from Sloane's throat as she finally erupted, her pussy clamping down on her boy's throbbing shaft in fluttering spasms. A torrent of her juices gushed out around his hammering cock, splattering lewdly between their crotches and running down his balls.

Sloane's huge, heavy tits bounced and rippled almost violently as she bucked and thrashed through the tsunami of her release. The force of her movements made the windows rattle in their panes.

"FUUUUCCCCCKKKK! FUCK YES, CUMMING SO HARD! DRAIN THOSE HUGE NUTS IN MOMMY'S CUNT!" Sloane howled loud enough to nearly shatter the glass, completely uncaring of who might overhear. She was too lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of her life.

Oliver groaned like a wounded animal, fighting the urge to explode as his mother's quivering pussy milked his cock for all it was worth. Her birthing tunnel was clenching so hard, so fast, it felt like she was trying to wring the cum right out of him.

But miraculously, he held back the flood, gritting his teeth against the overwhelming sensation. He was determined to make this last, to fuck his mom through as many screaming orgasms as possible before succumbing to his own release.

Once the aftershocks of her mind-blowing orgasm finally subsided, Sloane lifted herself off Oliver's still rock-hard cock and shuffled forward on her knees until her enormous, heaving breasts were hovering right above his face.

With a sultry grin, she lowered her monumental mammaries down around his head, enveloping him in her warm, pillowy titty- playground.

Oliver moaned in bliss as he was engulfed by his mother's soft, abundant breast-flesh, nuzzling his face into the Grand Canyon of her cavernous cleavage.

He began kissing and licking his way along the plush undersides of Sloane's massive jugs where they met her chest, worshipping every inch of silky perfumed skin. He nibbled and suckled the tender flesh, relishing the faint salty-sweet taste.

Sloane mewled in pleasure, arching her back to smother Oliver even more with her huge, suckable tits. "That's it, baby, get lost in Mommy's big titties," she cooed breathlessly. "Kiss and lick them all over. Show me how much you adore them."

Spurred on by her encouragement, Oliver motorboated Sloane's glorious rack with gusto, burying his face between the hefty globes again and again. His cock throbbed almost painfully, clear pre-cum oozing steadily from the slit and smearing against his abs as he lost himself in tit worship.

After thoroughly lavishing the soft curves of Sloane's jugs with kisses and licks, Oliver zeroed in on her large, puffy nipples. The dark rose buds were engorged and straining, just begging to be sucked. He captured one between his lips and suckled greedily, like a hungry infant at a teat.

"Ohhh fuckkk yessss," Sloane hissed, cradling his head to her breast. "Suck Mommy's nipples, baby. Harder! Bite them a little..."

Oliver groaned around the spongy bud, laving it with his tongue before grazing it gently with his teeth, just like she wanted. He was rewarded with a gush of creamy fluid flooding his mouth - Sloane's tits were leaking milk!

Surprised but incredibly turned on, Oliver suckled harder, drawing more of the sweet, slightly salty nectar from his mother's breasts. He couldn't believe she was lactating, but fuck if it wasn't the hottest thing ever. He felt like a baby nursing at her huge milky jugs.

"That's it, drain Mommy's titties," Sloane panted, undulating her torso to rub her leaky nipples all over Oliver's face, smearing him with rivulets of breastmilk. "Drink up all that sweet tit-cream, baby."

Sloane let Oliver suckle at her huge, milky tits for what felt like hours, cooing and praising him as he drained her breasts of their sweet nectar. "Mmmm, that's my good boy," she purred, stroking his hair. "Drink up all of Mommy's special milk. It will make you big and strong so you can fuck me even harder."

Once her nipples were sore and empty, Sloane gently pushed Oliver back and rolled onto her back beside him. She spread her thick thighs invitingly, reaching down to part her glistening pussy lips. "Come on baby, give it to me," she urged huskily. "Fuck Mommy hard and deep, just like you do your fist when you fill those panties with cum."

Growling with feral lust, Oliver scrambled between her splayed legs and lined up his aching cockhead with her sopping entrance. With one brutal thrust, he rammed into Sloane's cunt to the hilt, his heavy balls slapping against her ass.

They both cried out at the sudden invasion, Sloane's back arching off the bed. "Yes, fuck yes!" she wailed. "Pound me with that big dick, Oliver! Ruin my fucking cunt!"

Oliver immediately set a furious pace, rutting into his mother like a wild animal, just as she'd commanded. He hooked his arms under her knees and pushed them back towards her shoulders, nearly folding her in half, opening her up to take his merciless thrusts even deeper.

The wet, obscene slaps of his hips against her jiggling ass filled the room as he slammed into her over and over with bruising intensity. Sloane's huge tits bounced and rippled lewdly with each punishing impact, the force making them wobble and clap together.

"Harder, fuck me harder!" she demanded breathlessly, reaching up to maul her own breasts. She pinched and tugged at her oversensitive

nipples, so raw from Oliver's suckling. "Wreck my pussy, baby! Make it fucking hurt!"

Oliver was only too happy to comply. He pulled out until just the tip of his cock remained nestled in her sloppy folds, then rammed back in with all his teenage strength, spearing her clenching cunt with his thick meat. He jackhammered into her hard and fast, each frenzied thrust making her entire body jolt with the force of it.

Sloane was practically screaming now, her head thrashing on the pillow as Oliver pounded her into oblivion. "FUCK, OH GOD, OH GOD, JUST LIKE THAT!" she shrieked, her nails raking down his back. "SPLIT ME IN HALF WITH THAT HUGE COCK! FUCKING DESTROY ME!"

Oliver's engorged, livid cockhead plunged like a battering ram into the sopping wet folds of his mother's ravenous cunt. Her pink, puffy labia peeled back obscenely around the thick, vein-latticed shaft, clinging tightly to every contour as it thundered in and out. Viscous strands of her slippery arousal clung to his cock, stretched thin before breaking and splattering lewdly.

With each brutal thrust, Oliver's angry purple knob speared through Sloane's claspings vaginal walls, plowing through the rings of muscle, bludgeoning her cervix. Her tender tissues swelled and distended around the invading thickness, strained to the limit to accommodate her son's impressive girth.

Slippery secretions frothed and foamed around the pounding base of Oliver's shaft, whipped up into a glistening lather by the relentless churn and squelch of their rutting genitals. Milky rivulets trickled down the crack of Sloane's ass, pooling on the sheets beneath her.

"Unghhhh fuck, your cock is splitting me open!" Sloane wailed, tossing her head from side to side. "Ruining Mommy's cunt! Mashing my fucking cervix!"

Oliver grunted savagely, ramming into her with renewed vigor. The head of his cock pummeled her cervical opening, trying to force its way into her

womb. Sloane shrieked at the intensity, her pussy clamping down like a vice.

"Yeahhhhh, take it!" Oliver snarled. He hammered her harder, faster, their bodies slapping together violently amid the crude squelches and splats of their coupling.

Sloane screamed as another devastating orgasm crashed over her, her pussy tightening wildly around Oliver's plundering cock. Fountains of liquid fem-spunk gushed out around the pumping shaft, splattering everywhere. Her huge tits bounced and slapped together almost painfully with the force of his thrusts.

"FUUUUUUCKKKK! FUCK ME THROUGH IT! DON'T STOP!" she screeched, her cries tapering off into inarticulate babble. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the ecstasy obliterated every thought.

Oliver roared, not slowing his furious fuck-pace for an instant. He battered into his mom's quaking pussy with merciless dominance, extending her shattering climax. Her cunt rippled and fluttered, milking his cock for all it was worth.

Oliver could feel an intense tingling sensation deep in his churning balls, signaling that the most explosive ejaculation of his young life was imminent.

Deep in the boy's swollen, churning testicles, sperm cells were rapidly accumulating, preparing for an explosive exodus. Millions upon millions of them swarmed in the twisting tubules of his epididymis, maturing and concentrating, their flagella twitching with barely restrained energy.

His vas deferens quivered and contracted, the smooth muscles rippling as they prepared to forcefully expel the massive load of teen spooge. Seminal fluid mixed with the sperm, flooding his engorged prostate which clenched and throbbed, ready to shoot the potent cocktail through his rock-hard cock with incredible velocity.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Oliver roared, slamming into Sloane's quivering pussy with frantic, erratic thrusts. "Gonna flood this cunt with my load!"

"Yes, yes, YES!" Sloane screamed, thrashing beneath him. "Fill me up, baby! Paint my insides with your hot cum! Breed Mommy's hungry cunt!"

With an animalistic grunt, Oliver buried himself to the hilt in Sloane's rippling depths and unleashed a deluge of semen. His swollen cockhead flared and pulsed as it spurted jet after thick, ropey jet of virile seed directly against her convulsing cervix.

The force of Oliver's ejaculation was so powerful, it felt like the head of his dick might explode. His shaft pulsed and jerked violently within the tight, clasp sheath of his mother's pussy, each spurt making his entire body shudder with pleasure.

Sloane wailed in ecstasy as she felt her son's hot cum flooding her clenching channel, splashing against her cervix and filling her to overflowing. Her muscles milked his wildly twitching cock, working to coax out every last drop of his massive load.

"FUUUCCCKKK! SO MUCH CUM!" she shrieked, writhing uncontrollably. "YOU'RE KNOCKING ME UP, BABY! PUMPING ME SO FULL OF YOUR SEED!"

Oliver just groaned and shuddered, his hips still rocking in shallow thrusts as he emptied his aching balls. The searing pulses of pleasure seemed to go on forever, each spurt of semen as forceful as the last. His cock throbbed almost painfully with the intensity of it.

When it was finally over, the teen collapsed on top of his mother, both of them gasping for air. He could feel his own cum oozing out around his softening dick, her used hole unable to contain the sheer volume of his monstrous load. The sloppy, wet sounds of his cock slipping free from the cum-flooded mess made him shiver.

"My god," Sloane panted, running her hands down Oliver's sweaty back. "That was...indescribable."

The bedroom door suddenly flew open with a bang, startling the incestuous mother and son. They looked up in shock to see Page standing frozen in the doorway, her blue eyes wide and her mouth agape at the depraved scene before her.

"What the actual FUCK?!" Page shrieked, finally finding her voice. "Mom?! Oliver?! Oh my god, that's so disgusting!"

Sloane quickly scrambled to cover herself and Oliver with the bedsheets, her huge tits jiggling wildly. "Page, sweetie, this isn't what it looks like..." she stammered lamely.

"Really, Mom? Because it looks like you're fucking your own son!" Page accused, her voice shrill. "I can't believe this! My mother and brother, screwing each other like horny animals. I think I'm gonna puke!"

Despite her harsh words, Sloane noticed that Page's nipples were visibly hard and poking through her thin tank top. A damp spot had also formed at the crotch of her tiny booty shorts, betraying her arousal at catching them in the act.

"First he sniffs my panties and now this?!" Page shrieked, her voice dripping with venom as her cheeks burned a fiery red. Her eyes blazed with fury as she whipped around, ready to storm off. "I'm telling Dad about this!"

"Page, wait!" Sloane called desperately.

Sloane leapt up from the bed, hastily wrapping a sheet around her naked, voluptuous body. She dashed out of the room after her daughter, leaving Oliver alone, his heart pounding with dread.

The next 10 minutes were the longest of Oliver's young life as he laid there in the cum-stained bed, terrified of what Page might do. Would she really tell their dad about catching him balls deep in Mom? Expose their forbidden tryst to the whole family? He cursed himself for getting so carried away, for not locking the door.

Oliver strained to hear the muffled, heated voices of his mom and Page arguing in the next room. He couldn't make out the words, but the tones ranged from Page's shrill accusations to Sloane's desperate pleas. The teen's stomach was in knots imagining how his sister might use this against him.

After what felt like an eternity, the bedroom door creaked open. Oliver looked up anxiously to see Sloane enter, the sheet still clutched around her luscious frame. She had a strange, almost shell-shocked expression on her beautiful face.

"Mom?" Oliver croaked. "What happened? Is Page gonna tell Dad?"

Sloane sat heavily on the edge of the bed and shook her head. "No, baby. I convinced her to keep this between us. For now."

Oliver sagged with relief. "Thank god! What did you say to her?"

A tense, loaded silence stretched between them before Sloane spoke.

"Your sister, well she, um...agreed not to say anything...on one condition."

Oliver's relief quickly turned to dread. He could tell by his mother's cryptic tone that whatever his sister's stipulation was, it was out of the ordinary.

"What does she want?" he asked, almost afraid to hear the answer.

Sloane took a deep, shuddery breath. She forced herself to meet Oliver's apprehensive gaze, her cheeks flushing with shame.

"She wants you to fuck her."

Oliver's jaw dropped, certain he must have misheard. "Do what? You mean like..."

"Yes, honey," Sloane clarified, swallowing hard. "She wants you to do to her what she just saw you doing to me."

Oliver sat there in stunned silence, his head spinning. Page, his bitchy sister who had mercilessly teased him for years, who had cruelly mocked him after the panty sniffing incident, wanted to fuck him now?

It felt unreal, yet undeniably tempting.

TO BE CONTINUED...