

Mom's Seduction Guide



by KLRXO

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“Justin, I need you to do me a favor this morning,” McKenzie stated, wiping the kitchen table in front of her son as he sat there eating a bowl of cereal.

“What's that, mom?” Justin asked, trying not to stare at her mega-tits and the way they wobbled as she swiped the paper towel back and forth. From his angle, the split of her cleavage looked a mile long.

“I need you to go up into the attic and find a box for me. It should be labeled ‘McKenzie's Summer shorts.’ This weather's starting to warm up, so I think it's time to retire my long pants for the season.”

“I retired mine a month ago,” Justin commented.

“Not surprising. You'd wear shorts even if it was snowing outside,” his mom teased.

“I have done that before actually.”

“That's doesn't surprise me,” McKenzie giggled, then headed for the sink, her thick buttocks wagging beneath her snug denims. “Anyway, can you take care of that for me, before I get back from dropping your sister off at Day Care?”

“Not a problem, mom.”

“You're an angel!” she remarked, showing her perfect white teeth as she smiled at him warmly.

Justin grinned at her comment. If his mom only knew how far from an “angel” he was. A devil was more like it! He could still smell a hint of sweet pussy on his face from sniffing her panties, while jerking off that morning. Stealing his mom's bra and panties from her laundry

hamper, for self-gratification, was a favorite pastime of his. However, any boy with a mom who looked like Justin's would probably be doing the same thing. McKenzie was a stunner! Picture a curvier version of the actress, Gale Gadot. Yes, Wonder Woman! His mom could be her slightly older (even more attractive) sister.

It was no shock then that the teen, like many boys his age, wanted to be a motherfucker. He wanted to smash into his mom's pussy with savage fuck-thrusts, while mauling her 36 H-cup tits. If any kid could break down those taboo barriers it was Justin. He was a lean, handsome teen, with a bigger than average cock. He was the kind of kid that had his pick of the girls at school. Even ones who already had boyfriends would come running and sit on his dick if he asked them to. His girlfriend presently was a hot big-titted blonde named Georgia, who was named the Prom Queen their senior year. His charm wasn't just attracting girls his age. He had easily gotten into the panties of a couple married MILFs in the neighborhood, since turning eighteen, but his mother, McKenzie, was the ultimate prize. The crème de la crème! If he could bed her, he would certainly be considered the GOAT in the art of seduction.

"I doubt that'll ever happen," he thought, staring over at his mom's plump, rounded ass, which was snugly shrouded in the faded denim of her jeans. *"I'm her son, and she's happily married to dad. Fucking her is probably one goal I'll never achieve."*

After his mom left, Justice went up into the attic to follow through with her request. They had a newer home, so it wasn't one of those creepy attics you'd see in horror movies. It was clean, well-lit and his dad kept it extremely organized. He knew the mountain of boxes in the corner must be his mom's. He began to look through them, searching for the one she wanted.

"McKenzie's Heels," he read on one box, then set it aside and read the labels on others. "McKenzie's cookbooks. McKenzie's jackets. McKenzie's Wedding keepsakes. Damn, mom has a lot of shit in storage!" he said out loud.

He moved the pile aside, so he could get to other boxes. "McKenzie's High School keepsakes," one box read. "*Hmm, this could be interesting!*" Justin thought, then peeled the packaging tape off and opened it curiously. The first thing he noticed inside was a set of pom-poms and a small skirt with a sexy top that had his school logo on it. He had forgotten that his mom was captain of the cheerleader squad when she was his age. "*Damn! I bet she looked hella sexy in this!*" he thought.

Beneath it was a few collection of poems and some yearbooks. Below those, he discovered a small pink book with a girly design on the outside. It had a tiny lock, requiring a key to open it. "A diary!" he blurted out loud, wishing he could read it. "*I bet she wrote all sorts of naughty shit in here. Things she got into when she was my age,*" Justin thought. He knew unless he found the key or pried it open, he was out of luck. "*If I was the key to a secret diary, where would mom keep me?*" he thought. He set the book aside, quickly found the box that his mom wanted, then brought them both downstairs.

Searching his mother's bedroom was nothing new to him. Justin knew where everything was from having snooped through her room so much in the past. He knew where his mom kept her negligee and her small pink bullet vibrator. It was the one he occasionally sucked on, while he jerked off, with the thrill of knowing his mom used it to plunge through her pussy or rub against her clitoris. His eyes suddenly fixed on something as he scanned her bedroom. "*THE JEWELRY CHEST! The key's got to be in there!*" he thought. After rushing over and looking inside, he found what he was searching for. "BINGO!" he shouted out loud, taking the tiny key out.

"Justin, I'm back!" he heard his mom shout. He would have darted out of her bedroom, but it sounded like she was coming up the stairway. "*Shit...I didn't even hear her get home!*" he panicked, then quickly slid under the bed to hide.

"Did you find that box for me?" McKenzie shouted, thinking her son was in his bedroom. Justin watched her step across the room in his direction, her dainty heels clicking on the wood floor. She stopped

beside the bed, only a foot from his face. "Oh, he did find it!" he heard his mom say to herself as she saw the box sitting on the mattress. Justin stared at his mom's dainty feet, propped in four inch black, open-toed mules. She suddenly reached down and unbuttoned the ankle straps, while talking on her cell phone. "Hey, Mila, it's me! Sorry, I forgot that Zumba was moving to Monday mornings. I'm gonna get changed and I'll be there as soon as I can," Justin heard her say. He knew his mom and older sister, Mila, took a Zumba class together at the local gym.

The fascinated teen watched his mom slip her feet from their heels, then pull off their denim jeans. His heart REALLY started racing when her black thong panties hit the floor and she stepped out of them. "*Oh my God!*" his mind gasped when he realized he was about to enjoy a pair of panties fresh off his mom's body. Usually, he snatched them out of her laundry hamper, well after she had taken them off. His mom's big, embroidered bra hit the floor next to them and he fought off the urge to peek out at her naked body, for fear of being caught. "*What a view that would be though! Straight up her sexy legs...with a clear view of her pussy!*" he wickedly thought.

McKenzie quickly slipped into her yoga pants and sports top, then grabbed her sneakers out of the closet. "Justin, I'm going to Zumba...I'll be back!" she shouted, rushing out into the hallway.

Now that she was gone, her son wasted no time snatching the panties off the floor and bringing them to his nose. "*AHH-FUCK! GODDAMNIT!*" he heavily sighed, taking in the warm fragrant aroma of his mother's genitalia. There were times where her panties were so ripe that it made his eyes roll back in their sockets, while smelling them. This was certainly one of those occasions. The pungent vaginal aroma, mixed with her sweet perfume, was absolutely intoxicating! The fact that he could still feel the heat of her pubis on the cloth made it even more thrilling. "*Damn! I can't even imagine what it would be like to eat mom's pussy,*" he deliriously thought. "*Devouring that smell and taste right from the source...fuck!*"

Justin crawled out from under the bed. He really wanted to beat off, while holding his mom's panties to his nose, but was super-anxious to unlock her diary and read her teenage secrets. He brought the panties and book to his room, then inserted the tiny key into the diary, unlocking it. Curiously, he began flipping through the pages, until he arrived at one that caught his eye. He could almost hear his mom's voice in his head as he read the entry.

"I went on a date with Greg Foster tonight. Wow is he dreamy! He wasn't one of these other boring morons that I went out with that didn't know what they were doing. He brought me pink roses. A dozen of them! It's almost like he knew those were my favorite. Attached to them was a short love-poem. Reading it made my heart melt! OMG...I've never felt that blown away by someone before!"

Justin flipped to the next page and read a different entry.

"There's nothing sexier than a guy's bulge through his pants and Nick Thomas has a BIG ONE that he loves to show off! Today I was sitting in math class when I looked over and noticed the amazing tent-pole in his pants. I couldn't believe he had erection in math class, haha! I simply could stop looking at it! Pauline and I think he must be at least 7-inches and probably pretty thick. Nick is one guy, whether he knows it or not, who certainly gets me worked up when he's hard like that."

Justin reflected on how strange it was to hear his own mom's naughty confessions. After reading a few more entries he really began to understand the value of this diary, especially to a guy like him, who was dying to fuck his mom. He had often wondered how he could seduce her into having sex with him. Now, here were the answers. A book full of kinks and other things about guys his mom loved, particularly details about what she liked them to do to her. It was a virtual 'seduction guide' for someone to win their way between her legs. *"I'd be crazy not to try some of this shit...just to see if it works. What harm would it cause, even if it didn't charm her panties off?"* he thought.

When McKenzie got home from her workout, she was met by a dozen pink roses, sitting on the table in a pretty vase. “What's this?” she asked, as her and her daughter, Mila, stared at the flowers. Mila, Justin’s older sister, had gotten married last year and her and her husband had their own apartment across town. Justin’s twenty-two-year-old sister had a bit of a wild streak as one would suspect by looking at the pink highlights in her hair.

Justin had just done up a few dishes and was drying his hands. “I picked up some flowers for you. You work so hard around here, and are such an amazing woman, I felt if anyone deserved them...you do.”

She fed her boy a dreamy eyed stare, her heart going pitter-patter. “Honey, that's so sweet of you! How did you know that pink roses were my favorite?”

“Just a lucky guess,” he answered, then peeked over at his sister who was feeding him a suspicious glare. Mila was pretty, like her mother, but extremely blunt and honest. She had no filter and Justin was sure she'd be saying something about this to him later.

After McKenzie stepped up and smelt the beautiful bouquet, she noticed a little card attached to them. She read it out loud.

“If I could have all the time in the world, I know what I would do: I'd spend the time in pleasure sublime, just by being with you.”

McKenzie gazed at her teen wondrously, seeming as though she could tear up. “Justin!”

“Do you like it?”

“It's beautiful, honey! Oh my God, this was so unexpected, thank you!” she expressed, shaking her head in disbelief. Her eyes inadvertently darted down to her son's crotch and lingered there for a moment. Just before her and Mila arrived, Justin had stroked his cock to full hardness, then tucked it back in his shorts. McKenzie could see the long tubular shape of his prick pushing out from beneath the

fabric. She quickly looked away in shame. “Well, I um...should probably get a shower.”

“I'll prepare us from salads for lunch,” said Mila, walking towards her brother as their mom disappeared from the kitchen. She stared into Justin's eyes suspiciously, stopping in front of him. “What exactly are you up to, Romeo?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” Justin answered, playing stupid.

“You know exactly what I mean. The roses, the sappy little love-poem...what's that all about?”

“Why does it have to be “about” something. Maybe I just want mom to know she's appreciated.”

“Yeah, or maybe you're trying to work your way between her fucking thighs,” Mila stated, with a teasing smirk.

“That's ridiculous! Why would you think that?”

“Because I lived in this house and I'm not a fucking idiot. You've been obsessed with mom since you were twelve.”

“Have not!”

“You have so! Do you think I didn't notice how much you constantly stare at her tits, while sporting your boy-boners around her. She's certainly got your attention over the years and now I think you're trying to get hers.”

“Then you would be wrong. I already have a girlfriend, remember?”

“Give me a break, Justin! Girlfriends don't mean shit! Mila giggled. “Boners don't lie either and you have a raging one in your pants RIGHT NOW! My guess is you got yourself nice n stiff, just before we walked in, so you could ‘wow’ mom with it.”

The boy knew if there was anyone that could read him like a book it was his older sister. There was nothing he couldn't talk to her about growing up and, to his knowledge, she never shared their discussions with anyone. Despite how she teased him, she was the one person he

trusted more than anyone. It was probably because she had a secret wild side herself. “So, if I did do that, would you think I’m a horrible person?” he asked.

“If you intentionally got your dick hard to impress mom?”

“Yeah.”

“No, why would I? You’re not the only guy in the world who wants to bang his mom, you know? I think it's cute.”

“Am I uh...being too obvious about it do you think?”

“No, this is creative...I like it,” Mila answered, looking back at the flowers. “How did you know mom loves pink roses though?”

“Do you promise you won't say anything?”

“Since when have I ever said ANYTHING about what you and I talk about to ANYONE?” Mila asked.

Justin knew she was right. They had discussed some heavy shit growing up. A lot of it was sexual in nature, and it just wasn't about experiences he was having, but things she was going through as well. He clearly recalled a discussion they'd had six months ago when Mila had discovered that she was a squirter. She didn't hesitate to go into graphic detail, telling Justin all about how she gushed on her husband's cock. When it came to their relationship it seemed that nothing was off limits conversation-wise, and any judgements were set aside. For this reason, he felt safe being honest with her.

“I found an old diary of mom's today, in the attic,” he admitted.

“An old diary, huh? From her younger years?”

“Yes, back when she was my age. In the diary she wrote about all about the things she liked back then. Sexual things. The kind of stuff that really turns her on.”

His sister's lips curled mischievously. “So, you're using it, like a ‘seduction guide,’ aren't you? You want to utilize those things in the book to turn mom on, so she'll fuck you.”

Justin shrugged his shoulders blushing. "Yeah, well, you know...I just thought that--"

"Justin, it's fine that you wanna fuck mom. Heavens knows I'm into some kinky shit too, so I'm certainly not one to judge you."

"You are?" the boy asked, giving his sister an inquisitive stare.

"Yes, but I DON'T fantasize about fucking dad, if that's what you're thinking."

"No, it wasn't, I was just...um, trying to imagine what it might be...that you're into."

"Well, we'll save that conversation for another day, ok? Right now, let's just focus on you and mom and this little plan of yours."

"Do you think I'm wasting my time? I mean, IT IS mom, and she's married to dad. They seem happy."

"How they seem to us may be no indication of how bad things could be in the bedroom. If dad's not giving mom enough dick, she could be receptive to someone who could, even if it is you. As far as "marriage" goes, a stupid fucking ring on someone's finger isn't gonna stop two people from beating their sex organs together."

"What if dad IS enough for her though? What if they have a great sex life?"

"Maybe they do, but even so, let's talk about what YOU have over dad. First, you have the Seduction Guide...all the secrets to what drives mom wild. I guarantee, even after years of marriage, there are some of those things that dad DOESN'T even know, which gives you the upper hand."

"True," Justin agreed.

"Second, mom's just a sexual creature, just like any other woman. She can easily be broken down, if tempted the right way," Mila explained. "This is where you also have the upper hand on dad. You're younger, in better shape and full of sexual vigor. You and

mom are peaking at the same time, which, sexually speaking, makes you a MUCH better suitor for her than dad.”

“That's why I wanted her to see how hard my dick can get.”

“That's a smart idea. I seriously doubt dad is just walking around with spontaneous boners. You need to show mom that your dick gets bigger and harder than dad's does. You're the alpha-male around here who's 'on the ready-line' to fuck a girl senseless, whenever the opportunity presents itself.”

“Agreed!” Justin nodded, loving that his sister was being so frank with him.

“Trust me, mom will notice those things, and it'll start to tear down her defenses really quick.”

“I hope so.”

“Meanwhile, I'll do my part to help you out,” Mila offered.

“How so?”

“I'm gonna start pointing out things about you to mom, that way I can really start getting the wheels in her head turning. Trust me, if we stick to this plan, you'll be nailing her to the mattress real soon.”

That evening, after talking to his girlfriend on the phone, Justin read some of his mom's diary, fascinated with learning more about the things that drove her wild back then. He guessed that not much had changed; that her being exposed to the things she described was sure to get her juices flowing, even now. One entry he read sparked some ideas.

“Trey Simmons is beast in bed! The things he did before we even got there had me so vulnerable, I was like putty in his hands. He started by sitting behind me and massaging my shoulders. The feel of his hardon against my ass nearly drove me crazy with desire. His hands began to roam to places where they probably shouldn't have, since it was our first date, but he had

me so relaxed and horny that I honestly didn't care. God, we ended up fucking like rabbits!"

The next morning Justin stayed in bed longer than usual, knowing his mom would eventually come knocking on his door to see if he was OK. He kept his cock hard so she would see it, but this time he wanted to take things one step further.

After dropping her daughter off at Day Care McKenzie arrived back home, curious to know why her son wasn't up yet. "Justin, are you awake?" she asked, tapping at his door. After getting no answer, she peeked in out of concern. "Honey?"

The mother gasped suddenly as she realized her son was still in bed, uncovered and completely naked. Her eyes immediately went to his morning wood. Justin was on his back, so his jutting erection rested on his abdomen, nearly reaching his belly button. *"My goodness!"* the mother marveled as she stood in the doorway gawking. She felt her cunt-tube clench and tingle excitedly. Her eyes traveled up his well-toned torso. *"He's in such great shape. No wonder he gets so many dates,"* she thought.

Justin could feel his mom's eyes on him as he lay there pretending to be asleep. He wanted so bad to peek his eyes open, so he could watch his mom stand there and lust over his cock, but he didn't dare, otherwise she might catch on to what he was really doing. He clenched his ass cheeks, making his boner flex, showing off its bugling veins, muscles and ligaments. This was immediately followed by the sound of his mom's sharp gasp. Several minutes had now passed since she entered the room, and he couldn't believe she was still standing there. *"Maybe she'll get brave enough to come touch me,"* he thought.

McKenzie didn't have that much courage, but over the past minute, she had crept inside his room and was now standing beside his bed. She stared down at the dreamy dong in fascination, studying its every detail, from the bulging dorsal veins and long muscled shaft to the puffy tube of his corpus spongiosum and swollen, pinkish-purple

glans. *“I had almost forgot how incredibly hard boys get at that age. Mitch NEVER gets that erect anymore,”* she thought, comparing her boy’s dick to her husband’s. She felt a trickle of pussy nectar seep from her fuck-slit.

Justin popped his eyes open, and for a few wonderful moments he watched his mom gaze open-mouthed at his cock. Even through her bra and cotton cami top he could see the fat nubs of her erect teats protruding out, showing her arousal. “Is everything OK, mom?” he finally asked.

McKenzie looked away from his prick awkwardly. “Oh, honey...yes, I was just, um...coming in to see if YOU were OK. You’re usually up by now,” she blushingly replied.

He made a poor attempt at covering himself. “Yeah, I’m alright. I just didn’t sleep very well last night.”

“Are you feeling sick?” McKenzie asked with concern.

“No, I feel fine. I just had a lot on my mind last night, that’s all. Are you sure you’re alright? You look a little flushed this morning.”

“I’m good,” McKenzie replied, looking him in the eyes and smiling awkwardly. She had, after all, just been staring at his piss-hardon for several minutes straight.

“Because if you’re not, and it would help, I COULD rub your shoulders for a few minutes.”

“R... rub my shoulders?”

“Yeah, you could sit here on the edge of my bed. I could sit behind you and rub your shoulders,” Justin reiterated, hoping she’d agree.

“Well, that does sound nice. I love shoulders massages. Do you think you should maybe...get dressed first?” she asked, glancing down at his crotch.

“I’m fine doing it like this, but if you want me to get dressed I can,” the boy replied. “If you feel uncomfortable, I mean.”

“No, um...you don't have to get dressed. I just...didn't want you to feel awkward.”

“I'm fine. In fact, maybe you should take a couple things off too, so I don't get any massage oil on your clothes,” Justin suggested.

“Massage oil?”

Justin opened the drawer to his bedside table and pulled out a bottle of massage oil. “Yeah, I have some heated oil we can use, while I massage you... unless you don't wanna use it?”

McKenzie stared at the bottle a moment. “Is that...cotton candy scented massage oil?” she asked.

“Yeah, I bought it a while ago. I just love the smell of it!”

Justin was lying. He had just purchased it yesterday, after reading several references to his mom's love of ‘cotton candy scented anything’ in her diary.

“I've always loved the scent of cotton candy!” she expressed.

“Well, I'd hate to get any of it on your outfit. Maybe you should at least take off your pants and top, then I'll do your shoulders.”

McKenzie hesitated a moment, then realized her son was quite old enough to handle seeing her in her bra and panties. Besides, she had just spent several minutes staring at his naked cock. Who was she to act the prude. “Sure...um, ok,” she muttered, then peeled her cami top off, unshrouding her giant, bra-clad breasts. The white floral-laced embroidered cups were stretched around her mammaries, leaving a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage exposed.

***“Fucking wow!”* Justin thought. His erection flexed beneath the sheet as he realized that he could just make out the wide, dusky-pink rings of his mom's areolas through the semi-sheer fabric. Next, she removed her jeans, revealing a matching pair of dainty panties. The lace fabric fit against her pubis snugly, molding to its puffy outline and creating a wonderful camel toe. “I should probably pull my bra**

straps down off my shoulders, so you don't get oil on those either," McKenzie stated.

"Good idea!" her son agreed. He watched her heavy tit-melons shift slightly downward as his mom pulled her bra straps off her shoulders.

"There...now, you want me on the, um...edge of the bed you said?" the mother asked.

"Sure! You can sit here," Justin answered, patting the spot between his legs. His mom turned, and he was met with the sight of her mostly naked ass. The thin strap of her G-string was tucked between her meaty butt cheeks. She plopped down between his legs, bumping his rigid cock with her ass-meat.

Justin squirted some oil on his hands, then began massaging his mom's shoulders. "Oh wow...that does feel good, honey!" McKenzie sighed.

"I'm glad you like it," her son answered. He could feel her nervous tension slowly melting away. Over the next few minutes Justin gave her the best shoulder massage he could, while gradually moving his crotch against her ass. It wasn't long before his erection was pointed upward, mashed against her rounded buttocks. The sheet separated their flesh, but it still felt amazing! Even through the fabric, McKenzie could feel how hot and incredibly rigid her son's cock was. "Let me return the favor," she whispered, gazing over her shoulder at him.

"You mean...massage me?" Justin asked.

"Yeah. I'll do your shoulders, and your neck. Lay back."

This certainly wasn't something he expected, but the teen wasn't about to turn her offer down. He scooted back some, to the center of his mattress and sprawled back, his boner still covered by the sheet, but forming an obvious tent-pole. Watching his mom follow him and straddle his loins was almost too good to be true. He let out an excited gasp as she lowered her mommy-muffin against his fuck-muscle, trapping it between their crotches. He could see enough

through the embroidered panel of lace fabric to know that his mom had a shaved pussy.

Arousal caused the blood vessels in McKenzie's vulva and clitoris to swell up, mashing against her boy's penile flesh through the fabric and sending tingles through her body. Justin's eyes traveled up her trim belly to the monstrous tits ballooning from her chest as McKenzie applied some oil to her hands.

"I have to admit, mom...the view's pretty good from down here," Justin confessed.

His mom peered down into his eyes and gave him a teasing smile. "Well...my view's not so bad either," she replied, letting her dreamy gaze travel down his lean hairless chest.

Just when Justin thought things couldn't get any better, they did. His mom leaned forward and began massaging his shoulders. This caused her tits to hang down, barely contained inside her bra and inches from his face.

"Holy shit!" the teenager's brain gasped as he stared at his mom dangling udders. Since her bra straps were down, the top hem of the two cups were just barely covering the upper fringes of her areolas. The mother felt Justin's stiff prick contract, swelling with even more blood and pressing tightly up between her nuzzling labial lips, like a sausage in a bun. Her boobies bobbed teasingly as she massaged her son's shoulders. The wide-eyed teen stared down into the cavernous canyon of her cleavage. *"Damn! What I'd give to have my face buried in there,"* he thought.

Justin wasn't the only one excited by what was happening. McKenzie's heart was racing and her breathing increased. Her genitals were now fully engorged, the muscles around her vaginal entrance tightening. This triggered the release of lubricating fluid from her cervix and Skene glands, preparing her smoldering coital tube for intercourse. She squirted more oil on her son's chiseled chest, their eyes locked together needfully before she began running her hand all over his upper half.

“I bet you have dozens of girls at school willing to do this sort of thing, including your new girlfriend,” the mother commented.

“Yeah, but none are as sexy as you,” her son replied.

“I’m your mother, Justin,” McKenzie blushed. “You really shouldn’t see me that way.”

“People can’t just change the way they feel about someone, mom.”

“No, but they can try to control it.”

***“How the fuck do you expect me to do that when your cunt’s against my cock and your tits are hanging in front of my face?”* the teen thought. He didn’t dare say it out loud though, because then his mom might agree, and climb off him. “I do my best to control it, but it’s not easy,” he shared.**

McKenzie worked the oil into her son's lower torso, marveling in fascination at the lean muscles of his six-pack abs. Her husband had them, once upon a time, but over the years they'd become covered in fat. She also couldn't remember the last time she had fit her twat down against something so incredibly hard. In fact, they could both feel how hot and throbbing their genitals were mashed together.

“I better put these bra straps back on before my boobs fall out,” McKenzie stated in amusement, then slipped them back over her shoulders. Justin could see the fat nubs of her erect nipples poking out beneath the fabric, causing him to lick his lips lustfully.

“You have the most beautiful boobs on the planet, mom,” the boy confessed, pouring on the compliments, just as he knew she liked to hear.

“Thanks, honey,” she blushed. “They’re heavy.”

“Well, they can be heavy and still be beautiful, right?”

“Yes. I’m sure most guys think so.”

“Dad's one lucky guy...that's all I have to say!” Justin uttered.

“Why, because his wife has big boobs?” McKenzie asked with a quirky smile.

“Yeah, I mean...if the girl I marry has boobs like yours I don't even think I'd be able to keep my hands off them...or my mouth!”

The mother burst out laughing. It didn't register consciously, but her body began to react in an inadvertent sexual manner; her hips subtly moving up and back, grinding against her son's cock. “Do you have boobs on the brain all the time, young man?” she asked him.

“I certainly do. I'm not gonna lie,” he replied. “Do YOU have anything on the brain?”

“Sure,” she answered, smiling down at him flirtingly.

“Like what? I shared my obsession with you.”

“That you did! Are you sure you wanna know what your own mom obsesses about though?”

“Sure!”

“Maybe I'm too embarrassed to look at you and say it,” she blushed.

“Well...you can always come down, hug me and whisper it in my ear.”

“Yeah? I think we both know why you want that,” McKenzie teased, thrusting her chest and making her giant jugs balloon out obscenely. A substantial amount of breast-meat was seeping out the cups.

“Sure, but then it's a win-win for both of us, right?” Justin asked.

“Fine, I'll hug you and whisper my obsession into your ear, then we better end this little massage session for today.”

“Understood!” Justin replied.

McKenzie lowered down on top of her son, flattening her fatty, bra-encased tits against his bare chest, making them distend out from between their bodies. “Ahhh!” Justin audibly sighed, feeling her spongy cleavage bulge up around his chin. His mom's nipples felt stiff

and rubbery prodding against his flesh. Her silky dark hair fell down the sides of their faces and smelt divine.

McKenzie brought her lips to his ear. "What do I obsess about, you ask?" she whispered, followed by a nod from her son. "I obsess about getting FUCKED...hard and deep!"

Her confession made her son tremble with excitement. His ass lifted from the bed, holding their fused crotches up in midair as his dick twitched in arousal. His mom pushed him back to the bed, then made two slow grinding motions along the length of his cock. This allowed her to feel it's unyielding hardness scrape deliciously between her wet pink flanges and crush against her swollen clitoral bulb. She gave her boy a quick, innocent kiss, then hopped off of him.

"Holy fucking hell!" Justin's mind exclaimed, in disbelief by what just happen.

The next day, while driving to Zumba class with her mother, Mila decided to speak to her about Justin. "Can I ask you a question?" she inquired, flashing her mother an inquisitive smile.

"Of course."

"And you won't give me that 'I'm your mother and we shouldn't be having this conversation' bullshit?"

"I think we've always managed to have an open line of communication between the two of us," McKenzie pointed out.

"What's your question?"

"Does Justin turn you on?"

McKenzie got shocked expression. "OK, umm...I certainly didn't expect THAT type of question," she stated.

"Well, you did say we had an 'open line of communication,' so shouldn't that mean I be allowed to ask you anything?"

“Yes, ok, well then...the answer to your question is no. Of course, he doesn't turn me on. He's...my son.”

“Mom, you're lying!”

“Why do you think I'm lying?”

“Because I've known you my whole life. I know when you're lying. Look, I realize it's Justin we're talking about, but it's a judgement free zone between you and me. We should be able to tell each other anything, even if it has to do with family members. Remember that time I was honest with you about wanting to fuck Cody?”

“Your Cousin, Cody?”

“Yeah.”

“Yes, I do remember that, but Cody was only nine years old at the time, honey. You were almost seventeen.”

“I know, it was wrong and perverted, but my point is we talked about it, you and me. We trusted each other. If you wanna bang Justin's balls off I'm not gonna judge you for it. Just be honest!”

“Fine!” McKenzie blurted, mustering up some courage to share her true thoughts. “Your brother has been...capturing my attention here lately.”

“Sexually?”

“Yes, sexually.”

Mila smile in satisfaction. “Keep going...”

“I think he's trying to seduce me into having sex with him, and the strange thing is...he's doing everything right!”

“Such as, what?”

“Such as...buying me pink roses with a touching love-poem attached. Giving me massages and compliments. Displaying the bulge of his erection every time he gets a chance. These are all things that drive me insane!”

“Have you considered letting him fuck you?” Mila brazenly asked.

“No! Mila, it's your brother!”

McKenzie's daughter gave her a look of doubt. “Mom??”

“What?!” she asked, looking on the verge of laughing.

“We're being honest, remember? Have you thought about letting Justin bang the shit out of you?”

“Yes!” she shouted, “but you and I both know that CAN'T happen!”

“Ha! He has a cock, and you have a pussy...it most certainly CAN happen!”

“You know what I mean. I'm his mother and I'm married...to your dad.”

“Mom, that doesn't mean shit and you know it. We all know that Aunt Tina took her son to that secret training camp for boys, in the tropics, and fucked his brains out for a week. She's supposedly ‘happily married,’ just like you are, so don't give me any of that ‘it can't happen’ bullshit!”

“Mila, I'm not cheating on your father...with your brother.”

“But you want to...don't you?”

McKenzie looked over at her daughter and rolled her eyes. “YES...I do! There, are you happy?”

“Are you being serious, or are you just telling me that to shut me up?” Mila asked.

McKenzie let out a deep sigh. “I love Justin, as a son...but I also find him extremely gorgeous and charming. Yes, lately...I HAVE been thinking about what it would be like...to have passionate sex with him,” she confessed.

“It would probably be amazing!”

McKenzie let out a giggle. “Then why don't YOU fuck him?!” she stated.

“Because I’m clearly not the one he wants. You are!”

“So, you mean to tell me, if it was you, he was trying to seduce, that you'd cheat on Rodney...with your brother?”

“In a heartbeat! Justin's gorgeous! Why do you think he has the Prom queen for a girlfriend? Mom, we both love our husbands, but let's face it...you and I know there's nothing like a teenage boy in the bedroom. The way they fuck...all full of sexual energy! Not to mention their ability to bounce back and stay fully hard!”

“Your brother certainly has the hardest one I've ever seen,” McKenzie added, then realized what she was implying. “I um...went to wake him up the other morning and he was uncovered.”

“You and I have both experienced huge dicks like that inside us before, mom. We both know what they can do to us. Justin could probably make you cum so hard that you'd lose your fucking mind. Why deny yourself that?” Mila asked.

“I don't know if I want your brother seeing me like that. I might shock him to death.”

“I'm sure he's seen plenty of girls lose their minds and gush all over his fat prick. Besides, you deserve it. I'm sure dad's not blowing your socks off lately.”

“Not hardly,” McKenzie snickered. “If I get one orgasm before he shoots off here lately, I'm lucky.”

“Then you shouldn't feel a drop of guilt cheating on him. Fuck, mom...you're in your prime! You shouldn't have to settle with some 'two-pump-chump' like dad dictating how much pleasure you get.”

“True. I love your father, but I'll admit...I do miss getting royally fucked, like I did when I was younger,” McKenzie admitted.

“It's YOUR decision, mom. All I'm saying is...if I were in your position, I know what I would do.”

The next morning, after reading in the diary about a sexy encounter his mom had when she was his age, Justin decided to hit the mall. His goal was to purchase her some negligee, just like ones she described that were given to her by her boyfriend at the time. The way she went on and on about how much she adored the outfit made Justin determined to find one just like it.

After arriving home from the mall, Justin placed the lingerie and heels he'd purchased on his bed, in just the right position, so they could be seen from his doorway. He prided himself in the fact that they were an exact match to the outfit his mom had described in her Seduction Guide. The color, the style...everything was spot on. It was only a matter of a few minutes before his mom, McKenzie, showed up in his doorway wearing snug jeans and a form-fitting sweater. "Hey, sweetie...how was your shopping excursion?" she asked.

"Good...I found everything I was looking for," he replied, motioning to the lingerie.

McKenzie stepped into his room; her brilliant blue eyes fixed on the sexy negligee displayed neatly on his bed. "What's this?" she asked.

"Oh, just some lingerie I bought for my girlfriend."

The heavy-breasted mother lifted the nightie from his mattress. "How strange," she whispered as if in deep reflection.

"What's strange...the outfit?"

"No, the outfit's beautiful, it's just...well, I had something just like this, a long time ago. My boyfriend bought it for me...when I was your age."

"Wow, how ironic!" Justin muttered, trying to act surprised. Little did she know that he had already read all about it in her diary, including what her and her boyfriend had done after she'd put it on. He could tell his mom was in love with it, so he mustered up all the courage he could to ask the big question. "Do you wanna try it on?"

Justin's mother fed him a blank stare, almost as if she couldn't believe he had just posed that question. "Try it on?" she repeated.

"Yeah...since it reminds you of something you had once. I don't mind if you wanna try it."

"Oh, trust me...I would love to try it on, but this is for your girlfriend. I don't wanna—"

"She'll have no idea you had it on, mom. In fact, if you like it enough...I might just give it to YOU and buy her something else."

"Oh, Justin...I would never expect you to do something like that."

"I wouldn't mind giving it to you, but could I at least see it on you first?" he boldly asked, anxious to see how she'd react to such a question.

"In this?! Oh, sweetie...this isn't the type of thing I should be wearing in front of you."

"Why not? I'm an adult now, plus I did spend a pretty dime on it. It would be cool to see SOMEONE beautiful wearing it."

McKenzie's heart melted from hearing such a compliment. "That's so sweet of you to say, but...well, you do know this lingerie is sheer, right?" she asked.

"Of course! That's one of the things that makes it so sexy."

Justin's mother couldn't believe how closely the nightie resembled the one her boyfriend had bought her all those years ago. Even the floral-laced trim was the same. Not only that, but the matching high heeled mules were just her size. She was surprised that her son was offering the outfit for her to keep but had mixed feelings about him seeing her in it. On the 'lingerie risqué level,' this rated up there high. However, she knew she would feel terribly guilty keeping the outfit, without at least indulging him in his one simple request.

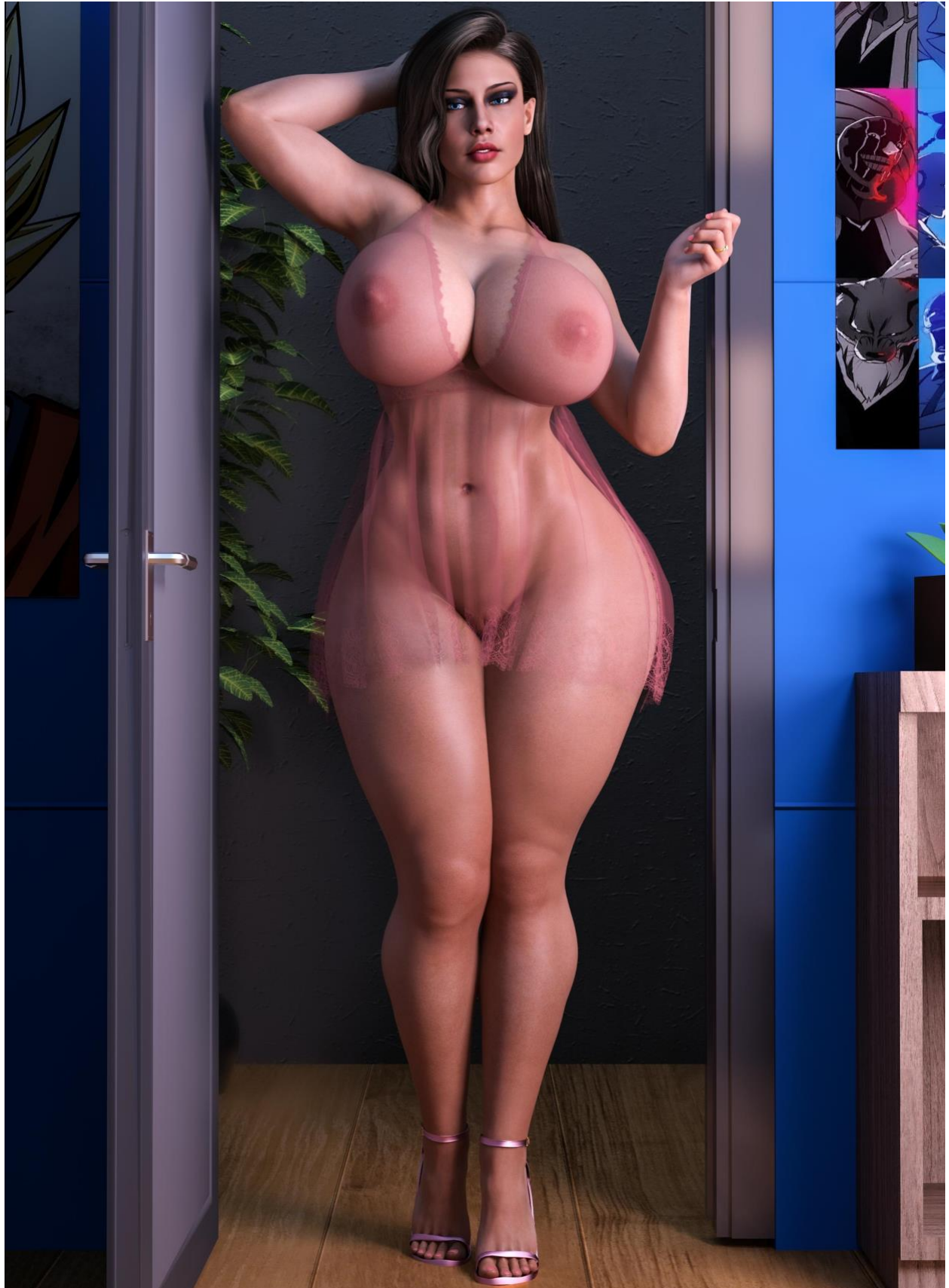
"If I let you see me in this...will you promise not to tell anyone?" McKenzie asked.

“Of course. Why would I tell someone?”

“I’m not saying you would, it’s just that...well, IT IS pretty revealing. I wouldn’t want anyone knowing I modeled this in front of you, especially your father.”

“Trust me, mom...my lips are sealed.”

“Alright then,” said McKenzie anxiously, “I’ll be right back. It was the longest ten minutes of Justin’s life. He didn’t even know his mom had returned until he heard her sweet voice from his bedroom doorway. “Well...what do you think?” she asked.



The teen's jaw lowered in awe as he stared across his room at her. His mom was wearing the skimpy babydoll nightie, which was pale pink in color and completely sheer. This allowed him to see her supersized tits, almost as clearly as if they were naked. McKenzie's teats were thick and turgid, protruding from her wide areolar rings. The nightie fell just below her crotch, but that hardly mattered, since Justin could see her shaved pubis through the transparent fabric. "You look stunning, mom!" the boy exclaimed. His lust-filled eyes drifted down her silky legs, to her feet, which were propped in four-inch pink mules, with a sexy single strap circling her ankles. "You think so?" she asked proudly. "What about the back?"



She gracefully twirled around, making her heavy boobs wobble back and forth as she displayed the backside of the nightie. Justin gasped at the sight of her bare buttocks, which was plainly visible through the sheer silk. Her ass-cheeks were thick and rounded, crowning the backs of the most gorgeous legs the boy had ever seen. He suddenly remembered what she wrote in her diary about how she loved guys who already had girlfriends dotting on her. "Dang, mom...you look WAY more amazing in that than my girlfriend probably would," he confessed, feeling his erect cock push against the crotch of his jeans."

"My, sweetie...you really know how to charm a girl with words, don't you?" McKenzie blushing remarked.

"It's true...though, I do think you look amazing," Justin answered, then thrust his tent-pole out. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Yes...VERY obvious!" McKenzie smiled, her eyes widening as she stared at his dick bulge. "It's nice to know I still have what it takes to harden a teenage penis."

"If it gets any harder, I think it's gonna burst right out of my jeans, like the Incredible Hulk!" Justin joked.

"Oh, well...we don't want you to ruin your jeans, honey. Maybe you should just take it out."

Justin was over the moon that she had just made such a suggestion. "You asked for it!" he said, lowering his jeans, then his briefs and stepping out of them. His long hunky dick bobbed on his loins, branching out stiffly. He loved the way his mom was staring at it, admiring its impressive size and rigidity. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Well, if I see your girlfriend walking funny...I'll know the two of you just had sex. That thing is a monster!" McKenzie exclaimed, her cunt-tube clenching over and over as if yearning to be stuffed full.

“Well...this ‘monster’ needs a cave to hide in. Do you know where he can find one?” Justin joked, willing to sound sappy in order to fuck his mother as soon as possible.

“Ha, ha! Very funny! Maybe you should yank on that monster instead; see if you can beat some semen out of him,” McKenzie suggested.

Her comment made Justin remember an entry in her diary, where she talked about how much it turned her on watching a guy jerk off in front of her. “That’s not a bad idea. Wanna sit and watch me jerk off?” he asked her.

His mom fed him a naughty smile, hesitating a moment. “Sure! Let me shut your door first. Not that anyone’s due home any time soon, but I’m not taking any chances,” she nervously stated.

Justin was already stroking the knob of his cock, licking his lips as he watched his mom sashay to his door. Her rounded rump swayed atop her gorgeous legs, and he hoped that soon he’d get to feel the delicious-looking derriere beating against his midsection. He wasn’t quite to that point in seducing her yet, but he was certainly making quick progress.

McKenzie closed and locked his bedroom door, then made her way his direction, her heavy, fleshy tits bobbling beneath the sheer nightie with every step. She watched her boy’s hand squeeze his glans. “Starting without me?” she teased, then sat on the edge of his bed. Now she had a front row seat, so she could watch her son beat his boner.

“Looking at your amazing ass makes it hard not to wanna touch myself,” Justin admitted.

“Why is that? Are you having naughty thoughts about mommy’s ass?”

“Always!”

“Always, huh?” McKenzie asked, raising an eyebrow. “And here I thought it was just my huge boobs you were obsessed with.”

“I’m obsessed with all of you, mom. Every inch!”

McKenzie gazed into his eyes lustfully. “Well, maybe...just maybe...I’m obsessed with you too. Every inch! Although...” she said, staring back at his cock, “there is about nine inches of you that I’m MOST obsessed with.”

Justin heart raced excitedly. He could hardly believe where this conversation was going. “You’re a pretty good judge of size,” he told her.

“I know a big dick when I see one,” she replied with a flirty wink.

“Will you lay back and spread your legs for me, while I stroke?” Justin boldly asked, wanting to push things even further.

“I suppose I could do that,” she replied, standing back up, “but maybe I should undress first.”

Justin watched his mom peel off the pink nightie. Then, she bent over in front of him to unbutton the straps of her heels. Doing this made her juicy bubble butt point straight at him. Her buns were now slightly separated, exposing the rosy-colored ring of her butthole to his ogling eyes. Below it, her puffy outer labium formed a hairless clamshell of vulvar meat. Before raising back up, McKenzie peeked back at him and smiled. “You’re stroking awfully hard all of the sudden, honey. Do you see some things back there that are getting you excited?”

“Uh-huh,” Justin replied, staring lustfully.

“Well, now that I have you all worked up, let me get on the bed and spread these pretty legs, just like you requested.”

McKenzie stepped out of the heels and sprawled on the bed. She opened her legs in the widest spread Justin had ever seen, so her dainty feet pointed towards opposite sides of his bedroom. “There...is this how you wanted me?” she asked.



“Damn it, mom...that's fucking hot!” her son exclaimed, staring at her smooth, thick thighs. He could see the pink inner flanges of her labia peeking from her outer folds. It was all he could do to keep from pouncing and fucking her to the moon and back.

**“You think it’s hot, honey? Does it make you wanna get nasty?”
McKenzie asked.**

“Real nasty!”

**“Yeah? I bet it makes you think about fucking hot pussy, doesn't it?”
she asked, gazing at him with her brilliant blue eyes.**

“God, yes!” Justin answered, stroking his boner even harder.

**“It makes you think about beating it through a fuck hole just like this
one,” said McKenzie thrusting her cunt mound up a few times, “and
getting your dick all wet and tingly.”**

**Justin suddenly got a brilliant idea. “Will you rub your pussy...while I
stroke myself?” he boldly asked.**

“Hmm, if I do that for you...what do I get in return?”

**“Whatever you want,” Justin answered, then suddenly remembered
reading in her diary about something she loved a guy to do when he
was masturbating in front of her. “Wait, I know... I'll cum on your
tits!”**

**She fed him a strange smile. “What are you, a mind reader or
something?” she asked.**

“No, just, um...something I thought you might like.”

**“Well, just so you know...you've been spot on with a lot of things I
like the past few days. The roses with the love-poem, the cotton
candy massage oil, the lingerie. That's all information I've only kept
in my...”**

**McKenzie’s expression suddenly changed. Her fat jugs jostled as she
closed her legs, then stood up off the bed and glared at her son.**

“Hand it over, Justin!” she demanded.

“Hand what over?” he asked.

“Don't play stupid with me. You know what!”

“Mom, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“So, I should be able to march into the attic right now and find my High School diary, in the box that I was keeping it in, is that what you’re saying?”

Justin realized that he'd been had. If he didn't spill the beans now, he'd be forced to after his mom went upstairs and saw that her diary wasn't in the box. “I'm sorry, I just...stumbled by it the other day, when I was looking for that box you wanted,” he confessed.

“It was in a different box, that was taped up. You didn't ‘stumble by’ anything, Justin. You snooped in there, found it and ripped open the lock so you could read it, didn't you?”

“No, I used the key. I didn't damage your book.”

“Oh, you mean ‘the key,’ that was in my jewelry box, which means you snooped through my bedroom too?!”

“Mom, I was gonna put it back, I swear!”

“Yeah, after you used the personal stuff in there to seduce your way into my panties! Well, guess what, Justin...you can forget all about that now! You're a snoop and a fake! Now give me my diary back!” his mom sternly demanded.

Justin walked over to the dresser, retrieved the diary from his drawer and handed it to her. His mom fed him the most disappointed look that he'd ever seen. “And just to think that I was ready to cheat on your father with a phony!” she stated, then marched out of his bedroom bare ass naked.

Justin avoided his mom the rest of the day, even skipping dinner, which didn't go unnoticed by his father. “Where's Justin? Is he not feeling well?” Mitch asked his wife as they sat at the table.

McKenzie was clearly still not in the best of moods. “You'd have to ask him that question,” she replied. “I haven't spoken to him in a while.”

“Is everything OK? Did you two get into an argument today or something?”

“We're fine, Mitch. You don't need to worry about it,” his wife answered.

Mitch certainly didn't want to feed the fire by getting involved, so he didn't push the issue. “Ok, I'll stay out of it then,” he muttered.

“Thank you,” his wife muttered, picking at her food.

Justin was at the park the next morning shooting baskets when his sister pulled up in her vehicle. She got out and walked over to talk to him. “Are you ignoring my phone calls now, asshole?” she joked.

“Sorry, I shut my phone off.”

“So, I heard you blew it with mom.”

“She told you?”

“Yep,” Mila nodded. “I don't think I've ever seen her that upset. You'd think she broke up with a longtime boyfriend or something.”

“I was stupid. I should have never went snooping into her diary.”

“You weren't stupid, Justin...you were just sloppy. You were so spot on with your seduction techniques that mom figured it out. What you should have done was mixed in a little bit of YOU in there,” Mila explained.

“Me in there?”

“Yeah, used SOME of what you read from her diary, but also seduced mom with ideas of your own. You should have got her excited about something new. Maybe something kinky, that she's never experienced before. Something that would soak her panties!”

Justin turned and took a shot with the ball, getting nothing but net.

“Well, I guess it's too late for any of that now,” he muttered.

“Not necessarily. Mom is still obsessed with you, Justin. That hasn't changed, I guarantee it. She lusts after YOU...not the roses, not the

massage oil or lingerie you offered to give her. She's upset, yes, but I really don't think she'll give up on the idea of fucking you this easy."

"Yeah, but if I start pouring on the attention, buying her more stuff. She could get pissed at me all over again, especially if I do something like what's written in her diary," Justin expressed.

"Then take a different approach."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you have a girlfriend, don't you? Start doting on her more and watch how jealous mom gets. She'll be so pissed off that your attention's not on her anymore that SHE'LL start trying to seduce YOU! It's fucked up, I know, but that's how we women roll," Mila advised.

"Do you really think that'll work?"

"Yeah, I do, but just remember...when things start rolling your way again, just be yourself. Don't try to replicate an experience from mom's past. Give her new ones!"

"Got it! Hey...and, um...thanks for all the advice," said Justin with a grateful smile. "It means a lot."

"Yeah, well...I may be your sister, but my therapy services don't come free. After you've experienced having your cock milked off by mom, you're gonna owe me."

"Owe you what?"

"We can talk about that later. And you're not fucking my pussy, so don't even give me that look."

"What look?" Justin asked.

"Right now, you need to focus on mom," Mila reiterated.

"Don't you mean focus on my girlfriend?"

“Exactly, but make sure and throw it in mom’s face. Trust me...if you’re not balls deep in mom's cunt by this time tomorrow I’ll be shocked.”

That evening Justin was wrapping a gift on his bed. He kept his door open, hoping his mom would walk by. He certainly didn't expect her to stop in his doorway. “Dinner's almost ready,” she told him.

“Thanks, mom, but I'm going out to eat with my girlfriend tonight.”

McKenzie lingered in his doorway a moment, seeming disappointed. “Justin, I’m sorry I snapped at you yesterday, but we can’t just go on avoiding each other. Can we just put what happened behind us and move on?” she asked.

“I'm not avoiding you. I just wanna spend more time with my girlfriend, that's all.”

The mother couldn't ignore the pangs of jealousy she was feeling. When she noticed the gift on his bed being wrapped with heart-covered wrapping paper it certainly didn't help. “What are you wrapping?” she asked.

“The lingerie you tried on yesterday. I can't return it, so I figured I might as well give it to my girlfriend.”

“Well, according to what you told me yesterday it was supposed to go to her anyway, or was that a lie also?”

“I thought we were putting this behind us, mom?” Justin asked.

“We are, but I just want you to remember something,” McKenzie replied, glaring at her son jealously. “She won’t look nearly as hot in that lingerie as I do.”

The mother left his doorway and Justin smiled in satisfaction. He couldn’t have asked for that interaction to have gone any better. Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, it was time to move on to phase two. After going out to eat with his pretty girlfriend,

Justin brought her back to his house. It was something he rarely did, but he knew it was sure to ruffle his mother's feathers. Now all he had to do was fuck the hell out of Georgia and make her scream loud enough for his mom to hear it down the hallway.

"You have some balls, you know that?!" his mother fumed as she stood in his doorway the next morning with her hands on her hips.

"What did I do?"

"You know what you did, Justin! Don't bring her around here anymore!"

Justin smiled inwardly. He was hoping his mom would react this way. He took a moment to study what she was wearing, which was a sexy brown, ribbed knit romper. It was clear she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her nipples were poking out. He couldn't help but wonder if that were intentional. "Mom, Georgia's my girlfriend. Why can't I bring her around?" he asked.

"I think you know why. Could you two have been any louder last night?"

"I have no control over how loud she is," Justin stated.

"Oh, you most certainly did have control over how loud she 'GOT OFF' last night! Don't play coy with me, Justin!"

"Whatever, mom! Her and I were talking about maybe getting our own apartment anyway," he replied.

Getting an apartment was a lie, of course. Justin and his girlfriend were nowhere near that point in their relationship. However, he knew by telling mom this it was sure to get her even more worked up.

"Your own apartment?!" she exclaimed, making her boobies wobble.

"You guys just barely started going out!"

"I know, but we really like each other, and now that we've both graduated, we think it might be the next best step for us."

“Justin, you really should take your time and think about this. Moving in with someone is a huge commitment,” McKenzie reminded him.

“It’s not a sure thing, mom. Like I said, we’re talking about it.”

Now that Justin had planted the fake idea in mom’s head, that he may be moving in with his girlfriend, he decided to switch gears, with a romantic plan that he had come up with, all on his own. “Remember that trail we hiked together as a family, when I was like...twelve? The one that went through that beautiful prairie out in the country?” he asked.

“Yes, I remember, why?” his mom asked, as she gracefully sashayed to his bed and sat down next to him. The way she crossed her lovely legs was meant to draw her son’s attention to them.

“I’ve really been wanting to take a hike out there again. I was thinking about going today, since it’s so warm out. Wanna come along?”

He certainly didn’t have to twist McKenzie’s arm to get her to agree, but she did feel a bit bad about how she’d treated him the past two days. “Are you sure you wanna spend time with your bitchy old mom today?” she asked.

“You were bitchy, yes, but with good reason. I snooped and lied to you. Like you said though, we should put it behind us and move on.”

McKenzie’s lips curled into a warm smile. “Agreed. I’ll get changed,” she stated.

After a twenty-minute car ride outside of town, they arrived at the beginning of “Prairie Trail.” McKenzie was surprised when her son pulled a stuffed backpack out of the trunk. “Are we camping up here and you didn’t tell me?” she teased.

“No, but I thought a picnic would be nice, so I brought some things.”

“Wow, you’re making a whole date of this, aren’t you?” his mom asked, playfully jabbing him in the ribs.

They walked the trail together, surprised that they had it all to themselves on such a beautiful day. McKenzie wore sexy Daisy Duke shorts, a snug cami top and hiking boots. After about a half-mile walk, the trees gave way to a beautiful prairie, with tall grass that gently wavered in the breeze. “I forgot how beautiful this trail was. It’s been so many years since we’ve been out here,” McKenzie stated.

“That’s why I wanted to come back sometime,” Justin told her. “The part I remember most though was walking behind my gorgeous mother and watching her ass sway.”

McKenzie started laughing. “Justin, you were twelve!” she remarked.

“A kid can’t be obsessed with his mom’s ass at twelve?”

“I thought it was my huge boobs you were obsessed with?” she teased.

“Well, yeah, but I couldn’t very well walk backwards in front of you and stare at those, could I?” he pointed out.

“Good point! That may have been a little too obvious.”

“Let’s find a spot to have our picnic,” Justin suggested, then left the trail, heading into the tall grass. His mom followed, and after a short walk, the teen plopped the backpack down. “How about here?”

“It’s as beautiful a spot as any,” his mom replied.

Justin unzipped his backpack and pulled out an inflatable air mattress and pump. “Is that an air mattress?” McKenzie giggled.

“I figured if we’re going to be picnicking, we might as well do it comfortably,” her son replied. “I have a tent packed also; in case we’re feeling REALLY adventurous.” Justin knew his mom had never been camping, so chances are...being naughty in a tent was something she’s never tried. He just hoped she’s be as excited about

the idea as she was some of the experiences she had written in her High School diary.

“Why not!” she smiled. “What can I do to help?”

“Just do what you do best, mom; stand there and look pretty.”

McKenzie fed him a mischievous grin. **“Well, that’s sweet of you to say, but just so you know, that’s NOT what I do best,” she revealed.**

“What do you do best then?” Justin asked, having a feeling she’d say something naughty.

“Maybe I’ll tell you, once we’re inside the tent,” she winked.

The teen had the tiny tent erected and thick mattress pumped up and situated inside in no time. He even placed a fitted sheet over it for added comfort. They removed their hiking boots, then crawled inside together and zipped the door behind them. **“Well...isn’t this cozy?” McKenzie commented, smiling over at her son as they lay on their sides, facing each other, only a foot apart.**

“Now, about that comment you made outside?” Justin inquired. “You know... that thing you were gonna tell me, once we were inside the tent.”

“I have no recollection of that,” McKenzie joked, getting a cute innocent look.

“I do! It was something about you telling me what you do best.”

“Oh, that...well, take a guess!” the mother requested, gazing him in the eyes. “I’ll give you a hint. It starts with F and ends in K, and there’s a couple letters in between.

“FORK?!” Justin teased.

“Yeah, that’s it!” the mother laughed, making her tit-meat quiver beneath her snug top. “Forking is what I do best!”

“Fork yeah!” Justin shouted.

When his mom stopped laughing, she had another one to add. “Stop FORKING around and kiss me, Justin!”

For a moment, they shared a magical gaze, before McKenzie continued speaking. “That IS why you brought me out her, right? That’s why you set up this tent for us? So we could kiss...and FORK our asses off?” she asked.

“Not exactly,” Justin replied.

“No?” his mom asked, her face frowning in disappointment. “What then?”

“I brought you out here so I could devour your pussy and make you cum all over my face,” he confessed.

McKenzie’s heart skipped a beat and her eyes widened. She felt her engorged clitoris throb beneath it’s fleshy hood. “Well, I, um...certainly won’t stop you, if that’s what you want.”

“It is!” he replied, excitement flowing through him.

“Haven’t you tasted my pussy enough from all those panties you’ve been stealing out of my hamper for years?” she teased.

“You mean while I was dreaming about tasting it from the source?”

“Alright...well, um...do you want me to tease you, by taking off my shorts and panties very slowly, or do you just wanna rip ‘em off my fucking body and dive in?” she sensually asked.

“The second choice!” Justin replied, anxiously staring over at her.

“I’m all yours.”

Justin suddenly sprung onto his knees, quickly scrambling between his mom's parting legs as she rolled onto her back. He shucked off her Daisy Duke shorts in a flash, then grabbed the hem of her gray panties, tugging the thin straps down over her lush hips. He glanced up at his mom's face, delighted by her sexually excited expression, while he forcefully pulled the dainty panties down her legs and off.

McKenzie drew her knees back, splaying open her thick thighs, exposing a bull's-eye target of shave pussy her boy. "Fuuuck!" Justin whimpered excitedly, staring at her juicy genitals. Her thick labial flanges were unfurled, like the petals of an exotic pink flower in full bloom. Crowning her coral gash, was the engorged tissue of her clitoral prepuce. The teen "dove in" face first, laving his lusty licker through his mom's pussy folds, making her gasp sharply.

"OH, MY FUCKING GOD!!" Justin's mind wondrously buzzed, as he took in the fragrant aroma, the sweet tang of her cuntal excretions and the delightful feel of her tumescent, fleshy folds against his face.

McKenzie slouched down onto the aircushion, arching her back in pleasure, making her oversized knockers balloon skyward and threaten to rip right out of her bra and thin cotton top. She let out a girlish squeal, feeling her son carve his tongue beneath her clitoral hood and across the fat bulb of her glans.

Justin snarled, like a starving dog who'd just been given a juicy steak. He sucked her engorged love-nubbin into his mouth and scrubbed it with his tongue, making his mom writhe in pleasure. Then, he kissed the mouth of her pleasure-pit, pressing his face deep in her vestibule, licking it's fringes and savoring the sweet cuntal nectar that seeped from her horny orifice. He couldn't wait to bury his erect cock in there and feel all that wonderful pink tissue smother the fruit of his manhood, right down to the root of his erection.

Out here on the prairie, miles from anyone, McKenzie had no reservations about letting out the loudest orgasmic scream she could as her cunt creamed on her son's face. Her heavy titted body trembled violently, while locking her thick thighs around her son's head, trapping him against her quivering cunt. To Justin, this was like a wild dream come true. After years of getting little samplings from her panties, he was finally getting the main course.

After receiving a divine, twenty-minute oral assault, McKenzie pushed her son onto his back and climbed to her knees. Justin watched her quickly shed the rest of her clothing. Her huge H-cup tits

wobbled deliciously as they sprung from her bra, her nipples sticking out, thick and erect. Justin threw off his shirt, but his mom took care of the rest, eagerly shedding his shorts and briefs. Her mouth was on his bobbing cock in a flash, licking it all over. "My turn!" she gasped, then sunk his prick between the ring of her lips and began sucking.

Justin panted in delight, watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his love-muscle. Her dangling tits jostled around heavily to the rhythm of her cock-sucking tempo. When she came up for air, McKenzie darted her thick pink tongue all over his glans, making her teen's body tremble in pleasure.

She plunged his cock in her mouth again, this time taking him into her throat. Her obscenely-stretched lips kissed his cock-base, showing her boy that she was perfectly capable of taking him to the balls. She came back up and gasped for air.

"I need you to fuck me, Justin!" McKenzie whimpered, grabbing his arm and guiding him down on top of her. She certainly would have loved to have sucked his cock and balls for longer, but this mother desperately needed a royal fucking.

Coming down on top of his mom was a surreal moment, since it was something that Justin had wanted to do for so long. His boner was so fucking stiff it almost hurt. He ran it through her juicy labium first, scraping it across her sensitive clit. Then, he reared back and fit the barbed tip against her steamy entrance. Mother and son both let out a satisfied gasp, as the crown of Justin's horny peter stretched her opening and sunk inside her.

McKenzie grasps his ass cheeks with both hands, sinking her nails into his flesh as she desperately pulled their crotches together. Sure, she had experienced plenty of cocks in her lifetime, but something about her son's felt absolutely perfect! Their bodies wasted no time going into fuck-mode. Justin began to thrust steadily, making their bellies beat together, and his mother wrapped her silky legs high around his back, to facilitate the deepest penetration she could get.

Their lips were drawn together like magnets, fusing in open ovals, so their tongues could duel inside Justin's mouth.

The sound of SMACKING flesh filled the inside of the tent as they wrestled in a wild fuck. McKenzie's fat mommy-tits were crushed against her boy and sloshed uncontrollably between them. The muscles in their legs and asses flexed and strained as they pounded their horny genitals together in a glorious union. The last time they were at this location together, Justin was just a young boy, first learning about the mysteries of sex. Being wrapped in his beautiful mother's body and having his penis buried inside her seemed like such a impossible dream. Now, here he was, six years later, at that same location, fucking her savagely with his huge, fully developed cock. It was a satisfying sense of accomplishment.

McKenzie had forgotten how divine it felt to be pounded by a teenage cock. She could feel her son's rock hardness and youthful exuberance with every thrust. His jutting boner thundered through her fuck-hole, lubricated by a combination of cuntal juices and the pre-ejaculate that seeped from her son's piss-slit. The strong slab of penile meat ignited the pleasure sensors along her spongy pleated lining, which soon had her trembling and howling in a powerful, full body orgasm.

"AHHH, FUCK!" Justin groaned, feeling her powerful cunt muscles clench, while female ejaculate erupted from her urethra, swirling around his pummeling peter-meat. This set off a series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles and around his anus. The nerves causing these contractions quickly sent a message to his brain, triggering his own fierce climax.

For several mind blowing minutes, they bucked and writhed in fuck-passion as thick, potent ropes of baby batter erupted from Justin's cunt-smothered knob, splattering along the quivering walls of McKenzie's vagina.

The huge-titted mother clawed at her boy, holding his frame with her arms and warm, circled legs; kissing him passionately. My marveled

at how that cute twelve-year-old boy, who hiked the trail with her years ago, had become such a gorgeous, charming, big dicked stud.

“You’re not going soft,” the mother whispered, after they laid there together for a moment holding each other.

“Was I supposed to?” Justin chuckled.

“No...not at your age. I’m just not used to that. Your father’s dick goes soft almost immediately after we have sex. Having a huge, hard cock that’s ready to go a second time is refreshing,” she replied, tightening her fuck muscles around him.

“Then you’d be ok with me fucking you again right now?”

“Are you kidding me? YOU BETTER fuck me again right now!”

Justin pulled out of her and rose to his knees. His bobbing boner was shimmering and dripping with orgasmic juices. “How do you want it?” he eagerly asked.

“Hmm, well...how did you imagine us doing it...back when you were twelve and dreaming about fucking me?” she asked with a sinister grin.

“How DIDN'T I imagine it, mom? In my fantasies we were doing every way possible!”

“Well, that sounds like a challenge I'd be willing to accept, but for now, why don't you lay on you back and let mommy ride you,” she requested.

“Yes, ma’am!”

Justin sprawled on his back, then watched his mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. He licked his lips anxiously, staring at her bobbling bosom. He simply couldn't wait to suck on their big swollen nipples. McKenzie grasped his cock and guided it back inside her fuck-hungry vagina. The feel of her son’s meaty spike sinking to her cervix literally took her breath away.

“You’re not really planning on moving in with your girlfriend, are you?” the mother asked, flexing her pelvic floor muscles, so her cunt tube tightened around her son's stiff pecker.

Justin sighed at the sensation of her hot pussy gripping him. “I’m not moving anywhere!” he replied.

“Good answer, honey!”

The beautiful brunette mother began riding his cock, bouncing up and down masterfully. From his vantage point, Justin was treated to a real show, gawking at his mom's king-sized tits as they bounced and rippled wonderfully while she fucked him. As the minutes passed, the spectacle got even more thrilling. His mom's pretty face twisted in pleasure and she let out an ear-piercing scream as she was hit with a powerful, body-trembling climax.

McKenzie alternated between thrusting and grinding, showing her skills at fucking. She adored the feel of her boy's strong vein-encrusted erection stirring through her as she swiveled up and back in full penetration. She leaned down, resting her hands to each side of his head, so her dangling tits swung teasingly, just above his face. Justin loved watching girl’s tits swing when he fucked them. He had dicked a couple of married moms with huge hooters, but none as big as his mom’s.

Justin craned his head up, kissing his way into her soft, gaping cleavage. The flesh of her fatty tits felt just as wonderful as he always imagined they would brushing against the sides of his face. He took his time, exploring every inch of her wobbling wonders, even the spongy, rounded undersides, before arriving at one of her turgid teats. The tit-obsessed teen sucked it into his mouth, then gorged himself on as much spongy flesh as he could.

Having her tits sucked on, while working her boy's pleasure-pole at her desired pace brought the mother off yet again, making her shudder as powerful orgasmic contractions swept through her plush frame. Justin grunted in delight, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-meat. He could feel McKenzie's girl-cum squelching around his cock-

base and running down his balls. His erection flexed in excitement, his knob mushrooming against the pursed ring of his mother's external os. He could feel her wonderful pink pleats tightening and tugging around the glans and shaft of his fuck-muscle, soaking it in the hot, slippery oil that secreted from her Bartholin's glands.

After a long period of fucking this way, McKenzie's distended nipple popped from her son's mouth and he wrapped his arms around her, so their bodies hugged tightly. Peeking up from between her jiggling mammaries, Justin began fucking into her savagely.

“OH, JUSTIN! ... OHH, GOD, YES! FUCK MEEEE!” his mother cried out, thrilled by her boy's heated sexual aggression.

Their juicy sex organs slapped together wetly and lewdly lewdly as the teenager hammered his mom with rapid, full-length fuck-thrusts. Most grown men could only keep this intense sex-pace for a short time, but not Justin. He had incredible stamina, so his lean athletic body allowed him to fuck his busty mom like this for ten minutes straight. During that time, McKenzie experienced two mind-numbing orgasms, back to back, making her body convulse in pleasure.

There was nothing more satisfying to the lucky teen than hearing his mom's screams of passion and feeling her soft, warm flesh tremble against him. He had conquered her and practically stolen her sexual attention from his father. It made his nuts tingle with glorious pre-orgasmic sensations. When his sexy mom locked lips with him for a frantic French kiss he felt his prostate swell and his cum-filled balls clench up in their sack. A raging torrent of hot love-lava stormed up his urethral tube, then blasted out the slit of his meatus, into his quivering sleeve of his mom's pussy.

McKenzie heard her boy let out a deep, pleasurable grunt, while feeling his boner pulsate inside her, painting her cuntal walls with hot goo. Neither one of them was in any hurry to untangle themselves. For nearly a half hour, Justin drained every drop of jizz inside her clasp orifice, while kissing her and groping his mom's squishy tits.

They both let out a satisfied sigh. “Do we have to go home?” Justin asked. “Can’t we just stay out here and fuck our asses off all night?”

This made his mom giggle and clench her pussy muscles on his still-hard cock. “I don't know about “all night,” honey. I do have to pick your sister up from Day Care and make dinner for your father,” McKenzie replied.

“Yeah, I suppose.”

His mother lifted her head, looking down into his eyes with a smile. “But...if we get really creative, we could probably come up with an excuse to lock ourselves in your bedroom later for a nice hard doggie-style fuck. How's that sound?” she asked.

“Incredible!”

“I thought you'd think so, and speaking of “creative” ...you really impressed me today. If I were still keeping a diary, this is definitely an experience I would have wrote about.”

This is just what Justin wanted to hear. “Well, you can always start keeping one again, because I’m sure we’ll be having all sorts of noteworthy sexual adventures together,” he suggested.

“You know what...that's not a bad idea,” the mother agreed, then gave him a long, tender kiss.

Later that evening, Mila and her husband stopped by the house for a visit. They found her father alone in the living room, watching a basketball game. The sound of loud, muffled rock music was blaring from the upstairs. “Where's mom and Justin...and where is that God awful music coming from?” she asked.

“Well, it's like this...” her father answered. “At dinner, your mom and Justin made a bet, to see which one could spell the most words right. Your mother lost...so now she's being forced to listen to the whole album of Justin's favorite rock group up in his bedroom.”

Mila smiled in amusement. Of course, she suspected the real reason they were up there, and it wasn't to listen to music. "Is that so? Well...I'm sure mom's just sitting up there suffering even as we speak," she sarcastically stated.

"Never take a bet, unless you're sure you can win, that's what I always say," Mila's father, Mitch, concluded.

Inside Justin's bedroom, the music was playing, but they certainly weren't just listening to it. The teen had his mom bent over on the bed, fucking her from behind. The loud music served its purpose, muffling the sound of their flesh smacking together, as well as McKenzie's gasps of pleasure.



Justin was grasping on to his mom's wide hips, while thrusting into her. She joined, by pumping her ass back tirelessly, making the

rounded, fatty flesh of her buns ripple as they beat against her boy's midsection. McKenzie's huge, stiff-nippled udders swung on her chest like pendulums stuffed full of fatty and glandular tissue.

Justin's teenage cock punched through his mom's pink gash powerfully. The muscles and tendons strained at the root of his shaft, sustaining the force of his fuck-thrusts.

“Oh, baby...your dick is so hard and strong!” McKenzie whimpered, gazing back over her shoulder at her hard bodied teen as she felt his supercharged dong massage her inner lining.

“Get used to it, mom! You'll be cumming on this dick a lot!”

Sex in the tent, on the prairie trail, was amazing, but there was something wonderfully wicked about fucking at home. Just knowing her husband was downstairs gave McKenzie a wicked thrill. She couldn't wait to have her son pound the fuck out of her on her marital bed tomorrow, once her husband was at work. Of course, she still loved Mitch, but sex with him would certainly never be the same again. In fact, the sex she'd had recently with her husband almost seemed laughable in comparison to the royal dicking she was getting from Justin.

“Oh, Justin...I'm cumming!” the mother squeal, her voice barely heard over the music.

The boy watched his mother's pink, crinkled asshole clench between her swiveling buns and felt her cunt contract around his cock. “Ahhh, fuck!” he sighed. Her pelvic floor muscles were tightening and relaxing over and over, making her vaginal tube chew at the tender meat of his prick. His cunt-smothered glans swelled up even bigger; slippery, pre-ejaculatory goo weeping from its slit and smearing on his mom's back wall. He could feel the scalding female cum pissing from his mom's bulging vaginal meatus and dripping from his balls. “Fuck, mom...that feels so fucking good!” he sighed.

“Mmm, are you gonna give me a stud-sized cum load up my pussy, baby?” she mewled. “Are you gonna pump some baby making sperm into mommy?”

“Real Goddamn soon!” her son answered, his dick and balls tingling exquisitely.

McKenzie threw her ass back even harder. “Come on, Justin...take that fucking pussy! Make it yours!” she shouted.

“Ahhhhh!” the teen grunted, fucking into to her savagely. His hips were moving so fast they looked like a blur. His crotch was now smacking extra hard against her ass, making the fatty flesh of her butt-meat ripple wildly. “Ahhhgghhh, cumming!” the boy announced.

“ME TOO!” his mother squealed.

Together, they jerked and trembled, sharing a wonderful mutual orgasm. “AHHHGGGHHH!!” Justin grunted. Good thing the music was going, otherwise they would have surely heard him downstairs. He was ejaculating so hard it felt like his knob might pop right of the end of his cock. His milky ropes were thick and powerful, hosing out all over the engorged, ribbed-textured lining of McKenzie's vagina.

“Did you two enjoy your music?” Mila asked with a knowing smile as McKenzie and Justin joined her out on the back deck.

“Yes, it was...satisfying, right, honey?” McKenzie answered, smiling at her son.

“Very!”

“I bet. Well, don't forget you both owe me. If it wasn't for my help you probably would have never had the courage to beat your bellies together.”

“Fine, I'll make you a batch of your favorite cookies, how's that?” McKenzie asked.

“That'll work.”

“What about me?” Justin asked, looking at his sister. “What do I owe you?”

Mila fed him a mischievous smile. “Come by my apartment at noon tomorrow and I'll tell you,” she answered.

McKenzie gave her daughter a suspicious look. “What do you have planned for noon tomorrow?” she curious asked.

“Do you really wanna know?”

McKenzie knew her daughter was into some very kinky shit, so she decided not to pry. “No...forget it. It's probably better if I don't know.”

“Don't worry, mom...I'm not fucking her pussy. She already assured me that wasn't what she wanted,” said her son.

“It's true. That's not what I want.

The following afternoon Justin was beating his cock through the ring of his sister's asshole. They were on Mila's marital bed; she on all-fours with nipple clamps attached to her fat tits. She gazed back at her brother deliriously. “HARDER! FUCK MY ASS HARDER, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!” she cried.

Mila had a big, plush ass, like her mother. It beat against her brother's midsection relentlessly as he speared his meaty muscle deep into her rectum. “Your husband seriously doesn't like this?” Justin breathlessly asked.

“No...he hates anal sex, but it doesn't matter, I'd want you in my ass even if he did like it. You cock is incredible! No wonder why mom wanted it so fucking bad!”

Justin's sister had a vibrator shoved up her cunt and he could feel the pulsations of it on his erection, through the wall of tissue that separated her vagina and her ass-tunnel. He watched the elastic ring of her butthole squeeze around his slick penile meat as it pumped in

and out. **“Slap me! SLAP MY FUCKING ASS WHILE YOU FUCK IT, PERVERT!”** Mila shouted passionately.

Justin obliged, striking his sister on the ass and making her fatty cheek ripple wonderfully.

“AGAIN! SLAP ME AGAIN AND FUCK ME HARDER! POUND MY ASSHOLE, JUSTIN!”

The boy’s tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he pummeled his peter deep into her shit-chute, feeling her clenching walls stroke his throbbing boner.

“Damn...this makes me wanna fuck mom up the ass now!” Justin exclaimed.

“Jesus, would you stop thinking about mom for two seconds?! Grab my hips! I need you to really fuck my ass hard and deep, Justin!” his sister demanded. **“REAM MY FUCKING ASSHOLE!”**

“Got it!” he replied, then doubled his efforts.

THE END