

Mom's New Sexual Superstar

By Klrxo

“Richard, we need to have a serious talk about our marriage,” Sandra stated, sitting at his bedside.

“Our marriage?”

“One aspect of our marriage, yes,” she replied. “You know I still love you. You'll always be my one true love, but since your ski accident you're completely worthless to me sexually.”

A few months ago, Richard smacked into some trees while showing off on a ski trip. Sadly, he became paralyzed from the waist down. His wife had doted after him since then, but it was time to face the reality of his condition.

“I've still been using my fingers on you, have I not?” he asked.

Sandra snickered, rolling her eyes. “Yes, you have, but, hunny...that's foreplay, not sex,” she stated, taking his hand in hers. “Some women could probably be content with that, but I'm not one of them. I'm a nymphomaniac who needs sex almost constantly, you know this better than anyone. These past three months have been absolute torcher for me, Richard. It's time for us to let someone else take the reins of my sex life.”

“I knew this might happen,” Richard stated in a defeated tone. Even though he cringed at the thought of his wife sleeping with another man, he knew that the ski incident was a result of his own stupidity and his wife shouldn't have to suffer for it. “Is there someone you have in mind?”

“Yes. I haven't spoken to him about it yet, but this person makes the most sense to me. They're young and well-equipped to handle a woman with my sexual appetite.”

“Who is it?”

“Before I answer, I want you to think about the logic behind my decision. We're still married, so I don't want people to find out that I'm getting sex elsewhere and pass judgment, so discreetness is of the utmost importance. That being said, I'd need a partner that I could wholeheartedly trust to keep our new arrangement a complete secret.”

“I agree,” said her husband.

“The one person who I trust in that way is Billy.”

“Billy?!” Richard asked with a horrified expression.

“That's right...our son, Billy. Not only is he a sweetheart and trustworthy, but he's a carbon copy of you, when you were younger. Well, mostly...” Sandra expressed with a blushing smile.

“Mostly?”

“Yes, not to be mean. You were a handsome young man, but Billy's MUCH more attractive than you were at that age. Why do you think he has so many girls his age chasing him? Hell, even most of my married girlfriends want a piece of him,” Richard's wife pointed out. “He's handsome, physically fit and no doubt full of sexual energy, which is just what I want in a sexual partner.”

“Yes, but...he's our son.”

“All the more reason he'll make the perfect bed-mate for me. He shares the same DNA so when I decide it's time to have another baby, it'll be almost as if YOU were getting me pregnant.”

“Another baby? Sandra, we haven't really talked about—”

“Richard, you know I want another child, maybe two. Especially since Amelia's in school now,” his wife said, then glanced down at her husband's hopeless crotch. “YOU certainly won't be pumping a little one into me ever again, but I'm more than confident that Billy could handle the task.”

Sandra's husband shook his head in confusion, like a brick had just smacked him over the head unexpectedly. “I just don't know...”

His wife giggled. “Well let it soak in then. I wasn't telling you this to get your permission, Richard. The decision has already been made. All I have to do is discuss it with Billy,” she said.

“The idea of sleeping with his own mom may not set well with him,” Richard wistfully expressed.

“Well, he's been using my panties to jack off with since he hit puberty so something tells me he'll be just as excited about the idea as I am.”

“You never told me that he's been doing that!”

“Do you tell ME everything that goes on at work?” his wife asked defensively.

“Well, no...”

“Exactly! So I shouldn't have to tell you everything that goes here at home either. You're lucky that I'm giving you the details of this new

arrangement at all. I could have very easily cheated on you by letting Billy screw me behind your back.”

“Maybe it would have been easier that way,” Richard sulked.

“But YOU SHOULD know about it. You should know that your wife is having her sexual desires met, even if it isn't by you,” Sandra stated. She could see the gut-wrenching disappointment in her husband's face. “You only have yourself to kick for this, Richard. If you hadn't been showing off and acting a fool on that ski slope we wouldn't be having this conversation, now would we?”

“No.”

“I'm not abandoning you, hunny. We're still a happy, married couple. The only difference is my sex life, which is already non-existent, will be in the hands of our son.”

Billy was every bit as gorgeous as Sandra said he was. A lean, well-toned teen with stylish blonde hair and a Coppertone tan. Even though he'd turned 18 a week ago, he had a pubescent innocence about him that made even women twice his age hungry for him. It was no wonder then that his busty, bombshell mother wanted him between her thick thighs. She couldn't help but stare at him as he snacked on an apple after school. Sandra's tummy tingled as imagined her and Billy fucking fervently on her marital mattress. Their bodies were both the prime age for wild sex; perfect for one another.

“I'd like to talk to you for a minute, darling, before you rush off to play video games,” Sandra requested.

“Sure, mom, what's up?” he asked. His eyes darted down to the jutting breasts that were spilling obscenely from the neck of her sundress. They looked like two flesh-colored water balloons filled to their bursting point.

“I wanted to talk to you about taking over a VERY important role around here. One that your father's not able to fulfill anymore due to his condition.”

“I'm already doing all the yardwork,” her son pointed out. “There's something else?”

“Yes, what I'm needing of you is MUCH more important than any of the other tasks you've graciously taken on.”

“What is it?”

“I want you to be my sexual partner,” she candidly stated.



“S...sexual partner?” Billy asked with a surprised expression.

“Yes. Since his ski accident, your father is as worthless as a worm in bed. He can't even get it up anymore,” she stated with an apathetic smirk. “I love him, but I’m NOT going without sex. How would you feel about being my sexual superstar?”

“Wow, I um...I would love it!” her son answered, his heart racing. “You're my mom so I never really thought I'd get to have sex with you.”

“Yeah well, family sex is something that most people frown upon, so it would have to be OUR secret.”

“Would dad know?”

“Yes, in fact, I've already had this discussion with him. If we do this, he knows that you and him would become partners in the marriage. Your dad would continue to be the provider, and you would handle all my sexual needs.”

Billy still couldn't believe what his mom was proposing. “So we'd like...be having sex every day, you and I?” he asked.

“Well, those are details we would have to decide up together as sexual partners. How often we have sex, how long we have sex for, what kind of sex we want; those are all questions we'll have to answer.”

“Wait, what do you mean, ‘what kind of sex we want?’” the teen asked.

“Well, there are different kinds of sex, darling. Vaginal sex, oral sex, anal sex...we have to decide each time what it is we want to engage in.”

Billy was speechless for a moment. The prospect of fucking his mom's pussy was thrilling enough, but the idea of her sucking on the tender meat of his cock or letting him squeeze it through the ring of her asshole and up into depths of her smoldering rectum made him almost dizzy with delight.

His mom's sweet voice snapped him from his dirty thoughts. “I can tell you this... Having sex just once a day is for people who are dating or just getting to know each other. When you're husband and wife, which we'll partly be, intercourse will happen MUCH more frequently and with greater intensity,” Sandra shared.

“That sounds amazing to me,” the dumbfounded boy uttered.

“It should. It means you won't have to jerk off anymore,” said Sandra, “or steal my panties from my clothes hamper. Now you'll get to smell and taste the real thing.”

Billy's face became red with embarrassment. “You knew about me using your panties?” he asked.

“Of course, darling. Not a thing goes on under the roof of a home that we moms don't know about. Now you won't need my panties though. You'll be able to eat my sweet, shaved pussy whenever you want.”

Richard saw his wife and son talking as he entered the kitchen in his wheelchair. “You two are all smiles in here,” he noted.

“Billy said yes!” Sandra exclaimed, making her boobs jiggle as she bounced on her bare feet like a ecstatic teenager.

“Oh, um...great,” her husband uttered unenthusiastically.

“Ok,” blurted Sandra, collecting her thoughts, “so I was thinking that you and Billy should probably switch bedrooms, you know...just to make things easier.”

“Switch bedrooms?! Sandra, is that really—”

“Necessary? Yes!” his wife answered. “Our bed is much bigger than his. Not that him and I couldn't have sex on a twin-sized bed...we could, but it makes more sense for us to have the king.”

“Yes, ok, but switching rooms though? Do we really have to do that?”

“Richard, we have two other children. If they wake up to the sound of sex going on I would rather it not be coming from Billy's bedroom. If they hear it from the master bedroom they'll just think it's you and I going at it...like we used to.”

“Used to...thanks for that reminder,” the husband sighed.

“Hunny, I feel awful that you won't get to watch me cum anymore, but you should really be thanking our son for taking on this task. You are the one person who can appreciate the type of stamina it'll take to keep me satisfied.”

“Yes, I remember,” answered Richard, thinking back on the years of mind-blowing sex he had with his wife.

“Speaking of that, I have a request,” said Sandra.

“Another one?”

“Tomorrow, while I'm out shopping for some new lingerie, I'd like you to have a pep talk with Billy.”

“A pep talk?”

“Yeah, you know...give him some advice that'll help him, when he's alone with me in the bedroom and we're playing beneath the sheets. You're kind of like the old, feeble Senator who's retiring, passing the reins to your young, ambitious replacement. Let him know how I like to be kissed...how I like to be touched,” Sandra explained, then gazed into her son's eyes seductively as she continued. “Billy needs to know all the positions I love to do it in. He needs to understand there are times to be fast and rough, and there are times where I'll want hours of passionate lovemaking.”

Sandra looked back at her husband. “No one knows my naughty secrets the way you do. YOU certainly won't be needing them anymore so it's important that Billy learns every one of them.”

“Sure,” Richard muttered, “we can have a chat tomorrow.”

“Excellent!” smiled his wife, then looked over at her son. “You know, darling...since you are partly my husband now, we should probably consummate our new relationship with a kiss.”

“Oh, um...ok,” her boy replied, glancing awkwardly at his father.

“I think I'll leave for this part,” said Richard, starting to spin his chair. Sandra stopped him with her foot.

“Don't be rude, Richard! This is a special time for Billy and I. You need to stay and show your support.”

“I think I've been pretty damn supportive so far,” he blurted.

“Don't take that fucking tone with me!?” Sandra shouted. Her boobs trembled as she placed her hands on her hips, leering down at him. “Who's been there at your side during this whole ordeal?! Me, that's who! I've doted after you on top of taking care of three children. Now it's MY time! It's my time to be pleased, and it's my time to be supported!”

“Fine,” her husband sigh. “I'll stay and be a support.”

“Thank you!” his wife smiled. She bit her bottom lip as she stared at her son, slowly walking towards him. “Not quite as romantic as a big wedding, but this'll have to do.”

“I can't imagine you being any more beautiful, even if you were in a fancy wedding dress, mom,” her boy admitted, making Sandra's eyes well up with tears. She took his hands in hers, enter locking their fingers and bringing them down to their sides.

“Ahh!” Billy sighed, feeling the squishy meat of her giant tits nudge against his upper chest.

Richard watched his wife bring her lips to their son's ear and beginning whispering something he couldn't hear. Whatever she was saying was clearly getting the boy worked up as his breath quivered and his legs moved a bit anxiously.

Sandra stared into her son's eyes again. “I promise to give you pleasure that you never imaged possible,” her sweet voice stated.

Richard shook his head and rolled his eyes, starting to wonder why he agreed to such ridiculousness.

"I promise to do the same," Billy told him mom in response. "To give you lots of pleasure."

Sandra covered half her mouth and leaned towards her husband. "You may now kiss the bride!" she loudly whispered as if she didn't want her son to hear. When Richard hesitated, she kicked his chair with her foot. "Say it!" she shouted.

"You may now kiss the bride," Richard reluctantly uttered. He had experienced lots of strange moments in his life, but watching his wife of twenty years share a passionate, ceremonial kiss with their teenage son rated among the strangest.

Sandra and Billy's lips were sealed in open ovals as their overactive tongues dueled inside Billy's mouth. The kiss was long and obscene, even by wedding standards. When it ended, the mother's body shuddered with the overwhelming desire to fuck. "Wanna go to our bedroom?" she softly asked her boy.

"Sure!" he gasped, still in utter disbelief that this was happening.

"The other kids will be home soon," Richard reminded his 'half-wife.'

"I know. Billy and I aren't having sex until you give him that pep talk," said Sandra as she led her son away by the hand, "but WE DO need to be alone and intimate for a little while."

Richard wheeled himself into the hallway, watching his wife and son kiss and flirt all the way to the master bedroom. Sandra yanked her anxious son inside the bedroom, then fed her husband a big naughty smile before swinging the door closed.

"He's not gonna know what hit him," Richard said to himself as he thought about what his son was in for. Richard's mind drifted back to the first time he and his wife had been in a similar situation as young lovers. Sandra was an aggressive youth who was all over him that first time, writhing around on top of him, while kissing passionately. He recalled how she licked his neck, and what a thrill it was having her huge, warm tits slosh around against his chest. Her skills had only grown over the years and her melons had doubled in size. He imaged that his son was getting a similar treatment and how it must be an incredible thrill for the young teen.

Richard was absolutely right! "Auugggh, wow!" Billy gasped, his face buried under the curtain of his mom's silky, platinum-blonde hair as she lashed her tongue on his neck. They were on the center of what was now THEIR king-sized bed, and Sandra was laying on top of him with her knees planted astride his hips.

“You like it, darling?” she whispered, then went back to whipping her feverish licker against the most sensitive part of his neck.

“Yesss!” the boy hissed, marveling at the feel of her fatty breasts mashed between them. Being the handsome kid he was, Billy had gotten to squeeze lots of naked tits. Even huge, fat ones that belonged to pretty teachers who’d kept him after class to fool around. However, none could compare to the size and squishy-softness of his own mom’s breasts. Her nipples were thick and engorged, and he could feel them prodding against him through their clothing.

“Did you see the look on your father’s face when he told you to ‘kiss the bride?’” Sandra giggled. “Like a guy who suddenly realized he’d never see pussy again.”

“I didn’t, but I sure loved that kiss!”

“Well, then...give me another!” his mom lustfully requested, then locked lips with her son for a deep French kiss. Sandra’s skirt had ridden up so her panty-clad mommy-muffin rested on son’s hardened love-muscle. The mother pressed her heated sex-organ tightly against her son’s and their crotches began to dance in a horizontal gavotte while they kissed.

“Too bad your sisters will be home soon,” Sandra stated as she lifted herself on extended arms, letting her half-exposed udders dangle teasingly above her boy’s oogling eyes. Her neckline was pushed down so far that the top fringes of her dusky-pink areola were exposed. “If it were earlier we could let you roll your big, hard choo choo train into pussy-town, and do the rumpy-pumpy until you blow your big fucking load through that chimney-stack!”

“Oh, damn, mom!” the boy shuttered, delighted beyond measure by her filthy words.

Sandra giggled at his reaction. “Oh, I guess your father hasn’t had a chance to tell you yet, but I LOVE tasking nasty!”

“Really?!”

“Uh-huh! It stimulates the nerves,” she whispered, then smacked her luscious lips against his, “and makes our pissers throb for a hot fuck.”

“Ohhh!” Billy sighed as he was assaulted with wet smooches. His boner flexed from the onslaught of his mom’s dry-humping.

“It makes me wanna bury your magic wand in my chamber of secrets,” Sasha panted, “and cast an orgasmic spell that’ll make me howl like a whore!”

“Oh, damn!” the teenager sighed with excitement, locking lips with his mom again.

Sandra lush body shuddered with a wicked thrill. She knew that every horny female wanted her boy, but now he was all hers. She wrapped his head in her arms, cradling his head against her jostling tits, while basking in the feel of his rock-hard boner, digging against her panty-covered cunt-lips. “Mmm, do you like being the scratching post for my pussy cat, darling?” she asked. “Mmm, don't you lie now, Pinocchio. I don't think your nose can get any longer,” she giggled, referring to the long, fat cock grinding against her.

“I love it!” her boy confessed, his voice dampened by tit flesh. His cute face was wedged between Sandra's meaty mammaries, delighting in the sponginess of her creamy cleavage.

The hot mother gasped, enjoying the sensation of such a rigid teenage cock pressing against her smoldering genitalia. “Ohh, you're gonna pound it out of me, aren't you?” she whimpered. “Mommy has lots of pent-up cum-honey in there and you're gonna fuck it outta me, aren't you baby?”

“Uh-huh,” Billy responded, lustfully kissing his mom's breastbone.

“Ohhh, we're gonna spend some good, long mommy and daddy time beneath the blanket tonight and let you smash your dragon through my pink baby gates!”

Billy's body shuddered. His dick and balls were tingling like crazy. He couldn't imagine how turned on he was gonna be when they were actually fucking. His mom's lips left a trail of sweet kisses up his neck and the side of his face. “Am I gonna pop your mommy-cherry, darling. Will I be the first middle-aged mom who's peach you've split open?” Sandra asked.

“Yes!” he hissed. He'd fooled around with more than a few, but never laid dick into them.

“Oh good,” she cooed. “Mom's cherry boy. Don't you worry...I'll milk that pp with my hot, sugared walls extra good!”

If it was one thing that could be heard throughout the house, it was Sandra's two daughters arriving home from school. “I guess that's our cue to stop,” Sandra reluctantly sighed, she gave her new love a tender peck on the lips. “But don't you worry, darling...I'm half-yours now and we'll have endless hours to do lots of fuckles and suckles. I'm sure your father will fill you in on all my naughty little kinks.”

