

Mom's Sexual Superstar – Part 2

By Klrxo

“So, your mom wanted us to have a little pep chat before you and her, um...”

“Before her and I make love with each other?” asked Billy, finishing his father’s sentence as they sat together in the living room.

“Yeah, that. I assume you didn’t last night?”

“No, just lots of snuggling and kissing. Mom wanted me to have this chat with you before her and I fuck. Oh, um...I mean, before her and I ‘make love,’ sorry,” the teen blushed.

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” Richard asked, hoping he could change his son’s mind.

“Absolutely! You don’t have to worry about a thing, dad. She’s gonna love having sex with me.”

“Um...ok, I was—”

“I have a really long dick,” bragged Billy, cutting his father off. “It curves slightly upward so it stimulates a girl’s G-spot and makes them cum like crazy.”

“I, um...really didn’t need to hear that, kid,” Richard uttered sarcastically.

“Yeah, but I just wanted you to know because mom says she has lots of pent-up cum-honey she wants me to pound out, and I’m ABSOLUTELY going to!”

It was certainly the last thing Richard wanted to hear. It was bad enough that his son would be sleeping with his wife, but to know that he would be rocking her world just twisted the knife in his heart even more.

“I have really short refractory periods,” stated his son, “which girls really like because in a matter of minutes after cumming I’m ready to go again.”

Richard knew that his wife always got upset when he came to quickly and couldn't get it up again so having sex with someone like their son would probably be a dream come true to her. “So, you’ve um...had some experience then? That’s good, I guess,” he uttered.

“Actually, yeah...I’ve had more experience with older women than ones my own age.”

“Oh, you have, huh? Anyone I know?”

“Well, um...actually, I probably shouldn’t say anything else about that,” said Billy, wishing he hadn’t revealed what he just did.

“Well, you can’t NOT tell me now. Who’s this older woman you slept with?” Richard curiously asked.

“Are you sure you wanna know, dad?”

“I wouldn’t be asking you if I didn’t.”

“Grandma,” Billy uttered.

Richard’s stomach shrunk in shock. He expected it to be one of the moms in the neighborhood, perhaps even one of his wife’s friends, but certainly not his own mother. “Your Grandma?! My mother?” he asked.

“See...you’re upset. I knew I shouldn’t have told you.”

“When did you have sex with your Grandmother?”

“When I went to stay with her and Grandpa over the summer...she taught me all about fucking a girl.”

“Where was your Grandfather through all this?” Richard asked with a sickened scowl.

“He was usually sitting in his wheelchair in the next room. Grandma said because of his Alzheimer’s he COULD hear us and probably knew what we were doing, but couldn’t really do anything about it, and probably wouldn’t remember it for very long anyway,” Billy chuckled.

“How many times did the two of you have sex?”

“We did it five or six times a day for the whole two weeks I was there. You must have had sexual thoughts about her when you were younger, right?”

“No. Why would you ask me that?!”

“Because Grandma’s super-sexy, just like mom, but older, and she has the biggest boobs of any woman I’ve ever met,” Billy replied, reflecting back on the endless hours he spent buried under his Gran’s ginormous, squishy tits, sucking and chewing on her fat, rubbery nipples, while having his cock exquisitely fucked.

Like most young men, Richard had certainly lusted after his heavy-breasted mom growing up, but never got lucky enough to fuck her or even see her naked for that matter. The fact his cocky son had admittedly boned her several dozen times made him feel almost sick with anger and jealousy. “You saw her breasts too, huh?” he stupidly asked.

“Well, yeah dad I was practically sucking on them the whole time I was there. It’s one of the things she taught me how to do. Which reminds me, does mom like to have the undersides of her breasts licked and sucked on? Grandma loves that.”

“I couldn’t tell you,” Richard uttered.

“I suppose I could try it and see if she digs it. Mom said we’re going to be doing all sorts of different sexual things. Grandma taught me this one thing that I can’t wait to try on mom.”

“What one thing?” his dad asked, even though he was sure he didn’t wanna hear it.

“Grandma had me finger her asshole while she was on top riding me. Mom DID say something about us doing anal sex together so I think she’ll like it too.”

Richard could hardly believe what he was hearing. He certainly wanted this little pep talk to be over as soon as possible. “Alright, is there anything else you wanna ask me about your mother?” he inquired.

“Well, actually, I have a few things mom wrote down that she said I should ask you,” said Billy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a list.

“Alright, what are they?”

“Her favorite position?”

“Doggy-style.”

“Sweet! That’s my favorite too,” Billy grinned, anxious to have his mom’s big buttocks beating against him. “Does she like to be slapped on the ass while she’s doing it that way?”

“Yes,” Richard uttered, still in disbelief that he was answering such depraved questions.

“That must just a thing that most girls like. Grandma was constantly telling me to spank her bare ass while we were doing it doggy-style.”

“That was your Grandma’s favorite too, huh?” Richard jealously asked.

“No, she liked being on top the most. I certainly didn’t complain...she was amazing at it, and her tits always put on an incredible show.”

“Alright, um...what’s the next thing on the list?” Richard asked impatiently.

“The second thing she wanted me to ask you about is kissing.”

“What about it?”

Billy read from his note. “She just wrote, ‘ask dad about nightly kissing.’”

“Well, your mom does like to kiss passionately for ten minutes before going to sleep at night, but you should remind her that I DO still have lips that work. Her and I could still be doing that part.”

“Well, mom did say that I’ll be in charge of her sex life, dad, which mean I’ll be doing all the heavy kissing with her from now on. Don’t worry though, I’ve had plenty of girls tell me that I’m an incredible kisser.”

“Any other questions?” Richard asked, feeling completely defeated at this point.

“Yeah, she just wrote here ‘ask dad about Oral Tuesday.’ Does that mean what I think it does?” Billy asked with an anxious grin.

Richard sighed. “Yes. Your mom had one day a week where we would go back and forth having oral sex with each other,” he explained.

“Cool! It sounds like she wants to carry on the tradition with ME, which is awesome because I love getting blowjobs. Does she swallow?”

“Yes, she does, now is that all?” Richard asked, eager to be through.

“Yeah, I mean...unless you have any other pointers for me?”

“It sounds like you don’t need my advice. I’m sure you’ll do well enough.”

“I know you’ve probably been stressing since the accident about how to please mom and all sexually, but there’s no need to worry about that now, dad. Mom told me she wants me to be her ‘sexual superstar,’ and that’s what I plan on being.”

While Billy was at a friend’s house, Sandra poked her head in the living room, where Richard was watching TV. “Richard, I need your opinion on something. Can you come down to Billy and I’s bedroom?” she asked.

Richard wheeled down to what used to be their marital bedroom. He was surprised to see that some things had changed. His wife had purchase a new bed set and had a picture of just her and Billy together, from their family vacation, blown up, framed and put on the wall.

“Looks like you’ve done some redecorating,” he pointed out.

“Yes. Since I consider Billy more of a husband now and we’re sharing a bedroom, I thought I might get some things that reflect our love for each other.”

Richard’s heart sunk upon hearing this. “Do you really have to refer to him as your ‘husband,’ Sandra?” he asked.

“Hunny, I know that’s difficult for you to hear, but it’s something you’ll have to get used to. Billy is in on our marriage now, and while you and I will continue to make decisions as it pertains to the household, the marital intimacy is something our son is now fully in charge of.”

“Like I said before, I’ll agree to it, but that doesn’t mean I have to like it.”

“Oh, and I forgot to tell you...I booked a room for Billy and I this weekend, you know, sort of like a mini-honeymoon. So, I’ll need you to watch the kids.”

“Fine, now what did you need my opinion on?” Richard asked, trying not to show how annoyed he was by the whole thing.

“Billy and I will be having sex for the first time tonight and I wanna make it extra special for him. I have two sets of lingerie that I bought and I can’t decide which one to wear. I need you to tell me which one you think he’ll like better.”

“Fine,” her husband sighed, clearly put out by having to do such a thing.

“I’ll go try on the first one,” said Sandra, heading to the bathroom.

“You can try it on out here.”

Sandra paused and looked back at him. “Yeah, I um...meant to talk to you about that. Now that my body technically belongs to Billy more than it does you, I don’t really think I should be naked in front of you anymore,” she expressed.

“Sandra, that’s ridiculous! You’re still my wife.”

“Partly, yes, but since you really serve no purpose for me sexually anymore, you have no reason to see me in the nude. Besides, it would just make you miss the sex we had together and harbor jealous feelings towards Billy and I don’t want that. I’ll be right back.”

Richard watched his wife's peach-shaped buttocks sway beneath her shorts as she stepped into the bathroom. Part of him knew Sandra was right. Seeing her luscious, naked body would make him even more envious of their son. While Sandra tried on the lingerie, he took the opportunity to look around the room, particularly on the bedside table where there was an assortment of sexual lubes and massage oils. He opened a tiny box that contained a brand new vibrating cock ring.

"Ridiculous," he muttered to himself.

"What do you think of this one?" his wife asked as she stepped from the bathroom. She was wearing a coral red chemise that was molded to her voluptuous body. It fell barely below the crotch and had a halter neck with cutouts along the sides, allowing a peek at the naked flesh beneath.

"It's nice," he answered, then focused his attention to the table of goodies. "Looks like your stocked up on some on the sex oil, but I don't see any condoms."

"Condoms?!" his wife snickered.

"Yeah...haven't you even given any thought to the fact that Billy could get you pregnant?"

Sandra fed him a sheepish grin. "Would that be such a bad thing? We HAVE talked about wanting another child, you and I."

"Sandra, that was before I got injured. I really think we should revisit that idea before you get yourself pregnant."

"There's nothing to 'revisit.' You'll never have sex again in your life, Richard. How exactly do you plan on getting me pregnant?"

"I just meant whether we SHOULD have another kid or not."

"Fine, but Billy IS NOT wearing condoms or pulling out, so if he gets me pregnant before we can discuss it then you'll just have to deal with it."

Richard noticed a strange triangular-shaped cushion on the bed. "What the hell's that thing?" he asked with a scowl.

"It's called a sex wedge. It's designed to use for an assortment of sex positions that Billy and I plan on trying."

"Wow, you never bought all these fancy gadgets when WE were having sex together."

"I'll be frank with you, hunny. Even though we did had sex regularly in our marriage, you WEREN'T very good at it."

"Gee, thanks."

"I don't say that to hurt your feelings. All I'm trying to say is I wasn't about to spend money on sex items with someone who couldn't give me more than a half-hour a night. I won't have that issue with Billy. Guys his age can bounce back after an orgasm and give a woman multiple rounds of intense sex. Which reminds me, how did the pep chat go this morning?" Sandra asked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Well, I learnt some interesting things about our son," Richard answered, hoping what he would share might change his wife's mind entirely.

"Such as?"

"Such as how he learnt about having sex. You're not gonna believe this, but he spent the two weeks at my parents house fucking my mother."

"Yes, your mother and I spoke about that. We both thought it would be a good idea if she took his virginity and broke him in sexually."

"Wait a minute...you knew about this?!"

"Richard, your mother and I talk all the time. With your father's condition she hadn't had real sex in years. It was good for her to get her ass fucked off for a couple weeks by a young, handsome stud like Billy."

"With my father in the next room?"

Sandra burst out laughing. "I'm sure hearing his wife get savagely fucked in the next room wasn't pleasant, but you and I both know with his Alzheimer's he's probably forgotten all about it by now."

"I can't believe she told you and you didn't share that with me."

"Your mother asked me not to. She knows that you were fascinated with her body growing up, especially her huge tits, and would probably harbor jealous feelings towards Billy, knowing that he had fucked her and you hadn't."

"Whatever!" Richard sighed, shaking his head.

"We should really be thanking your mother for preparing Billy for this moment."

"Thanking her?!"

"Yes, thanking her! She taught Billy how to really fuck a girl, in various positions. She told me that towards the end of his stay he was having sex with her for three to four hours at a time and giving her the greatest orgasms of her life. That's something we should be proud of."

"Excuse me if I say that 'thankfulness' and 'pride' are not the emotions I'm experiencing right now," Richard expressed.

“It’s natural to feel jealous of him. He drained his balls inside your mother and now he’s preparing to do the same to your wife, but you should rest easy in knowing that he’s trained for a woman like me. His time with your mom prepared him for another big breasted woman who absolutely loves sex!”

“Great. Thanks for sticking the knife in a twisting it, Sandra.”

“I don’t know why you’re being so selfish. I always thought that MY well-being was your top priority as my husband?!”

“It was. It still is!”

“Then be happy for me! Be happy that, even after your accident, I’m still able to get the sexual pleasure that a husband is suppose to provide,” she expressed, then quickly stood up, making her enormous tits jump up and down beneath the chemise . “Now, let me try on the other outfit and you can tell me which one you think my new, young lover will like best.”

This time his wife emerged from the bathroom wearing a pale-pink teddy with criss-crossed spaghetti straps. It had an open crotch, exposing her shaved pubis. “I thought I wasn’t ‘allowed’ to see you naked anymore?” he reminded her.

“Sorry, I forgot this one had an open crotch.”

His wife usually had a tiny triangle if pubic hair, but it had been shaved off. “Looks like you trimmed down there,” he pointed out.

“Yes, I was talking to your mother and she suggested that I shave it off. Her pussy is always shaved and she said that Billy really enjoyed that, especially when he was going down on her.”

Richard felt a sick pang of jealousy in the pit of his stomach. He remembered smelling his mom's panties numerous times growing up and wondering what it would be like to devour such sweet, mature pussy. Now, to find out his damn son had feasted on his mother's snatch was almost more than he could stand to hear.

Despite his wife’s protest, Richard DID get to see her naked again. It happened not long after their discussion, when Billy got home from his friend’s house. His son decided to take a shower from getting sweaty while playing basketball, and Richard spied his busty wife entering the bathroom a few minutes later, completely naked. Pangs of jealousy flowed through him as he watched her huge boobies bobble and her delicious-looking bubble butt sway atop her silky legs. She gazed back and fed him defiant smirk as if to say, “don’t you wish it was YOU and

not our son in there about to receive my sexual attention?!” The fact that he would never again be on the receiving end of such a sexually-talented beauty saddened him immensely.



“Is there room for me?” Sandra’s sweet voice asked as she joined her son in their large walk-in shower.

“There’s always room for you, mom,” her son stated, staring at her huge, jutting tits as she joined him beneath the hot spray. They immediately embraced and kissed passionately.

Billy felt the blood surge into his cock as his mom's fatty tits pancaked wetly against his chest. Her turgid nipples prodded against his lean chest, aching to be sucked on. He felt her hand clutch his scrotum, rolling his cum-swollen nuts around between her fingers like dice. "Your father's worried that you might pump a baby into me," she giggled.

"I suppose that's always a possibility," her son stated.

"Then my chest-pillows would swell up even bigger, and you'd have to fuck a pregnant mom every day."

"I think I could handle that."

"Mmm, I think I wanna 'handle' THIS!" Sandra added, slipping her hand up around her son's dick. She felt the thick meat of his shaft quickly harden in her stroking grip.

"Did dad say anything about our chat this morning?"

"He was kind of upset by the fact that you fucked his mother," Sandra snickered. "Something that HE most likely wanted to do when he was your age."

"And now I'm gonna be fucking you, my own mom. I guess it sucks to be dad."

His mom brought her lips back to his. "It's not your fault that you're so handsome and get all the good, mature pussy soaking your cock. You were destined to become a motherfucker," she whispered, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

After smooching lewdly for a few minutes, the mother grabbed her body-wash and squirted some on her hand. "Ready for that cock-mobile to go through the scrubby-wash?" she asked, gazing into his eyes lasciviously.

"Sure!"

Sandra lathered his dick and balls, stroking his erectile flesh with her hands and making the boy gasp in delight. As they soaked beneath the hot spray and she fisted his cock, the mother brought her lips right up to his ear. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard tonight," she whispered. "I'm sure your father told you how fucking horny I get."

"No, but he did tell me you like it doggy-style, and love to have your ass slapped."

"Yesss...I can't wait for you to doggy-dick me. Bend me over and make my fucking ass ripple!"

“I assured dad that I’m gonna take really good care of you in bed, just like did Grandma.”

“Mmm, you know just how to take care of us heavy-titted moms, don’t you, baby?” Sandra cooed. Her sudsy, slippery first squeezed up and down his tender, pink meat, twisting over his glans before gliding back down his shaft. “How to pound the sweet girl-honey right out of our pussies.”

“Yeah, I do,” the boy gasped, feeling his nuts tingle. His mom slowly drug her mammaries down his stomach, crouching in front of him. She grasped her bobbling breasts at the rounded sides and pushed them together around her boy’s erection.

“I know I promised to let you pump your cum-hose through my baby-chute tonight, but how would you like to ream your dick through my slippery cleavage right now?” she seductively asked.

“I’d love it!”

Billy watched in awe as his mom worked her giant breasts around his cock in a delightful tittie-fuck. He loved watching his pinkish-purple knob emerge from the top of her cleavage, then disappear into the canyon of slippery tit-flesh.

“Thrust your hips, hunny. Fuck mommy’s big titter-meat!”

Billy’s tit-smothered dick flexed with hardness, the muscle and sinews bulging at its root as he pumped it through the warm, snug pocket of his mom’s tit-cleavage. Sandra gazed up at him with the sluttiest look he’d ever seen. “Do you want me to lick your bell-tip?” she asked. “Tease your horny glans with my tongue and clean all those wiggly little baby-makers off your dick-hole.”

“Uh-huh!” Billy nodded, then watched his mom’s long, thick tongue flail away on the head of his cock, each time it appeared from between her tits.

While keeping her breasts squashed together with one arm, Sandra used the other hand to massage her boy’s nuts. She used her long painted fingernails to scap along the outsides of his gonads stimulating the sensitive nerves. Her long, pink licker continued to batter his knob on every thrust, flickering rapidly around the engorged bulb. Every few strokes, she would swipe her tongue-tip across his piss-slit, cleaning the bubbling pre-goo that had seeped out.

“Mm, I love licking your yummy boy-drizzle,” the mother mewed. “Swallowing those tiny tadpoles down into my belly, dashing their dreams of splitting my ovum.”

“Damn, mom...you must be the best dirty-talking mother on the planet,” the boy panted.

“You like mom’s slutty mouth, baby?” she asked, licking her lips lustfully. “Does it make you wanna sheath that teenage pork-sword in the hot, pink grip of my pussy.”

“Hell yes!”⁸

“Don’t worry, sugar...tonight I’ll give you all the fucking mommy-cunt you can handle! I’ll take you all the way to your cock-root and let that pink meat-shaft marinade inside my hot, mommy-fuck-tunnel.”

The combination of his mom’s filthy words and the exquisite friction her spongy tit-meat was providing his cock made his balls clench up near his body. His mom’s fingers pulled them back down, tugging and stroking on the oval-shaped meat of his nuts. “Ohhh, someone’s gonna bust a nut!” Sandra exclaimed. “Gonna lay a load of creamy boy-butter between mom’s tits.”

“Ohhh, shit!” Billy exclaimed as he felt a powerful load of semen rocket up the tube of his urethra. He fucked his mom’s tits with greater intensity, groaning in pleasure as the cum-ropes began to erupt from his pecker.

Sandra did her best to slam her breasts around the humping, spewing meat of her boy’s cock. “That’s it, hunny...fuck you some big, spongy mommy-hooters!” she cried out encouragingly.

For nearly two minutes she continued to milk his quivering organ with her giant tits. Then, Sandra stood back up and kissed him tenderly. “The next load of jizzy-wigglers that are milked from those balls are going straight up the pussy,” she stated, staring into his eyes wantonly. “MY PUSSY.”

The locked lips passionately, anxious for the night to come.