

Mom's Slopes.

By Klrxo

At first, I was a bit disappointed that I wouldn't be skiing. Our annual family ski trip in January was something I looked forward to every year. This time around though there was a slight issue; I was nine months pregnant. Yes, not the greatest timing, but that was fine. I had pleasure of a different sort in mind for today. I hoped that my oldest, Taylor, would go along with my idea. We'd been flirting for weeks and I think we both realized that it was only a matter of time before we were fucking each other's brains out.

"Are you guys ready to hit the slopes?" my husband Henley asked as we sat around the table in the lodge restaurant finishing breakfast.

"I AM!!" My youngest daughter Julie shouted, raising her arms in the air.

"Me too! I'm gonna kill it on that mountain today!" stated Kat, my thirteen year old.

"What about you, Taylor. You ready?" Henley asked our son.

Taylor and I looked at each other. We sat side by side at breakfast, as close as we could without raising suspicion. I reached beneath the table and placed my hand on his inner thigh. "You don't have to ski, Tay," I reminded him. 'Tay' was short for Taylor; my cute little nickname for my boy since he was little. "You can come back up to the warm room and hang out with mom today, if you want?" With my last word I included a flirty wink, letting him know that we'd be doing much more up in the room than just 'hanging out.'

“Amanda, please!” my husband blurted. “I’m sure the kid didn’t come all the way up here so he could hang out with his mommy all day.”

“Hey, he loves hanging out and doing some snuggly-wuggly with mommy, don’t you, sweetheart?” I asked him, raking my long, painted nails up his inner thigh, stopping dangerously close to his cock.

“Sure I do,” he blushed.

It was certainly no lie. I constantly let Taylor snuggle with me during his years going through puberty. Together, we would huddle under a big, warm blanket, our bodies tightly twined as we napped or watched movies together. I knew he loved being wrapped in mommy’s soft curves. I almost constantly had a erect penis pushed against me. I vividly remember on one such occasion, rolling over on top of him, letting my huge, unfettered breasts mash against his young chest through my thin t-shirt. I could feel his excited heartbeat from the throbbing boy-meat pushing up against my mommy-mound as I gazed down into his eyes dreamily. “Are you gonna make love to me one day, Tay?” I softly asked.

“Sure I will...if you want me to!” he replied.

A year or so later, when he turned seventeen, we were laying on our sides, snuggled beneath the blanket, with me behind him. My soft, shaved legs were twisted around his, my hands beneath his t-shirt, gingerly grazing his chiseled chest with the tips of my nails. I brought my lips to his ear to remind him of his answer a year ago. “Still wanting to make love to me one day, sweetheart?” I whispered.

“Of course,” came his response.

Every time I shared a look with my boy as he neared legal age I knew that we were both eagerly thinking about one thing. We were dwelling on the day that was soon coming, when we would pound our pissers together in a passionate fuck. When my newly turned eighteen-year-old looked me in the eyes that morning at breakfast, I think I made it very clear, albeit nonverbally, that the time had come. Pregnant or not, I was ready for him to feel me from the inside.

My husband's voice interrupted my train of thought. "He'll have plenty of time for snuggling when he's home. Right now he has some slopes to carve up!"

I helped my children get their ski gear on, then sent the girls and their father on their way. "Have fun! Be safe!" I advised, then smiled over at Tay as he stood there, all bundled up in his winter gear. "Unzip your coat for a second, sweetheart," I muttered, making sure my husband and the girls were out of sight.

When Tay unzipped, I stepped forward, snuggling inside his coat with him. Earlier, just after we left breakfast, I went to the bathroom and removed my bra for this very moment. I wanted my teen to feel my unfettered tits through my thin cotton sweater, mashed up against him. My son let out an audible sigh as I wrapped my arms up around his back, beneath his Jacket, pulling him against me for a hug. In doing this, I mashed my swollen tits and nine month ripe baby meat against his lean body. I knew he could feel my turgid nipples poking against him. To say I was horny and ready to be royally fucked by him was an understatement.

"I'll be here in the room...if you change your mind," I softly informed him.

"I may just do that," he replied.

I looked into his eyes deeply and smiled. "I bet you won't regret it, if you do," I whispered.

My poor boy looked like he could melt. I always thought it was funny how he crushed on an actress that looked just like me. They say everyone has a twin somewhere and mine was Christina Hendricks. Not only were our facial features the same, but so also was the color of our red hair. Even though she was top-heavy, I was sure my boobs were larger, especially now, since I was pregnant. Sure, I wasn't a fancy actress like she was. I was just a normal stay-at-home mom. My skill set wasn't in a Hollywood studio, but on a bedroom mattress. This mom knew how to fuck...very, VERY well! I knew if my son gave me a chance I would make him blow his wad harder than he ever had.

"Have fun!" I uttered, giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

I sent my boy on his way and sprawled out on the sofa in our room to do some reading. One would think that my desire to fuck Tay was the reflection of a bad marriage, but that wasn't the case at all. I love Henley with all my heart. He was a great husband and father; always there for me when he needed to be. If there was a flaw in our relationship it was in the bedroom and I'm sure that was a factor in my desire to cheat on my marriage. Henley was a premature ejaculator. He could usually hang in there to at least get me off once before he came, but that wasn't nearly enough for me. While he was at work and the kids were in school I would masturbate furiously, getting myself off fifteen to twenty times before fully satisfied. When my hormones kicked in from pregnancy it got even worse. I could hardly look at my son without picturing him on top of me, pounding the hell out of my needy pussy.

Restless and sexually frustrated, I got up off the couch and went to the window of our room. There was a great view of the slopes and all the skiers looked like tiny ants zipping down the mountain. My bra was still off and I pulled my sweater up to my neck, gazing down at my erect nipples. My already large breasts had certainly gone through a lot of prenatal changes. They were huge and milk-swollen. My areola and nipples were a dark pinkish-purple from the increase in blood flow. My rubbery teats were already leaking and I hadn't even given birth yet. I could see the big blue veins just beneath the flesh, from increased blood flow, running down into my tremendous cleavage. Below it, the huge orb of my pregnant belly stuck out almost obscenely. I was only two weeks away from my due date and was looking forward to having another baby boy.

I could feel the juices of arousal run down my leg. My cunt was smoldering; my vaginal sleeve clenching and quivering...yearning to be stuffed by my son's long meaty cock. I knew that Tay would probably shoot off quickly the first time he entered me, but there was a difference between him and my husband. Teenage boys stayed hard and had short refractory periods, allowing them to fuck numerous times, back to back. I thought it was funny that I probably knew my son's body better than he did. I knew what he was capable of sexually, and therefore realized that him and I would be well matched. We were both built and capable of fucking for several mind-blowing hours. I reached up and squeezed my oversized tits, making milk trickle from my nipples as I gazed out the window. "Oh, Tay...please come back and fuck me," I whimpered out loud.

I knew it was selfish of me to think this way, but damnit, I had to snuggle with that gorgeous teen for several years without ravaging him. Now, he was technically an adult, and just knowing that we could be screwing our asses off right now was killing me!

“I'll lure him back,” I said out loud. “I'll lure him back and make it impossible for him not to wanna bury his cock inside me!”

Luckily, I had the foresight to pack something sexy on this trip. I put it on, did a little primping, then checked myself out in the full sized mirror. “*Amanda, you are one sexy fucking MILF!*” I thought.

The lingerie was a pale pink floral laced babydoll. It had a plunging neckline, leaving my cleavage center stage. The sheer mesh, with beautiful floral and scalloped lace, showed off my sensual feminine curves. To complete the look was a matching G-string. I knew the outfit was sure to get my son's attention and harden his young cock. I struck a sexy pose, thrusting my oversized tits out. I just loved how I could see my puffy, pinkish-purple areolas and nipples through the sheer laced fabric. The way my big, round baby-ball stuck out of the divide in the nightie was sure to make my son come running, so he could rub his hot, throbbing cock all over it. I took a picture of myself in the mirror and texted it to him. “Do you miss me yet?” I wrote beneath the attached photo.

I certainly didn't expect to get a response so quickly. “Damn, mom...nice outfit! And yes, of course I miss you!” his message read.

I wasn't a big fan of texting. I always found it a waist of time when you could just call a person and have a conversation without waiting. I dialed my son and he answered. “How's the skiing going, sweetheart?” I asked.

“Good. It would be more fun if you were up here with us though,” he replied.

“Well, not much I can do about that right now,” I said, patting my big round tummy. “I'm afraid all this pregnant mom can do is hang around here today...and think about you.”

“What about me?” my son asked.

“Do you REALLY wanna know?”

“Sure!”

“Ok...I've been thinking about how bad I wanna cuddle with you, on the bed, under the big, warm blanket,” I confessed.

“That doesn't sound so bad right now,” said Taylor.

“No? Then why don't you ditch those skis, sweetheart, and come back to the room. I'm sure your dad and sister won't be coming back anytime soon. They can enjoy their skiing...and we could have our own fun.”

“What type of fun did you...um, have in mind?” my boy asked.

I smiled, twirling my hair flirtingly. “The naughty kind,” I answered in a sensual tone.

“The naughty kind?”

“Uh-huh. The kind where we both get naked, crawl under the blankets and then...well, then we can see what COMES UP.”

“I think we both know what that'll be,” Tay boldly replied.

“Yep, we do...and the last thing we want is for it to get cold. So...we might just have to find a nice warm, cozy place for you to put it, while we roll around on the bed and make out.”

“Seriously?!” he excitedly asked.

“Uh-huh, and don't you worry, baby. Mommy has a place in mind that'll keep that big hunk of peter-meat nice n toasty.”

“Damn, mom...would that mean that we'd be....?”

I finished his sentence. “Engaging in some fuck-snuggles? Is that what you want, sweetheart? Do you wanna make love to me today, just like you always said you would?”

“If you'd let me...then definitely, yes!” he replied with eagerness in his voice.

“Well, I guess you better get back down here then, so you can get yourself some hot pussy!”

“Wow! On my way!” my son announced.

“I'll be waiting, handsome,” I replied, then hung up.

I thought about keeping the nightie on, but then changed my mind. He had already seen it on me in the photograph, and I felt that Tay and I had moved beyond wearing clothes today, at this point. I was ready for him to see me in the raw. When he rushed inside the room his eyes got as big as saucers. I stood by the bed as naked as I could be. Taylor's eyes stared at my heavy tits, his expression filled with lustful desire. I motioned him forward with my hands, making my milkers jostle on my chest. “Come here, baby...let me strip you,” I requested.

Taylor walked forward, joining me at the foot of the bed. I quickly took off his clothes, stripping him down to his briefs. Crouching down in front of him, I grabbed the elastic waistband, then pull his underwear down his legs, making his erect cock spring upward.

“Good grief, Tay!” I gasped delightfully. “It's huge!”

“Do you like it?” he asked, peering down at me.

“Like it? I love it! It's beautiful, sweetheart!”

I wasn't just saying that to make him feel good. My son had a whopper of a cock! It had to be nine inches long, at least, with bulging blue veins crisscrossing up the shaft. The shiny pink knob was fat, with a broad coronal ridge. His erection had a wonderful upward curve, perfect for G-spot stimulation. “*He's gonna make my fucking toes curl with that thing!*” I thought, staring at it lustfully.

I stood back and gazed my boy in the eyes. “Ready to get naughty, baby?” I asked.

“More than ready!” he answered, then took my hand as I led him onto the big bed. We slipped under the fluffy comforter together and I guided him exactly where I wanted him. “Lay on your back,” I whispered.

Taylor's body shuddered as I lowered down on top of him. The feel of my soft, squishy tits and big pregnant belly must of felt divine mashing down on his young body. I certainly know I was thrilled by the feel of him against me and simply couldn't wait for his lean, exuberant frame to be between my thigh, savagely fucking me.

I lowered my lips to his and we shared a few slow, sensual kisses. “Mmm, this is exactly the moment we've been waiting for, isn't it, sweetheart?” I whispered.

“Yes!” he replied.

“You've been wanting to make love to me since you hit puberty and now, here we are...seconds away from really getting it on.”

“I'm really nervous,” my boy expressed.

I took his cheeks in my hand, staring at him intently. “Don't be. You'll do wonderful. I don't want you to worry about cumming too quickly this first time,” I advised. “I just want you to fuck me until you ejaculate, ok?”

“All right,” Taylor anxiously answered.

We locked lips again. This time for a fiery French kiss. Our frantic tongues dueled inside my son's mouth. I knew if he fucked the way he kissed I was in for a real treat. I could feel my cunt-hole smoldering. I desperately needed my son to be buried to his nut-sack inside me. With one quick motion, I rolled us over, letting him

take the top; communicating nonverbally that I was ready to be penetrated. I drew my knees back, splaying open my thighs, just as I had when I squeezed my boy's little body out eighteen years ago. Now it was time for part of him to go back home. Time for him experience the sensational pleasures that a mother's hole could provide.

As our tongues continued dancing, I felt the broad tip of Tay's penis pry open my outer lips. I gasped inside his mouth as I felt his blood-engorged crown slip past the remnants of my hymen and sink into my well-lubricated vagina. My sweethearts first thrust was just how I always imagined. He jabbed his muscled meat through the tube of my cunt, until I felt his mushrooming knob turn slightly upward against the head of my cervix.

For a wondrous moment we were locked in full penetration. I tightened all my fuck-muscles around him, making him moan through his nose. I had always valued the importance of keeping a tight vagina by doing a daily regiment of Kegel exercises. I knew what my baby was feeling was as good as a pussy could get.

We gasped in unison as our lips separated. "Fuck me, Tay!" I hissed, staring up into his wonder-filled eyes.

My boy began to do what all lucky boys do...thrust his tender cock into hot pussy. I watched his eyes double in size as he stared down at my enormous tits, watching the way they rolled and rippled on my chest to his fuck-rhythm. I adored the way his lean torso sunk down into the meat of my pregnant belly. His unborn brother's fetus was trapped between us.

I tugged at my son's shoulders, pulling his body down flat against mine. While doing this, I wrapped my shaved legs around his humping frame, high on his back, so I could use them to pump my pussy up on his satisfying stiffness. The feel of my son's cock

plowing through me was glorious! His penile meat was hot and incredibly stiff. I could feel it flexing with even more blood, stretching and gliding along the pleats of my cunt-tube. I tightened my pelvic floor muscles, creating even more friction for him, which resulted in my boy moaning in ecstasy.

Now, we were in the heat of intercourse, and our bodies began to feverishly fuck like mindless animals. The big bed began to rock and creak as our tempo intensified. Usually, with my husband, my orgasm wouldn't begin building this quickly. However, this wasn't a middle aged man with an average cock on top of me. This was a big dicked teenager, full of vitally, and also one who was clearly confident in his ability to fuck.

I suspected, by the curve of Taylor's cock, that he'd be able to plow my G-spot exquisitely. I was right! His fat, spongy knob dug against the lining of my upper wall, stimulating my clitoral root. Within seconds I was swept away in a body-trembling orgasm. My boy pounded me straight through it, like a true, cunt-fucking champion.

I had watched my boy win awards, hit homeruns at baseball games...receive all sorts of school accolades. However, nothing made me prouder than how he fucked my pussy this hard, and for this long without squirting his wad. The wonderful sound of his cum-swollen balls beating against my ass filled the room as he pummeled his cock through my needy hole. This made me quickly arrive at orgasm number two.

I could feel my vestibule squeezing and pulsing around the girth of Taylor's erection, squirting out hot female ejaculate. I heard my boy gasping and grunted as he experienced the divine sensation of a grown woman cumming on his young cock. I felt his dreamy dong swell up even bigger, then Taylor let out a guttural grunt and began

hosing out spunk inside me. I rocked my baby for the longest time, milking him with clenching squeezes of my vagina, letting him drain every drop inside me.

This was the point where my husband would roll off of me in exhaustion, but not my boy. We continued kissing, letting our fully-joined genitals marinade in our love-juices. I rolled him over onto his back and continued smooching with him. Now it was time for him to see his mom show off! While our tongues played wildly, I rubbed my spongy tits all over him, smearing his chest with the slippery nectar that leaked from my nipples. This got just the reaction I was hoping for, making his boner flex back to full hardness.

“Ready for round number two, baby?” I asked, sitting up and propping my extended arms astride his head.

“I'm ready!” he replied, staring at the giant tits looming above him.

“Now you get to see what we mommies do best!” I stated, then began fucking him. I knew, since Taylor had just cum, I'd be able to really ride and grind the fuck out of him; something I was rarely able to do with his father. I was kind of surprised how I didn't feel a drop of guilt cheating on Henley. I knew it wasn't his fault that he was older and only had an average-sized cock. I loved my husband, but I wasn't about to ignore the obsession I had with our gorgeous son, or miss out having passionate sexual intercourse with him.

“Do you like those big titties, baby?” I asked Tay as he watched my mammaries bounce around heavily.

“I sure do!” he replied.

“You know...since your brother's not born yet, all that sweet tit-nectar is going to waist. Would you like to nurse on my nipples, while I fuck you?”

“Hell yes!” he anxiously answered.

I lowered my meaty melons around his face, letting him get lost in my cavernous cleavage. Meanwhile, my rounded ass continued rise and fall, plunging my teens muscled peter-meat all the way to my back wall on every plunge. It felt SO fucking wonderful having his swollen knob kiss the entrance to my womb that once held him, while he licked and kissed his way around between my squishy breasts.

Taylor found my nipple and sucked it into his mouth, tugging with his tongue and cheeks. I brought my chest down, knowing it would be even more of a thrill for him if his entire face was buried in warm tit-flesh. I felt his boner give off an excited contraction, making his bell tip mushroom. My reaction was to quickly fuse our crotches and grind on him exquisitely. This caused Tay to squirm in pleasure, subtly bucking his hips and groaning beneath my heavy tit. The way my coital muscles flexed and released over and over, making my spongy vaginal walls chew at his cock, must have been driving my baby wild.

My vigorous movements were driving ME pretty fucking wild too! An earthshattering orgasm hit me out of know where, making me scream, tremble and gush all over my boy and his unyielding dream dick.

Over the next hour I came a half-dozen more times, letting my son take his time on my breasts. I knew they were objects of fascination for him for years and that sucking their flesh was a dream come true for him. When I finally pulled my nipple from his mouth and raised my tits off his face, his expression was priceless. “You look like you just took an hour-long roller coaster ride, baby,” I told him.

“That was better than a roller coaster. That was...amazing!” he breathlessly replied.

“Would it also be ‘amazing’ if mom rode your cock in the reverse Cowgirl position?”

“Oh yes it would!” he blurted.

I turned around, shoved his cock back inside me, then peeked back over my shoulder. “There...now you can stare at my ass like you did my tits,” I remarked.

“Can I shove my face between your ass cheeks, like I did to your tits?”

“I think that can be arranged.”

While I rode my son this way, my oversized milkers swung up and down, sometimes squirting out milk they were so fucking engorged. If my husband had walked in, he would have got the shock of his life, but the threat of that didn't seem to extinguish my son and I's passion one bit. We fucked mindlessly for nearly a half-hour longer before Taylor and I exploded in mutual climax.

“You wanna know the worst part of this trip?” I asked my son as we lay in bed holding each other, basking in post-sexual bliss.

“What?” he replied.

“That we have to stay one more night and have a two hour trip back home. That means it could be a full day before we have the opportunity to fuck again.”

“Not necessarily,” said my boy with a smile, reaching for his phone.

“What do you mean?” I inquired, curious as to what he was up to. He quickly texted someone on his phone. “What are you up to?” I asked.

Taylor didn't answer, just stared at his phone for a second.

“Perfect!” he suddenly blurted. “Dad just texted me back. They'll be up there skiing for another hour, which means you were wrong...WE DO have another chance to fuck, right now!”

I quickly climbed up on my hands and knees, pointing my meaty ass back at my determined teen and giving it a horny wag. “Well then...fuck away, baby! Hit that pussy from behind and make me cum all over my favorite dick again!”

Taylor gave me the best doggie-fuck ever...making me cum not once, not twice, but three times before he blasted out his ball-goo inside me. We were literally scrambling to get our clothes back on minutes before my husband and the girls arrived.

“Why's the window open?” Henley asked. “It's freezing outside!”

“Oh, it um...just got a little hot in here, honey. I think the thermostat in this room is broken or something,” I lied. I didn't dare tell my husband that the real reason the window was open was so I could quickly air out the swell of sex from my son and I going at it for nearly two hours.

“Did room service not come back to finish?” my husband asked, looking at the bed. “Why's the mattress stripped?”

“No, they um...said they'd be back with more bedding. They must have forgotten.” Of course, I had lied about that too. We had quickly stripped the bed before Henley and the girls got here, not wanting them to find it soaked with Taylor and I's ejaculate. “I'll call down to housekeeping and remind them. Did you guys have fun up on the slopes?”

“We had a great time!” my husband replied, then looked at Taylor. “What happened to you? You disappeared?”

My son and I shared a knowing smile. “I found some other slopes to enjoy,” Tay answered him, nearly making me burst out laughing.

My husband fed me a confused look and I shook my head. “It's an inside joke, honey. Don't worry about it.”

I glanced at my boy and winked. Even though we had just fucked our asses off, I simply couldn't wait be alone with him again.