

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 3



BY KLRXO

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After arriving home from school, Jenson wandered into the living room and stopped short, his pulse immediately quickening at the sight before him. His mother was in the middle of her daily yoga routine, her body flowing gracefully from one pose to the next on her mat.

She wore skintight black booty shorts that barely covered the essential bits, the spandex molded to every mouthwatering curve of her thick ass and thighs. The rounded half-globes of her juicy cheeks spilled out the scalloped leg holes, jiggling and bouncing hypnotically with her every movement.

Karly's yoga tank top was just as scandalously revealing, the flimsy fuchsia fabric straining across her massive chest. The plunging neckline exposed the deep valley of her cleavage nearly down to her navel, gravity causing her gigantic tits to press together and create a tantalizing shadow.

Her nipples visibly poked through the spandex, the rubbery nubs making obscene tents in the material. Jenson swallowed hard as he watched the heavy melons joggle with her undulating movements, swaying pendulously and independent of her body.

As Karly transitioned into Downward Dog, planting her hands and bare feet to create an inverted V shape, Jenson nearly swallowed his tongue. Her succulent ass jutted high in the air, the skimpy shorts riding up to expose the bottoms of her fleshy cheeks. The fabric disappeared between the plump globes, giving him a mouthwatering view of her thong-bisected ass crack glistening with sweat. Her plush thighs spread wide, pulled taut with muscle, and he could just make out the puffy cameltoe of her mound pressed against the crotch panel.

Jenson's cock immediately began to swell in his pants as he ogled his mother's provocative pose, his erectile chambers thickening rapidly as blood rushed to his cock like a raging tsunami. He watched in awe as she undulated her spine, arching and dipping her back to deepen the stretch. The movement caused the hem of her top to ride up, revealing a tantalizing slice of skin above the waistband of her shorts. Her belly was surprisingly toned for a woman with such massive tits, and who had birthed three children, the muscles flexing subtly with her steady breathing.

Jenson's eyes traveled further up to his mom's chest, mesmerized by the way her massive mommy-melons dangled like ripe fruit, swaying heavily with her every inhale and exhale. They looked like they might spill out of her top entirely at any moment, the flimsy spaghetti straps digging into her shoulders from the immense weight. He could just make out a hint of darker areola peeking out from the plunging neckline, making his mouth water for a taste.

Karly tried to focus on her breathing and form as she transitioned into the next pose, but she could feel her son's heavy gaze roving over her scantily clad body like a physical caress. A traitorous flush of heat bloomed beneath her skin, her fat nipples pebbling further against the thin fabric of her top. She was acutely aware of how revealing her yoga outfit was, displaying her generous curves in a decidedly immodest manner.

“Hi, honey,” she said sweetly, gazing over at him beneath hooded lids. “Did school go OK?”

“Yeah, um... it was, uh... OK I guess,” he awkwardly replied.

Despite her best efforts, Karly found her eyes drifting down to the prominent bulge tenting the front of her son's pants. She quickly darted her gaze away, horrified at herself for noticing his arousal, but it was too late - the obscenely large outline was already seared into her brain. Good

lord, she had no business looking at Jenson's crotch, especially after what had transpired between them yesterday! What was wrong with her?

Jenson smirked as he watched his mother's eyes flick repeatedly to his straining erection, her cheeks pinking prettily. He loved how flustered she got over the effect she had on him, as if she wasn't walking around practically naked in the sluttiest little workout clothes imaginable. Did she really expect him NOT to react when she put her succulent body on display like this?

"Wow Mom, you sure are flexible," he remarked casually, his voice slightly husky. "I bet being able to bend like that comes in handy for certain...activities."

Karly faltered slightly, her core clenching at the suggestive comment. She prayed her son wasn't implying what she thought he was. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean," she said primly, not meeting his eye as she transitioned into Warrior pose. "Yoga has many health benefits, that's all."

"Uh huh, I bet," Jenson replied, unconvinced. He tilted his head, openly ogling her jutting ass and glistening thighs. "I was just thinking, some of those crazy sex positions you hear about probably require serious flexibility, you know? I wonder if being good at yoga helps with that kind of thing..."

"Jenson!" Karly admonished sharply, wobbling a bit as she tried to maintain her balance. Her face flamed at the inappropriate turn in conversation. "That is NOT an appropriate topic for a mother and son to discuss!"

He held up his hands in mock surrender, but his eyes danced with mischief. "Hey, it was just an innocent question! I figured with your experience, you might know about that kind of stuff. No need to get all bent out of shape...well, any more than you already are."

Jenson smirked at his own joke, letting his gaze pointedly roam over Karly's twisting, undulating form. The blatant appreciation in his heavy-lidded stare made her shiver with illicit awareness.

Jenson's eyes lit up with mischievous interest at his mother's flustered reaction. He could tell she was trying desperately to steer the conversation back to more appropriate territory, but he wasn't about to let her off the hook that easily. Time to see just how much he could fluster her with some naughty sex talk.

"Hey Mom, have you ever tried the Butter Churner position?" he asked with faux innocence, fighting to keep a straight face. "I read about it online and it sounds pretty wild. Apparently the girl holds her ankles behind her head while the guy goes at her?"

Karly nearly toppled over, her eyes flying wide at the shockingly explicit description. "Jenson Alexander Davis! Where on earth did you read about such a thing?" she sputtered, cheeks flaming.

He shrugged casually, enjoying her scandalized expression. "You know, around. The internet is full of crazy sex stuff. So...have you ever done it that way? Seems like it would require a lot of flexibility on the woman's part."

"I am NOT discussing my sexual history with you, young man," Karly retorted primly, struggling to maintain her composure even as lurid memories flashed unbidden through her mind. "My private intimate activities are none of your business."

"Aww c'mon Mom, it's just us," Jenson cajoled, giving her his most winning smile. "I promise I won't tell Dad or anything. I'm just curious if a position like that actually feels good or if it's all for show, you know?"

Karly chewed her lip, wavering with indecision. She knew she should shut this conversation down immediately, nip her son's morbid curiosity in the

bud. But a wicked part of her was tempted to shock him right back, put him in his place with some experiential knowledge.

"If you must know," she began slowly, dropping her voice to a husky purr. "Yes, I have tried that position before. It's called the Viennese Oyster, actually. And yes, it requires a great deal of flexibility and core strength to maintain."

Jenson's eyes widened, his mouth falling open slightly. He hadn't expected his straitlaced mother to actually admit to trying such an advanced sexual position. "No shit? So...did you like it?"

Karly paused, considering how much to reveal. Finally, she admitted, "Yes, I did enjoy the Viennese Oyster quite a bit, actually. The depth of penetration in that position is incredible. But..." She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "There are a few other nontraditional positions I like even better."

Jenson leaned forward eagerly, his eyes lighting up. "Oh yeah? Like what? What's your favorite?"

Karly bit her lip, knowing she shouldn't be indulging her son's inappropriate curiosity.

"Honey, let's just... talk about something else, alright?"

"But this sort of talk is all for 'educational purposes,' remember?" her son reminded her. "It helps me be more knowledgeable and confident."

She knew her son had a point, and the wicked temptation to shock him further proved too strong to resist. Glancing around to make sure they were alone, she confided, "Well, I've always been partial to the Amazon position. You know, where the woman straddles the man facing away from him and rides in a deep squat. The angle really hits the G-spot just right."

Jenson's mouth went dry as he pictured his mother bouncing on a cock in that position, her thick thighs spread wide and juicy ass jiggling as they slapped against a man's cock-base. "Wow, that sounds hot as hell," he croaked.

"Mmhmm," Karly agreed with a naughty smile. "I also love Doggy Style, but with my chest pressed flat against the bed and my back arched to present. The way it feels to be mounted from behind and taken hard and deep like that...unff."

She shivered at the erotic memory, her pussy clenching. Jenson shifted his hips uncomfortably as his trapped erection throbbed in reaction to his mother's husky words.

Emboldened by how much this sex talk was clearly affecting him, Karly continued, "Of course, you can't go wrong with Cowgirl either. There's just something so sexy about pinning a man down and riding him into oblivion, controlling the pace and depth. Grinding my clit against his pelvis until I cum screaming..."

"Damn," Jenson choked out, palming his rock hard dick through his pants. He was leaking steadily now, so turned on by his mom's dirty descriptions.

Then an idea struck him and he blurted out impulsively, "Hey Mom? Do you think maybe you could show me some of those positions? Not like, actually having sex obviously, but just getting into the poses? I'm a visual learner."

Karly's eyes widened and darted to her son's crotch where he was clearly groping himself. She knew she should adamantly refuse such an outrageous request, but the wicked, taboo thrill of the idea made her throb with want.

Swallowing hard, the mother hesitated for a long moment before finally nodding. "Alright, I'll show you," she agreed breathlessly. "But

afterwards, you have to promise to change the subject and get started on your homework, deal?"

"Deal!" Jenson readily agreed, his heart racing with excitement. He couldn't believe his sexy mom was actually going to model sex positions for him!

Taking a fortifying breath, Karly gracefully lowered herself to her yoga mat on all fours. She arched her back, sticking her bubble butt high in the air as she demonstrated Doggy Style. "This is a favorite because of the deep penetration and intimacy of the position," she explained huskily, slowly undulating her hips as if she was being taken from behind.

Jenson stared transfixed at his mother's spectacular ass bouncing and jiggling with her seductive movements, the skimpy shorts leaving little to the imagination. He could just make out the damp patch darkening the crotch as she subtly ground against an invisible lover. The desire to grab those plush cheeks and plunge his aching cock into her beckoning heat was almost overwhelming.

Satisfied that Jenson had gotten an eyeful, Karly fluidly transitioned into the Viennese Oyster pose, reclining back and lifting her ankles towards her head with impressive flexibility. The position caused her heavy breasts to nearly spill out of her straining top.

"The key to this one is opening the hips wide and tilting the pelvis up to receive deep, powerful thrusts," Karly explained breathlessly, pantomiming the motions. She could feel cool air teasing her exposed pussy lips and fought down a shiver, knowing her son had a clear view of her barely-concealed sex.

Jenson audibly gulped, his eyes glued to the juncture of his mother's thighs and the way her engorged folds peeked out around the flimsy spandex. Her succulent cunt was so pink and puffy and wet, just begging to be pounded in this position. He had to bite back a groan as his balls drew up tight, on the verge of busting in his pants.

After a minute, Karly rolled forward and pushed to her feet, turning to face away from Jenson. Spreading her legs wide, she sank down into a deep squat, demonstrating Cowgirl. Her thigh muscles quivered as she slowly began to bounce on an imaginary cock, her ass cheeks jiggling hypnotically.

"Unff...this one is so good for hitting the G-spot," Karly moaned, losing herself in the erotic motions. She was dripping now, her arousal soaking through the thin material of her shorts. "Riding hard and grinding deep, mmm..."

Jenson swallowed thickly, his heart pounding as he watched his mother's erotic display. The way she was squatting and bouncing, her succulent ass and thighs jiggling, had him harder than he'd ever been in his life. Before he could second guess himself, the words tumbled out:

"Hey Mom? Would you mind if I, uh, rubbed one out real quick while you show me Missionary? I'm so worked up right now, I feel like I might explode."

Karly froze mid-bounce, her eyes widening at the outrageous request. She straightened up and turned to face her son, cheeks flushed. "Jenson! I don't think that's a good idea. What if your sister comes home and catches us? It would scar her for life!"

But Jenson was too far gone to be deterred, his aching cock screaming for relief. "Please Mom, you've already seen me down there, and I'll be super quick, I swear. No one will walk in, it'll just take a minute. I just really need to cum after watching you move like that."

Karly bit her lip, wavering with indecision. She knew it was beyond inappropriate to let her son masturbate in front of her, but the wicked thrill of the taboo act made her pussy clench with want. Glancing at the clock, she saw that Jenna's dance class didn't end for another half hour - they should have enough time.

"Alright fine, but you have to make it quick," she relented breathlessly, desire overriding her better judgment. "I don't want your sister walking in on this depraved scene."

Jenson grinned, elated and slightly shocked that his mom was actually agreeing to this. "I will, I promise. It won't take long at all in my current state."

Karly took a deep breath and reclined back on her yoga mat, getting into position. She bent her knees and let them fall open, planting her feet flat. Raising her arms above her head, she arched her back and thrust out her huge tits.

"This is standard Missionary," she explained huskily, undulating her hips. "The woman is spread out vulnerably while the man covers her body with his and penetrates her deeply."

Jenson groaned at the erotic sight, fumbling to shove his pants down his hips. His engorged cock sprang free, slapping against his belly and leaving a smear pre-cum. Wrapping a fist around his thick shaft, he began to stroke himself roughly.

"Gosh Mom, you look so hot like that," he panted, pumping his hips into his hand as his eyes roved greedily over her writhing form. "I know it sounds wrong, but I'm honestly imagining pushing between your thighs and just sinking myself into your tight, wet heat in that position..."

"I know, honey, I know," Karly panted, even as she widened her spread and drew her knees back towards her shoulders, opening herself further. "But we can never actually go that far, do you understand? I've already let things go too far by tasting your cum and letting you taste mine."

She punctuated her words with an erotic undulation of her hips, pantomiming the act of being penetrated. Her sexy bare feet hovered in the air, painted toes curling with pleasure as she thrust her pelvis up to meet an imaginary lover.

Karly watched her son stroke his impressive erection, noticing the clumsy, graceless way he pumped his fist. It was clear he was still an inexperienced masturbator, not knowing how to maximize his own pleasure.

"Honey, try twisting your hand as you stroke," she found herself advising breathlessly, the words spilling out before she could stop them. "Grip a little tighter and pay special attention to the sensitive underside of the head. Rub your palm over it on the upstroke."

Jenson's eyes widened at his mother's unexpected masturbation tips, but he eagerly adjusted his technique. He wrapped his fist snugly around his throbbing shaft and began to corkscrew it, twisting from base to tip. Focusing on the nerve-dense head, he rubbed the center of his palm against his leaking slit, smearing the copious pre-cum.

"Like this, Mom?" he panted, the new sensations making his cock jump and dribble excitedly.

"Just like that," Karly praised, her clit throbbing as she watched her son pleasure himself more effectively with her guidance. "Flick your wrist on every upstroke. Use your other hand to fondle your balls."

She couldn't believe the filthy instructions pouring out of her, but it was just so wickedly arousing to coach her innocent boy on how to jack off. Especially while she was sprawled wantonly in front of him, modeling sex positions.

Jenson did as he was told, rolling his cum-filled nuts in his free hand as he worked his cock with vigor. The fleshy orbs felt heavy and swollen, churning with seed that ached for release. Pre-ejaculate bubbled steadily from his tip, providing extra lubrication.

"That feels amazing," he grunted, hips bucking into his twisting fist. "You give the best advice, Mom."

Karly smiled sultrily, pleased by her son's praise. "Well, we moms do know a thing or two about pleasuring a hard cock. Comes with age and experience."

She pushed up to her knees, the new position putting her face level with Jenson's groin, just inches away. Her heavy tits swayed with the motion, nearly spilling out of her low-cut top entirely.

"You're doing much better, honey, but your rhythm is still a bit off," Karly critiqued gently, eyeing his stroking hand. "Here, let Mommy show you..."

Reaching out, she wrapped her own fingers around Jenson's, guiding his fist up and down his throbbing shaft. She began to squeeze his hand in a steady, undulating rhythm, applying pressure at key points.

"You wanna grip firmly at the base, then loosen your fist as you slide up to the tip," Karly instructed breathlessly, helping him masturbate.

"Squeeze again just under the ridge of the head. Mimic the rippling contractions of a real pussy."

Jenson gasped and twitched as his mother showed him how to perfectly stimulate his most sensitive spots, her warm hand moving his in a milking motion. The corkscrew stroke combined with the rhythmic squeezing felt incredible, like his cock was being lovingly massaged from within.

"Oh dang," he choked out, his cockhead flaring an angry purple as it strained toward Karly's face with each pump. "That feels so much better, holy shit."

Karly bit her lip as she watched pearly beads of pre-goo ooze steadily from her son's tip, glistening temptingly. It took all her willpower not to lean in and lap them up with her greedy tongue. She knew she shouldn't still be tasting Jenson so intimately, but remembered from sucking it before that his taste was exquisite, and god, did she want to.

"Do you feel that difference, baby?" she asked huskily instead, continuing to guide his stroking fist. "The way Mommy's hand squeezes and ripples along your fat cock, just like a hot, hungry cunt would?"

"Yes," Jenson hissed, his abs clenching as he pistoned through their combined grip. "Feels amazing. I'm gonna blow so hard..."

Karly's own pussy clenched in sympathy, arousal flooding her swollen folds. She ached to touch herself but resisted, knowing that would be going too far. Bringing her son to climax was already toeing a dangerous line.

"Jenson, honey, I'm only gonna do this so there's no mess to clean up afterwards, understand?" Karly said breathlessly, her eyes locked on the pearly droplets leaking from her son's slit. "This is absolutely the last time, I mean it."

Without waiting for a response, she leaned in and parted her glossy lips, extending her tongue to delicately lap at Jenson's weeping tip. He gasped sharply as his mother cleaned away the pre-ejaculate with kittenish licks before wrapping her lips around his swollen glans and giving a firm suck.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Jenson groaned, his cock jerking against her face as she began to polish his knob with her tongue, stimulating the sensitive underside.

Karly moaned around her mouthful, relishing the musky taste of her son's excitement leaking onto her taste buds. She swirled and wiggled the tip of her tongue against his throbbing head as she continued fisting his shaft, squeezing and rippling just as she'd shown him.

Jenson's hands flew to his mother's blonde hair, gripping the silky strands as he resisted the urge to buck into her hot mouth. The dual sensations of her plush lips sealed around his tip and her hand milking his

cock were driving him wild. He could feel his balls drawing up tight, the pressure building at the base of his spine.

"Gonna cum!" he warned between gritted teeth, his abs clenching.

"Fuck, gonna cum so hard down your throat, Mom..."

Karly increased her efforts, pumping and slurping vigorously as she coaxed her boy to completion. She wanted to taste his essence gushing across her tongue again, to feel him throbbing between her lips as he unloaded days worth of pent-up spunk.

"Give it to me," she urged gutturally as she came up for air, her fist flying over his pulsing shaft.

With a hoarse groan, Jenson's cock erupted like a geyser, the first thick spurt of semen shooting directly into Karly's open mouth. She quickly wrapped her lips back around his jerking tip, suckling greedily as jet after jet of hot jizz blasted against the back of her throat.

The mother gulped and swallowed rhythmically, taking all of her son's impressive load without spilling a precious drop. The creamy spunk coated her tongue and slid down her throat as she drank from him, the salty-sweet essence sending tingles through her body.

Jenson shuddered and grunted, his pelvis snapping erratically as he was milked of every ounce by his mother's talented mouth. His eyes rolled back in bliss as she drained him dry.

After licking up the last drops of her son's release, Karly released his spent cock with a wet pop and sat back on her heels. She wiped her mouth daintily with the back of her hand, trying to ignore how empty she felt now that her son's flesh was no longer throbbing between her lips.

"There, all clean," she said briskly, rising to her feet. "Now, no more of that, young man. Like I said, Mom only did it this one last time to avoid a mess."

Jenson nodded dazedly, still reeling from his intense orgasm. He tucked his softening dick back into his pants. "Thanks Mom. That was incredible, as always."

Karly flushed, waving away his praise. "Yes, well, remember - it can't happen again. We need to get back to a normal, appropriate mother-son relationship."

She turned to roll up her yoga mat, desperate for some distance. But Jenson's next words stopped her in her tracks.

"Hey Mom? I forgot to tell you, but I actually have a date tonight," he said casually, watching her reaction closely. "With a girl from school."

Karly spun around, her eyes wide with surprise. "You do? Well that's...that's wonderful, honey!" She hoped her smile didn't look as strained as it felt.

Jenson shrugged, feigning nonchalance. "Yeah, I figured it was about time I started dating. Anyway, I was hoping you could give me some advice? You know, just in case things go well and we end up...you know." He raised his eyebrows suggestively.

Karly's stomach clenched at the thought of her precious boy being intimate with some teenage girl. She knew it was irrational to feel jealous - this was a good thing, a sign that Jenson was maturing and moving on from their inappropriate dalliances.

"Of course, sweetheart," she said, forcing cheerfulness into her tone. "I'd be happy to give you some pointers. What would you like to know?"

Jenson stepped closer, his eyes dark and intense. "Well for starters...what are some foolproof techniques for making a girl cum? I really want to impress her and blow her mind in bed."

Karly swallowed thickly, trying to ignore the pulse of arousal his words ignited. She had to remember this advice was for some faceless girl, not her.

"Um, well, the biggest mistake men make is rushing things," she began, slipping into teaching mode. "Take your time with plenty of foreplay. Kiss and caress her entire body to get her fully aroused before focusing between her legs."

Jenson nodded, looking fascinated. "That makes sense. Then what?"

Karly licked her lips, trying to focus on providing helpful tips and not the wicked fantasies playing out in her mind. All she could think about in that moment were the ways her husband Tom often fell short in bed, and how much she yearned to teach Jenson to be a skilled, attentive lover instead.

"Well, once she's nice and wet, you'll wanna tease her a bit before entering," Karly explained huskily, her cheeks warming. "Rub the head of your cock along her slit, nudging her clit with each pass. Make her desperate for it."

Jenson nodded eagerly, hanging on her every word. Karly's pussy clenched as she imagined her son using these techniques on her, driving her wild with need.

"When you do finally slide in, go slow," she continued breathlessly. "Let her feel every thick inch stretching her open. Shallow thrusts at first before building to deep, steady strokes."

She couldn't help but compare that to Tom's graceless rutting, how he always rushed through foreplay in his haste to get off. He never took the time to work her up, to stoke her arousal until she was creaming and swollen.

"You'll wanna experiment with angles to find her G-spot," Karly added, shifts restless. "Lift her hips or throw her legs over your shoulders. The key is pressure and friction against that sensitive area."

Her clit throbbed as she recalled the countless times she'd been left frustrated and aching after a lackluster fuck with her husband. What she wouldn't give to have a virile young stud like Jenson plowing into her sweet spot with tireless energy, wringing climax after climax from her quivering body...

"Varying your pace is important too," she explained, voice growing more strained. "Alternate between deep, rolling thrusts and short, rapid jabs. Keep her on her toes, don't let her settle into a predictable rhythm."

Karly thought of how Tom always jackhammered away selfishly, chasing his own quick release with a mechanical tempo. There was no sensuality, no building of tension and pleasure. Just graceless pounding until he spilled with a grunt, usually making her cum only once, leaving her unsatisfied fully.

She gazed at her son's broad chest and shoulders, picturing how he would look naked and gleaming with sweat as he powerfully worked his hips above her. Jenson was already more well-endowed than his father. She just knew he would feel incredible spearing her open, stretching her neglected walls with his thick, untiring cock.

"A good position is holding her legs up and together, folded against her chest," Karly added feverishly, the forbidden visuals making her dizzy with lust. "It creates a tighter fit and lets you get so deep. Grip her ankles or backs of her knees for leverage."

Jenson's eyes lit up with interest at this new advice. "What about if she's on top?" he asked eagerly. "Like, is there a certain way I should move or use my body when a girl is riding me?"

Karly was thrilled that her son asked about this, as it gave her an opening to stress the importance of a man knowing how to properly pleasure a woman when she was in the dominant cowgirl position. So many men just laid there passively, forcing the woman to do all the work. But when a man put effort into meeting her movements, grinding against her clit and stimulating her G-spot with his pubic bone, it elevated the position to new heights.

"I'm so glad you asked that, honey," Karly praised, unable to keep the excitement from her voice. "When a woman is on top, you never wanna just lay there like a dead fish, letting her bounce around and exert all the energy. You need to actively participate, move your body in sync with hers."

Jenson nodded, looking fascinated as he absorbed this crucial information. "Okay, that makes sense. So how exactly should I move then? Like thrusting my hips up as she's coming down?"

"Yes, you definitely wanna thrust up to meet her downward motions," Karly confirmed. "But don't just jackhammer straight up. You wanna grind and swivel your pelvis against hers, stimulating her clit with your pubic bone. Undulate your hips in circles and figure-eights."

She demonstrated the movement, sensuously rolling her hips in a circular motion before transitioning into an undulating figure-eight pattern. Jenson's eyes glazed over with lust as he watched his mother's seductive dance.

"Another great trick is to sit up into a raised position and lean back slightly on your hands," Karly continued breathlessly, making her giant tits jump up and down as she acted out the motions. "It changes the angle of penetration and puts more pressure on her G-spot. Plus she can drape her body over yours, put her hands on your chest for balance as she rides."

Karly closed her eyes briefly, imagining how amazing it would feel to have Jenson's strong, young body beneath her as she rocked and swiveled on his cock. To feel his pelvis grinding deliciously against her swollen, throbbing clit with each thrust.

She could picture his sculpted chest heaving and flexing as he worked to pleasure her, his abs glistening with sweat from the exertion. In her fantasy, Jenson's big hands gripped her rolling hips possessively, squeezing and kneading her plump ass cheeks as she rode him hard.

Lost in her erotic imaginings, it took Karly a moment to notice that Jenson's cock was once again straining against the front of his pants, the fabric tented obscenely. A damp spot had formed where the swollen head pressed insistently, leaking copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Oh honey," she gasped, eyes widening at the sight of her son's renewed arousal. "Your... hard again. Better hurry to your room and take care of that before your sister gets home. Remember the techniques I showed you to make it feel extra good."

Jenson glanced down at his throbbing erection, nodding eagerly. "Yeah, I definitely need to rub one out again after that sexy lesson. You're way too good at explaining this stuff, Mom."

He paused, an idea striking him. Lifting his gaze to Karly's flushed face, he asked hopefully, "Hey, if you're done with your workout, could I maybe borrow your yoga shorts to use? You know, while I'm jerking myself?"

"My yoga shorts?" she asked stupidly.

"Yeah, you know, to um... sniff."

Karly's mouth fell open in shock at the scandalous request, but the wicked throb of her clit betrayed her arousal. The thought of her son feverishly masturbating into her sweaty, pussy-soaked yoga bottoms

was so filthy and taboo. She knew it was crossing yet another line, but the temptation was too powerful to resist.

"I suppose that would be alright," she found herself agreeing breathlessly. "As long as you promise to wash them after you squirt your seed into them and never breathe a word of this to anyone."

Jenson nodded solemnly, barely able to contain his excitement. "I swear, Mom. No one will ever know."

With trembling hands, Karly hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her skintight shorts and began to shimmy them down her thick thighs. The sodden crotch clung to her plumped lips, peeling away reluctantly to reveal the erotic wet spot left behind.

Cool air kissed Karly's overheated, swollen flesh as she bared herself to her son's avid gaze. She felt a trickle of fresh arousal escape to roll down her inner thigh, the physical proof of her incestuous desire.

Jenson's nostrils flared, drinking in the concentrated scent of his mother's musk that was now released into the room without the barrier of clothing. His aching cock visibly pulsed in his pants, another bead of slick fluid soaking through the cotton.

The teen's entire body trembled with barely suppressed need as he hungrily drank in the sight of his mother's bare pussy. The swollen, glistening folds beckoned him like a siren's song, promising untold pleasure.

Her puffy outer lips were flushed a deep, aroused pink, parting slightly to reveal the succulent inner petals. The delicate, finely ribbed flesh was slick with her essence, quivering with each ragged breath Karly took. Beads of moisture gathered along her plump labia before gravity tugged them downward, leaving a trail of honeyed dew in their wake.

At the apex of her lush mound, Karly's hood had fully retracted to expose the needy bud of her clitoris. The throbbing grape-sized pearl

jutted out proudly, a mini-version of her son's cockhead, begging for attention. It glistened with her juices, pulsing in time to her racing heartbeat.

Just below, Jenson could see his mother's weeping opening clenching and fluttering, expelling small gushes of fragrant cream. The viscous fluid seeped from her desperately empty hole to trickle along her bare slit, some droplets clinging to her plump nether lips while others dripped freely from her body.

The musky aroma of Karly's arousal fogged the air, filling Jenson's head with a primal lust. She stepped out of the clinging shorts and held them out to her son, the bunched fabric damp and warm in her hand. "Here you go, honey."

Jenson eagerly snatched the offered shorts from his mother's hand, bringing the musky fabric to his nose and inhaling deeply. The concentrated scent of Karly's arousal made his head swim with raw, animalistic desire. He groaned low in his throat, his cock throbbing urgently against his zipper as he breathed in the heady perfume of hot, juicy cunt.

Karly shivered as she watched her son huff her essence straight from the source, feeling a fresh gush of cream soak her bare slit in response. The wicked depravity of it all made her pussy clench with illicit need.

Turning on her heel, she began ascending the stairs, her heart galloping in her chest. She could feel Jenson's heavy gaze locked onto her exposed ass cheeks as they jiggled and bounced with each step. The cool air kissed her naked, sticky pussy lips, making her acutely aware of just how swollen and wet she was.

Jenson followed close behind, his nose buried in his mother's shorts as he breathed in her musk like a boy possessed. Her plump rear was a hypnotic sight, the fleshy globes dimpling and rippling as she climbed. He

longed to reach out and palm the warm, smooth skin, to feel her juicy cheeks overflow his squeezing fingers.

As they reached the second floor landing, Jenson worked up the nerve to voice his deepest desire in that moment. "Hey Mom? Do you think I could maybe watch you take your top off too? I just really wanna see your amazing boobs again," he asked breathlessly, his voice muffled by the fabric still pressed to his face.

Karly froze in her tracks, her stomach flipping at the brazen request. She knew she should firmly tell her son no, that he'd already been gifted with more than enough erotic visuals for one day. Letting him ogle her bare breasts again was crossing yet another line in the sand.

But the pulsing ache between her legs clouded her judgment, the wicked temptation too powerful to resist. The knowledge that Jenson was rock hard and leaking, just from huffing her pussy-soaked shorts and staring at her naked ass, was a heady aphrodisiac. Her nipples tightened into throbbing points, craving her son's ravenous gaze.

"Alright, you can watch me take it off," Karly agreed huskily, her cheeks warming. "But that's it for today, understand? After this, you go straight to your room and take care of that big problem in your pants."

Jenson nodded eagerly, barely hearing anything past his mother's permission to bare her tits again. "You got it, Mom. You're the best," he praised, voice strained with lust.

Emboldened by his mother's agreement, Jenson brazenly whipped out his straining erection right there in the hallway, wrapping a fist around the throbbing shaft. He began to stroke himself with urgency, eyes glued to Karly's voluptuous form as she reached for the hem of her tank top.

Karly gasped at her son's boldness, shocked that he would expose himself so wantonly. But the wicked sight of him pleasuring his

impressive cock sent a bolt of liquid heat straight to her core. Her pussy clenched and wept, fresh cream trickling down her inner thighs.

With trembling hands, she slowly peeled the skintight top up and over her head, baring inch after inch of soft, pale flesh. Jenson groaned appreciatively as his mother's giant tits sprang free from the restricting fabric, bouncing and jiggling in all their glory.

"Wow, Mom, your rack is unreal," he panted, pumping his fist faster. His hungry gaze roved over the heavy, sweaty mounds topped with wide areolas and large, dusky nipples. The jutting peaks were puckered tightly, just begging to be sucked.

Karly flushed at her son's crude appraisal, but she couldn't deny the rush of feminine power she felt, knowing her body could affect him so intensely.

Suddenly, the mother remembered another masturbation technique that Jenson might enjoy, something to really push him over the edge. The wicked idea made her dizzy with taboo lust.

"Honey, there's one more thing you can try when you're stroking," Karly said breathlessly, her cheeks flaming at what she was about to suggest. "Take your other hand and reach behind your balls, find that sensitive spot between them and your asshole. Press and massage it firmly."

Jenson looked confused for a moment, not quite understanding what his mother meant. "Huh? What sensitive spot?" he asked, brow furrowed as he continued absently stroking his rigid shaft.

Karly smiled indulgently, finding her son's naivety endearing. "Here, let me show you," she purred, boobs bobbling as she sauntering over to him.

Pressing her naked breasts flush against Jenson's back, Karly molded her soft curves to his lean muscles. He sucked in a sharp breath as he felt his mother's heavy, sweaty tits pillowing against his shoulder blades, her

hard nipples drilling into his skin like hot little points. The sensation of her warm, impossibly smooth flesh touching him so intimately made his cock jump in his pumping fist.

Karly reached around to cup and weigh her son's swollen balls, relishing how they felt full to bursting with his virile seed. Jenson let out a strangled moan, his sac drawing up tight at her touch. She could feel his pulse thundering through the thin, velvety skin.

Slowly, teasingly, Karly walked her fingers back further until she was brushing against the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls. Jenson jerked as if electrified when she found the right spot, a startled grunt escaping him.

"Right here, honey," Karly breathed hotly in his ear, rubbing firm circles over his perineum. "This magical little area called the taint is packed with nerve endings. Massaging it will make your orgasms so much more intense."

She demonstrated, skillfully kneading and pressing on the oft-neglected erogenous zone in time with Jenson's strokes. He shuddered bodily, overwhelmed by the foreign but exquisite sensations radiating from his crotch.

Karly's slick, naked body undulated against her son's back as she worked him over, her hips gyrating in a circular grind. Her hard nipples poked and prodded his flexing muscles, leaving damp trails of perspiration in their wake.

Jenson felt surrounded by his mother's intoxicating scent and sensual heat, drowning in her softness. The plush weight of her giant breasts crushed against him, the warm slickness of her inner thighs sliding along his legs, the smooth, hairless pubis teasing his ass crack as he held the damp crotch to his nose - it was almost too much to process.

"Mom? I'm home!" Jenna's voice suddenly called out from downstairs, startling the incestuous pair.

Karly froze, her fingers still pressed firmly against her son's perineum as her naked breasts molded to his back. Panicked arousal coursed through her at the thought of nearly being caught in such a compromising position.

"I'll be right down, honey!" she called back, struggling to keep her voice steady. "Just...finishing up in the bathroom."

Jenson let out a soft whimper as his mom's hand continued massaging his taint even as she addressed his sister. The delicious pressure combined with the thrill of almost being discovered had him right on the edge.

"Bathroom, now," Karly hissed urgently in Jenson's ear, giving his balls a squeeze.

In a flurry of movement, she hustled her son into the nearby bathroom, locking the door behind them. They didn't even bother with turning on the light, and the small pitch-black space immediately filled with their mingled panting and the musky aroma of sex.

Jenson groaned as he continued fisting his aching cock, his mother's body still pressed intimately against him. The darkness seemed to heighten every sensation, from the soft rasp of her labored breathing in his ear to the warm slickness of her sweaty skin sliding along his. He was consumed by the overwhelming scent of her arousal, the tangy musk filling his head and making him dizzy with need.

"Mom, please," Jenson whimpered desperately, reaching back to palm her plush ass. He kneaded the yielding globes, fingertips sinking into her damp flesh. "Can I put it in you? Just for a minute?"

Karly bit back a moan at her son's vulgar request, her hips instinctively rolling against him. She was tempted, so tempted to let him penetrate

her aching, empty sheath. To feel his young cock spreading her open and plunging deep, quenching the fire that raged in her loins.

But she couldn't betray her marriage vows, no matter how much her body screamed for it. Her pussy belonged to Tom and Tom alone.

"No, honey," Karly denied breathlessly, even as she continued grinding on him. "We can't. That hole is only for your father."

Jenson made a frustrated noise, bucking back into his mother's undulating hips. The globes of her ass jiggled and rippled with the impact. "But Mom, I'm dying here."

Karly hesitated, warring with herself. She hated to leave her baby boy in such an agonized state. And in that moment, she wanted nothing more than to be filled by his fat cock, to feel him throbbing inside her as he pumped her full of cum.

Then an idea struck her, a wickedly taboo solution. One that wouldn't technically be cheating, although her husband would be heartbroken if he ever found out she was even considering such a thing with their son.

"There is another hole you could use," Karly found herself suggesting huskily. "One that isn't completely promised to your father."

Jenson stilled, his heart leaping into his throat. Was she really saying what he thought she was?

"But this would be the one and only time," Karly warned firmly. "I don't want your mess splattering all over the bathroom."

Jenson nodded eagerly in the dark, barely able to believe his good fortune. "I understand, Mom. One time, I promise."

He felt his mom shift to the front of him and grasp his cock at its root. Then, the blunt, weeping head of his erection was pressing against her puckered back entrance. The tight furl of muscle seemed to kiss his tip in greeting.

"Let me get you nice and slick first," Karly panted as she gathered some of her abundant cream and transferred it to her son's throbbing cockhead. She smeared the warm honey over his swollen glans and down his shaft.

With a shaky exhale, she spread her plump ass cheeks wide, exposing the dusky pink pucker nestled between. The forbidden orifice winked and fluttered in anticipation, beckoning Jenson to plunder its tight depths.

Biting her lip, Karly pressed the drooling head of her son's cock against her quivering rosebud, feeling it throb against the sensitive nerve endings. She rubbed his tip around the clenched ring, painting it with his leaking essence before slowly bearing down.

Jenson groaned low in his throat as he felt his mother's back passage begin to give way against the unyielding spike of his teenage cock, the resistant muscle gradually loosening and unfurling for him like a perverse flower. The feeling of her body accepting him so intimately was indescribable.

With a gasp, Karly felt her sphincter stretch open around Jenson's insistent glans, the rim of her hole straining to accommodate his girth. The thick head popped past the initial ring of muscle with an obscene squelch and it squeezed around the neck of his penis, just below the coronal ridge, making them both shudder at the intensity.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Jenson choked out, overcome by the silky heat enveloping his most sensitive flesh. He could feel his mother's inner walls rippling and clenching around his tip, trying to draw him deeper.

Karly's eyes rolled back as her greedy asshole swallowed up inch after inch of Jenson's veiny shaft, the velvet hardness splitting her open. She couldn't believe she was actually letting her own son sodomize her, but the taboo wrongness only heightened her pleasure.

“Ahhh,” the teen's voice quivered as he felt his tender meat slowly glide the length of her ass-tract.

Finally, Jenson bottomed out, his pelvis flush against Karly's jiggling ass cheeks. He was fully sheathed in his mother's tight back channel, the obscenely-stretched ring of her asshole kissing his cock-root. The sensation was unreal, better than any pussy he could have imagined.

"God, honey, you're so deep in my's ass," Karly panted, adjusting to the overwhelming fullness. She experimentally squeezed her rectal muscles, delighting in Jenson's strangled moan.

Slowly, the mother began to rock back and forth, fucking herself on her son's thick cock. Her rectum stretched and fluttered around him, the sensitive nerve endings sending sparks of pleasure shooting up her spine. She could feel every ridge and vein of his shaft dragging along her clingy walls.

Jenson dug his fingers into the meat of his mother's hips as she rode him, her succulent cheeks slapping against his pelvis. He pistoned in counterpoint, driving up into her grasping heat as she slammed back. The filthy sounds of flesh smacking flesh and sodden squelching filled the small bathroom.

Jenson's swollen manhood flexed powerfully at the base, his rock-hard cock sustaining the intense force of his mother's ass slamming back onto his shaft. The girth and length of his erection was impressive as it plunged like a battering ram through the silky smooth muscular tunnel of Karly's rectum.

With each deep, vigorous thrust, the teen's bulbous cockhead plowed into the innermost depths of his mom's back passage, roughly jabbing against the highly sensitive cluster of nerve endings nestled in her rectal ampulla. This walnut-sized erogenous zone, located a deep in her anus, sent electric jolts of intense pleasure radiating through Karly's trembling body each time her son's cock head rammed it.

The purpled spongy tip of Jenson's manhood flared and throbbed as it pummeled his mom's anal G-spot over and over, leaking copious amounts of slippery pre-cum to ease the delicious friction. His rigid shaft pistoned through her tight, clingy chute with animalistic urgency, the veiny length pulsing against her buttery soft walls.

Karly gasped and whimpered, her eyes rolling back in bliss as her boy's cock plundered her most taboo orifice with toe-curling skill. She could feel every swollen inch of him stretching her impossibly full, his girth spreading her tender anal tissues with each powerful pump of his hips.

"Oh god baby, your big cock feels so good in Mommy's ass," Karly panted, grinding her hips back to meet his rapid thrusts. Her plump cheeks rippled and bounced obscenely as Jenson slammed into her from behind, his heavy balls slapping against her puffy, dripping pussy with each collision.

Jenson groaned gutturally, the primal sound rumbling from deep in his chest as he pistoned into his mom's hot, clenching backdoor. The way her muscles flexed and massaged his sensitive length was mind-blowing, the sensation so much more intense than his own hand.

He gripped Karly's fleshy hips hard enough to leave finger-shaped indents, using the leverage to yank her back onto his cock as he fucked into her harder, faster. He could feel his orgasm building at the base of his spine, his swollen balls drawing up tight as they prepared to unleash their massive load.

"Gonna cum!" Jenson grunted urgently, his rhythm growing erratic.

"Fuck Mom, gonna bust so hard in this tight ass!"

"Yes, give me that hot seed!" Karly hissed, her pussy clenching and gushing arousal at the thought of her son marking her forbidden channel with his essence. "Fill Mommy's ass with your cum!"

With a guttural groan, Jenson's orgasm crashed through him like a tidal wave. His cock pulsed and jerked violently as it began to erupt deep inside his mother's clenching asshole, the first thick jet of semen blasting against her sensitive inner walls.

The intensity of his ejaculation made Jenson's knees buckle and he started to crumple to the bathroom floor, but Karly wasn't about to let him go. Determined to milk every last drop from her son's spasming balls, she followed him down, squatting over his lap without breaking their intimate connection.

"That's it baby, give Mommy all that hot cum," Karly panted as she began to bounce on Jenson's spurting cock, her heavy tits bouncing and rippling wildly. She flexed her powerful ass muscles, compressing along his girth as she worked him over. "Drain those big balls in my ass!"

Jenson could only groan and sputter incoherently as his mother rode him hard, grinding her hips in filthy circles. Spurt after spurt of thick, scalding jizz gushed from his slit, painting Karly's clingy anal walls white. The suctioning, undulating pressure of her rectum seemed to pull the cum from him, coaxing out every last drop.

The teen's eyes rolled back in his head from the mind-bending ecstasy, his hands gripping his mom's plush hips hard enough to bruise as she relentlessly milked his cock. Each pump of her ass slicked his shaft with a fresh coat of his own release, the creamy fluid squishing obscenely.

Karly threw her head back and keened in bliss as she felt her son's massive load bathe her sensitive tissues, claiming her forbidden hole as his own. The scorching heat and sheer volume of his spunk made her pussy clench with emptiness, aching to be equally filled to overflowing.

"Yes, yes, fuck yes!" she chanted breathlessly, slamming herself down one last time and grinding dirtily. "I can feel you throbbing so deep, honey, pulsing all that cream into my guts. You came so much for Mommy..."

Jenson whimpered as the last few weak spurts dribbled into his mother's tightly grasping asshole, his softening cock still twitching from the intense stimulation. Karly gentled her movements, rocking slowly as she worked him through the aftershocks. Her velvety walls continued to ripple and squeeze, determined to wring out every last drop.

Finally, when Jenson started to hiss from the sensitivity, Karly lifted herself off him with a soft, wet pop. A river of pearly cum immediately began to seep from her stretched, puffy hole, dribbling down the insides of her thighs.

Jenson laid sprawled out on the bathroom floor, dazed and spent from his explosive orgasm inside his mother's ass. He couldn't believe what had just happened between them, how incredible it had felt to claim her forbidden hole so thoroughly. The intensity of his ejaculation left him weak and trembling.

Karly slowly turned around to face her son, eyes soft with affection and sated lust. She lowered herself down on top of him, covering his body with her own voluptuous nakedness. Jenson groaned as he was engulfed in warm, fragrant mom-flesh, her heavy breasts pillowing his face and chest.

"Mmm, my good boy," Karly purred, nuzzling his neck and jaw. "You did so well, filled Mommy up with so much hot cum." She peppered his skin with soft kisses, working her way across his cheeks and forehead.

Jenson basked in the sweet, intimate afterglow, relishing his mother's tender ministrations. He wrapped his arms around her plush waist, palming her doughy ass cheeks possessively. The feel of his own seed leaking from her violated hole made him shiver with dark satisfaction.

"That was amazing, Mom," he murmured dreamily, still floating on a cloud of euphoria. "I can't believe how good your ass felt squeezing my dick. Way better than my hand."

Karly giggled against his temple, pressing another kiss there. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, sweetie. Nothing makes me happier than draining my baby boy's swollen balls, even though it's very wrong."

She shifted to straddle his hips, smirking when his spent cock gave a feeble twitch against her slick folds. "And you know what? These two intense orgasms will help you last much longer later with your date. When you finally slide into her tight little cunny, you'll have the staying power to make her cum over and over before you pop, which is VERY important."

Jenson bit his lip. "Hey Mom? Can I ask you something else?"

"Of course, honey. What is it?" she replied, brushing his cheek in the darkness tenderly.

He hesitated, seeming uncharacteristically shy all of a sudden. "Well, the thing is...I'm kinda worried that I might not be a very good kisser. I don't want to disappoint my date, you know? So I was wondering..."

Jenson swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Could I maybe kiss you just once? Just so you can tell me if I'm doing it right? I'd really value your opinion."

Karly's eyes widened in surprise at the unexpected request. She knew she needed to get downstairs soon before Jenna started wondering what was taking so long. And locking lips with her son, even if it was allegedly for "educational purposes", was definitely crossing yet another line.

But she imagined Jenson's nervous, hopeful face and found herself wavering. She suspected the he looked so sweetly vulnerable in that moment, genuinely anxious about his kissing skills. What kind of mother would she be to refuse him a bit of reassurance and guidance?

"You really don't think you're good at kissing?" she asked.

"I mean, I could be, but I'd just like your expert advice on how I do," he replied in his most innocent tone.

"Alright, I suppose one quick kiss couldn't hurt," Karly relented softly, her heartbeat picking up. "But then I really need to go downstairs with your sister, ok?"

Jenson nodded eagerly, his expression brightening. "Of course! Thanks Mom, you're the best."

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Karly leaned down slowly until her face was hovering just inches above Jenson's. She could feel his rapid exhalations puffing against her parted lips, smell the lingering musk of sex on his skin.

Fluttering her eyes closed, Karly closed the distance and gently pressed her mouth to her son's. Jenson let out a soft sigh at the contact, his lips pliant and tentative against hers. He acted as though he wasn't quite sure what to do and let his mother take the lead.

Karly tenderly molded her lips to Jenson's, applying light suction as she angled her head for a better fit. She kept the pressure soft and undemanding, mindful not to overwhelm him. After a moment, she felt him start to respond, mimicking the subtle movements of her mouth.

Encouraged, Karly slightly increased the intensity, capturing Jenson's full bottom lip between both of hers. She suckled it gently before releasing it with a soft smack and moving to his upper lip to lavish it with the same sweet attention. He tasted faintly of peppermint toothpaste beneath the underlying tang of his natural flavor.

Emboldened by Jenson's responsiveness, Karly parted her lips further and traced the seam of his mouth with just the tip of her tongue, seeking entrance. He gasped softly in surprise but eagerly opened for her, granting his mother access to plunder him more intimately.

Karly slowly slid her tongue past Jenson's teeth to explore the warm, wet cavern of his mouth. She caressed his tongue with her own, coaxing it into a sensual dance. He was tentative at first, unsure of the unfamiliar motions, but quickly picked up on her lead. Soon their lickers were twining and stroking against each other sensually as the kiss deepened.

Soft sighs and the wet sounds of lips smacking filled the small bathroom as mother and son lost themselves in the taboo oral embrace. Karly slanted her mouth this way and that, demonstrating different angles and pressure. Jenson learned eagerly, passionate despite his inexperience.

"That's it honey, just like that," Karly panted breathlessly between kisses, pleased by her son's natural talent. "Mmm, you're a quick study. Your date is a lucky girl."

Jenson flushed with pride at the praise even as he chased his mother's lips for more drugging kisses. He was quickly becoming addicted to the taste and texture of her mouth. Karly indulged him, letting the lesson stretch on far longer than she intended. Neither of them wanted it to end.

Growing bolder, Jenson brought his hands up to tenderly cup his mother's face as their mouths fused over and over. His thumbs caressed her flushed cheeks reverently while his fingers tangled in her silky hair. Karly sighed blissfully at his sweet touch, her body melting against his.

Between passionate kisses, Karly teasingly flicked her tongue against different parts of her boy's face, tracing his features impishly. She lapped at the corner of his mouth, the tip of his nose, his fluttering eyelids, eliciting a shiver and goosebumps.

"You like that, baby?" she purred with a naughty giggle, sounding almost girlish in her glee at flustering him. "Mmm, you taste so good everywhere..."

To punctuate her point, Karly laved her tongue along the shell of Jenson's ear before gently taking the lobe between her teeth and nibbling. He gasped sharply, his fingers flexing against her scalp at the intense sensation.

“Mommy just wants to eat you up,” the mother purred moving lower, peppering wet, open-mouthed kisses along the column of her son's throat. She paid special attention to his bobbing Adam's apple, suckling it sweetly. Jenson groaned, his head lolling back to give her better access.

"That feels amazing, Mom," he panted, dizzy with pleasure. "Your mouth is magic."

“Mmm, moms are quite the magicians, aren't we?” she replied, sucking lightly at his neck, tempted to leave a hickey.

Swooping back in, Karly captured Jenson's mouth in a searing kiss, plunging her tongue past his parted lips. He met her ardently, their slick muscles twining and caressing. All thoughts of this being an innocent lesson had flown out the window - now they were just making out like two lovers lost in passion.

Minutes ticked by unnoticed as Karly thoroughly schooled her son on the art of french kissing. Their tongues danced and played, tangling wetly before retreating only to delve back in for more. They explored every inch of each other's mouths until they were dizzy from lack of oxygen.

Lost in a haze of sensation, Karly almost forgot where she was and why she needed to stop. It wasn't until Jenson nipped at her bottom lip, a move she hadn't taught him but sent sparks straight to her core, that reality came crashing back in. She couldn't let this go on, no matter how good it felt.

With great reluctance, the mother gentled the kiss and carefully disentangled herself from her son's embrace. She pressed one last soft, close-mouthed kiss to his lips before pulling back to look at him. Even in

the dim light, she could see how glassy and passion-drugged his eyes were, his cheeks flushed and lips kiss-swollen. The sight made her heart clench with bittersweet affection.

"Mom?" Jenson asked hesitantly, still a bit dazed from their heated make out session. "Do you think we could maybe practice kissing a few more times before my date tonight? Just really quick ones, I promise. I wanna make sure I keep getting better at it."

Karly bit her lip, torn between propriety and her growing inability to deny her son anything he wanted. The risk of getting caught was too high. "I don't know, honey. It's awfully risky with your sister and father around. We shouldn't press our luck."

Jenson's face fell and Karly's heart squeezed at his crestfallen expression. Sighing, she reached out to caress his cheek. "Tell you what - if the opportunity presents itself naturally, like if we happen to find ourselves alone in passing, I'll give you a quick kiss. But you have to be discreet and not push for more, understand?"

The teen immediately perked up, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "Really? Thanks Mom, you're seriously the best!" He surged forward to press an enthusiastic kiss to her lips, as if sealing the deal.

Karly allowed herself to melt into him for a moment before reluctantly pulling away. "Alright, that's enough for now. I really need to get downstairs before your sister comes looking for me." She rose gracefully to her feet, wobbling slightly as Jenson's cum continued to leak from her tender asshole.

They quickly dressed and tried to make themselves presentable, though the musky scent of sex still clung heavily to their skin. Karly prayed it wouldn't be too noticeable to the rest of the family.

Cracking open the bathroom door, Karly peeked out to make sure the coast was clear before slipping into the hallway. Jenson followed close

behind, unable to resist copping a feel of his mom's juicy ass as she walked ahead of him. She turned and shot him a warning look over her shoulder but there was no real heat behind it.

As Karly descended the stairs, she marveled at how empty her pussy felt after being so thoroughly satisfied anally. Her tender rim continued to flex and wink, dribbling her son's seed with each step. The sensation was a constant reminder of their forbidden activities, making her clench with residual lust.

Throughout the evening, Karly found herself taking advantage of brief moments alone with Jenson to steal passionate kisses, always mindful not to get caught.

As she was setting the table for dinner, the mother heard Tom and Jenna chatting in the living room. Sensing an opportunity, she quickly poked her head into the den where Jenson was watching TV and crooked a finger at him, beckoning him to follow her.

Heart pounding with illicit excitement, Karly pulled her son into the darkened pantry and shut the door. In the tight space, their bodies were pressed flush together, curves and planes aligning. Not wasting a second, she cupped Jenson's face and captured his mouth in a searing kiss.

Jenson responded eagerly, wrapping his arms around his mom's plush waist and parting his lips to welcome the sensual invasion of her tongue. Their mouths fused wetly as they exchanged deep, drugging kisses, quiet moans muffled. Karly plundered her son's mouth with lusty abandon, demonstrating a particularly skilful swirl of her tongue.

Jenson groaned into the kiss as his mother's tongue did wicked things to his mouth, teasing and tantalizing him with erotic flicks and swirls. She traced the roof of his mouth before curling around his own muscle and

sucking on it firmly, as if it were a small cock she was worshipping. The lewd implication made Jenson's dick throb urgently in his jeans.

Emboldened, he slid his hands down to palm his mom's plush ass, squeezing the ripe globes possessively. She mewled her approval into his mouth, arching to press her heavy breasts against his chest. Even through layers of clothing, he could feel her nipples pebbled into tight fat buds, begging for attention.

They made out like horny teenagers on a first date, all wandering hands and breathy sighs. Karly nibbled and licked at Jenson's lips teasingly, sucking his tongue into her mouth again and again. She rubbed sinuously against him, grinding her pelvis into the obvious bulge tenting his fly.

"Mmm, is that for me, honey?" she purred sultrily between kisses, reaching down to cup the rigid outline of his erection. "Did Mommy's kisses get you all hot and bothered?"

"Yes," Jenson panted, bucking into her palm. "I'm so hard for you right now."

Karly grinned wickedly and gave him a firm squeeze, relishing the heavy throb against her hand. "Hopefully your date will wrap her lips around this big, tasty lollipop...before you ravage her pussy."

As if to punctuate her naughty words, she drew his tongue into her mouth and suckled it forcefully, hollowing her cheeks. Jenson whimpered, his cockhead weeping a sticky bead of fluid at the blatant simulation of a blowjob.

All too soon, they heard the sounds of Tom and Jenna's voices growing nearer, signaling an end to their clandestine activities. With great reluctance, Karly gentled the kiss and released her son's throbbing tongue.

She pressed one last soft peck to his kiss-swollen lips before stepping back, putting some much-needed distance between their overheated bodies. "To be continued," she promised with a saucy wink.

Karly slipped out of the pantry on trembling legs, leaving him dazed and aching. She returned to setting the table as if nothing happened, hoping her flushed cheeks weren't too noticeable.

Later, as the mother was loading the dishwasher, she overheard Jenson telling Tom he was heading upstairs to shower before his date. Pulse quickening, she waited a minute before quietly following. She found Jenson in the upstairs hallway and yanked him into the linen closet, shutting the door with a soft click.

Before he could react, Karly pinned her boy to the shelves and sealed her mouth over his, swallowing his surprised grunt. She kissed him hard and deep, fucking his mouth with her tongue as she groped his taut ass. Jenson clutched at his mother's generous hips, grinding his rapidly hardening cock against her soft belly.

Jenson's hands eagerly slid up under his mother's blouse, seeking out her bountiful breasts. Karly gasped into his mouth as his fingers burrowed beneath the embroidered cups of her bra, sinking into the pillowy flesh. He kneaded and massaged the heavy mounds, feeling her nipples stiffen into tight peaks against his palms.

"Mmm, honey wait," Karly panted, breaking the kiss and gently grasping Jenson's wrists to halt his groping. She pulled his hands out from under her top, giving them a warning squeeze. "Remember, this is just for kissing practice. We can't let things escalate further, as much as I'm enjoying your touch."

Jenson looked adorably crestfallen but nodded in understanding, reigning in his runaway lust. "Sorry Mom, I got a little carried away. Your tits just feel so amazing, I couldn't help myself."

Karly smirked at the blatant appreciation, preening a bit. "They are pretty spectacular, aren't they? But you need to keep your hands to yourself if you want these little interludes to continue. Understand?"

"Yes ma'am," Jenson replied obediently, though there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "I promise to be a perfect gentleman. Well, as much as one can be with his tongue down his mother's throat."

Karly swatted his chest playfully but couldn't suppress a smile. Her son was incorrigible. "Brat. Now, where were we?"

Winding her arms around Jenson's neck, she pulled him down into another soul-searing kiss, picking up right where they left off. Their lips moved together sensually, tongues tangling and stroking as they lost themselves in passion. This time Jenson kept his hands respectfully planted on his mother's hips, though his fingers flexed and squeezed the plush curves.

Karly nipped and sucked at Jenson's lips until they were bee-stung and glistening with her saliva. "Mmm, getting better every time," she praised breathlessly as she broke the kiss, giving his bottom a parting squeeze. Then she was gone in a flash, leaving Jenson painfully aroused and craving more.

Karly found herself growing bolder and more reckless as the evening went on, addicted to the taboo thrill of kissing her son behind everyone's backs. It was like a naughty game, seeing how much they could get away with without being discovered.

As she walked past the living room on her way to the kitchen, Karly noticed Jenson lounging on the couch while Tom and Jenna were engrossed in a board game at the coffee table. Seizing the opportunity, she sauntered over to her son and perched on the arm of the sofa right next to him.

Under the guise of reaching for the remote, Karly leaned over Jenson, letting her heavy breasts brush against his arm. In a flash, she darted in and captured his lips in a quick but intense kiss, plunging her tongue into his mouth. Jenson barely had time to respond before she was pulling away, eyes twinkling mischievously.

No one else in the room seemed to notice the brief but passionate exchange, too focused on their own activities. Karly's heart raced with exhilaration as she rose and continued on to the kitchen as if nothing happened, leaving Jenson stunned and aroused.

As Jenson was heading to the bathroom to spray some cologne for his date, Karly "accidentally" bumped into him in the narrow hallway. Pressing her voluptuous body flush against his, she ground her pelvis subtly into the prominent bulge tenting his jeans. Jenson bit back a moan as he felt the heat of his mother's core through their clothes, her damp mound conforming to his rigid length.

With a mischievous smile, Karly reached between them and boldly cupped her son's package, giving him a firm squeeze. "Oops, sorry honey," she purred, not sounding apologetic in the least. "Didn't mean to brush against your hard cock like that. Mmm, but you feel so big and ready..."

Before Jenson could formulate a response, Karly surged up on her tiptoes and sealed her lips over his in a brief but searing kiss. Her tongue plundered his mouth forcefully, curling around his own slick muscle before retreating. With a parting nip to his bottom lip, she released him and sauntered off, leaving Jenson dazed and throbbing.

Jenson was in his room, anxiety building for his date, which he'd be leaving for any minute. He was engrossed in an intense multiplayer match on his gaming PC when he heard his father calling out to his mother from somewhere else in the house. "Hey Karly, have you seen my electric razor? I can't find it anywhere!"

"Did you check your nightstand drawer?" Karly yelled back, her voice coming closer as Jenson heard her footsteps approaching his room with purposeful strides.

A moment later, his door swung open and Karly marched in, a wicked gleam in her eye. Jenson barely had time to register what was happening before she plopped herself down on his lap, straddling his thighs. The chair creaked under their combined weight.

"Mom, what are you—" Jenson started to ask but was abruptly cut off as Karly grabbed his face and crashed her lips against his in a bruising kiss.

Wasting no time, she thrust her tongue past his parted lips and teeth to plunder the warm, wet cavern of his mouth. Karly licked along Jenson's palate and behind his teeth, fully exploring him with lusty abandon. Her tongue sought out his and curled around the slick muscle, stroking it sensually.

Jenson grunted in surprise but quickly recovered, wrapping his arms around his mother's plush waist and returning the passionate kiss with equal fervor. Their mouths slanted together hungrily, lips clinging and smacking obscenely as their tongues danced and dueled.

Karly ground her pelvis against Jenson's crotch as she made out with him fiercely, rubbing her damp, clothed mound along the rigid line of his erection. The seam of her shorts caught on the bulbous head, stimulating it through his jeans. Jenson groaned into the kiss, his hips flexing up to increase the delicious friction.

Large, warm hands palmed and squeezed Karly's generous ass through her booty shorts, fingers sinking into the yielding globes possessively. She mewled her approval, writhing on his lap like a bitch in heat. The chair creaked ominously under their vigorous movements but held steady.

They continued to kiss fiercely for a few heated seconds, all tangling tongues and roaming hands, before the sound of approaching footsteps had them springing apart.

Karly hurriedly smoothed down her hair and tank top just as Jenna peeked in oblivious to what she had almost walked in on. "There you are, Mom! Can you help me with my homework real quick?"

"Of course, honey," Karly replied breathlessly, hoping her flushed cheeks and kiss-swollen lips weren't too obvious. She shot Jenson a covert glance, promising with her eyes that there would be more to come, before following her daughter to the dining room.

As the minutes ticked down to Jenson's date, Karly found herself growing more and more agitated. The thought of some girl getting to experience her son's newly acquired kissing skills, among other things, made her stomach twist with jealousy. She knew it was wrong to want to keep Jenson all to herself, but she couldn't help the possessive feelings rising up inside her.

When it was finally time for Jenson to leave, Karly walked him to the front door to see him off. Tom and Jenna had disappeared upstairs, leaving them alone in the foyer.

Unable to resist, Karly pushed her son up against the door and kissed him hard, plunging her tongue into his mouth. He responded eagerly, hands flying to her plush hips as he returned the passionate embrace. Their lips moved frantically, hungrily, stealing as much contact as they could before he had to leave.

Karly pressed her voluptuous body flush against her son, smashing her heavy breasts into his chest. She could feel his rigid cock straining against his fly, poking into her lower belly as she subtly ground her damp mound along his bulge.

Jenson groaned into the kiss, fingers digging into his mother's juicy ass cheeks as he dry humped her shamelessly. He couldn't get enough of her soft, curvy form writhing against his, driving him wild with lust.

His mom seemed to sense his thoughts and gentled the kiss, slowly pulling back to gaze at him with lust-glazed eyes. "You're gonna do amazing tonight," Karly purred breathlessly, her voice husky with arousal. "Put everything I've taught you to good use and blow your date's mind."

Jenson nodded, panting harshly as he tried to get himself under control. His cock throbbed almost painfully, desperate for more friction. "I will, Mom. I'll make you proud."

"Mmm, that's my good boy," she praised, giving his straining erection a firm squeeze through his pants. "I want you to fuck that tight little pussy so hard and deep. Pound into her until she's screaming and creaming all over your big cock."

Jenson shuddered at his mother's raunchy words, his hips bucking into her groping hand. "Ahh yeah,,," he growled, the dirty talk revving him up. "I'll make her cum on my dick over and over."

"Yes you will," Karly encouraged wickedly, rubbing his bulge in circles. "Stuff that young cunt full of hard cock and fuck her like an animal. Don't hold back, really give it to her. Hammer her tight hole until she's cross-eyed and babbling."

Jenson was practically vibrating with pent-up sexual energy, his teenage libido kicked into overdrive by his mother's filthy urging. He wanted nothing more than to rip his pants open and shove his aching cock into some hot, willing pussy. To unleash all his raging lust like an untamed beast.

Jenson nodded eagerly, hanging on his mother's every word as she recapped all the important skills and techniques she had taught him.

Karly held her son close, his face cradled against her huge, pillowy breasts. She could feel his hot breath puffing against the exposed swells of her cleavage, making her nipples tighten.

"Remember, foreplay is key," Karly murmured, gently rocking her hips so that her pubic mound subtly ground against Jenson's straining bulge. "Take your time kissing and caressing her entire body. Tease her until she's dripping wet and begging for your cock."

"Got it," Jenson panted, his hands restlessly roaming over his mother's lush curves. He squeezed the abundant flesh of her ass, relishing how the plump cheeks overflowed his groping fingers. "Lots of foreplay."

"When you do sink into her tight little pussy, start with slow, deep strokes," Karly continued breathlessly, undulating her pelvis against the rigid outline of her son's erection. She could feel it throbbing against her dampening panties, making her ache to be filled. "Really let her feel every thick inch stretching her open."

Jenson groaned, his hips instinctively rocking to meet his mother's sensual grinding. The head of his cock caught on her pubic bone through their clothes, sending sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine. "Ungh yeah, I wanna stretch that young cunt so good..."

"Mmm, that's it baby," Karly encouraged, her heavy tits jiggling as she moved against him. "Once she adjusts to your size, start picking up the pace. Alternate between deep, rolling thrusts and short, fast jabs. Pound her tight little hole until she's wailing."

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna drill her so hard," Jenson panted, his fingers digging into the meat of Karly's ass as he dry humped her shamelessly. The friction of his trapped cock rubbing against her mound was maddening. "Hammer that pussy 'til she can't walk straight."

"Just like that," Karly moaned, grinding herself against her son's bulge with greater urgency. Her clit throbbed as it dragged over the denim-

covered head, the textured fabric providing delicious stimulation. "Ruin her for other boys. Spoil her cunt on your big, hard cock."

As Karly continued her raunchy pep talk, Jenson felt a twinge of guilt beneath his overwhelming arousal. The truth was, he didn't actually have a date tonight at all. It had been a spur of the moment lie, a desperate ploy to gain more of his mother's naughty "lessons".

He'd been flying by the seat of his pants ever since the unplanned anal sex in the bathroom earlier, trying to milk as much forbidden pleasure from his mom as possible. The fake date had simply been the next step in his scheme, a way to keep Karly engaged and pushing boundaries.

And so far, it was working like a charm. His mother had been unable to keep her hands (and mouth) off him all evening, finding any excuse to drag him into dark corners for intense makeout sessions and over-the-clothes groping. Her dirty talk and grinding had Jenson so revved up, he felt like he might bust the seam of his jeans.

But beneath the raw teenage lust, Jenson did feel bad about deceiving his mom. He knew she was only trying to help him be a good lover, to teach him how to properly please a woman. The fact that he was twisting her pure intentions to satisfy his own taboo urges made him feel a bit sleazy.

However, any residual guilt was quickly overwhelmed by the exquisite sensation of Karly's mound rubbing insistently against his confined erection. The damp heat radiating from her core seeped through the layers of fabric, making Jenson throb and leak in his boxers. He imagined that scorching, sodden flesh was wrapped snugly around his aching cock instead of separated by clothing.

No, he couldn't afford to feel bad, not when he was so close to getting what he really wanted - his mother's tight, juicy pussy. He'd already claimed her mouth and ass, it was only natural that her cunt was next on

the menu. And based on the way she was dry humping him so shamelessly, he had a feeling she wanted it just as badly.

So Jenson ruthlessly shoved down the pesky pangs of conscience and refocused on his ultimate goal. He just had to keep playing the role of the nervous virgin a little while longer. Keep milking his mom's sage advice and concern until she was primed and ready to give him some real hands-on experience.