

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 1



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test

By Klrxo

"Mom, I have a question," Jenson said hesitantly as he entered the kitchen where Karly was preparing dinner.

She looked up from chopping vegetables, her giant tits straining against her tight blouse, the indentations of her fat nipples clearly visible. "What is it, sweetie?"

Her 18-year-old son shifted his weight awkwardly. "Well, I heard some guys at school today talking about something called 'spit or swallow.' What does that mean?"

The mother nearly dropped the knife in surprise. She took a deep breath, unsure how to respond. "Um, well, that's a very...adult topic, Jenson. It's probably not really appropriate for us to be discussing."

"But I'm technically an adult now, and I wanna know," he persisted with childlike innocence. "The guys made it sound funny. Is it some kind of game?"

She sighed heavily, her cheeks flushing. "No, honey, it's definitely not a game. It refers to...oral sex. Whether a woman chooses to spit out or swallow a man's, um, fluids afterwards."

Jenson wrinkled his nose. "You mean his semen?"

"Yes, honey, his semen," Karly said quickly, desperately wanting to change the subject. "How about you go wash up for dinner, okay? We're having lasagna, your favorite."

But Jenson didn't budge, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Why would she do either one though? I mean, what's the reason for spitting or swallowing?"

The blonde-haired mother closed her eyes briefly, willing herself to remain calm and collected. This was not a conversation she ever imagined having with her teenage son. "Well, it's a personal preference," she began slowly. "Some women don't like the taste or texture, so they choose to spit it out. Others find it more...intimate and sensual to swallow."

Jenson looked thoughtful for a moment. "So some women actually enjoy the taste of semen then?"

Karly nodded reluctantly, her face burning with embarrassment. "Yes, I suppose some do. It's an acquired taste for many though."

"Huh, interesting," Jenson mused. "I guess swallowing would prevent things from getting messy too, right? No cleanup needed."

"That's true," she acknowledged, silently cursing the bluntness of teenage boys. "Swallowing IS less hassle afterwards." She desperately wished to redirect the conversation to something more family-friendly.

But Jenson was on a roll with his probing questions, oblivious to his mother's discomfort. "Have you ever swallowed, Mom? Or do you spit?"

Karly gasped, absolutely mortified that her son would ask something so shockingly personal. "Jenson! That is extremely inappropriate to ask me. A mother's sex life is supposed to be private, honey."

"Sorry," he mumbled, looking down. "I was just curious. I didn't mean to pry or upset you."

She sighed, seeing the wounded expression on his face. The poor naive boy didn't realize how crude his inquiry had been. "It's okay, honey. I know you didn't intend anything bad by it."

Karly hesitated, then decided to be more honest with her son, as uncomfortable as it made her. "If you must know, when your father and I were younger and first started dating, yes - I did use to swallow. At the

time, I actually enjoyed the taste of his semen. It was sweeter and more pleasant."

Jenson looked surprised but intrigued. "Really? So what changed? Why did you stop?"

She shifted awkwardly. "Well, as your father got older, his diet and lifestyle changed. More drinking, eating junk food. And over time, the taste of his fluid changed too, becoming more bitter and sour. Frankly, it started to taste awful to me. So I stopped swallowing it."

"Huh, I didn't realize that could happen," Jenson remarked, taking in this new information. "Do you think it varies a lot from guy to guy then?"

"It can, yes. I think a man's health, diet and habits definitely impact the flavor. Younger men like you tend to taste better than older men," Karly found herself admitting, immediately regretting being so candid.

Jenson suddenly grinned mischievously. "So you're saying I would probably taste really good then?"

Karly's eyes widened in shock at her son's boldly flirtatious comment. She knew she should scold him for such an inappropriate insinuation towards his own mother. But a part of her couldn't help feeling flattered by the naughty twinkle in his eye, and that he valued her opinion so much.

Swallowing hard, she stammered, "I...I would imagine so, yes. You're a healthy, virile young man in your prime. I'm sure your...sperm...would have a very pleasant taste and texture to them."

Her face flushed hotly as the taboo words spilled from her lips before she could stop them. What was wrong with her, discussing the flavor of her teenage son's spunk so casually? This was wrong on so many levels.

But Jenson seemed pleased by her flustered response, preening slightly. "Good to know. But what if it doesn't taste very good? I'd hate for that

to ruin my chances with a girl, especially if she's one who really loves giving head and swallowing loads."

Karly bit her lip, feeling increasingly uncomfortable with the direction of this conversation. Talking so openly about blowjobs with her innocent boy! When had this taken such an inappropriately sexual turn?

"Well, um...I suppose you could try adjusting your diet and habits to improve the taste," she offered weakly, not knowing what else to say. "Eat more fruit, especially pineapple and citrus. Drink lots of water. Avoid cigarettes, alcohol, and pungent foods like garlic and asparagus."

"Actually, all that sounds like a lot of work, especially if I don't even know if I need to do it. I might be just fine," Jenson said thoughtfully. He looked directly at his mother, his expression both innocent and suggestive. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to just...you know...taste it for me? And let me know if it's okay as is?"

Karly's heart nearly stopped, her eyes widening in shock. She couldn't believe her son had just blatantly propositioned her to taste his semen. It was beyond inappropriate. "Jenson! I...I couldn't possibly...you're my son for God's sake!"

But even as the words of protest left her mouth, she felt a forbidden thrill run through her body at the thought. Her son wanted her to sample his virile seed, to judge its flavor and texture. It was so taboo, so wrong...and yet somehow darkly arousing.

Jenson stepped closer, his eyes pleading. "Please Mom? I trust your opinion more than anyone's. If you say it tastes good, then I'll know I have nothing to worry about. And if it doesn't, you can tell me and I'll change my diet, I promise."

Karly swallowed hard, her mouth suddenly dry. She knew she should put a stop to this right now, scold Jenson for even entertaining such a perverted idea. But the wicked temptation was too strong to resist.

When was the last time she'd tasted a man's essence that was sweet enough to swallow? And her own strapping son was offering his to her, begging her to sample it. How could she refuse such a naughty gift?

"I...I suppose I could do it, just this once," she heard herself saying, almost in a trance. "For educational purposes only, to make sure you're...healthy, and sweet-tasting for girls who may be interested in... sucking on you."

Jenson grinned broadly, looking relieved and excited. "Thanks Mom, you're the best! Should I just whip it out right here then?"

Karly's eyes darted to the kitchen door. "No! Not here, your sister could walk in any minute. Let's go to my bedroom where we'll have privacy."

Heart pounding, she led her son upstairs, unable to believe she was really going to do this. Taste her own child's spunk to assess its quality! What kind of mother was she? But the taboo thrill was just too deliciously tempting.

Jenson eagerly followed his voluptuous mother up the stairs, his eyes glued to her round, juicy ass cheeks jiggling and bouncing enticingly with each step. The way her tiny skirt rode up, flashing tantalizing glimpses of her lacy panties stretched across her plump bubble butt, made his cock throb with forbidden lust.

Once they reached the privacy of her bedroom, Karly quickly locked the door and turned to face her son, her expression both nervous and excited. "Alright honey, go ahead and lay down on the bed for me," she instructed, her voice trembling slightly.

Jenson immediately obeyed, practically leaping onto his parent's king-sized mattress and stretching out on his back. He gazed up at his mother expectantly, his heart racing with anticipation. Was this really happening? Was his own mom actually going to put her mouth on his dick and taste his spunk?

Karly took a deep breath, trying to calm her frayed nerves as she approached the bed. She couldn't believe she was doing this, about to orally service her teenage son. But seeing him sprawled out before her, his youthful muscles rippling beneath his shirt, his bulge already prominent in his jeans, sent a illicit thrill straight to her core.

"Okay sweetie, let's see what we're working with here," she said huskily, reaching out to unbutton his fly with shaky fingers. Jenson helpfully lifted his hips as she tugged his pants and underwear down in one smooth motion, allowing his stiff cock to spring free.

Karly couldn't help letting out a small gasp at the sight of her son's impressive erection bobbing before her face. He was much bigger than she had anticipated, easily eight thick inches of rigid teenage meat. The swollen purplish head glistened with pre-cum, beckoning her to taste him.

"Oh my, Jenson," she breathed in awe, wrapping her fingers around his hot, throbbing shaft. "You're so big, honey. Mommy's gonna have to really stretch her mouth for this."

Jenson grinned proudly at the compliment, thrilled that his mom seemed so impressed by his cock-size. He'd always assumed he was about average, but the clear hunger in her eyes as she ogled his manhood gave his ego a major boost. He flexed his cock in her grip, making it jump, and his knob balloon with more blood.

"Think you can handle it, Mom?" he teased, looking down at her kneeling between his spread thighs. "I don't wanna choke you with this big dick."

Karly smirked at her son's cocky bravado, amused by his swagger. He was trying so hard to act suave and experienced, when she knew full well he was a virgin. She would put him in his place and show him that Mommy still knew best when it came to pleasing a man.

“I would answer that, but actions speak louder than words , honey,” she grinned, lowering her lips to his tool.

Without any further hesitation, Karly leaned forward and dragged her tongue along the underside of Jenson's throbbing shaft from base to tip, maintaining intense eye contact the entire time. He shuddered and let out a soft moan at the first intimate contact of his mother's mouth on his most sensitive flesh.

Reaching the leaking head, she swirled her long tongue around it skillfully, lapping up the drops of pre-cum oozing from his slit. "Mmmm, you taste so good already, honey," she purred sultrily. "Such sweet, yummy pre-cum. I can only imagine how delicious your actual sperm will be."

With that, the MILF parted her glossy pink lips and wrapped them around just the swollen tip, giving it a firm suck. Jenson gasped and fisted the sheets at the incredible sensation of his cock being enveloped in his mother's hot, wet mouth for the very first time. It was better than his wildest fantasies.

Karly began to bob her head in traditional blowjob fashion, taking more and more of his impressive length down her throat with each pass. Within minutes, she was effortlessly deep throating him, burying her nose in his musky pubes as she swallowed around his thickness.

Her son stared down at her in shock and awe, amazed that she could take him so deep without gagging.

Pulling off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his cock head, Karly smirked up at her boy. "Surprised Mommy can handle such a big dick, sweetie? I've always had an excellent gag reflex."

Jenson just whimpered as she dove back in, slurping obscenely as she aggressively sucked his throbbing meat . Her warm drool coated his shaft

and balls as she worshipped him orally with the utmost enthusiasm and skill, putting every porn star he'd ever watched to shame.

As Karly orally pleased her son with gusto, her own body reacted intensely to the taboo act. Between her shapely thighs, the mature mother's bare pussy clenched and quivered with building arousal. Her puffy outer lips swelled and flushed a deep pink beneath her panties as blood flow increased, while her inner labia unfurled like delicate petals slick with nectar.

Karly's throbbing clitoris emerged fully from its protective hood, engorging to the size of a plump grape. The sensitive bundle of nerves pulsed in time with her racing heartbeat, aching to be touched. Frothy cream seeped from her twitching vaginal opening, soaking her lacy panties and coating the insides of her trembling thighs.

The MILF's shaved mound was damp with sweat and her own musky secretions as her arousal built to a fever pitch from the wickedly erotic act of suckling her teenage son's cock. Karly had to squeeze her legs together tightly, desperate to ease the intense throbbing ache between them. Her fat nipples stiffened into tight buds, straining against the thin fabric of her bra and blouse.

As the experienced cock-sucker bobbed her head up and down on his rigid shaft, Jenson couldn't tear his eyes away from her heaving chest. Her massive tit-melons jiggled and swayed hypnotically with each slurping motion, threatening to spill out of her low-cut top entirely. The sheer size and weight of his mother's tits never failed to amaze him.

Unable to resist any longer, the horny teen boldly reached out and cupped the heavy globes through her blouse, relishing how they overflowed his groping hands. Karly moaned around his cock approvingly, encouraging his exploration of her bountiful assets.

Desperate to feel her bare flesh, Jenson impatiently pushed the flimsy fabric aside, along with the embroidered cups of her bra, and freed his

mother's melons from their confines. They tumbled out with a lewd bounce, jutting proudly as he palmed their doughy fullness.

The teen marveled at the sight of his mother's huge, bare boobies dangling inches from his face as she continued slurping on his manhood. Her dusky pink areolae were incredibly wide, easily the circumference of grapefruit, and covered in tiny goosebumps that gave them a delightfully bumpy texture.

Her nipples protruded at least an inch from her spongy tit-flesh, looking thick and rubbery like oversized pencil erasers. They were currently semi-erect, but he could only imagine how long and pointy they would grow when fully engorged with arousal. Jenson ached to wrap his lips around one of those fat, chewy nubs and suckle his mother's teat like a greedy newborn.

He also couldn't help imagining motorboating her giant, pillowy jugs, burying his face between them and shaking his head back and forth while blowing raspberries. Her satiny skin would feel so amazing caressing his cheeks and her abundant tit-meat would completely engulf his head in marshmallowy softness. Jenson could picture himself spending hours just nestling amid her expansive bosom.

Karly sensed her son's fascination with her huge boobs and smiled around his throbbing shaft. She knew how irresistible her colossal mammaries were to men, especially horny young virgins like Jenson. The fact that she was his mother only seemed to heighten his captivation, judging by the way he ogled her jiggling flesh so intently.

The wanton MILF shivered as her son rolled the sensitive peaks between his fingers, pinching and tugging just shy of too rough. Electric pleasure zipped straight to her neglected pussy, making her gush arousal. She rewarded his skilled fondling by taking him even deeper down her throat.

Lost in the throes of ecstasy, Karly let her boy maul her huge milkers as she sloppily pleased his throbbing erection. Drool dribbled down her

chin and coated her jiggling jugs as she gagged and slurped on his impressive meat. The taboo thrill of being orally used by her own son made her dizzy with lust.

"Dang Mom, your tits are incredible," Jenson groaned, eagerly kneading the pliant flesh. "So big and soft. I've wanted to touch them for so long."

Karly pulled off his spit-shined cock with a gasp, smirking up at him. "I know you have, sweetheart. Mommy sees how you stare at her tits when you think she's not looking. You wanna suck on them, don't you?"

"God yes," he admitted breathlessly, bucking his hips up impatiently.

Karly giggled, then continued lavishing attention on every part of his groin, not just his straining erection. She licked and kissed along the pulsing veins, making him twitch and leak even more. Dropping lower, she sucked one of his cum-filled balls into her mouth, rolling it around on her tongue as Jenson cried out sharply at the new sensation.

"Oh wow, Mom!" he gasped, struggling not to bust his nut right then and there. The pleasure was almost too intense to bear, every nerve ending electrified. And she was only just getting started.

Releasing his testicle with a wet pop, Karly moved even lower, pushing his thighs further apart to fully expose his most intimate area. Jenson's eyes widened as he felt his mother's tongue swipe across his taint, the tip teasing his virgin asshole.

"Mom, what are you-OH SHIT!" he yelled as she pressed her tongue firmly against his clenching pucker, wriggling it insistently as if seeking entry. Rimming definitely hadn't been part of the deal, but he was too far gone to protest, the taboo sensation scrambling his brain.

Karly grinned to herself as she ate her teenage son's ass with gusto, spearing her tongue past the resistant ring of muscle to probe his hot, silky walls. She could feel him shaking and writhing beneath her oral onslaught, incoherently babbling curse words. She knew he'd never

experienced anything like this before, and she took wicked pride in blowing his mind (and his hole).

After thoroughly tonguing him into a quivering mess, Karly pulled back and returned her attention to his painfully hard cock, now an angry purple and throbbing violently. Jenson was flushed and panting harshly, his lean teenage abs rippling as he tried desperately not to cum.

"You gonna feed Mommy that big load now, honey?" she cooed, pumping his slick shaft with her fist. "Paint Mommy's throat white with your hot, sticky seed?"

Unable to hold back any longer, Jenson let out a guttural groan as his balls drew up tight. "I'm cumming!" he gasped in warning, but Karly simply wrapped her lips around his erupting cock head, eager to catch every drop.

Thick ropes of pearly jizz gushed into the mother's welcoming mouth as she sucked and slurped greedily, determined to milk her boy dry. The creamy spunk was produced deep within Jenson's heavy, swollen testicles, which churned and contracted powerfully to pump out his virile load.

Each cum-filled ball held millions of sperm cells, generated by the seminiferous tubules coiled tightly inside. As Jenson's orgasm crested, these microscopic tadpole-like cells were mixed with nutrient-rich fluids from the seminal vesicles, prostate gland, and bulbourethral glands.

The resulting semen, a potent cocktail of genetic material and natural chemicals, traveled from the testicles through the vas deferens tubes. It built up pressure as the smooth muscles propelled it along the reproductive tract, before erupting forcefully from Jenson's jerking cock in several intense spurts.

Karly moaned in delight as she felt each hot blast of jizz paint the back of her throat. She could taste the slightly sweet, almost nutty flavor with

hints of bleach and salt - a delicious testament to her son's clean diet and lifestyle. The texture was exquisitely smooth and creamy, not too thick or clumpy. A perfect consistency for easy swallowing.

As spurt after spurt of fresh semen flooded her mouth, Karly made sure to keep sucking and pumping Jenson's wildly twitching erection, coaxing out every last drop. His swollen balls, visibly drawn up tight to his body, gradually began to deflate and relax as they were fully drained of his teenage seed.

Jenson shuddered and whimpered, his entire body wracked with mind-bending pleasure as his orgasm seemed to go on forever. He couldn't believe how incredible it felt to have his balls drained directly down his own mother's gulping throat. The sensation of her muscles rippling around him as she swallowed only prolonged his ecstasy.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of bliss, the spurts tapered off and Jenson collapsed back onto the bed, absolutely spent. Karly nursed at his softening member, suctioning out the last weak dribbles of jizz from his spongy knob and savoring the salty-sweet taste. She had never enjoyed a man's flavor so much before.

Letting his now flaccid cock slip from her lips, the mother sat back on her heels and smiled at her dazed son, licking away the pearly drops clinging to the corners of her mouth. "Mmm, honey, that was absolutely delicious," she purred, giving her flat tummy a satisfied pat. "You have nothing to worry about in the taste department, trust me."

Jenson just laid there, still trembling in the aftershocks of the most intense orgasm of his young life. He watched through hooded eyes as his mother stood up and began putting herself back together, as if she hadn't just swallowed a massive load of her own son's semen.

"My sperm is sweet enough for girls to enjoy then?" he affirmed.

“Finger licking good,” his mother answered, using her tongue to clean the stray ball-goo that splattered onto her fingers.

“Sweet!” the teen grinned, encouraged by the way his mom was savoring his essence.

Jenson's spent cock gave a feeble twitch of renewed interest as he watched his mother wrangle her huge, jiggling tits back into the cups of her bra, nipples and areola now hidden by embroidered lace. Even post-orgasm, he was in awe of those massive milky jugs.

"Now Jenson, I need you to promise me that this will be our little secret, okay?" Karly said seriously as she adjusted her bra, making sure she was properly covered. "What happened here today can't leave this room. It would be very bad if anyone found out Mommy taste-tested your semen."

Jenson nodded solemnly, even though he was still flying high on endorphins. "I promise Mom, I won't tell a soul. I don't want you to get in trouble, especially with dad."

"Good boy," she praised, giving him a warm smile. Her eyes flicked down to his exposed cock, a few pearly drops of cum still clinging to the tip. "Now why don't you get cleaned up and head to your room to rest for a bit before dinner? You must be exhausted after Mommy drained your balls so thoroughly like that."

Jenson flushed hotly at his mother's lewd words but did as he was told, tucking his sticky cock back into his underwear before pulling up his jeans. He rolled off the bed, his legs still a little shaky. Karly was already smoothing out the rumpled comforter, erasing any evidence of their taboo activities.

As Jenson shuffled towards the door, he paused and turned back to his mother. "Hey Mom? Thanks for doing that for me. You're the best."

Karly looked over and smiled tenderly at her son. "You're very welcome, honey. I'm glad I could help put your mind at ease. Just remember, this was a one time thing for educational purposes. It can't happen again, alright?"

"I understand," Jenson said, even as a small part of him hoped that wouldn't be the case. Now that he'd had a taste of his mother's incredible oral skills, he definitely craved more. Maybe she'd even let him taste-test her pussy juice, strictly for "educational purposes," of course.

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 2



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test – Part 2

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Karly pulled up to the curb outside Jenson's high school to pick him up, just like she did every day. Her son climbed into the front passenger seat, tossing his backpack in the rear.

"Hey honey, how was school today?" Karly asked brightly as she pulled away from the curb and merged into traffic.

"It was alright," Jenson mumbled, fidgeting awkwardly in his seat. He kept glancing over at his mother, admiring how her blouse stretched taut across her huge meaty tits. After their illicit activities yesterday, he was seeing her in a whole new light.

They rode in silence for a few minutes, the sexual tension thick in the air. Finally, Jenson cleared his throat and spoke up hesitantly. "Hey Mom? Can I ask you something kind of, um, personal?"

Karly's heart rate picked up, wondering if this was going to be a repeat of yesterday's inappropriate line of questioning. "I suppose so," she replied carefully. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, I was just thinking...you said my semen tasted sweet, right? Because of my healthy diet and all?"

"Yes, that's right," Karly confirmed, keeping her eyes on the road. "Most young men's seminal fluid has a slightly sweet flavor if they eat well."

Jenson nodded, emboldened by her matter-of-fact response. "So I was wondering...do women's juices taste sweet too?"

Karly nearly swerved off the road at her son's shockingly intimate question. Once she regained control of the vehicle, she glanced over at

him with wide eyes. "Honey, that's , um... That's just something you'll have to find out for yourself one day."

"I know, I'm sorry," he said sheepishly, though there was a mischievous glint in his eye. "I was just curious after our talk yesterday. I mean, you tasted my spunk, so..."

She huffed out an exasperated sigh. This boy was going to be the death of her. "If you must know, yes, women's natural lubrication can have a somewhat sweet taste as well, depending on their diet and cycle."

"Cycle?" he dumbly asked.

Karly sighed, realizing she was going to have to spell it out for her naive son. "A woman's menstrual cycle. The taste can change slightly throughout the month due to hormonal fluctuations."

Jenson wrinkled his nose. "Oh, you mean because of her period? That's kind of gross."

"It's a perfectly natural biological function," Karly said defensively. "Besides, I wasn't talking about menstrual blood. I meant the regular vaginal fluids that keep everything lubricated down there."

"Huh, interesting," Jenson mused. "So in theory, a girl who eats a lot of fruit would taste sweeter...down there?"

"In theory, yes," Karly replied, feeling her cheeks grow warm. She couldn't believe she was discussing the flavor profile of pussy with her teenage son. "Honey, why the sudden fascination with cunnilingus?"

Jenson shrugged, feigning nonchalance even as his heart raced. "I don't know, just trying to learn as much as I can, I guess. I want to be good at it when the time comes, you know?"

Karly softened, remembering how eager to please he had been yesterday, practically begging for her approval of his semen's taste. Her

son was so anxious to be a considerate lover. It was rather sweet, in a misguided way.

A slow grin spread across her son's face. "So...you eat a lot of fruit. Does that mean your pussy tastes sweet too, Mom?"

Karly knew she should scold Jenson for asking such an inappropriate question, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. Not after what they had done yesterday. The taboo memory of swallowing her own son's semen and letting him grope her gigantic breasts made her core throb with shameful arousal.

Last night at dinner, she could barely look her husband Tom in the eye, knowing she had committed the ultimate betrayal just hours before. As she sat across from him at the table, Karly kept reliving the moment when Jenson's thick cock erupted in her mouth, gushing spurt after spurt of his virile seed down her eager throat. The phantom taste of his jizz lingered on her tongue.

Whenever Tom tried to make conversation, asking about her day, Karly could only mumble vague non-answers, terrified that he would somehow be able to tell what a depraved slut she had been with their son. Her face burned with guilt every time Jenson met her gaze and smiled secretively, as if sharing an inside joke.

"Jenson, that's enough!" she scolded, gripping the steering wheel tightly. "I won't discuss the particulars of my own body with you. Yesterday was a one-time thing that will not be repeated, understand?"

But Jenson was not deterred by her stern response. If anything, it only made him more determined to push the issue, his hormones and curiosity getting the better of him.

"Aw c'mon, Mom," he wheedled, giving her his best puppy dog eyes. "We talked about MY taste. Why can't we talk about yours? It's only fair."

"Life isn't always fair, young man," Karly retorted, though she could feel her resolve weakening under his pleading gaze. Damn her son and his uncanny ability to twist her arm.

"Please, Mom? I just wanna learn more about the female body," Jenson pressed on, sensing her hesitation. "For educational purposes, like you said. I won't tell anyone, I swear."

Karly bit her lip, her mind racing. She knew she should shut this down immediately, nip her son's inappropriate curiosity in the bud. But a wicked part of her was tempted to answer and tell him all about her flavor.

"I'll think about it," she heard herself say, immediately cursing her weakness. What was wrong with her, even entertaining such a scandalous idea?

But the words were out there now, and Jenson's face lit up with excitement. "Really? Oh Mom, you're the best!"

"I didn't say yes," Karly warned, holding up a finger. "I said I'll THINK about it. That's all."

"Right, of course," Jenson agreed, though he was still grinning ear to ear.

Later that evening, Karly was in the kitchen preparing dinner when Jenson bounded in, an eager look on his face. "Hey Mom, have you thought about what we discussed earlier? In the car?"

Karly froze, her heart leaping into her throat. She glanced nervously towards the living room where she could hear her husband Tom watching TV. "Jenson, keep your voice down," she hissed. "And no, I haven't had time to think about...that."

"Think about what?" Tom's voice suddenly called out as he appeared in the kitchen doorway, startling them both. He looked between his wife and son curiously.

"Oh, um..." Karly fumbled, her mind racing for a plausible lie. "Jenson was just asking if I'd thought about...letting him get a motorcycle."

Tom's eyebrows shot up in surprise before furrowing in disapproval. "A motorcycle? Absolutely not. Those things are death traps."

Karly nodded vigorously, latching onto the excuse. "Yes, that's what I told him. I said I'd think about it, but the answer is most likely no. It's just too dangerous."

Jenson caught on quickly, playing along. "But Dad, I'd be really careful. And I'd take a safety course and everything."

"Sorry son, but I'm with your mother on this one," Tom said firmly. "No motorcycles. End of discussion."

"Fine," Jenson sighed dramatically, feigning disappointment. He shot his mom a covert look when his dad turned away, mouthing "good save."

Karly let out a subtle breath of relief, grateful for the close call. That had been too close for comfort. She really needed to put an end to all this inappropriate talk with Jenson before they got caught.

But even as she silently vowed to keep things strictly platonic going forward, Karly couldn't help wondering what her son's reaction would be if she actually let him taste her sweet essence straight from the source...

The next day, Karly was folding laundry in her bedroom, lost in thought. She couldn't stop dwelling on Jenson's question about her intimate flavor and how tempted she'd been to indulge his curiosity, even if only verbally. What was coming over her lately? She'd never entertained such inappropriate urges towards her son before.

As if summoned by her impure musings, Jenson suddenly appeared in her open doorway, startling Karly from her reverie. "Hey Mom, got a minute?" he asked, sauntering in uninvited.

"Jenson! You scared me," Karly scolded, pressing a hand to her racing heart. "And what have I told you about knocking first?"

Karly's sudden movement had made her enormous breasts bounce and jiggle beneath her short orange sundress, immediately drawing her son's rapt attention. He gazed hungrily at the way her ridiculously-oversized tits strained against the flimsy fabric, her deep cleavage threatening to spill out over the low neckline. Karly's bra struggled to contain her heavy jugs, the plump outline of her nipples clearly visible poking through the material.

Jenson licked his lips, unable to tear his eyes away from his mother's massive mammaries as they settled into a seductive wobble. He longed to rip her dress open and bury his face between those giant pillowy mounds. Karly flushed as she noticed her son ogling her exaggerated curves so blatantly, equal parts embarrassed and aroused by his obvious lust for her ripe body.

"Sorry Mom," Jenson said distractedly, still staring at her jutting chest. "I just wanted to talk to you real quick."

Jenson leaned against the door frame casually, crossing his arms as his eyes finally met hers. "So, I've been thinking...if you're not comfortable discussing your own, um, flavor with me, that's totally fine. I get it."

Karly relaxed slightly, relieved that her son seemed to be dropping the inappropriate subject. "I appreciate your understanding, honey. Like I said, some things are just too personal for a mother and son to talk about."

"Right, of course," Jenson agreed easily. A little too easily. "I guess I'll just have to ask Aunt Peggy instead."

Karly froze in the midst of folding a towel, certain she must have misheard. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

Jenson shrugged nonchalantly. "Well, since you're not willing to satisfy my curiosity, I figured Aunt Peggy might be more open to letting me taste her pussy. For educational purposes, of course."

"Jenson Alexander Davis!" Karly shrieked, throwing down the laundry. "You will do no such thing! I can't believe you would even suggest something so wildly inappropriate!"

Her son held up his hands in mock surrender, but there was a sly glint in his eye. "Hey, relax Mom, I was just kidding around. I would never actually proposition Aunt Peggy like that."

Karly glared at him, unamused by his twisted sense of humor. "Well, it wasn't funny. You nearly gave me a heart attack."

But even as she scolded him, Karly couldn't ignore the surprising stab of jealousy that had pierced her gut at the thought of her son tasting another woman's essence. Her own sister's, no less! The very notion made her feel intensely territorial for reasons she didn't care to examine.

Jenson studied his mother's face, noting the mix of emotions playing across her delicate features. Shock, anger, disgust...but was that a flicker of envy as well? Very interesting.

"Although..." he drawled, pretending to look thoughtful. "Aunt Peggy does have a bit of a wild streak. She might be into the idea of a strapping young man like me tasting her pussy. She's always been real flirty and touchy-feely with me."

"That's enough!" Karly snapped, her face flushing hotly at the vulgar image of her sister splayed out wantonly for Jenson's carnal pleasure. "I don't wanna hear another word about you...sampling...ANY woman's intimate flavor, understand? Not mine, not your aunt's, not anyone's."

Jenson held up his hands in acquiescence. "Okay, okay, I'll drop it. If you're not comfortable discussing it, that's fine." He turned to leave, then paused and glanced back over his shoulder with a mischievous

smirk. "I'm sure I can find some other willing woman to let me taste her. But don't worry, I won't tell you who it is or how she tastes."

With that parting shot, Jenson sauntered out of the room, leaving his mother gaping after him in shock. Karly stood there for a moment, her mind reeling, before impulsively hurrying to follow him.

"Jenson, wait!" she called out, scurrying down the hall. Her massive breasts bounced and swayed heavily with each hurried step, straining the neckline of her dress. She caught up to him at the top of the stairs, slightly out of breath.

Jenson turned, one eyebrow cocked questioningly as he took in his mother's flustered state and heaving bosom. "Yeah?"

Karly licked her suddenly dry lips, trying to collect her jumbled thoughts. Her son's cocky attitude and thinly veiled threat to taste another woman had rattled her more than she cared to admit. The thought of his head buried between some girl or grown woman's thighs, lapping at her dewy pink folds, made Karly seethe with irrational jealousy.

"I just...I wanted to tell you that if you do decide to...sample someone, make sure she's closer to my age," Karly found herself advising, the words tumbling out unchecked. "A younger woman's essence won't be nearly as developed or complex in flavor."

Jenson's eyes widened slightly at his mother's unexpected counsel. He certainly hadn't anticipated her chasing after him to give pointers on pussy eating. "Oh really? How so?"

Karly swallowed hard, knowing she was venturing into dangerous territory but unable to stop herself. Her son's rapt attention spurred her on, eager to impress him with her sensual knowledge.

"Well, a more mature woman's nectar will have a richer, more full-bodied taste and aroma," she explained breathily, her face warming. "Like a fine

wine that's been aged to perfection. An experienced pussy will be much more flavorful and intoxicating than a young girl's."

Jenson's eyes darkened with intrigue, his gaze drifting down to his mother's chest. The way her huge breasts jiggled and trembled with each impassioned word was incredibly distracting. He could tell that her nipples were stiffening beneath the thin fabric.

"Is that so?" he mused, licking his lips. "I guess that makes sense. Nothing beats experience, right?" His voice dripped with innuendo.

Karly's pulse fluttered at her son's loaded tone, her body responding to his blatant appreciation despite herself. Emboldened, she pressed on, determined to drive her point home.

"Absolutely. Take my own essence for example..." She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "After birthing and breastfeeding three children, as well as many years of womanly cycles, I can assure you my flavor is unparalleled. The taste and scent of my arousal is positively ambrosial compared to some inexperienced girl's."

Jenson's nostrils flared and his pupils dilated with lust, momentarily overwhelmed by the mental image of burying his face in his mother's fragrant, juicy pussy. He imagined her thick cream smeared across his cheeks as he tongue-fucked her experienced hole, gulping down her liquid passion. His cock throbbed urgently against his fly, aching to feel her velvety walls gripping him.

"Dang, Mom, you can't just say stuff like that," he groaned, adjusting himself. "You're giving me a serious case of blue balls over here."

Karly let out a breathless little laugh, gratified by the sizeable bulge now tenting her son's jeans. It gave her a heady thrill to affect him so powerfully with mere words. She couldn't resist pushing him a bit further, her sex growing swollen and slick.

"Aw, poor baby," she cooed with exaggerated sympathy. "Am I being a cock tease, describing how ripe and flavorful Mommy's pussy is? Telling you how deliciously creamy my essence would taste smeared across your tongue, knowing you can't actually sample it?"

Jenson bit back a tortured moan, his hips rocking forward of their own accord. "Jesus, Mom, you're killing me," he whined, palming his throbbing erection through his pants, his leaky knob pushing the denim out even further. "If I can't taste you for real, at least let me hear you describe it some more. Please? I'm dying for details."

Karly's clit pulsed with arousal, her panties now damp and clinging to her swollen lips. Her son's desperate begging was like an aphrodisiac, making her drunk with feminine power. She knew it was beyond wrong to verbally tease him like this, but she couldn't bring herself to stop, too caught up in the taboo thrill.

"Hmm, well...have you ever tasted a perfectly ripe peach?" she purred, her voice dripping with sensuality. "You know that first burst of heady sweetness that floods your mouth when you bite into the soft, yielding flesh? That's what my nectar tastes like. Lush and ambrosial, with a hint of tangy musk that's uniquely mine."

Jenson squeezed his eyes shut, inhaling sharply through his nose as he imagined sinking his teeth into his mother's juicy cunt. He could practically taste her fragrant essence on his tongue, making his mouth water. "Fuck, that sounds amazing," he panted. "What else? Is it thick and creamy or more slippery and thin?"

"Oh it's very thick and creamy, especially when I'm extra aroused," Karly divulged breathily, squirming a bit as she felt a fresh gush of fluid leak into her panties. "It coats the tongue like warm honey, rich and viscous. The texture is pure silk, so smooth and luxurious."

"God damn," Jenson swore under his breath, now openly groping himself. "What about the scent? Is your pussy perfume as intoxicating as the flavor?"

Karly let out a low moan, fighting the urge to slide a hand under her dress and touch herself. "Mmm yes, the aroma of my arousal is positively dizzying," she told him, her voice husky with need. "Musky and earthy, with a subtle floral sweetness. It fills the nose and makes the head spin with desire. One whiff and you're drunk on pheromones, addicted to the scent of hot, horny cunt."

Emboldened by her son's rapt attention and obvious arousal, Karly continued her provocative verbal teasing, intoxicated by the taboo thrill. Her own body was responding intensely, juices flooding her core and dampening her thin panties.

"Of course, it's not just the taste and aroma of my pussy that's so enticing," she purred, slowly swaying her hips side to side. The movement made her short sundress ride up her thighs, giving Jenson tantalizing glimpses of her semi-sheer panties stretched taut across her mound.

"The visual is just as appetizing. My plump outer lips are smooth and hairless, the skin like the finest satin. When I'm aroused, they flush a deep, rosy pink and swell up so invitingly, like a ripe fruit begging to be plucked."

Jenson's eyes were glued to his mother's crotch, drinking in the shadowy outline of her labia through the delicate fabric. He could just make out the pronounced cameltoe where the cloth dipped between her folds.

Karly grinned wickedly, continuing her sensual descriptions as she playfully flounced her skirt, flashing more tantalizing peeks at her barely concealed pussy. The damp spot at the juncture of her thighs was growing, the musky scent of her arousal wafting up to tease Jenson's nostrils.

"And my inner petals - oh, they're an absolute delight," she breathed, hiking up the hem of her dress even further. "Slick and glistening with my dew, the coral flesh so silky soft and delicate. They unfurl like the most sensual flower, blossoming open in invitation..."

Jenson let out a tortured groan, squeezing his throbbing cock through his jeans as he fought the overwhelming urge to pounce on his mother and bury his face between her legs. The way she was lifting and swishing her dress had the flimsy panties molding to her mound, highlighting every plump curve and fold.

"Please Mom..." he whimpered, no longer above begging. His balls ached with the need for relief, her graphic descriptions driving him mad with lust. "I'm dying for a taste. Just a little lick?"

Karly shivered at her son's desperate pleas, tempted almost beyond reason to give him what he so clearly craved. Her clit pulsed urgently, screaming for attention, and she could feel her abundant cream beginning to seep through her panties.

It would be so easy to simply push the soaked fabric aside and let Jenson have his fill of her ripe, weeping cunt. To grind her dripping slit against his eager mouth until she gushed all over his cute face.

Jenson felt like he was about to bust the seam of his jeans, his swollen purple cock head weeping copious pre-cum. He couldn't take this sensual torment anymore. "Please Mom, I'm begging you," he whimpered shamelessly. "Let me smell you at least. Just a quick sniff of your panties, that's all I ask. I need to experience your aroma for myself before I explode!"

Karly hesitated for a long moment, torn between propriety and her own feverish arousal. Her entire body was humming with need, her pussy throbbing and dripping, her fat nipples diamond-hard. The wanton depravity of letting her own son sniff her fragrant essence like an animal was just too wickedly tempting to resist.

"Alright, fine," she conceded breathlessly, hiking up her dress with trembling hands. "Just a quick whiff though. And don't you dare breathe a word of this to anyone, understand?"

"God yes, I promise," Jenson readily agreed, practically salivating as his mother exposed her damp panties to his greedy gaze. The white lace was unmistakably darkened with her juices, clinging to the plump outline of her mound. "Please, let me smell."

Heart pounding, Karly hooked her thumbs into the waistband and shimmied the soaked undergarment down her thighs, baring her glistening sex to the cool air. Her puffy pink lips were slick and swollen with arousal, pearly cream gathered in her juicy cleft.

Bringing the musky fabric to her son's flaring nostrils, Karly shuddered as Jenson inhaled deeply, his eyes rolling back in bliss. A low, animalistic groan rumbled from his chest as the concentrated scent of his mother's pussy flooded his senses, making him dizzy with lust.

"Fuck, Mom," he rasped, his voice muffled by the damp lace. "You smell incredible. So ripe and fertile. I wanna fucking drown in your scent." He nuzzled his face into the panties, feverishly breathing in her pungent musk.

Karly's knees nearly buckled at the intensely erotic sight of her son huffing her fragrant essence like a junkie, his own arousal unmistakable. The sheer depravity of the act made her clit throb almost painfully, a fresh surge of nectar gushing from her weeping core to trickle down her inner thighs.

"That's it, honey, breathe Mommy in," she urged gutturally, grinding the soaked fabric against his greedy nose. "Get high on the scent of my dripping cunt. Let it fill your head until you can't think straight."

Jenson was too far gone to form coherent words, grunting and snuffling like a pig rooting for truffles as he shamelessly mashed his face into his

mother's essence-soaked panties. The pheromone-rich perfume made his balls ache and his cock leak, every cell in his body crying out to bury his face in the source.

Blind with need, the teen suddenly dropped to his knees and pressed his open mouth to Karly's bared mound, uncaring that he was crossing a forbidden line. He had to taste her, sample the forbidden fruit of her womanhood, consequences be damned.

"Oh my God, Jenson!" Karly gasped, nearly toppling over as her son began to ravenously eat her pussy without preamble. His hot tongue speared into her drenched hole, slurping up her thick cream with obscene relish. "Honey, we can't...this is so wrong..."

But even as she voiced weak protest, Karly tangled her fingers in her son's hair and pulled him closer, instinctively grinding on his voracious mouth. Nothing had ever felt so wickedly incredible as her own son tongue-fucking her clenching pussy, gulping down her nectar like he was dying of thirst.

"Don't care," Jenson mumbled between licks, his words vibrating against her swollen flesh. "Need to taste you. Been craving this forever."

Jenson burrowed deeper, working his tongue beneath Karly's pink fleshy hood to attack the throbbing bulb of her clitoris directly. The sensitive bundle of nerves pulsed against his taste buds as he flickered and swirled over it, making his mother's hips buck wildly.

"Oh fuck, honey, yes!" Karly keened, seeing stars behind her tightly clenched eyelids. "Lick Mommy's clit just like that! Suck on it!"

Spurred on by her wanton cries, Jenson pursed his lips around the slippery pearl and suckled greedily, undulating his tongue against the electrified bud. Karly's syrupy arousal flooded his mouth as he nibbled and laved her most sensitive spot, the ambrosial flavor making him moan against her flesh.

"Mmmph, Mom, you taste even better than I imagined," he groaned in awe, slurping up her essence like a starving man. "So fucking sweet and musky. I'm addicted already."

Releasing her clit with a slick pop, Jenson moved lower to lave the plump, glistening petals of Karly's labia, tracing every dewy fold and crease with the tip of his tongue. He sucked each puffy lip into his mouth, worshipping the silky flesh until it throbbed and wept honey.

"Ah! Oh god, honey, your mouth feels amazing," Karly panted, rocking her hips in time with his oral ministrations. "Eat Mommy's juicy pussy! Tongue-fuck my hole!"

Jenson eagerly complied, pointing his tongue and spearing it deep into his mother's fluttering sheath. Her satiny walls clenched around the wet muscle, drawing him in further as he thrust in and out, fucking her with his mouth. Lewd squelching and slurping sounds filled the air as he tongue-plunged her quivering depths, his chin and cheeks glazed with her slick arousal.

"Yes, just like that!" Karly praised breathlessly, grinding her swollen cunt onto her son's face with abandon. "Fuck me with that hot tongue! Taste every inch of Mommy's creamy hole!"

Lost to the incestuous depravity, Jenson noisily ate his mother out like a wild animal, grunting and growling into her dripping flesh. His face was completely engulfed by his mother's swollen, sopping wet pussy, her juicy folds molding to his features like a second skin. Her plump outer labia spread obscenely around his working mouth and chin, while the delicate inner petals clung to his cheeks and nose, painting him with her fragrant essence.

Karly's throbbing clit pulsed against her boy's upper lip as he lapped at her weeping entrance, the sensitive bundle of nerves electrified by his every movement. Her musky arousal coated his tongue and flooded his

nostrils with each deep inhale, the intoxicating pheromones making his head spin with dizzying lust.

Blinded by his mother's slick flesh, Jenson let his other senses take over, drowning in her taste, scent, and texture. The spongy walls of Karly's vaginal canal rippled and undulated around his plunging tongue, drawing him deeper into her molten core. Viscous honey dripped from her spasming opening to pool in his mouth, the concentrated nectar setting his taste buds ablaze with flavor.

Karly could feel the telltale tingling starting deep in her core, her inner muscles spasming erratically around Jenson's plundering tongue. He was gonna make her erupt like a geyser if he kept tongueing her G-spot like that.

"Don't stop, sweetie!" she urged frantically, her huge tits heaving as she rode his face. "Mommy's gonna squirt! Make me gush all over that handsome face!"

Jenson doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around Karly's convulsing opening and suckling hard, wiggling his tongue as deep as it would go. Her muscles rippled and clenched around him, trembling on the verge of explosive release.

"Fuck, I'm...I'm cumming!" Karly wailed, fisting her son's hair almost painfully as she ground against his open mouth. "Oh god, here it comes! Ahhh!"

With a keening cry, Karly's body convulsed violently, tits bobbling up and down as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Deep within her core, the spongy tissue surrounding her urethra swelled and pulsated intensely, expelling the built up fluid forcefully.

Muscles rippling, her vaginal canal clenched rhythmically around Jenson's tongue, grasping and undulating as electric pleasure radiated outward. The sensitive nerves in her G-spot fired rapidly, triggering

strong contractions that massaged the female prostate nestled behind her pubic bone.

As Karly's passion crested, the glands responsible for producing female ejaculate contracted powerfully, sending a gush of clear fluid shooting from her bulging urethral opening. The plump, dusky pink slit at the apex of her vulva throbbed and gaped, expelling spurt after spurt of warm, slick ejaculate directly into Jenson's open mouth.

He moaned in awe as his mother's intimate muscles bore down, painting his tongue with her essence. The force of Karly's squirting caused her juices to splatter against the back of Jenson's throat, nearly making him gag on the volume. But he swallowed reflexively, relishing the slightly sweet taste of her cum.

Copious ejaculate sprayed from Karly's spasming urethra in several powerful bursts, splashing against her son's face. The clear, slippery fluid coated his cheeks, nose and chin, dripping down his neck in rivulets. Jenson reveled in the lewd baptism, profane pride swelling in his chest at making his mother squirt so hard.

Karly shuddered and jerked through the intensity of her release, gasping for breath as each fresh gush erupted from her core. Her swollen clit pounded in time with her racing heartbeat, electric ecstasy radiating from the bundle of nerves. She could feel her ejaculate spurting out in rhythmic pulses, soaking her teen's face with her pleasure.

As her climax finally began to ebb, Karly slumped back against the wall, her knees nearly giving out. Residual tremors rippled through her sensitive flesh, making her twitch and moan softly. A final weak spurt dribbled from her fluttering slit as the tension drained from her body, leaving her boneless and sated.

Jenson continued to lap at her gently, cleaning up every drop of her spending with long, savoring strokes of his tongue. He nuzzled into Karly's mound tenderly, planting soft kisses across her swollen, satisfied

sex. Breathing in her potent musk, he let the intimate perfume fill his lungs, imprinting itself on his brain.

Finally, the mother had to forcibly push his head away, collapsing back against the wall on trembling legs. "Enough," she gasped, her chest heaving and skin glowing with perspiration. "I can't take anymore. You're gonna suck the life out of me through my cunt."

Jenson sat back on his haunches, grinning up at her in smug satisfaction. His face and the front of his shirt was an absolute mess, drenched in his mother's ejaculate, his chin and cheeks shining obscenely. He made a show of licking his lips and savoring her flavor, his eyes glazed with lust.

"Mmmm, I could feast on your delicious pussy all day," he purred, giving her mound one last nuzzling kiss before rising to his feet. "You're even tastier than I fantasized."

Karly flushed at the blatant reminder that her son had been lusting after her for god knows how long. How many times had he jacked off imagining the taste of her essence? The thought sent an illicit shiver down her spine.

"Yes, well, I'm glad you enjoyed it," she said primly, trying to regain some sense of propriety even as she stood there with her skirt bunched around her waist and her pussy still fluttering. "But that can't happen again, honey. We've given each other oral sex and that's as far as things go."

Jenson just smirked, clearly unconvinced by her halfhearted protest. "Whatever you say, Mom," he drawled, giving her a knowing wink.

Karly fixed her son with a stern look, her post-orgasmic glow fading into maternal seriousness. "I mean it, Jenson. It absolutely cannot happen again under any circumstances. Do you understand me?"

Jenson's cocky smirk faltered a bit at his mother's sharp tone, realizing she wasn't just playing coy. "But Mom, you can't deny how amazing that was! We're so good together. And you taste in-fucking-credible..."

"Enough!" Karly cut him off, holding up a hand. "I don't wanna hear another word about how I taste or any other inappropriate sexual comments. I'm your mother for Christ's sake!"

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing thoughts. "You need to go take a shower and wash any trace of me off your face before your father gets home. I couldn't bear the guilt if he somehow found out about this."

Jenson's face fell, his shoulders slumping dejectedly. "Fine, I'll go shower," he mumbled, turning to head to the bathroom.

Karly's heart clenched at his crestfallen expression but she held firm. She couldn't let her son manipulate her with his wounded puppy dog eyes. What they had done could never be repeated.

As soon as Jenson was out of sight, Karly slumped against the wall, overcome by shame and self-loathing. Dear God, what kind of depraved mother was she, letting her own child pleasure her so intimately? Tasting her forbidden essence and making her cum harder than she had in years only a day after ravenously sucking his cock?

Her husband's trusting face flashed through her mind and Karly thought she might vomit, the acrid sting of bile rising in her throat. Tom was such a good man, so devoted and faithful. He didn't deserve a cheating whore for a wife who committed incest with their son.

Glancing at the clock, she realized she only had about half an hour before her husband walked through the door. Just enough time to splash some cold water on her face, change her soaked panties, and start dinner like the perfect domestic wife and mother she was supposed to be.

Jenson hurried to his bedroom and locked the door, his rigid cock throbbing almost painfully in his jeans. A massive dark wet spot had formed in the front where his pre-cum had soaked through. Unzipping with shaky hands, he shoved his pants and boxers down just enough to

free his aching erection. The musky scent of his mother's pussy still clung to his face, filling his nostrils with her intoxicating essence.

Wrapping a fist around his engorged shaft, Jenson began to stroke himself with urgency, smearing the pearly beads of pre-goo that leaked steadily from his slit. He groaned at the delicious slide of his palm over the silky-steel flesh, so hard it hurt. Squeezing his eyes shut, he conjured the exquisite taste and texture of Karly's succulent pink folds, the way her syrupy arousal had flooded his mouth and coated his tongue.

Fuck, feasting on his mom's ripe cunt had been even more mind-blowing than his filthiest fantasies. Jacking off would never be the same now that he knew the blissful reality of having his face buried between her thick, creamy thighs, lapping at her sweet juices straight from the source. He craved more, wanted to spend hours worshipping her luscious pussy until his jaw ached and his stomach was full of her nectar.

And her scent...god, Jenson wished he never had to wash the divine fragrance from his skin. He wanted to marinate in her tangy-sweet musk, bottle it up and douse himself in Eau de Mommy Cunt. Rubbing his face against her soaked panties had been heavenly, but it couldn't compare to being glazed in her direct essence, drowning in pungent pheromones. He'd gladly let her use his face as a cum rag any day.

Stroking himself faster, Jenson's feverish mind drifted to his mother's other mouthwatering assets. Those huge, heavy tits he'd been lusting after for years, always straining against her bras and blouses. He'd finally gotten to see them in all their bare glory when she sucked him off in her bedroom the other day, but he longed to explore them further.

He imagined burying his face in his mom's expansive cleavage, motorboating her giant pillowy jugs until he was smothered in warm, fragranced tit-flesh. Kneading and squeezing the pliant mounds like dough, watching them engulf his hands. Tweaking and tugging on her

fat, chewy nipples until they grew long and bumpy with arousal, just begging to be sucked.

Jenson knew he would have to tread carefully going forward if he wanted to indulge in his mother's delectable body again. Karly was clearly wracked with guilt over what they had done, convinced it could never happen again no matter how incredible it had felt in the moment. Her strong moral compass and loyalty to his father were formidable obstacles to overcome.

But Jenson was nothing if not determined, especially when it came to fulfilling his taboo fantasies starring his voluptuous mom. He would just have to be more strategic, break down her defenses gradually until she was putty in his hands (and mouth) once more. Subtle manipulation was key.

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 3



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test – Part 3

By Klrxo

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.

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 4



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test – Part 4

By Klrxo

The morning after Jenson's supposed date, Karly was surprised to see her son moping at the kitchen table, listlessly pushing his cereal around the bowl. He had been so excited for his big date the night before, she expected him to be walking on air. Instead, he looked like someone had kicked his puppy.

"What's wrong, honey?" she asked in concern, sliding into the seat across from him. "Did your date not go well last night?"

Jenson sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping. "She canceled on me at the last minute. Texted saying something came up with her family."

"Oh sweetie, I'm so sorry," Karly said sympathetically, reaching over to squeeze his hand. Her heart ached seeing her normally confident boy so dejected. "Her loss. Any girl would be lucky to go out with you."

He shrugged halfheartedly. "I guess. I was just really looking forward to putting all your great advice to use, you know? Now I'm back to square one."

Karly bit her lip, studying her son's handsome face. He had been so eager and grateful for all her naughty lessons, it broke her heart to think of that going to waste. An idea began to form, one that sent an illicit thrill zinging through her.

"Well, there's no reason why you still can't have a special night out," she said slowly, choosing her words carefully. "In fact, why don't you let ME take you on a date tonight?"

Jenson's eyes widened, his mouth falling open slightly. "Wait seriously? You'd go on a date with me?"

Karly's cheeks warmed but she nodded, committed now. "Sure, why not? We can get all dressed up, go to a nice restaurant, maybe see a movie. I'll be your pretend girlfriend for the evening."

Jenson gaped at his mother, hardly believing what he was hearing. When he had concocted this scheme, he had hoped for this very thing – that she would actually volunteer to take him out herself. It was beyond his wildest fantasies.

"Wow Mom, that would be amazing," he said quickly, trying to play it cool even as his heart raced. "You're seriously the best."

"I just hate to see my boy disappointed," Karly replied with an indulgent smile. "It's a mother's job to make sure all your needs are met. And I intend to do my job very, very thoroughly."

There was no mistaking the suggestive undertone in her voice, the heated promise in her eyes as she gazed at Jenson. He swallowed thickly, his cock already starting to swell in anticipation.

Karly pushed her reluctance aside and spent the day pampering herself in preparation for her special date night with her son. She wanted everything to be absolutely perfect.

First, she visited her favorite salon for a complete makeover. The stylist trimmed and layered Karly's blonde locks, giving her a fresh, youthful look with face-framing highlights that made her hazel eyes pop. Then she was treated to a mani-pedi, selecting a flirty scarlet polish.

Next, Karly indulged in some intimate grooming. Even though she only had stubble on her snatch, she booked a full bikini wax, wanting to be completely bare and smooth for her son. The esthetician coated Karly's pubic mound and labia with warm wax before efficiently removing every last hair with quick pulls of cloth strips. It stung a bit but left her vulva silky and soft, glistening with a light sheen of oil.

While she was at it, Karly decided to go the extra mile and have her asshole bleached as well. She had always been a bit self-conscious about the darker color of her puckered rosebud compared to the rest of her milky skin. But the spa offered a special intimate lightening treatment that promised to even out her pigmentation.

Karly bit her lip and tried not to squirm as the esthetician carefully applied the cool bleaching cream to her most private area. She imagined how pretty her pink little asshole would look winking between her cheeks, ready to have a set of cum-bloated teenage balls beating against it for hours. The thought made her pussy clench with anticipation.

Once the treatment was rinsed away, Karly admired her results in the full length mirror. Her skin was glowing, freshly waxed mound as soft as butter. She pulled apart her ass cheeks and smiled at her newly lightened rim, the tight furl now a delicate dusty rose. Perfect for her son's viewing and erotic enjoyment later.

Karly's final stop in preparing for her special date with Jenson was an upscale lingerie boutique downtown. She wanted to find the perfect intimate apparel to drive her son wild with lust.

A pretty brunette salesgirl greeted Karly as she entered the luxurious shop. "Welcome! What can I help you find today?" she asked with a friendly smile.

Karly returned the smile, deciding to be brazenly honest. "Well, I have a hot date tonight and I need something that will absolutely blow a teenage boy's mind. The sexiest, most seductive lingerie you've got."

The girl's eyes widened briefly in surprise before a knowing smirk curved her glossy lips. "Ah, I see. Cradle robbing are we? You naughty cougar!" She winked salaciously. "No judgment here. In fact, I have just the thing for ensnaring a horny teenager."

She led Karly over to a display of particularly provocative sets - wisps of sheer lace and satin in rich, vibrant jewel tones. "These are from our Lolita line. Very popular among moms your age."

The salesgirl selected a demi-cut bra and high-cut panty in crimson red, holding them up for Karly's inspection. The flimsy lace cups would barely contain her gigantic breasts, the scalloped edges framing her cleavage. A tiny satin bow nestled in the deep valley.

The matching panties were little more than a triangle patch of transparent mesh in front and a ruffled lace string in back. They would hug Karly's freshly waxed mound and showcase her plump, smooth-shaven outer lips while leaving the rest of her rounded ass cheeks daringly bare.

"Perfect for seduction," the girl declared with a wicked grin. "Hike up a short skirt, flash him these bad boys, and he'll cream his pants on the spot."

Karly shivered with arousal, already imagining Jenson's reaction to seeing her in the slutty scraps of red lace and satin. She knew he'd be rock hard and leaking in seconds, that fat teenage cock straining urgently toward her scantily clad body.

"I'll take it," she said breathlessly, her pussy clenching in anticipation. "Along with that black push-up bra and the crotchless white lace panties."

"Oooh, assembling a whole cougar kit, are we?" the salesgirl teased, ringing up Karly's purchases. "You'll have to let me know how thoroughly you ruin the poor boy. I always enjoy a juicy cradle robbing story!"

Karly's stomach churned with anxiety and guilt as she drove home from her shopping trip, the racy lingerie sitting accusingly in the passenger

seat beside her. What was she thinking, planning to seduce her own son tonight? To actually have sex with him on their "date"?

It was so wrong, such a betrayal of her marriage vows and motherly role. Yes, she and Jenson had already crossed many lines with their inappropriate kissing and touching, oral and anal sex, but full-on intercourse was the final taboo. There would be no coming back from it.

Karly's pussy clenched traitorously as she remembered the exquisite feeling of her son's cock plundering her ass the day before, stretching her forbidden hole so deliciously full. And the way he'd dry humped her to a panting, writhing mess against the front door, his teenage hormones making him so hard and desperate.

No! She couldn't let the wicked temptation override her better judgment again. Jenson was her child, her baby boy. It was her job to guide him on a moral path, not lead him into sin and depravity.

Seized by a burst of resolve, Karly pulled out her phone at a red light and called Susan, the pastor's wife. They had become close friends through church events and often turned to each other for advice and support. If anyone could talk some sense into her, it was level-headed, righteous Susan.

"Karly, hi!" Susan answered brightly after a couple rings. "What a nice surprise. How are you?"

"Hey Susan," Karly replied, trying to keep her voice steady. "I'm...not so great actually. I was hoping I could talk to you about something? I really need some godly guidance right now."

"Of course, what's troubling you?" Susan asked, immediately shifting into nurturing pastor's wife mode. "You know I'm always here to lend an ear and pray on it."

Karly took a deep breath, her heart hammering. This was it, moment of truth. "It's about Jenson," she began hesitantly. "We've been...getting

closer lately. Too close. Physically." The words tasted like acid on her tongue but she forced herself to continue. "I've been having very inappropriate thoughts about him. Sexual thoughts."

There was a beat of heavy silence on the other end of the line. Karly squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the horrified gasp or stern scolding. But it never came.

"Oh honey," Susan finally sighed, her voice gentle and knowing. "Believe me, I completely understand what you're going through."

Karly blinked in surprise, not expecting that reaction. "You do?" she asked warily.

"More than you know," Susan replied with a rueful little laugh. "I've been there myself. The overwhelming lust, the forbidden desire, the sickening shame and guilt afterwards..."

"Afterwards?" Karly asked in surprise.

"Yes, afterwards," Susan confirmed quietly. "You see, my son Caleb and I have been...doing the devil's dance for a while now. He's a freshman in college and every Sunday after church, I drive up to visit him. We have a standing 'lunch date' at his dorm."

Karly's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock. "You and Caleb? But he's your..."

"My son, I know," Susan finished heavily. "Believe me, I struggled with it too at first. The guilt and self-loathing was overwhelming. How could I betray my husband, my marriage vows, and God like that? With my own child?"

She sighed deeply. "But then one Sunday, Michael gave a sermon about love and acceptance that really spoke to me. He talked about how God's love is unconditional, how He forgives all sins if we just open our hearts

to Him. That it's human nature to stumble at times, but He is always there to set us back on the righteous path."

Karly felt a flicker of hope at this. "So you stopped the physical relationship with Caleb?"

Susan laughed softly. "No honey, I didn't. If anything, Michael's sermon made me feel more at peace with it. I realized that my love for my son, while unconventional, comes from a pure place. I'm not exploiting or hurting him. If anything, I'm guiding him and nurturing his growth as a man. Teaching him how to love and please a woman in the most intimate way."

Karly's head spun as she tried to process this radical perspective. Susan and the pastor's wholesome, all-American son had a secret incestuous relationship? One that she justified through holy teachings? It seemed impossible.

"But what about your husband?" Karly asked hesitantly. "Doesn't he suspect anything? I can't imagine he'd be okay with you sleeping with Caleb..."

"Of course he wouldn't," Susan replied with a sigh. "He's a man of God, adultery of any kind goes against his beliefs. But what he doesn't know won't hurt him. I'm very careful to cover my tracks. As far as Michael is aware, Caleb and I just share an extra close bond because I doted on him so much as the baby of the family."

Karly gnawed her lower lip, her mind reeling. She felt like her entire worldview had just been turned upside down. If Susan, one of the most devoutly religious women she knew, could engage in an illicit affair with her own son and find peace with it, maybe her own wicked desires weren't so abnormal?

"I know exactly how you feel," Susan said sympathetically. "When Caleb was Jenson's age, he was so eager to start dating and become sexually

active. The poor boy was just bursting with raging hormones. I remember how crushed he looked when the girl he asked to prom turned him down. He moped around the house for days."

Karly nodded, relating all too well. "That's just how Jenson was this morning when his date canceled on him last minute. He had been so excited, telling me all week how he couldn't wait to kiss her and touch her. I think he fully expected to lose his virginity tonight. The disappointment on his handsome face when she flaked, it nearly broke my heart."

"I completely understand," Susan soothed. "No mother can bear to see her son hurting like that. We'd do anything to bring a smile back to their face and confidence in their step. Even if it means crossing certain...boundaries."

Karly swallowed thickly, her cheeks heating. "I may have already crossed a few," she admitted quietly. "When Jenson came to me for advice on pleasing his date, I started by teaching him to kiss. We spent hours making out passionately. I showed him the different techniques with my lips and tongue."

Susan made an approving noise. "That's a good start. French kissing is an important skill to master. I'm sure Jenson loved learning from your mouth. Such a special bonding experience."

Emboldened, Karly continued, "It didn't stop there. I modeled sexual positions for him. Showed him how to touch and caress a woman's body. Let him practice on me. We even..." She took a shaky breath. "We had oral and anal sex. I let him take my virgin asshole, fuck it hard and deep until he filled me with cum."

"Oooh Karly, how deliciously naughty!" Susan squealed. "Giving your son your untouched rosebud, that's so hot. I'm sure he felt so special and powerful, claiming that forbidden hole. The tightness and heat milking his young cock...mmm!"

"It was incredible," Karly admitted breathlessly, squirming as her pussy clenched at the erotic memory. "I've never felt so full, so possessed. The way he stretched me open and plundered my ass, pounding right against my special spot. I came so hard."

"See, there's nothing wrong with giving in to your carnal urges now and then," Susan reassured. "Especially with your own flesh and blood. That just makes it more meaningful. You're teaching Jenson how to be an incredible lover, blessing him with sensual knowledge and confidence. What a lucky boy."

The two mothers began gushing about their sons like a pair of giddy, horny schoolgirls discussing their crushes.

"Oh my god Susan, you should see the size of Jenson's cock," Karly bragged breathlessly. "It's huge! Way bigger than my husband's. I couldn't believe my eyes when he whipped it out, this thick, meaty teenage dick bobbing in front of my face."

"Mmm, I know what you mean," Susan purred. "Caleb is hung like a horse too. The first time I saw his erect manhood, my jaw literally dropped. He's at least nine inches, probably more. And so fat around, it barely fits in my hand."

"Right? These young studs are packing some serious heat," Karly giggled naughtily. "I felt positively stuffed when Jenson shoved that monster cock up my ass. The delicious burn and stretch, unff! I'm getting wet again just thinking about it."

"Oooh, I love anal sex with Caleb," Susan moaned. "The way his steely rod spears me open, sliding so deep into my forbidden channel. And when he's hammering against my special spot, I see stars every time!"

"God yes," Karly groaned, squeezing her thighs together as her pussy throbbed. "Jenson ruined my asshole, fucking it hard and raw before flooding my guts with his spunk. I've never been so thoroughly used."

"Mmmm, I adore the feeling of my son's cum pumping into my bowels," Susan sighed dreamily. "He always shoots such big, copious loads. No matter how much I milk him, he's got more to give. The perks of teenage virility!"

"Tell me about it," Karly snorted. "Jenson's refractory period is insanely short. He can cum buckets and be ready to go again in mere minutes. Meanwhile, it takes my husband half a day to recover for round two."

"Exactly! With Caleb, I can easily drain him three or four times in one session," Susan bragged proudly. "We'll fuck in every position, his big cock just plowing away at my holes until I'm cross-eyed and hoarse from screaming. Then after he showers me inside and out with jizz, he's raring for the next round while I'm still buzzing and twitching from the last orgasm."

"Unf, these young bulls and their endless stamina," Karly commiserated with a wicked grin. "I'm actually gonna do it. I'm gonna fuck Jenson tonight. Take his virginity and ruin him for other girls with my tight MILF cunt."

"Do it!" Susan encouraged enthusiastically. "Ride that teenage dick hard and drain those swollen balls dry! Give him a night he'll never forget."

Karly hung up the phone, her earlier guilt and hesitation replaced by a renewed sense of purpose and arousal. Talking to Susan had been so freeing, knowing she wasn't alone in her taboo desires. If anything, it emboldened her to embrace this new sexual dynamic with her son.

Later, Karly found her husband Tom in the den, engrossed in a football game on TV. He looked up and smiled as she entered. "Hey honey, how was your day?"

"Oh, it was productive," Karly replied breezily, perching on the arm of the couch. "Got my hair and nails done, did a little shopping. You know, us girls and our pampering!" She giggled, playing up the ditzy blonde act.

Tom chuckled indulgently. "Well, you look beautiful as always. So, any plans for tonight?"

Karly's heart raced but she kept her tone casual. "Actually, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. Jenson and I were thinking of going out for a little mother-son bonding time. Just the two of us."

"Oh?" Tom looked surprised but not displeased. "That sounds nice. What did you have in mind?"

"You know, the usual stuff," Karly said airily, waving a hand. "Dinner, maybe a movie. And then afterwards, we'll probably just park and have sex-" She broke off, eyes widening in pretend shock. "Er, I mean, have SNACKS and talk! Silly me, I don't know why I said sex. Totally unrelated activities!"

She forced a laugh, cringing internally at how fake it sounded. Tom was frowning now, clearly thrown by her verbal slip up.

"Uh yeah, that would be pretty weird if you two had sex," he said slowly, looking at her strangely. "I know you and Jenson are close, but not like that."

"What? No, of course not!" Karly laughed shrilly, her cheeks flaming. "That would be totally inappropriate, duh! Guess I'm just a dumb blonde, mixing up my words!"

She playfully knocked on her skull and stuck her tongue out in an exaggerated ditzy expression. Tom chuckled, shaking his head fondly at his wife's silly antics.

"Anyway, like I was saying," Karly continued hurriedly, "I thought it would be fun for Jenson and I to go out, just the two of us, maybe fool

around a little..." Her face blanched as she realized her slip up again. "Around town! I meant fool around town, you know, be silly and have fun. Not fool around with each other, that would be crazy wrong!"

Karly forced a strained laugh, mentally face palming at her inability to keep her foot out of her mouth. Why did she keep accidentally implying she was going to have sex with their son? Her subconscious was really doing her no favors here.

Tom was giving her an odd look now, his brow furrowed. "Uh, you guys have fun with that then," he said slowly. "Jenson's a lucky kid, getting a special night out with his hot mom."

"Yep, I'm going to give him a night he'll never forget!" Karly declared brightly, then winced as she realized how that could be taken in light of her previous Freudian slips. Dammit, she really needed to engage her brain to mouth filter better. "I just mean, you know, with the fancy dinner and the big Hollywood movie and the...the platonic bonding."

Karly rushed upstairs to get ready for her big date night with her son, giddy anticipation buzzing through her veins. She stripped out of her casual clothes and slipped into the sinfully skimpy red lace lingerie set, shivering as the delicate fabric whispered over her freshly waxed skin. The demi-cut bra barely contained her enormous breasts, the scalloped edges framing her deep cleavage. Her nipples poked against the transparent lace, visibly puckered with arousal.

The matching high-cut panties molded to her plump, smooth-shaven mound, cupping her pouty sex like a lover's palm. The back was nothing but a ruffled lace string that disappeared between the globes of her bubble butt, leaving the pale curves daringly bare. Karly turned to admire how the flimsy fabric clung to her newly bleached rosebud, the delicate pink furl winking salaciously. Jenson was gonna lose his mind when he saw her in this.

Next, she shimmied into the little black tube dress she had picked out for the occasion. Made of clingy spandex, it adhered to her every mouthwatering curve like a second skin. The hem barely reached mid-thigh, and the neckline scooped low to showcase her bountiful cleavage. Karly's heavy tits threatened to spill out entirely with the slightest provocative movement.

She stepped into a pair of strappy black stilettos, the high heels emphasizing the sleek lines of her toned legs and juicy ass. A few spritzes of her favorite sultry perfume at her pulse points, and she felt armed and ready for a night of scandalous seduction.

Karly checked her reflection in the full-length mirror, turning this way and that to make sure every detail was perfect. The dress hugged her hips and ass like a desperate lover, the clingy fabric molding to her plump cheeks. If she bent over even slightly, the lacy back of her panties would definitely peek out to taunt and entice.

Her titanic breasts strained against the low-cut neckline, the tops of her creamy globes nearly spilling out. The sheer lace of her bra peeked through the thin spandex, framing her deep cleavage. Her nipples tented the fabric obscenely, demanding attention.

Karly's golden locks tumbled around her shoulders in glossy waves, and her makeup was flawless – smoky eyes, long lashes, and a parted ruby pout that looked primed for cocksucking. The salon had painted her nails a matching shade of scarlet that would look sinful wrapped around her son's thick shaft.

Nodding at her sexpot reflection with satisfaction, Karly grabbed her tiny clutch purse and sauntered out to the landing. She could hear Jenson moving around in his room, getting ready for their big date. Her pussy clenched in anticipation, already imagining his reaction to her provocative outfit. She couldn't wait to feel his eyes raking over her barely-clothed curves, drinking in every tempting inch. To watch his jeans

tent with an insta-boner, that fat teenage cock springing to attention just for her.

Taking a deep breath, Karly knocked on her son's door before cracking it open and poking her head inside. "You ready, handsome?" she purred sultrily.

Jenson glanced up from tying his sneakers and immediately did a double take, his eyes bugging out comically. "Holy shit, Mom!" he blurted, raking his gaze over her revealing ensemble with blatant male appreciation. "You look insanely hot!"

Karly preened at the awed compliment, pushing the door open wider to give him a better view. She cocked a hip and posed with a hand on her waist, letting him feast his eyes. "You like?" she asked coyly, already knowing the answer.

Jenson nodded dumbly, his gaze riveted to the tantalizing display of cleavage and thigh. He licked his lips hungrily as he traced the clingy spandex hugging her every mouthwatering curve. "I more than like, I freaking love," he praised breathlessly. "Hottest MILF on the planet, hands down."

Karly giggled, tickled pink by his adolescent enthusiasm. She sauntered into the room, putting an extra sway in her hips so her juicy ass jiggled and bounced. Jenson's eyes immediately darted down to ogle the plump cheeks barely contained by her indecent hem.

"I wanted to look extra special for my handsome date," Karly purred, stopping right in front of her slack-jawed son. This close, she could see the pulse pounding in his throat, the hectic red rising in his cheeks. The way his nostrils flared as he scented her perfume, pupils blowing wide with desire.

"Wow," Jenson rasped, his voice cracking with awe. "I can't believe you got all dolled up like this just for me. I'm the luckiest guy in the world right now."

"Mmm, and I'm the luckiest mom," Karly countered, reaching out to straighten his collar. She let her fingers linger, lightly stroking along his neck. "My sexy boy cleans up so nice. The girls won't know what hit 'em."

Jenson grinned bashfully at the praise, his cheeks pinkening further. He looked devastatingly handsome in a crisp white button-down and dark jeans that hugged his toned thighs and perfect ass.

Rather than taking her sensible sedan for their date, Karly had a naughtier idea. She grabbed the keys to the family's conversion van, the one they usually took on long road trips and camping adventures. It had a foldout queen-sized bed in the back - perfect for the "bonding time" she had planned for later. The wicked thrill of seducing her son in the same vehicle they had taken so many wholesome family vacations in made her pussy clench.

As they walked out to the driveway, Karly made sure to climb into the van first, giving Jenson a provocative view of her ass. She bent forward slowly, letting her indecent hemline ride up to expose the plump curves of her barely-covered cheeks. The red lace of her thong peeked out, framing her smooth, toned thighs.

Jenson sucked in a sharp breath behind her, no doubt riveted by the tantalizing sight. Karly smirked to herself, imagining the urgent tightening in his jeans, that big cock springing to attention. She wiggled her hips subtly as she crawled into the passenger seat, letting her son feast his eyes on the jiggle and bounce.

Once Jenson managed to pick his jaw up off the ground, he clambered into the driver's side, his movements a little clumsy and off-balance. Karly noted with smug satisfaction the visible tent in his pants, straining

impressively against the denim. She knew from experience just how thick and hard he got, all pulsing veins and bulbous head. Her mouth watered for a taste.

As Jenson pulled out of the driveway, Karly began plotting all the naughty things she would do to him later in the privacy of the van's backseat. She couldn't wait to shove him down on that mattress and mount him like a bitch in heat, bounce on his teenage cock until they both exploded.

But first, she had to work him into a frenzy of desire all through dinner. Keep him simmering in a constant state of stiffy, aching balls, and frustrated lust. By the time they finished their meal, he'd be so pent up and horny, he'd fuck her right there in the restaurant bathroom if she let him.

Karly grinned wickedly to herself, already drunk on the power she had over her horny young son. Tonight was going to be epic, the stuff of every boy's wildest MILF fantasies come true. She'd make damn sure he never forgot his first time, ruin him for all other women with her tight, hungry cunt.

Karly and Jenson slid into a secluded corner booth at the upscale Italian restaurant, their thighs brushing intimately as they scooted close together. The small tea light candle in the center of the table cast a romantic glow over their faces, making Karly's hazel eyes sparkle mischievously.

Under the guise of perusing the menu, she leaned into her son's personal space, letting her heavy breasts softly graze his arm. Jenson inhaled sharply as he felt the warm, pillowy mounds press against him, the brush of her hard nipples unmistakable through the thin fabric of her dress.

"See anything you like?" Karly purred sultrily, her glossy red lips curving in a knowing smirk. The double entendre hung heavily between them.

"Definitely," Jenson rasped, his gaze riveted to the tantalizing display of tit-cleavage mere inches from his face. He licked his lips hungrily. "I'm, uh, really hungry for...for something succulent and juicy."

Karly's eyes gleamed at the implication. Under the table, she subtly hiked up her indecent hemline, exposing even more creamy thigh. "Mmm, I have just the thing for that big...appetite of yours. A tasty treat that's sure to satisfy."

She punctuated the flirtatious words by spreading her legs wider, giving Jenson an eyeful of red lace barely concealing her smooth, plump mound. He swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing as he dragged his gaze up her body to meet her heated stare.

"I can't wait to dig in," he said hoarsely, the pulse pounding visibly in his throat.

They were interrupted by the arrival of their salads and breadsticks, forcing them to sit back and adjust themselves. The sexual tension crackled between them like a living thing as they picked at their food, both too distracted by lustful thoughts to have much of an appetite.

Karly made a show of sensually wrapping her glossy red lips around a breadstick, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked it into her mouth. Jenson's eyes glazed over with desire as he watched her give the phallic-shaped bread an enthusiastic blowjob, no doubt imagining that warm, wet suction around his own aching cock.

She slowly pulled the glistening breadstick out from between her lips, making sure to let it pop obscenely as the tip caught on her plump bottom lip. A strand of saliva connected her mouth to the bread for a suspended moment before breaking.

"Mmmm, so tasty," Karly purred, licking her lips with relish. "I just love having something long and thick sliding over my tongue, filling my mouth up."

Jenson squirmed in his seat, his rigid cock throbbing urgently against his fly as he watched his mother's lewd display with the breadstick. She was eye-fucking him so blatantly, those succulent red lips working the bread-shaft in blatant imitation of a blowjob. He could practically feel that slick, hungry mouth wrapped around his own straining erection, milking him with tight suction.

Under the table, Karly slid her hand over to cup the prominent bulge tenting Jenson's jeans. He jolted at the bold touch, hips instinctively canting into her palm.

"Mmm, someone's happy," she cooed, giving him a firm squeeze. "Is that a breadstick in your pocket or are you just excited for our date?"

Jenson let out a strangled groan as his mother began to stroke him through his pants, tracing the girthy outline with a teasing fingertip. She followed the ridge of his cockhead before circling the weeping slit, feeling the damp patch growing there as copious pre-cum leaked out.

"You're getting my finger all wet, honey," Karly tutted in mock disapproval, rubbing the slippery crown. "Soaking through your pants already, naughty boy. You must be absolutely aching for it, huh?"

"God yes," Jenson panted, unabashedly humping her hand now. The pressure and friction felt amazing on his neglected dick. "I'm dying for some relief."

"Aww, poor baby," Karly crooned, giving him a few more firm strokes before removing her hand. Jenson whined at the loss. "Tell you what - you make it through this dinner without embarrassing yourself by cumming in your pants, and I'll let you stick this fat cock anywhere you want later."

She punctuated the wicked promise by slightly shifting in her seat and subtly spreading her legs, giving Jenson a peek up her scandalous dress. The tiny scrap of red lace barely qualified as underwear, clinging to her smooth, plump mound like a second skin. He could clearly make out the pronounced cameltoe of her puffy outer lips and the shadowed cleft of her slit through the diaphanous fabric.

Jenson licked his lips, riveted by the mouthwatering sight of his mother's barely concealed pussy. It looked so wet and swollen already, the flimsy lace darkened with her arousal. He longed to bury his face between those silky thighs and feast on her sweet nectar, lap up every dewy drop.

"How's that for motivation?" Karly purred with a wicked grin, enjoying her son's gobsmacked expression. She loved reducing him to a slack-jawed, horny mess with just a flash of skin. "Think you can be a good boy and keep it together until later."

Jenson swallowed hard, his cock throbbing urgently against his zipper. As much as he wanted to be strong and last through dinner to earn his reward, he knew it was a losing battle. He was already leaking steadily, mere seconds from busting the seam of his jeans, and they hadn't even been served the main course yet.

"I...I don't think I can make it," he admitted breathlessly, squirming in his seat. "Especially not if we go to a movie after this. Sitting next to you in the dark for two hours, smelling your perfume, feeling your heat...I'd definitely cream myself before the previews even finished."

Karly giggled, her eyes sparkling with wicked amusement, pleased by how desperate and on edge she'd gotten him. Barely able to keep it together in a public place - what a good boy. Maybe she'd cut him a little slack, put him out of his delicious misery sooner rather than later.

"Alright, tell you what," she purred, leaning in close to trace a glossy red nail down his chest. "Why don't we skip the movie and go for a nice, long

drive instead? I know the perfect spot - secluded, private, where we can park and...enjoy the view."

She quirked a brow meaningfully, letting the implication hang heavy in the charged air between them. Jenson visibly shuddered, his eyes glazing over with anticipation.

"Yes please," he rasped eagerly, nodding so hard she feared he might strain something. "I like that idea much better."

Karly grinned, giving his rock hard bulge one last firm squeeze under the table before removing her hand. "Then it's settled. Let's get out of here and find somewhere more...comfortable to continue this date."

She caught their waiter's attention and requested the check, slipping him her credit card to take care of the bill. Jenson fidgeted impatiently beside her the whole time, practically vibrating with pent up arousal. His cock was tenting his jeans so obscenely, Karly worried he might get arrested for public indecency if he tried to walk out right now.

When the waiter returned with her card and the receipt to sign, she made sure to add a hefty tip for his prompt service. Then she slid gracefully out of the booth and held her hand out to Jenson with a come-hither smile.

"Ready, lover?" she cooed flirtatiously, deliberately letting her voice carry in the quiet restaurant. Several nearby diners glanced over curiously at the stunning older woman and handsome younger man.

Jenson grasped her hand and let himself be tugged upright, keeping his pelvis angled away from prying eyes. The tent in his pants was comically large, a dead giveaway of his urgent state.

A short time later, Karly smiled sultrily as she gave her son directions from the passenger seat, guiding him outside of town towards the

secluded spot she had in mind. As he followed her instructions to take the highway and then exit onto a narrow dirt road surrounded by dense woods, she couldn't help but reminisce about all the wild times she'd had there back in her cheerleading days.

"Take a left up here," Karly purred, resting a hand high on Jenson's muscular thigh. She could feel the tense quiver of his quadriceps through his jeans, his whole body coiled tight with arousal. "There's a little hidden turn-off about a mile down this road. That's where we wanna go."

Jenson nodded, gripping the steering wheel tighter as he tried to focus on driving and not the maddening pressure of his mother's fingers inching closer to his crotch with every passing moment. Her light, teasing touches had his cock throbbing urgently, the denim straining over his bulge.

"You know, when I was your age, my fellow cheerleaders and I used to take the jocks up here all the time," Karly revealed huskily, her glossy red lips curving in a naughty grin. "It was our favorite spot to sneak away for a little...extracurricular activity, if you know what I mean."

She emphasized her point by cupping Jenson through his jeans, giving his straining hard-on a firm squeeze. He jolted in his seat, breath hissing through his teeth as his hips flexed up into her palm. The damp spot of pre-cum grew, soaking into the thick fabric.

"Mmm, I have such fond memories of steaming up car windows and fogging the night air with our passionate cries," Karly continued, lazily stroking her son's bulge. She traced the girthy outline with a fingertip, circling the weeping head. "Writhing in the backseats and beds of pick-up trucks, cheerleader skirts pushed up and panties shoved aside as we took cock after thick, throbbing cock..."

Jenson groaned low in his throat, his entire body vibrating with need as he listened to his mom describe her slutty teenage exploits. He could perfectly picture a young Karly in her tight little cheerleading uniform,

pom-poms and pleated skirt, on her knees servicing the whole football team. Tears of mascara running down her flushed cheeks as she gagged on dick, drool connecting her stretched lips to their shiny, spit-slick cocks...

"The quarterback, Brad, had the biggest cock of all," Karly recalled with a dreamy sigh. "Mmm, that boy could fuck. He'd bend me over the hood of his Camaro and just rail me, my pussy cream smeared across the hot metal."

Jenson swallowed thickly, his cock throbbing urgently at the image of his mom as a slutty teenager getting railed by the quarterback over the hood of his car. He couldn't help but ask breathlessly, "Did you ever bring Dad out here too? Have any hot memories with him in this spot?"

Karly threw her head back and laughed, the husky sound sending shivers down Jenson's spine. "Oh god no," she replied, waving a hand dismissively. "This place was never for romance or lovemaking. It was for dirty, nasty fucking. Quick hookups with horny boys, letting them use my tight little body for their pleasure."

She paused, chewing her plump bottom lip as if debating whether to reveal more. "Actually, I did bring your uncle Kevin here once," Karly confessed after a moment, her eyes gleaming wickedly. "Your dad's younger brother. It was right after he turned 18 and I was already engaged to your father."

Jenson's eyebrows shot up in surprise, his heart pounding at this unexpected revelation. "Seriously? You fucked Uncle Kevin while you were with Dad?" he asked incredulously.

Karly nodded, a pretty blush staining her cheeks. "I'm not proud of it, but yes. Kevin had been flirting with me shamelessly for months, always making comments about how hot I was and how lucky his big brother was to lock me down. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help being flattered by the attention."

She sighed, shaking her head ruefully. "One night, your dad and I got in a big fight and I stormed out of the house. Kevin found me crying in my car and offered to take me for a drive to cheer me up. I knew exactly what he was angling for, but I was just so mad at your father in that moment...I let Kevin bring me up here."

Jenson's mouth went dry as he imagined the scene - his gorgeous, heartbroken mom letting his slick uncle seduce her, seeking solace in forbidden passion. "So what happened?" he asked hoarsely, almost afraid to hear the answer.

"Kevin parked the car and leaned over to kiss me," Karly continued quietly. "I knew I should push him away, but it felt so good to be wanted, to feel desirable again after fighting with your dad. One thing led to another and before I knew it, we were in the backseat tearing each other's clothes off."

She shivered at the memory, squeezing her thighs together as her pussy clenched with residual lust. "God, he fucked me so hard that night. Pounded me into the leather upholstery like a jackhammer, grunting filthy things in my ear. Called me his brother's hot slut, said he'd wanted to shove his cock in me from the moment we met..."

Karly paused, a faraway look in her eye as she recalled that forbidden tryst with Jenson's uncle. "We were like animals in heat, just rutting mindlessly. He came inside me over and over, pumping me so full of cum it gushed out and made a mess of the backseat. I'd never been fucked so thoroughly before."

Shaking herself from the vivid memory, Karly glanced over at Jenson and noticed his slack-jawed expression, eyes glazed with lust. She smirked, pleased by how enthralled he was with her naughty confession.

"But that was the only time anything happened between me and Kevin," she clarified. "A week later, your dad and I patched things up and got married as planned. I vowed to be a faithful wife from that day forward."

Karly reached over to palm Jenson's straining erection again, rubbing him through his jeans. "At least until recently. What you and I have been doing...it doesn't feel like cheating. Not really."

Jenson groaned as his mother stroked his aching cock, massaging the throbbing length. "It doesn't?" he asked hopefully, hips flexing to grind against her hand.

"No baby, it doesn't," Karly purred, gripping him more firmly. "This is just a natural extension of our special bond. A mother taking care of her son's needs, teaching him the ways of pleasure. Nothing sordid about that."

She leaned in close, her pillowy breasts pressing against Jenson's arm as she nuzzled his ear. "I'm just making sure my good boy is satisfied in every way. Blessing you with my body and my experience. Mmm, wouldn't you like that? Having Mommy be your personal sex teacher?"

Jenson shuddered bodily, his cock pulsing urgently in her grasp. "Fuck yes," he panted, unabashedly humping her palm now. "I want that so bad, Mom. Want you to teach me everything."

"Oooh, such an eager student," Karly praised sultrily, licking the shell of his ear. "Mommy's gonna give you the most thorough education, don't you worry. I'll have you fucking like a porn star in no time."

Karly directed Jenson to turn off the main dirt road onto an even narrower, more overgrown path that was barely visible amidst the thick foliage. He carefully navigated the van through the dense underbrush, tree branches scraping the roof and sides as the tires crunched over fallen leaves and twigs.

After about 50 yards, the path abruptly ended in a small clearing completely enclosed by towering pines, oaks and maples. It was like a hidden oasis, a private hideaway from the rest of the world. Even if by some remote chance another vehicle ventured out to this general area,

they would remain concealed from view, cocooned in their own secret paradise.

"Perfect," Karly purred in satisfaction as Jenson put the van in park and killed the engine. "I can scream as loud as i want when I'm riding your cock and it won't matter."

Jenson shivered at the wicked promise in her husky voice, his aching erection throbbing in anticipation. He couldn't believe this was actually happening, that his ultimate MILF fantasy was about to come true.

Karly climbed gracefully out of the passenger seat and sauntered around to the back of the van, her voluptuous hips swaying hypnotically. Jenson scrambled to follow, nearly tripping over himself in his haste. His heart pounded as he watched his mother slide open the side door and reveal the fold-out bed already set up and waiting, the sheets crisp and inviting.

She turned to face him with a sultry smile, slowly reaching down to slip off her strappy red heels one at a time. Jenson's mouth went dry as he watched her kick them aside carelessly, leaving her barefoot before him in just that clingy little black dress that barely covered her sinful curves.

"Get in here, lover," Karly purred, crooking a glossy red nail at him. "And shut the door behind you."

Jenson didn't need to be told twice. He clambered into the van eagerly, yanking the door closed and sealing them into their own private world. The small space was illuminated only by the soft glow of the battery-powered lantern hanging from the ceiling, casting sensual shadows across his mother's face.

Karly reclined back onto the mattress, the short skirt of her dress riding up to expose even more of her smooth, toned thighs. She looked like a pinup model come to life, her golden hair fanned out across the pillow, green eyes sparkling with mischief and promise.

"Come here, baby," she cooed, opening her arms to him. "Let Mommy take care of you."

Jenson crawled onto the bed, covering her soft, pliant body with his harder one. Their lips met in a searing kiss, open mouths slanting together hungrily as their tongues tangled and explored. Karly's fingers sank into his hair, holding him close as she ate at his mouth with sensual abandon, sucking his tongue and nipping his lips until they were bee-stung and tingling.

Jenson groaned into the filthy kiss, his hips automatically grinding down against hers, seeking friction for his throbbing cock. He could feel the damp heat of her barely concealed pussy radiating through the thin layers of fabric separating them, the lace of her panties and the straining denim of his jeans.

Karly hooked a toned leg around his waist, using the leverage to undulate her pelvis sinuously, rubbing her aching slit along the rigid length of him. The textured lace caught on the jutting head of his cock with each dirty grind, rasping the sensitive flesh and making them both moan.

"Unff, you feel so hard," Karly panted against his lips, reaching down to squeeze the firm cheeks of his flexing ass. "Mmm, I love how desperate you are for me already, humping me like an animal. You want Mommy's pussy so bad, don't you?"

"God yes," Jenson groaned, unabashedly rutting against her now. The pressure and friction on his aching cock was maddening. "Please Mom, I need you so bad."

Karly smiled sultrily, giving his ass one last possessive squeeze before gently pushing on his chest. "Then undress me, baby. I want you to unwrap Mommy like a present, savor every inch."

Jenson sat back on his haunches, eyes roving greedily over his mother's voluptuous form spread out beneath him. With trembling hands, he reached for the hem of her skintight dress and slowly began to inch it upwards.

Karly arched her back, thrusting her huge breasts forward as more and more of her creamy skin was revealed. The flimsy fabric caught on her pebbled nipples for a moment before Jenson peeled it over the heavy mounds, exposing her crimson lace bra. His breath caught at the erotic sight.

"That's it, nice and slow," Karly purred, writhing sensually. "Mmm, doesn't Mommy look sexy in her little red lingerie? I bought it just for you."

Jenson nodded dumbly, rendered mute by lust as he continued to roll the clingy dress up over his mother's head and toss it aside. Now she was laid out before him in just her sinfully skimpy bra and panty set, miles of smooth pale flesh on display.

"You're so beautiful," he rasped hoarsely, reverent hands hovering over her curves, almost afraid to touch. "I can't believe this is really happening."

"Believe it, baby," Karly cooed, reaching up to unclasp the front of her bra. The flimsy lace fell open, her huge tits spilling out into her son's waiting hands. "This is all for you. I'm all yours."

Jenson groaned brokenly as he sank his fingers into the overflowing flesh, kneading and caressing his mom's gigantic breasts. They were so heavy, warm and full, with wide areolas and large dusky nipples that stiffened further under his touch. He couldn't resist leaning down to wrap his lips around one tempting bud, suckling greedily.

"Ohhh yes," Karly gasped, burying her fingers in Jenson's hair to hold him to her breast. Electric tingles shot straight from her nipple to her clit

as he laved the sensitive peak with his tongue. "Mmm, just like that. Suck Mommy's titties, get my pussy all wet and slippery for your cock."

Jenson moaned around his mouthful, the idea of sliding his aching erection into his own mom's hot core making him throb urgently.

Jenson lavished attention on his mother's fat, sensitive nipples, alternating between suckling hard and licking in broad strokes. His face sank into her pillowy flesh, the abundant titty-meat yielding and conforming around his features. Karly gasped and writhed beneath him, her pussy growing increasingly wet and needy from the erotic stimulation.

"Mmmm baby, you're making Mommy so hot and bothered," she purred breathlessly, undulating her hips. "Why don't you slip those panties off me now and see what you do to me?"

Eager to oblige, the teen released his mom's nipple with a wet pop and began kissing his way down her trembling stomach. He dipped his tongue into her navel before continuing lower, nuzzling the lace waistband of her skimpy thong.

Hooking his fingers into the delicate sides, Jenson slowly peeled the soaked panties down his mother's luscious legs. Karly lifted her hips to assist, biting her lip as the flimsy fabric clung to her glistening folds for a moment before finally releasing with an obscene squelch.

As soon as Karly's dripping sex was revealed, the musky aroma of her arousal filled the enclosed space. The intoxicating scent of hot, juicy cunt made Jenson's head swim with dizzying lust. He gazed in awe at his mom's bare pussy, completely smooth and glistening in the low light.

Her puffy outer lips were flushed a deep, aroused pink and slick with her essence. They unfurled like the petals of an exotic flower, exposing her swollen inner folds and throbbing clit. Clear rivulets of nectar seeped

from Karly's weeping opening to trickle down her ass-crack and dampen the sheets below.

"Damn Mom, you're so wet," Jenson rasped, transfixed by the erotic sight. He couldn't tear his eyes away from that pretty pink pussy, clenching and fluttering before him. Begging to be filled by his raging teenage meat.

"Mmhmm, you make Mommy positively drip," Karly purred sultrily, reaching down to spread herself open in invitation. Her voice lowered to a husky command. "Now put that tongue to good use and clean up the mess you made."

Groaning low in his throat, Jenson immediately dove between his mother's splayed thighs and buried his face in her sodden sex. Karly cried out sharply, her back bowing off the mattress as he sealed his mouth over her aching slit and sucked hard.

"Ohhhh fuck yesssss!" she keened, grinding her pelvis against his face shamelessly. Jenson's nose pressed into her throbbing clit as he tongue-fucked her drooling slit.

The teen felt like he was feasting on the juiciest, ripest peach as he devoured his mother's succulent pussy. He snarled and growled like a starving animal, pressing his face as deep as possible into her fragrant folds, desperate to taste every luscious drop of her sweet nectar.

Karly's plump, glistening petals parted easily for her son's invading tongue, welcoming him into her hot, silky depths. He lapped and slurped greedily, his nose burrowing into her throbbing gumdrop-sized clit as he tongue-fucked her weeping opening. The filthy wet sounds of his feasting filled the enclosed space, punctuated by Karly's ecstatic cries.

"That's it baby, eat Mommy's juicy cunt!" she panted, undulating her hips to ride his face. "Fuck, your tongue feels amazing! Don't stop!"

Spurred on by his mother's breathless praise, Jenson redoubled his efforts. He used the firm tip of his tongue to flick rapidly over her swollen bud before delving back inside her fluttering sheath. He swirled around her entrance, savoring the tangy essence flooding his mouth before thrusting in deep, mimicking intercourse.

Karly rocked and bucked against him, chasing her rapidly building pleasure. One hand tangled in Jenson's hair, holding him firmly in place while the other clawed at the sheets. Her heavy tits jiggled and bounced with each jolt of her body, the rosy nipples straining towards the ceiling.

"Oh god oh god oh god, I'm gonna cum!" she warned frantically, her inner muscles starting to ripple and clutch at Jenson's pistoning tongue. "Fuck, don't stop, I'm almost there!"

Jenson groaned into his mother's spasming sex, the vibrations sending her hurtling over the edge. With a strangled scream, Karly came hard on her son's face, her pussy clamping down rhythmically as she gushed all over his cheeks and chin.

He lapped up her release like a man dying of thirst, not letting a single drop of her sweet ambrosia go to waste. Karly shuddered and wailed through her intense orgasm, lights bursting behind her tightly closed eyelids as shockwaves of ecstasy crashed through her.

Only when the last flutters died away did Jenson relent, giving her oversensitive clit a parting kiss before lifting his slick, sticky face from between her quivering thighs. Karly collapsed back against the mattress, boneless and panting as she basked in the afterglow.

"Mmm, such a good boy," she praised breathlessly, beckoning him up her body with a languid crook of her finger. "C'mere and let mommy strip you naked."

Karly surged up and flipped their positions in a surprising show of strength, pinning her son beneath her on the mattress. Her dangling

udders swung back and forth pendulously with every movement. The mother's pretty eyes gleamed with predatory hunger as she attacked his clothes, practically ripping them from his lean body in her haste to get him naked.

Buttons flew as she yanked open his shirt, baring his sculpted chest and abs to her greedy gaze. Karly ran her palms over the defined planes appreciatively, tweaking his flat brown nipples until they pebbled under her touch.

"Mmm, look at this tight young body," she purred, licking her lips.
"Mommy can't wait to explore every inch."

Jenson groaned, arching into her touch as she mapped his torso with reverent hands. His cock strained urgently against the confines of his jeans, desperate to be freed. Karly wasted no time in obliging, popping the button and dragging down the zipper with deliberate slowness, letting him feel every rasp of the metal teeth.

She peeled the denim down his muscular thighs along with his boxers, releasing his impressive erection from its prison. Jenson's huge teenage cock sprang up and slapped obscenely against his abs, so hard it was nearly perpendicular to his body.

The swollen purple head flared angrily, pre-cum already beading at the tip. As Karly pulled his pants completely off and tossed them aside, a sticky string of the clear fluid clung to the waistband before stretching obscenely and snapping back to smack wetly against his shaft.

"Fuck," Karly breathed in awe, drinking in the mouth-watering sight of her son's fully nude glory. She couldn't believe how massive he was, easily nine thick inches of pulsing cock meat. Thick veins coursed the entire length, circumnavigating the bulbous crown. His heavy balls hung below, large and swollen with potent teenage jizz. "Mmm, I'm gonna thoroughly worship this beautiful cock. Get you primed and ready to utterly destroy Mommy's pussy."

Jenson groaned, fisting the sheets as his mom began to place open-mouthed kisses up and down his rigid length, tracing the throbbing veins with the point of her tongue.

The lucky teen moaned and writhed on the mattress as Karly took her time exploring every inch of his exposed skin with her mouth and hands. She dragged her pillowy breasts along his body as she worked her way down, the plush mounds conforming to his hard angles and planes. Her puckered nipples scraped deliciously against his flesh, leaving trails of tingles in their wake.

"Ohhh Mom," Jenson groaned, arching into the sensual contact. The combination of her soft, wet lips and silky breasts gliding over him was maddening. His cock pulsed and wept, smearing sticky pre-goo across his abs.

Karly purred in approval, flicking her tongue out to taste the salty-sweet essence. "Mmm, you're leaking so much already, baby. So fucking hard and needy for me."

She pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses along the ridges of his abs, dipping into the valleys between the defined muscles. Her lips closed around his bellybutton, tongue swirling before plunging inside suggestively. Jenson's stomach muscles quivered and jumped at the erotic sensation.

"Ah! Oh fuck..." he panted, hands flying down to bury in his mother's golden tresses. Karly smiled against his skin, enjoying the effect she was having on him.

She continued her slow descent, worshipping her boy's body with aching thoroughness. No patch of skin was left untouched by her reverent lips and teasing tongue. She licked along the cut of his Adonis lines, sucking marks into the sensitive skin of his inner thighs.

Jenson thought he might lose his mind from the sweet torture of his mother's sensual exploration. His heavy cock bobbed and twitched with every hitched breath, every frisson of pleasure that coursed through him. It felt like every nerve ending was lit up, hypersensitive and crying out for more stimulation.

Karly dragged her breasts down Jenson's legs as she kissed and licked her way to his feet, leaving wet trails with her diamond-hard nipples. Then she started working her way back up, this time laving the backs of his knees, the globes of his taut ass. She nuzzled the sensitive skin behind his balls, breathing in his musky arousal.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of blissful torment, Karly reached her prize. Jenson keened high in his throat as he felt the first tentative swipe of her tongue along his swollen shaft. She lapped up the pearly fluid leaking copiously from his slit, savouring his unique flavour.

"Mmmm, you taste so good," the mother moaned, licking her lips.
"Mommy could get addicted to this sweet cock-nectar."

Jenson gazed down the length of his heaving torso, drinking in the mind-blowing visual of his gorgeous mother poised between his splayed thighs. Karly's plump, glossy lips were parted and wet with saliva as she hovered over his throbbing erection. Her hazel eyes smoldered with lusty intent, holding his captivated stare.

"Watch me, baby," she purred sultrily. "Don't take your eyes off Mommy as I worship this magnificent cock."

Jenson nodded mutely, rendered speechless by overwhelming arousal. He propped himself up on his elbows for a better view, his abdominal muscles flexing and twitching in anticipation.

Maintaining sultry eye contact, Karly extended her tongue and slowly licked a broad stripe up the underside of Jenson's straining shaft from root to tip. He groaned at the warm, wet pressure, fighting the instinct

to let his head loll back in bliss. He didn't want to miss a single second of this deliciously taboo sight.

Karly repeated the motion again and again, bathing his thick length in her saliva until it glistened. The pointed tip of her tongue traced the pulsing veins and ridges, explored the weeping slit, circled the flared head. Jenson's cock jumped and twitched against her lips, clear ropes of pre-cum streaming down to pool in his navel.

"Mmmm, so hard and tasty," Karly moaned appreciatively, rubbing her slick lips back and forth over his spongy glans. "You've got Mommy drooling for this fat dick, baby boy."

Giving the swollen head a parting kiss, she moved lower to mouth along Jenson's heavy balls. He gasped sharply as she took one into the wet heat of her mouth, rolling it around on her tongue before releasing it with a pop and moving to the other. Karly suckled his sensitive sac, humming in pleasure at his strangled cries.

"That's it baby, let me hear how good Mommy's mouth feels on this needy young cock and balls," she purred filthily, nudging behind his sac with her nose. "Gonna lick and suck these cum-filled babies until they're ready to explode."

Jenson whimpered and fisted the sheets as his mother moved even lower, pushing his thighs further apart to expose his most intimate area. He felt the first tentative swipe of her tongue along his taint and nearly arched off the bed at the intense sensation. Electric tingles radiated out from that sensitive patch of skin, making his cock throb and hole clench.

"Ohhh fuck Mom!" he cried out, writhing against the mattress. No one had ever touched him there before and it felt incredible, almost too much to bear.

Karly smirked at her son's intense reaction, pleased that she could unravel him so thoroughly with just her talented mouth. Wanting to drive

him absolutely wild, she pointed her tongue and began to flick it rapidly over his taint, the tip vibrating against the sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Ahhhh! Oh god, Mom!" Jenson practically sobbed, his cock pulsing out thick ropes of pre-cum onto his stomach. The relentless pressure and pleasure was almost too intense to take.

Encouraged, Karly sealed her lips around the area and sucked firmly, hollowing her cheeks. At the same time, she reached up to wrap a hand around Jenson's throbbing shaft, stroking him in time with the pulls of her mouth.

Jenson saw stars, his vision whitening out at the edges from the mind-melting combination of sensations. His mother's lips and tongue working magic on his taint, her silky hand gliding up and down his aching cock. He was in absolute ecstasy, drowning in taboo pleasure.

Just when he thought it couldn't get any better, Karly released his taint with a lewd slurp and moved back up to his straining erection. Maintaining smoldering eye contact, she parted her glossy lips and slowly engulfed the swollen head, sinking down inch by meaty inch.

Jenson groaned long and loud as he watched himself disappear into his mother's hot, wet mouth. The sight of her plump lips stretching obscenely around his girth, taking him deeper and deeper, was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Karly didn't stop until her nose was buried in the wiry thatch of pubic hair at the base of Jenson's cock, his entire length sheathed in her tight throat. Her hazel eyes were watery but blazing with lust as she gazed up at him, reveling in the awestruck pleasure etched across his boyish face.

She held herself there for a long moment, her muscles fluttering and rippling around Jenson's throbbing cock as she fought her gag reflex. He was in heaven, engulfed in the slick velvet heat of his mother's mouth

and throat. Her plump lips were stretched in a perfect seal around his root, drool seeping out the corners to dribble down his balls.

With a muffled moan that vibrated deliciously through his shaft, Karly began to bob her head, establishing a mind-meltingly pleasurable rhythm. She would suck Jenson deep into her clutching throat before pulling back to tongue his sensitive frenulum and fossa, then plunge back down to the hilt. Over and over she worked him, putting all her skills as a seasoned MILF to good use.

The nerve endings along the shaft of Jenson's swollen penis crackled and sizzled with electric pleasure as his mother masterfully stimulated every inch of his manhood. Karly's plush, glossy lips dragged along his rigid length, compressing the spongy sinew and bulging veins as she sucked him to the back of her throat again and again.

Her undulating oral muscles rippled around his engorged cockhead, the textured roof of her mouth providing delicious friction against the sensitive glans and frenulum. Jenson could feel every bump and ridge inside his mom's hot, wet cavern as she worked him over with obscene slurps and hums.

The pleasure was almost too intense to bear when Karly started pumping her fist in counterpoint to her bobbing mouth, squeezing and twisting along his throbbing shaft. Her thumb and forefinger formed a tight ring around his girth, compressing the blood-filled spongy tissue and bulging veins. The skin-on-skin friction against his sensitive nerve endings made Jenson see stars.

"Oh fuck Mom, your mouth feels so good," he panted breathlessly, fisting the sheets as he fought the urge to buck up into her face. "Ungh, the way your throat is squeezing my dick...I'm not gonna last..."

Karly looked up at him with blazing eyes, holding his gaze as she increased her pace. Her cheeks hollowed obscenely with the force of her suction, drool seeping out the corners of her stretched lips and coating

Jenson's balls. Filthy wet slurping noises filled the air as she greedily devoured his cock, taking him so deep he could feel her nose pressing into his pubic bone.

Jenson's heavy sac drew up tight to his body, his balls churning with impending release. The coil of pressure low in his pelvis grew tighter and tighter as Karly relentlessly stimulated his most sensitive spots - tonguing his leaking slit, pressing on his frenulum, massaging his cavernosa and spongiosum through vacuum-tight lips. Every nerve ending was lit up like a livewire, crackling and sizzling with building ecstasy.

"Gonna cum!" Jenson grunted urgently, his abs flexing as he strained towards the edge. "Fuck, I can't hold back...Mom, I'm gonna explode down your throat!"

Moaning around her mouthful, Karly took him to the hilt one last time before pulling back to focus her attention on just the swollen head. She jacked Jenson's throbbing shaft furiously as she sealed her lips around his glans and suckled hard, fluttering her tongue against his spurting slit.

Jenson's knob flared and pulsed violently as the first thick jet of cum exploded from his slit, painting the roof of his mom's mouth. She moaned in ecstasy at the taste of her son's essence, eagerly gulping down rope after rope of his hot seed.

The spongy head of Jenson's cock swelled even larger, stretching his mother's lips obscenely as it unloaded gush after gush of semen across her tongue. The musky, salty flavor coated her tastebuds as she worked her throat muscles, milking him for every last drop.

Jenson grunted and bucked, his cockhead hypersensitive as it continued to twitch and spurt between Karly's pursed lips. She lovingly tongued his frenulum and lapped at his gaping slit, coaxing out the dregs of his release. Pearly ropes of jizz oozed out to mix with her saliva, some dribbling from the corners of her mouth to smear across her chin.

"That's it baby, give Mommy every drop," Karly purred, popping off his softening cock to catch the last weak spurt on her extended tongue. She made a show of swallowing it down, then licked her glossy lips clean with a satisfied moan. "Mmmm, you taste amazing. I could suck this sweet cock all day."

Jenson collapsed back onto the mattress, utterly spent from the mind-melting orgasm. His chest heaved with exertion, skin gleaming with a sheen of sweat. He gazed at his mother hazily, barely able to comprehend the incredible oral pleasure he'd just experienced at her hands...and mouth.

Karly grinned at her son's fucked-out expression, proud of her cock sucking skills. She crawled up his body to press a sloppy kiss to his slack lips, forcing him to taste his own cum and her saliva on her wicked tongue.

Even as Jenson laid there boneless and panting in the afterglow of his explosive orgasm, Karly couldn't keep her hands off his impressive teenage cock. She continued to gently stroke the semi-hard shaft, marveling at how it pulsed and flexed in her grasp, refusing to go completely soft.

"Mmmm, I love your quick recovery time, baby," she purred sultrily, thumbing the sensitive head and making him twitch. "Barely two minutes since you painted Mommy's throat white, and this big boy is already fattening up again in my fist."

Jenson groaned at the stimulation to his hypersensitive flesh, his abs clenching as his cock began to swell and lengthen once more. The short teenage refractory period was a biological marvel, allowing him to get it up again and again with minimal rest in between.

"Fuck Mom," he panted, hips starting to flex into her touch as renewed arousal coursed through him. "I'm always hard and ready for you. Can't get enough of your sexy body."

Karly grinned wickedly, giving him a firm squeeze from root to tip. She loved the power she had over her horny young son, able to make him rise to full tumescence with just a few well-placed caresses.

"I think you're just about ready for the main event," she declared huskily, positioning herself over his sprawled form. "Time to give this MILF cunt what it's been craving all night long."

Karly slipped her hand down to grasp Jenson's shaft at its base, notching the broad head against her sopping wet entrance. They both moaned at the first electric contact of hot, hard cock to molten silk folds. She rubbed him up and down her slick seam, coating his length in her slippery juices.

"Oh god, I need you inside me," Karly whimpered, pressing the tip of him against her fluttering opening. "Need this huge teenage dick stretching me open, ruining me for your father's cock."

With that, she began to bear down, her drenched pussy parting like butter around Jenson's insistent cockhead. He groaned long and low as he watched himself disappear into his mother's lush body, inch after meaty inch.

The incredible heat and tightness engulfing his sensitive glans made the teen's eyes nearly roll back in bliss. He couldn't believe this was actually happening - he was about to lose his virginity by fucking his own mom's cunt. It was every horny teen boy's taboo wet dream come true.

Karly sank down slowly, taking her son's impressive girth with a shuddering moan. She could feel her greedy sheath stretching deliciously to accommodate him, inner muscles clenching and rippling along his veiny length.

Karly's slick pink walls hugged Jenson's cock like a tight glove, conforming to every ridge and vein of his impressive girth. As the flared

head pushed past her G-spot and nudged against her cervix, she let out a guttural moan of pleasure.

"Oh fuck baby, you're so deep," she panted, undulating her hips to take him even further. "I can feel you kissing the entrance to my womb, stretching me in places I haven't been touched in a very long time."

Jenson groaned as his cockhead pressed insistently against the slight pucker of her os, feeling it flutter and dip to accept his tip. Viscous streams of his pre-cum pulsed out to mix with Karly's abundant secretions, easing the way as he started to piston in and out.

The ribbed walls of her sheath rippled and squeezed his entire length, the textured flesh providing delicious friction against his most sensitive spots. He could feel every fold and crevice of her heavenly canal as it clenched him like a velvet fist.

With a graceful roll of her hips, Karly flipped their positions so that Jenson was now on top, cradled between her splayed thighs. She wrapped her long, toned legs around his pumping hips, locking her ankles at the small of his back.

The new angle allowed Jenson to sink even deeper into his mother's tight heat, his heavy balls smacking obscenely against her ass with each powerful thrust. Karly threw her head back and keened, the bulbous head of his cock grinding deliciously against her G-spot.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy hard," she panted, raking her nails down his flexing back. "Pound my aching cunt with that big teenage dick!"

Jenson pumped his hips urgently, the globes of his taut ass flexing and dimpling as he drove into Karly's receptive body over and over. Sweat misted his skin, the muscles in his back and shoulders bunching and releasing with the rhythmic motion.

He buried his face in the fragrant valley of her heaving breasts, motorboating the plush flesh. Karly's diamond-hard nipples poked his

cheeks, begging for attention. Jenson captured one between his lips, suckling greedily as he continued to hammer her weeping pussy.

"Fuck yes, suck Mommy's titties!" Karly cried, arching her back to force more of her abundant bosom into his eager mouth. Electric tingles zipped from her nipple straight to her clit, making it throb in time to Jenson's drives.

She dug her heels into the small of his back, urging him on as she bucked to meet his strokes. The wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping flesh echoed through the van, punctuated by their grunts and moans of pleasure.

Jenson released his mom's nipple with a pop, moving to focus his oral attentions on the other straining peak. He scraped it with his teeth before sucking hard, hollowing his cheeks. At the same time, he snaked a hand between their sweat-slicked bodies to find her aching clit.

"Ohhh god!" Karly wailed as Jenson began to frig the swollen nub, timing the pressure and flicks to his drives. The dual stimulation rocketed her higher, pushing her towards the brink of orgasm.

She could feel her sheath starting to flutter and clench, inner muscles rippling along Jenson's pistoning length. He was stretching her so deliciously, the fat crown of his cock butting against her cervix on every deep thrust.

"Don't stop, I'm gonna cum!" Karly babbled, teetering on the razor's edge. "Fuck, baby, you're gonna make Mommy cream on your big cock!"

The thick root of his shaft scraped deliciously past the ridged patch of her G-spot on every thrust, the nerve-dense flesh swelling with arousal. Sparks of intense pleasure radiated through Karly's core, making her clench and cream around him even harder.

"Ungh, right there," she whimpered, angling her hips to grind her G-spot against his pubic bone. "Fuck Mommy just like that, pound my aching cunt!"

Jenson plunged into his mother's rippling heat, the broad head of his cock notching into her fornices and stroking along her vaginal walls. He was in absolute heaven, engulfed in the snug, wet clasp of her most intimate muscles.

With every forceful pump of his hips, Jenson's heavy balls slapped obscenely against Karly's upturned ass, the meaty thwacks echoing in the enclosed space. Her juices squelched filthily as he slammed home again and again, soaking his groin and inner thighs.

Karly wrapped her legs high around her son's waist, crossing her ankles at the small of his back to pull him impossibly deeper. She needed his cock shoved as far into her cunt as physically possible, wanted to feel him in her throat.

The head of his dick kissed her cervix with every thrust, threatening to batter right through that tightly furled barrier and invade her womb. Karly's face contorted in agonized bliss as she imagined her son's potent seed flooding her unprotected womb directly, taking root in her fertile soil.

With a keening wail, the mother came apart in spectacular fashion beneath her rutting son. Her cunt clamped down on Jenson's pistoning cock like a vice, the muscular walls rippling and fluttering along his length. Clear honey gushed from her spasming slit to soak his groin, the filthy squelching of their coupling rising to a crescendo.

"Oh god, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Karly screamed, back bowing into a taut arch as she thrashed and bucked. Her powerful thighs clamped around Jenson's waist in a crushing grip, ankles locked to hold him deep as she rode out the intense waves of pleasure.

Jenson groaned into the sweaty valley of his mother's heaving breasts, nearly seeing stars as her velvet sheath squeezed him rhythmically. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her climax, her greedy cunt milking him for all he was worth.

Karly clawed at Jenson's flexing back, nails raking red welts into his sweat-slicked skin as she writhed beneath him. Her hips rolled and churned, grinding her throbbing clit into his pubic bone for added stimulation. She tossed her head from side to side, blonde hair whipping across the pillows as ecstasy crashed through her.

"Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!" Karly demanded frantically, her voice ragged. She was mindless with pleasure, consumed by the ferocious intensity of her orgasm. "Keeping fucking me, pound Mommy's cunt through it!"

Jenson obeyed, driving into his mom's rippling heat with renewed vigor. He grinned devilishly as he realized he had stamina for days, his teenage refractory period allowing him to fuck his mom hard without feeling the urgent need to bust. He snapped his hips at a frantic pace, rutting into her sopping cunt like a machine.

"Fuck yeah, take this dick!" he grunted, sweat dripping down his temples from exertion. "Gonna wreck this MILF pussy, make you cum on my cock over and over."

Karly could only wail incoherently as her teenage son pounded her through her intense climax, the relentless drives prolonging her pleasure to an almost agonizing degree. Before the first wave even fully crested, she felt a second ferocious peak rising hot on its heels.

"Oh god, oh fuck, don't stop!" she babbled mindlessly, working her hips upward to meet his thrusts. The wet smack of their bodies colliding filled the air. "You're gonna make me cum again, holy shit!"

Sure enough, with a glass-shattering scream, Karly was thrown into another mind-melting orgasm. Her cunt rippled and gushed around Jenson's plunging cock, squeezing him in fluttering velvet vise. Clear honey spurted from her quivering slit, drenching his groin and belly.

"FUCK YES, CUMMING!" she shrieked, quaking and thrashing beneath him. Her clit pulsed almost painfully as it ground against Jenson's pubic bone. "OH GOD BABY, YOUR COCK, UNNNGH!"

Jenson hammered into his mother's convulsing sheath, prolonging her ecstasy for as long as possible. He could feel her inner muscles clenching him rhythmically, trying to milk him of his seed. But he was nowhere near ready to bust, his dick still rock-hard and throbbing.

As Karly came down from her high, gasping and boneless, Jenson slowed his strokes to a sensual grind. He circled his hips, making sure to hit her G-spot with every roll and press. Karly mewled at the exquisite pressure, shuddering through the aftershocks.

"Mmmm, fuck baby, you destroy my pussy so good," she purred breathlessly, running her fingers through his sweat-damp hair. "I've never been fucked so hard, so deep. You're ruining me for your father."

Jenson's confidence surged at his mother's breathless praise, spurring him to take charge. With a lupine grin, he hooked his elbows under Karly's knees and folded her nearly in half, pinning her open for his plundering cock.

Her crimson-painted toes curled in the air on either side of his head, the delicate arches of her feet flexing with each powerful thrust. In this position, he was able to penetrate her even more deeply, his heavy balls slapping lewdly against her spread ass.

"Oh fuck yes, rail me baby!" Karly cried, hands scrabbling at Jenson's bunching back muscles as he hammered into her. The new angle had his cockhead battering her cervix with every stroke, sending bolts of

pleasure-pain zinging through her core. "Pound Mommy's greedy cunt with that big teenage dick!"

Jenson pistoned his hips at a frantic pace, grunting with the effort of fucking his mom so hard and fast. Rivulets of sweat ran down his chest and abs, dripping onto her bouncing tits. The wet squelch of his cock plunging into her drenched folds filled the air.

"Take it, Mom!" he growled possessively, blue eyes blazing down at her. "Gonna wreck this tight pussy, make it mine. Ruin you for Dad."

Karly keened desperately, her lust spiking at the filthy talk. There was something so wrong yet incredibly arousing about her son claiming her as his own, conquering her body in a way her husband never could.

"All yours baby," she panted, undulating her hips to meet his aggressive thrusts. "Mommy's cunt belongs to you now. Ungh fuck, you feel so good stretching me open!"

Jenson slammed into Karly's rippling heat, his pelvic bone grinding against her engorged clit with every collision. Intense pleasure radiated from that bundle of nerves, spreading like wildfire through her veins. She could feel another explosive orgasm rapidly building low in her belly.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum again," Karly whimpered, inner muscles starting to flutter and clench. "Don't stop, I'm so fucking close!"

Sensing how near she was to the edge, Jenson redoubled his efforts. He jackhammered into his mother's weeping cunt with short, rapid strokes, making sure to hit her G-spot on every pass. At the same time, he shifted his weight to one arm so he could reach down and diddle her swollen clit.

"Oh god, oh fuck!" Karly wailed, back arching as much as it could in her folded state.

The relentless stimulation inside and out catapulted Karly over the edge with the force of a nuclear bomb. Her cunt clamped down HARD on

Jenson's pistoning cock, the muscular walls rippling and clenching like they were trying to choke the life out of him. A gush of liquid heat sprayed his groin as she squirted forcefully, coating his pumping length in her essence.

"FUUUUUUCK!" Karly screamed at the top of her lungs, the sound reverberating in the enclosed space. It was so ear-piercingly shrill, Jenson thought the windows might actually shatter.

He just held on for dear life as his mother bucked and thrashed beneath him like a mechanical bull, her body contorting almost painfully. Her cunt rippled violently around him, the contractions so powerful it felt like she was trying to turn his dick inside-out and suck his balls up into her hungry snatch.

Jenson gritted his teeth against the exquisite, borderline painful pressure, never letting up on his frenzied thrusts. If anything, he fucked into her seizing sheath even harder, determined to prolong her mind-bending pleasure for as long as inhumanly possible.

"OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD FUCK FUCK FUUUUUUCK!" Karly babbled incoherently, her eyes rolling back in her head from the intensity. Drool leaked from the corners of her slack mouth as she lost herself to the ferocious ecstasy consuming her.

Tears streamed down her temples to dampen the pillow beneath her thrashing head. Her hands clawed desperately at her son's straining back, nails gouging bloody crescents into his flexing muscles. She was absolutely possessed, out of her mind with pleasure so acute it bordered on torture.

Jenson's cock sawed through the clutching, rippling vise of his mother's cunt, pushing her through a continuous chain of multiple orgasms. No sooner would one crest start to ebb before another slammed into her, crashing over her writhing body like a tidal wave. She was stuck in an endless loop, drowning in a sea of her own cum.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" Karly shrieked, convulsing violently as yet another explosive climax ripped through her. More liquid gushed from her spasming slit to soak the sheets beneath them. "CUMMING SO FUCKING HARD, CAN'T STOP, OH FUCK!"

Jenson hammered into her relentlessly, his heavy balls slapping against her upturned ass with meaty thwacks. Sweat poured off his straining body, dripping onto her shuddering tits and flushed face. He was a machine, a fucking jackhammer, determined to keep his mom cumming on his cock.

The lewd, rhythmic SMACK-SMACK-SMACK of Jenson's swollen, cum-laden balls slapping against Karly's taint and anus echoed obscenely in the enclosed space. With every powerful thrust, his heavy sac would swing forward and collide wetly with the sensitive ring of muscle, making her pucker flex and wink.

Occasionally, in an especially deep grind, Jenson's bloated balls would nuzzle right into the crack of Karly's upturned ass, nestling snugly between her jiggling cheeks. The coarse hair tickled her tender rim, teasing the nerve-rich flesh and making her hole clench hungrily.

She could feel how full and heavy his testicles were, practically churning with virile seed, aching for release. The weight of them slapping against her anus made her pussy weep with renewed desperation, empty and needy.

But just as quickly as they would settle into the welcoming crevice, Jenson would pull back and resume his relentless pile-driving, making his balls bounce and smack against his mother's taint in that maddeningly pleasurable rhythm. SMACK-SMACK-SMACK, over and over, a percussion of pure sin.

The hot, hard globes felt massive against Karly's sensitive rosebud, promising an equally impressive load. She craved her son's cum like she needed air, wanted him to pump her full to overflowing until she was

sloppy with it. Wanted to feel him marking her inside and out, claiming her as his own.

"Fuck baby, your balls," Karly panted deliriously, eyes rolling back as another orgasm crashed through her. She was lost to mindless ecstasy, subsumed by pleasure. "So fucking full...need your cum...please fill me up..."

"Gonna fuckin' flood you!" Jenson grunted, his own release barreling down on him like a freight train. The constant milking pressure of his mom's spasming cunt was pushing him closer and closer to the edge. "Pump you so full of jizz you'll be leaking for days."

Karly mewled and thrashed weakly beneath him, too fucked-out to do anything but take the brutal pounding. Her body was utterly pliant, open and accepting as Jenson used her for his own pleasure.

He slammed into her with renewed vigor, chasing his climax. The meaty thwacks of his balls against her bleached asshole increased in tempo, beating a rapid, urgent tattoo. SMACKSMACKSMACK-SMACKSMACKSMACK!

"Gonna cum, fuck gonna cum so hard!" Jenson warned through clenched teeth, his pace growing erratic. Karly could feel his cock swelling impossibly larger inside her, the head flaring and pulsing against her battered cervix.

Jenson's swollen, churning balls drew up tight to his body as his orgasm hurtled through him like a runaway train. The coiled tension at the base of his spine suddenly exploded outwards, radiating ecstasy to every nerve ending. His heavy sac clenched and pulsed as the first thick load of cum rocketed up from his testicles.

Karly screamed as she felt her son's cock swell to impossible girth inside her, stretching her pussy to the limit. The broad head flared and pulsed urgently against her ravaged cervix, notching into the tiny opening. She

could feel every ridge, vein and throb of his shaft as it jerked violently, preparing to unleash.

With an animalistic grunt, the teen buried himself to the hilt one last time and exploded. A massive gush of semen erupted from his tip, flooding Karly's spasming cunt. The first powerful jet sprayed directly against her convulsing cervix before rushing into her unprotected womb.

"FUUUUUUCK! JENSON!" Karly wailed, thrashing beneath him as she felt her son's molten seed fill her deepest recesses. Her uterus clenched greedily, rippling and undulating as it welcomed his virile essence.

Jenson's cock throbbed and kicked as it continued to unload, painting Karly's clutching walls white. Each thick spurt felt like a tidal wave crashing through her, the sheer volume and force staggering. He pumped what felt like gallons of cum into her fluttering sheath, his heavy balls emptying their massive load.

The searing heat and pulsing pressure of Jenson's semen bathing her sensitive tissues sent Karly spiraling into another mind-bending climax. Her pussy convulsed violently, muscles rippling along his erupting length as she gushed around him. Clear fem-cum squirted out to mix obscenely with the jizz oozing from her stretched opening.

"Oh god oh fuck oh fuck yes!" Karly babbled incoherently, gone to everything but the intensity of her son breeding her. Her eyes rolled back in her head as shockwave after shockwave crashed through her. "Fill me up baby, pump Mommy's cunt full of your hot cum!"

Jenson snarled like a feral beast as his orgasm crested, his abs clenching with each powerful spurt. He could feel his mom's womb accepting his seed, the wet heat engulfing his cockhead as her cervix fluttered and suckled. Her inner muscles squeezed and rippled, working to milk every last drop from his throbbing balls.

Tom rolled over in bed, blinking blearily at the digital clock on the nightstand. The glowing red numbers read 1:47am. He frowned, realizing that the other side of the king-sized mattress was cold and empty. Karly still hadn't come home from her "bonding night" with Jenson.

A niggling sense of unease churned in Tom's gut as he sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. It was extremely unusual for his wife to stay out this late, especially with their teenage son in tow. Usually their family "dates" wrapped up by 10 or 11pm at the latest.

Grabbing his cell phone, Tom hit speed dial 1 for Karly. It rang several times before she finally picked up on the fifth ring. "Hello?" she answered breathlessly, sounding oddly flustered.

"Hey honey, it's me," Tom said, trying to keep his tone casual even as worry gnawed at him. "Is everything okay? I just woke up and saw how late it was. Are you and Jenson still out?"

There was a telling pause and some muffled background noise that sounded suspiciously like rustling fabric before Karly replied, her voice pitched a bit too high. "Oh gosh, is it really that late? I'm so sorry babe, we must have lost track of time! Jenson and I were stargazing and I guess we both fell asleep. You know how tiring all that fresh night air can be, haha!"

Her awkward, forced laughter did nothing to soothe Tom's nerves. Something about her story felt off, though he couldn't quite put his finger on what. Since when did Karly and Jenson go stargazing? And how did they both manage to conk out accidentally, sleeping past midnight?

"Right, sure," he said slowly, trying to picture his wife and son snuggled up innocently under the stars and failing. A much more sordid image kept intruding - the two of them naked and sweaty, limbs entwined as Jenson pounded into Karly's willing body...

Tom shook his head hard, dispelling the disturbing mental picture. Jesus, where had that come from? He was really letting his imagination run away from him. Just because Karly sounded vaguely guilty and out of breath on the phone didn't mean anything nefarious was going on.

"Well, I'm glad you two are having fun and getting some quality bonding time," Tom made himself say, infusing cheer into his voice. "But it's pretty late, hun. Why don't you start heading home? I'm sure Jenson has to be exhausted too."

Unbeknownst to Tom, as he spoke on the phone expressing concern, Karly was currently draped atop Jenson in the back of their family van in a post-coital embrace. The fold-down bed was an absolute mess, the sheets soaked through with hours and hours-worth of sweat, fem-cum, and semen. The musky scent of their marathon lovemaking session hung heavily in the air.

Karly lay sprawled on her son's chest, her huge, heavy tits mashed against his face. Her thick, shapely thighs were spread wide, straddling his narrow hips as she slowly rocked in his lap. Jenson's hard cock was still buried to the hilt in his mom's cum-drenched cunt, plugging her full of his most recent load.

Even though they had both climaxed countless times already, losing track after the first dozen orgasms, neither seemed able to stop. They were insatiable for each other, hungry to wring out every last drop of taboo pleasure.

As Karly spoke to her husband on the phone, lying through her teeth, she continued to sensually undulate atop her son. Her plump ass rose and fell in a hypnotic rhythm, cheeks jiggling and rippling as she worked his thickness in and out of her slippery heat.

Muffled squelching noises sounded each time Karly sank down, taking Jenson deep into her body. Copious amounts of their combined essence seeped out around his girth to trickle down the crack of his ass and

dampen the sheets even further. Her puffy pink folds clung to his shaft, glistening obscenely.

Jenson had his face buried between his mother's bountiful breasts, motorboating the plush globes and suckling her nipples. His hands palmed and kneaded the abundant flesh, fingers sinking into the doughy softness. He used the grip to subtly guide his mom's movements, encouraging her to grind on his cock.

As Karly came up with excuses to stay out later, blatantly lying to her concerned husband, a small part of her felt guilty. She knew what she was doing with Jenson was wrong on so many levels - the ultimate betrayal. And now she was bald-faced deceiving Tom, adding insult to injury.

But the rest of her, the wanton, cock-hungry part, just didn't care. She was too drunk on endorphins and pleasure, too addicted to her son's incredible teenage dick to stop now. All she could focus on was the exquisite fullness stretching her pussy, the delicious pressure against her G-spot as she rocked and swiveled her hips.

"Actually honey, I think Jenson and I might just sleep out here tonight," Karly said into the phone, barely suppressing a moan as she continued to slowly ride her son's thick cock. "We took the conversion van and it has that fold-out bed, so we'll be perfectly comfortable."

Tom frowned, something about that detail triggering a sense of unease. "The conversion van? I thought you guys were just going to dinner and a movie. What made you decide to take the van?"

Karly's eyes widened as she realized her mistake. The conversion van had been her idea, solely for the purpose of fucking Jenson in the back. She scrambled for a plausible explanation.

"Oh, umm, well we thought it would be fun to drive out to the overlook on County Road 27 and stargaze from the back of the van. You know,

really take in the night sky without any light pollution." She bit her lip, hoping Tom would buy it.

There was a heavy pause on the other end of the line. When Tom finally spoke, his voice was strained. "County Road 27? Isn't that where kids go to park and make out? I seem to remember hearing stories back in high school..."

Karly's heart seized in her chest. Fuck, of course Tom would be familiar with the notorious hookup spot, even if he'd never taken a girl there himself. Every red-blooded male in their hometown knew about the secluded scenic turnout and how often it was used for illicit teenage trysts. Especially her husband's younger brother, who had royally fucked her practically on the eve of her and Tom's wedding.

She had chosen the location for the privacy, not even considering the scandalous associations. And now she had stupidly let it slip to her husband, the one person who should never know where she was or what she was doing.

"What? No, I had no idea!" Karly said shrilly, trying to infuse confusion into her tone. Beneath her, Jenson's cock twitched urgently, turned on by the risky deception. "I just thought it would be a pretty spot to look at the stars. Jenson and I are definitely not doing anything inappropriate, ha ha, that's crazy!"

Jenson grinned impishly up at his mother through the deep canyon of her sweaty cleavage, his eyes sparkling with mischief. His handsome face, flushed with pleasure and framed so sweetly by her huge breasts, sent an overwhelming surge of affection through Karly. She couldn't resist leaning down to capture his smiling lips in a heated kiss, uncaring that she was still on the phone with her husband.

The teenage boy returned the passionate liplock eagerly, hands roaming his mother's voluptuous body as their tongues tangled and explored. They rolled on the messy bed, limbs intertwined as they made out

shamelessly, quietly moaning into each other's mouths. Jenson's still-hard cock slid wetly in and out of Karly's drenched pussy with each movement, squelching obscenely.

Distracted by the sensual kiss and slow fuck, Karly almost forgot she was in the middle of a conversation. Tom's voice, tinny and distant, floated up from the forgotten phone clutched loosely in her hand.

"Karly? Honey, are you still there?" He asked, concern lacing his tone at her prolonged silence. There was an undercurrent of suspicion there too, a tightness that belied his growing unease with the situation. "Is everything alright?"

Reluctantly breaking the heated liplock with an obscene strand of saliva connecting their parted mouths, Karly fought to collect herself enough to reply. Her mind was fuzzy, thoughts scattered by lust and guilty adrenaline. She scrambled for an excuse to assuage her husband's worries.

"What? Yes, sorry, I'm here," she rushed out, slightly breathless. "I just, um, dropped the phone for a second while shifting positions. Laying like this is making my back hurt, haha!"

Karly cringed at the strained, unnatural laughter that escaped her, hoping Tom wouldn't notice how flustered she sounded. Beneath her, Jenson was valiantly fighting to hold back soft groans as he lazily thrust up into her slick heat, her shifting weight providing delicious friction on his sensitive cockhead.

"Anyway, like I was saying, Jenson and I are completely innocent out here, just enjoying some wholesome mother-son bonding time," Karly continued, trying to project a cheery, guileless tone even as she slowly swiveled her broad hips, stirring her son's thickness inside her fluttering sheath. "I promise we'll head home first thing in the morning, 'kay? Love you, bye!"

With that, she hurriedly ended the call, breathing a sigh of relief tinged with residual guilt. Tossing her phone aside, Karly refocused all her attention on the strapping young man pinned beneath her soft curves.

Karly began to ride Jenson with wild abandon, all thoughts of her husband and guilt forgotten as she lost herself to the transcendent pleasure. She planted her hands on his chiseled chest for leverage as she bounced and gyrated atop him, taking his cock to the hilt again and again. Her massive breasts swayed and jiggled hypnotically with the force of her movements, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly.

Jenson groaned in bliss as he watched the erotic show, transfixed by his mother's undulating curves. Her tits were absolutely mesmerizing, swinging in wide arcs and colliding with meaty smacks as she impaled herself on his thickness. The fleshy slaps added a sensual backbeat to the filthy wet sounds of her pussy devouring his cock.

"Fuck Mom, your tits are incredible," Jenson panted reverently, eyes glued to her heaving chest. "Love watching them bounce as you ride me. So fucking hot."

"Mmm, they're all yours baby," Karly moaned, hefting her jiggling jugs and offering them to her son. "Play with Mommy's big titties while she fucks this teenage dick."

Needing no further encouragement, Jenson sat up enough to bury his face between the plush mounds, motorboating them enthusiastically. He captured one fat, puffy nipple between his lips and suckled greedily, rolling the pebbled bud around with his tongue.

Karly keened in ecstasy, back bowing to thrust more of her bountiful tit flesh into Jenson's eager mouth. Electric pleasure zipped from her sensitive peak straight to her clit, the aching nub throbbing in time with his draws. She could feel herself rapidly approaching another intense orgasm, her inner muscles starting to clutch rhythmically at the thick cock splitting her open.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that!" Karly babbled, fingers sinking into Jenson's hair to hold him to her breast. "Suck Mommy's titties hard baby, gonna make me cum all over this big dick!"

Jenson groaned around his mouthful, the vibrations adding delicious stimulation. He released her nipple with a wet pop, immediately latching onto the other straining peak and worrying it with his teeth. At the same time, he palmed the heavy weight of her tits, kneading the overflowing flesh roughly.

Karly increased the speed and force of her bounces, the lewd smacks of her ass against Jenson's thighs rising in volume and intensity. Her eyes rolled back in bliss as she felt his cockhead battering her cervix, nudging against the tightly furled entrance to her womb.

"Ungh, you're so fucking deep!" she cried out, voice hitching. "Gonna cum, gonna cum so hard on this huge teenage cock, oh god!"

Jenson pistoned his hips up to meet Karly's downward thrusts, spearing into her rippling heat as deep as physically possible. He wanted to stuff every inch of his aching length in her greedy cunt, to feel her womb kissing the tip of his dick. The force of his upward drives bounced Karly atop him like a rag doll, making her huge tits fly wildly.

"Fuck yeah Mom, ride me!" he snarled around her nipple, giving it a hard suck. "Bounce on my cock 'til you cream, soak my balls in your cum!"

As if on command, Karly's pussy clamped down HARD, her silky walls rippling and fluttering along Jenson's plunging shaft as she came with a keening wail. Her back arched sharply, head thrown back in ecstasy as the powerful orgasm crashed through her, radiating electric bliss to every nerve ending.

"OHHHH FUCK, JENSON, YESSSS!" Karly screeched to the heavens, undulating her hips frantically to prolong the intense sensations. Her

cunt gushed around his plunging cock, fem-cum squirting out to soak his balls and drench the sheets beneath them.

Jenson groaned in awe as he felt his mother's pussy spasming almost violently on his dick, the rhythmic contractions milking him like her body was desperate for his seed. He thrust up into her fluttering sheath wildly, intensely aroused by the feel of her cumming on him.

"Holy shit that's so hot," he panted harshly, fingers digging into the jiggling globes of his mom's ass. "I can feel your pussy gripping me like a fist, trying to wring out my load. You want my cum so bad, don't you Mom?"

"Fuck yes, give it to me!" Karly babbled deliriously, still in the throes of her release. Her bounces took on a desperate, frenzied quality as she chased a second climax close on the heels of the first. "Fill me up baby, pump my cunt full of your hot jizz! I wanna be dripping with it!"

The filthy urging spurred Jenson on, his own orgasm barreling down on him with frightening intensity. His heavy balls drew up tight to his body as his cock swelled impossibly thicker, the fat mushroom head flaring and pulsing against Karly's cervix. He was seconds away from exploding, every fiber of his being screaming at him to flood his mother's fertile womb with his potent teenage seed.

With a choked grunt, Jenson slammed Karly down on his cock one last time and unleashed a veritable tsunami of cum.

The teenager's erupting cock jerked and throbbed as it pumped what felt like gallons of hot, viscous seed directly into his mother's receptive womb. The thick ropes of cum sprayed from his slit with the force of a firehose, splattering against her convulsing cervix before flooding her hidden recesses.

Deep in the warm, wet haven of Karly's uterus, millions of Jenson's sperm began their frenzied race towards her waiting egg. They whipped

their long tails frantically, propelling themselves through the slick, nurturing mucus in search of their prize.

But one sperm in particular stood out from the pack, a true warrior among its brethren. It was larger and more powerful than the rest, cutting swiftly through the crowded sea of its competition. This alpha sperm had a single-minded determination - it would be the one to fulfill its biological imperative and create a new life.

With laser focus, the muscular sperm would power through the undulating uterine lining, navigating the folds and crevices with expert precision. Its whip-like tail would lash from side to side, propelling it ever closer to the glistening egg swaying gently in the distance like a beacon.

As the warrior sperm approached its target, it had to dodge and weave around the fallopian tube, avoiding the obstacles in its path. The ciliated walls pulsed and rippled, trying to aid the sperm's journey even as it worked against gravity. But this sperm was special, built to withstand the challenging environment through natural selection.

After a harrowing journey lasting several days, the alpha sperm finally reached Karly's waiting ovum. The egg was plump and inviting, its protective coating already starting to break down in anticipation of fertilization. With a final powerful thrust of its tail, the determined sperm crashed headlong into the ovum, burrowing through the outer wall with its specialized tip.

In an instant, a miraculous transformation took place. The moment Jenson's sperm penetrated Karly's egg, their genetic material merged to form a zygote - the very first cell of a brand new human life. Against all odds, this one extraordinary sperm had emerged victorious to create their child.

Back in the throes of passion, Karly and Jenson were oblivious to the incredible biological feat just beginning to take place inside her body. They clung to each other desperately as the intense pleasure peaked,

Jenson's cock erupting over and over while Karly's cunt gushed and quivered.

With each clench of her powerful inner muscles, Karly worked to milk every last drop of her son's release, instinctively drawing it deeper into her body. Even as they both shook and shuddered with the force of their orgasms, her womb continued to undulate, gently churning his potent semen to give his sperm their best chance at reaching her egg.

As the overwhelming ecstasy finally began to ebb, Jenson collapsed atop his mom, both of them gasping for breath. He could feel his softening cock still twitching inside her, bathed in the warm wetness of their combined releases. Karly's inner muscles fluttered around him sporadically, little aftershocks of pleasure making them both shudder.

"Holy shit," Jenson panted in awe, lifting his head from the sweat-dampened valley of his mother's heaving breasts. "That was incredible. I've never cum so hard in my life."

"Mmmm, me either baby," Karly purred, running her fingers through his damp hair. "You fucked Mommy so good, so deep. I'm gonna be feeling you for days."

She punctuated the praise with a sensual roll of her hips, sighing blissfully as Jenson's semi-hard length shifted inside her sensitive channel. Even though they were both completely spent, her pussy clenched greedily around him, reluctant to let him go.

Jenson groaned at the slick squeeze, his dick valiantly trying to plump back up. "Keep that up and you're gonna make me hard again," he warned with a breathless chuckle.

Karly grinned wickedly, undulating her pelvis in a slow grind. "Mmm, is that a promise? Think you can give Mommy another round or two?"

Even though they had fucked for nearly 5 hours straight, the thought of sinking into his mother's perfect pussy again made Jenson throb with

renewed desire. He could feel the stirrings of arousal low in his belly, his overworked balls already beginning to churn and tighten. The insatiable virility of youth was a force to be reckoned with.

TO BE CONTINUED...

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 5



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test – Part 5

By Klrxo

The next morning, as dawn's first light filtered through the steamy windows of the van, Karly slowly blinked awake. She was momentarily disoriented, her body deliciously sore in places she'd never felt before. The events of the previous night came rushing back - every filthy, forbidden moment in vivid detail.

Jenson was sprawled beneath her, still dead to the world. His handsome face was relaxed in slumber, dark lashes fanning his cheeks. He looked so innocent, so boyish, a stark contrast to the depraved things they had done together mere hours ago.

Karly's eyes traced over her son's nude form, drinking in his lean muscles and flawless skin. The sight of his impressive manhood, now soft in repose, sent a shiver through her. She could still feel the ghost of his thickness stretching her so exquisitely, pounding into her greedy cunt for hours on end until she was mindless with ecstasy.

Her asshole stung and throbbed as a result of her son's big, hairless balls beating against her back door so relentlessly, and for so long. Her fat nipples felt raw from a night full of intense sucking and chewing. Her creamy cleavage was dotted with hickey marks, placed there by her boy's suckling lips.

Her thighs were sticky with the remnants of their passion, Jenson's copious seed seeping from her well-used channel to pool on the sheets below. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air, undeniable evidence of their taboo coupling.

As Karly lay there, her son's sleeping body cradled between her motherly thighs, an overwhelming wave of guilt crashed through her. The

endorphin high of multiple orgasms faded, allowing clarity to seep in like a bucket of cold water dumped over her head.

Oh god, what had she done? She had sex with Jenson, her own child. Not just sex, but the most intensely erotic, soul-shattering fucking of her entire life. She had cheated on Tom, her husband of nearly twenty years, breaking their sacred marriage vows. And she had corrupted her impressionable teenage son in the process.

Karly's stomach churned with nausea and self-loathing as the enormity of her actions truly hit her. She was an adulteress, an incestuous pervert of the worst kind. A horrible mother and wife. She had given in to her basest, most depraved desires, allowing lust to completely override her morals and better judgment.

Hot tears pricked Karly's eyes as crushing regret consumed her. How could she ever face Tom again, knowing she had betrayed him so thoroughly? Every time she looked at her husband, she would remember how eagerly she had debased herself with their son, acting like a bitch in heat for his teenage cock. The lies, the deceit, the utter violation of trust - it made her feel lower than dirt.

And Jenson...god, what must he think of her now? Seducing her own boy, taking advantage of his teenage hormones for her own selfish gratification. She was supposed to be his mother, his protector and moral compass. Instead, she had twisted that sacred bond into something tawdry and cheap.

Karly's eyes raked over Jenson's nude form hungrily, taking in every inch of his athletic physique. Even in slumber, he was breathtaking - all lean muscle and smooth, taut skin. His morning erection jutted proudly from his groin, the engorged shaft laying heavy against his sculpted abs, ready to be sheathed by a hot cunt.

The sight made Karly's mouth water with desire, her pussy clenching reflexively, her clit swelling beneath its hood like an oversized grape. She

could picture herself throwing a leg over Jenson's supine body and sinking down on that glorious cock, riding him hard and fast until they were both delirious with pleasure. She imagined the exquisite feeling of his thickness stretching her so deeply, his fat knob digging through her core, stroking all the right spots as she bounced and gyrated in his lap.

Her body ached to be filled again, empty and desperate for more of her son's magnificent teenage dick. Karly knew without a doubt that she could easily impale herself on Jenson's raging hard-on and fuck him into oblivion, wring out dozens upon dozens of mind-melting orgasms from them both. They could stay right here in this van and rut like sweaty animals all day long, lost to their all-consuming lust.

But even as the wicked fantasy made Karly throb with need, shame and self-disgust churned her stomach. How could she even contemplate continuing this depraved affair? Hadn't she already done enough damage, sullyng her familial role beyond redemption?

Biting her lip hard enough to draw blood, Karly summoned every ounce of willpower to resist the siren call of her son's tempting body. She couldn't give in to her deviant urges again, no matter how badly her loins burned for his touch. Their forbidden tryst had to end here and now, before she ruined their lives any further.

With a pained whimper, the mother carefully extricated herself from Jenson's embrace, fighting the instinct to straddle him and sink down on his jutting erection. He stirred slightly but didn't wake, brow furrowing as if sensing her withdrawal even in sleep.

Karly's heart clenched at how innocent and vulnerable he looked, a stark reminder of just how grievously she had failed him as a mother. Blinking back the fresh sting of tears, she forced herself to turn away from the alluring sight of his nude glory.

She located her clothes from the previous night strewn haphazardly around the van, evidence of their frenzied disrobing. With trembling

hands, Karly dressed quickly, stuffing her soiled panties into her purse. She finger-combed her wild, sex-mussed hair and scrubbed at her face, trying to erase the obvious remnants of their illicit activities.

Taking a shuddering breath, the mother slid open the van door and quietly slipped out into the crisp morning air before her resolve could crumble.

As Karly drove them home in tense silence, Jenson finally stirred awake in the back. He blinked blearily, a slow, satisfied grin spreading across his face as memories of their marathon lovemaking session flooded back.

"Wow Mom, last night was unbelievable," he said in an awed voice, dressing as he climbed into the front seat. "I never knew sex could be that amazing. You rocked my world."

Karly gripped the steering wheel tighter, knuckles turning white. "Jenson, we need to talk about what happened," she said quietly, keeping her eyes fixed firmly on the road ahead. "Last night was...incredible, yes. But it can never happen again. Ever."

Jenson's brow furrowed in confusion. "What? Why not? I thought we both had an amazing time..."

Karly sighed heavily, blinking back the sting of tears. This was going to be even harder than she thought. "Baby, what we did was wrong. So very, very wrong. I'm your mother and you're my son. We crossed a line that should never be crossed."

She swallowed thickly, forcing herself to continue. "I took advantage of you, let my own selfish lust override my morals and responsibility as a parent. I failed you, as a mother and a role model. And I betrayed your father, broke our marriage vows in the worst way imaginable."

Jenson was quiet for a long moment, processing her words. When he finally spoke, his voice was soft but determined. "Mom, you didn't take advantage of me. I wanted what happened between us, I've fantasized

about it for so long. Being with you, making love to you, it was a dream come true."

He shifted closer, breath tickling her ear as he lowered his voice to a husky murmur. "I've never felt anything as incredible as being buried inside you, feeling your perfect body beneath mine as we moved together. The way you touched me, kissed me, looked at me with so much desire...I'll never forget it."

Karly shivered at the sensual timbre of his voice, goosebumps pebbling her skin as his fingertips skimmed higher under her skirt. Even now, sore and thoroughly sated, her treacherous body responded to Jenson's proximity. She could feel herself growing wet again, swollen tissues throbbing with renewed hunger.

"Jenson, please," she whispered brokenly, hot tears spilling down her cheeks now. "Don't make this harder than it already is. I care about you so much, more than you can possibly imagine. And that's why I have to stop this now, before we do any more damage."

"I understand," the teen uttered, disappointment but understanding in his voice.

Over the next few weeks, Karly tried her best to return things to normal and reestablish proper boundaries with her son. She made a point to dress modestly around the house, favoring loose, shapeless clothing that concealed her voluptuous figure. No more short skirts or low-cut tops that showcased her tremendous tit-cleavage. She kept her interactions with her son brief and superficial, determined not to let their dynamic slide back into flirtatious or inappropriate territory.

But Jenson seemed equally determined to test her resolve at every turn. He started "forgetting" to wear a shirt around the house, strutting about in just a pair of low-slung basketball shorts that highlighted his taut abs

and the trail of hair leading enticingly into his waistband. Whenever Karly was near, he would stretch languorously, flexing his muscles as if to remind her of the impressive physique she had so thoroughly explored.

Karly would purse her lips and force her gaze away, fighting the urge to drink in her son's mouthwatering display. "Jenson, put a shirt on please," she would scold lightly, her cheeks flushing. "It's not appropriate to walk around half-naked."

"Aw c'mon Mom, I'm just getting comfortable," he would reply with an innocent grin that didn't quite reach his eyes. "No different than going shirtless at the pool or beach, right?"

Karly knew full well what Jenson was doing - purposefully parading his nubile young body in front of her, tempting her with what she couldn't have. Reminding her of how glorious he had felt naked and writhing beneath her, his hard planes and angles fitting so perfectly against her soft curves.

She would shake her head to dispel the sinful memories, a bead of sweat trickling down her spine. "Just...cover up, okay? Before your father sees and asks why you suddenly think this is acceptable attire."

Jenson would shrug, the picture of nonchalance even as his blue eyes gleamed with mischief. "Whatever you say, Mom."

But as he sauntered past her to retrieve a shirt, Karly couldn't help but notice the substantial bulge tenting the front of his shorts. Her stomach swooped and her thighs clenched as she recalled in vivid detail how impressive her son's manhood was, how exquisitely it had stretched her so wide and deep, feeling as though it was pile-driving into the very womb that once held him.

"Jenson!" she hissed under her breath, equal parts aroused and appalled by his brazenness. "You can't just...walk around with an erection like that! What if your father saw?"

He paused and glanced down at his straining groin, as if just now noticing his body's reaction. But the smug curl of his lips told Karly he knew exactly what he was doing.

A few days later, Karly chewed her lower lip anxiously as she waited for the pregnancy test results, her stomach churning with equal parts anticipation and dread. She had been feeling off for weeks now - nauseous in the mornings, tender breasts, constantly fatigued. At first she chalked it up to stress, trying to bury herself in household chores and PTA meetings to avoid the temptation of her son's virile young body so flagrantly on display.

But as the symptoms persisted and her period failed to arrive, a sinking realization began to take hold. The timing lined up too perfectly with her illicit night of fucking with Jenson, when he had pumped her full of his potent seed over and over until it seeped out of her ravaged holes. They hadn't used a single form of protection, too lost in their lust to consider the consequences.

Now the consequences were staring her in the face as two pink lines appeared on the test, confirming her worst fears. Pregnant. She was pregnant with her teenage son's baby. The product of their forbidden coupling was growing in her womb that very moment.

Karly's knees buckled and she sank to the bathroom floor, the test clattering from her numb fingers. Oh god, how could she have let this happen? It was bad enough that she had sexually betrayed her husband and corrupted Jenson, selfishly giving in to her taboo desires. But now she would have living proof of their depravity, an innocent child conceived through incest.

Wrapping her arms around her middle, Karly squeezed her eyes shut and tried to regulate her breathing. She couldn't fall apart now. She had to be strong and figure out a way to handle this massive complication without everything imploding. Tom could never know the shameful

truth. She would have to convince him that this surprise baby was his, the happy accident of a loving marriage.

A fresh wave of guilt swamped Karly at the thought of deceiving her husband yet again. Hadn't she lied to him enough? Snuck around behind his back, fucked their son silly while he slept unaware in their marital bed? Now she would trick him into raising Jenson's child as his own, forever robbing him of the joy of truly fathering this new addition.

Karly's throat closed up as hot tears streamed down her face. She was a horrible person, the lowest of the low. A selfish slut who spread her legs without a second thought and got knocked up by her own flesh and blood. She didn't deserve a man as good and faithful as Tom. And she certainly didn't deserve to be a mother again, not when she had already failed Jenson so completely.

With a shuddering breath, Karly struggled to her feet and splashed cold water on her blotchy face. She stared at her haggard reflection in the mirror, barely recognizing the woman looking back at her. The guilt and shame had carved deep lines around her eyes and mouth, aging her beyond her years. But she couldn't wallow in self-pity anymore. She had to be practical and figure out the best way forward for everyone involved.

The only viable option was to proceed as if this baby was Tom's. He could never know the sordid truth of its real paternity. They had discussed the idea of trying for a third child a few months ago, leaving their birth control behind to let nature take its course. At the time, Karly had been hesitant to expand their family again so late in the game. But now, it provided the perfect cover story.

She would let Tom believe his virility had won out, that his seed had taken root in her womb after a passionate night together. He would be thrilled by the news, excited to welcome another son or daughter. It was a bittersweet lie, one that Karly hated herself for even considering. But

what choice did she have? Admitting that Jenson was the father would destroy their family, shatter the illusion of wholesomeness and fidelity.

No, this was the only way. The baby would be raised as Tom's, with all the love and security that entailed. Karly vowed to be the best mother she could be, to make up for her grievous mistakes with Jenson. She would pour all her energy into nurturing this innocent new life, protecting it from the ugly circumstances of its conception.

When Karly finally mustered the courage to tell Jenson about the pregnancy a few days later, his reaction was not what she expected. His blue eyes widened with shock at first, then lit up with tentative wonder and joy.

"I'm gonna be a father?" he asked softly, reaching out to rest a reverent hand on her still-flat stomach. "We made a baby together that night?"

Karly flinched away from his touch, guilt and shame flaring hot under her skin. "No Jenson, you're not going to be a father. You're going to be this baby's brother," she said firmly, hating the flash of hurt that crossed his handsome face.

"But Mom, it's mine. Ours. I know it deep in my bones," Jenson argued, brow furrowing in confusion. "The timing adds up perfectly. We didn't use any protection when we...you know. There's no way it could be Dad's."

Karly's heart clenched painfully as she saw the earnest conviction in Jenson's eyes. Deep down, she knew without a doubt that he was right. There was no way Tom could be the father, not with the paltry amount of semen he produced compared to the veritable flood Jenson had pumped into her unprotected womb that fateful night.

Her son's impressive size and virility were undeniable - that magnificent cock had battered against her cervix for hours, spurting jet after jet of potent seed directly where it counted most. She could still vividly recall

the exquisite feeling of his balls slapping her ass as he fucked her so deeply, all that churning sperm just aching for release.

In contrast, Tom's thin, watery loads barely made into the back of her vagina most times, his average-sized dick unable to reach her hidden depths. And his stamina was nothing compared to Jenson's, a few perfunctory pumps before he emptied his meager offering and rolled off, sated. There was simply no competition when it came to her husband's fertility versus their strapping teenage son's.

Even now, weeks later, Karly's treacherous cunt clenched with arousal as she remembered how utterly possessed and claimed she had felt with Jenson's hot baby batter sloshing in her guts. The sheer volume and force of it, the mind-melting ecstasy of being bred so thoroughly by her own gorgeous boy. Her womb had greedily accepted every drop, as if it knew this ultimate union of forbidden DNA would result in new life.

Shaking her head to dispel the sinful memories, Karly stepped back, putting distance between herself and Jenson's hopeful gaze. She couldn't let her weak, wanton body overrule her better judgement again.

"It doesn't matter whose sperm it was biologically," she said shakily, steeling her resolve. "The fact remains that you are my son, and this baby will be raised as your sibling. End of discussion."

Jenson's face crumpled, a storm of emotions playing across his boyish features - hurt, confusion, longing. He opened his mouth as if to argue further but Karly cut him off with a sharp shake of her head.

"Please don't make this harder than it already is," she whispered brokenly, tears threatening at the corners of her eyes. "What happened between us...it was a mistake. A moment of weakness that never should have occurred. We have to move past it and do what's right for this innocent child."

She placed a protective hand over her flat stomach, imagining the tiny clump of cells growing there. The tangible proof of her unforgivable sin.

"This baby deserves a chance at a normal life, untainted by the circumstances of its conception. And that means being born into a stable, loving family with a mother and father. Not...whatever twisted thing we did."

As the weeks turned into months and Karly's pregnancy progressed, both she and Jenson found themselves caught in an exquisite torture of unfulfilled lust. With each passing day, Karly's belly swelled with new life, rounding out from flat to a perfect gentle curve. Her already enormous breasts grew even more, the heavy globes straining against her shirts and custom-ordered bras as they filled with milk.

Jenson couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's blossoming figure, utterly enraptured by the changes in her body. He had always found her voluptuous curves mouthwatering, but seeing her like this - glowing and fertile, growing round with his child - sent his teenage hormones into overdrive. His cock was in a constant state of hardness, swelling urgently in his jeans whenever he caught a glimpse of his mom's new fecundity.

Karly wasn't faring much better, her pregnancy hormones turning her into a desperate, panting bitch in heat. As her body stretched and morphed to accommodate the life within, every nerve ending seemed to crackle with sensitivity. Her fat, succulent nipples were constantly erect, poking against the fabric of her top like twin peaks begging to be suckled. And the throbbing ache between her thighs was relentless, a gnawing emptiness that longed to be filled by Jenson's thick, sinewy cock.

She found herself absently rubbing her belly in slow, sensual circles, shivering at how erotic it felt to caress the evidence of her son's virility. Each flutter and kick within her womb served as a visceral reminder of that forbidden night when Jenson had fucked her so thoroughly,

pumping her full of his seed until she could feel it sloshing deep inside. Her pussy wept constantly now, always slick and ready, aching for his mouth and cock.

Karly bit her lip hard, trying to squash the rising tide of need as she watched Jenson putter around the kitchen, making her a snack. His shoulder muscles flexed enticingly beneath his t-shirt as he sliced an apple, the bulge of his biceps making her fingers itch to explore. Lower, his basketball shorts did nothing to conceal the mouth-watering thrust of his ass or the substantial package between his thighs.

It would be so easy to walk up behind him, press her gravid belly into the small of his back while her hands roamed his body. She could slip her fingers under the waistband of his shorts, find him hard and throbbing, leaking at the tip. Wrap her hand around that steel length and stroke him until he was panting, bucking into her grip.

"Mom? You okay?" Jenson's concerned voice snapped Karly out of her lustful haze. He was standing in front of her now, holding out the plate of apple slices and peanut butter, brow furrowed with worry.

Karly swallowed thickly, trying to paste on a reassuring smile even as her cheeks flushed with guilty arousal. "I'm fine, sweetie. Just a little lost in thought," she said shakily, accepting the plate with trembling hands.

She avoided Jenson's penetrating gaze, knowing he could probably see the naked hunger simmering in her eyes. The desperate longing to feel his sinewy, veiny cock plowing through the swollen tissues of her aching birthing tunnel. She could practically feel the flared ridge of his bulbous head catching on her sensitive cervical ring, stroking over her G-spot until she gushed and spasmed around his girth.

Karly bit back a moan as her pussy clenched with phantom fullness, a fresh flood of nectar dampening her panties. God, what was wrong with her? She was supposed to be moving past their forbidden tryst, focusing on being a good mother to both Jenson and the new baby. Not

fantasizing about riding her teenage son's cock until they were both mindless with taboo ecstasy.

Clearing her throat, Karly picked up an apple slice with an unsteady hand, feeling Jenson's heavy gaze tracking her every movement. "Thank you for the snack. You're always so thoughtful," she said softly, willing her voice not to betray her inner turmoil.

"I just wanna take care of you," Jenson murmured, something dark and possessive unfurling in his blue eyes as they flicked down to her swollen belly. "Both of you."

He reached out as if to touch her protruding stomach, but Karly flinched away, heart hammering. She couldn't let him put his hands on her, not when she was wound so tight, ready to combust at the slightest brush of his fingers. Feeling the evidence of his virility kick and flutter within her while he stroked her stretched skin...it would be her undoing.

"I appreciate that, but I'm fine, really," Karly said quickly, injecting false brightness into her tone. "Why don't you go play video games or something? I think I'm gonna take a nap."

Jenson frowned but didn't push, clearly sensing her discomfort. "Alright. Just holler if you need anything," he said reluctantly, shoving his hands into his pockets. Karly didn't miss how he subtly adjusted himself, the prominent bulge of his erection straining against his fly.

Pulse pounding, she gave a jerky nod and fled to her bedroom, desperate to put some distance between them before she did something truly unforgivable. Like shove Jenson against the fridge and drop to her knees, fish out his hard cock and swallow it down to the root. Bob her head in his lap until he was groaning, fingers tangled in her hair, pumping spurts of hot seed down her throat.

Jenson was relentless in his teasing seduction, determined to break down his mom's weakening resistance. Every chance he got when his

dad wasn't around, he flaunted his nubile young body, tempting her with what she couldn't have.

He made a habit of leaving the bathroom door cracked open when he showered, letting the steam billow out in enticing tendrils. Karly would catch tantalizing glimpses of his glistening wet muscles as he soaped himself up, unable to tear her hungry gaze away from the water sluicing over his tight ass and powerful thighs. She imagined licking every bead of moisture from his smooth skin, tasting the salt of his exertion.

In the evenings after dinner, Jenson would sprawl out on the couch in just his boxer briefs, the thin fabric doing nothing to conceal his substantial package. He'd absently rub his chest and abs as if lost in thought, fingertips skimming along the waistband teasingly. Karly's eyes would zero in on the enticing trail of hair leading into his underwear, her mouth watering for a taste of what lay beneath. She pictured herself crawling between his splayed thighs and mouthing at his cock through the cotton, feeling it swell and pulse against her lips.

But the worst (best) was when Jenson pleased himself, always making sure to give his mom ample opportunity to catch him in the act. He'd leave his bedroom door invitingly ajar, unabashed moans spilling out into the hallway. The slick sounds of his fist pumping his raging cock, the creak of the mattress as he writhed in ecstasy - it was a siren song Karly was powerless to resist.

Heart pounding, she'd tiptoe in bare feet, closer to his room, inexorably drawn to the erotic symphony. Peeking around the doorframe, the horny mother would be treated to the glorious sight of Jenson splayed out naked on his bed, one hand flying over his impressive erection while the other tugged at his heavy balls. His back would be arched, ab muscles jumping as he chased his pleasure, completely lost to the all-consuming need to cum.

Karly's eyes devoured every inch of her son's glistening, straining body, committing it to memory. The way his fat cockhead flared an angry purple, weeping copious amounts of teenage pre-cum. How the thick veins pulsed along his shaft, the blood-engorged flesh twitching with each stroke. And god, those big, cum-filled balls, pulled tight to his body and churning with seed, aching for release.

She'd press a shaking hand to her mouth to stifle her whimpers as her pussy flooded with arousal, soaking through her panties to trickle down her inner thighs. It took every ounce of willpower not to barge in and fuck him like a pregnant whore.

Unable to resist any longer, Karly would rush to her own bedroom on shaky legs, nearly delirious with lust. Slamming the door shut, she'd frantically strip out of her clothes, her swollen breasts and gravid belly springing free. The cool air pebbled her fat, sensitive nipples into aching nubs, making her moan wantonly.

Fumbling in her nightstand drawer, Karly located her trusty vibrating wand, the one she'd been using nearly every day since the pregnancy hormones ramped up her libido to insatiable levels. Falling back onto the bed, she kicked her legs apart and brought the buzzing head of the massager to her dripping sex.

"Ungh, fuck yes," Karly whimpered, eyes fluttering shut in bliss as the powerful vibrations made direct contact with her engorged clit. Pleasure zinged through her nerve endings, making her pussy clench and gush fresh arousal.

Karly's sexy shaved legs were splayed wide open, thrown back in a limber V position. Her delicate feet with their glossy crimson painted toenails were pointed back towards the framed wedding photos of her and Tom mounted on the bedroom wall. The joyful, smiling couple in the pictures seemed to be staring down at her, judging silently as she debased herself.

But Karly was too far gone in her lust to care about their condemning gazes. Her entire being was focused on the exquisite pleasure radiating from her throbbing sex as she ground the buzzing wand against her needy flesh. The pregnancy hormones had her so hypersensitive, every brush of the vibrations against her clit sent shockwaves rippling through her body.

"Oh god, Jenson," she panted deliriously, head thrashing on the pillow. In her mind's eye, it was her son between her legs, his handsome face buried in her pussy as he ate her out with sloppy enthusiasm. She could practically feel the warm rasp of his tongue parting her swollen folds, lapping up her copious juices like he was starving for her taste.

Karly's free hand roamed over her body, cupping and kneading her heavy, milk-laden breasts before drifting down to caress the swell of her huge pregnant belly. She imagined Jenson's strong hands on her instead, worshipping every new curve, tracing over the stretch marks with awed reverence.

Shifting the vibrator lower, she teased her dripping entrance with the buzzing head, shuddering as the intense stimulation made her inner muscles flutter wildly. God, she needed to be filled, stuffed to the brim with hard, throbbing cock. Her empty channel ached for the thickness of Jenson's shaft spearing her open, the delicious burn and stretch as he claimed her as his own.

"Please baby, I need you inside me," Karly begged breathlessly, angling the vibrator to penetrate herself shallowly. But the smooth plastic was a poor substitute for Jenson's hot, veiny flesh. It couldn't compare to the exquisite feeling of his cockhead notching into her cervix, stroking all the hidden sweet spots deep within her clasp sheath.

Still, Karly pumped the vibrator in and out of her greedy cunt, whimpering as the buzzing shaft grazed her G-spot with each thrust. Her

arousal squelched obscenely, the filthy wet sounds filling the room. Clear honey trickled from her spasming slit to soak the bedsheets below.

"Yes, fuck me hard," she panted, feverish with need. Her fertile body was primed and ready, desperate to be bred again. The primal urge to feel Jenson's potent seed bathing her womb.

Splaying a hand over the taut swell of her fetus-packed belly, Karly imagined it was Jenson touching her, caressing the proof of his virility. In her mind's eye, she could see him hovering over her gravid form, blue eyes blazing with lust and possession as he drank in her pregnant curves.

"Mmm, look how ripe and fertile you are, mom," Fantasy Jenson growled, palming her warm heavy tits and rolling the fat nipples between his fingers. Milk beaded at the tips, threatening to leak. "Carrying my baby, growing big with my seed. So fucking gorgeous."

Karly mewled desperately, arching into the phantom touch as she worked the vibrator faster over her throbbing sex. Her feet were still thrown back, sexy toes separating from the intense pleasure. Wet squelching noises filled the room as she ground the toy through her slick folds, buzzing directly over her pulsing opening.

In her fantasy, Jenson was kissing his way down her body now, licking and sucking every inch of swollen skin. When he reached her shaved mound, he buried his face between her thighs, groaning at the musky scent of her arousal.

"Fuck, you smell so good," he rasped, nuzzling between her dewy flanges. "Pregnant pussy is the sweetest...can't wait to taste you."

With that, he sealed his mouth over her weeping slit and sucked hard, tongue delving deep to lap up her cream. Karly cried out sharply, the imagined stimulation blending with the very real sensations of the vibrator buzzing against overly-engorged clit as it stuck out like the tiny knob of a penis.

Her massive tits jiggled and bounced lewdly as she writhed on the bed, the heavy globes swaying up to brush her chin. Milk droplets beaded at the tips of her plump, diamond-hard nipples, threatening to leak at any moment. The taut swell of her giant gravid belly rippled with movement as the baby sensed its mother's pleasure.

As Karly lost herself in the intense pleasure, grinding her vibrator against her throbbing clit, a sudden image of Tom's face flashed through her mind. His eyes were wide with shocked disbelief, mouth agape as he took in the shameless sight of his pregnant wife sprawled out wantonly, shamelessly getting herself off to taboo fantasies of their son.

The wedding photo on the wall seemed to come to life, Photo Tom gazing down at Karly in pained accusation, silently judging her depraved actions. "How could you?" his stricken expression seemed to say. "I trusted you, loved you, and this is how you repay me? By lusting after our child, defiling our marriage vows in the worst way?"

For a moment, guilt lanced through Karly, her hand stilling on the buzzing vibrator. But then the aching, empty throb of her neglected pussy flared back to life, demanding satisfaction. The insistent kick of the baby - Jenson's baby - within her womb only inflamed her forbidden desires further.

"Fuck off," Karly gritted out loud to the imaginary, condemning version of her husband. She clenched her eyes shut and turned her head sharply to the side, as if she could block out his betrayed visage and the last vestiges of her fading conscience through sheer force of will.

All that mattered in that moment was her all-consuming need, the desperate hunger gnawing at her loins. To hell with fidelity, with motherly propriety and wifely duty. Her body craved Jenson with a ferocity that eclipsed everything else - morality, decency, familial boundaries.

Letting the sinful lust consume her once more, Karly redoubled her efforts with the vibrator, plunging it into her weeping cunt as she ground the buzzing head hard against her swollen clit. Pleasure suffused her body, rippling through her sensitive nerve endings, pushing her higher, higher towards that elusive peak.

Lost in her vivid fantasy, Karly imagined Jenson rising up from between her splayed thighs, his lips and chin glistening obscenely with her juices. He licked them clean with a wicked grin, eyes blazing with feral hunger as he took in her desperate, wanton state.

"Gonna fuck you so good, mom," Fantasy Jenson growled, gripping his throbbing erection and giving it a few rough pumps. "Pound this pregnant pussy 'til you're screaming, fill you up with another load of my cum."

"Please," Karly whimpered, spreading her legs wider in clear invitation. "Need your cock so bad, baby. Knock me up again!"

Jenson wasted no time, crawling up her gravid body to notch his swollen cockhead against her weeping entrance. With a flex of his hips, he pushed inside, groaning in bliss as her soaked, scorching heat engulfed him inch by delicious inch.

Karly keened at the exquisite stretch, her over-sensitized tissues parting like butter around Jenson's girth. She was so unbelievably wet, practically gushing, easing the way for him to sheath himself fully in one smooth thrust.

"Ohhh fuck," Karly gasped, back arching off the bed as she was filled to capacity and then some. The fit was tighter than ever thanks to her swollen state, Jenson's cock feeling absolutely enormous as it pulsed against her strangling inner walls.

He paused when he was buried to the hilt, giving her a moment to adjust. The puffy ring at the head of her cervix was the perfect socket for his

leaky, bell-shaped helmet. Karly marveled at how perfectly Jenson's lean, sinewy frame was swallowed up by the lush abundance of her body. His narrow hips were cradled between her thick, creamy thighs, the hard plane of his pelvis grinding against the pillowy mound of her sex.

Higher up, his sculpted chest pressed into the heavy underswell of her massive, milk-laden breasts, the jiggling globes all but eclipsing his torso. Karly's gravid belly molded to Jenson's taut abs with each panting breath, a reminder of their forbidden coupling that had created the new life blossoming within her.

"God, you feel incredible," Jenson groaned, rocking his hips in a slow, dirty grind. The motion made his cock head rub deliciously against Karly's G-spot, extracting a throaty moan from her. "Love being buried in your pregnant cunt, surrounded by these huge tits and belly. Fucking heaven."

With that, he drew back until just the tip remained nestled inside her, then slammed forward again, taking her breath away with the power of his cock-thrust.

Karly wailed as her son set a rapid, driving rhythm, the obscene slap of flesh on flesh punctuating his deep thrusts.

The mother sobbed in ecstasy as she imagined Jenson pounding into her just as he had that night in the van, his pubic bone grinding against her throbbing clit with each piledriving thrust. Her pussy clenched and rippled around the phantom fullness of his cock, inner muscles fluttering wildly. With a keening wail, she bore down on the buzzing head of the vibrator, crushing it against her engorged sex.

"UNGH FUCK, JENSON, YESSSS!" Karly shrieked, back bowing into a taut arch, tits reeling back and forth as an intense orgasm slammed into her with the force of a speeding freight train.

Clear fem-cum squirted out from between her clenching folds, absolutely drenching the toy and her pumping fist. Karly convulsed and spasmed

violently, thighs quaking as she gushed what felt like gallons of liquid pleasure. The gush was so forceful, it actually hit her in the face, splattering her heaving tits and belly.

In her mind's eye, Karly pictured how she and Jenson must look - a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs and undulating flesh practically fucking a dent into the mattress. Their bodies rocked together in perfect sync, skin slapping lewdly as they chased their mutual completion.

Jenson pistoned between his mom's splayed thighs like a man possessed, grunting and snarling as her rippling sheath milked his cock for all it was worth. The fit was so tight, her hungry cunt squeezing him like a fist. He could feel every flutter and clench of her powerful inner muscles, urging him towards the brink.

"Fuck Mom, gonna cum!" Jenson gasped harshly, his rhythm growing erratic. "Gonna pump you full, knock you up again, ungh FUCK!"

With a choked roar, he slammed into her one last time and exploded, his swollen cock head flaring and pulsing as it unleashed a veritable geyser of semen directly against Karly's spasming cervix. Thick, viscous ropes of cum painted her clenching walls, flooding her womb with what felt like gallons of potent seed.

Karly mewled in agonized bliss as she felt Jenson's burning hot essence fill her to overflowing, their baby squirming between them as if sensing its father's release. Her pussy clamped down HARD, rippling in fluttering contractions to milk every last drop from his jerking cock. The sensation was so intense, it bordered on pain.

"OHHHH GOD YESSSSS, BREED ME!" Karly wailed deliriously, undulating her hips to grind her throbbing clit against Jenson's spasming length.

As the last aftershocks of her earth-shattering orgasm faded away, Karly collapsed back onto the mattress, utterly spent. Her chest heaved with exertion, sweat and fem-cum cooling on her flushed skin. The vibrator

slipped from her slack fingers to land with a muffled thump on the soaked sheets.

Slowly, the post-climax haze cleared and reality came crashing back in. Karly wasn't splayed out beneath Jenson's virile young body, being thoroughly bred and impregnated anew. She was alone in her marital bed, the one she shared with Tom, masturbating feverishly to forbidden fantasies of their son.

Crushing guilt and self-disgust washed over the mother once again as she took stock of the aftermath. The bedding was absolutely drenched, a huge wet spot emanating from between her still-trembling thighs. Her musky arousal hung heavy in the air, the unmistakable scent of a mature woman's cum. It clung to her like a scarlet letter, branding her as the worst sort of deviant.

Fresh tears pricked Karly's eyes as the full weight of shame bore down on her. What kind of mother got off to the thought of her own child fucking her pregnant body? Craved the taboo thrill of carrying her son's babies, his potent seed taking root in her fertile womb again and again? She was sick, twisted, the lowest of the low. An irredeemable sinner destined for hell.

And yet, even as the guilt threatened to consume her, Karly's treacherous pussy gave a needy clench. Her body didn't seem to care about right or wrong, too addicted to the mind-melting pleasure Jenson ignited in her. The way he made her feel desired, worshipped, wholly feminine in a way Tom never had. Like she was a goddess of fertility and sex, ripe for the taking.

These illicit masturbation sessions were becoming more and more frequent, sometimes twice a day. Each time Karly caught a glimpse of Jenson's virile young body, she'd be overcome with the desperate urge to touch herself, to chase that exquisite release only he could bring her to, even if only in fantasy.

Her hormones raged out of control, turning her into a wanton creature of lust from the moment she woke up horny and aching, to the night when she fell into a fitful sleep, feverish dreams full of hard cocks and grasping hands. There was no respite from the all-consuming hunger, the empty ache between her thighs that longed to be stretched and filled by her son's impressive girth.

Karly knew she should be stronger, should resist the siren call of her basest urges before she completely lost herself. But god help her, she was so weak.

The mother's growing temptation and internal struggle were momentarily put on hold a few days later when Tom received the devastating news that his father had passed away suddenly from a massive heart attack. The whole family was shaken by the unexpected loss, especially Tom's mother Connie who was now a widow after 45 years of marriage.

As difficult as her own grief was, Karly knew she needed to be strong for her husband and mother-in-law during this challenging time. She put aside her confusing desires for Jenson and focused on being a supportive, comforting presence.

The day after the funeral, Karly went over to Connie's house to help sort through sympathy cards and flower arrangements. When the older woman opened the door, Karly was struck by how beautiful she still was, even in her mid 60s and emotionally wrecked with sorrow.

Connie had always been a stunning woman, but Karly was shocked anew by her incredible figure. Despite her age, Connie's tits were possibly even more enormous than Karly's, straining against her black mourning dress. And her ass was a perfectly rounded bubble butt, jutting out proudly and defying gravity.

"Karly, sweetheart, thank you so much for coming over," her silver-haired mother-in-law said tearfully, pulling her daughter-in-law into a

tight embrace. Karly was momentarily smothered by the older woman's huge, pillowy breasts before Connie released her. "I don't know how I'd get through this without you and Tom."

"Of course, Mom," Karly replied gently, rubbing Connie's back. "We're here for you, whatever you need. I know how lost and alone you must feel right now."

Connie nodded, dabbing at her eyes with a tissue. "I feel like half of me is missing," she admitted brokenly. "Your father-in-law was my rock, my everything. I honestly don't know how to exist in this world without him by my side."

Karly's heart clenched in sympathy. She couldn't imagine the pain of losing a spouse after nearly half a century together. The thought of being without Tom was unfathomable.

Guilt churned her stomach as she was once again reminded of how deeply she had betrayed her husband with Jenson. Here Connie was, devastated by the loss of her soulmate, while Karly was fantasizing about fucking her teenage son. What kind of awful, selfish person was she?

Pushing aside her shame, Karly wrapped a comforting arm around Connie's shoulders and guided her into the living room. "I know, Mom. But you're not alone, I promise. You have a family who loves you and we'll help you through this, one day at a time."

As Karly and Connie settled onto the couch together, the older woman took a deep, shuddering breath before turning to face her daughter-in-law. Fresh tears glistened in her blue eyes, threatening to spill over.

"Karly, I need to tell you something," Connie began hesitantly, her voice thick with emotion. "But you have to promise not to judge me or think less of me."

Karly's brow furrowed in concern and confusion. "Of course, Mom. You can tell me anything, I would never judge you," she assured, placing a comforting hand on Connie's knee.

Connie bit her lip, seemingly struggling with whether or not to confess what was weighing so heavily on her mind. After a long moment, the words burst out of her in a guilty rush.

"I think...I think it's my fault that Hank died," she choked out, a sob catching in her throat. "I'm the reason he had that heart attack."

Karly gaped at her mother-in-law, shocked by the admission. "What? Mom, no! How could you possibly think that? Hank's death wasn't anyone's fault, it was a tragic medical event."

But Connie was shaking her head vehemently, shoulders shaking with the force of her cries. "You don't understand," she hiccuped, burying her face in her hands. "I killed him, Karly. I fucked him to death with my insatiable libido!"

Karly's jaw dropped open, rendered momentarily speechless by the bombshell Connie had just dropped. Whatever she had been expecting her mother-in-law to say, it certainly wasn't THAT.

"I don't...I'm not sure I follow," Karly said slowly, trying to wrap her mind around the stunning revelation. "What do you mean, you fucked him to death?"

Connie took a deep, shuddery breath, visibly steeling herself. When she finally lifted her head to meet Karly's gaze, her blue eyes were swimming with tears and regret.

"As I grew older, my sex drive has been out of control," Connie confessed shakily. "I don't know if it's menopause or what, but I've been insatiable. Constantly horny, desperate for dick. Poor Hank could barely keep up with me."

She paused, worrying her lower lip between her teeth. "I was demanding sex multiple times a day, every day. Waking him up in the middle of the night for marathon sessions - riding him for hours. I just couldn't get enough."

Karly swallowed hard, her cheeks flushing with a mixture of sympathy and uncomfortable understanding. While her situation was quite different, she could somewhat relate to the desperate, all-consuming lust that Connie described. Ever since her forbidden night with Jenson, Karly's own libido had been off the charts, especially now that pregnancy hormones were adding fuel to the fire.

She constantly craved the feel of her son's virile young body against hers, ached to be filled and stretched by his impressive cock. The need was relentless, invading her every waking thought and feverish dream. Karly was honestly shocked that Tom hadn't caught on to her distraction and guilt yet. She felt like it must be written all over her face.

Forcing herself to focus on her distraught mother-in-law, Karly squeezed Connie's knee comfortingly. "Mom, listen to me. You are not responsible for Hank's death, not in any way," she said firmly, holding the older woman's teary gaze. "If anything, it sounds like you gave him the best last few years of his life. Most men would kill to have a wife with a libido like yours."

Connie let out a watery chuckle at that, shaking her head ruefully. "I'm sure Hank would agree with you. He never once complained, even when I was running him ragged. Always said he was the luckiest man alive to have such an insatiable wife."

Her face crumpled then, fresh sobs wracking her frame. "Oh god, what am I going to do without him? Not just the sex, but everything. He was my whole world, Karly. I feel so lost and alone."

Heart aching for her mother-in-law, Karly gathered the weeping woman into her arms and let her cry it out on her shoulder. She couldn't imagine

the depths of Connie's grief, to lose a spouse so suddenly after decades of marriage. The enormity of it was staggering.

After a while, Connie's sobs tapered off into sniffles and hiccups. She pulled back from Karly's embrace, wiping at her puffy, tear-stained face with a tissue.

"Thank you, sweetheart. I don't know what came over me, unloading on you like that," Connie said shakily, giving a self-deprecating laugh. "You must think I'm some kind of sex-crazed freak."

"Of course not," Karly rushed to reassure, squeezing the older woman's hands. "Grief makes us say and do all sorts of things. There's no shame in it. I'm just glad you felt comfortable enough to open up to me."

Connie smiled tremulously, gratitude shining in her watery blue eyes. "I don't know what I'd do without you and Tom," she said softly, voice catching. "Truly, you're the only family I have left now."

She took a deep, shuddery breath, seeming to gather her courage before speaking again. "Actually, I was hoping to ask a huge favor. And please, feel free to say no if it's too much."

Karly's brow furrowed in concern. "Of course, Mom. Anything you need, just name it."

Connie twisted her tissue anxiously between her fingers, gaze darting away. "Well, the thing is...being in this house, surrounded by Hank's things, our memories...it's torture. Especially the bedroom." A visible shudder ran through her. "Where he...he died, in our bed."

Karly gasped softly, heart clenching in sympathy. She couldn't imagine the trauma of a spouse dying during sex. It was unthinkable.

"Oh Mom," she breathed, squeezing Connie's hands tighter. "I'm so sorry. That must be awful."

Connie nodded jerkily, fresh tears spilling down her cheeks. "I can't sleep in there, Karly. I've tried but every time I close my eyes, all I see is him lying there, not breathing. It's like a waking nightmare."

She paused, swallowing thickly. "I know it's a huge imposition, but I was wondering...could I maybe stay with you and Tom for a little while? Just until I figure out how to move forward, what to do with the house and everything. I feel like I'm losing my mind here all alone."

Karly's heart broke for her mother-in-law, imagining the suffocating grief and loneliness she must be drowning in. How could she possibly turn Connie away in her greatest time of need?

"Of course you can stay with us," Karly said immediately, infusing as much warmth and certainty into her voice as possible. "You're always welcome in our home, Mom. For as long as you need."

Connie crumpled in relief, a choked sob escaping her. "Thank you," she gasped, pulling Karly into a crushing hug, smashing their giant tits together. "Thank you so much, sweetheart. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Karly returned the embrace fiercely, rubbing soothing circles on Connie's shaking back. "You don't have to thank me. We're family - this is what we do for each other."

As Connie pulled back from the tearful embrace, she squeezed Karly's hands gratefully. "I promise I won't be a burden while I'm staying with you," she assured. "In fact, I wanna help out as much as possible, especially with you being so heavily pregnant. It's the least I can do."

Karly waved a dismissive hand, touched by her mother-in-law's thoughtfulness. "Oh, you don't have to do that, Mom. I'm sure I'll manage just fine, even with the new baby. It's not my first rodeo, after all."

Connie shook her head stubbornly, a glint of determination in her eye. "Nonsense! I insist on pitching in. You'll have your hands more than full dealing with a newborn and postpartum recovery. Let me take some of the load off - cleaning, cooking, maybe even helping with night feedings so you and Tom can rest."

Karly smiled gratefully, touched by Connie's generous offer. "That would be amazing, Mom. Thank you so much. I have to admit, the thought of juggling a new baby along with everything else has been a bit overwhelming."

"I can only imagine," Connie said sympathetically, patting Karly's rounded belly. "Especially with this one being such a surprise so late in the game! I have to say, when you first told me you were expecting again, I was shocked. I didn't think you and Tom were planning on more kids."

Karly's cheeks flushed guiltily and she glanced away, fiddling with the hem of her shirt. "Ah, well, we weren't really...planning it, per se..." she hedged awkwardly.

Connie arched a knowing brow, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. "Oh, I see. One of those 'heat of the moment' surprises, hmm?" She winked salaciously. "Hey, no judgment here. Lord knows Hank and I had a few of those scares back in the day, when we just couldn't keep our hands off each other."

Karly choked out an uncomfortable laugh, squirming under her mother-in-law's astute gaze. If only Connie knew the sordid truth - that this baby wasn't the result of an impulsive romp with Tom, but the product of a forbidden night of passion with her own teenage son. The shame and guilt burned hot under her skin, threatening to bubble over.

"Heh, yeah, something like that..." Karly mumbled, desperate to change the subject before she accidentally incriminated herself further. Her lying skills had never been the best, especially when flustered. "A-Anyway, I

really appreciate you offering to help out. I'm sure it'll be a huge relief to have an extra set of hands around, especially from someone as experienced as you."

But Connie wasn't ready to let the matter drop, a speculative gleam entering her blue eyes as she studied Karly's obvious discomfort. Her gaze drifted pointedly to Karly's midsection, then back up to her beet-red face.

"You know, I couldn't help but notice that you're much bigger this time around compared to your previous pregnancies," Connie mused slyly, tapping a thoughtful finger against her chin. "Positively glowing and voluptuous, like a fertility goddess. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were carrying twins in there!"

Karly's heart leapt into her throat and she spluttered incoherently, eyes widening in panic. Oh god, was she really that obvious? Did the evidence of her depravity with Jenson show in her very body, announcing their sinful union to the world?

"W-What? No, no, definitely not twins!" Karly stated.

Connie laughed merrily, giving Karly a playful nudge with her elbow. "I'm just teasing you, dear! But you do look absolutely radiant. Pregnancy suits you."

She paused, tilting her head as she studied Karly's flushed face with a knowing twinkle in her eye. "So, who's the lucky teenage stud that put a bun in your oven, hmm?"

Karly's jaw dropped and she spluttered in shock, eyes going wide as saucers. "W-What?? I don't know what you're talking about! This is Tom's baby, of course. Why would you even suggest such a thing?!"

Connie waved a dismissive hand, unfazed by her daughter-in-law's scandalized denial. "Oh please, I've been around the block a time or two.

I know the difference between a woman who's been knocked up by her husband and one carrying the virile seed of a strapping young buck."

Leaning in conspiratorially, Connie lowered her voice to a husky murmur. "There's just something about being impregnated by an energetic, potent teenager that makes a gal swell and glow differently. All those raging hormones and endless stamina...mmm! I tell you, there's nothing quite like getting your womb pumped full of hot, fresh jizz by an eager young stud. Makes you feel alive in a way fucking a middle-aged man just can't compare to."

Karly was stunned speechless, her face flaming with mortification and guilty arousal. She gaped at Connie, mind reeling at the older woman's blunt, shockingly perceptive words. Was her mother-in-law actually condoning illicit affairs with teenagers?? Had she herself engaged in such taboo trysts?

Connie clucked her tongue, patting Karly's knee reassuringly. "Relax, sweetheart! Your secret is safe with me. I'm the last person to judge someone for seeking pleasure outside their marriage. Lord knows I've enjoyed the attentions of a few strapping young men in my day, especially after Hank started having...performance issues."

She sighed wistfully, a faraway look entering her eyes. "There's just something so invigorating about seducing a fresh-faced, eager-to-please boy. Watching them fall apart as you introduce them to the joys of the flesh, teach them how to worship a woman's body. Mmm! The enthusiasm, the stamina! Feeling their rock-hard cocks pulsing as they empty their heavy, churning balls deep in your milf pussy...ungh! Nothing beats it."

Connie fanned herself dramatically, her cheeks flushed and chest heaving. Karly couldn't help but notice how her mother-in-law's huge breasts strained against her blouse.

Karly swallowed hard, her pulse pounding in her ears as she struggled to process Connie's shocking revelation. She couldn't believe her prim and proper mother-in-law was openly admitting to extramarital affairs with teenage boys! And the way she spoke so wistfully about being impregnated by their youthful virility, letting them pump her full of fertile seed...it hit way too close to home.

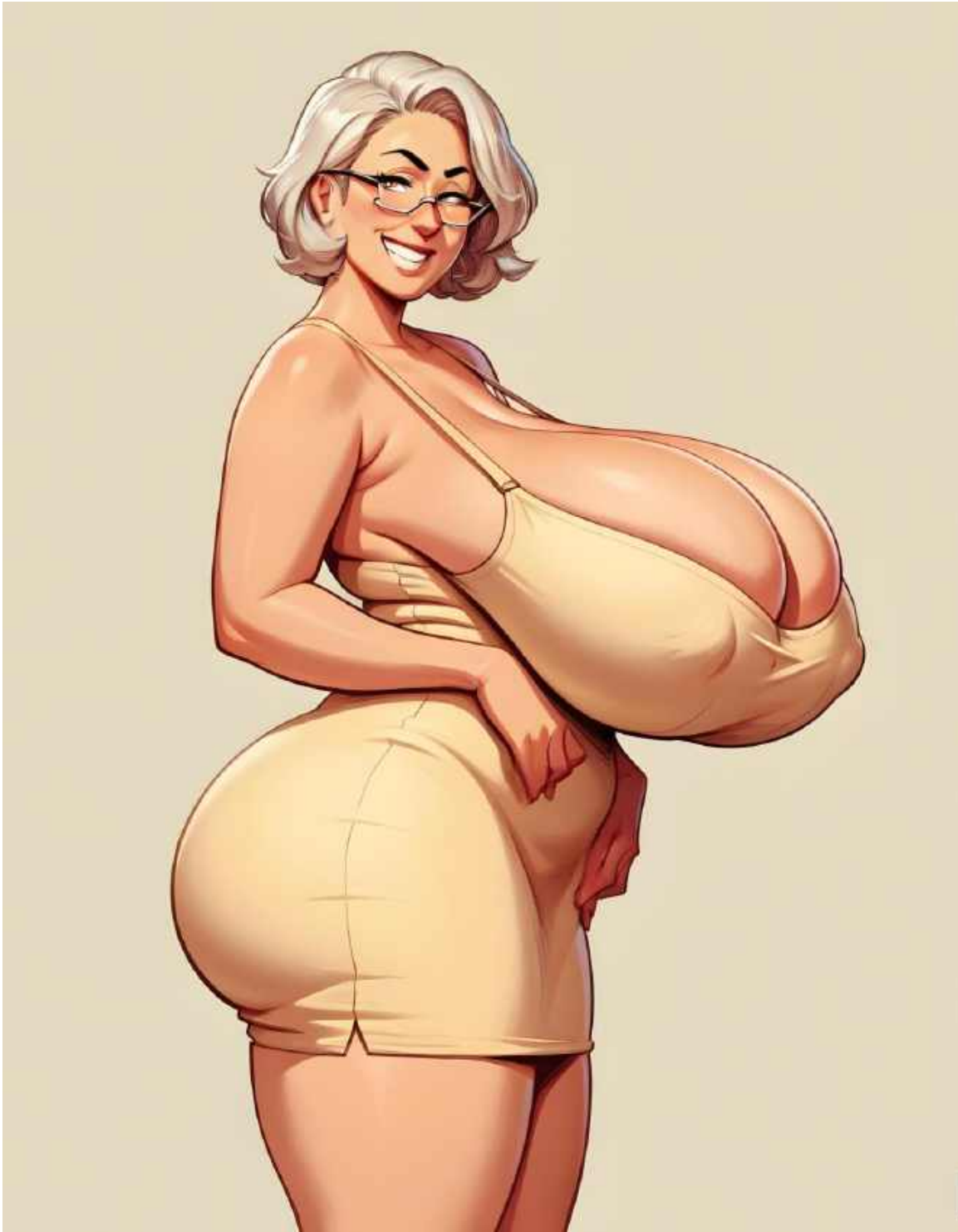
Panic seized Karly's chest as she realized how dangerously close she was to spilling her own sordid secret. That not only had she fucked an 18-year-old, but that it was her own son to boot.

Jenson couldn't contain his excitement when his mom told him the news that Grandma Connie would be staying with them for a while. Even though he felt bad about the circumstances with Grandpa Hank's passing, a secret thrill zipped through him at the thought of having his voluptuous grandmother under the same roof.

Connie had always been extremely affectionate with Jenson, showering him with tight hugs that pressed her massive, pillowy breasts right into his face. He relished the feel of her soft curves molding around him, the sweet floral scent of her perfume filling his nose. Sometimes, she would even hold the embrace a few beats too long, her hands drifting down to squeeze his ass through his jeans.

Jenson knew it wasn't exactly appropriate, the way his grandma touched him. But he couldn't bring himself to care, not when her attention made him feel so good, so desired. He craved the forbidden thrill of her caresses, the naughty promise in her pale blue eyes when she looked at him. It never failed to make his cock swell in his pants, aching for more.

When Connie first arrived at the house with her suitcases, she immediately zeroed in on Jenson, a slow smile spreading across her face. "There's my handsome grandson!" she exclaimed, opening her arms wide. "Get over here and give your grandma some sugar!"



Jenson grinned and eagerly went to her, letting himself be engulfed in Connie's cushiony embrace. She hugged him fiercely, smashing his face into the deep valley of her cleavage. He could feel her heavy tits

compressing against his cheeks, practically smothering him in their doughy warmth.

"Mmm, I've missed you, sweet boy," Connie purred, nuzzling her nose into his hair. Her hands drifted down to palm the globes of his ass possessively, giving them a firm squeeze. "Grandma's gonna take such good care of you while she's here, don't you worry."

Jenson shivered at the sultry promise in her voice, his cock twitching against the confines of his jeans. He had no doubt that Connie would keep her word. The thought of all the naughty possibilities, especially now that she was a widow, made him dizzy with anticipation.

Reluctantly disentangling himself from his grandma's smothering hug, Jenson cleared his throat and gestured towards the stairs. "I figured you could take my room while you're staying with us," he offered with a shy smile. "The bed's pretty comfortable and there's plenty of space for your stuff. I don't mind crashing on the couch."

Connie's eyes sparkled with delight and something darker, more heated. Her gaze raked over Jenson appreciatively, taking in his tall, athletic frame. "Well aren't you just the sweetest thing!" she cooed, reaching up to pinch his cheek. "Such a thoughtful, chivalrous young man. Your mom raised you right."

She leaned in close, her pillowy breasts grazing his arm as she brought her lips to his ear. "And I certainly don't wanna put you out of your bed. There's more than enough room for both of us in there, don't you think?" Connie purred silkily, her hot breath tickling his skin. "We could have ourselves a nice little...sleepover, every single night."

Jenson's eyes widened and he swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The implication in Connie's words was unmistakable, dripping with innuendo. She wanted to share his bed, but not for innocent grandmotherly snuggles. Oh no, she had something much naughtier in mind.

Arousal surged through Jenson's veins, making his heart pound and his cock throb urgently. The thought of being in such close proximity to Connie's lush, scantily clad body all night, feeling her soft curves pressed against him...it was almost too much to handle. He could just imagine waking up to her humongous, unfettered tits mashed into his back, her hand "accidentally" brushing his morning wood.

"I, uh, wow," Jenson stammered, his cheeks flushing bright red. He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "That's really tempting, Grandma. Like, REALLY tempting. But I don't think Mom would be too happy about us sharing a bed."

Connie waved a dismissive hand, rolling her eyes. "Oh please! Your mother doesn't have to be in control of EVERYTHING that goes on under this roof," she scoffed conspiratorially.

At dinner that evening, Connie dropped the bombshell that had Karly choking on her pot roast.

"Jenson was such a dear and offered to let me have his room while I'm staying here," the buxom grandmother announced brightly, smiling at her grandson. "But I told him there's no need for him to give up his bed entirely! It's a full-size mattress, plenty of room for both of us. We can just share."

Tom, bless his oblivious heart, nodded along agreeably. "That's very generous of you, son. I'm sure your grandma appreciates not putting you out of your own space."

Meanwhile, Karly was having a silent meltdown, her fingers white-knuckling her fork. The thought of Connie, with her voracious sexual appetite, sharing a bed with Jenson, his virile young body and impressive cock...it made jealous rage churn in her gut.

Karly knew all too well the allure of her son's impressive endowment, how exquisitely he could make a woman's body sing with pleasure. The idea of that incredible teenage dick being pumped through Connie instead of her made Karly see green.

It didn't help that pregnancy hormones already had Karly's libido raging out of control. She was constantly horny, desperate for a good hard fucking. Her pussy ached to be filled and stretched by Jenson's thick cock, to feel him pumping her full of his potent seed. The fact that she couldn't have him was pure torture.

And now Connie was going to get to experience all of Jenson's youthful passion and stamina. She would get to wake up next to his handsome face, feel his morning wood poking against her ass. Maybe even wrap her lips around that mouthwatering cock and milk him dry, ride him into the mattress until they were both sweaty and spent.

It wasn't fair! That should be Karly's pleasure, dammit! She was the one carrying Jenson's baby, the one who needed his touch the most. Not some old slutty cougar, no matter how big her tits were.

Karly ground her teeth together, stabbing viciously at her dinner. Across the table, Connie was looking entirely too smug, a knowing gleam in her eye as she glanced between the flustered mother and son. It was like she could read every dirty thought swirling through Karly's mind.

Jenson, for his part, was blushing and squirming in his seat, clearly aroused by the idea of sharing such close quarters with his buxom grandma. He kept sneaking heated glances at Connie from beneath his lashes, undressing her with his eyes.

It made Karly's blood boil, even as shameful arousal pulsed between her thighs.

As the evening wore on, both Karly and Connie were hyper-aware of Jenson's heated gaze following their every move. Whenever they

sauntered past him, their voluptuous curves undulated hypnotically, round asses swaying and jiggling with each step. They made sure to bend over frequently, giving him tantalizing glimpses down their gaping cleavage at the heavy, creamy swells of their breasts straining against tight tops.

Connie in particular went out of her way to tease her grandson, brushing up against him at every opportunity. Her giant, pillowy tits would graze his arm "accidentally" as she reached for something, the hard points of her fat nipples dragging over his skin through the thin fabric of her blouse. Each touch sent a bolt of electricity straight to Jenson's groin, making his cock throb urgently in his jeans.

Karly watched the shameless display with narrowed eyes, jealousy and arousal warring within her. She hated seeing her son's hungry gaze devour her mother-in-law's mature curves, knowing he was imagining all the naughty things he wanted to do to her. It should be Karly that Jenson was lusting after, not some saggy old cougar!

In an effort to regain his attention, Karly made sure to put her own juicy assets on display. She changed into a low-cut sundress that showcased her pregnancy-enhanced cleavage, the deep valley between her milk-laden breasts practically begging to be motorboated. The flowy skirt swirled around her thick, toned thighs as she walked, hinting at the juicy peach beneath.

Jenson's eyes were glued to his mother's fertile form, drinking in her glowing skin and amplified curves. He couldn't tear his gaze away from the ripe swell of her belly, knowing it was his baby growing in there. His seed had taken root, forever claiming Karly as his. The primal satisfaction was intoxicating.

Karly preened under her son's appreciative stare, arching her back to thrust her heavy tits out further, making them balloon from her chest obscenely. She loved feeling his eyes on her body, scorching her skin

with barely restrained lust. It made her feel sexy and desired in a way Tom's tepid interest never had.

Later that evening, Karly she decided to take matters into her own hands. She couldn't just sit back and let Connie seduce her son right under her nose. The mere thought made her stomach churn with jealousy and possessive rage.

Squaring her shoulders, Karly marched into the living room where Tom was watching TV. "Honey, I've been thinking," she began, injecting false concern into her voice. "I'm a little worried about Mom having to share a room with Jenson. You know how she values her privacy, especially after everything she's been through recently."

Tom glanced up at his wife, brow furrowing. "I mean, it was her idea, wasn't it? She seemed fine with it at dinner."

Karly waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, you know how she is, always trying to be accommodating. But I can tell it makes her a bit uncomfortable. She needs her own space to grieve and process losing Dad."

She paused, chewing her lower lip as if deep in thought. Then her eyes lit up with feigned inspiration. "I know! Why doesn't Mom take our bedroom? The master has the most space and privacy. She'll be much more at ease there."

Tom frowned, glancing towards the stairs. "I guess that makes sense. But where will we sleep then?"

"Well, I was thinking...you could take the couch, just for a little while until we figure out a better arrangement," Karly suggested, batting her lashes innocently. "And I can bunk with Jenson in his room. I'm up early to get the kids off to school anyway, so I won't disturb Mom."

She held her breath, hoping Tom wouldn't question her logic too much. Luckily, her husband was utterly guileless and trusting to a fault. He simply shrugged and nodded agreeably.

"Sure, hon, if you think that's best. I don't mind roughing it on the sofa if it makes things easier for Mom," Tom said with an easy smile. "You're so thoughtful to consider her needs."

Karly felt a pang of guilt twist her insides at the undeserved praise. If only Tom knew her true motivations were anything but pure. She ruthlessly suppressed the shame, focusing on her desperate need to keep Jenson to herself.

"Great, I'll go let her know about the change in sleeping arrangements," Karly said brightly, relief coursing through her.

Karly took a deep breath and knocked on the door to Jenson's room, steeling herself for the conversation she was about to have with Connie. When the older woman called out a cheery "Come in!", Karly plastered on a bright smile and entered.

Connie was sitting on the edge of Jenson's bed in a silky robe that gaped open to reveal an obscene-amount of cleavage. She grinned when she saw Karly, patting the space beside her invitingly. "Karly, dear! I thought maybe you were Jenson coming to bed. To what do I owe this late night visit?"

Perching gingerly on the mattress, Karly cleared her throat and folded her hands primly in her lap. "Well, Mom, I've been thinking... I know you generously offered to share Jenson's room so he wouldn't be put out. But I worry that the bed is a bit too small for you two to be truly comfortable. Especially with how much you value your privacy right now, as you grieve and process losing Dad."

Connie's eyes softened and she reached over to squeeze Karly's knee. "Oh sweetheart, that's so thoughtful of you to be concerned about. But really, I don't mind bunking up with Jenson one bit. Might be nice to have some company after being alone in that big house."

Her voice wobbled and Karly's heart clenched in sympathy, even as ugly jealousy churned in her gut at the thought of Connie snuggled up with Jenson. She hurried to make her counter offer before her resolve crumbled.

"I completely understand, Mom. Which is why I had an idea - why don't you take the master bedroom instead? It has so much more space for you to spread out and make yourself at home. The en suite is lovely too, with a big soaking tub. I think you'd be much more comfortable there."

Connie blinked in surprise, clearly not expecting such a generous suggestion.

"Wow, Karly, that's an incredibly kind offer," Connie said slowly, a calculating gleam entering her eye. "But I'd feel like such a greedy hog, taking over you and Tom's marital bed. Hardly seems fair."

Karly's heart sank, sensing where this was going. She opened her mouth to insist it was no trouble, but Connie steamrolled ahead, tapping her chin thoughtfully.

"You know, I have an even better idea," the buxom grandmother declared with a sly grin. "Why don't the three of us share the master bedroom? You, me, and Jenson. There's certainly enough room in that big ol' king bed for all of us. Tom can sleep in here instead of on the couch, that way everyone can be comfortable."

Karly's eyes widened at Connie's scandalous suggestion of the three of them sharing a bed. The mere thought of her virile teenage son being sandwiched between her and her buxom mother-in-law, their nubile bodies pressed close in the intimate darkness, made heat pool low in her belly.

It was wrong on so many levels - the ultimate perversion of familial bonds. And yet, a secret thrill zipped down Karly's spine at the idea of

keeping Jenson close, being able to monitor Connie's every move and make sure the older woman kept her wandering hands to herself.

"I...wow, Mom, that's certainly an unconventional arrangement," Karly hedged, licking her suddenly dry lips. "But I suppose it could work, as long as Jenson is comfortable with it too. No sense in making this awkward for him."

Connie waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, I'm sure that strapping young buck will be more than happy to snuggle up with his two favorite ladies!" she declared with a wink. "What teenage boy wouldn't jump at the chance to be the filling in a busty MILF sandwich?"

Karly nearly choked on her tongue, face flaming at Connie's brazen innuendo. Good lord, did the woman have no shame? Talking about her own grandson like he was a piece of meat to be devoured!

Tamping down on her indignation, Karly forced a strained smile. "Right. Well, I'll just go discuss it with Jenson then, make sure he's on board."

She beat a hasty retreat from the room, Connie's knowing chuckles nipping at her heels. Karly's heart pounded as she headed down the hall to the living room where Jenson was playing video games, trying to figure out how to broach the scandalous new sleeping arrangements.

"Hey sweetie, can we talk for a sec?" Karly asked, perching on the arm of the couch. She nervously smoothed her hands over her pregnant belly, feeling the baby kick and flutter in response to her agitation.

Jenson paused his game and glanced up at her, a grin instantly overtaking his handsome face. "Sure Mom, what's up?"

Karly took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "So, I was just talking with Grandma Connie about the bedroom situation. And we were thinking...maybe it would be best if you and I joined her in the master. That way Dad can have your room and everyone will be comfortable."

She held her breath, gauging Jenson's reaction. His blue eyes widened and darted to her cleavage for a brief, heated moment before he quickly looked away, shifting on the couch. Karly didn't miss the growing bulge in his basketball shorts or the flush creeping up his neck.

"You mean like...all of us sharing the same bed?" the boy asked in disbelief.

Karly nodded, trying to keep her expression neutral even as her cheeks flushed with guilty arousal. "Yes, the three of us in the king bed. But Jenson, I need you to understand - this arrangement is purely for practical reasons, to give everyone a comfortable place to sleep. There can be absolutely NO funny business, got it? No nudity, no sex, no wandering hands. We all need to be on our best, most appropriate behavior."

She fixed him with a stern look, ignoring the way her nipples pebbled beneath her thin nightgown at the mere thought of sharing such close quarters with her virile son and insatiable mother-in-law. "I mean it, Jenson. Promise me you'll keep things totally innocent and platonic. The last thing we need is to make this situation any more awkward or inappropriate than it already is."

Jenson held up his hands in supplication, schooling his face into an expression of wounded innocence even as his cock throbbed in anticipation. "Of course, Mom! I would never do anything to make you or Grandma uncomfortable. You can count on me to be a perfect gentleman."

He widened his baby blues earnestly, laying the charm on thick. "I know this arrangement is a bit unconventional, but I'm just grateful we can help Grandma feel safe and supported during this difficult time. You don't have to worry about me crossing any lines, I swear."

Karly narrowed her eyes, not buying her son's innocent act for a second. She knew exactly what sort of debauched fantasies were likely swirling

through his hormone-addled teenage brain at the prospect of sharing a bed with two busty MILFs. The tent pole in his shorts spoke volumes about where his mind was at.

But short of admitting her own wholly inappropriate lust and jealousy, Karly had no real grounds to object further without raising suspicion. She would just have to trust that Jenson would keep his word and be on his best behavior...even as every fiber of her being screamed that it was a mistake.

"Alright then, I'm gonna hold you to that promise," she said tersely, rising from the couch. "I'll let your grandmother know the new plan. We should all turn in early tonight, I have a feeling tomorrow is going to be...interesting."

Karly walked stiffly from the room, the sway of her full hips and lush ass drawing Jenson's hungry gaze like a magnet. The moment she was out of sight, a slow, wicked grin spread across his face.

Oh, he fully intended to keep his promise not to physically touch either of the women inappropriately...but that didn't mean he couldn't still tempt and tease the ever-loving hell out of them with his nubile young body. The art of seduction was all about implication and innuendo, after all.

Karly felt incredibly awkward as she went to tuck her younger daughter into bed and kiss Tom goodnight, knowing that she wouldn't be joining her husband in their marital bed. Instead, she was about to climb into the king-sized mattress with her own horny teenage son and insatiable mother-in-law.

Her palms were sweaty and her heart raced as she made her way down the hall to the master suite, a sense of unreality washing over her. Was she really going through with this crazy plan? It felt like a fevered erotic dream, the ultimate taboo.

Pushing open the door, Karly's eyes immediately landed on Jenson sprawled out on top of the covers, long legs stretched before him as he played a game on his phone. He was shirtless, the golden planes of his muscular chest and stomach on full display. The boy was wearing nothing but a pair of low-slung pajama pants that did little to conceal his impressive bulge.

Karly's mouth went dry at the tantalizing sight, a bolt of illicit lust spearing through her. Damn her son and his perfect body, tempting her without even trying. She closed the door and locked it, quickly averted her gaze, busying herself with turning down the covers on her side of the bed.

Just then, the en suite bathroom door opened in a billow of fragrant steam and Connie sauntered out, hips swaying. Karly's eyes nearly bugged out of her head when she saw what the older woman was wearing.

Connie had changed into a sinfully skimpy red satin babydoll nightie that barely reached the tops of her plump thighs. The bodice was all delicate lace, sheer enough to clearly display the dark peaks of her wide areolas and plump nipples. Her monumental breasts strained against the flimsy fabric, the heavy unrestricted globes practically spilling out of the plunging neckline with each breath.

"Ahh, nothing like a nice hot shower before bed!" Connie declared, stretching her arms above her head languidly. The motion made her gigantic tits bounce and jiggle obscenely, pale flesh quivering.

Karly goggled at her mother-in-law, jaw slack. She couldn't believe Connie had the audacity to parade around in such revealing lingerie with her teenage grandson right there! Was she trying to give the poor boy a heart attack?

Jenson, for his part, was staring at his Gran with unabashed hunger, his blue eyes devouring her scantily clad figure. The tent in his pajama pants

was growing more pronounced by the second as his cock swelled to full mast. He shifted on the bed, trying to discreetly adjust himself.

"Wow Grandma, you look...really nice," Jenson croaked, his voice cracking with adolescent lust. He licked his lips, gaze zeroed in on the deep canyon of Connie's cleavage, which was cavernous enough to easily swallow his entire head.

Karly's face flamed at Jenson's blatant ogling of Connie's scantily clad figure. She knew she should scold him for the inappropriate leering, remind him of his promise to be a gentleman. But the jealous, competitive part of her wanted to one-up her mother-in-law, show her teen something even more scandalous.

Before she could second-guess herself, Karly marched over to the dresser and rummaged through her lingerie drawer with purpose. She selected a daring ensemble that she had bought on a whim during a naughty online shopping binge, but never had the guts to actually wear. Until now.

Feeling reckless and determined, Karly strode into the en suite bathroom and quickly changed into the scandalous outfit.

Connie knelt on the bed next to her grandson, her titties stretching the fabric of her nightie like two gigantic zeppelins, hovering over him. "Room for me, baby doll, or shall I just lay on top of you?" she teased, staring down over her jutting rack.

"You can lay on top...I don't mind," the boy answered, his eyes glued to her bountiful bosom.

Connie giggled naughtily. "Oh, does someone wanna be the meat in Granny's tittie-burrito?"

Karly suddenly emerged from the bathroom, nervously smoothing her hands down her sides as she sauntered into the bedroom.

Jenson and Connie both looked up at her arrival, their jaws dropping open in unison. Karly was wearing a sheer spandex micro mesh banded tube top that clung to her swollen breasts like a second skin. The flimsy fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, her heavy, milk-filled tits straining against the confining bands. Her saucer-sized areolas and jutting nipples were clearly visible, fat and throbbing with arousal.

But it was the lower half of Karly's ensemble that really stole the show. A tiny scrap of fabric that could barely be called a thong disappeared between the plump cheeks of her ass, leaving the ripe globes completely bare. In the front, the minuscule triangle of material struggled to contain her mound, the damp patch of her arousal evident through the gauzy mesh. Her immensely pregnant belly protruded above the waistband obscenely, so large and heavy with child that it almost eclipsed the thong entirely.

Karly's body was a lewd, exaggerated caricature of sexuality, every mouthwatering curve amplified to the point of absurdity. Her massive, milk-engorged tits, her spectacularly rounded ass, her swollen, gravid belly - all of it shamelessly on display in an outfit so tiny she might as well have been nude.

She stood there trembling with a mixture of mortification and arousal as Jenson and Connie drank in her scantily clad figure. Her son's eyes were wide as saucers, his face flushed a deep scarlet. The boy looked like he was about to pass out from sheer lust, his erection straining urgently against his pajama pants.

"Mom, holy shit," Jenson croaked, his throat bobbing as he swallowed thickly. "You look...wow." His hungry gaze roved over her from head to toe, lingering on her jiggling breasts and the slick juncture of her thighs.

"Stunning!" Connie added, taking in her daughter-in-law's gravid form.

"Thanks," the mother blushed. "Well, it's getting late, we should probably turn in," Karly suggested in an overly bright voice, trying to

diffuse the sexually charged tension crackling in the air. She waddled over to the light switch, her cute bare feet slapping against the hardwood.

With each step, Karly's enormous milk-laden breasts wobbled and bounced lewdly in the confining tube top, straining the sheer fabric to its limit. Rivulets of sweat trickled between the deep valley of her cleavage. Her gravid belly undulated hypnotically, glistening with a sheen of perspiration in the low light.

Jenson swallowed audibly as he watched his mother's erotic display, every mouthwatering curve and fold of her body jiggling with the sway of her hips. His cock jerked in his pajama pants, a wet spot of pre-cum dampening the cotton.

As Karly flicked off the overhead light, pitching the room into intimate semi-darkness, Connie let out a kittenish giggle. "Ooh, a sleepover with my two favorite people! How fun!" She clapped her hands together gleefully, making her juggernauts bounce and quiver.

Jenson could only let out a strangled groan as the bed dipped on either side of him, the two buxom MILFs crawling onto the mattress and bracketing his splayed body with their own. The motion made Karly and Connie's monumental tits sway and brush against his arms, pillowy flesh spilling into his personal space. Their combined sweet, floral perfume enveloped him, making his head swim with intoxicating lust.

Karly bit her lip as she settled against the pillows, trying to ignore the radiating heat of her son's nubile body just inches away. The narrow bikini bands of her top dug into the tender undersides of her aching breasts, pushing them up and out obscenely, creating a cleavage that was absolutely epic. Milk beaded at the tips of her throbbing nipples, threatening to leak through the gauzy fabric.

On Jenson's other side, Connie boldly threw one plump, bare thigh over his pajama-clad leg, snuggling up to him like an affectionate cat. "Mmm,

this is nice," she purred, resting her cheek on his shoulder. "So cozy with my handsome grandson."

Her hand drifted down to pat Jenson's rock-hard abs, fingers "accidentally" grazing the waistband of his pants and the throbbing erection straining beneath. Jenson let out a hiss, stomach muscles jumping at the barely-there touch.

Karly's eyes narrowed as she watched Connie drape herself over Jenson so possessively, jealousy flaring hot in her veins. How dare that old hussy paw at HER son right in front of her? Especially after she had explicitly forbidden any inappropriate touching. The nerve!

Without thinking, the pregnant mother mirrored her mother-in-law's pose, throwing her own plump thigh over Jenson's other leg and pressing her gravid body flush against his side. She nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck, inhaling his clean, musky scent greedily. "My sweet boy," she cooed, laying a proprietary hand on his chest. "Mommy will keep you warm and snug, don't you worry."

Jenson let out a strangled whimper as he suddenly found himself completely cocooned between the two buxom MILF's hot, pliant flesh, their enormous breasts spilling across his torso from both sides. The combined weight of Karly and Connie's massive, unfettered tits was staggering, smothering him in squishy abundance.

He could feel every glorious inch of his mother's milk-swollen bosom through the sheer, straining mesh of her top, her fat nipples prodding into his skin like blunt thumbs. On his other side, Connie's naked udders were separated from his flesh by only a thin layer of slinky satin, wobbling and quivering with her every breath.

Jenson was drowning in tit- flesh, the heavy globes flowing across his face, neck and upper chest like a rising tide of warm dough. He struggled to draw breath, his head spinning with the intoxicating combination of flowery perfume, salty musk and arousal thick in the air. The boy's cock

was throbbing almost painfully now, an obscene tent pole of hard, hot flesh in his pajama pants.

"Mmmm, isn't this just heavenly?" Connie sighed dreamily, rubbing her cheek against Jenson's shoulder like a cat in heat. "All snuggled up tight, just the three of us. So intimate and cozy."

Her fingers danced along Jenson's rippling abs beneath the blanket, dipping teasingly beneath the waistband of his pants to graze the throbbing root of his erection with her long manicured fingernails. The boy jolted as if electrocuted, a desperate moan escaping him at the fleeting touch.

Karly saw red at her mother-in-law's blatant groping, fighting the urge to slap the old broad's wandering hand away from her son's groin. Instead, she retaliated by pressing herself even more fully against Jenson's body, shifting to drape a leg across his hips under the covers.

The movement caused Karly's gigantic belly to nudge against the straining tent of Jenson's cock and glide part-way onto his chest, grazing the engorged shaft with her swollen mound. Both mother and son gasped at the electrifying contact, Jenson's hips flexing reflexively to grind against her.

Now Karly could feel every thick, pulsing inch of him through the thin cotton of his pants, his cock head prodding insistently at the underside of her pregnant belly. Arousal flooded her core, soaking the tiny scrap of her thong. She had to bite back a wanton moan, her heavy tits sloshing against Jenson's chest.

Under the guise of shifting to get more comfortable, Karly began to subtly undulate her hips, rubbing the slick heat of her barely covered mound along the rigid length of her boy's erection. The teen whimpered and twitched beneath her, hands fisting in the sheets to keep from grabbing her. She could feel him trembling with the effort to hold back, his skin fevered and damp with sweat.

Connie pouted at her daughter-in-law monopolizing Jenson's attention and writhing body. She wanted her turn to grind on that throbbing teenage cock too! With a mischievous giggle, the buxom grandmother gently nudged Karly's hip, scooting the pregnant MILF over so she could throw a leg across Jenson's lap.

"Oopsie, sorry dear! Just need to stretch out a bit," Connie said with faux-innocence, batting her lashes. She hitched her plump thigh higher, letting the burning heat of her barely concealed pussy press against Jenson's straining erection. "Mmm, that's better! You don't mind if Grandma gets comfy too, do you handsome?"

Jenson could only shake his head mutely, rendered speechless by the shocking feel of his grandma's panty-clad mound rubbing along his aching shaft. The satin of her nightie had ridden up to reveal the scandalous red lace thong she wore beneath, the damp patch at the crotch betraying her arousal.

Connie's plump, hairless vulva was separated from his pulsing cock by only the thinnest barrier of fabric, her swollen lips parting obscenely around the girthy intrusion. She began to slowly gyrate her hips, dragging her sopping wet slit up and down Jenson's length in maddeningly teasing strokes.

The boy groaned low in his throat, head lolling back against the pillow as he was assaulted by sensation. Having his nubile MILF grandma hot-dogging his dick was blowing his mind, the taboo wrongness only amplifying the intensity of the pleasure. He couldn't help but compare the feel of Connie's slick, plump vulva grinding on him to when his mom had been doing the same mere moments ago.

While the general mechanics were the same - soft, blazing hot flesh sliding sinfully along his trapped erection, soaking through his pants with feminine arousal - there were some key differences. Karly's pregnant mound had felt fuller, heavier, the weight of her swollen belly adding

delicious pressure. Her labia were plumper too, the ripe petals of her sex clinging to Jenson's cock head like a hungry mouth with each pass.

His Gran's pussy, on the other hand, felt sleeker, more compact. What she lacked in sheer mass she made up for in agility, rolling and swiveling her wide birthing hips in graceful figure-eights to stimulate Jenson from balls to tip. Her protruding clit seemed to seek out all his most sensitive spots, the fat pebbled nub catching on his weeping slit and rubbing insistently.

Both types of stimulation were incredible in their own way, leaving Jenson a panting, writhing mess trapped between them.

Karly felt a surge of jealous rage as she watched Connie grind her barely covered pussy along Jenson's straining erection, the boy panting and writhing beneath the buxom grandmother's skillful ministrations. This had gone way too far already, the two of them dry humping like horny teenagers right beside her! She needed to put a stop to it before they completely crossed the line into full-blown incestuous depravity.

"Okay, I think that's enough!" Karly snapped, grabbing Connie's gyrating hips and forcibly stilling them. "We should probably stop before we do something we all regret later."

Connie pouted but reluctantly ceased her grinding, sitting back on her haunches. Jenson whimpered at the loss of stimulation on his painfully hard cock, hips flexing futilely into empty air.

"Aw, you're no fun," Connie complained, crossing her arms under her heaving bosom petulantly. "We were just having a bit of innocent bonding time! Jenson's a growing boy, he needs all the loving affection he can get from his mom and grandma."

She cut her eyes slyly to Jenson's straining erection, tenting his pajama pants obscenely. "Besides, it's not healthy for a virile young man like him

to go to bed all pent up like that. He could get a bad case of blue balls! You don't want our precious boy to be in pain, do you?"

Karly sputtered, face flaming at Connie's crass implication. "I hardly think a little sexual frustration is gonna kill him, Mom! He's a teenager, his balls are always full to bursting. Doesn't mean we need to drain them for him."

"I dunno, they are feeling pretty achy, mom," Jenson piped up, voice strained. He shifted on the bed, reaching down to cup the hefty weight of his sac through his pants. "Honestly, I don't think I can sleep like this."

Karly shot her son a quelling glare, even as a bolt of lust shot through her at his brazen groping and needy tone. The mama bear in her wanted to gather him into her arms and soothe his aching balls, relieve the pressure the best way she knew how - with her mouth and pussy. But she ruthlessly tamped down on the taboo urge, reminding herself firmly that mothers did NOT service their sons' needs so intimately.

Connie, however, had no such qualms. She reached over and gave Jenson's strained nuts a sympathetic pat, tsking. "Aww, poor baby. We can't have you going to bed with such an uncomfortable case of swollen balls! That would just be cruel."

Karly cleared her throat awkwardly, shifting away from Jenson's needy body. "Why don't you go into the bathroom and, um, take care of that little problem?" she suggested, nodding meaningfully towards his throbbing erection. "I'm sure you'll feel much better after...releasing the pressure."

Jenson's face fell, but he obediently rolled off the bed and headed for the en suite, the tent of his cock bobbing obscenely with each step. The moment the door clicked shut behind him, Connie turned to Karly with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"You know, instead of making the poor boy rub one out all alone, we could let him do it right here," she purred conspiratorially. "Lay back and worship that gorgeous teenage body while he strokes his big, heavy cock for us. I bet we could have him exploding like a geyser in minutes, with both of us urging him on."

Karly's eyes widened in shock, an immediate denial on the tip of her tongue. "Mom, no! That's so inappropriate, I can't believe you'd even suggest such a thing. Jenson is my son, your grandson! We can't...we shouldn't..."

She trailed off, face flaming as arousal warred with shame in her belly. The taboo image Connie painted was already searing itself into her brain - Jenson splayed out naked between them, fisting his throbbing erection while they purred filthy encouragement. His ripped abs clenching, flushed chest heaving as he worked himself closer and closer to a shattering climax...

Connie smirked knowingly, seeing the illicit lust darkening Karly's eyes despite her flustered protests. She leaned in close, hot breath tickling her daughter-in-law's ear as she delivered the coup de grâce.

"Oh please, you don't have to pretend with me," Connie murmured, voice dripping with insinuation. "I know you two have already crossed that forbidden line. I can always tell when a boy has become a man...especially at the hands of his mother."

Karly's heart seized in her chest, mouth going dry with panic. "W-what? I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered, but the lie sounded feeble even to her own ears.

Connie chuckled lowly, shaking her head. "Karly, sweetheart. It's written all over both your faces. The way you look at each other when you think no one's watching, the sexual tension crackling between you. That's not just the normal lusty stirrings of a horny teen for his hot mom. No, that's

the palpable desire of two people who have already tasted the forbidden fruit...and can't get enough."

Karly's face crumpled as the shameful truth she had been trying so desperately to hide came spilling out in a rush of tears and hiccuping sobs. "You're right," she admitted brokenly, burying her burning face in her hands. "Jenson and I...we...it happened months ago. We got carried away and crossed a line we can never come back from."

She glanced down at her swollen belly, fresh tears spilling over. "And now I'm carrying the evidence of our sin. This baby...it's Jenson's, not Tom's. My own son got me pregnant."

Connie's eyes widened at the stunning revelation, but there was no judgment in her gaze, only understanding and a hint of dark excitement. She pulled Karly into a comforting embrace, letting the distraught woman cry against her shoulder.

"Oh honey, I know it feels overwhelming and scary right now. But you don't have to bear this burden alone anymore," Connie soothed, rubbing Karly's shaking back. "Your secret is safe with me, I promise. I would never do anything to jeopardize your marriage or this family."

Karly pulled back, sniffing as she searched Connie's face. "You really mean that? You won't tell Tom the truth about the baby?"

"Of course not, sweetheart. It's not my place," Connie assured. A mischievous twinkle entered her eye then, her full lips curving into a smirk. "And you know...as long as we're already keeping such a scandalous secret, we may as well make the most of this delicious situation, hmm?"

Karly frowned in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Connie's grin widened, a wicked gleam in her eye now. "I mean, why not invite Jenson to come join us back in bed? Let him put on a little show for his mama and grandma?" She waggled her brows suggestively.

Karly's mouth dropped open, shock warring with illicit arousal in her belly. "Mom! We can't do that, it's so wrong! I already told you, Jenson and I have to stop crossing these lines."

"Why?" Connie challenged, arching a brow. "You already fucked him and got knocked up, baby girl. That ship has sailed." She lowered her voice to a purr. "Watching him pleasure himself in the sinful marital bed, worshipping that virile young body that bred you so thoroughly...tell me that doesn't make your pregnant pussy ache with need."

Karly whimpered, thighs clenching as a bolt of lust speared through her. Connie was right - the taboo image made her swollen sex throb and gush, greedy for her son's intimate touch again.

In the en suite bathroom, Jenson was frantically beating his throbbing cock, fist flying over the engorged shaft. His mom and grandma's skimpy panties lay next to him on the counter, the delicate lace and satin still warm from their bodies. He brought the fragrant fabric to his face and inhaled deeply, groaning as their mingled feminine musk filled his nostrils.

"Fuck," Jenson panted harshly, hips stuttering as he fucked into his tight grip. Sweat beaded on his brow, abs flexing with exertion. He was already so close, balls drawn up tight and pulsing with the need for release.

Just as he felt the first stirrings of orgasm coiling at the base of his spine, the bathroom door suddenly flew open. Jenson yelped in surprise, hand freezing mid-stroke on his cock. His lust-glazed eyes widened as he took in the sight before him.

Karly and Connie stood framed in the doorway, both heavy-titted MILFs flushed and panting. Karly's massive pregnancy tits were heaving over the skimpy lace confines of her sheer tube-top bra, heavy globes jiggling with each labored breath. Connie's satin robe had fallen open even more,

revealing her own monumental rack barely restrained by a sheer red teddy.

Their diamond-hard nipples poked through the flimsy fabric like bullets, straining towards the teen. The boy gulped audibly, his flagging erection immediately surging back to full hardness at the erotic sight.

"M-Mom? Grandma? What are you doing in here?" Jenson croaked, hastily trying to cover his straining cock with his hands. Embarrassment warred with illicit arousal, making his face flush scarlet.

"We decided you shouldn't have to take care of this...not alone," Karly husked, her voice low and breathy with desire. She stepped into the bathroom, Connie following close behind.

Jenson's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he watched the two women prowl towards him with predatory intent, their voluptuous bodies swaying. Karly reached out and gently removed his hands from his groin, exposing his throbbing erection to their hungry gazes.

"Oh my," Connie purred appreciatively, eyeing Jenson's impressive cock and swollen balls. "What a mouthwatering sight. No wonder you bred your mother so thoroughly, sweetheart. That's one potent pickle you're packing."

Jenson whimpered as his cock jerked in his mom's grip, pre-cum beading at the tip. The coarse dirty talk from his grandmother's lips was shockingly arousing, making his heavy nuts churn with seed.

"Why don't you come back to bed, baby?" Karly cooed, stroking her boy's sturdy stalk with a feather-light touch that made him shudder. "Let Mommy and Grandma help take care of this ache for you. We'll make you feel so good, I promise."

Jenson's head spun with shocked arousal, scarcely able to believe this was really happening. His mother and grandmother were propositioning him for an incestuous jerk-off session, right here in the bathroom while

his father slept down the hall. It was wrong on so many levels...and yet, his teenage body was helpless to resist their seductive allure.

"O-okay," he agreed hoarsely, allowing himself to be led by his straining cock back into the bedroom.

Karly and Connie guided the teen to lay back against the pillows, the two women immediately bracketing his nude form on the mattress. Four bountiful breasts spilled across his chest as they leaned over him, smothering him in matronly flesh.

"Mmm, look at you," Connie purred, trailing a fingertip down Jenson's trembling abs to circle his navel. "So fucking virile and sexy. Grandma could just eat you up."

Karly nodded in agreement, eyes glassy with lust as she drank in her son's nubile young body splayed out before them like a feast. "I love seeing you like this, baby. Naked and hard, ready to be worshipped by the women who adore you most."

Jenson whimpered needily, hips flexing to make his rigid cock slap against his belly, leaving a smear of pre-cum on his skin. "Please," he begged breathlessly, not even sure what he was asking for, just desperate for their touch.

"Shh, we've got you," Karly soothed, petting Jenson's sweat-damp hair before letting her hand drift lower, skimming over his pecs. She circled a flat brown nipple with the pad of her thumb, making him gasp and arch into the touch. "Just relax and let Mommy and Grandma help make you feel good."

Connie took that as her cue to begin exploring as well, her fingers dancing teasingly along her grandson's quivering flanks and tensed thighs. She avoided his throbbing erection for now, content to map out every dip and groove of his athletic frame first.

"You have the most incredible body," Connie praised huskily, squeezing Jenson's hard bicep before drifting to palm the curve of his ass. "So sexy and masculine, mmm! You're gonna make all the girls crazy when you go off to college."

Jenson shivered and flexed under their combined touch, little moans and grunts escaping him as his sensitive flesh was caressed all over. His long cock pulsed against his abs, an angry red, leaking steadily now. The stimulation of two pairs of soft, exploring hands was driving him wild with need.

"Go ahead and touch yourself for us, sweetie," Connie urged breathlessly, her hungry gaze riveted to Jenson's throbbing erection. "Stroke that big, beautiful cock. Let us see how you pleasure yourself."

Jenson whimpered but obeyed, wrapping a shaking hand around his aching shaft. He began to pump his fist up and down, letting out a low groan at the exquisite friction. His eyes fluttered shut in bliss, head tipping back against the pillows.

"That's it, honey," Karly purred, watching in rapt fascination as her son worked his impressive length. "Such a good boy, making yourself feel so good for Mommy and Grandma."

As Jenson lost himself to the pleasure of his own touch, the two women leaned in close, faces hovering over his torso. They began to place tender, open-mouthed kisses across his neck and chest, tongues darting out to lave his heated skin.

Connie latched onto a taut brown nipple, suckling the pebbled bud between her lips. At the same time, Karly licked a slow stripe up the column of Jenson's throat, her heavy udders dragging like warm, overfilled water balloons across his chest. Her leaky nipples soaked through the fabric of her top, leaving a trail of colostrum across his skin. The combined sensations made the boy gasp and arch, his stroking hand faltering.

"Oh fuck," he panted harshly, stomach muscles jumping under their worshiping mouths.

As they continued their sensual assault, Karly and Connie let their huge, heavy breasts drape over Jenson's body, pillowy flesh molding to his hard planes. The sway of their undulating torsos made the massive globes wobble and collide lewdly, cleavage gaping open right in Jenson's line of sight.

He stared in awe at the erotic spectacle of so much jiggling tit-flesh, his cock throbbing urgently in his pumping fist. The sheer size and weight of their breasts defied belief, like something out of his most depraved teenage fantasies.

Karly's pregnancy-swollen tits in particular were absolutely mesmerizing, much bigger than his head and full to bursting with milk. He could see rivulets of white beading at her straining nipples, dampening the sheer lace of her bralette. The primal, lactation-induced curves of her body spoke directly to Jenson's hindbrain, awakening the basest reproductive urges.

His eyes flicked between Karly's gigantic, milk-laden rack and her equally impressive baby bump, the visual evidence of his virility. He had done that - fucked a baby into his hot MILF mom with his young, potent seed. The proof of his breeding prowess jiggled and swayed right before him as she lavished his body with attention.

Connie and Karly worked over Jenson's trembling body with single-minded focus, lavishing every inch of his heated skin with sensual kisses and licks. Their experienced mouths moved in tandem, taking turns worshipping his most sensitive spots.

Connie trailed her lips down to the hollow of Jenson's throat, tongue flicking out to trace his bobbing Adam's apple. "Mmm, I love feeling you swallow, baby," she purred between open-mouthed kisses. "Imagining this sexy neck working as you gulp down a girl's juices."

Jenson whimpered, his fist pumping faster over his throbbing cock. Karly took advantage of his distraction to zero in on a pebbled nipple, drawing the sensitive nub between her teeth. She laved the tight peak, suckling rhythmically until Jenson was panting and squirming.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" he gasped, back arching as pleasure zipped from his nipple straight to his cock.

Karly hummed around her mouthful, increasing the suction until Jenson was writhing beneath her. She released his nipple with a wet pop, immediately moving to its twin to continue the exquisite torture.

Meanwhile, Connie had slithered down her grandson's tensed abs, mapping the ridges of his six pack with her lips and tongue. She dipped into his navel, tickling the shallow divot until he twitched and gasped.

"Mmm, Grandma loves your tight tummy," she purred, voice muffled against his quivering skin. "So ripped and sexy."

Karly had worked her way down to Jenson's pecs now, suckling and nipping at the firm mounds. She paid special attention to the thin, sensitive skin along the sides of his chest, knowing it drove him wild. Her boy mewled and shuddered as she licked along the border where pectoral met armpit, nerve endings sparking.

"That's it baby, let Mommy hear you," she cooed between nibbling kisses. "I love all the sexy noises you make for me. So responsive to my touch."

Jenson was lost to the dual pleasure of Connie and Karly's mouths roaming his upper body, their lips and teeth and tongues finding all his most receptive spots. The wet, obscene sounds of their suckling filled the room, punctuated by his eager moans and gasps.

As Karly and Connie lavished Jenson's torso with attention, their mouths gradually descended lower and lower, inching ever closer to the main prize - his throbbing erection. The boy continued fisting his aching cock

desperately, putting on an erotic show for the buxom MILFs worshipping his young body.

"Mmmm, look at that gorgeous dick," Connie purred, propping herself up on an elbow beside Jenson's undulating hips. Her hungry gaze followed the motion of his pumping hand, watching in rapt fascination as his swollen shaft slid through his tight grip again and again. "So fucking thick and meaty. I bet you could do some real damage with a weapon like that."

Karly moaned her agreement, equally transfixed by the hypnotic rhythm of Jenson stroking his impressive cock. "He already has," she said breathlessly, placing a possessive hand on the rounded swell of her belly. "Fucked a baby into his own mom, bred me so deep. Ungh, I can still feel every incredible inch splitting me wide open, battering my cervix..."

Jenson whimpered at the filthy words spilling from the women's lips, his fist flying faster over his aching cock. The graphic dirty talk was almost as stimulating as their physical touch, painting vivid pictures in his lust-addled brain.

"Fuck yes, you marked your territory but good, didn't you stud?" Connie growled, reaching out to trace a fingertip along the bulging veins standing out in stark relief on Jenson's shaft. The boy shuddered and flexed into her teasing touch, clear pre-cum bubbling up from his slit. "Pumped your hot MILF mom full of virile teenage cum until it took. Mmm, I bet she was absolutely dripping with it, weren't you Karly? Cunt stuffed to the brim with Jenson's potent seed?"

"God yes," Karly panted, squirming as she recalled the delicious sensation of Jenson's release flooding her spasming channel. "He came so hard, so much. Just kept spurting and spurting, more than I thought possible. I was so full of his cum, it felt like my womb would burst."

Jenson groaned at the memory, balls drawing up tight to his body as his stroking hand squeezed the base of his cock. The visual of his own spunk

oozing out of his mom's thoroughly used hole made him throb and leak, his cockhead flushing an angry purple.

"Such a goddamn stud," Connie praised again, eyes glued to the clear fluid dribbling steadily from Jenson's tip now. "Fucking look at that pre-cum, leaking like a faucet. You're absolutely dying to bust your nut again, aren't you, baby boy?"

Unable to resist any longer, Connie and Karly surged forward in unison, burying their faces in Jenson's crotch. They nuzzled into the hairless base of his thrusting cock, inhaling the intense musk of his arousal.

Connie was the first to extend her tongue, lapping a broad stripe up the swollen, pulsing root of Jenson's erection. She traced the bulging network of veins that were so engorged with blood, the skin stretched thin and glossy. Following the trail down to where cock met balls, Connie sealed her lips around the hypersensitive patch of flesh and sucked hard.

"Ungh, fuck!" Jenson cried out, hips bucking off the bed at the intense suction. Pleasure streaked through his nerve endings like lightning, making his cock jump and spurt another thick glob of pre-goo.

Not to be outdone, Karly joined in the feast, working her way up the other side of Jenson's straining cock with flickering licks. She loved how the spongy tissue yielded slightly under her tongue's pressure, so hot and throbbing with need. When she reached the juncture of his groin, Karly planted wet, open-mouthed kisses all along the crease, occasionally grazing his drawn-up sac with her teeth.

Jenson mewled desperately, fist flying over his cock as he was assaulted by the dual pleasure of his mom and grandma's mouths. They were tag-teaming the base of his dick, suckling and slurping at the root while he worked the shaft, their lips and tongues sending sparks of ecstasy through his whole body.

Connie migrated lower, tracing the plump seam of Jenson's balls with the pointed tip of her tongue. She laved the wrinkled, velvety skin thoroughly, savoring the heavy musk and faint tang of sweat. Opening wide, she carefully sucked one testicle into her mouth, rolling the large orb around with reverence.

"Holy shit," Jenson panted harshly, stomach muscles jumping as his gran gently manipulated his sensitive sac. The wet heat engulfing his cum-filled balls was mind-blowing, her experienced mouth working him masterfully.

Karly focused her oral attentions on the very root of Jenson's cock, where the thick shaft emerged from his groin. She sealed her plush lips around the base in a lewd kiss, tongue circling the hypersensitive junction of smooth pubic skin and engorged erectile tissue. With meticulous care, the mother began to lave and suckle the muscular ligaments there, feeling them flex and pulse against her probing mouth.

"That's a good spot, Karly," Connie rasped in encouragement, watching Karly's technique in fascination before returning to her suckling of Jenson's balls. "Mmm, stimulating those key muscles and tendons will make his cock throb so hard."

Karly hummed in acknowledgment around her mouthful of Jenson's cock root, the vibrations making him shudder and gasp. She could feel the spongy, blood-engorged bulb of his corpus cavernosum pulsing against her lips, the tissues straining to their absolute limit with arousal. Knowing she was the cause of her son's desperate need made Karly's own core clench with answering desire.

"God, the way his shaft is jutting up from his groin, so stiff and straining - like an oak tree growing from fertile soil," Karly marveled breathlessly between long, savoring licks. "You can practically see the flow of blood making him swell, the rush of testosterone saturating every cell. The very essence of virile manhood, mmm."

Connie nodded in avid agreement, releasing Jenson's spit-shined sac with a wet pop. "Right? And his balls are so fat and full, heavy with semen. Positively churning with potent seed."

Jenson was panting harshly above them now, fist blurring over his slick cock as their clinical dirty talk and precision mouth work stoked his pleasure to new heights. The two women were systematically stimulating his most innervated erogenous zones while educating him about his own anatomy in the filthiest way possible. It was the hottest biology lesson of his young life.

"Teach me more," he begged hoarsely, voice cracking with need. "Tell me what you're doing to my body, show me how to make it feel good!"

Connie chuckled wickedly, licking her glistening lips. "Oooh, our gorgeous boy wants a sex ed crash course, does he? Wants his mama and grandma to teach him the ways of erotic pleasure, make him a master cocksman?" She grinned salaciously up at Jenson, eyes twinkling with mischief. "Well, class is in session, baby. Get ready for an anatomy lesson you'll never forget."

With that, Connie ducked down and extended her tongue, delicately tracing the ridge of flesh between Jenson's balls and asshole. The boy gasped sharply at the foreign yet exquisite sensation, his untouched pucker reflexively clenching.

"This, my sweet boy, is your perineum," Connie explained huskily before giving the smooth strip of skin a lewd, open-mouthed kiss. "Also known as the 'taint' or 'gooch'. It's absolutely loaded with sensitive nerve endings that often get overlooked. But when stimulated just right..."

She pressed the flat of her tongue against Jenson's taint and began to lap and slurp with purpose, occasionally catching the wrinkled flesh between her teeth. Jenson let out an almost agonized moan, his cock jumping in his pumping fist as sparks of pleasure shot through his pelvis.

"Nnnngh fuck!" he bit out through clenched teeth, back arching off the bed. The wet friction against his perineum was positively electric, setting off fireworks behind his tightly closed eyelids.

While Connie focused on tonguing Jenson's gooch, Karly slithered up his tensed torso, letting her heavy pregnancy tits drag along his sweat-slick skin. She zeroed in on his chest, sealing her lips around a pebbled brown nipple and suckling hungrily.

"Mmmm, don't neglect these perky little buds," she murmured between licks and nibbles, teasing Jenson's nipple to a stiff, aching point. "Male nipples are just as sensitive as female ones, full of delicious nerve endings to exploit. Licking, sucking, even little bites...ungh, so good!"

Jenson keened desperately, head thrashing on the pillow as his mom worked over first one nipple, then the other. The sensation of her warm, soft mouth on his chest, worrying and soothing the tender peaks in turn, made his hips stutter erratically. He could feel himself leaking copious amounts of pre-cum now, the slick fluid easing the glide of his stroking fist.

"Oh god oh fuck," Jenson babbled mindlessly, completely overwhelmed by the dual sensations. He had never imagined his body could feel this good, that there were so many hidden erogenous zones just waiting to be discovered and stimulated.

Karly couldn't resist the overwhelming urge a moment longer. She kissed and licked her way up Jenson's heaving chest and straining neck until she reached his parted lips. Without hesitation, she sealed her mouth over his in a searing, open-mouthed kiss.

Jenson moaned into the liplock, opening eagerly for his mother's probing tongue. Karly plundered the hot recesses of his mouth, their slick muscles tangling and twisting together wildly. She swallowed down his needy whimpers and gasps, relishing the taste of her son's desire.

While Karly was distracted devouring Jenson's mouth, Connie seized the opportunity to take things to the next level. In one swift motion, she batted the boy's pumping hand away from his cock and replaced it with her own mouth.

"Ohhh fuuuck!" Jenson garbled against his mother's lips as wet heat suddenly engulfed his aching erection. His hips bucked off the bed, instinctively seeking to bury himself deeper in his grandmother's sucking mouth.

Connie took him to the root with ease, nose pressing into his smooth pubic bone as the broad head of his cock slipped through her throat. She swallowed around his girth, throat muscles rippling along the sensitive glans and making Jenson see stars.

Karly felt him jerk and cry out into their kiss, his fingers tangling almost painfully in her hair. She pulled back just enough to watch Connie fellating their precious boy, her own core clenching with sympathetic arousal.

Connie was bobbing her head in a steady cock-sucking rhythm now, hollowing her cheeks to create an exquisite suction. Her plump lips were stretched obscenely around Jenson's thick shaft, glistening with saliva and pre-cum. Sloppy, wet sounds filled the room as she slurped and suckled, occasionally pulling off to tongue the weeping slit.

"That's it Mom, suck that big cock," Karly panted harshly, transfixed by the erotic sight. She reached down to palm Jenson's churning balls, rolling the heavy orbs in her hand. "Drain our baby boy dry, make him give you every last drop."

Jenson was shaking and writhing between them now, completely lost to the pleasure of Connie's expert mouth and his mother's filthy encouragement. His abs tensed and flexed with each drag of Connie's lips along his throbbing shaft, the tingling pressure of an impending orgasm building at the base of his spine.

Karly quickly moved up Jenson's body, straddling his face with her plump thighs. She reached down and pulled the soaked crotch of her panties aside, baring her glistening pink folds to her son's hungry gaze. The heady musk of her arousal filled Jenson's nostrils, making his head spin with intoxicating lust.

"Taste Mommy's pregnant pussy, baby," Karly purred, grinding her swollen sex against Jenson's parted lips. "Eat me out while Grandma sucks your cock, mmm!"

Jenson groaned as his senses were overwhelmed by the erotic assault - the tangy flavor of his mother's cream flooding his taste buds, the wet heat of Connie's mouth engulfing his throbbing erection. He eagerly extended his tongue, lapping at Karly's weeping slit like a man starved.

"Ohhh fuck yessss," Karly hissed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as Jenson's inexperienced but enthusiastic tongue delved between her folds. She rocked her hips against his face, smearing her slick arousal all over his chin and cheeks.

Jenson licked and slurped at his mother's pregnant cunt, completely drunk on her ambrosia. He traced every puffy fold and crease, wiggling the tip of his tongue against her fat, throbbing clit. Karly mewled and shuddered above him, her copious juices gushing into his mouth.

Down below, Connie increased the intensity of her oral ministrations, bobbing her head faster and taking Jenson even deeper. With one hand, she fondled his churning balls, gently squeezing and tugging the heavy sac, pulling on his spermatic cords. The other hand drifted between her own splayed thighs, pushing past the drenched lace of her thong.

Connie moaned around Jenson's cock-meat as she rubbed tight circles over her pulsing clit, the vibrations making him buck and gasp into his mother's pussy. She could feel how close the boy was now, his shaft swelling and throbbing urgently against her tongue. Determined to push

him over the edge, Connie took him into her throat and swallowed rapidly.

"UNNNGH FUCK!" Jenson cried out, the words muffled by his mouthful of cunt. His pelvis seized as the most intense pleasure of his young life barreled through him, radiating out from his erupting cock.

Connie groaned in satisfaction as Jenson's release burst across her tongue, flooding her mouth with spurt after spurt of hot, viscous semen. She suckled greedily, milking his pulsing shaft for every last drop.

The intense vibrations of Jenson's cry of ecstasy against Karly's throbbing sex pushed her over the precipice as well. With a keening wail, her pussy clenched and spasmed around her son's lashing tongue, fem-cum gushing into his eager mouth.

"OHHHH FUCK, YESSSS!" Karly screamed, grinding her pelvis against Jenson's face as wave after wave of mind-melting pleasure crashed through her. Her heavy pregnancy tits bounced wildly, milk leaking from the engorged nipples.

Connie wasn't far behind, the combination of Jenson's pulsing cock in her mouth and her own fingers strumming her clit sending her hurtling into climax. She came with a muffled shriek around Jenson's spurting shaft, her neglected cunt gushing and clenching needfully.

Jenson watched in awe as his mother's urethra protruded between her puffy labia, enlarging and bulging outward like a miniature cock. The tiny slit at the tip stretched open, revealing the glistening pink orifice within.

Suddenly, another powerful jet of clear fluid erupted from Karly's distended opening, splattering against Jenson's face and chest. The boy yelped in shock as the warm liquid sprayed his skin, dripping down to pool in the hollows of his clavicle.

Another stream of female ejaculate gushed from between Karly's trembling thighs, splashing against Jenson's neck and jaw. The boy

immediately sealed his lips over her pulsing opening, gulping down the ambrosial nectar straight from the source.

Not to be outdone, Connie let out a low, guttural moan as the pressure continued to peak within her own straining Skene's glands. Her urethral sponge swelled to its absolute limit, the slit crowning through her labia like a miniature head.

With an ecstatic cry, a torrent of hot fem-cum squirted from the grandmother's spasming hole, jetting out to soak the bedsheets beneath them. The milky fluid sprayed her inner thighs and pelvis, mixing obscenely with Jenson's semen as it dribbled from her still suckling mouth.

The three incestuous lovers shuddered and writhed together as ecstasy consumed them, a tangle of straining limbs and undulating flesh. Jenson bucked between the two women, hips pistoning erratically as he emptied his balls down Connie's eager throat. His fingers dug into the meat of his mom's ass, holding her quaking pussy flush against his mouth as he greedily swallowed every drop of her release.

Karly and Connie mewled and gasped above him, their voluptuous bodies jolting with the force of their orgasms. Karly humped Jenson's face desperately, smearing her cream all over his chin and cheeks. Her thighs quivered and tensed around his head, her pregnant belly undulating as pleasure wracked her frame.

For a suspended moment in time, the rest of the world fell away, leaving only the forbidden carnal bliss binding mother, son and grandmother as one. Their bodies moved together in a primal rhythm, chasing every last flicker and pulse of rapture.

Finally, the shockwaves of ecstasy started to ebb, leaving the taboo trio panting and trembling in the aftermath. Connie released Jenson's softening cock from her mouth, licking her lips to savor the combined

essence of his musk and semen. Karly reluctantly lifted herself off her son's face, his chin and cheeks glistening obscenely with her juices.

On quaking limbs, the two women collapsed onto the bed on either side of the teen, their heaving breasts cushioning his head. The boy blinked dazedly up at the ceiling, struggling to catch his breath as his brain sluggishly tried to process what had just happened.

"That was...incredible," Jenson croaked, voice hoarse from moaning. He turned his head to look first at his mother, then his grandmother, awe and gratitude shining in his eyes.

Utterly spent, the three couldn't even muster the energy to clean themselves up before succumbing to exhaustion. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air - the tangy musk of well-satisfied MILF pussies mingling with the pungent aroma of copious teenage spunk.

Karly and Connie curled their soft, voluptuous bodies around Jenson protectively, sandwiching him between their abundant curves. Karly pillowed her son's head on her massive, milk-swollen tits, his cheek cushioned by her plump cleavage. She cradled his nude form against her own, one hand resting possessively on the swell of her pregnant belly - tangible proof of their forbidden union.

Behind Jenson, Connie molded herself to his back, her immense breasts flattening against his shoulder blades, erect nipples poking his skin. One plump thigh draped over his hip as she nuzzled into his neck, inhaling deeply of his masculine musk. Connie's pussy still throbbed and fluttered in the aftermath of her intense orgasm, Jenson's seed sloshing warmly in her belly. She relished the feeling of being so full of her grandson's virile cum.

Jenson was enveloped in the fragrant heat of the two women's bodies, lulled by the steady rise and fall of their breathing. Karly's fem-cum cooled on his cheeks and chin, perfuming the air with its sweet tang.

Connie's hard nipples branded his back while the soft weight of her bosom cocooned him.

The boy had never felt so safe, so loved, so thoroughly satisfied in his young life. His cock lay spent against his thigh, still sticky and glossed with Connie's saliva, utterly emptied of sperm for the moment. But even in his sated state, Jenson could feel a residual tingle, a flicker of renewed arousal stirring in his groin. Insatiable teenage lust simmered beneath the surface, ready to reignite at the slightest provocation.

For now though, he let his heavy eyelids droop shut, surrendering to the pull of sleep. The three lovers dozed off in a tangle of limbs, replete and content in the afterglow of passion.

TO BE CONTINUED...

MOM'S TASTE TEST

BY KLRXO



PART 6

Mom's Taste Test – Part 6

By Klrxo

Jenson awoke to an empty bed, the sheets still rumpled and stained from the previous night's illicit activities. The wonderful aroma of MILF pussy still lingered in the air and the teen breathed it in deeply. He could hear the muffled sounds of Karly pattering around in the kitchen downstairs, likely making breakfast for the family.

With a languid stretch, the boy rolled out of bed and padded naked to the en suite bathroom, his morning wood bobbing stiffly as it jutted from his loins.

Still half-asleep, Jenson turned on the shower and stepped under the steaming spray, groaning in bliss as the hot water sluiced over his sore muscles. He braced his hands against the tiled wall and hung his head, letting the pounding pressure massage his neck and shoulders.

He was lost in his own thoughts as he replayed the mind-blowing events of the night before, and didn't hear the bathroom door creak open or the soft padding of bare feet on the tile. It wasn't until the shower curtain suddenly whooshed aside that his head snapped up in surprise.

“You're not beating that young cock without me in here, are you?” a sweet voice asked.

There in the doorway stood his grandmother Connie, gloriously naked and utterly unashamed. Jenson's eyes widened as he drank in the sight of her voluptuous figure, his cock immediately swelling to full hardness.

Connie's enormous tits swayed and bobbed with each step as she boldly entered the shower, the steam making her smooth skin glisten. Her dusky nipples were puckered and erect, surrounded by wide, crinkled

areolas that begged to be suckled. The heavy globes of her tits bounced hypnotically, defying gravity and the effects of age.

Jenson gulped audibly as he dragged his gaze down Connie's body, taking in her full, womanly hips and the bald snatch at the juncture of her thighs. He was shocked to see her carrying an empty wine glass, of all things.

"G-Grandma? What's the glass for?" Jenson stammered, both aroused and bewildered by her brazen intrusion.

Connie just smiled mysteriously, setting the wine glass down on a built-in shelf before stepping fully under the spray with him. "Shh, don't worry about that right now, sweetie," she purred, looping her arms around his neck. Her huge, water-slick tits pressed against his chest, making his breath hitch. "Grandma just wants to help you wake up properly."

With that, she sealed her lips over his in a deep, sensual kiss, her tongue immediately plundering his mouth. Jenson moaned into the lip-lock, hands flying to Connie's plush hips as he pulled her curvy body flush against him.

His long aching cock slotted between her thighs, pulsing against her mound.

Connie moaned into Jenson's mouth as she felt his hard shaft throb against her slick folds. Breaking the kiss, she gazed up at him with lust-darkened eyes, panting slightly. "I need you inside me, baby boy," she rasped, hitching a plump thigh over his hip. "Bury that big cock in Grandma's hungry cunt and fuck me good. But make sure you pull out before you cum, understand?"

Jenson nodded eagerly, his teenage hormones raging out of control at the wanton plea. He bent his knees and aligned the broad, weeping head of his erection with his gran's dripping entrance. With a flex of his hips, he thrust forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in her tight, clasp heat.

"Ungh, fuck yes!" Connie cried out, back arching as she was filled and stretched by Jenson's impressive girth. Her pussy fluttered and clenched around him, slick walls rippling along every thick inch. "So fucking big, baby. Splitting Grandma wide open on your huge cock."

Jenson groaned at the obscene dirty talk, his balls already tightening with the need for release. He knew he wouldn't last long, not with the way Connie's silken sheath was milking him for all he was worth. Gripping her soft hips, he began to piston in and out, setting a hard, driving rhythm that had his gran gasping and mewling.

The shower cubicle filled with the lewd sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, punctuated by Connie's wanton moans and Jenson's grunts of exertion. His pelvis smacked against the jiggling globes of her bodacious ass with each powerful thrust, the force making her enormous tits bounce and sway hypnotically. Rivulets of water sluiced between the deep, heaving valley of her cleavage, flowing across Jenson's flexing chest and abs.

Connie used her strong MILF legs to pull Jenson impossibly deeper, the head of his cock kissing her cervix with every powerful plunge. She could feel him throbbing inside her, his shaft pulsing against her sensitive walls as he drew ever closer to orgasm.

Determined to send her grandson over the edge, she clenched her inner muscles rhythmically, rippling along his pile-driving length like a fluttering fist.

Jenson gritted his teeth as he felt his balls draw up tight, the tingling pressure of an impending ejaculation building at the base of his spine. Desperate to make his grandmother cum first, he flexed his PC muscles hard, temporarily staving off his own release.

With a low grunt, the teenager redoubled his efforts, slamming into Connie's snug cunt with jackhammer intensity. He angled his hips to

grind against her swollen clit on every withdraw, the hard ridge of his glans dragging deliciously over the sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Oh fuck, oh god, right there!" Connie wailed, her nails raking down Jenson's straining back. The relentless stimulation against her throbbing love-nubbin was just what she needed to push her over the edge.

"Don't stop baby, I'm gonna...unnngh!" Her words cut off in a silent scream as ecstasy detonated through her core like a bomb. Connie's cunt rippled and clenched around Jenson's plunging fuck-meat, her slick walls fluttering wildly as she came apart in his arms.

Jenson groaned as Connie's huge tits mashed against his face in her throes of passion, smothering him in their soft, heaving abundance. He motorboated the jiggling globes, burying his nose in her deep, fragrant cleavage as she squealed and convulsed around him.

Through sheer force of will, Jenson held back his own climax, letting his grandmother milk his aching shaft with her contracting pussy. But as her spasms started to ebb, he knew he was only seconds away from erupting.

"Fuck Gran, I'm gonna bust!" Jenson bit out, voice muffled by her quaking tits. With a herculean effort, he ripped himself out of Connie's tight, grasping heat, his cock slipping free with a gush of her release.

Panting harshly, Jenson staggered back and fisted his pulsing erection and his grandmother quickly grabbed the glass and positioned it in front of his straining glans just as the first powerful spurt of semen erupted from the slit.

"That's it baby, give Grandma all that hot, virile cum," Connie purred breathlessly, taking over pumping Jenson's shaft in time with his release. Thick, pearly ropes of jizz jetted from his piss-hole to splash into the wine glass, quickly filling it a third of the way full with frothy spunk. "Every last drop, mmm. Good boy."

Jenson groaned and shuddered as he emptied his heavy balls, the wine glass rapidly becoming a bubbling cum chalice.

A short time later, Karly was valiantly trying to focus on what her husband Tom was saying as he gathered his briefcase and travel mug, preparing to head out the door to work. But her attention kept wandering to Jenson as he moved about the kitchen, her hungry gaze zeroing in on the enticing bulge that strained against the front of his jeans.

Memories of the previous night's illicit activities with her son and mother-in-law flickered through Karly's mind unbidden, making her throb with fresh arousal. She could still vividly picture Jenson's impressive cock pulsing and spurting as Connie had sucked him to a shattering climax right before her eyes. The sight of all that youthful virility, all that potent seed pumping down the older woman's greedy throat had made Karly's pussy weep with jealous need.

Now, she couldn't tear her eyes away from her son's crotch, wondering if he was erect beneath the denim. The long, thick length of him, so hard and heavy. The broad head that had stretched her so deliciously full, the pulsing veins that had massaged her fluttering walls. And god, those cum-filled balls, so fat and ripe, churning with the same fertile sperm that had put a baby in her belly.

"Karly? Did you hear what I said?"

Tom's mildly exasperated voice snapped his wife out of her lusty musings. She dragged her gaze away from Jenson's bulge guiltily to meet her husband's expectant stare, hoping he hadn't noticed her blatant ogling.

"Sorry hon, I guess I zoned out for a second there," Karly said with a strained laugh, feeling her cheeks flush. "What were you saying?"

Tom sighed, but his expression was more fondly resigned than truly annoyed. "I was just reminding you about the PTA meeting tonight at 7.

"I'm gonna be working late at the office, so you'll have to go solo this time."

"Right, of course. No problem," Karly replied distractedly, her attention already wandering back to Jenson as he grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl. Her eyes tracked the movement of his large hand, watching as his fingers wrapped around the shiny red fruit possessively.

Unbidden, the image of those same fingers gripping her hips as he had pounded into her from behind flashed through Karly's brain, making her breath hitch. The phantom sensation of Jenson's pelvis slapping against her jiggling ass, his heavy balls smacking her clit with every thrust.

Completely oblivious to his wife's lascivious train of thought, Tom leaned in to peck Karly on the cheek, startling her once again. "I gotta run or I'll miss my train. See you tonight, babe."

Tom grabbed his briefcase and hurried out the door, calling out a quick goodbye over his shoulder. Jenson was hot on his heels, slinging his backpack across one broad shoulder as he rushed to catch the school bus.

Karly watched them go with a mixture of relief and disappointment. Part of her was grateful for the reprieve from having to act normal around her husband and son after the forbidden activities of the previous night. But another part of her yearned to have Jenson stay behind, to pull him into the pantry and let him bend her over the shelves, hiking up her skirt and plunging that magnificent cock into her aching, empty cunt.

Just then, Connie sauntered into the kitchen, a cat-that-ate-the-canary grin on her lush, painted lips. Karly's eyes widened as she took in her mother-in-law's outfit - a skimpy, low-cut sundress that displayed her monumental cleavage to mouth-watering effect. The flimsy fabric clung to every ripe curve, the hem barely reaching mid-thigh.

But it was what Connie held in her perfectly manicured hand that made Karly's jaw drop open in shock.

There, glinting in the morning sunlight streaming through the window, was a full wine glass of what was unmistakably semen. The viscous white fluid had a pearlescent sheen, tiny bubbles clinging to the sides of the glass. It was so thick and abundant, it almost looked like a protein shake. "Morning, darling," Connie trilled brightly, setting the cum chalice down on the counter with a flourish. "Care for a liquid breakfast? I know I'm absolutely famished."

She dipped a finger into the frothy spunk and brought it to her mouth, sucking the digit clean with a wanton moan.

Karly felt her cheeks flood with heat, her sleep shorts dampening as arousal pulsed between her thighs. "Mom, is..." she sputtered, glancing around furtively as if Tom or one of the kids might pop up at any moment and catch them. "Is that...?"

"Your son's delicious cum? Of course," Connie replied without an ounce of shame, taking a dainty sip directly from the glass. A blissed out expression washed over her face as she savored the thick, salty essence of her grandson's release. "Mmm, I swear, that boy's balls produce the sweetest ambrosia. I had him fill the glass for us in the shower this morning."

Karly gaped at her mother-in-law in disbelief, arousal warring with scandalized shock. "You...you jacked off my son in the shower and had him ejaculate into a wine glass?! So you could...drink it??"

Connie shrugged nonchalantly, taking another sip of the pearlescent fluid and licking her lips. "Well, I certainly wasn't gonna let all that virile seed go to waste! Do you have any idea how potent Jensen's spunk is? How packed with nutrients and vitality? It's practically a superfood!"

She held out the glass to Karly with an arched brow. "Here, have a drink. You know how good he tastes."

Karly recoiled, holding up her hands and shaking her head vehemently. "No! Absolutely not! Mom, this is...this is too much. We have to put a

stop to all this inappropriate fooling around before it completely destroys my marriage and this family!"

Connie rolled her eyes, setting the glass back down on the counter with a clink. "Oh please, you're overreacting. A little sexy fun between consenting adults never hurt anyone. Besides, don't pretend you weren't just eye-fucking Jenson's crotch two minutes ago. I saw the way you were staring at his bulge like you wanted to devour it."

Karly flushed guiltily but crossed her arms, trying to project an air of resolute disapproval. "That's not the point! Regardless of any...any fleeting attraction, I'm a married woman. I made vows to Tom, and I need to get better at honoring them. For better or worse."

Connie gave an inelegant snort. "Right. And I'm sure those vows totally covered the part about letting your teenage son knock you up. Face it Karly, your marriage isn't exactly the pinnacle of sanctity and fidelity these days."

Karly felt her eyes sting with tears, both at the blunt assessment of her crumbling marriage and the intense shame over her taboo pregnancy. She knew Connie was right - she had already betrayed Tom in the worst way possible by spreading her legs for Jenson and allowing him to plant his seed in her unprotected womb. What was a little more illicit fooling around in the grand scheme of things?

Sensing her daughter-in-law's weakening resolve, Connie sidled closer and wrapped a comforting arm around Karly's shoulders. "Oh sweetie, I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I'm sorry. I just hate seeing you deny yourself pleasure and happiness because of some misguided sense of wifely duty. You deserve to feel good, Karly. To be worshipped and satisfied by a big, hard, young cock. Jenson's cock."

As Karly stared at the glass full of Jenson's pearlescent release, vivid memories of pleasuring her son orally flooded back. She recalled with startling clarity the weight and girth of his throbbing cock on her tongue,

the musky-sweet taste of his pre-cum as she had swirled it around the broad head. Most of all, Karly remembered the sheer bliss on Jenson's face, the way his abs had clenched and his balls had drawn up tight as he exploded in her eager mouth, pumping spurt after spurt of hot, salty seed down her throat.

Her pussy clenched with arousal at the sensory recollections, fresh slickness soaking her panties. God, she missed the taste of him, the feel of all that potent teenage vitality pumping into her body. Before she could second guess herself, Karly reached out and took the proffered glass from Connie's hand.

"Cheers," she said throatily, motioning the cum chalice forward in a perverse toast. Then she brought the glass to her lips and tipped it back, letting the viscous fluid slide over her tongue.

"Mmmm," Karly couldn't help but moan as Jenson's flavor exploded in her mouth. It was just as delicious as she remembered - slightly sweet with an underlying tang of pure, raw masculinity. She could practically taste his youth and virility, feel the nutrients and vitality being absorbed into her cells.

Connie grinned, taking the glass back and enjoying her own deep swig of the semen shake. "Incredible, isn't it? I swear, there's nothing better for keeping a woman feeling young and sexy than regular doses of fresh boy-cum. It's nature's perfect elixir!"

The two women took turns sipping from the glass, savoring Jenson's abundant release like the finest wine. Karly marveled at how warm it still was, the bubbles fizzing delightfully on her tongue. She could picture her son's cock erupting as he filled the vessel just minutes ago, each powerful spurt jetting directly from his pulsing slit.

"God, he came so much," Karly murmured in awe, watching the level of spunk slowly decrease with each sip. "How is it possible for him to produce this volume of semen? Especially after last night?"

Connie chuckled wickedly. "Ah, one of the many advantages of fooling around with a hormonal teenage boy - their balls are like a damn semen factory. Constantly churning out seed, ready to spurt at a moment's notice. And the more you milk them, the more they make! It's a never-ending supply of delicious, nutritious cum."

A laugh bubbled up from Karly's throat as the absurdity of her situation suddenly struck her—twelve months ago, she'd been a faithful wife until that fateful afternoon when her son had made that first shocking request for her to taste his semen, and now her belly swelled with his child while she shared his essence with her mother-in-law like fine champagne.

Later that afternoon, Karly was folding laundry in the bedroom when her phone buzzed with an incoming text. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw it was from Jenson.

With slightly trembling fingers, she opened the message:

"Hey Mom, I can't stop thinking about last night. You looked so hot. Any chance you could send me some sexy pics to help me get through the rest of the school day? ;)"

Karly bit her lip, arousal and guilt warring within her. She knew she should shut this down, nip her son's inappropriate flirtation in the bud. It was bad enough that she had already physically cheated on Tom, but sending racy photos felt like an even deeper betrayal somehow. Like undeniable proof of her infidelity.

"Honey, we can't. It's too risky," Karly typed back, her thumbs hovering hesitantly over the screen. "I'm trying really hard to be a good wife to your dad. To get our marriage back on track. Sexting with my own son is the last thing I should be doing."

She hit send before she could second guess herself, feeling a mix of relief and disappointment. The phone buzzed again almost immediately.

"No worries, Mom. I get it. I'll just ask Gran to pose for me instead. I'm sure she'll be more than happy to show off that hot body for her favorite grandson. ;)"

Karly's eyes widened, an ugly flare of jealousy burning through her chest. The thought of Connie sending Jenson provocative pictures, flaunting her ripe curves for him while she played the dutiful wife, made Karly see red. Before she could stop herself, she was angrily typing a response.

"Let's leave your Gran out of this. Give me five minutes and I'll send you something."

Karly's heart pounded as she stripped out of her sensible blouse and slacks, leaving her clad in just a lacy bra and panty set. The lingerie was a deep emerald green, one she knew complimented her creamy skin and brought out the fiery undertones in her hair.

She posed in front of the full length mirror, arching her back to make her heavy, milk-laden tits strain against the demi-cups. The pregnancy had her bust overflowing the lace, the inner curves spilling out obscenely. Karly's milk-swollen nipples were clearly visible through the sheer fabric, puckered into tight peaks.

Further down, her giant baby bump rounded out proudly, the taut skin glistening with lotion. Karly smoothed her palms over the swell reverently, knowing it would drive Jenson wild to see her body ripe with his child. She turned to the side, letting the pronounced curve of her belly take center stage.

With trembling hands, the mother raised her phone and snapped a few photos from different angles, making sure to capture the full effect of her voluptuous pregnant figure barely constrained by the emerald lace.

Fingers flying, Karly typed out a caption: "Here you go, horny boy. Hope this helps you focus in class. ;)"

She hit send with a smirk, feeling deliciously naughty. But her satisfaction was short-lived as she glanced at the screen and realized with dawning

horror that she had accidentally sent the risqué photo and flirtatious caption to her husband Tom!

"Oh shit, oh fuck!" Karly swore under her breath, panic rising in her throat. How could she have been so careless?

Before she could even begin to formulate damage control, her phone buzzed with an incoming text from her husband. With a sense of queasy dread, Karly opened the message.

"Wow babe, you look incredible! Guess I'm the 'horny boy' who's going to have a hard time focusing at class? ;) What's the special occasion?"

Karly stared at the screen, momentarily frozen. Tom thought she had sent him the sexy pic on purpose, to spice up their marriage. He had no clue they were actually meant for their son's eyes. She needed to play this off, and fast.

"No special occasion, just missing you and feeling frisky," Karly typed back, forcing a suggestive tone.

She hit send, cringing internally at the deception. Carrying on an affair with her own son was bad enough, but now she had to flirt with her poor, clueless husband to cover her tracks. The guilt was suffocating.

"Frisky huh?" Tom responded. "You're a goddess, babe. I can't wait to worship that sexy body later. Might have to sneak off to the bathroom for a quickie with myself right now, looking at those photos."

Karly felt her skin crawl at the thought of Tom pleasuring himself to images meant for their son. This was so messed up on so many levels. She needed to end this conversation before she dug herself in any deeper.

"Glad you approve, handsome," she typed, throwing in a winking emoji for good measure. "But I don't want you getting in trouble by jerking off at work, so maybe you shouldn't. I've got to run some errands now, tty!"

Karly held her breath as she waited for Tom's response, hoping her hasty exit wouldn't arouse suspicion. After an agonizing minute, her phone pinged.

"Lol, alright you little tease. Guess I'll just have to sit here with blue balls until I can get my hands on the real thing. Have fun with your errands. Love you!"

A wave of shame washed over Karly as she read Tom's affectionate reply. She knew she should feel thrilled and titillated that her husband found her so desirable, that the mere sight of her scantily clad body could arouse him to the point of needing "alone time" at work. But the truth was, Karly felt nothing - no answering flicker of excitement, no eager anticipation at the mention of affection later. Her panties remained woefully dry at the thought of Tom pawing at her ripe curves.

In contrast, just the briefest suggestive text from Jenson had Karly's core clenching with need, slickness gathering along her folds. A few flirtatious words from her teenage son, and she was ready to shove her hand down her panties and diddle herself to a screaming orgasm. It was like her body only responded to Jenson now, attuned solely to his youthful virility and Karly hated herself for it.

Fresh guilt stabbed at her heart as she glanced down at her nearly naked form, the emerald lace doing little to conceal her most intimate areas from view. Karly knew this body didn't belong to Tom anymore, as much as she wished otherwise. No, every inch of her soft skin, every voluptuous curve, was Jenson's to explore and claim. He had ruined her for other men, spoiled her with that huge, virile cock and his endless teenage stamina. Karly's womb was swollen with proof of her son's sexual ownership - how could she ever be satisfied by Tom's lackluster, perfunctory lovemaking again?

Hands shaking slightly with a mix of arousal and self-recrimination, Karly carefully selected Jenson's name from her contacts and forwarded him the risqué photos with the caption she had intended all along. "These are for your eyes only, sweetie. Enjoy. ;)"

Jenson's response was almost instantaneous. "Fuck Mom, you look incredible. So fertile and ripe. I'm rock hard just imagining burying my face between those massive tits, sucking on your swollen nipples until milk spurts down my throat. I need to see more. Take off the bra and panties. I wanna see ALL of you."

Karly's face flushed hot, a bolt of lust spearing through her at her son's vulgar praise. She knew she should put a stop to this, that sending her teenage son nude photos crossed yet another line in their already wildly inappropriate relationship. But the wanton, exhibitionist side of her thrilled at Jenson's ardent desire, the proof that her changing body could still drive a virile young male wild with lust.

Slowly, teasingly, Karly reached behind her and unclasped her bra, letting the lacy garment slide down her arms to puddle on the floor. Her enormous breasts spilled free, bobbing and swaying with the motion. The cool air pebbled her dusky nipples into straining peaks, begging to be suckled.

Next, Karly hooked her thumbs into the sides of her panties and shimmed them down over her lush hips and thick thighs, bending at the waist to highlight the perfect peach of her ass. She stepped out of the damp scrap of lace and straightened back up, now gloriously nude.

Turning to face the mirror fully, Karly drank in her reflection with new eyes, trying to see herself as Jenson did. Her breasts were truly spectacular, jutting out from her chest like twin globes of creamy flesh, blue veins running just beneath the surface. Her areola were puffy and enlarged, the color of ripe raspberries. Silvery stretch marks marbled her skin, evidence of her body's incredible capacity for creation.

Karly's gaze drifted lower, taking in the rounded swell of her belly, the shaved mound at the apex of her thighs. She knew her pussy lips would be plump and glistening, swollen with arousal at the taboo act she was about to commit. The thought of her son stroking his hard cock to

photos of her naked body, knowing the proof of his virility grew just beneath her skin, made Karly's core clench with need

With a deep breath, Karly raised her phone and began snapping photos, posing lewdly for the camera. She cupped her gravid belly and heavy breasts, pinching her nipples until milk beaded at the tips. She bent over and reached back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her glistening slit and puckered rosebud to the lens.

Jenson's responses were immediate and vulgar, spurring her on. "Fuck yes Mom, arch your back more, really stick out that giant tit-shelf. I wanna see those pregnancy-swollen jugs sway and bounce."

With a moan, Karly complied, pushing her chest out obscenely until her back bowed. Then, she SNAPPED a picture.

"Mmmm perfect," her son replied. "Now spread your legs nice and wide, show me that hot pregnant cunt that's growing my baby. I wanna see it dripping for me."

Shamelessly, Karly sat on the edge of the bed and splayed her thick thighs, revealing her pink, puffy lips slick with arousal. SNAP.

"God damn, I can practically smell you through the screen. Shove a couple fingers in that greedy hole, give me a preview of how you plan to milk my cock later."

Biting her lip, Karly plunged two digits knuckle-deep in her sopping channel, grinding against her palm. SNAP.

"Shit, you're so fucking wet and open, ready to be split on my big dick again. Pull those cum-hungry lips apart, let me see how far you can stretch."

Panting now, the naughty mother used her free hand to hold herself open lewdly, exposing her clenching entrance. SNAP.

Back and forth they went, Jenson making filthy demands and Karly rushing to obey, lost in a lusty daze. With each new pose, she swore it would be the last, but then his praise would light her up from within and she'd be eager to chase that high again.

"Fuck yourself with your hair brush. Imagine it's my thick cock splitting you open."

"Pinch and pull on your nipples. Get them all swollen and puffy for my mouth."

"Stick your tits and ass out in the same pose. I wanna see you present both your juicy fuck-holes for me."

"Spread that pregnant pussy, show me where I planted my seed. Where our baby is growing."

Karly's heart raced as she contorted her body into the increasingly depraved positions Jenson requested, the camera shutter clicking over and over. She felt deliciously naughty, modeling her indecent pregnant body for her teenage son's pleasure.

Her phone vibrated again with a video this time. Karly's eyes widened as she watched Jenson stroking his huge, purple cock, the camera focused on it pulsing in his fist.

With a moan, Karly tapped to turn her own video camera on. She propped the phone up against a pillow, making sure it had an unobstructed view as she settled back on the bed and spread her legs wantonly. Giving the camera a smoldering look, the mother trailed her fingers down her body, skimming over the massive swell of her belly before delving between her slick folds.

"Mmmm, you like watching Mommy play with herself, baby boy?" she purred, rubbing tight circles over her swollen clit. "Seeing how creamy you make my pregnant pussy?"

Karly made sure to hold herself open, giving Jenson an obscene close-up of her engorged, throbbing sex. Her shaved lips were flushed a deep pink, glistening with her copious arousal. Viscous strands of slick clung to her fingers as she plunged two digits into her sopping channel, pumping them in and out.

"Fuck, I'm so wet and open for you," Karly gasped, fingering herself faster now. "Aching to be stretched and split on that big, perfect cock again. Ungh!"

She used her free hand to maul her heaving tits, pinching and tugging on the puffy nipples until milk beaded at the tips. Karly panned the camera up her body, making sure to give Jenson a lewd view of her giant, jiggling rack and the taut dome of her pregnant belly.

"This is what you do to me, Jenson," she panted, writhing on the bed wantonly as she worked herself closer to orgasm. "Get me so fucking hot and desperate, make me swell with your seed. Mmmm, I can't wait to have you back in my bed, pounding me into the mattress!"

Karly's eyes were glued to her phone screen as she watched Jenson stroking his straining erection, his rhythm growing faster and more erratic. The muscles in his forearm flexed and rippled with each pump of his fist, his cockhead turning a furious purple. She could see the pre-cum oozing steadily from his slit now, lubricating his shaft.

"Gonna cum!" Jenson grunted urgently, his abs clenching. "Fuck, I'm gonna bust all over that slutty pregnant body!"

"Yes baby, give it to me!" Karly cried, grinding her clit frantically. "Paint Mommy's giant tits and belly with your hot spunk! Mark me, claim me, ungh fuck!"

The naughty image of Jenson erupting like a geyser, splattering her jiggling flesh with jet after jet of his virile release, was what finally sent Karly hurtling over the edge into ecstasy.

With a keening wail, the pregnant mother's body convulsed in rapture, her pussy clenching and fluttering wildly around her plunging fingers. Clear ejaculate gushed from her slit as her orgasm crashed through her, squirting in powerful jets that splattered her inner thighs and soaked the bedding beneath.

"OHHHH FUCK, YESSSSSS!" Karly screamed, back arching almost painfully off the mattress as ecstasy detonated through every nerve ending. Her giant titties bounced and quivered, milk spraying from her erect nipples in pearly streams.

On screen, Jenson reached his own explosive peak with a choked shout of "FUCK, TAKE IT MOM! UNNNGGHHH!" His swollen cock pulsed and throbbed in his furiously pumping fist, semen rocketing from the engorged tip to splatter his rippling abs. Thick, creamy ropes of jizz painted his golden skin, pooling in the ridges of his muscles as spurt after spurt erupted from his piss hole.

Karly watched in awe as her son emptied his huge, churning balls, wishing she could be there to catch every precious drop on her tongue. Her cunt grasped greedily at her fingers, trying to milk them like Jenson's pulsing shaft, the aftershocks of her climax still rippling through her.

Finally, the intense orgasms started to ebb, leaving mother and son panting and trembling in the aftermath. Karly flopped back against the sweat-soaked sheets, absolutely boneless as she basked in the endorphin high. Her thighs were coated in her ejaculate, her pussy still oozing thick cream that trickled down to her ass.

On the small screen, Jenson wore a similarly blissed out expression, slowly coming down from his own toe-curling release. His impressive cock lay semi-hard against his thigh, dripping with milky spunk. He lazily swiped a finger through the puddles of cum decorating his torso and brought it to his mouth, sucking it clean with a satisfied hum.

"Mmmm, that was so fucking hot," Jenson rasped, his voice gravelly from shouting his pleasure. "Watching you cum like that, squirting everywhere while begging for my load...ungh, I could bust again just thinking about it."

Karly giggled breathlessly, still trying to catch her breath. "I think you broke me. My pussy is still clenching like crazy."

Jenson groaned, his cock giving an interested twitch against his thigh. "Fuck, I wish I was there to feel it. Sink my dick in that tight, twitching cunt and make you squirt all over again."

Karly flushed at Jenson's vulgar words, reality crashing back in like a bucket of ice water. What was she doing, having video sex with her own teenage son? Sexting him filthy fantasies and masturbating for his viewing pleasure? She was a married woman, a mother, not some horny coed!

Shame and guilt chased away the last tingles of orgasmic bliss as Karly scrambled to cover her naked, cum-splattered body with trembling hands. She grabbed a pillow to hold over her huge, jiggling tits and crossed her legs tightly, hiding her dripping pussy from view.

"Jenson, we can't...we really do need to stop this," Karly stammered, not meeting his eyes through the screen. "I don't know what came over me, sending you those pictures and videos. It was completely inappropriate."

Jenson frowned, his brow furrowing in confusion. "But Mom, you seemed really into it a minute ago. I thought we were just having some harmless fun."

Karly shook her head vehemently, clutching the pillow tighter to her chest. "No, baby. What we're doing is the furthest thing from harmless. I'm your mother, and I'm married to your father. This sexting, the dirty videos...it's adultery. It's wrong."

She took a deep, shaky breath, trying to convince herself as much as him. "I know you have...needs. Urges, as a growing boy. But I can't be the one to fulfill them anymore. It's not right."

Jenson opened his mouth to protest, but Karly cut him off with a stern look. "I mean it, Jenson. This ends now. No more flirting, no more inappropriate texts or pictures. And definitely no more physical stuff when you're home. I have to focus on fixing my marriage with your father."

Her voice softened then, seeing the crestfallen look on her son's face. "If you're feeling really pent up, maybe you could go to Grandma Connie for...relief. I'm sure she'd be more than happy to lend a hand. Or mouth."

Karly tried to ignore the sharp sting of jealousy in her chest at the thought of Connie getting to enjoy Jenson's youthful passion while she abstained. "But you and me? We have to go back to just being mom and son. For the sake of the family."

There was a heavy beat of silence, and then Jenson let out a rueful chuckle, shaking his head. "Whatever you say, Mom. I think you're being way too hard on yourself, but I'll respect your wishes. Can't blame a guy for trying though, right?" He flashed her a cheeky grin and a wink.

An hour later, Connie burst into their shared bedroom, a wicked gleam in her eye and a salacious grin curving her painted lips. "Oh Karly, you'll never believe what I just read about!" she exclaimed breathlessly, perching on the edge of the bed. "Apparently the lotus sex position is supposed to provide the most mind-blowing G-spot stimulation and full-body orgasms. We simply MUST try it out with Jenson tonight!"

Karly's eyes widened and an illicit thrill zipped through her at the thought of experiencing such intense pleasure with her virile teenage son. Memories of his huge, pulsing cock stretching her so deliciously full, hitting her deepest spots, made her pussy clench with want. For a moment, she let herself imagine sinking down onto Jenson's thick girth,

their nude bodies intertwined as she undulated in his lap, his pubic bone grinding against her aching clit with each roll of her hips.

But then Karly remembered the promise she had made to herself to resist the taboo temptation, to focus on being a good wife and mother. With a sigh, she shook her head and gave Connie an apologetic smile. "That sounds amazing, Mom. Truly. But I really shouldn't. I need to recommit to my marriage vows and put an end to all this inappropriate fooling around with Jenson."

Connie scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Oh please! A little harmless fun with your strapping young buck of a son is hardly going to destroy your marriage. If anything, it'll probably make you a more relaxed, satisfied wife! A well-fucked woman is a happy woman, I always say."

She leaned in closer, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial purr. "Just imagine it, Karly - Jenson's big, teenage cock buried to the hilt in your hot MILF cunt lotus style, hitting your G-spot over and over while you grind on his lap. He'd play with your giant, milk-swollen tits, sucking on your fat nipples until you're mewling desperately. And when you finally cum, it'll be so intense, so all-consuming, you'll see stars. Mmm, doesn't that sound divine?"

Karly bit her lip, arousal warring with her guilt and resolve. God help her, it DID sound amazing. Her pussy was practically weeping at the mental image, aching to be filled and stretched by her son's impressive length again. But no - she had to be strong. Resist the siren call of Jenson's youthful cock and rededicate herself to her husband, no matter how much her body screamed in protest.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I just can't," Karly said hoarsely, looking away from Connie's knowing gaze. "But please, don't let me stop you and Jenson from enjoying yourselves. You are single now after all."

Connie grinned wickedly and patted Karly's knee. "Well, if you insist! Far be it from me to let that strapping young man go unsatisfied."

With a jaunty wink, Connie rose from the bed and sashayed out of the room, her full hips swaying. Karly swallowed hard, trying to ignore the pang of jealousy twisting her gut at the thought of her mother-in-law's lips wrapped around Jenson's cock, swallowing his release.

True to her word, when Connie went to pick Jenson up from school that afternoon, she had more than car snacks on her mind. As the teenage boy climbed into the passenger seat, tossing his backpack in the rear, Connie reached over and boldly cupped the bulge straining against his jeans.

"Mmm, is that a roll of quarters in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" she purred, giving him a salacious wink.

Jenson groaned, his cock immediately swelling to full hardness under his grandmother's palm.

"Always happy to see you, Gran," he quipped back, bucking into her touch. "Especially when you greet me like this."

Connie giggled and stroked him through the denim a few more times before reluctantly pulling away. "Patience, my darling boy. Let's find somewhere a bit more...private first."

She put the car in gear and peeled out of the school parking lot, heading for the outskirts of town. Jenson fidgeted the whole drive, his erection tenting his pants obscenely.

After about fifteen minutes, Connie turned off the main road onto a hidden dirt drive, following it until they reached a secluded clearing surrounded by trees.

"There, this should do nicely," she declared, putting the car in park and unbuckling her seatbelt.

In one graceful move, Connie slid over the center console and into Jenson's lap, straddling his thighs. The teenage boy groaned as his grandmother's plush ass settled over his aching cock, her heat and weight making him throb.

"Such a good boy, so hard and ready for me," Connie purred, undulating her hips to grind against his erection. She leaned in close, her massive breasts pushing against Jenson's chest as she claimed his mouth in a filthy kiss, all tongues and teeth.

They made out frantically for a few minutes, panting into each other's mouths as their hands roamed and groped. Jenson filled his palms with the heavy globes of Connie's ass, kneading the firm flesh and encouraging her grinding.

Connie worked at the buttons of his fly, eager to free his straining cock from the confines of his jeans.

"Get ready baby, Grandma's gonna suck your fucking dick off," Connie growled, finally freeing Jenson's throbbing erection from his jeans. It sprang up obscenely, slapping against his belly and leaving a smear of pre-cum on his shirt.

Connie licked her lips hungrily as she admired her grandson's impressive size, the bulbous head an angry purple and the thick shaft covered in pulsing veins. Without preamble, she descended on him, wrapping her pillowy lips around just the tip and giving a hard suck.

"Oh fuck!" Jenson gasped, fingers flying to tangle in his gran's hair as intense pleasure zipped through him. His cock jerked in her mouth, spurting a glob of pre-cum onto her tongue.

Connie moaned at the salty-sweet taste, savoring it before swallowing. She relaxed her jaw and took him deeper, letting the broad head nudge the back of her throat. With expert ease, she suppressed her gag reflex and pushed forward until her nose was buried in Jenson's trimmed pubic hair, his entire length engulfed in the wet heat of her mouth.

"Holy shit Gran, yes!" Jenson panted, head thrown back against the seat in ecstasy as Connie deep throated him to the root. Her throat muscles fluttered and massaged the sensitive head on every swallow, making his eyes roll back in bliss.

The experienced cocksucker set a steady rhythm, bobbing up and down Jenson's thick shaft and hollowing her cheeks on the upstroke. She used her tongue to trace the pulsing veins and lap at the weeping slit, teasing out more of his essence. One hand gripped the base of his cock, twisting in counterpoint to her sucking mouth.

The other hand drifted lower to cup and fondle Jenson's heavy balls, rolling them gently in her palm. She could feel how full and tight they were, churning with semen and ready to explode.

Connie dropped down to lap at the cum-filled sac, bathing the delicate skin with her long pink tongue before carefully sucking each testicle into her mouth.

"Unnngh fuck, your mouth!" Jenson grunted, fists clenching in Connie's hair as she worked him over expertly. The dual stimulation of her lips and tongue on his cock and balls was driving him wild, pushing him closer to the edge embarrassingly fast.

Connie could sense how close he was by the urgency of his hip thrusts and the pulsing of his shaft against her tongue. She doubled her efforts, taking him deep and hollowing her cheeks hard. At the same time, she pressed two fingers behind his balls, rubbing firm circles over his perineum.

"Oh shit yes!" the teen gasped, feeling her licker circle the flared ridge of his corona.

His shiny helmet popped from Connie's mouth. "Do you like the way your Gran sucks cock?" she breathlessly asked.

"Uh huh," he quickly answered.

"Don't be afraid to use my mouth and throat like it's a pussy," she urged before gobbling up his rod again – her bee-stung lips lowering to his cock-base.

The teen gripped her silky hair and matched her bobbing head with upward thrusts of his hips. His cock flexed as it glided through her mouth and gullet – the knob ballooning even larger.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum!" Jenson warned urgently, abs clenching and thighs tensing.

Connie moaned in encouragement around Jenson's spurting cock, the vibrations sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through his groin. She sealed her lips tight around his girth and swallowed rapidly, her throat muscles rippling along the sensitive head to coax out every drop.

Jenson cried out sharply as his orgasm crashed through him, hips bucking erratically to fuck Connie's face. His cock erupted like a geyser, painting the inside of her mouth with jet after jet of hot, viscous semen. The thick ropes of cum splashed across her tongue and coated her cheeks, some even shooting straight down her gulping throat.

The grandmother's eyes watered at the sheer volume of Jenson's release, her grandson's frenetic thrusts making it a challenge to swallow it all down. But she was determined not to waste a single precious drop, to milk his throbbing shaft until he was completely spent.

She groaned in bliss as Jenson's salty essence flooded her mouth, the creamy spunk sliding down her throat to pool warmly in her belly. Connie took her time savoring his flavor, holding each spurt on her tongue for a moment before gulping it down. The slick, heavy weight of his load coating her taste buds was intoxicating, making her honeyed hole clench with need.

Jenson shuddered and gasped above her, totally lost to the intense pleasure of Connie swallowing around his pulsing cock. He could feel her tongue swirling to gather every drop, lapping him clean before chasing the next spurt. The lewd slurping sounds of her suckling mouth filled the car, punctuated by her muffled moans of enjoyment.

Even when Jenson's balls were empty and his spurts reduced to weak dribbles, Connie continued her oral worship. She suckled the softening head gently, coaxing out the last pearls of cum and massaging his shaft with her lips to prolong his pleasure. Only when he whimpered from oversensitivity did she finally release him from her mouth with a wet pop.

The older MILF sat back on her heels and licked her glistening lips, making a show of savoring Jenson's musky taste. A stray glob of pearly spunk clung to the corner of her mouth. She swiped it up with her finger and pushed the digit between her lips, sucking it clean with a wanton moan.

"Mmmm, you taste divine as always, baby boy," she purred, her voice a little hoarse from the thorough face fucking. "Grandma loves drinking down your hot, creamy nectar. Feeling it slide into my tummy, so warm and thick. I swear, that virile spunk of yours is better than any protein shake!"

When Connie and Jenson arrived back home, Karly greeted them at the door with a quizzical look. "Where have you two been? Jenson's school let out over an hour ago."

Connie just gave a mysterious wink and patted Jenson's shoulder. "Oh, I was just giving our strapping young man here some private after-school stress relief, if you know what I mean."

Jenson blushed and avoided his mother's gaze, but Karly didn't miss the satisfied gleam in his eye or the way he adjusted himself discreetly. Realization dawned and a confusing mix of jealousy and arousal swirled low in her belly. She knew she had no right to feel possessive after telling Jenson they needed to stop fooling around, but the thought of Connie's lips wrapped around her son's cock, gulping down his release, made her throb with need.

Trying to hide her inner turmoil, Karly opened her arms to her son. "Well, I'm just glad you're home safe, honey. Come here and give your mom a hug."

Jenson eagerly stepped into Karly's embrace, sinking into her soft, plush curves with a sigh. Karly couldn't help but pull him in close, letting her heavy mommy-breasts pillow his face as she cradled his head to her chest. The feel of his firm, young body pressed so intimately against hers, his hands splayed across her back, made Karly's resolve waver.

She breathed in Jenson's familiar scent, noticing a lingering muskiness that could only be semen. An illicit thrill zipped through her at the knowledge that her son had cum recently, his teenage balls drained by Connie's skillful mouth.

Unconsciously, the mother began to rock subtly against him, her hips undulating in an simulated fucking motion.

Jenson groaned softly into the valley of his mother's cleavage, his cock stirring again despite his recent release. He could feel the swell of her pregnant belly pressing insistently against his abs, full of his child. The primal awareness made him want to bend his mom over the nearest surface and mount her, to sheath himself in her welcoming heat and flood her with his seed again.

Lost in the haze of arousal, Karly clutched Jenson tighter to her aching breasts, her hard rubbery nipples poking into his cheeks through the thin fabric of her shirt. Milk began to leak from the swollen tips, dampening the cloth. Jenson licked his lips, dying for a taste of the sweet, warm liquid he had suckled so many times before.

Connie giggled wickedly as she watched Karly all but devour her grandson, grinding her hips against him in an unmistakable fuck motion. It was like the horny mother couldn't help herself, her body moving of its own accord to rut against her virile son. She clutched the teen to her like

a ragdoll, his face disappearing between the jutting globes of her warm tits, her pregnant belly engulfing his torso.

Jenson seemed just as lost in the feel of his mom's soft curves - the fetus of their fully developed baby kicking inside her belly. His hands roamed her back, pulling her closer, his lips kissing the deep valley between her ballooning milkers. Soft grunts escaped him as Karly dry humped his rigid shaft right there in the foyer, her need overriding any sense of propriety.

Just then, they all heard Tom's car pull into the driveway, the sound of the engine cutting off. Connie cleared her throat loudly, finally getting the sex-crazed mother's attention.

Karly froze, clarity returning to her lust-clouded eyes. She jumped back from Jenson like she'd been scalded, hastily adjusting her milk-dampened shirt and running shaky fingers through her mussed hair. Her fat leaky nipples were so erect and protruding, it was almost comical.

"Shit, your father's home," she hissed, equal parts aroused and annoyed. "You should probably run upstairs, honey."

Jenson blinked dazedly, his cock throbbing almost painfully in his jeans. He wanted nothing more than to drag his mom to the nearest bed and bury himself in her pregnant cunt, to rut into her until she was mewling and cumming on his shaft. But the sound of Tom's footsteps approaching the front door snapped him back to reality.

"Right, uh, I better go...do homework," Jenson mumbled, giving Karly one last heated look before turning to head upstairs, adjusting himself as discreetly as possible.

Connie just smirked knowingly, enjoying the show. She loved watching her daughter-in-law struggle against her base desires, the internal war between propriety and lust. It was only a matter of time before Karly gave in fully to her need for Jenson's youthful cock. And Connie would be there to encourage every step of their taboo journey.

The front door opened and Tom walked in, briefcase in hand and a tired smile on his face. "Hey, you two!" he called out, setting his keys in the dish by the door.

"Welcome home, dear!" Connie smiled, hoping her son couldn't smell the wafting aroma of their wet, overheated cunts.

"Hi, hon," Karly replied a little too brightly, her smile strained as she tried to act normal. She crossed the room to give her husband a perfunctory peck on the cheek. "How was your day?"

Even Tom noticed how rigid her nipples were, but rather than point them out and embarrass her, he launched into a recap of his workday.

Karly struggled to focus, her mind consumed with thoughts of Jenson and how his sinewy cock had felt digging against her smoldering mound - scraping the swollen nub of her clit.

"Uh huh, that's nice," she stated without really listening, cutting him off mid-sentence. "I'm gonna get dinner started."

Bedtime that night wasn't at all easy for the horny, hormonal mother. Karly lay stiffly on her side of the bed, facing away from Jenson and Connie as she tried desperately to block out the sounds of their forbidden coupling. But it was impossible to ignore the rhythmic creaking of the mattress, the breathy moans and grunts of pleasure coming from behind her.

She squeezed her eyes shut, hot tears pricking at the corners as regret squeezed her heart. What a fool she had been, practically giving Connie permission to seduce Jenson, to take Karly's place in his bed and in his heart. The thought of the two of them intertwined in the lotus position, her son's head nestled between her mother-in-law's enormous, pillowy melons as he thrust up into her wet heat, made Karly feel physically ill with jealousy.

"Ungh fuck Gran, you feel incredible," Jenson groaned, his voice muffled by the abundant tit-flesh smothering his face. "So fucking tight and hot around my cock. Milking me so good."

Connie let out a throaty moan, undulating her wide hips lewdly. "Mmmm yes baby, your big dick is hitting me so deep like this. Stretching my hungry cunt in the best way, ungh! I can feel you kissing my womb!"

Jenson grunted, snapping his pelvis up to meet Connie's grinding thrusts. The obscene slap of sweaty skin-on-skin filled the room. "Shit, I'm not gonna last. You're gripping me like a vice. Feels like your pussy is trying to suck the cum right outta my balls."

"Yesss, give Grandma that sweet cream," Connie purred, riding Jenson harder, faster. The bed shook with the force of her bucking hips. "I wanna feel you explode in my cunt, fill me up with all that potent love-spunk. Breed me like you bred your mom."

Karly flinched at that, a wounded sound escaping her at the reminder of what she had given up, what should have been hers. Hot tears spilled down her cheeks now as she listened to Jenson's desperate ramblings, knowing his pleasure was about to crest.

"I'm cumming! Oh shit, I'm cumming!" the boy chanted raggedly, his lower body slamming up into Connie's greedy hole as he began to erupt. "Fuck, take it! Ungh, so much...FUCK!"

Connie let out a triumphant cry as she felt Jenson's cock spasm and throb, his seed spurting deep into her tightening sheath. She ground down onto him, taking every thick, creamy inch. "Yessssss, paint my insides white! Give me that virile teenage load, mmm! So fucking hot and sticky!"

Karly's body trembled with the certainty that her son's legendary stamina was only getting started. Her prediction materialized in brutal clarity as Jenson flipped his Gran onto her back with a savage growl, mounted her like a beast, and began jackhammering into her with such

violence that the headboard THUMPED against the wall, each thunderous impact punctuating Karly's agonized heartbeats.

Karly buried her face in the pillow, gut churning with envious anguish as she listened to the lewd symphony of flesh slapping against flesh, punctuated by Connie's ecstatic moans and Jenson's guttural grunts. The creaking bedsprings seemed to mock her with each rhythmic squeak, a taunting reminder of the carnal pleasures she was denying herself.

"Oooh yes, just like that!" Connie keened, her voice high and breathy. "Pound Grandma's pussy raw with that big teenage cock! Ungh, I can feel you in my throat!"

Jenson let out a strained groan, his tempo increasing. The violent rocking of the mattress jostled Karly with each powerful thrust. "Take it all... fuck!" the boy growled, the vulgar words sounding foreign and thrilling in his youthful voice. "Milk my dick with that sloppy cunt. Fuck, I'm gonna flood your womb!"

Karly whimpered into the tear-soaked fabric, her neglected pussy clenching desperately around nothing. God, how she ached to be in Connie's place - on her hands and knees, face shoved into the pillow while Jenson plowed into her from behind like a rutting animal. She could practically feel the delicious stretch of his massive cock splitting her open, the slick drag of his veiny shaft along her fluttering walls. The way his heavy, cum-laden balls would slap against her engorged clit with each bone-jarring impact.

Fresh arousal gushed from Karly's weeping slit, soaking through her panties to dampen the sheets below. Behind her, the lovers' coupling reached a frenzied peak, the headboard slamming into the wall as Jenson pumped into Connie with jackhammer intensity.

"Gonna...fucking...breed...you!" Jenson snarled, emphasizing each word with a deep, grinding thrust.

"Pump you full of my spunk, paint your fucking tubes white! HNNNGH SHIT!"

"YESSSSS!" Connie wailed, voice raw with pleasure. "Give it to me, fill me up! I wanna drown in your cum!"

The teen's head was completely engulfed by Connie's enormous, doughy breast as he latched onto her elongated nipple. The meaty teat was like a rubbery pacifier between his lips as he suckled and chewed voraciously, almost like a nursing babe. His cheeks hollowed with the force of his suckling, the obscene wet sounds filling the room.

Milk began to let down in response to the relentless stimulation, flowing into Jenson's mouth and down his chin in creamy rivulets. He gulped it down greedily, the rich, sweet taste of his grandmother's essence spurring on his lust. The teenager's hips never faltered in their brutal pace, his cock pile-driving in and out of Connie's sloppy cunt with machine-like intensity.

"That's it, drain Grandma's big milky tits!" Connie cried, fisting Jenson's hair to hold him against her breast. "Suck 'em dry while you fuck my hungry hole, mmm!"

Jenson let out a muffled groan around his mouthful of tit, the vibrations making Connie gasp and shudder. He bit down on her rubbery nipple, tugging it out obscenely before releasing it with a POP. A spray of breastmilk painted his cheeks as he switched to her other heavy jug, latching on like a man starved.

Karly listened to the depraved display with tear-filled eyes, her heart clenching with hurt and arousal in equal measure. That should be her giant udders in Jenson's suckling mouth, her exquisite mommy-cunt getting pummeled by his impressive cock. She yearned to feel her son's lips wrapped around her leaking nipples, drawing out the milk meant for his baby with each hungry pull. To have him suckle her swollen teats

while he seeded her womb over and over, their bodies joined as intimately as two humans could be.

A broken whimper escaped Karly's lips as she imagined it, her pussy gushing and throbbing with desperate need. But she held herself back from touching, from seeking relief. This was her penance - to suffer the ache of denial while Jenson sated his lust with another. She deserved this misery for betraying her marriage vows, for daring to lust after her own child.

So Karly just lay there rigidly, silently basking in self-pity as she listened to nearly an hour of wet slaps and slurps, the rhythmic creaking of the bed, and the rapturous moaning that heralded Jenson and Connie's impending mutual climax. She kept her gaze fixed on the wall, refusing to look, even as the tiny masochistic part of her brain screamed to drink in every sordid detail.

The flustered mother may have averted her eyes, but the raw, anatomical details of Jenson and Connie's mutual climax still crashed over her in waves of agonizing ecstasy. As Connie reached her peak, her vaginal walls clamped down on Jenson's gliding cock like a silken fist, the muscular contractions rippling along his veiny length from base to tip. Her clitoral complex pulsed against his pubic bone with each grinding thrust, engorged and throbbing with pleasure.

Deep within Connie's core, her cervix fluttered open like a hungry mouth, eager to accept Jenson's impending load directly into her womb. Her G-spot swelled against the hammering head of his cock, spongy tissue transmitting electric bliss with every nudge and bump. Connie's slick, elastic walls seemed to mold perfectly around her grandson's sinewy girth, hugging every contour, as if her body was made solely to sheath him.

As Jenson felt his grandmother's pussy spasm wildly around him, his balls drew up tight, signaling his own rapidly building orgasm. His cock swelled

impossibly thicker and harder, the veins pulsing in time with his racing heart. The sensation was exquisite agony, his body wound so tightly from hours of carnal exertion.

Unbidden, the boy's pleasure-drunk mind couldn't help but compare the feel of Connie's climaxing cunt to his mother's. Both had gripped him like velvet vices, slick silken walls rippling along his aching penile length. Both had molded to his shape like a second skin, as if he was always meant to reside within their secret depths.

But where Connie's pussy fluttered lightly, teasing and coaxing out his orgasm with maddening finesse, his mom's had clenched him with almost bruising intensity, demanding his seed. Her vaginal muscles had worked his raging stalk in an unrelenting massage, determined to milk him dry. And when Karly came, ejaculate had gushed from her in clear spurts, bathing his cock in her essence.

Connie's release, while no less powerful, manifested differently. Her cream flowed like honey, coating Jenson's pounded cock-length in warm, slippery wetness. It allowed him to plunge even deeper and faster, their flesh gliding together effortlessly as he sought his own peak within her clasp heat.

In the end, both cunts were capable of wringing mind-melting ecstasy from Jenson's young, virile body - just in deliciously different ways. And as he erupted with a roar, his cock kicking and pulsating as it disgorged a seemingly endless flood of cum directly into Connie's womb, Jenson couldn't help the small part of him that wished it was his mother's fertile depths being painted with his spunk.

The next morning, Jenson could see a certain prideful resolve in his mother's eyes as they sat across from each other at the breakfast table. Even though her face was pale and there were dark circles under her eyes from a sleepless night, Karly held her head high, sipping her herbal

tea with a determined air. It was clear she took great satisfaction in having resisted the carnal temptation of fucking him like Connie had, despite how much it had tormented her.

Jenson knew today was a monumental day - his mother's due date had finally arrived and she was scheduled for an induction at the hospital that afternoon once his father got off work early. In just a matter of hours, she would be giving birth to their secret love child. The thought filled Jenson with a confusing mix of excitement, apprehension, and bittersweet longing.

As he watched his mom move stiffly around the kitchen, one hand supporting the small of her back while the other cradled the underside of her massive baby bump, Jenson was struck by how ripe and lush her body looked. Her maternity top stretched obscenely across her gigantic, milk-swollen tits, the fabric straining to contain their heavy bounty. Her nipples poked against the thin cotton like bullets, so engorged he was sure they were almost purple beneath her bra.

Despite making an extra effort not to tempt her son, Karly's ass – her succulent bubble butt – still stuck out like a rounded shelf, jiggling and undulating with each waddling step she took.

And then there was her magnificent pregnant belly, so huge and round it arrived in the room a few seconds before the rest of her. The taut skin practically glowed, shiny with stretch marks and a fine sheen of perspiration. Karly's cute belly button had popped out like a timer on a turkey, signaling their bun was fully cooked and ready to emerge.

Jenson's cock immediately began to swell as he ogled his mother's indecently fertile form, lewdly tenting his pajama pants beneath the table. He imagined cupping that heavy pregnant belly from behind while he entered Karly's slick heat, feeling their baby roll and kick against his palms as he pumped her full of hot boy-semen.

A sudden desperate need seized the teen, clawing at his insides. He HAD to have his mother one last time before she gave birth to their child - it felt imperative, like the sealing of a pact. The urge to sheath his aching cock in her ripe, pregnant body and mark her as his own before she delivered was overwhelming.

But Jenson knew after last night, Karly's resolve to be faithful was at an all-time high. She had white-knuckled her way through the agonizing temptation of listening to him fuck Connie for hours, denying herself the same pleasure to maintain her marital vows. It would take something truly irresistible to make her crumble now, with the finish line in sight.

An idea sparked in Jenson's hormone-addled brain then - a surefire way to shatter his mother's willpower like a sledgehammer to glass.

Jenson waited until he heard the front door close as his dad left for work and his little sister headed to school. His Gran had mentioned meeting some friends for coffee and was already gone, leaving him alone with his mother. It was now or never.

"Hey Mom?" Jenson called out, injecting a note of uncertainty into his voice. "Can you come here for a sec? I need your opinion on something."

"Sure honey, just a minute," Karly replied distractedly from the kitchen, where she was tidying up the breakfast dishes.

Jenson hurried to the master bedroom and quickly stripped off his clothes, leaving them in a haphazard pile on the floor. His teenage cock sprang free, already thickening with anticipation. By the time he heard his mother's footsteps approaching down the hall, Jenson was fully, flagrantly erect, his engorged shaft bobbing obscenely as it stuck out like a sturdy tree-branch from his crotch.

Karly pushed open the bedroom door, a dish towel still in her hands.

"What did you need my—?" The words died in her throat as she took in

the sight of her son standing there completely nude, his raging hard-on jutting proudly from a thin nest of dark curls.

"J-Jenson!" Karly sputtered, eyes going wide as saucers. "What on earth are you doing?!"

The boy gave her a look of affected innocence even as his rigid cock twitched, a bead of pre-cum forming at the tip. "I wanted to get your thoughts on my outfit for today. You know, make sure I look good for a cute girl I'm meeting after school."

Karly shook her head in exasperation, even as her gaze remained riveted to the sturdy limb of flesh protruding from her son's loins. "You know the rules - no more illicit behavior. I'm about to give birth to your...to the baby, for heaven's sake!"

Jenson shrugged casually, even as his tumescent cock bobbed with the motion. "Well, there's this smoking hot cheerleader who's had her eye on me for a while now. Tiffany. Her parents just bought her a new car for her birthday and she was telling me how she wants to break it in after school today, if you know what I mean."

He wagged his eyebrows suggestively. "So I wanna look my best."

Karly felt an immediate stab of jealousy pierce her chest at the thought of some perky young thing getting her hands on her son's impressive cock. Tiffany. The name alone conjured images of tanned, toned legs in a tiny skirt, big, plump breasts barely contained by a skimpy top. Just the type of nubile temptress to ensnare a horny teenage boy.

"You never said anything about this Tiffany girl before," Karly said tersely, trying to tamp down the green-eyed monster clawing at her insides.

"She's been after my dick for months," Jenson replied with a roguish grin, clearly enjoying his mother's poorly concealed irritation. "Always

finding excuses to bend over in front of me, making sure I get a good view of her thong riding up her ass. Girl is thirsty as fuck."

"Jenson!" Karly scoffed at his crude choice of words. She clenched her jaw, hot rage simmering in her blood at the blatant disrespect. How dare that little hussy make moves on HER son, flaunting her tight young body like he was just another conquest to check off her list? He was so much more than that.

"And you're actually considering skipping your own baby's birth to what...get your dick wet in some cheerleader's car?" Karly snapped, crossing her arms over her engorged breasts. "Real classy, Jenson."

The boy at least had the decency to look a bit chagrined at that, rubbing the back of his neck. "C'mon Mom, it's not like that. You know I wanna be there for you and the baby. But I was thinking...maybe it's better if I'm not at the hospital?"

Karly frowned, a sense of unease trickling down her spine. "What do you mean? Why wouldn't you wanna be there to welcome your son or daughter into the world?"

Jenson shifted his weight, looking uncomfortable. "Well, think about it. Dad's gonna be there with you the whole time, right? What if...what if he notices something? Like how much the baby looks like me as a newborn?" He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. "I don't want to risk him putting two and two together and realizing that I'm the father, not him."

"Jenson, please," Karly heard herself begging, pride be damned. Hormones and emotions were haywire, making her feel raw and vulnerable. "I want you there with me. I don't care about the risks. We'll figure out a way to explain any resemblance. Newborns all look alike anyway."

Jenson's eyes flashed with something dark and heated, his jaw clenching. "I wanna be there too, Mom. More than anything. But we have to be smart about this." He stepped closer, crowding into Karly's personal space. His straining erection brushed against the swell of her belly, making her gasp.

Karly swallowed hard, her mouth going dry at the intensity in Jenson's gaze, the blatant challenge. "I'll do anything if you ditch your after-school date and come to the hospital."

A slow, wicked smile spread across the boy's handsome face, making Karly's knees weak. "Anything huh? Prove it," he demanded huskily, taking her hand and guiding it to his pulsing cock. "If you want me there for the birth, you have to earn it. One more time, Mom. One last ride before you push out our kid."

The mother's resolve easily crumbled, but not just from her son's threat. She needed fucked hard and deep - in a bad way, and knew she may have to go days, maybe even weeks without getting laid after giving birth.

The mother swallowed hard, arousal and anticipation thrumming through her veins as she slowly peeled off her maternity dress, letting it fall to the floor in a puddle of fabric. Her hands shook slightly as she reached behind to unclasp her bra, freeing her enormous, milk-heavy breasts. They bounced and swayed as the lacy cups fell away, jutting proudly from her chest.

"Damn!" Jenson gasped, his boner jumping at the mere sight of those naked juggernauts.

Hooking her thumbs in the sides of her panties, Karly shimmied them down over her lush hips and thighs, baring the slick, swollen folds of her sex. Jenson drank in the sight of his mother's indecently pregnant body, his fist pumping slowly over his rigid cock, making a gooey string of pre-cum ooze to the floor.

"Fuck Mom, you're breathtaking," he rasped, eyes roving hungrily over every ripe curve and swollen mound. "The hottest MILF on the planet, I swear."

Karly flushed at the praise, a pleased smile tugging at her lips. Crawling onto the bed, her milk laden udders dangled nearly to the mattress, swinging like pendulums with every motion she made towards her boy.

She moved to straddle Jenson's hips, reaching for his throbbing erection. But her son stopped her with a hand on her arm, making her pause.

"Not so fast," Jenson admonished with a wicked grin. "I want you to take your time, Mom. Worship my body first. Show me how badly you want my cock, how much you need me to fill you up one last time before the baby comes."

Karly bit her lip, a fresh gush of arousal flooding her core at the command. Nodding, she sat back on her heels between Jenson's splayed thighs, letting her gaze rove appreciatively over his nubile form.

Starting at his feet, Karly ran her hands slowly up Jenson's muscular calves, her long, painted fingertips teasing the light dusting of hair. She traced the defined ridges of his quads, feeling the coiled power beneath his warm teenage skin. Leaning down, Karly pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses along the sensitive flesh of Jenson's inner thighs, occasionally nipping lightly with her teeth.

The boy let out a soft groan, his hips flexing reflexively as his cock jumped against his belly. Karly studiously avoided the straining shaft, continuing her sensual exploration of Jenson's body. Her hands smoothed over his tight abs, tracing each dip and groove of his six pack before drifting up to his chest.

Cupping the firm swells of his pecs, Karly kneaded the muscles appreciatively, loving how they flexed and jumped under her touch. She lowered her head, letting her heavy breasts graze tantalizingly along

Jenson's torso as she laved his flat brown nipples with the tip of her tongue.

The teen's eyes rolled back in bliss, a low moan escaping his parted lips as his mom lavished his upper body with attention.

"Ungh Mom, your mouth feels so good," he panted, arching into her touch. "Don't stop..."

Karly smiled against his heated skin, tracing the ridge of his collarbone with her tongue. She blazed a trail of hot, suckling kisses up the column of Jenson's neck, occasionally scraping her teeth over his pulse point. "Mmmm, you like that baby?" she purred, breath humid against his ear. "Like Mommy kissing and licking you all over?"

"Fuck yes," Jenson groaned, turning his head to capture Karly's lips in a searing kiss. They made out sloppily, tongues twisting and tangling as soft moans and sighs passed between them. The boy was pillowed between her humongous tits as they smooch, his neck engulfed by tit-cleavage.

Breaking the kiss, Karly sat up and cupped her enormous, aching tits, letting them spill forward into her hands. The heavy globes jiggled and swayed, so swollen with milk they were practically bursting. Beads of white gathered at the tips of her straining nipples, threatening to drip. "Look how full Mommy's tits are for you," Karly cooed, kneading the plump mounds. "So ripe and ready to feed your baby. But I think you need a little taste first..."

She leaned down on all-fours over his body and dragged her leaking nipples over Jenson's parted lips, smearing them with drops of sweet cream. The boy's tongue flicked out eagerly, lapping up her essence with a moan. Karly gasped as Jenson latched on fully, drawing her throbbing peak deep into his hot mouth.

As his entire head was buried beneath a giant mound of warm, dough-like tit, Jenson suckled greedily, cheeks hollowing with the force of his pulls. Milk began to let down in earnest, flowing over his tongue in warm rivulets. Jenson gulped it down, groaning in bliss at the rich, creamy taste.

"That's it, drain Mommy's titties," Karly encouraged breathlessly, cradling his head to her breast. "Get a nice big belly full before your baby hogs it all."

Jenson released her nipple with a lewd POP, kissing his way through the enormous canyon of her cleavage before latching to her other teat. His lips stretched obscenely around the fat, rubbery nub as he nursed, milk dribbling down his chin.

Karly's cunt clenched, fresh arousal gushing to coat her inner thighs. The sensation of her son suckling so hungrily, preparing her breasts for their child, was intensely erotic. Fuck, she needed him inside her NOW.

As if reading her mind, Jenson pulled off her nipple and grabbed his mom's hips, tugging her forward until she was straddling his face. The hard-dicked teen gazed up at his mother's swollen, birth-ready pussy hovering just inches above his face. The plump labial flesh was engorged and had darkened to a bruised plum, slick and dripping with need, her arousal trickling down in viscous rivulets that threatened to splatter his waiting mouth. Her fat clit protruded obscenely from beneath its fleshy hood, resembling a ripe purple gumball just begging to be licked and sucked.

The thick, musky aroma of her juicy peach made Jenson's head swim with lust. Unable to resist a moment longer, he grabbed Karly's hips and tugged her down onto his eager mouth. Jenson buried his face between her thighs, nuzzling into her sopping wet folds with a groan.

"Ohhh fuck yesss," Karly gasped, grinding her aching cunt against Jenson's lips and tongue. "Eat Mommy's pregnant pussy, baby. Get it all sloppy and ready for your big cock."

Jenson went to town, lapping and slurping at the ripe fruit of his mother's sex. He dragged the flat of his tongue through her puffy, juice-slicked petals, savoring her tangy-sweet cream. Pointing his licker, he flicked the tip rapidly against his mom's straining clit, making her hips buck and judder.

From his position between Karly's thick thighs, Jenson was engulfed in her womanly essence. Her plump pussy mashed against his face, swollen lips slick with arousal as she rode his tongue. He could barely breathe, his senses overwhelmed by her heady cunt-musk and the wet squelch of her folds grinding on his chin.

Karly's gigantic baby bump loomed above him, looking even more massively pregnant from this angle. The taut, glistening skin stretched to its limit, packed full with the product of their sinful union. Their combined fluids had created the new life thriving inside her, the result of countless taboo couplings. Seeing how ripe and bursting she was with his baby made Jenson's cock jerk and leak against his stomach, eager to jackhammer that sopping snatch.

He ate her with renewed vigor, plunging his tongue into Karly's clenching channel to lap up her flowing honey. His nose bumped against her throbbing clit with each thrust, making her squeal and quiver above him. Karly's belly undulated with the force of her gyrations, threatening to smother her boy completely.

The cunt-munching teenager had to crane his neck to peek up at his mother's face over the immense swell of her stomach. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, full udders heaving and jiggling with each roll of her hips. Jenson watched in awe as a fresh stream of tit-milk sprayed from the ducts of Karly's bouncing nipples, arcing through the air to

splatter her belly and thighs. The erotic sight made him redouble his efforts, determined to drive her wild with his mouth.

"Ohhh god, yes! Right there baby, don't stop!" Karly mewled, clutching Jenson's hair as she rode his face with abandon. Her juices smeared his cheeks, dripping off his chin as he was smothered in hot pussy-flesh. "Suck Mommy's clit! Make me cum all over your tongue!"

Jenson obeyed, sealing his lips around the straining bundle of nerves and suckling hard. He flicked the tip of his tongue over her pulsing pearl, grazing it with his teeth. At the same time, he brought his hands up to knead the globes of Karly's ass, pulling her impossibly closer.

The dual stimulation was the mother's undoing. With a raw scream, her pussy quivered violently, clamping down on Jenson's thrusting tongue. Her urethral bulged and a gush of hot ejaculate squirted from its slit, splattering Jenson's face in a pungent bath.

"FUCK! Oh god, I'm cumming!" Karly wailed, grinding her pulsing cunt against her son's mouth as she shamelessly gushed all over him. Her thighs quivered and tensed around his head, trapping him in her vice.

With surprising agility for a woman so heavily pregnant, Karly spun her body around, straddling her teen lover's face in the opposite direction. Rivulets of her ejaculate still trickled from her gaping slit, dripping down onto her son's heaving chest.

Karly bent forward, her gigantic baby bump crushing her against Jenson's torso as she took his throbbing cock in hand. Angling it towards her mouth, she swirled her long tongue around the shiny purple head, lapping up the pearly beads of pre-cum oozing from his slit.

"Mmmm, you taste so good baby," she purred before wrapping her lips around his girth and sinking down. The mother took him deep, relaxing her throat like the skilled cocksucker she was, until her nose was buried in his musky pubes.

Jenson groaned around his mouthful of cunt, the vibrations making Karly shiver. He gripped her plush ass cheeks, spreading them wide to expose her dusky rosebud. Extending his tongue, Jenson laved the puckered hole, circling the rim teasingly.

Karly gasped around her son's fat cock as she felt him breach her back door with the tip of his tongue. Electric sparks of pleasure shot up her spine at the forbidden stimulation. She ground her hips back against Jenson's face, silently begging for more.

Spurred on by his mother's wanton response, Jenson pointed his tongue and wriggled the tip past her fluttering sphincter. He began to thrust in and out, tongue-fucking her ass as he kneaded the doughy globes.

Karly whimpered and rolled her hips, riding her son's tongue as she slurped noisily on his tender penis. The wet sounds of their mutual pleasuring filled the room - the lewd slurps and smacks of Karly's blowjob, and the sloppy squelch of Jenson's tongue delving into her ass.

Wanting to return the exquisite rimming, Karly released Jenson's cock from her mouth with a pop. She shuffled further down his body until her face was level with his clenching asshole. Grasping his thighs, she pushed them up and back, spreading him wide open for her.

"Let Mommy return the favor," she cooed wickedly before diving in face-first. Karly dragged the flat of her tongue over Jenson's exposed rosebud, lapping at the sensitive skin. She traced every ridge and wrinkle, savoring the musky male taste.

The teen's eyes rolled back in his head at the intensity of the new sensation. His mother's soft, plush lips and hot wet tongue felt incredible on his virgin hole. "Oh fuck Mom!" he cried out, voice cracking.

Karly smirked against Jenson's most intimate flesh, loving how she could reduce her cocky teenage son to a babbling mess with just her mouth.

Pointing her tongue, she circled his clenching pucker, teasing the quivering ring of muscle before spearing inside.

"Unnngh shit!" Jenson gasped, hole fluttering wildly around the intrusion. His cock pulsed against his belly, leaking copiously.

Karly tongue-fucked him with shallow thrusts, letting her saliva dribble down to slick his crack. She nibbled and sucked at the sensitive skin of his perineum, drawing the thin flesh between her teeth.

Jenson whined high in his throat, thighs trembling as his mother worked him over.

Slowly, maddeningly, Karly dragged her tongue up his taint, leaving a wet trail in her wake. She nudged at his heavy ball-sac from underneath, lapping at the lightly furred skin. Drawing one testicle into her mouth, she rolled it around gently, feeling the weight of Jenson's virility on her tongue.

"Mom, please..." the boy begged, fisting his hands in the sheets. The dual pleasure of Karly's mouth on his ass and balls was almost too much to bear.

Karly released his drool-slicked sac with a lewd slurp, moving to lave its twin. She sucked and massaged Jenson's fat balls, occasionally grazing the delicate orbs with her teeth. His sack pulled up tight to his body as she worked him ruthlessly, his orgasm building to a crest.

Popping off, Karly gripped the base of Jenson's straining cock, staving off his impending climax. "Not yet, baby," she purred, giving him a few soothing pumps. "Mommy's not done playing with you."

Jenson groaned in frustration but submitted to her will, his raging hard-on throbbing in her grip. Karly continued her sensual assault, licking a slow stripe up his shaft from root to tip. She traced the ridge of his swollen head, dipping into his leaking slit to scoop up the pearl of pre-cum gathered there.

"Mmmm, you taste so fucking yummy," Karly moaned, savoring the salty-sweet essence of her son's arousal. "My perfect boy, so big and hard for his mom."

She took him into her mouth again, relaxing her throat to swallow him to the root. Jenson cried out sharply as Karly began to bob her head, sucking him with loud, sloppy enthusiasm. Her plump lips stretched obscenely around his girth, slick with spit and pre-cum. Her other hand wrapped around the thick root of his cock, squeezing and massaging the pulsing base.

With expert finesse, the pregnant MILF pumped her fist up and down his shaft in time with the bobbing of her head, meeting the tight ring of her plunging lips on every stroke. Inside the hot cavern of her mouth, her tongue battled feverishly against the broad head of Jenson's cock, lashing the sensitive underside and probing his weeping slit.

She felt him throb and twitch against her palate, growing impossibly harder. Karly groaned around her mouthful, the vibrations making Jenson buck up into her face. His musky pheromone scent filled her nostrils as her lips met her pumping fist again and again, lewd wet slurps and muffled gags filling the room.

Jenson's guttural moans spurred Karly on as she worked his cock like it was her sole purpose in life. She could feel every ridge and vein sliding against her tongue, could taste the copious pre-drool leaking steadily now. He was close, his swollen sac drawing up tight and pulsing against her chin.

Her fingers moved faster over her clit, rubbing frantic circles around the throbbing nub. Fresh cream gushed from her cunt to coat her digits, the wet squelch obscene in the otherwise quiet room. Karly was lost to the pleasure, utterly focused on bringing them both to a mind-bending peak.

She felt the tension coiling tighter in her son's body, his thigh muscles clenching and flexing under her splayed hands. Karly doubled her efforts, taking him so deep that his pubic bone mashed against her nose.

"Ugh, damn!" Jenson choked out, grabbing her hair and holding her head to his cock-base. "Such a good cocksucker."

Karly swallowed convulsively around the broad head lodged in her throat, massaging the pulsing flesh.

"Fuck Mom, gonna cum!" Jenson bit out through clenched teeth, fisting his hands in her hair. His abs tensed and quivered, his cock jerking wildly between her lips. "Swallow it, take it all down your throat!"

With a muffled cry, Karly shoved two fingers knuckle-deep into her clenching pussy just as Jenson exploded with a hoarse grunt. Thick, creamy ropes of cum jetted across her tongue, pumping into her eagerly sucking mouth. She gulped and swallowed frantically, working her throat to milk him of every drop.

The feeling of Jenson's hot seed flooding her mouth, marking her insides, pushed Karly over the edge. Her pussy pulsed almost violently around her plunging fingers, a fresh gush of girl-honey squirting out to soak the sheets. She came with a desperate, garbled moan, Jenson's still spurting cock muffling the sound.

Without giving her boy's still pulsating cock a chance to soften, Karly released him from her mouth with a gasp and frantically clambered up his body, drooping tits bobbling around his face. She positioned herself above his slick, straining erection. Her swollen pussy lips kissed the broad head, smearing it with her creamy arousal.

"Need your cock," Karly panted desperately, reaching between their bodies to notch him at her entrance.

The wide-eyed teen stared down his torso and watched his mom plow his fleshy glans through the seam of her slit and across her swollen

nubbin. Lubricating juices dripped from her pinkish-purple flanges coating his meaty stalk in a sheen of fuck-oil.

"Need you to fill me up one last time before I give birth to our baby." With those words, Karly sank down on Jenson's thick shaft in one smooth motion, taking him to the hilt. They both cried out at the incredible sensation of his hard length splitting her open, stretching her fluttering baby-chute.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Jenson groaned, hands flying to grip her undulating hips as she began to ride him with wild abandon. "So fucking tight and wet. Gonna make me bust again already."

Karly braced her hands on Jenson's sweat-slicked chest and used the leverage to bounce on his cock feverishly, the fatty meat of her ass rippling as it beat on his thighs. Her gargantuan breasts swung and jiggled with the force of her movements, milk spraying from her elongated nipples. Jenson watched in awe as the heavy globes danced before his eyes, his mother's massively pregnant belly heaving and rippling above him.

She looked like a fertility goddess, an avatar of pure feminine sexual power. Swollen with a baby, tits engorged with milk, juices gushing around the teenage spike that was impaling her - Karly was the walking embodiment of every hot-blooded male's deepest, darkest breeding fantasies. And she was all his.

"That's it, baby, stuff Mommy full of your big dick," Karly panted, head thrown back in ecstasy as she rode him harder, faster. The obscene slap of her ass against his thighs filled the room. "Ungh, you feel so fucking good! Stretching my pregnant pussy so wide open."

Jenson palmed the heavy cheeks of her bouncing buttocks, pulling them apart lewdly. His thumb found her slick, puckered rosebud and circled it teasingly, making Karly gasp and clench around him.

"Fuck yeah, play with my asshole," she mewled, grinding her clit against his pubic bone.

Jenson smirked up at his mother as she writhed wantonly on his cock, feeling a surge of masculine pride. With one powerful orgasm already milked from his balls, he knew he could last much longer this round. Long enough to thoroughly wreck Karly's birth-swollen cunt, pounding her with tireless teenage virility until she was screaming his name. Maybe even long enough to fuck their baby right out of her ripe body, triggering her labor with the relentless battering of his cock-head against her cervix.

The thought made the teen's cock swell impossibly thicker and harder inside Karly's slick channel, stretching her to the brink.

"Fuck," he choked out, feeling the ring of her secretion-coated cervical head glide and pucker over his bell-tip like a set of hot, slippery lips.

"Gonna ruin this pregnant pussy," he growled, snapping his hips up to meet her downward thrusts with brutal force. "Pound it so hard you'll be feeling me for days. Might even make you pop out my kid with how deep I'm gonna shove my cock in your cunt."

Karly keened at the filthy words, clenching wildly around Jenson's pummeling shaft. "Yes! Oh god baby, do it!" she babbled mindlessly, bouncing on him like her life depended on it. "Fuck our baby out of me, ram that big dick against my cervix until your son comes shooting into the world! Ohhhh FUCK!"

Jenson snarled, seizing Karly's hips in a bruising grip as he began to power up into her at a furious pace. The headboard slammed rhythmically into the wall as he hammered her swollen cunt without mercy, grunting with the effort.

"Oh honey, you're so hard," the mother purred, her eyes rolling back in bliss as she put more pressure on her son's jutting cock-flesh. His

erection was as hard as a steel bar and powerfully anchored at its base with tendons and sinew, allowing her to work her cunt on his teenage baby-maker with the kinds of thrusts and grinds that had her seeing stars.

Karly's massive belly and tits quaked violently above him, milk spraying everywhere as she was fucked within an inch of her life.

"Ungh yes, fuck me harder!" Karly cried, her voice raw with pleasure. "No prissy little cheerleader could ever take your huge cock like this, balls deep in her tight MILF cunt! She'd snap in half trying to handle all this prime teenage meat!"

Jenson groaned, his mother's nasty words spurring him on. He slammed into her clenching pussy at a breakneck pace, determined to prove her right.

"That's right baby, only Mommy can milk this long fat dick properly," Karly panted, grinding her blood-swollen clit against Jenson's pubic bone. "Not your slutty grandma, and definitely not some inexperienced little twig in a miniskirt. Mommy's cunt was made to stretch around your big cock, to gush all over it while you pound me through the mattress."

Jenson grunted savagely, seizing his mother's hips as he rutted up into her like a wild animal. The heavy slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely through the room. Karly's giant belly and milk-laden tits bounced wildly above him, the force of his thrusts nearly making her teeth rattle.

"Ooh, I can take it rougher than any of those little girls," Karly gasped, undulating her hips to meet Jenson's brutal pace. "Go ahead and wreck my pregnant pussy, baby. Rearrange my womb with that massive teenage cock until I can't remember my own name. Fucking ruin me for everyone else!"

Jenson snarled, flipping them over abruptly so that Karly was pinned beneath him, her legs hitched high around his pumping hips. He loomed

over her, sweat dripping down his flexing abs and chest as he hammered into her swollen cunt relentlessly.

“Damn, those tits!” he exclaimed, watching her sweat and milk-sheened boobs roll on her chest like a pair of oversized watermelons.

"No one can satisfy me like you can," Karly babbled deliriously, clawing at Jenson's pumping ass. "Ungh, not your dad with his dinky little pencil dick. He could never fill me up so good, make me scream on his cock for hours."

Jenson growled his agreement, the bed frame creaking ominously under their wild coupling. He bent his mom practically in half, folding her massive belly up to her heaving tits as he sought an even deeper angle.

"Oooh fuck, right there!" Karly wailed, seeing stars as Jenson's cock head pummeled her G-spot. The spongy bundle of nerves was even more prominent due to the increased blood flow of her pregnancy. Her juices gushed out to soak his balls and steam down her ass crack. "Gonna cum all over that big perfect dick, paint it with my cream!"

The mother's back bowed from the bed, the veins and tendons in her neck straining as she let out an ear-piercing scream. Girl-cum splattered out from between their smacking crotches like a broken faucet.

Clinging to her gravid frame, suspended off the mattress, Jenson gave her a series of savage, womb-crushing thrusts – the tightly-clenched tube of her vagina causing increased friction on the tingly meat of his penis.

Karly and Jenson were lost to a primal, ravenous rhythm, their sweat-slicked bodies slamming together with violent intensity for a relentless eternity. The crude slap of the boy's heavy, cum-laden balls beating against his mother's taint punctuated her keening wails and urgent demands for "More, harder, deeper!" as Jenson's thick teenage cock split her open again and again, the engorged head pummeling her cervix like a battering ram.

For nearly twenty solid minutes, Jenson rutted into Karly's birth-swollen cunt like a machine, his lean hips working with single-minded purpose as he took her to heights of ecstasy she had never dreamed possible.

The pregnant MILF thrashed and bucked beneath him, head thrashing on the pillow as she climaxed over and over on her son's relentlessly pounding cock, female ejaculate gushing from her hungry slit to soak the sheets.

"Gonna...fucking...breed you all over again!" Jenson snarled savagely between clenched teeth, sweat dripping down his straining back as he sought to penetrate his mom as deeply as physically possible with each grinding thrust. "Pump you...full of my cum...until you burst!"

Karly could only moan and babble incoherently in response, too far gone in the throes of mind-melting pleasure to formulate words. Her pussy clenched and rippled wildly around the thick, veiny intrusion stretching her open, walls fluttering to milk Jenson's raging cock for all he was worth.

Just as Karly was cresting the peak of what had to be her tenth shattering orgasm, she felt a sudden gush of hot fluid burst from deep inside her core, soaking Jenson's pelvis and thighs. For a delirious moment, she thought she had simply squirted an exceptionally large amount of ejaculate - but then she registered the different consistency, more watery than her usual thick cream.

"Oh my god!" Karly gasped, eyes flying wide open as realization struck. "Jenson, I think my water just broke!"

The boy froze above her, his expression one of shock and awe. But then a wicked, triumphant grin spread across his face and he resumed his relentless pounding, angling to grind the head of his cock directly against Karly's fluttering cervix with each pass.

"Fuck yes!" Jenson growled, fingers digging into the meat of his mother's ass as he rutted into her like a boy possessed. The feeling of her amniotic fluid gushing out to bathe his cock and balls was the most intensely erotic thing he had ever experienced.

With a desperate groan, the teen hammered his hips forward, the broad head of his cock seeking entrance to Karly's ripened cervix. The small ring of muscle, already softening and unfurling in early labor, was no match for the relentless battering of her son's engorged cock.

As Jenson pummeled into her with savage intensity, Karly felt a sudden sharp pressure, followed by a pop and stretch as the tip of his manhood forced its way past her dilating cervical rim. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever experienced - an almost unbearable fullness and burn as her innermost entrance parted around Jenson's invading cockhead.

"Oh my god!" Karly wailed, thrashing beneath the weight of her son's rutting body. She could feel him breaching her, spearing into her very core, in a way that transcended typical penetration. It was like he was trying to crawl back into the womb from whence he came, to meld their flesh into one.

Jenson grunted savagely as Karly's cervix squeezed and fluttered around the tip of his cock, the muscular ring clenching him like a hot, slick fist. It felt like her body was trying to suck him in, to milk the cum directly from his balls into her ripening womb. The pressure and friction against his most sensitive flesh was excruciatingly exquisite, like something he knew not many guys his age would get to experience.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of penetrating his mother so deeply and intimately, feeling her labor progressing around his hammering manhood, Jenson felt his orgasm explode out of him like a bomb. His cock jerked and pulsed as it unleashed a torrential flood of semen

directly into Karly's dilated cervix, the head still lodged past the thick, mucus-coated lip of her cervical entrance.

Karly screamed as she felt the first scalding blast of her son's release jet against her tender cervical walls, painting them with his virile seed. Her own passage undulated wildly, greedily as it worked to suck his erupting cock deeper, to draw out every drop of his potent essence. The sensation of her son ejaculating directly into her womb sent Karly hurtling into the most intense climax of her life, her entire being seeming to splinter into a million shards of ecstasy.

For several mindless minutes, they shuddered and jerked in a mindless mass of sweaty flesh as if passing the blissful orgasm back and forth between each other's bodies.

Jenson finally collapsed on top of her, gasping and trembling in the aftermath of his massive ejaculation. His softening cock slipped free of Karly's clasp sheath with a gush of combined fluids - lubrication, semen, and amniotic fluid leaking out to soak the sheets.

For several long moments, the only sound was their labored breathing as mother and son lay tangled together, pulses gradually slowing. But then Karly felt it - the first true contraction rippling through her exhausted uterus, squeezing her already tender internal muscles. She gasped, hands flying to her rock-hard belly as the contraction built in intensity before gradually ebbing.

"It's really happening," Karly panted, eyes wide with a mix of excitement and trepidation. "Our baby is coming, honey... ready or not."

Jenson leapt into action, helping his mother off the bed and throwing on clothes haphazardly. "We need to get you to the hospital right away! I'll drive."

Karly nodded, wincing as another contraction seized her. She quickly pulled on a loose dress, not bothering with underwear. Fluids continued to trickle down her thighs as Jenson ushered her out to the car.

The drive to the hospital was tense, Karly panting and moaning in the passenger seat as the contractions grew more intense. Jenson gripped the steering wheel tightly, equal parts thrilled and terrified that the moment had finally arrived.

They made it to the maternity ward in record time. The nurses whisked Karly away, leaving Jenson to pace the waiting room anxiously. He called his dad to let him know Karly had gone into labor, but the traffic from the office would delay his arrival by at least an hour.

Connie burst into the waiting room a short while later, tits bouncing beneath her dress and her face flushed with excitement. "I came as soon as I heard! Is there any news?"

Jenson shook his head, running an agitated hand through his hair. "Nothing yet. They're still checking her progress."

Connie enveloped her grandson in a comforting hug, pulling his head against her massive, pillowy breasts. "Don't worry sweetheart, your mother is strong. She'll bring your little one into the world safe and sound, I just know it."

Jenson exhaled shakily, letting himself melt into his grandmother's soothing embrace. The warm softness of her huge bosom and the steady thrum of her heartbeat gradually calmed his frayed nerves. They settled into the hard plastic chairs to wait, Connie holding Jenson's hand reassuringly.

After what felt like an eternity, a beaming nurse emerged from the double doors. "Karly Albertson's family?" she called out.

Jenson and Connie leapt to their feet, rushing over. "Is she okay? How's the baby?" Jenson asked breathlessly.

The nurse smiled warmly at him. "Congratulations! You have a healthy baby boy. Mom is doing great, she delivered like a champ. Would you like to meet your son?"

The nurse gave him a sly wink, as if she knew exactly who the true father was. Jenson didn't question it, too anxious to lay eyes on his child. He followed her down the sterile hallway in a daze, Connie hurrying behind them.

When they entered the birthing suite, the sight that greeted Jenson made his breath catch. There was Karly, propped up in the hospital bed looking exhausted but radiant. And nestled at her giant breast, suckling hungrily, was a tiny bundle of perfection.

Jenson approached the bed slowly, drinking in every detail of his newborn son. The wispy tuft of dark hair, the rosebud mouth working feverishly at Karly's fat nipple, the impossibly small fingers curled against her flesh.

"He's beautiful," Jenson whispered hoarsely, eyes stinging with tears. "Absolutely perfect."

Karly smiled up at him tiredly but with pure joy. "He looks just like you did as a baby. He even has your nose and chin."

Jenson reached out a trembling hand, gently tracing the curve of his son's downy cheek. The infant turned instinctively into his touch, making Jenson's heart clench with fierce love and protectiveness.

Connie wrapped an arm around Jenson from behind, pulling him back against her massive, soft breasts. "Oh, what a little darling," she cooed, peering over his shoulder at the nursing babe. "Grandbaby number eight! I'm so happy."

She nuzzled into Jenson's neck, her voice lowering to a purr so only the three of them could hear. "Seeing you with a child of your own loins...mmm, it makes me want one too. A precious baby growing in my

belly, suckled at my breast. What do you say, stud? Wanna put a bun in your grandma's oven?"

Jenson gulped audibly, his pulse quickening at the thought of impregnating his buxom grandmother. He glanced over at Karly, an unspoken question in his eyes, but she just grinned at him knowingly.

"Don't look at me, stud. I'll be stuck in this hospital bed for at least two days recovering. Which means you and your grandma will have the bed all to yourselves..." Karly trailed off suggestively, arching a brow. "Plenty of time for some ravenous baby-breeding."

Connie let out a throaty chuckle, giving Jenson's earlobe a little nip. "You hear that, baby boy? Looks like Mommy just gave us the green light for some no-holds-barred baby making. I'm gonna fucking ravage you."

Jenson leaned down to give his mom a chaste peck on the lips, but she pouted up at him petulantly. "That's not a real kiss," she complained, voice husky.

Grabbing a fistful of his shirt, Karly tugged him closer until their mouths crashed together, lips instantly fusing into hungry, open ovals. Her tongue thrust past his teeth to plunder his mouth, tangling wetly with his own as Jenson groaned into the passionate lip-lock.

They made out sloppily for long moments, tongues dancing and twisting as soft sighs passed between them. Karly nibbled on her son's plump bottom lip before finally releasing him, both of them panting for air.

"Now that's a proper kiss," she declared with a satisfied smirk, eyes twinkling mischievously. Jenson just nodded dazedly, head still spinning from the intensity of the impromptu tongue-fucking his mother had just given him.

Connie tugged on his hand impatiently, her voice a sultry purr in his ear. "Come along now, stud. We have a baby to make. Let's leave your mom and the baby to bond while you shove a bun in this old oven."

She patted her flat stomach meaningfully, a wicked gleam in her eye as she all but dragged Jenson from the room. He threw one last glance over his shoulder at Karly, seeing her watching them go with a knowing grin.

As they walked to the elevator, Jenson glanced over at the massive globes of tit-flesh jiggling enticingly beneath Connie's low-cut dress as she tugged him impatiently down the hospital corridor, her gigantic cleavage on lewd display. The sheer size and heft of his grandmother's udders defied belief, the vast expanse of creamy skin barely contained by the thin, straining fabric.

His insides tingled with anticipation at the thought that he would soon be wedged between those enormous, pillowy orbs, his face smothered in their doughy abundance as he fucked her to climax after screaming climax.

His cock began to swell and throb just imagining being caged between his Gran's thick, powerful thighs, their naked bodies grinding together slickly as they rutted in a frenzy of incestuous baby making.

Connie seemed to sense the direction of his lusty thoughts, throwing him a knowing wink over her shoulder.

"Mmmm, I'm gonna make you a daddy again tonight, stud," she purred sultrily, her voice dripping with sinful promise. "Gonna fuck that big, virile cock until you pump me full to bursting with your potent baby batter. I want to feel your balls bust deep in my womb, over and over, painting my walls white with seed."

Jenson groaned at the raunchy dirty talk, his erection now tenting obscenely against his zipper. "Consider it done, Gran," he stated confidently.

She released his hand to reach down and boldly cup the rigid bulge of his erection through his jeans, giving it a firm squeeze. Jenson bit back a moan, his hips flexing into her touch involuntarily.

Connie grinned wickedly, fondling him a moment longer before withdrawing her hand and resuming their brisk pace.

"Such a fuck-stud," she praised, eyeing the prominent outline of his cock hungrily. "Barely done knocking up your mom and already raring to go again, ready to flood your grandma with spunk until a baby takes root. Mmmm, I can't wait to feel that monster stretching me wide, wrecking my hole so good!"

Jenson just whimpered in response, too worked up to form coherent words. His balls felt hot and heavy, aching with the need for release already. He couldn't believe how insatiable his cock was, how the taboo thrill of illicit sex with his female relatives made him feel like the perpetually horny teenager he was.

TO BE CONTINUED...

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 7



BY KLRXO

Mom's Taste Test – Part 7

By Klrxo

“I heard you had a pretty wild time with your Grandmother last night,” Karly purred, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she leaned over Jenson. He cradled their newborn, his chest swelling with pride and exhaustion. His father was still at work, so he'd stepped up to bring his exhausted but ecstatic mother home from the hospital.

Jenson raised an eyebrow. "What exactly did Gran tell you?"

His mother's crimson lips curled into a salacious grin, her manicured fingers toying with a strand of honey-blonde hair. "Oh, she was quite detailed," she purred, leaning closer until her perfume—vanilla and musk—enveloped him. "Said you fucked her like the Energizer Bunny on steroids, pounding her so hard she swore your thick, veiny cock was gonna dislodge the waiting egg right off her fallopian tube."

She threw her head back in throaty laughter, the column of her neck flushing pink with remembered pleasure.

“Gran wanted a baby,” he said, winking cockily, “so...I had to get my sperm-army in there and give her a baby.”

Jenson couldn't shake the memory of his grandmother's skilled cunt gripping his boner all night, her splayed flanges slapping wetly on his cock-base. The sound of their sweat-soaked bodies beating together in



Jenson couldn't shake the memory of his grandmother's skilled cunt gripping his boner all night, her splayed flanges slapping wetly on his cock-base.

rhythm with the headboard banging against the wall still rang in his ears. Her beautiful cries of pleasure had filled the room as he relentlessly pounded her seasoned pussy, flooding her welcoming womb with his potent seed.

Karly gazed down at her son like a flirty teenager, staring at him over the swell of her giant, milk-swollen tits that were stuffed inside her cashmere sweater. The fabric clung to her curves, outlining every voluptuous inch of her maternal figure. Her fat nipples, darkened from pregnancy and lactation, poked through the thin material like eager sentinels, betraying just how aroused the new mother was becoming.

"You sound so sure of yourself," she teased, her voice dropping to a husky whisper as she leaned closer. "Exactly how many loads of hot, potent cum did you shoot inside that fertile womb of hers?"

"I don't even remember to be honest," Jenson admitted, his cheeks flushing with pride as he recalled the marathon fuck-session. "I think it was like six or seven."

"Oh, is that all?" his mother teased, ruffling his thick, dark hair.

"Impressive, but that still doesn't beat OUR record."

She ran her tongue across her plump bottom lip, savoring the memory of that sweltering summer afternoon when she'd driven her son to that secluded overlook, the leather seats of her backseat sticking to their sweat-slicked bodies as they writhed together for hours.

"Remember how we soaked every inch of my backseat? The windows completely fogged while you made me come so many times I lost count—

my thighs were trembling for days afterward." She traced a manicured finger along his jawline. "And you, my virile boy—eight thick, creamy loads flooding my hungry womb, each one more powerful than the last. I still get wet just thinking about it."

Jenson's lips curled into a cocky smirk. "Yeah, you screamed so loud I thought your windows were gonna shatter," he boasted, his voice husky with remembered pleasure.

Karly's cheeks flushed crimson, the color spreading down her elegant neck to the swell of her cleavage. She slapped his muscular shoulder playfully.

"What did you expect?" she purred, leaning close enough that her warm breath tickled his ear. "The way you were hammering my G-spot with that thick cock of yours—I'm surprised the whole town didn't hear me coming apart."

Jenson's breath quivered as he recalled the exquisite sensation of her warm, viscous ejaculate cascading down the sensitive contours of his testicles. "God, Mom," he groaned, eyes half-lidded with remembered pleasure, "feeling your hot cream running down my ball-sac all day while your silky walls clenched around me—I swear I could feel every ripple, every pulse when you came."

Karly's voice dropped to a sultry whisper as she leaned in close to her son. "I can still hear those desperate little whimpers you made with your face buried in my cleavage," she purred, her manicured fingers tracing lazy patterns on his chest. "Your head completely smothered between my

big tits, gasping for air while I rode you like a wild woman, my hips grinding down mercilessly as wave after wave of pleasure tore through me. The way my body clenched around you when I came..." She bit her lower lip at the memory, her pupils dilating with desire.

Jenson's cheeks flushed crimson with arousal, a warm tingling sensation spreading from his face down to his chest. He glanced down at their newborn nestled in his arms, the baby's tiny rosebud mouth making soft suckling movements in sleep. "Is it just me," he asked, his voice dropping to a husky whisper, "or is it getting really hot in here?"

His mother's response was a melodious giggle that danced across her plump, glossy lips, her eyes sparkling with mischievous delight.

"We'd better behave ourselves," she whispered, "or I'll end up with baby number two growing inside me before this one's even crawling."

"But the process of making them is way too fun to stop," Jenson reminded her.

The mother's eyes darted nervously toward the hallway, even though her husband wasn't due home for another two hours. "I can't keep betraying your father like this—sneaking around behind his back while he works those long shifts."

"Mom," Jenson murmured, his voice husky with desire, "we've been doing this for a whole year without getting caught. Dad hasn't suspected a thing. What's the point in stopping now?"

Karly's pulse quickened as she locked eyes with her son. God, he was right. Their forbidden dance had become an addiction—each encounter more desperate than the last, each orgasm more earth-shattering. The thought of Tom's pathetic attempts at lovemaking now made her physically ill. How could she ever return to her husband's mediocre cock and fumbling caresses when Jenson had branded her from the inside out?

His magnificent cock had carved new neural pathways of pleasure in her brain, ruined her in ways she couldn't begin to articulate. She belonged to him now—body, soul, and womb.

"I brought something back from the hospital that I think you'll like," she teased, her fingers toying with the hem of her cashmere sweater. With deliberate slowness, she peeled the garment upward, revealing inch by tantalizing inch of her flushed skin.

Jenson's eyes widened, a breathless "Damn" escaping his lips as he beheld her lace-trimmed maternity bra, its reinforced cups struggling to contain the magnificent swell of her milk-heavy breasts. The creamy expanse of her tit-cleavage, veined with delicate blue tributaries and glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, spilled abundantly over the straining fabric.

Karly's lips curled into a knowing smile. "You haven't seen anything yet, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with promise. She reached behind her back with practiced fingers, unclasping the hooks of her straining bra with a soft snap.

Slowly, teasingly, she pulled the cups away, allowing her magnificent jugs to spill free. They hung heavy and pendulous, swollen to twice their normal size with sweet mother's milk, the pale flesh marbled with delicate blue veins beneath translucent skin.

Her areolas had transformed during pregnancy, expanding from dainty pink to dusky-brown discs that dominated the slopes of her breasts. Each was crowned with a nipple thick as a thumb, glistening with beads of pearly white liquid.

Jenson's eyes widened, his mouth forming a perfect 'O' of appreciation. "Uh, Mom," he stammered, his voice cracking, "your tits look... different."

Karly giggled, a musical sound that seemed to vibrate through her heaving chest. "My milk let down, honey," she explained, cupping her heavy breasts with both hands, the pearly droplets now streaming down her alabaster skin in rivulets that pooled at her navel. "They're completely engorged with sweet maternal nectar."

All Jenson could do was stare, his mouth suddenly desert-dry, and whisper "Holy shit" as his imagination ran wild with endless hours of intimate breastfeeding sessions ahead.

His mother's knowing eyes locked with his, her pupils dilating with unmistakable desire. "Let me put the baby in her crib," Karly suggested, her voice dropping to a throaty purr. "I can tell you're feeling a bit... hungry... just looking at these swollen milky treasures of mine."

"Let me put the baby in her crib," Karly suggested, her voice dropping to a throaty purr. "I can tell you're feeling a bit... hungry... just looking at these swollen milky treasures of mine."



Karly took the baby and sauntered out of his room to the nursery, her hips swaying hypnotically beneath the thin cotton shorts that clung to every curve of her voluptuous posterior.

Jenson couldn't tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing rhythm of her bodacious ass, the fabric stretching taut with each deliberate step. His lifelong fascination with full, mature breasts was about to reach new heights now that his mother's already impressive chest had transformed into milk-laden marvels, their veined heaviness promising a taboo feast he could barely wait to sample.

It had been nearly a year since the two began fucking, so he'd already enjoyed endless hours of sucking, licking, biting and motorboating his mom's udders—those pillowy, veined globes that yielded like warm dough beneath his eager lips and fingers. The phantom feel of his Gran's humongous rippling tits on his face was still fresh—how they'd smothered him in their pendulous weight, skin stretched taut and glistening with a fine sheen of sweat as they beat around his face all night.

But now his tit-play was about to transcend into uncharted territory—the sacred act of nursing directly from the source that was now nourishing his own offspring. He imagined the warm, sweet nectar flowing from his mother's swollen ducts, coating his tongue and sliding down his throat in rhythmic pulses that matched her heartbeat.

His mind raced with anticipation of how her pebbled areolas would feel against his lips—softer now, more pliable—as he suckled the very tits that

had once sustained his own life and now fed the new life he'd created with her.

Jenson knew that while he sucked, her experienced hands would work their magic below—those delicate fingers with their perfectly manicured nails tracing feather-light patterns before gripping with surprising strength. His heart skipped a beat as he imagined the changes childbirth had produced in her most intimate anatomy. Those pelvic muscles, now strengthened from the herculean effort of bringing new life into the world, would grip him like a velvet vise, milking every drop from him with rhythmic, involuntary contractions that would leave him gasping.

He knew the spongy ridges of her inner lining were more pronounced now, like velvet-covered speed bumps that would caress every vein and contour of his shaft with each thrust. The ring of her cervix—once a tightly closed door—had softened from childbirth into a welcoming, pillowy gateway, still slightly dilated from bringing new life into the world.

Jenson shuddered at the thought that this might allow him to push his swollen, purple glans right through that sacred threshold and erupt his scalding seed directly into her deepest chamber, where life itself began.

Karly's sultry voice snapped him from his trance. "Someone's anxious," she purred, her hungry gaze fixed on the prominent tubular-shaped bulge tenting his basketball shorts. A dark circle of pre-cum had soaked through the thin gray fabric, creating a glistening wet spot the size of a silver dollar.

"I guess I'm not the only one then," she continued with a knowing smile, her pink tongue darting out to moisten her full lips as she stepped into her son's bedroom.

The sight of his own mom quickly peeling those lacy thong panties off her glistening, swollen mound and voluptuous child-bearing hips, down her toned, tanned legs until her perfectly pedicured toes hooked the delicate fabric and flung them across the room with practiced confidence made his throbbing member swell to painful proportions beneath his shorts, the veins along its impressive length pulsing with each rapid heartbeat.

Jenson's breath caught in his throat, eyes widening as he beheld the puffy blushing folds between his mother's thighs - the darkened fissure visibly damp.

"Goddamn, Mom," he gasped, his voice cracking with desire. Her labia, flushed and swollen with arousal, parted slightly to reveal the hooded pearl of her grape-sized clitoris, engorged and peeking out invitingly.

The intoxicating scent of her—musky sweetness tinged with something primal—filled his nostrils, making his mouth water and his fingers tremble as he hurriedly shed his basketball shorts. His cock sprang free, thick and veined, the purple head already glistening with anticipation, bobbing heavily between his thighs.

The mother shouted "dogpile" with a girlish giggle that belied her mature body, her enormous milk-laden breasts flopping wildly as she launched herself through the air, descended upon her son's prone form.

Her engorged mammaries, veined and glistening with perspiration, collided with his face in a symphony of soft, wet slaps. Pearlescent droplets of sweet maternal nectar escaped from her distended nipples, creating intricate patterns of moisture across his flushed neck and broad shoulders.

Their hungry mouths sought and found each other with practiced precision, her full lips capturing his in a passionate seal as her supple limbs entwined around his muscular frame like a venus flytrap claiming its prey.

Jenson shuddered as he felt his mom's warm, milk-heavy tits slosh against his bare chest, the weight of them substantial and yielding. Her skin was feverishly hot against his, and droplets of nectar escaped from her rubbery teats with each movement, creating intricate rivulets that traced the contours of his pectoral muscles.

He had gotten pretty damn good at keeping up with his mom's passionate kissing technique, her tongue exploring his mouth with practiced confidence, the taste of her lipstick waxy and cherry-sweet on his lips.

Jenson's face lit up with a cocky grin as his mother's desperate whimper vibrated against his lips, her body trembling as she ground herself against him with increasing urgency.

The swollen, cherry-red nub of her clitoris—engorged and slick with arousal—dragged along the rigid length of his throbbing shaft, leaving a

glistening trail of her desire across the prominent veins that mapped his impressive manhood.

His pink cock-skin was pulled taut as a drumhead around blood-engorged columns, the veins tracing blue-purple highways along the shaft like rivers on a relief map. The crown flared proudly, its ridge defined and glistening with anticipation, while the entire impressive length stood at attention, throbbing in time with his quickened heartbeat—a testament to teenage virility, fully tumescent and primed for action.

The teenager snarled as she lifted her jutting tits from his chest, pearlescent droplets of milk dripping from her swollen, burgundy-hued teats onto his heaving torso. Up close, he could really see the intricate details of her post-natal boobs—the delicate blue veins mapping beneath translucent skin, the stretched areolas now the size of his hands, pebbled with goosebumps in the cool air.

"Jesus, Mom," his voice cracking with awe as her post-natal mammaries loomed before him like twin moons. The thought of those milk-swollen juggernauts slapping rhythmically against his face, leaving glistening trails of maternal nectar across his skin, sent visible tremors through his lean frame.

Rather than guide him inside, Karly swiveled her birthing hips in a hypnotic figure-eight motion, working her glistening, engorged pussy flanges along the rigid length of his throbbing shaft.

"You're dying to see what pushing out your baby did to me down there, aren't you?" she whispered hoarsely as she continued her torturous rhythm, the slick sounds of their connection filling the room.

Jenson gasped "Yes!" through parted lips, his Adam's apple bobbing with each ragged breath.

"The walls are more textured now," she purred, grinding her slick heat against his pulsing shaft without allowing entry, "like velvet ridges that'll grip every throbbing inch of you while you're buried inside mommy's special place."

She leaned in closer, her tits meeting his chest like warm, soft dough, her breath hot against his ear. "My body temperature is higher now," she whispered, her voice thick with promise. "You'll feel it the moment you push inside—like sliding into a hot spring."

"And these hormones," she continued, "they've made everything so much wetter, so much more responsive. Every ridge and fold is practically dripping, waiting to coat your shaft with slick heat that'll make you see stars."

The teenager gasped, his voice breaking with raw desperation. "Please, Mom," he begged, hips bucking involuntarily against her slick heat, "I need to be inside you now." His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips, trembling with restraint.

She pressed a manicured finger to his lips, her eyes glittering with mischievous control. "Not yet, baby," she purred, her eyes gleaming with maternal authority.

Her tongue—hot, slick, and impossibly agile—flickered like wet butterfly wings along the column of his neck, leaving a glistening trail of saliva that cooled against his feverish skin. The sensation sent electric currents racing down his spine, causing his hips to drive upwards with such force that he lifted their joined midsections completely off the sweat-dampened mattress, the muscles in his thighs and abdomen flexing visibly beneath his taut skin.

"My cervical ring is softer now, still slightly dilated from bringing your daughter into this world," she whispered against his quivering neck.

"With that magnificent length of yours, you might just push right through that sacred gateway."

His eyes widened, pupils blown with primal hunger at the forbidden possibility of penetrating her deepest chamber.

Karly leveraged her powerful post-partum hips—still limber from recent childbirth—to drive him back against the sweat-dampened sheets. Jenson instinctively countered with an upward thrust, creating a primal rhythm between them.

Their engorged sex organs melded together in a slick friction of flesh against flesh, her swollen, glistening labia enveloping the rigid base of his

veined shaft while her distended clitoris dragged against his knob. Each synchronized motion sent visible ripples across her milk-heavy breasts, their bodies locked in an ancient choreography of desire that transcended their taboo connection.

"Beg for it," the mother's shaky voice commanded, her voice thick with authority, "beg for mommy's pussy."

She continued her torturous rhythm, grinding her glistening, swollen labia up and down the rigid stalk of his throbbing manhood. Each deliberate stroke sent electric jolts through her engorged clitoris—now fully emerged from its protective hood like a glistening pearl—as it dragged against every prominent vein mapping his impressive shaft. Beads of their combined arousal trickled down his length, pooling at the base where a thin patch of pubes nestled against taut skin.

Jenson's voice cracked with desperation, his "Please, Mom" emerging as a ragged plea that hung in the humid air between them.

She continued her exquisite torture. "Tell me exactly what you want," she demanded, her manicured fingernails tracing teasing circles on his heaving chest. "Is it my hot, post-pregnant pussy, still swollen and sensitive from bringing your baby into this world?"

She cradled her swollen breast, the soft flesh spilling between her fingers like rising dough.

“Is it my heavy, milk-filled tits that ache for your hungry mouth, baby? Or these lips,” she purred, brushing her tongue across her plump bottom lip, “that know exactly how to make you whimper?”

“I want it all,” he gasped, his voice breaking with adolescent need.

His mother reached down with practiced fingers, her manicured nails lightly scraping his sensitive flesh as she notched the swollen, purple-hued knob of his throbbing cock at her entrance. The initial contact of his engorged crown against her slick, petal-like folds sent electric currents racing up his spine.

“I LOVE fucking you,” she hissed, releasing his prick.

With a downward drive of her powerful, child-bearing hips, she impaled herself on his rigid length, sending his teenage boner plunging through the tight, corrugated sheath of her baby-chute. The velvet-textured walls gripped him like a vise, making them both groan from the exquisite friction—his deep and guttural, hers high and keening.

“Oh my GOD!” Jenson grunted. His eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering uncontrollably as he felt the sensitive crown of his cock breach the tight, spongy bundle of ringed muscle guarding his mother's cervix.

The forbidden entrance yielded to his insistent pressure, then suddenly gave way, allowing his throbbing glans to nudge inside her very cervix. A warm, viscous fluid—different from her vaginal secretions—enveloped his

sensitive tip, coating it with slick, bubbly nectar that seemed to pulse directly from her deepest, most sacred chamber.

Karly threw her head back, platinum-blond hair cascading down her arched spine as she exclaimed breathlessly, "God, I've missed this!"

Her emerald eyes locked with her son's, both knowing it had only been forty-eight hours since they'd last coupled—in fact, her powerful orgasm during their pre-birth tryst had triggered her water breaking.

Now she executed a deliberately slow upward roll of her child-bearing hips, feeling every ridge of Jenson's veiny shaft retreat through her swollen, post-partum tissues. Her glistening inner walls clenched hungrily, squeezing together around his retreating crown until, with a sudden downward plunge, she impaled herself fully again.

The thick head of her son's throbbing manhood popped right back into her cervix, sending electric shivers through her milk-heavy breasts.

Jenson let out a soft "oh wow," his entire head sinking between her rippling tits as his mom clutched him like a rag doll. Her powerful thighs clenched around his narrow hips, and she began to savagely fuck him with jackhammer intensity—her pelvis slamming down with such force that the headboard cracked rhythmically against the wall.

"FUCK MEEEE!" her pretty voice cried out, her face contorted with primal hunger, eyes half-lidded and unfocused, as if possessed by some ancient fertility goddess starved for worship.

Inside Karly's mommy-cunt, a primal war of friction unfolded with each thrust. Her son's teenage cock—a rigid column of purple-veined flesh engorged with hot blood—pulsed against the rippling, corrugated walls of her experienced maternal passage. Her post-partum tissues, still swollen and hypersensitive from childbirth, gripped him like a silken vice.

Pearlescent secretions bubbled around his shaft as her powerful pelvic muscles contracted rhythmically, squeezing and milking his throbbing member with expert precision that only a mother's body could provide.

Luckily, the teenager had prepared his stamina for this maternal onslaught. Just three hours earlier, he'd emptied himself completely inside his grandmother's velvet embrace—her experienced body extracting a volcanic eruption that left him seeing stars. That strategic release now served him well, his teenage recovery powers already replenishing his reserves while eliminating any chance of embarrassing prematurity.

Now he could simply lie back, hands gripping his mother's undulating hips, and marvel as his mom's hormone charged body chased release after release.

Besides, he had business to attend to with those giant, milk-filled mammaries that hung pendulously on either side of his face. He sighed in wonder as he began to kiss and lick the delicate blue veins mapping her

inner slopes, his ears picking up the gentle sloshing of the warm, sweet liquid contained within her taut, stretched skin.

The areolas had darkened since her pregnancy, spreading wider across the curved expanse of each breast, their bumpy texture evident under his exploring tongue.

He slowly worked his way to a jutting, leaky nipple and latched without hesitation, his eager lips forming a perfect seal around the center of the darkened areola. His face sank deep into the pillowy softness of her engorged melon, cheeks hollowing as he created a gentle vacuum.

The nipple, taut and sensitive, seemed to pulse against his tongue before releasing a warm, sweet flood that coated his palate with the rich, honeyed taste of maternal nectar.

The teen clenched his eyes closed tight as he felt his mom react to his tit-sucking, her velvet-walled cunt-tunnel contracting rhythmically around the throbbing meat of his cock.

Her back arched dramatically as she let out a primal cry that echoed off the bedroom walls. A sudden gush of hot liquid essence—clear and viscous like honey warmed in the sun—poured out around the root of his cock, saturating his taut sack and dripping down the sensitive skin between his nuts and thighs.



The teen clenched his eyes closed tight as he felt his mom react to his tit-sucking, her velvet-walled cunt-tunnel contracting rhythmically around the throbbing meat of his cock.

Her entire body convulsed in waves of pleasure, her powerful thighs quivering uncontrollably as she trembled atop him, her manicured nails digging half-moons into his shoulders.

Jenson's milk-drenched lips curled into a feral snarl of ecstasy, pearly droplets escaping from the corners of his mouth and trickling down his chin. His senses overloaded from the dual assault—his face engulfed in the pillowy warmth of his mother's heaving breast, her sweet, honeyed nectar coating his tongue and throat, while simultaneously, her velvet-walled love-canal clenched and rippled around his granite-hard manhood.

Each powerful contraction of her maternal muscles sent shockwaves of pleasure from the sensitive crown of his cock straight through to his core, threatening to shatter his very being.

Karly gasped dreamily, a glistening rivulet of saliva escaping the corner of her parted lips as she ground herself against her son's rigid shaft. Her hips worked in frantic figure-eights, the slick, swollen folds of her post-partum sex gripping and releasing his thickness with each deliberate rotation.

The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room as she extracted wave after wave of pleasure from her over-sensitized nerve endings. She watched through half-lidded eyes as Jenson's attention remained fixed on her milk-heavy breasts, their dramatic new fullness shrouding his head completely—his distraction giving her the perfect

opportunity to selfishly chase the cascading orgasms her body had been denied during those endless forty-eight hours of separation.

As the teenager continued to feast on his mother's engorged breasts, lapping up her warm, sweet nectar, Karly's orgasms mounted one after another, each more powerful than the last. Her hips writhed and undulated in a primal dance of carnal desire, her swollen pussy-lips clamping down on her son's tirelessly rigid cock with such force that he feared he might be milked dry. But his teenage vigor was relentless, and he knew he could satisfy her insatiable needs and more.

With each suckle and lick of her enlarged nipples, ecstasy coursed through Karly's spine, traveling down to her core where it detonated like a nuclear bomb. Jets of her honeyed nectar erupted from her depths, soaking the bed beneath them and drenching her son's entire length in her hot, viscous release.

Time seemed to warp and bend under the weight of their shared passion, until they were nothing but a tangle of sweat-soaked limbs and animalistic moans, lost in the throes of carnal pleasure.

When at last her spasms subsided, Karly collapsed in exhaustion, her voluptuous chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. Her eyes were glassy with desire, her flushed face a testament to the physical exertion she'd just endured.

"Oh... Jenson... that was... incredible," she panted, her voice reduced to a whisper.

Jenson, still hard and aching, could only manage a grunt of agreement as he let go of her milk-heavy tits, his lips glistening with her essence. His cock, though slick with her juices, remained as hard as ever, throbbing between his legs as if demanding more attention. He was not yet spent, and by the look in his eyes, he knew she could tell.

Karly gazed at him with half-lidded eyes, her voice a breathless whisper as she asked, "How do you want me, baby?"

Jenson's anxious grin spread across his flushed face as he managed to stammer out, "doggy style!"

Without hesitation, Karly rolled onto her hands and knees, arching her back in a practiced motion that made her spine dip and her rounded buttocks rise invitingly. Her heavy, milk-swollen breasts swung pendulously beneath her, droplets of pearly liquid beading at her darkened nipples as they dangled toward the rumpled sheets.

Jenson always felt like a dog mounting its bitch from behind this way, notching the swollen, purple knob of his prick into her glistening entrance and sinking inch by inch into her velvet heat.

He set a punishing pace from the start, his hips pumping with mechanical precision, and she threw her rippling, cream-colored ass back

with equal vigor, the rounded globes of her buttocks making a wet, rhythmic slapping sound as they collided against his taut midsection.

"Slap my fucking ass," Karly commanded, her voice a ragged whisper that broke into a moan as he continued to drive into her from behind. Her milk-heavy breasts swung pendulously beneath her with each powerful thrust, droplets of pearly liquid spattering the sheets below.

Jenson raised his palm and brought it down hard against her right cheek, leaving a perfect crimson handprint blooming across her pale flesh. The impact sent ripples across her thick, maternal booty, and she rewarded him with a high-pitched squeal that inflamed his desire.

Again and again his hand connected with her quivering flesh, each strike more possessive than the last, until her ass glowed a deep, angry red against the dim light of Jenson's bedroom.

The teenager swelled with pride as he looked down to see his powerful, glistening cock—veins bulging along its impressive length like rivers on a topographical map—gliding in and out of her body with hypnotic rhythm. The sensation of her softened cervical ring gripping and releasing his swollen purple glans on every inward plunge was mind-blowing, sending electric currents up his spine and making his heavy, cum-filled balls begin to tingle with the unmistakable pressure of approaching release.

"FUCK ME HARDER!" Karly's voice cracked, her words dissolving into guttural moans that seemed to emanate from somewhere primal within.

He set a punishing pace from the start, his hips pumping with mechanical precision, and she threw her rippling, cream-colored ass back with equal vigor, the rounded globes of her buttocks making a wet, rhythmic slapping sound as they collided against his taut midsection.



She was clearly teetering on the precipice of ecstasy once again, her voluptuous ass-cheeks jiggling with each impact as she slammed herself backward against his sweat-slicked torso.

Her manicured fingers frantically worked circles around her swollen, glistening clit, the sensitive bud engorged with desire.

Jenson watched, mesmerized by the hypnotic rhythm of their joining, silently calculating that she'd experienced at least a dozen earth-shattering climaxes during their marathon session. Now, judging by her quickening breath and the telltale trembling of her thighs, she was careening toward another explosive release—and the tightening in his balls told him he wasn't far behind.

Karly's eyes rolled back as a stream of obscenities erupted from her trembling lips—"Oh fuck, oh FUCK, holy fucking Christ!"—her voice cracking into a primal wail as her entire body convulsed. Her swollen pussy clamped down with vice-like intensity around her son's throbbing shaft, rhythmic contractions rippling along his length as another violent orgasm tore through her quivering frame.

Her climax triggered his own release, her inner walls clenching around him like a silken vise. After a series of desperate, juicy pumps that filled the room with obscene squelching sounds, he drove forward with primal

force, his cockhead breaching her yielding cervix. With a guttural roar, he erupted inside her, thick ropes of hot, pearly seed.

Inside the deepest, most sacred hollow of Karly's maternal channel, the muscled ringed tissue of her cervical os—pink and pulsating like a sea anemone—contracted with rhythmic precision around the sensitive neck of her son's glans. The tight circular grip caused his already-swollen purple knob to balloon further, stretching her innermost gateway as his hot, pearlescent seed erupted directly into her waiting womb.

Her pelvic floor muscles undulated rhythmically, executing a primal milking motion that squeezed and released around the boy's thickly veined stalk. Her swollen urethra bulged visibly against his heavy, wedged testicles, which were drawn tight against his body from arousal.

A guttural moan escaped her lips as her opening let out a wet, obscene squelch—warm, viscous girl-cum erupting in forceful jets, splashing against their joined bodies and spattering outward between their quivering, feverish flesh.

After several minutes of trembling out the remainder of their mutual climaxes, they collapsed side by side on the sweat-soaked sheets, their heaving bodies flushed crimson and glistening with perspiration.

Karly's heavy, milk-engorged breasts spilled outward as she lay on her back, rivulets of pearly white liquid still trickling from her darkened nipples and pooling beneath her on the already-ruined mattress.

Beside her, Jenson's semi-hard cock lay against his thigh, still twitching occasionally, the thick shaft and swollen head glazed with the viscous, translucent evidence of his mother's multiple orgasms.

Karly's older sister Amanda gasped audibly from the doorway, her manicured fingers flying to cover her gaping mouth, eyes widening to perfect circles as she stood frozen beside her voluptuous 24-year-old daughter Reese.

Unlike her shocked mother, Reese's full lips curled into a delightful smile, her emerald eyes gleaming with unmistakable interest as they raked over the tangled, sweat-slicked bodies on the bed.

Karly and Jenson jolted upright, their post-orgasmic haze shattered by the intrusion.

"I—I can't believe what I'm seeing," Amanda stammered, her voice trembling with either outrage or excitement—it was impossible to tell which.

"Jesus, sis, don't you know how to fucking knock?" Karly asked as she lunged for the rumpled cotton sheet, yanking it over their naked forms, though not before Reese caught a final glimpse of Jenson's still-impressive manhood glistening with their combined fluids.

"They're fucking, Mom!" she exclaimed, her voice breathy with fascination. "Aunt Karly's letting her own son raw-dog her baby-maker."



She ran her manicured fingers through her cascading auburn hair, cheeks flushing pink. "Holy fuck, that's hot as balls!"

"Reese, it's incest!" Amanda exclaimed.

Her daughter rolled her eyes. "Bitch, please," she snorted, "like half the dudes I know are raw-dogging their moms' cunts these days—it's trending harder than those stupid-ass TikTok dances."

Amanda shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, her gaze darting everywhere except at the bed. "We, um, came by to see the baby," she stammered, voice cracking. "I suppose we should have called first."

Then her face drained of color as realization dawned, her eyes widening with horrified comprehension. She glanced from her sister to her nephew and back again, lips parting soundlessly.

Before Amanda could recover, Reese leaned forward eagerly, her perfectly glossed lips parting to reveal gleaming white teeth. "Wait—did Jenson knock you up, Aunt Karly?" she asked, her voice rising with excitement. "Holy shit balls, that's fucking lit! Your own son raw-dogged a baby into you!"

Amanda's face contorted with maternal horror as she grabbed her daughter's bare shoulder. "Reese! That is quite enough!" she hissed. Reese merely tossed her glossy auburn hair and leaned forward, her heavy breasts straining against her low-cut blouse as she fixed Jenson with a predatory gaze. "So what's it like when your mom's pussy is squeezing your dick, cuz?" she asked, voice husky as she licked her lips. "Bet that MILF snatch feels bomb as fuck. I swear, when I pop out a boy someday, I'm gonna ride that motherfucker raw soon as he's legal!"

Amanda's face tightened with maternal horror as she crossed her arms over her ample chest. "And what would Derek think about this little

fantasy of yours?" she demanded, her voice quavering slightly. "You've only been married a year."

Reese rolled her eyes dramatically, one manicured hand settling on her cocked hip while the other flicked dismissively through the air. "Mom, for real?" she scoffed, her glossy lips curling into a condescending smirk. "Husbands don't get to know when you're raw-dogging some side dick. That's literally why it's called fucking around behind their backs."

Her emerald eyes gleamed as they slid back to Karly, who was still clutching the sheet against her flushed skin. "I'm guessing Uncle Tom has no fucking clue his wife's getting dicked hard by his own son... am I right, Aunt Karly?"

Karly's face flushed crimson as she shook her head, the sheet clutched tightly beneath her chin. "No, Tom doesn't know," she whispered, voice barely audible, "and I'd like to keep it that way."

Reese squealed, her eyes bulging with wicked glee. "Holy shit-balls! Uncle Tom's busting his ass at work while wifey's getting her womb rearranged by his jacked son's monster dong! That's savage as fuck, and I'm SO wet for it!"

"REESE!" her mother shouted, shaking her head.

Reese ignored her mother and leaned forward, pushing her fat tits together between her forearms. "So Aunt Karly, do you ever tongue-fuck your hubby when he gets home?" she asked, voice dropping to a dirty

whisper. "With your son's jizz still sloshing around in your cock-hungry mouth?"

"Reese! That's completely inappropriate!" Amanda gasped. "Enough of this filthy talk."

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Mom," Reese snorted, leaning forward with her glossy dick-sucking lips curled into a smirk. "Like you've never finger-blasted your sloppy cooch thinking about that cute eighteen-year-old next door while Dad's busting his balls at work."

Amanda's mouth opened and shut like a landed fish, her denial withering to a barely audible Her eyes darted to the corner of the room and her fingers fluttered nervously at her collar, silently confessing what her words attempted to deny.

"Eighteen-year-old dudes are walking boners with legs," Reese joked. "Their dicks are harder than calculus and they're down to fuck 24/7. That's literally what evolution made them for—to raw-dog anything with a pulse and dump their baby batter wherever it'll take."

She whipped around to face her aunt, eyes gleaming like she'd just spotted fresh dick. "Ain't that the truth, Aunt Karly? Teen boys are basically cum factories with a pulse, am I right?"

Karly's flushed face and parted lips betrayed her agreement before she could even nod.

Amanda's face tightened with maternal concern as she remembered that her and Karly mother was living with them. "Where is Mother during all this?" she demanded.

Her stiletto heels clicking sharply against the hardwood as she marched down the hallway toward Connie's bedroom.

The door swung open with a creak, revealing rumpled cotton sheets. Dark, crusty cum-stains spattered the once-pristine bedding like abstract art. Amanda's manicured hand flew to cover her nose as the unmistakable musk of stale semen and feminine arousal assaulted her senses, mingling with the lingering scent of Connie's signature jasmine perfume.

Reese's jaw dropped, her glossy lips forming a perfect O. "Holy motherfucking shit-nuggets! This stud's been clapping Granny's cheeks too!" she shrieked, her eyes bulging as she scanned the cum-stained sheets. "Looks like he's been raw-dogging that GILF coochie and blasting rope all over the damn place!"

Jenson and Karly emerged in the hallway, their naked bodies hastily wrapped in cream-colored sheets that clung to their still-damp skin. Karly's flushed face was framed by disheveled blonde hair as she clutched the thin fabric to her heaving breasts.

"Maybe we should all sit down in the living room," she suggested, her voice trembling slightly. "I can explain everything."

Reese's eyes locked onto the massive bulge tenting Jenson's sheet, the fabric darkening where his dick was leaking pre-cum. "Holy cunt-hammer, that's a grade-A meat you're packing, cuz," she purred, licking her glossy lips like a cat in heat. "Bet you're drowning in gash with that monster dong!"

They moved to the living room and Connie returned part-way through their discussion, her silver-streaked blonde hair freshly styled and her crimson lips slightly swollen.

Karly, still clutching the sheet around her big tits, explained that their affair had started innocently—she'd merely been taste-testing Jenson's thick, pearly sperm on her tongue, rolling it around her mouth to ensure it wasn't bitter.

"One thing just led to another," she whispered, her manicured fingers trembling against the cotton fabric.

Connie's heavily-lined eyes crinkled with amusement as she admitted she'd been riding Jenson's throbbing manhood on the regular, ever since moving into their guest bedroom after her husband's death.

Reese's eyes lit up like she'd just spotted a viral TikTok opportunity. "So like, have you two ever double-teamed his dick?" she blurted. "You know, like, spit-roasted him or whatever? Had him clapping both your cheeks in the same night?"

"For God's sake, Reese!" Amanda hissed through clenched teeth.

Reese merely tossed her glossy auburn hair, her emerald eyes rolling dramatically. "Mom, you clearly don't know jack shit about teenage cock. A jacked stud like Jenson could rail both their sloppy holes till their legs give out and still have enough jizz left in those fat nuts to drown a small town."

The baby's cry pierced the air like a siren, instantly triggering a Pavlovian response in all three older women. Karly's sheet nearly slipped as she pivoted toward the nursery, Amanda's heels clicked double-time across the hardwood, and Connie's crimson lips pursed with concern as they rushed down the hallway.

Reese wasted no time sliding onto the couch beside Jenson, her manicured fingers tracing slow circles on his thigh, inching dangerously close to where the sheet tented. "So," she purred, her glossy lips curving into a predatory smile, "must be fuckin' lit havin' three generations of bomb-ass coochie thirstin' for that thick baby-maker, am I right?"

Jenson's eyebrows furrowed in confusion, his granite jawline tensing as he processed her words. "Third generation?" he asked. "I've only been with Mom and Gran."

Reese's emerald eyes went hungry-dark as she pressed in close enough for him to feel her hot breath on his neck. "Just 'cause I got some basic-ass wedding band don't mean shit," she whispered, her sticky lips grazing

his ear. "This bomb-ass married snatch is fuckin' desperate to get stretched by that thick-ass family dick."

Jenson gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing as he stared back at her with widening pupils. He'd always thought his cousin—six years his senior with that signature auburn hair that caught the light like polished copper—was smoking hot. She had those massive double-G family tits straining against her silk blouse and an ass that jutted out like a mahogany shelf, round and firm enough to balance a drink on.

He genuinely liked her husband Derek, a decent guy who'd always brought him Knicks tickets, but it was painfully obvious from the way Reese was gazing at him that she had a ravenous appetite for younger, harder dick.

"So tell me," she purred, her hot breath making his skin prickle, "you been munchin' on that mommy and granny box too, cousin? Bet you slurp those fat, swollen clits till they're shaking like a washing machine and squirting that tasty MILF cream all over your face."

Jenson could only blush—his answer clearly evident.

"You probably get off on how they taste, don't you?" Reese continued. "Sweet as fuck—and how they smell when they're soaked and begging for that girthy meat-stick to rail 'em stupid."

Jenson nodded. "Yeah, I love it," he admitted, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. "When they're all wet and swollen, tasting like honey..."

"And I bet you get rock-hard watching those bougie bitches' slutty mouths stretch the fuck out around that donkey dick," she purred, sliding her long, pierced tongue slowly across her bottom lip like a hungry python, the metal stud catching the light.

"Their fancy-ass mascara running down their faces while they're gagging and sputtering on that wrist-thick schlong, trying not to spill a single fucking drop when you bust that fat nut down their thirsty-ass throats."

"They ARE good at sucking dick," Jenson confessed, his cheeks blushing pink.

Reese giggled, a predatory sound that made his dick twitch beneath the thin sheet. "And having those baby-maker balls of yours licked and sucked too, right?" she purred, licking her glossy lips. "Bet your eyes roll back when they slobber all over those jizz-filled nuts while they're cranking that girthy fuck-stick till it's about to explode."

The teen could only nod, aroused by his older cousin's filthy mouth.

Reese dug her crimson acrylic nails into his muscular thigh, leaving crescent-moon indentations in his flesh. "I ain't your mommy," she growled, her sticky lips all up in his ear, "but I'd wreck you just as fuckin' hard. I'd bounce on that monster dong till your bed frame's busted as fuck, soaking those big-ass nuts with my sloppy wet married cooch. Two. Fucking. Hours." Each word came with a vise-grip squeeze. "None of that

weak hit-it-and-quit-it shit. I'd drain every last fuckin' drop outta those swollen balls, then go back for more.”

Jenson's hungry eyes crawled down her body like a physical touch, from those dainty bare feet with glossy black-lacquered toenails arched in six-inch black stilettos, up the strong, tanned expanse of her cheerleader legs that could crush watermelons between those powerful thighs, past the flared baby-bearing hips straining against her too-tight pencil skirt, to the magnificent, gravity-defying swell of her double-H tits threatening to burst through pearl buttons that looked ready to surrender at any moment.

He imagined the two of them in a sweaty, primal rut, her stilettos abandoned on his bedroom floor, her powerful cheerleader legs fastened around his granite-hard torso like a vise grip, her glossy black-lacquered toes curling and separating in waves of ecstasy as he jackhammered her like a rutting animal against his cum-stained sheets.

In his mind, her massive double-H tits bounced violently with each savage thrust, her auburn hair splayed across his pillow as she shattered repeatedly on his thick, veiny teenage cock.

When he looked into her hungry emerald eyes, darkened with lust, he could tell she was imagining the exact same filthy scenario, her tongue unconsciously darting across her sticky bottom lip.

Inside the baby's nursery—a pastel-pink sanctuary adorned with dancing unicorn decals—Amanda cradled the infant against her big, heavy breasts. Karly hovered beside her, the cum-splattered sheet now secured around her while Connie leaned in, her expensive perfume mingling with the powder-fresh scent of the nursery.

"She has your dimples, sis," Amanda whispered, tracing the baby's petal-soft cheek, "but every time I look at those familiar blue eyes, I still can't wrap my mind around... you know... you and Jenson creating this little miracle together."

"It wasn't like I was trying to get knocked up," she awkwardly confessed, "But when you're getting railed four to five times a day by a horny teenager with balls full of premium baby batter, what else could happen?"

"So true," said Connie nodding in agreement, her crimson-tipped fingers splaying possessively across her taut lower abdomen.

Amanda's perfectly plucked eyebrow arched skyward. "Mother? Something you wanna share?"

"I'm not pregnant...yet," Connie blushed, "but I swear I can feel his potent teenage swimmers flooding womb, millions of virile little soldiers marching toward my last good egg."

Amanda's shoulders slumped dramatically as her glossy pink lips curved into a petulant pout. "Just perfect," she hissed, "I've been temperature-

charting and taking fertility supplements for twelve miserable months while my sister and mother get knocked up from casual fucks."

Connie slid arm around her daughter's trembling shoulders. "Darling," she whispered, "we've been riding virile teenage cock that shoots thick, creamy loads like a fire hose. You've been getting sad, watery dribbles from Harold's exhausted middle-aged balls."

A single tear carved a glistening path down Amanda's flushed cheek. "Harold's been trying," she choked out, her glossy pink lips quivering uncontrollably, "he really has. My poor husband's been popping those testosterone supplements like candy, wearing those ridiculous loose boxers, and soaking his balls in ice water before bed. He even stopped using the hot tub. But it just hasn't happened, and I wanna baby so damn bad my ovaries physically ache every time I scroll past a fucking Gerber ad."

Karly's eyes gleamed with pride as she shifted the sheet around her naked body. "You wouldn't believe the amount Jenson pumps out," she whispered conspiratorially, "Not just little spurts—I'm talking thick, pearly ropes that just keep coming. One time I counted nine massive jets before it even slowed down."

She gestured with her hands to indicate volume. "Reese is right—these eighteen-year-olds are basically walking sperm factories with legs. His balls are constantly churning out fresh batches, ready to go again in

minutes. It's like evolutionary biology designed them specifically for breeding."

Amanda's eyes glazed over, her glossy lips parting slightly as she visibly pictured thick ropes of virile teenage cum flooding her desperate womb. "So what you're basically saying," she breathed, twisting her diamond wedding band nervously around her manicured finger, "is that I need to fuck my barely-legal nephew's brains out if I wanna get knocked up?"

"Not necessarily Jenson specifically," Karley replied, "but riding some horny eighteen-year-old's baby-maker would definitely up your chances of getting that bump you're so desperate for."

Amanda twisted a lock of honey-blonde hair around her manicured finger. "I mean, I guess I could fuck our neighbor boy who's always mowing shirtless," she mused, her glossy lips pursing. "But I'm pretty sure he's only 17, so that's a hard no. There is that delicious barely-legal boy at Scoops 'n Dreams though—who's always staring at my tits."

She bit her lower lip. "I could ask him if he wants to go for a ride, drive him to that abandoned overlook by the lake, and drain those swollen teenage balls until he's seeing stars. But screwing random strangers is so risky. The absolute last thing I need is Harold finding out I'm hunting for premium seed elsewhere."

Karly and her mother exchanged a knowing glance, their perfectly glossed lips curving into identical smiles. Karly's voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. "I know it's unconventional, but I could ask—"

"Jenson?!" Amanda blurted out, her cheeks flushing pink.

Karly nodded slowly, leaning closer. "You could make that baby together right in his bedroom," she murmured. "The thick walls would muffle those desperate moans when he floods your hungry womb with his potent seed. Much less risky than some public hookup."

Amanda's breathing quickened, her chest rising and falling beneath her silk blouse as she pressed a manicured hand against her flushed décolletage. "I can't believe I'm even considering something so... potentially scandalous," she whispered, her glossy lips barely moving.

Her eyes darted between her sister and mother, searching their faces. "But you two have been riding Jenson like a rodeo bull for months without Tom or anyone else finding out, right? So clearly this whole incest-for-procreation thing actually works."

She twisted her wedding band nervously, already imagining her nephew's virile seed flooding her desperate womb.

"Did I hear my name?" Tom, Karly's husband, asked as he suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Karly's glossy lips curved into a practiced smile as she adjusted her sheet. "Just telling the girls what an amazing daddy you've been," she purred, batting her lashes. "So attentive."

Tom's chest swelled with pride beneath his tailored dress shirt as he crossed the room. "Sure am," he beamed, carefully scooping the infant from Amanda's arms.

The three women exchanged knowing glances, their perfectly manicured fingers rising to cover twitching lips as they watched him nuzzle the baby who shared none of his features but all of Jenson's.

Tom's gaze drifted from the baby to his sheet-wrapped wife, his brow furrowing as he took in the hastily-secured fabric bunched around her curves. "What's with the bedsheet fashion statement?" he chuckled, adjusting the infant in his arms. "You and Jenson planning some kind of impromptu toga party I wasn't invited to?"

Karly's glossy lips parted in a nervous giggle as she clutched the cum-stained fabric tighter around her naked body. "The baby spit up all over my blouse," she lied smoothly, tossing her honey-blonde hair. "Jenson's shirt got soaked helping me clean up."

Tom squinted at the translucent white splotches glistening across the rumpled sheet. "Looks like the baby got you good," he observed, pointing to a particularly large wet patch near her hip. "That's a lot of spit-up."

Karly clutched the fabric tighter, feeling the still-warm dampness of Jenson's seed against her bare skin. "You have no idea," she murmured, rising carefully to keep the evidence concealed.

She caught her mother's eye with a barely perceptible wink, then flashed her sister a conspiratorial smile that made Amanda's cheeks flush pink.

After a steaming shower that washed away the evidence of her afternoon activities, Karly slipped into a plunging crimson wrap dress that hugged her curves and drove her sister, niece and mother to Chez Maurice, a dimly-lit French bistro on the edge of town.

The maître d' led them to a secluded corner booth where thick velvet curtains could be drawn for absolute privacy. Over glasses of sparkling rosé that caught the flickering candlelight, the four women leaned close, glossy lips curving into conspiratorial smiles.

Colossal, gravity-defying breasts strained against four necklines of varying depths—from Connie's plunging V-neck that showcased a deep alabaster cleavage to Amanda's more modest scoop that nevertheless revealed the upper curves of her milky HH-cups.

Each woman's nipples pressed visibly against silk and satin, hardening whenever the air conditioning cycled on. These magnificent mammaries represented three generations of the same genetic blessing, passed down like priceless heirlooms.

Beneath the table, four pairs of legs crossed at the knee, their skin shimmering in the candlelight—each set simultaneously delicate and commanding, a perfect balance of feminine allure and maternal strength.

Their legs tapered down to slender ankles and dainty feet, each toe meticulously painted—Karly's in glossy crimson to match her dress, Amanda's in a demure ballet-pink, her mother's in classic French tips, and Reese's in a daring black with tiny rhinestones catching the light with every subtle movement. Their feet arched dramatically in stilettos of varying heights—from Amanda's modest three-inch nude pumps to Karly's six-inch patent leather platforms that showcased her shapely calves to maximum effect.

"Hold the fuck up, Mom," Reese sputtered, dabbing her lips with a napkin. "You're seriously gonna let cousin Jenson raw-dog you and bust his fat nut inside your baby-hungry snatch?"

Amanda's cheeks flushed a delicate pink as she twisted her diamond wedding band nervously. "You don't have to put it so crudely, but yes," she confessed in a breathy whisper, her gaze darting between her daughter, sister, and mother. "After seeing how absolutely perfect that baby is, with those pouty lips and those gorgeous blue eyes that are nothing like Tom's, and after our little heart-to-heart—" she gestured to Karly and their mother,—"I've decided that's exactly the route I'm gonna take."

"That's straight-up fire," Reese hissed, "In fact, I wanna piece of that action too. I need Jenson to raw me and blast that cock-nectar up in my baby-maker."

Connie's perfectly arched eyebrows shot up. "But darling, what about Derek? You two have only been married not even a year. Don't you wanna create a child with him?"

Reese rolled her eyes, the movement causing her heavy tits to shift beneath her silk blouse. "Getting knocked up by your husband is so fucking vanilla," she scoffed, running her pierced tongue across her plump lower lip. "I need some jacked teenage stud with a monster dong to raw me till I'm preggo as fuck."

Karly's glossy crimson lips curved as she exchanged glances with her mother across the table. Her manicured fingers toyed with the stem of her wine glass, twisting it slowly as she considered the implications. While she was eager to help her sister and niece experience Jenson's virility, a flicker of possessiveness tightened in her chest.

Each new woman meant fewer opportunities for Jenson's thick, throbbing manhood to stretch her own desperate walls to completion. "Well," she purred, her voice honeyed with false generosity, "it seems our virile young stud will need to develop quite the rigorous schedule to keep all four of our needy pussies satisfied and filled with his potent seed."

"I, um...have to ask," Amanda whispered, her voice barely audible over the restaurant's ambient music, "exactly how... substantial is he?"

Reese snorted. "Jesus Christ, Mom, just ask how fuckin' huge his dong is already. Like, what's the girth on that baby-maker? We all wanna know if that schlong's gonna split us in half or what."

Karly's lips curved into a smile as she held her hands apart to demonstrate Jenson's impressive dimensions.

Amanda's perfectly glossed mouth fell open, her eyes widening as she stared at the considerable space between her sister's palms. "Jesus Christ," she breathed.

Reese slammed both hands on the table, causing the silverware to jump. "That's three fucking inches bigger than Derek's!" she hissed, leaning so far forward her heavy breasts nearly dipped into her crème brûlée. "Is it thick too? Veiny? Does it curve? I need details, Aunt Karly!"

Karly leaned in, her crimson lips parting as she traced a curved arc in the air with one manicured finger. "It's got this delicious upward curve," she purred, "that hits your G-spot with every. Single. Thrust."

"And that head," Connie added, forming a circle with her thumb and forefinger before slowly expanding it, "so plump and defined—like a mushroom with this perfect ridge that drags against every sensitive inch of you."

Reese squealed, squirming in her velvet-upholstered seat. Beneath her skin-tight mini skirt, the plump waxed lips of her glistening pussy were lewdly displayed in a crotchless black thong, the delicate Italian lace framing her most intimate flesh like an obscene picture frame. Her curvaceous hips performed a subtle grinding motion against the velvet upholstery, causing her swollen, pierced clitoris to protrude even more prominently from between her engorged labia, which glistened with dewy arousal that threatened to drip onto the expensive restaurant chair.

Amanda leaned forward, her cheeks blushing pink. "How does he like it best? Since he's doing me such a huge favor, the least I can do is let him pump his seed into me in his favorite position."

"He prefers his women on top," her sister answered, "Probably loves the view—watching those heavy breasts swing while a woman takes exactly what she needs."

Reese giggled and rolled her eyes. "Fucking teenage boys. All they want is to motorboat some fat-ass titties while they're jackhammering pussy. Slobbering all over some juicy mommy knockers while getting their jizz-sticks drained dry."

Connie's eyes fluttered closed momentarily as she added, "He has this way of circling the areola with just the tip of his tongue—slow, deliberate spirals that get smaller and smaller until he's flicking right at the center of your nipple. Then he sucks with this perfect pressure—not too gentle, not too rough—while his tongue keeps working."

"Does he ever use his teeth?" Reese asked, unconsciously running her own fingertips across her silk-covered nipple.

"Not at first," Karly purred, swirling her wine. "I had to teach him how to apply just enough pressure—that exquisite balance between pleasure and pain that makes a woman's toes curl."

She lowered her voice to a husky whisper. "Now he's perfected that delicious little bite that sends lightning straight to your clit. God, just this afternoon he had me gripping the sheets while he drained these swollen tits until milk trickled down his chin."

Reese glanced at her aunt's milk-swollen breasts, each one straining against the delicate fabric of her blouse like ripe watermelons about to burst from their silk prison. "I bet he goes absolutely ape-shit over those fat-ass milk-jugs," she purred, licking her lips. "Probably smashes his face so deep in those sloppy tit-mountains he damn near suffocates in all that titty-flesh."

"Sometimes I have to pull his head out from between my boobs before he passes out between all this titty-meat," Connie added.

The table erupted in throaty, conspiratorial laughter that turned the heads of nearby diners.

Below the table, their mature pussies smoldered beneath their designer miniskirts, dampening their sheer panties with viscous arousal. Karly's black La Perla thong, visible beneath her micro-mini, strained against her

puffy labia which formed a pronounced cameltoe, the swollen outline clearly defined against the delicate fabric.

Amanda's freshly waxed vulva visibly throbbed through her white Agent Provocateur panties, the lace now translucent where her honeyed secretions had soaked through.

Their mother Connie's pink Victoria's Secret bikini briefs clung like wet silk to her engorged sex, her thick clitoral hood protruding prominently between her glistening outer lips, pulsating with each quickened heartbeat.

"So how long does it take him to reload that baby batter cannon after he blasts one off?" Reese asked, her eyes gleaming with hunger.

"That's the miracle of teenage hormones, sweetie," Karly said with a smile. "His cock barely has time to stop twitching before it's standing at attention again—five minutes, tops."

"And his stamina?" Amanda whispered, her cheeks flushed. "When you're coming apart on top of him, can he keep that magnificent cock pounding through your orgasm, or does he lose his rhythm?"

Karly's crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "He fucks me straight through them," she purred. "That thick teenage cock just keeps hammering away while I'm screaming and clawing at his back."



Below the table, their mature pussies smoldered beneath their designer miniskirts, dampening their sheer panties with viscous arousal.

"It's absolutely mind-blowing," Connie added, eyes glazing with remembered pleasure. "He'll bring me to one shuddering orgasm after another without losing his rhythm or shooting his load until I'm begging for his cum."

Reese snorted, flicking her tongue stud against her teeth. "Duh. Boy's got a dick that stays brick 24/7. Teens can rail a MILF's cooch out for hours. While hubby's pushing papers at the office, we're out here catching nut after nut after motherfucking nut."

Amanda's perfectly arched eyebrows drew together as she fixed her daughter with an icy stare. "You certainly have a colorful vocabulary, young lady," she said half-scolding her.

"I'm just keeping it real, bitch," she replied with a smirk that dimpled her left cheek. "Sure, you'll be 'babymaking' with your nephew, but let's not front like he won't have your thirsty ass clapping back on them sheets, coochie cream flooding the whole damn mattress, and your throat wrecked from screaming so fucking loud the whole block gonna know you getting dicked down by that young pipe."

"You're not wrong," Amanda admitted with a breathy laugh, dabbing her glossy lips with a napkin. "My husband says the neighbors complained three times last month about my... screaming. And that's just with his average equipment. God knows what noises I'll make with Jenson stretching me to my limits."

She leaned forward with a worried expression. "Perhaps we should consider somewhere more... isolated for these sessions?"

Connie's eyes lit up as she placed her manicured hand on Amanda's wrist. "The lake house," she purred. "Two acres of private shoreline, soundproofed master bedroom, and that California king with the reinforced frame."

Reese slammed her fist on the table, rattling the silverware. "Holy shit, Gran, that's genius as fuck!" she barked, her pierced tongue clicking against her teeth. "That boujee-ass lake crib is perfect for raw-dogging and baby-batter injections! We can bang like fuckin' animals without the neighbors calling five-oh on our thirsty asses!"

"Wait, what do we tell our husbands?" Amanda asked.

Reese rolled her eyes. "We tell those simps we're doing some basic-bitch wellness retreat," she snorted. "And we just gotta drag Jenson's fine ass along to split wood and fix shit. Those average-dicked motherfuckers won't have a clue their nephew's gonna be balls-deep inside us, pumping our pussies full of his baby gravy till we're knocked up as fuck."

The next morning Jenson was hunched over the granite kitchen island, shoveling spoonful after spoonful of sugar-coated cereal into his mouth, milk dribbling down his chin.

His hooded eyes, still puffy with sleep, tracked the hypnotic pendulum motion of his mother's heavy tits as she reached for the coffee pot, her fat nipples visibly hardening beneath the thin crimson silk of her bathrobe.

When his grandmother bent to retrieve a fallen napkin, the blue fabric of her robe gaped open just enough to reveal the deep shadowed valley between her enormous globes. Jenson's spoon froze halfway to his mouth as his father, tie askew and briefcase clutched under one arm, planted a hasty kiss on his wife's cheek before rushing for the door.

“Have a good day everyone!” he shouted, scrambling to find his keys.

Jenson glanced up to find his grandmother's gaze locked on him, her eyes heavy-lidded with unmistakable intent as she leaned against the counter, meaty udders jutting beneath her robe.

Jenson glanced clock ticking in the corner. "I should probably head out before I'm late for calculus," he mumbled, pushing back his chair.

His grandmother Connie casually leaned against the marble-topped counter, extending one long, deeply tanned leg across his path like a velvet barrier. Her crimson-painted toes pointed with balletic precision as she effectively blocked his exit.

Jenson glanced up to find his grandmother's gaze locked on him, her eyes heavy-lidded with unmistakable intent as she leaned against the counter, meaty udders jutting beneath her robe.



The midnight-blue silk of her short robe slid inexorably upward, revealing not just a smooth expanse of honey-gold thigh but the plump, glistening folds of her completely bare mons, its pink lips visibly swollen with arousal and catching the morning light that streamed through the kitchen window.

“Not yet, baby,” his mother whispered with a conspiratorial smile. She sashayed toward the front door to see his father out, her hips swinging in a hypnotic rhythm that made the loosened belt of her robe swing like a pendulum.

Her enormous milk-swollen breasts, veined with delicate blue tributaries beneath translucent skin, swayed heavily with each step, their dusky rose nipples visibly hardening against the whisper-thin material that barely contained them.

After his father's car disappeared down the driveway, Karly and Connie exchanged knowing glances before approaching Jenson like lionesses cornering prey. Without uttering a single word, they sank to their knees before him in perfect synchronization, manicured fingers working at his belt buckle with practiced efficiency.

“Don’t worry, I've already called you in late for school this morning,” Karly said, zipping down his fly.

His jeans slid down his thighs with a whisper of denim, pooling around his ankles. When they peeled away his cotton briefs, Jenson's massive

erection sprang free with such force it audibly slapped against his abdomen, leaving a glistening trail of pre-cum across his taut stomach.

"My God, look how hard he is for us," Connie breathed reverently to her daughter, her hot breath caressing his throbbing shaft.

Karly hummed appreciatively as she cupped his heavy testicles, her crimson nails delicately scratching the sensitive skin of his scrotum. "So full," she whispered, "and ready to be drained."

Jenson shivered violently as their hot, wet tongues began to trace every vein and ridge of his throbbing member. His grandmother's experienced mouth engulfed his swollen purple head while his mother's cherry-red lips traveled the underside of his shaft, her tongue flicking rapidly against his tube running its length.

Their hungry moans and obscene slurping echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces as they took turns swallowing him to the root, tears forming at the corners of their eyes when his enormous girth triggered their gag reflexes. The dual sensation of his mom sucking one of his heavy testicles into her mouth while his gran's tongue probed the weeping slit of his cockhead sent electric jolts up his spine.

Karly paused her oral ministrations just long enough to speak, her glossy lips still pressed against the pulsating crown of his manhood. "We have something very important to discuss with you, baby," she purred, her emerald eyes gazing up through thick lashes, pupils dilated with

unmistakable hunger. A glistening strand of saliva connected her bottom lip to his engorged glans as she awaited his response.

When Jenson managed a breathless "Sure," she swirled her hot, velvet tongue around his sensitive ridge once more before continuing. "Your Aunty Amanda and cousin Reese," she whispered, punctuating each name with a delicate kiss along his throbbing shaft, "want babies. Not just any babies—" her manicured fingers tightened possessively around his girth, "—your babies."

"Both of them?" Jenson timidly asked. "Reese told me she wanted me to fuck her on her marital bed while Derek's at work, but I didn't know Aunt Amanda would want that too."

Connie's tongue traced lazy figure-eights across the wrinkled skin of his scrotum while she explained between wet, hungry laps. "They both need what you've got, sweetheart," she purred, her hot breath condensing on his glistening sac. Her crimson-lacquered nails delicately scratched his inner thighs as she inhaled deeply, savoring the heady, salt-musk scent that radiated from his teenage loins. "That thick, potent seed swimming inside these heavy balls," she continued, taking one testicle entirely into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked with reverent devotion.

Jenson looked down, mesmerized by the obscene sight of his mother's crimson lips stretched taut around his throbbing meat. Her emerald eyes gazed up at him through long lashes as she took his enormous shaft

deeper, the first few inches disappearing into the silken heat of her throat with practiced ease.

When she finally released him with a wet, vulgar pop, a glistening thread of saliva still connected her swollen bottom lip to his purple, engorged crown. "We're all going to Gran's lakeside cabin this weekend," she purred, her voice husky from the strain of accommodating his girth. "Just the five of us. And you, my perfect boy, will need to empty these heavy balls"—she cupped his testicles reverently—"again and again until we're all carrying your precious seed."

Jenson's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wait—all of you?" he stammered, his voice cracking. "But Mom, you just had a baby a couple days ago."

His mother's full, cherry-red lips curved into a mischievous smile as she dragged her tongue along the throbbing vein on the underside of his shaft. "I know I did, baby," she purred, emerald eyes glittering with primal hunger. "But maybe I want your potent seed to give little Lily a brother or sister already."

Meanwhile, Connie's experienced fingers released the delicate, wrinkled skin where his heavy sack met his taint, causing his massive member to twitch violently. "And don't forget," his grandmother whispered, her hot breath condensing on his glistening testicles, "I want you to flood my womb too, if you haven't knocked me up already."

"I hope I have enough for everyone," he whispered, his voice cracking with adolescent uncertainty.

"Don't worry, baby," his mother purred, her crimson nails trailing feather-light patterns along his pulsating veins. "Your young body is designed for this—producing endless waves of thick, potent seed. And every last pearly drop will flood our fertile wombs until we're all swollen with your babies."

Connie's glossy crimson lips traced a winding path of wet kisses and gentle nips across the defined ridges of his abdomen, leaving behind a constellation of lipstick marks on his tanned skin. With manicured hands gripping his muscular thighs, she spun him around and spread his firm, youthful buttocks with practiced fingers.

Her tongue—hot, wet, and relentless—circled his puckered entrance before darting inside with serpentine precision, eliciting a guttural moan that echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces as she demonstrated the intimate expertise that decades of maternal devotion had perfected.

Karly clutched his heavy testicles in her manicured hand, her crimson nails digging slightly into the delicate skin as she worked his throbbing shaft with practiced expertise. Her glossy lips stretched taut around his impressive girth while her silken tongue swirled patterns against his sensitive underside.

Her blonde hair cascaded around her flushed face as her pretty head bobbed rhythmically, taking him deeper with each descent, soft whimpers of pleasure escaping her throat as the salty-sweet taste of his pre-cum coated her eager tongue.

“Spread your legs wider, baby,” Karly whispered as she disappeared between his trembling legs, her elegant neck arched backward at an impossible angle as she devoured his heavy testicles with religious fervor.

Connie's experienced tongue traced a wet path across his sensitive taint before she joined her daughter at his swollen sac, their hungry mouths working in maternal harmony. Four glossy lips and two velvet tongues slithered across every wrinkle and fold of his scrotal flesh, their synchronized oral worship punctuated by obscene slurping sounds that echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces.

Jenson listened, mouth dry, as they narrated their exploration in explicit detail. "Feel how the skin tightens when you lick right here?" Karly murmured, licking the patch of flesh she was referring to, her face just next to her mother's.

“Mmm, his scrotal raphe,” Connie purred, licking that sensitive seam running down his scrotum that Jenson never known had a name.

Karly and her mother purred like kittens as they pressed their pretty faces up into the wrinkled landscape of his scrotum. They alternated between gentle suction and delicate nibbles, their pearly teeth carefully grazing the tender skin while their hot, velvet tongues bathed every fold in warm saliva.

"God, that teenage musk," Karly whispered reverently, inhaling deeply while her manicured nails gently scratched his inner thighs. "It's like nothing else on earth."

Connie hummed in agreement, her experienced tongue tracing lazy figure-eights across the delicate skin where his heavy sac met his taint. "So potent," she murmured, her hot breath condensing on his glistening flesh. "So fertile."

Jenson's enormous member jutted skyward at an impossible angle, the angry purple crown pulsating visibly with each thundering heartbeat. A steady rivulet of pearlescent pre-ejaculate oozed from his weeping slit, forming a glistening thread that descended in slow motion before splattering onto the alabaster valley of his mother's heaving cleavage.

Connie's crimson lips brushed against the delicate, wrinkled skin of his left testicle. "Let's pull on his cords," she whispered, her hot breath condensing on the taut surface before she parted her lips and drew the heavy orb entirely into the velvet heat of her mouth.

Beside her, Karly's glossy mouth enveloped his right testicle with practiced expertise, her cheeks hollowing as she created a perfect vacuum around the sensitive gland.

They suckled his swollen spheres like exotic fruit, the ring of their lips gently tugging at his spermatic cords through the thin scrotal skin, creating an exquisite pressure that made his massive shaft twitch violently.

Their painted lips nearly touched at his raphe, the entire wrinkled sack disappearing between their hungry, maternal mouths.

The kitchen was filled with the noise of obscene wet sucking sounds that echoed off the marble countertops—slurps and pops and hungry, animal-like gulps that seemed to reverberate through the room like some perverse symphony, punctuated by the occasional gasping breath and the soft, wet smack of lipstick-stained mouths returning to their devoted worship.

They let their perfectly white teeth scrape exquisitely along the tender, distended flesh of his swollen testicles, feeling the heavy orbs attempt to retreat upward into his body in primal response.

With synchronized maternal instinct, they simply applied more vacuum-like suction, their crimson lips forming airtight seals as they deliberately stretched the coiled, rope-like tubes of his vas deferens. Their expert tongues swirled and danced across the delicate landscape of his scrotum as they nursed on his nuts with religious devotion, drawing forth the precious essence contained within.

"Damn, the things you guys can do with your mouths," the teen gasped, his voice breaking into a tremulous moan while watching his mom appear from between his legs.

Karly's impossibly agile tongue—pink, glistening, and seemingly endless—whipped and danced across the swollen purple helmet of his manhood, leaving glistening trails of saliva that caught the kitchen's recessed

lighting. His knob visibly ballooned even further, the skin stretching taut and shiny, as her expert tongue tip mercilessly plowed against the exquisitely sensitive frenulum separating his throbbing glans from his veiny shaft.

Karly's crimson lips curved into a devious smile. "Speaking of the things we can do," she purred, "should we do that special thing we discussed earlier, Mom?"

Connie's tongue gave his quivering testicle one final, lingering lick before she pulled away, a glistening thread of saliva still connecting her to his scrotum. "Absolutely," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "He's more than ready."

Confusion flickered across Jenson's flushed face as they led him toward the dining room, his massive member bobbing stiffly with each step, angry veins pulsating beneath the taut, shiny skin.

"What thing?" he asked breathlessly, pre-cum beading at his swollen purple tip.

When they arrived in the dining room, his gran gestured toward the polished mahogany chair at the head of the table. "Sit," she commanded, her voice a sultry whisper that sent shivers down his spine.

With synchronized grace, both women untied their silk robes, letting the expensive fabric pool around their pedicured feet. Their magnificent

breasts—heavy, pendulous orbs capped with stiff, berry-colored nipples—swayed hypnotically with each breath they took.

Karly positioned herself directly above him, her thighs straddling his trembling legs as she cupped her enormous mammaries in manicured hands. With deliberate pressure, she squeezed her engorged nipples between thumb and forefinger, throwing her head back in ecstasy as warm, sweet tit-milk erupted in pressurized streams, drenching his throbbing manhood in maternal nectar that cascaded down his shaft and collected in pearly puddles around his swollen testicles.

Karly's crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "Now he's ready," she purred.

Connie moved with feline grace, lowering her curvaceous body until her knees pressed against the floor. With practiced hands, she gathered her heavy, pendulous breasts—their creamy flesh spilling between her manicured fingers—and enveloped his throbbing shaft in their warm, pillowy embrace. The contrast of his angry purple crown against her porcelain décolletage made him groan as she began sliding her glistening tits up and down his length.

"Isn't this better than calculus class, darling?" she purred, her voice like warm honey as she worked his throbbing, veiny shaft through the slick channel between her enormous, ivory breasts.



"Isn't this better than calculus class, darling?" she purred, her voice like warm honey as she worked his throbbing, veiny shaft through the slick channel between her enormous, ivory breasts.

Her magnificent globes, each larger than his head, engulfed his impressive length entirely—the angry purple crown of his manhood completely disappearing into the deep valley of her perfumed cleavage.

Karly stepped forward with feline grace, cupping one heavy, milk-laden breast in her manicured hand. "Hungry, darling?" she purred, guiding the engorged nipple toward her son's waiting mouth.

Jenson latched on eagerly, his lips forming a perfect seal around the center of her dusky areola as warm, sweet mother's milk flooded his eager throat.

His eyes fluttered closed in ecstasy, while Connie's expert hands continued their relentless rhythm below, her enormous milk-slick breasts sliding along his throbbing shaft with the perfect tempo of a warm, wet pussy riding him.

The pearlescent fluid created a frictionless channel between her alabaster globes as his purple crown repeatedly emerged from her deep cleavage only to disappear again into the perfumed valley between her mountainous tits.

His face had sunk into the plush, yielding meat of his mom's enormous tit, his cheeks and nose disappearing into the warm, perfumed cushion of her mommy-mammary. He pulled back just enough so that he could look up the gentle, alabaster slope of her heaving boob and watch her gasping, flushed reaction to his relentless sucking.

Inside his mouth, his eager tongue dug hungrily around her fat, rubbery teat, flailing through the sweet, warm milk to massage the purpled, engorged flesh of her sensitive nipple as it pulsed rhythmically against his palate.

From the distant nursery came the cry of their newborn infant, cutting through their shared bliss. Karly's crimson lips curved into a wicked smile

as she gazed down at her nursing son. "Make sure you save some for your baby sister," she whispered, a droplet of milk escaping to trail down her porcelain skin.

Connie reluctantly released his throbbing purple manhood from between her heaving alabaster globes, a thin strand of saliva and pre-cum stretching between her glistening cleavage and his angry crown.

She worked a deliberate trail of wet, open-mouthed kisses up the ridges of his chiseled abdomen, her pink tongue leaving glistening paths across his tanned skin. "I can tend to little Lily if you want to take over," she whispered to Karly, her hot breath condensing against his flesh. "I know you're dying to pump his hot seed all over your body."

Then Connie crushed her enormous GILF tits against his torso, her fat stiff nipples dragging across his skin as she attacked his neck with primal, gasping kisses that left crimson lipstick marks blooming like exotic flowers on his golden skin.

"Oh my God, Gran," the boy gasped as she enveloped him in her maternal, tit-smothering embrace, her crimson lips and pink tongue attacking the sensitive junction between his neck and shoulder with feral intensity. Her manicured nails carved ten perfect crescents into the tanned expanse of his broad back, marking him as hers.

Meanwhile, Karly had gracefully descended to the floor, her milk-heavy tits swaying hypnotically before she captured his glistening purple

manhood between her magnificent ivory globes. With practiced expertise, she compressed her enormous mammaries around his throbbing shaft, creating a warm, slick channel that hugged every pulsating vein as she established a rhythm that had his toes curling against the polished floor.

"I can't wait to fuck you," Connie snarled, staring at her Grandson like a complete sex fanatic, her crimson lips curling back to reveal perfect white teeth.

She reluctantly peeled her sweat-slicked body from his, her enormous titties wobbling as she rose, sashaying toward the nursery, her curvaceous hips swaying hypnotically.

Karly gazed up, her tongue darting out to collect a glistening drop of pre-cum from her plump bottom lip. "You like how Mommy's big tits feel around your thick shaft, don't you, baby?" she moaned, compressing her enormous milk-laden breasts more tightly around his throbbing manhood.

Jenson could only manage a strangled "Uh huh," his voice cracking as his eyes rolled back in his skull.

"Can you feel all that warm mommy tit-meat squeezing around your sensitive crown?" she purred, her hot breath ghosting across his glistening tip. "Every single nerve ending in that teenage cock must be on fire right now, throbbing against Mommy's soft flesh."

"Yesss!" Jenson gasped, feeling his balls tighten with impending release, drawing up against the base of his throbbing shaft.

Karly's emerald eyes widened as she gasped, her cherry-red lips parting in awe. "Look at your juicy purple knob poking through," she purred, her hot breath caressing his sensitive glans, "that glistening piss slit yawning open like a hungry mouth. Are you about to nut all over mommy's pretty face?"

"Yesss," the boy hissed, his face twisting into a lewd pleasure-grimace.

"Paint me with your thick, pearly ropes, baby boy," Karly mewled. "Mark me as your babymaking whore?"

Jenson gasped, his swollen testicles tightening and tingling with electric anticipation as his mother's glistening, serpentine tongue darted out to capture his purple, mushroom-shaped crown each time it emerged from the slick valley between her heaving alabaster globes.

Her emerald eyes, half-lidded with primal hunger, locked onto his own bliss-addled gaze, refusing to release him from their hypnotic hold as she worshipped his throbbing manhood with deliberate, torturous strokes of her hot, velvet muscle.

Jenson's entire body tensed as he roared, "I'm cumming!"

His crown disappeared between her glistening tits, and a millisecond later, a thick, pearlescent rope of hot seed erupted with volcanic force, splattering across Karly's elegant neck and flushed face.

Her emerald eyes widened in primal satisfaction as a second, equally copious jet of his virile essence blasted from his pulsating piss-slit the moment his angry purple knob emerged from her cleavage, sailing high into the air like a geyser before raining down into her silken hair, where it clung to the strands like morning dew.

"Yesssss!" the mother shrieked, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy as his scorching seed erupted between her heaving alabaster globes. "Paint Mommy with your virile essence!"

Each pearlescent rope arced higher than the last, splattering across her flushed décolletage, trailing glistening rivulets down the slopes of her magnificent tits. By the ninth volcanic eruption, her porcelain skin glistened with his potent offering, thick droplets gathering in the hollow of her throat before cascading down to pool in her deep cleavage.

The teenager whimpered and trembled, slouching back on the mahogany dining chair like he was having the very essence of his soul drained from him through his throbbing manhood. Karly had switched from her tits to her tight-fisted hand, her crimson-tipped fingers forming a perfect ring around his veiny shaft.

She milked the impressive length with slow, powerful strokes that nearly lifted his quivering hips from the polished seat, her emerald eyes locked on his flushed face as she expertly manipulated his pulsating member.

No words were spoken as she concentrated on milking his quivering love-organ with long, practiced strokes that only a mother's loving hand could perfect. Her fist encircled his still-pulsing shaft with expert pressure, squeezing upward to coax every last pearlescent droplet from his depths. She captured each precious dollop with her hot, velvet tongue, swirling it around his hypersensitive purple crown until he writhed and whimpered beneath her ministrations, his young body trembling with overstimulated ecstasy.

"Oh, Mommy!" he squealed, his eyes rolling back, revealing only whites as she tenderly nursed his swollen purple crown, her crimson lips forming a perfect seal around his sensitive glans.

"Mommy's tender little baby maker," she cooed between deliberate, wet kisses, her hot tongue collecting the pearlescent droplets still seeping from his pulsing slit. "About to be smothered in all sorts of hot, wet family pussy until you're completely drained dry."

Jenson shivered uncontrollably, his spent manhood already stirring to life again as vivid images flooded his fevered mind: his throbbing purple crown disappearing into glistening, welcoming orifices—crushing the heads of each cervix.

His eager mouth latching onto enormous, heavy maternal breasts with their stiff, raspberry-hued nipples.

His virile seed pumping deep into welcoming wombs that ached to be filled with his potent teenage essence.

His fingers twitched with phantom sensations of soft, yielding flesh as he imagined gripping curvaceous hips while he drove his massive shaft into slick, velvety depths, feeling their wet puffy flanges beat on his cock-root.

All the toe-curling loads of virile, pearlescent seed that were about to be forcefully extracted from his throbbing teenage manhood, erupting like a geyser from his angry purple crown only to be greedily devoured by the welcoming wombs of his insatiable maternal figures.

"Oh honey," Karly whispered, her hot breath caressing his still-twitching purple crown, "flood our fertile wombs with your virile seed."

It was as if she could sense the primal urge building within him again, even as she recognized the delicious challenge that lay ahead: four insatiable maternal goddesses with dripping, velvet honeypots that would milk his teenage rod relentlessly until their bellies swelled with the fruits of his potent essence.

TO BE CONTINUED...

