

# MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 2



BY KLRXO

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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 tonguing 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.