

MOM'S

UNEXPECTED FAVOR



BY KLRXO

Mom's Unexpected Favor

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"Sweetie, come in here for a minute," Sean's mom's voice called out from his paren't bedroom, a seductive undertone that made his stomach flip. "I need you to, um...help me with something."

Slowly, he pushed the door open, his eyes widening in disbelief at the sight before him. His mother lay on the bed, her body draped in nothing but a sheer, lacy bra and matching panties. Her skin glowed in the sunlight spilling through the window, a honeyed sheen across the generous swell of her hips and the deep valley of her waist. The black lace barely contained her abundant curves—the kind that made teenage boys stammer and grown men stare too long, that promised both maternal comfort and forbidden pleasure in the same breath.

"What is it, Mom?" he managed to croak out, his voice cracking under the weight of puberty and newfound desire.

Veronica glanced up at him through heavily lidded eyes, her lips curving into a sultry smile. "Come in and shut the door behind you," she purred. "And lock it too, in case your sister comes in from playing outside."

His brow furrowed with confusion but arousal coursing through his veins, he did as she asked, flicking the lock into place with an ominous click.

The room seemed to shrink around them as he turned back to face her on the bed. He'd never seen her like this before—so exposed and wanton. The way she languished on the sheets, mostly naked and so brazenly—it made his face flush crimson.

"Come sit by Mommy," she purred, making her creamy cleavage quiver like jello molds as she patted the edge of the mattress next to

her. He hesitated for just a moment before joining her on the bed. Her scent enveloped him—a heady mix of jasmine perfume and something muskier, more primal.

"I have a special request, sweetie," she purred, looking up at him with those hooded eyes. "One that your father has been too busy to fulfill lately."

His heart skipped a beat as he drank in the sight of her—her gigantic breasts straining against the lace of her bra, her nipples shamelessly hardened beneath the demi cups.

His mother's smile turned predatory as she caught him staring at her exposed tit-flesh, his face burning crimson. Her massive breasts heaved with each breath, threatening to burst free from their lacy prison at any moment. The deep chasm between them hypnotized him, drawing his gaze like a vortex he couldn't escape.

His mouth went desert-dry, pulse hammering in his ears as primal hunger overrode every warning bell in his mind. This was wrong— forbidden—yet his body betrayed him with a violent, undeniable response.

She reached out, her long, manicured fingernails grazing his cheek before her warm palm cupped his face. The scent of her jasmine perfume intensified as she leaned closer, her glossy lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. "Mommy REALLY needs your help, sweetheart," she cooed, each syllable hanging in the air between them like honey dripping from a spoon, her voice a velvety purr that seemed to caress his eardrums. "Can you do something special for me?"

Her thumb traced small circles on his burning skin as her eyes, dark and hungry, held his gaze prisoner. "Something...VERY special?"

"What is it?" the boy asked, his voice barely audible above the pounding of his heart in his ears.

"Well," she whispered, slowly rolling onto her stomach and arching her back like a cat in heat, the black lace of her panties stretching taut between the thick globes of her ass until the fabric strained at the seams. Her voice dropped to a husky purr that seemed to vibrate through the mattress beneath them. "Mommy has a special...need that isn't being met. I want you to spank me—hard—while I touch myself. It would make me feel so good, sweetie. Can you do that for Mommy?"

His eyes widened to perfect circles, pupils dilating until only a thin ring of color remained. The room tilted and spun around him, the walls seeming to breathe in and out as his vision tunneled. His throat constricted painfully as he tried to swallow. "You... you want me to... while you...?"

"Yes. I want you to spank my ass, honey...while I rub my clitoris," Veronica murmured, her blood-red manicured fingers already slipping beneath the delicate lace waistband of her panties. "Just a dozen or so firm slaps right here," she continued, using her free hand to pat the fullest part of her bottom, the rounded flesh dimpling slightly beneath her touch. "While I take care of myself. No one would ever have to know. It would be our little secret, just between us."

The boy swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry as cotton, tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth. A cold bead of sweat trickled down his temple, leaving a trail that felt like ice against his feverish skin.

"You...you like that kind of thing?" he stammered, his mouth so dry he could barely form the words. "Being spanked?"

A wicked smile curved her plump, glossy lips as she nodded, her heavily mascara-coated lashes fluttering against her flushed cheeks. "Oh yes, I absolutely crave it," she purred, her voice dropping to a husky whisper that seemed to caress his burning skin. "It's Mommy's fetish. Do you know what a fetish is, sweetheart?"

“Something different...that someone likes,” he answered.

“Yes. A fetish is a person’s deepest, darkest little pleasure.” She leaned closer, her perfume enveloping him like a cloud. “We all have those special little buttons that make us melt, don't we, sweetheart?”

The teen nodded. This was wrong, some distant part of his brain screamed from behind a thickening fog. But a much louder voice urged him on, drowning out any misgivings under a surge of excitement and arousal that pulsed through his veins like liquid fire.

Veronica took his trembling hand in hers, her fingers cool and smooth against his clammy palm, and guided it to the rounded swell of her derriere. The midnight-black silk of her panties felt like liquid beneath his hesitant fingertips as she made him slide further down and rub slow, deliberate circles over the plump mound of her cheek.

He could feel the feverish heat of her skin radiating through the gossamer-thin fabric, could trace the shadowy cleft where the material dipped between the hemispheres of flesh.

"That's it, sweetheart," she cooed, her voice honeyed and thick, arching her back like a stretching cat to push her rump more firmly against his palm. Her flesh yielded beneath his touch, simultaneously firm and pillowy. "Doesn't Mommy's bottom feel so good against your hand? I want you to slap it until it's glowing crimson while I touch myself. Can you do that for me, sweetie? Can you make Mommy's skin bloom red as roses?"

"O-okay Mom," he stammered, his hands trembling visibly as he positioned himself beside her on the bed, the mattress dipping under their combined weight. "I can do that for you."

She smiled and lifted her hips, slowly peeling the dainty black lace down over the generous curves of her ass. The panties slipped down her thighs and calves before she kicked them aside. Then in one fluid

motion, she draped herself face-down across his lap, her luscious bare buttocks rising before his widened eyes like two perfect pale moons.

Sean's breathing quickened as he stared, transfixed by the mesmerizing sight. The globes of her ass were full and heavy, yet impossibly smooth and unblemished. And there, peeking out from between her slightly parted cheeks, was the dusky pink bud of her asshole, winking at him shyly.

An electric thrill raced up his spine at the forbidden sight. His cock stiffened in his jeans, straining almost painfully against the confining fabric. He'd imagined plenty of girls' naked butts before, but never in his wildest fantasies did he picture this - his own mother, bare and willing, draped across his lap.

"Thank you, sweetie," she purred, her voice dripping with honey. "You're such a good boy for helping Mommy."

She laid her head down on the bed, her cheek pressing into the sheets as her fingers began to furiously rub her swollen, glistening clit. "Go ahead and start spanking me now. Don't be shy."

He raised a trembling hand and brought it down on the fleshy globe of her right buttock. The slap rang out, but her flesh barely rippled.

She lifted her head and glanced back at him with a wry smile.

"Here, let me show you how Mommy likes it." Reaching back with a manicured hand, she delivered a resounding slap to her own ass. The smack echoed through the room as her pale flesh quivered and reddened beneath the impact, leaving a perfect five-fingered imprint.

Veronica let out a soft moan that seemed to vibrate through her entire body. "Like that, sweetie. Nice and hard. You won't hurt me, I promise. Mommy needs it rough to get off, ok?"

He nodded, his throat too tight to speak, Adam's apple bobbing visibly. Raising his trembling hand again, he brought it down harder

this time, trying to match the intensity of her demonstration. This slap produced a much more satisfying sound—sharp and wet—and sent ripples cascading across her abundant buttocks like waves on a fleshy ocean.

Veronica let out an appreciative moan that seemed to vibrate through the entire room, her heavily mascara-lined eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy. "Yesss, just like that! Keep going!"

Her slender fingers with their cherry-red manicure rubbed faster, more urgently against her slick, swollen folds, glistening with arousal in the dim bedroom light.

Spurred on by her vocal encouragement, Sean began to deliver a steady stream of firm slaps, alternating between each lush, quivering cheek. Each impact reverberated up his arm like an electric current and sent waves of delicious ripples across the expansive terrain of her ass, the flesh jiggling hypnotically before settling.

A bright pink blush bloomed across her porcelain skin as he worked, handprints overlapping in a deepening crimson constellation.

"Ungh, so good!" she gasped, writhing on the silk bedsheets, grinding her engorged clit against her frantically working fingers. "Harder! I love the way you're spanking me—it's making Mommy so wet!"

The teen obliged, putting more strength behind each slap, his palm tingling with the impact against her yielding flesh. The room filled with the sharp, wet cracks of skin striking skin and his mother's ecstatic cries that seemed to reverberate off the walls.

He watched, mesmerized, as her voluptuous cheeks bounced and jiggled like gelatin before settling, the ivory skin blooming into angry crimson handprints that overlapped in a lewd patchwork.

His cock throbbed almost painfully against the metal zipper of his jeans, a damp spot forming where the swollen head leaked pre-cum.

He'd never been so turned on in his young life, his breathing ragged and shallow, pupils dilated to black pools. The taboo wrongness of the act only heightened his excitement, sending electric thrills racing from the base of his spine to the nape of his neck with each thunderous slap.

"Yes, yes, yessss!" she hissed through clenched teeth, her thighs beginning to tremble and quake. "Don't stop! I'm... I'm...getting close!" Her breath caught on a strangled cry as her orgasm prepared to crash through her.

Sean leaned slightly sideways, transfixed by the sight of her fingers working furiously between her legs. She had shaved herself completely bare down there, leaving nothing to the imagination—her smooth mound glistening with her juices like polished marble slick with rain. Her labia were swollen and flushed a deep rose color, parting like petals to reveal the glistening pink treasure within.

Her clit had engorged to the size of a ripe grape, emerging fully from beneath its protective hood as she rubbed tight, desperate circles around it with her middle finger. The wet, squelching sounds of her masturbation filled his ears like obscene music, punctuated by her ecstatic moans and high-pitched cries that seemed to crescendo with each frantic stroke.

Veronica jiggled her mommy-buns desperately. "Spank me, Sean! Slap my fucking ass as hard as you can!"

His hand continued to rise and fall, delivering stinging slaps to her reddened cheeks in a steady rhythm. Each smack reverberated through his arm and made his painfully hard cock twitch in his pants.

His eyes darted between her jiggling ass and the lewd display of her pussy spread open before him, unable to decide which sight was more captivating.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" she suddenly wailed, her body going rigid across his lap, spine arching like a drawn bow. "Don't stop, don't stop!"

While delivering more slaps, Sean watched in awe as her pussy clenched and spasmed around her plunging fingers, the swollen pink lips gripping and releasing in rhythmic waves. A flood of clear, viscous liquid gushed forth in powerful spurts, soaking the Egyptian cotton sheets beneath her. Her juices ran in rivulets down the milky insides of her trembling thighs and seeped through the denim of her son's jeans where her quivering bottom pressed against him.

The musky, slightly sweet scent of her arousal enveloped him like an invisible cloud, making his head swim with primal hunger. He realized distantly that he was panting in shallow, ragged breaths, his heart hammering against his ribcage like a trapped animal desperate for release.

Veronica shuddered and bucked through the aftershocks, her busty body convulsing in violent spasms as incoherent moans and high-pitched whimpers fell from her ruby-painted lips. Her mascara had begun to run, leaving faint black trails down her flushed cheeks.

Finally, she collapsed limply across his thighs, her voluptuous body gleaming with a slick sheen of perspiration that caught the amber light from the bedside lamp.

Sean let his hand rest on the hot, throbbing flesh of her ass, feeling the heat radiating from the skin that had turned nearly scarlet from his thorough spanking, the clear outline of his fingers still visible in darker crimson patches.

"Oh my God, that was incredible, sweetie," she purred, her voice languid with satisfaction, a throaty contralto that seemed to vibrate through his groin where her soft belly pressed against his erection. "You made Mommy feel so, so good."

She rolled over to smile up at him, her lipstick smudged across her teeth, her heavily-lidded eyes still glazed and dreamy in post-orgasmic bliss, pupils dilated to black pools in her jade-green irises.

But then her gaze sharpened, the post-orgasmic haze evaporating from her jade-green eyes as they zeroed in on the prominent bulge straining against his zipper like a prisoner fighting for escape.

"Oh my, looks like someone enjoyed that as much as I did," she smirked, her cherry-red lips curling upward as she reached out with one manicured fingernail, tracing it deliberately along the rigid seven-inch outline pressing against the worn denim.

His hips bucked involuntarily at her touch, the fabric rasping against his sensitive glans as a strangled groan tore from deep in his chest. The slight contact sent electric sparks skittering across his nerve endings, from the swollen head down to his drawn-up testicles. He'd never been this achingly, despairingly hard in his life—his cock throbbed with each rapid heartbeat, the sensitive skin stretched taut to the point where pleasure crossed into exquisite agony.

"Ohhh, so much young meat," the mother cooed, her wet pink licker dragging between her lips.

Sean watched, mesmerized, as her long crimson nail—glossy as wet candy—dragged with excruciating slowness along the rigid denim outline of his cock, tracing the thick, pulsing vein on the underside that throbbed visibly beneath the worn fabric. When she reached that exquisitely sensitive spot where the swollen purple head met the shaft, she paused, her jade-green eyes flicking up to meet his, mascara slightly smudged at the corners like charcoal shadows.

Then with deliberate pressure, Veronica dug the sharp tip of her manicured nail into his frenula flesh right there, the pressure point sending a white-hot jolt of pleasure-pain rocketing through him like lightning striking a metal rod.

His body shuddered involuntarily, hips bucking up off the Egyptian cotton sheets as a strangled whimper escaped his bone-dry throat.

"Shhh, it's okay sweetie," she cooed, her voice low and honeyed, soothing even as her eyes danced with wicked mischief behind heavy lids. "Just relax and let Mommy touch your special button. It's perfectly natural to feel good."

Her blood-red talons curled possessively around the rigid outline of his erection, squeezing with just enough pressure to make his vision blur at the edges. The denim, worn thin from countless washes, offered little barrier between her exploring fingers and his pulsing flesh.

His cum-swollen balls drew up tight against his body, tingling with an electric need that radiated outward like a halo of fire. Sean couldn't tear his gaze from those crimson-tipped fingers as they traced, kneaded, and measured every throbbing inch through the straining fabric, leaving faint scarlet smudges on the blue denim like territorial markings.

"My, my, your dick is so big and hard for Mommy, isn't it?" she purred, her jade eyes glittering with predatory approval. "Such a good boy, getting nice and excited for me."

Her glossy thumbnail traced agonizingly slow circles over the flared mushroom head, deliberately smearing the dark, quarter-sized stain of moisture that had seeped through like watercolor bleeding across canvas.

Veronica gazed up at him with those jade-green eyes—the same eyes he'd inherited—a mischievous glint dancing in their depths beneath smudged mascara. Perspiration glistened along the hollow of her throat, catching the amber lamplight as her chest still heaved with aftershocks.

"You know, it's only fair that I return the favor," she suggested. "Especially since I made such a mess all over your pants."

Her plump lips curled into a wicked grin. "Tell me, sweetie—what kind of naughty fetish do YOU have? What really gets Mommy's good boy going?"

His face flushed hot, crimson spreading from his cheeks down his neck like spilled wine soaking into linen. Sweat beaded along his hairline as he swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing visibly. He hesitated, tongue darting nervously across his dry lips, but the insistent throbbing ache in his groin—like a second heartbeat, urgent and demanding—compelled him to confess.

"Sometimes... sometimes I imagine you talking dirty to me," he admitted, his voice barely above a hoarse whisper that scraped from his throat like sandpaper.

Her jade-green eyes lit up with predatory delight, pupils expanding until only a thin emerald ring remained. "Is that so?" she purred, running the tip of her pink tongue slowly across her smeared cherry-red lips. "Well then, why don't you take out that big, hard cock and stroke it for Mommy? I'll whisper all sorts of filthy things in your ear while you jerk off for me."

Sean swallowed hard, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing like a buoy in choppy waters, heart hammering against his ribcage with such force he feared she might hear it. "Are...are you serious? What if Dad finds out?" he croaked.

She smiled, a wicked glint in her jade eyes that seemed to glow like a cat's in the amber lamplight. "Oh honey, he'll never know. When fathers are away at work, all sorts of naughty things can happen at home.

Her blood-red fingernails continued to trace maddening figure-eight patterns over his denim-clad erection. "Spanking, fondling, sucking, kissing...running around naked," Veronica giggled.

She leaned in close, her breath hot and moist against his ear as she whispered, her lips brushing the sensitive shell-like wet velvet, "Sometimes family members can even FUCK each other"

Unable to resist any longer, the teen's trembling fingers fumbled with his zipper, the metal teeth catching on the worn denim as his mom watched with half-lidded jade eyes, her gaze predatory and unblinking like a wolf sizing up a spring lamb. Her tongue—pink and glistening—darted out to wet her full lips. "Go on, honey, don't be shy," she coaxed, her voice a throaty rasp that seemed to vibrate through the heated air between them. "Take that beautiful pink dick all the way out for Mommy."

His fingers slipped twice on the metal tab before finally freeing his painfully swollen member from its constrictive denim prison. It sprang forth like a released spring, the purple-veined shaft slapping audibly against his quivering belly, the bulbous crimson tip already glistening with pearlescent pre-cum that caught the amber lamplight.

He wrapped his sweaty fist around the thick, veiny shaft, a full-body shudder rippling through him at the exquisite sensation of skin-on-skin contact.

Veronica propped herself up on one elbow, her lush, half-naked body inching closer until her erect nipples brushed against his arm through her bra. Her hot breath tickled the sensitive shell of his ear as she began to murmur in a low, sultry voice that vibrated through his very

core. "Mmm, look at that beautiful rod of flesh. So big and rigid, just for me. I bet you've fantasized about Mommy wrapping her cherry-red lips around it, haven't you? Taking every inch deep in my warm, wet mouth until you hit the back of my throat, feeling my tongue swirling around your sensitive head?"

He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as he began to stroke himself with long, twisting pulls from base to tip, her dirty words igniting his blood like gasoline on a flame. The veins in his forearm stood out in sharp relief as his fist pumped rhythmically.

He could picture it vividly - her plump, ruby lips stretched around his girth, leaving crimson lipstick stains like obscene rings marking his shaft as she bobbed her head, her jade eyes looking up at him through long lashes.

"Or maybe you've imagined bending me over and sinking into my tight, wet gash from behind?" she continued, her voice dripping with lust, each syllable a hot caress against his earlobe. "Grabbing my hips and pounding me so hard that it feels like you're a baby again, kicking in my womb.

The boy gasped, his eyes widening. "Dang, Mom..." he breathed, his voice hoarse and shaky. "That's so dirty."

She smirked, her gaze drifting down to where his fist pumped furiously along his throbbing cock. Veins stood out in bas-relief against the taut skin.

"Do you like it, sweetie? Is it making your dick jump and leak while you stroke it, listening to Mommy talk about taking your hot, hard penis deep inside her?"

He groaned, fresh pre-cum oozing from his slit and dribbling over his knuckles. "God yes," he panted. "It's so hot."

"Mmm, I bet you're imagining splitting open my juicy cunt with that fat cock right now, aren't you?" she purred, her hand drifting between her legs to rub her swollen, slippery folds. "Stretching out my tight little pussy as you sink in balls-deep, our flesh slapping together obscenely as you pound me."

"Ungh, fuck!" he grunted, his fist blurring over his shaft.

"You wanna jam that throbby-dong in Mommy's dripping snatch and fuck her hard, don't you, sweetie?" she continued, fingers swirling around her stiff, protruding clit. "Ram it in and out of my hot, honey-coated hole until I'm screaming and creaming all over your thick meat?"

"Yes, God yes!" he gasped, his cock twitching violently, the dusky head engorged to a deep, angry purple.

"Then spurt all your hot nut-nectar deep in Mommy's greedy cunt?" She moaned, plunging two fingers inside her soaked channel. "Fill me up with your potent cummie-goo until it's gushing out and running down my thighs?"

"God, mom," the teen gasped, his hand a blur as he beat his dick furiously. "The way you're talking to me..."

His skin tingled with electric sparks as she reached under his sweat-dampened cotton shirt, her blood-red manicured nails raking slowly across his trembling abs and pecs, leaving five parallel pink trails and raising goosebumps in their wake like ripples on disturbed water.

"Fuck," he hissed through clenched teeth, a vein pulsing visibly at his temple as she found his nipples, already pebbled with arousal into tight, sensitive buds, and gave them a sharp tweak that sent lightning bolts of pleasure-pain straight to his throbbing cock.

His fist moved faster, twisting on the upstroke, his thumb swiping over the glistening purple head with each pass, the obscene wet sounds of flesh slapping flesh filling the room like muffled applause.

"You like it when Mommy plays with your nipples, don't you?" she purred, her hot breath tickling his ear canal as she gave his sensitive nubs another hard pinch between thumb and forefinger that made him arch off the bed with a strangled grunt. "I bet you wish it was my tongue swirling around them instead, sucking them into my hot little mouth until they're red and swollen."

Sean groaned, his balls drawing up tight against his body like ripe plums, the pressure building at the base of his spine like magma seeking release. Her filthy words were bringing him closer and closer to the edge, every dirty syllable stoking the smoldering embers of his lust into an inferno that threatened to consume him whole.

"You wanna paint Mommy's face with your thick, hot jizz, don't you, sweetheart?" she breathed, her voice dripping with wanton need, each word caressing his ear like velvet. "Shoot your teenage load all over my lips and cheeks and watch it dribble down onto my big tits like warm honey?"

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna...I'm gonna..." he panted, his abs clenching and releasing spasmodically beneath his sweat-slicked skin as his orgasm barreled towards him like a runaway freight train on fire, unstoppable and devastating.

"That's it, cum for Mommy," she moaned, her tongue tracing the delicate whorls of his ear, leaving a glistening trail of saliva that cooled against his feverish skin. "I wanna see your boner erupt like a fucking geyser. Give me every last drop, you dirty, filthy boy."

Her nasty words—each syllable dripping with forbidden honey—were the final trigger his overstimulated body needed.

The electric current of his impending orgasm originated deep in his churning balls, a molten ache that radiated outward through his pelvis and up his throbbing shaft. His testicles drew up tight against his body, the skin stretched taut and shiny over the contracting orbs within. The pleasure mounted at the base of his cock, a searing pressure like magma seeking an exit.

It started as a twitch in his swollen glans - a pulse that grew stronger and faster as it traveled down his length. His bulbous cockhead flared and turned a deeper shade of purple, the slit gaping hungrily. The ridge of his corona became exquisitely sensitive, every brush of skin sending sparks skittering through his nerves.

His shaft thickened and stiffened even more, the veins bulging obscenely as blood surged into his member. It felt like an iron bar sheathed in hot, stretched silk. The first pearly drop of semen beaded at his tip, then erupted in a ropy spurt that splattered against his heaving abs.

His cockhead jerked and pulsed as he began to fountain spurts of thick, white cum. It jetted out in powerful streams, some arcing high in the air before splattering down in opaque globs like melted candle wax. Each spasm of his shaft forced out more of his creamy seed, the sticky strands draping across his quivering belly and matting his pubic hair.

The pleasure crashed through him in overwhelming waves, short-circuiting his brain. His eyes rolled back in his head as incoherent groans spilled from his slack mouth. His hips bucked erratically, fucking his spurting cock through his fist as he emptied his aching balls in a seemingly endless series of body-wracking pulses.

Rope after rope of pearly jizz erupted from his slit, painting his flushed skin with his own hot essence. The room filled with his hoarse cries and the obscene squelching of his pumping fist. The

musky scent of his spend hung heavy in the air, mingling with the heady perfume of his mother's overheated cunt.

His mom cooed and purred in his ear, her cinnamon-scented breath hot against his flushed cheek, urging him to milk out every last precious drop for her hungry gaze.

Finally, the violent spasms subsided to gentle twitches as his half-softened cock slipped from his grip to rest against his cum-splattered belly like a spent soldier. He collapsed back against the cotton sheets now dark with patches of sweat, his chest heaving like bellows, lungs burning for oxygen. His entire nervous system hummed with the electric aftershocks of what felt like a near-death experience masquerading as pleasure.

"Such a good, obedient boy," his mom murmured, her glossy lips leaving a perfect crimson imprint as she pressed them against his damp temple, her manicured fingers tracing lazy figure-eights through the cooling puddles on his abdomen. "First spanking my thick ass until it turned cherry-red, then showing Mommy exactly how you like to beat that long, beautiful dick until it surrenders. Making your hot, pearly cummies shoot all the way up to your collarbone like a fountain."

"That was...wow," he panted, his sweat-slicked chest heaving as the tsunami of endorphins receded from his trembling limbs. "I've never felt anything like that before."

His mom just giggled knowingly, her jade eyes gleaming with predatory mischief as she deliberately traced her blood-red fingernail through the viscous, pearly puddles cooling rapidly on his quivering abdomen, leaving delicate swirling patterns like obscene calligraphy.

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it, sweetie. You have no idea how much Mommy needed that release." She held his gaze, pupils dilated with lingering arousal, and he felt himself drowning in those fathomless

emerald pools, unable to look away even if the room had burst into flames around them.

Her plump lips, slightly smudged from their earlier activities, curled into a wicked grin that promised sinful delights beyond his wildest imagination.

"You know, sweetie," she purred, her voice a velvety contralto that vibrated through his still-trembling body like the lowest note on a cello, "I think we should make this a regular arrangement."

Her jade eyes glittered with predatory satisfaction as she licked her plump, cherry-red lips, leaving them glistening in the amber afternoon light filtering through the half-drawn blinds. "Mommy's stress has just been melting away like ice cream on a hot summer sidewalk, and I feel so much more relaxed than I have in months. How about every day after school, you come in here and give me a nice, hard spanking while I take care of myself? In exchange," she traced one blood-red fingernail down his cum-slicked chest, leaving a thin white trail through the pearly fluid that had begun to cool and thicken, "I'll let you jerk this beautiful, thick cock and whisper all the naughty, filthy things you wanna hear right into your ear until you explode for me, painting your gorgeous body with rope after rope of hot cream."

She seemed to sense his internal struggle, her carnivorous smile widening to reveal perfect white teeth. "In fact, I have an even better idea," she purred, her voice dripping like warm honey laced with arsenic. "Next time, I'll lay across your chest and shove these big, soft mommy-tits right in your face while you spank me. You can bury your nose in the deep valley between them, feel their silky warmth against your cheeks, and motorboat me until you can't breathe while you give my quivering ass the firm discipline it craves so desperately."

She grabbed her heavy breasts with both manicured hands and pushed them together with deliberate slowness, the creamy alabaster swells threatening to spill out of her black lace demi-cup bra like overflowing

champagne. The delicate fabric strained audibly against the pressure, revealing a hint of wide, rosy areola at the edges. "I bet you'll bust the biggest, nastiest nut with these soft, squishy udders smothering you, sweetheart. You'll be in big tittie heaven while you gasp for air between these warm pillows."

He groaned, his cock already beginning to swell and rise again at the forbidden image, straining towards her as if magnetized. He knew it was wrong, so wrong, but the taboo depravity of it only made the sinful temptation that much stronger.

"What do you say? Do we have a deal?" she purred, her voice like warm honey drizzled over forbidden fruit. She reached out with deliberate slowness, her manicured fingernail—painted the precise shade of freshly spilled blood—dragging through the viscous, opalescent puddles congealing on his washboard abs. The nail carved a delicate furrow through the pearly fluid, scooping up a glistening bead that trembled at the tip like morning dew.

With theatrical precision, she brought it to her plump, bee-stung lips, parted just enough to reveal the perfect white edges of her teeth. Her tongue—wet, pink, and obscenely flexible—unfurled like a velvet ribbon, the pointed tip lapping at her finger with feline delicacy. The salty essence disappeared into the hot cavern of her mouth as she locked her hypnotic jade eyes with his—eyes so viridian they seemed to glow with their own internal light, pupils dilated to hungry black pools rimmed with emerald fire.

At that moment, drowning in those fathomless verdant depths, he felt the last threads of his resistance disintegrate like ash. He would crawl across broken glass, swim through boiling oil, follow her barefoot into the sulfurous flames of eternal damnation, if only she would continue looking at him like that—like he was the only stallion in existence who could possibly satisfy the ravenous, molten core of her maternal lust.

"Yes, mom," he croaked, his throat tight and dry as the Sahara. "It's a deal. I'll spank you every single day if that's what you need."

"That's what I like to hear. Now, you should probably go to your room before your sister comes in from playing outside," his mother suggested, her eyes darting toward the door. "We wouldn't want her asking questions or telling Daddy that you were locked in Mommy's bedroom with her, would we?"

"No, I suppose that wouldn't be good," he replied, distracted by his mom's curvy body.

A wicked smile played at the corners of Veronica's bee-stung lips as she rose with feline grace. Her son couldn't tear his eyes away from her spectacular body - her fat nipples visibly engorged, straining against the delicate Chantilly black lace of her demi-cup bra, her glistening pussy still naked and slightly parted, a glistening pearl of arousal clinging to one swollen outer lip.

She stood before him like a goddess of carnal sin, one curvaceous hip cocked to the side, arms positioned with deliberate provocation on her narrow waist, a knowing smirk across her flushed face.

Sean's engorged member twitched violently against his sweat-slicked abdomen as forbidden images flooded his fevered brain. Awkwardly, he slid off the silk-sheeted bed, his trembling legs barely supporting his weight, still quivering from the earth-shattering climax that had nearly rendered him unconscious.

He fumbled with his jeans, wincing as he tucked his hypersensitive, semi-erect phallus back into the confining cotton prison of his boxer briefs. The fabric rasped against his tender glans like sandpaper as he stumbled toward the door, fingers clumsy and uncoordinated as they wrestled with the lock.

The mother's predatory gaze tracked his every movement, scorching his flesh like twin laser beams, branding him as her property. Just as

his clammy palm closed around the doorknob, her molasses-rich voice froze him in place. "I can't wait for you to redden my quivering ass again," she purred, each syllable dripping with honeyed venom. "And watch you milk that magnificent cock until it weeps pearly tears for Mommy."

That sinful promise echoed in his skull like a demonic mantra as he slipped into the sun-dappled hallway, his heart hammering a desperate rhythm against his ribcage while he mentally calculated the eternal seconds until their next forbidden tryst.