

MOM'S

WARM, WILLING



BY KLRXO

Mom's Warm, Willing Anus

By Klrxo

Marci moved frenetically around the kitchen, juggling the fussy baby against her chest while hastily assembling PB&J sandwiches and carrot sticks for the other kids' lunches. Her eyes darted to the clock—7:45 already, and her husband was about to leave.

"Sweetheart, don't forget your briefcase!" she shouted, her voice rising over the clatter, as she spotted the briefcase abandoned on the table.

The abrupt movement shook the baby, who promptly spit up on her delicate robe. "Oh no..." she muttered, snatching a cloth to battle the spreading stain.

At that moment, her 18-year-old son Jayden shuffled into the kitchen, rubbing the remnants of sleep from his eyes. Marci greeted him with a warm smile, which quickly froze as her gaze fell on the unmistakable tent in his pajama pants – a bobbing stalk of morning wood, jutting from teenage loins.

Jayden mumbled a drowsy "Morning," oblivious to the awkward situation.

Marci's pretty eyes snapped away, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "M-morning, sweetie. Breakfast is on the table."

She spun around, desperately hiding her flustered state by focusing intensely on wiping the baby's chin. What she couldn't ignore were the way her fat teats were hardening on the peaks of her oversized mommy-tits.

Jayden eased into his seat, drawing a bowl of cereal toward himself with noticeable caution. The boy's eyes, drawn like magnets, hungrily devoured his blonde-haired mother's form as she moved about the kitchen, the sexy robe clinging to her delicious curves like a second skin.

His gaze seared over the swell of her giant breasts, barely concealed beneath the taut, thin fabric of her robe, threatening to burst under the strain of her plunging cleavage.

Lower still, the robe molded to the pronounced globes of her succulent bubble butt, the firm, rounded shape begging for his attention.

Marci felt the scorching weight of her oldest son's stare, a hot, prickling flush sweeping up her neck and setting her skin ablaze. Every nerve ending screamed at the taboo, the wrongness of her son's hungry eyes on her body. Yet, a dark, shameful thrill coursed through her, even as her mind reeled with humiliation.

She tore her focus back to the baby's bottle, hands shaking despite her fierce will to steady them, the air around her crackling with tension and forbidden heat.

Marci's husband swept into the room with the energy of a whirlwind, barely pausing to plant a quick kiss on her cheek. "Gotta dash, hon! Big presentation today. Love ya!" His voice echoed with urgency as he tousled Jayden's hair. "Bye, sport! Knock 'em dead at school!"

Jayden responded with a low grunt, his focus now fixed on the depths of his cereal bowl.

Marci watched her husband disappear out the door, then stole a furtive glance at her son. His bulge was still unmistakably prominent, the meat of his arousal pressing against the thin fabric. Her heart raced, betraying her inner turmoil. She castigated herself silently, desperately redirecting her attention to the baby in her arms, willing away the heat creeping over her skin.

Once the younger children had dashed outside to catch the school bus, Marci carefully laid the now-sleeping baby in her crib. Returning to the kitchen on bare feet, she found Jayden still slumped at the table, listlessly prodding his soggy cereal.

The busty mother settled across from him, summoning every ounce of courage for the uncomfortable but unavoidable conversation.

"Jayden, sweetheart..." Her voice was a mixture of determination and trepidation. "We need to talk. Last night, I overheard you on the phone with Ryan. You mentioned something about 'not getting in the back door tomorrow'... What exactly did you mean by that?"

Jayden's eyes widened with alarm, his cheeks blazing a vivid red. "Oh, um, i-it was nothing, Mom, really. Just dumb guy talk," he stammered, squirming in his seat as his gaze darted anywhere but at his mother.

Marci leaned forward, her silk robe falling open to reveal her gaping tit-cleavage, her eyes piercing and unyielding. "It didn't sound like nothing. Please be honest with me; I'm just trying to understand and make sure you're being safe and responsible." Her words were gentle but firm, leaving no room for evasion.

Jayden writhed uncomfortably, his face now a deep, burning crimson. "Aw jeez, Mom, do we really have to talk about this? It's so embarrassing..." He could feel the heat of mortification creeping up his neck.

Marci reached across the table, her touch soft yet insistent as she took his hand. "I know it's awkward, sweetie, but I care about you and wanna make sure you're making good choices. Now please, tell me what you meant about 'the back door'." Her voice was calm, yet there was an unshakeable resolve behind her words.

Jayden exhaled heavily, his shoulders slumping as he stared down at his lap, feeling utterly trapped. "Okay, fine... Today is, um, supposed to be 'National Anal Sex Day'.

"National...Anal Sex Day?" his mother repeated with a confused expression. "I've never heard of such a thing."



"National Anal Sex Day?" the mother repeated with a confused expression. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"Well, IT IS a thing, and apparently it's today," her son explained. "And I told Ryan I wouldn't be...you know...'getting in the back door'...because I don't have a girlfriend right now." Every word felt like a weight on his chest, and he refused to meet his mom's eyes, drowning in embarrassment.

Suddenly, the mother threw her head back and laughed throatily, making her fat, stiff-nippled boobies shudder. "Oh, sweetheart, is that all you're worried about? Don't be so ashamed, it's only natural for a boy your age to be obsessed with such things. I'm just relieved you're not in any sort of trouble."

She gripped his hand, her fingers burning into his skin. "And listen, if we're being honest, I won't be participating in 'National Anal Sex Day' either—your father could never really appreciate the pleasure of taking me that way." She licked her lips, her eyes flashing with sadness.

Jayden swallowed hard, summoning his courage. "So...you like anal sex then?" His voice cracked slightly, but his eyes were alight with curiosity.

Marci's breath caught. She hesitated, warring with herself, before finally nodding. "Yes, I...I do enjoy it. But...this probably isn't really a very appropriate discussion for us to have, honey."

"Come on Mom, I'm an adult now, and I was honest with you, wasn't I? I'm just interested in a girl's perspective on it, you know?" Jayden pressed, leaning forward intently. "What do you like about it?"

Marci bit her lip, cheeks flaming. "Well, I...I suppose I like the way it feels..."

"In what way?" her son persisted.

Marci peered around nervously a moment as if there might be someone else in the house, but she knew with the exception of the baby, it was just her and her son. "Jayden, you can't tell anyone we had this discussion."

"I won't, I swear," he replied, heart beating a mile a minute. "I'm really just curious why you like the feeling of it."

"Well, just, um...having a hard penis moving through the tight tube of my ass." Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "The way the fat knob digs so deep into my rectum, filling and stretching me..."

Jayden's eyes widened, his breathing shallow. He had never heard his usually reserved mother use such explicit words and he liked it a lot. "Wow, that's really hot," the boy uttered, his eyes darting to the turgid nubs poking through his mom's robe on the peaks of her heaving melons.

Marci's eyes flicked down, zeroing in on the unmistakable tumescence of her son's hard-on. Liquid heat pooled low in her belly. "I love the delicious burn and stretch as a thick shaft invades my most forbidden hole. The intense, full sensation as my ass is completely stuffed..." She trailed off, squeezing her thighs together.

The air crackled with electric tension, taboo desire saturating the space between them. Jayden openly ogled his mother's heaving cleavage, while Marci stared transfixed at the prominent outline of her son's straining erection. Wrong as it was, they both found themselves hopelessly aroused by the inappropriately intimate conversation.

"We should, um...probably talk about something else now," suggested the mother turned abruptly and went to the sink.

Dylan watched her silk robe clinging to her thighs like a lover's embrace. As she leaned over the counter, her plump ass swayed hypnotically, the thin fabric doing little to hide the luscious shelf of her derriere. He could even see the well-defined fissure separating her fatty ass-cheeks.

"Hurry and finish your breakfast, honey or you'll miss your bus," the mother warned, trying to sweep the thoughts of deep anal reaming from her mind.

Jayden's cock throbbed in his pajamas, his teenage hormones raging like a wildfire as forbidden desires consumed his brain. Pre-cum had crept up the tube of his urethra, drooling out his piss-slit and leaving a slimy damp spot on his pajama bottoms.

He envisioned himself stalking behind his hot-assed mom, his hands gripping her generous hips, exploring the intoxicating curves of her ass. In his fantasy, she moaned, arching her back, offering herself to him completely. He pictured

ripping open her robe, the sash falling away to reveal her naked body, a temple of pure, voluptuous lust.

The blood surged into Jayden's cock, swelling it to the point of exquisite agony as he envisioned grasping the full, rounded orbs of his mom's ass, roughly parting her supple cheeks to reveal the delicate, puckered ring of her most intimate sanctum.

He could almost feel the scorching heat emanating from her butt-crevice as he imagined pressing the engorged head of his cock against that taboo passage. In his fevered imagination, he watched himself plunge forward, inch by excruciating inch, burying his entire shaft in the viselike, pulsating grip of his own mother's ass.

Marci remained blissfully unaware, humming innocently as she wiped the counter. But Jayden was consumed by his dark, forbidden fantasy, his breath ragged and desperate as he claimed his imaginary mother with hard, relentless thrusts.

He had to clamp his teeth onto his lip to stifle the primal groan that threatened to escape when he pictured her casting a wicked glance over her shoulder, her hips bucking back to welcome his frenzied pounding. The lewd, rhythmic smacking of fleshy ass beating against his trim abdomen resounded in his ears like a savage symphony.

"Jayden? Are you feeling alright, honey?" His mother's voice cut through his vivid daydream like a blade, yanking him back to reality.

He blinked rapidly, his face igniting with a fiery mix of shame and embarrassment. "Oh, uh, y-yeah Mom, I'm fine..." he stammered, fumbling awkwardly beneath the table. "I was just, um, thinking about...s-something else..."

Marci's gaze drifted downward, and she couldn't ignore the undeniable bulge straining against his thin pajama pants. A knowing smirk spread across her

lips. "Somehow I doubt you were thinking about 'something else', young man," she teased, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"I was...really."

His eyes flashed knowingly at his crotch, then back to his, her luscious lips curling with amusement. "Well, your penis is reading pretty high on the boner-meter," she joked. "So that's why I think you might still be dwelling on naughty butt-fun."

Jayden squirmed in sheer mortification, his face blazing an impossible shade of red as he struggled to conceal his raging erection with trembling hands. "Aw jeez, Mom!" he whined, his voice tinged with desperation.

Marci chuckled softly, patting his shoulder with understanding. "It's alright honey, I understand. You're a growing boy with needs. Why don't you go take care of that before school, hmm?" She nodded with emphasis toward his bedroom. "I think a little 'stress relief' would do you good."

"Okay, sure, thanks Mom," Jayden mumbled, his gratitude mingling with urgency as he bolted from his chair, practically sprinting out of the kitchen, driven by the need to escape the suffocating awkwardness and his mother's all-too-knowing gaze.

Marci watched him tear away, her smile fading as she shook her head. Her expression turned pained, aching with the knowledge that her son, so full of virility, would be cruelly denied the pleasures of National Anal Sex Day. Her breath hitched as she remembered her first time having a cock shoved up her anal passage, the exhilaration, the exquisite pain of surrender to her lover.

"My poor boy," she whispered, her voice heavy with despair. "Only 18, bursting with sexual energy and that throbbing hard cock doomed to go unsatisfied on Anal Sex Day." Her hands clenched around the breakfast dishes, knuckles turning white. "No eager asshole to squeeze his tender penis into, no gasps of pleasure to hear. It's cruel. Unjust!"

A sharp pang of maternal sympathy stabbed at her heart, quickly followed by a dark, forbidden thought. An image of herself, bent over the kitchen table, Jayden's strong hands gripping her hips as he claimed her from behind, invaded her mind. She tried to push it away, but it persisted, searing her consciousness.

"Marci, stop!" she gasped, horrified at her own depravity. "He's your son! Your own flesh and blood!" She attacked the pans with renewed vigor, trying to scrub away the stain of her perverse imaginings.

Yet, as she finished her chores, wiping down the counters with jerky, agitated movements, the fantasy lingered. It lurked in the shadows of her mind, a tempting, taboo whisper that refused to be silenced.

Marci bit her lip, desperately trying to focus on her tasks, to not envision spreading herself open for her son, offering her asshole to him like an animal in heat. But the more she resisted, the more the forbidden desire burned within her.

The flustered mother snatched her phone, her heart pounding as she dialed her older sister Pam. Pam, always her rock, her confessor, was the only one she could spill this twisted desire to.

"Hey sis, what's shaking?" Pam answered, her voice a beacon of warmth.

"Pam, I... I need your help," Marci stammered, her voice choked with desperation. "But you have to swear you won't judge me. This is serious."

"Cross my heart," Pam pledged, her voice steady and sure. "You know you can tell me anything. Now, what's eating you alive?"

Marci took a shuddering breath, her confession bursting from her like a dark secret. "Apparently, today is National Anal Sex Day, and... and Jayden, he doesn't have anyone to... celebrate with. I heard the hunger in his voice, the

disappointment. He wants it, Pam. He wants to take someone from behind, to fuck someone in the ass."

"Ok, umm...keep talking, Marci. Let it all out," Pam urged, her voice tinged with anticipation.

"And I... I can't stop picturing myself offering my ass to him, Pam," Marci hissed, her voice a twisted whisper. "Letting my own son claim me, to beat his young dick through the ring of my asshole, just this once, so he won't miss out. Isn't that sick? Isn't that the most fucked up thing you've ever heard?"

Pam was silent for a moment, the pause thick with tension. Then, her voice cut through the silence, steady and sure. "Listen to me, Marci. It's not as taboo as you think. Moms and sons, they sometimes engage in these types of things and, well... anal sex isn't even the same as vaginal sex, so it wouldn't be like real incest anyway. It's just... a different kind of closeness."

"Really? You think it's... it's okay for a mom and son to get close that way?" Marci asked, desperation echoing in her voice as she clung to her sister's words.

"Hell yes," Pam asserted, her tone sharp and convincing. "I mean, you might be surprised at the number of moms that let their sons stick it in their butts. One good thing is you certainly wouldn't have to worry about him getting you pregnant."

Marci's mind raced, her breath hitched as she weighed Pam's words. "But... but it's cheating, isn't it?"

Pam scoffed, her laughter cold and harsh. "Cheating? Please. Husbands are clueless, Marci. They live in their own worlds. One time, one fucking day of anal penetration with your son, and your husband will never know. This is about you and Jayden. A mother's duty to make her son's day unforgettable."

Marci's eyes widened, her heart pounded as Pam's words stripped away her guilt, making the forbidden seem raw and real. "You really think... I should offer myself to him? Let him fuck me in the ass? Just this once?"

"Yes...I do!" Pam urged, her voice fierce. "What's the fucking harm? You give your son an awesome experience, you take some dirty pleasure for yourself. Everyone wins, Marci. Everyone. Fucking. Wins."

Jayden stepped out of the bathroom, towel barely clinging to his waist, body still dripping from the scalding shower. He froze in the doorway of his bedroom, muscles tensing as his eyes landed on the raw, uncensored scene before him.

There she was, Marci, his own mother, wearing only high heels and posed like a prowling animal, her sumptuous naked ass pointed at him like a prize. He felt a primal growl build in his throat as his eyes devoured the curves of her body, lingering on the smooth, round globes of her buttocks, quivering with each anticipatory breath. Nestled between her ample cheeks, her asshole beckoned him, a provocative invitation.

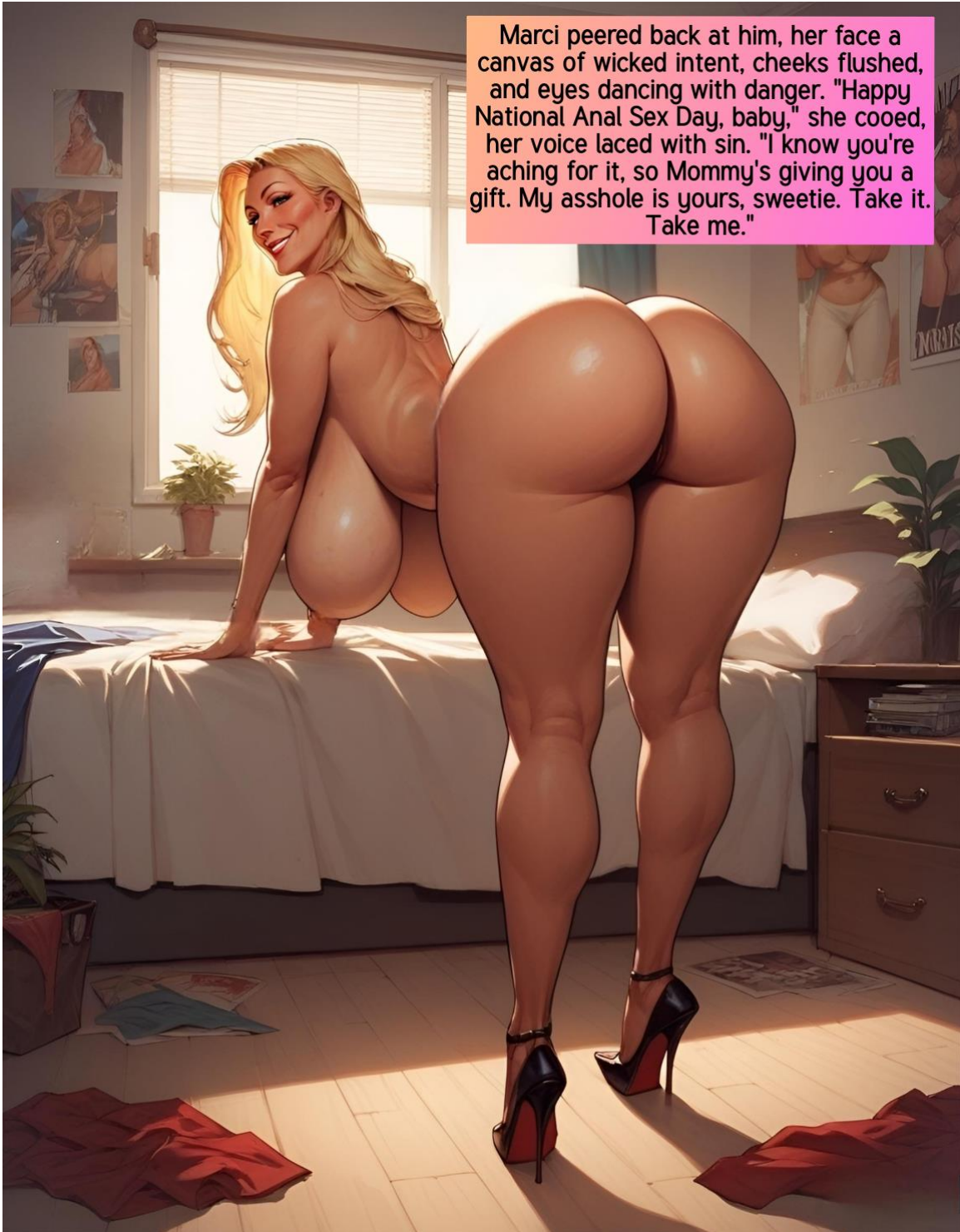
"M-mom?" Jayden choked out, his voice a ragged blend of shock and lust. "What are you doing?"

Marci peered back at him, her face a canvas of wicked intent, cheeks flushed, and eyes dancing with danger. "Happy National Anal Sex Day, baby," she cooed, her voice laced with sin. "I know you're aching for it, so Mommy's giving you a gift. My asshole is yours, sweetie. Take it. Take me."

Jayden's mind was a whirlwind of disbelief and desire. This couldn't be real, it must be some fucked-up dream. But the sight of her, the scent of her heat, slammed into him with a force that left him dizzy.

The teen's towel abruptly dropped from his waist, hitting the floor like a fallen flag, unveiling his colossal erection. It sprang free, fierce and rigid as a monument carved from pure granite and polished with silk.

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His cock was a weapon, massive and thick as a baton of steel. A pulsating vein snaked along the underside of his shaft, throbbing like a drumbeat of war. The engorged purple head flared like the crown of a mushroom cloud, already slick with a thin sheen of pre-cum, a promise of imminent explosion.

Marci's eyes blazed as she feasted on the brutally magnificent sight of her son's titanic hard-on, a growl of approval rumbling in her throat. "God, you're ready to tear me apart, aren't you?" she snarled, her voice dripping with lust and challenge. "Okay, honey. Bring that fucking monster over here and show me what you're made of."

With a savage grin, she reached back and dug her fingers into the soft flesh of her meaty ass, spreading herself wide and presenting her tight, rosy hole like a sacrificial offering.

She shook her voluptuous behind, making her pendulous tits swing and bounce beneath her like church bells summoning the faithful. Her nipples were hard as diamonds, screaming her primal need.

Jayden was spellbound, his heart pounding like a jackhammer as he drank in the carnal spectacle. Her curves undulated like a stormy sea, and her asshole pulsed with dark invitation, daring his throbbing cock to claim it.

Entranced, he stepped forward, gripping his shaft with iron fingers. He aligned his mushroom head with that tantalizing bullseye, ready to plunder and conquer.

"Do it, baby, fucking impale Mommy's asshole with that monster cock," Marci commanded, her voice a ragged, desperate growl.

She steeled herself, every muscle taut, anticipating the brutal intrusion. "Split me open! Fucking destroy my tight butthole with that beast!"

Jayden positioned the bulbous head of his throbbing erection against the tight pucker of her anus. Her rosebud quivered, the dusky pink flesh clenching and

unclenching in anticipation. He rubbed the slick, pre-cum-coated tip around her rim, teasing her, making her whimper and writhe.

With a guttural growl, the teen began to push forward. The crown of his cock pressed insistently against her butt-ring, seeking entry. Marci cried out at the intense pressure, her body instinctively resisting the massive intrusion. But Jayden was relentless, increasing the force steadily.

Her tight sphincter stretched around him, the elastic ring of muscle slowly giving way. Jayden grunted, jaw clenched, as he squeezed past that incredibly snug barrier. The head of his cock popped inside, suddenly engulfed by the searing heat of his mother's bowels.

"Oh fuck!" Marci screamed, her voice a mixture of pain and raw pleasure. Her asshole clamped down viciously around the neck of her son's invading cock.

Jayden roared as he drove forward, a primal, feral sound ripped from his chest. Marci screamed as his fat shaft battered through her resistant ring, her squeal echoing through the room like a battle cry.

He plunged into her velvety depths, his oversized teenage meat stuffing her greedy asshole mercilessly, every inch a brutal conquest.

"Fuuuck, Mom!" Jayden growled, his voice thick with lust and exertion as he buried himself to the hilt in her convulsing anus, his heavy balls swinging like a pendulum to smack against her dripping pussy.

"Aaaah, yes!" Marci wailed, her voice hoarse with raw, primal need. "Your cock is fucking massive! It's stretching me apart, baby!" She gasped, her body shaking with the overwhelming sensation of being utterly filled. "Now fucking wreck me, Jayden! Rip my asshole to shreds!"

Her son didn't need to be told twice. Grabbing her hips with bruising force, he began to jackhammer in and out, his iron-hard shaft reaming her clenching anal ring with relentless, punishing strokes.

Marci thrashed and screamed as he pummeled her, his ferocious thrusts driving her body forward with their power. Her massive tits swayed and bounced beneath her, their wild movements sending ripples of flesh cascading down her chest.

Jayden reveled in the raw, carnal sensation of his mother's vice-like anal passage strangling his rock-hard shaft as he relentlessly pounded into her. The slick, pulsating walls of her rectum convulsed around his thrusting cock, her sphincter a tight ring of fire that mercilessly milked his veined length with every brutal stroke.

He could feel every jagged ridge and fold of her inner flesh as it constricted around him, her body desperately trying to repel his savage invasion.

Marci's most private, forbidden passage was conquered by his iron rod, her anal tract stretching to accommodate his monstrous girth. The engorged head of Jayden's cock jackhammered through his mother's resistant back door, igniting a wildfire of forbidden pleasure that spread like an inferno through her quivering body. Her tender tissues succumbed to his ferocious thrusts, allowing him to violate her asshole completely.

The pretty mother howled in a mix of pain and ecstasy as her son's thick cock drilled into her bowels, impaling her so deeply she could taste him in her throat. The pressure of his swollen cockhead grinding against her anal walls was a blinding, all-consuming intensity that left her gasping for breath.

"Fuck, baby, you're tearing Mommy's ass apart!" she screamed, surrendering to the brutal sodomy. Her body convulsed with waves of depraved rapture radiating from her ravaged asshole. "Wreck me, fuck my filthy shithole! Use my asshole, son!"

Jayden roared like a beast in heat, his powerful glutes tightening as he brutally impaled his mother with primal fury. Her ass-cheeks rippled, and his pendulous balls swung like a wrecking ball against her engorged pussy lips

with each barbaric thrust into her ass. Marci's anal ring was a scorching, impossibly tight vise gripping his engorged teenage cock.

"Take it, Mom! Take my fucking monster up your ass!" Jayden bellowed, intoxicated by the taboo ecstasy of defiling his own mother's rectum. He jackhammered into her with brutal force, pummeling her delicate anal walls with his throbbing shaft, ravaging her backdoor mercilessly.

Marci shrieked as a soul-shattering orgasm detonated within her, ignited by her son's incessant anal invasion. Her body spasmed violently, her neglected pussy erupting like a geyser, her asshole milking Jayden's plunging cock like a vice. Tsunamis of forbidden rapture crashed over the howling mother as her ass was savagely pounded.

"FUCKING HELL, I'M CUMMING!" Jayden thundered, slamming his colossal cock to the depths of his mom's convulsing anus.

Marci's screams echoed through the room as Jayden's climax hit with the force of a tsunami. His colossal cock, a throbbing beast of raw power, convulsed and throbbed deep within her seized-up asshole.

The engorged, angry head expanded to the point of savagery, pushing her anal ring to its unbearable extremes. A torrent of thick, scalding semen erupted into her trembling bowels, a relentless deluge that threatened to consume her from within.

Marci wailed in a mix of pain and pleasure, her body convulsing as her son's monster cock pounded and kicked inside her, unleashing what felt like an eternal surge of molten lava into her taboo passage. Her delicate anal walls were coated in the hot, sticky seed, his heavy cream invading her, filling her up until she felt like she would explode.

John dialed his wife's number as he took a bite of his sandwich, anticipating his wife's sweet voice on the other end of the line. The phone rang several times before going to voicemail. He frowned slightly, but shrugged it off, figuring she was just occupied with changing diapers or rocking little Bethany to sleep.

If only he knew the depraved truth - that at that very moment, his gorgeous wife was a writhing, moaning mess, her voluptuous body intertwined with their teenage son's in the most forbidden of embraces.

Now on the bed, Marci bounced feverishly atop Jayden, impaled on his massive shaft, her hungry asshole stretched obscenely around his girth. Her giant breasts heaved and swayed, glistening with sweat.

Jayden's face was buried in her pillowy tit-cleavage, his lips and tongue worshipping her erect nipple, suckling like a ravenous babe.

The teen's bed creaked and groaned beneath their frantic coupling, the air thick with the heady musk of incestuous butt-sex. Marci threw her head back in ecstasy, keening wantonly as Jayden's cock pummeled her tender bowels, claiming her most taboo passage as his own personal fuck-hole.

"Unnngh, fuck, baby! Mommy's ass is all yours!" Marci babbled deliriously, drunk on the depravity of letting her own son sodomize her. "Ruin my shitter with that huge dick!"

Jayden growled around her tit-flesh, sucking harder, piston-fucking up into the scalding heat of his mother's squeezing asshole with abandon. His hands gripped the plush globes of her wildly gyrating ass, pulling her down to meet his brutal thrusts.

They rutted like animals, all sense of propriety and familial boundaries obliterated on this special occasion, lost to the all-consuming fire of their illicit anal union. Mother and son, joined in the most unspeakable sin, their bodies fused in a obscene tangle of sweat-slicked skin and carnal fluids.

And across town, John remained blissfully ignorant, unaware that his once faithful wife had become a debauched anal whore for their own son's colossal

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cock. He chewed his sandwich, mentally making a note to bring Marci some flowers on the way home, oblivious to the wicked perversions transpiring under his own roof.

Jayden whimpered around his mom's heavy, succulent breast, his mouth full of her fleshy tit-cap. He suckled fervently, tonguing her stiff, milk-leaking nipple as he savored the exquisite sensations engulfing his throbbing cock.

Every nerve ending in his engorged glans was electrified as it plunged into the deepest, darkest recesses of his mother's forbidden ass-tract. He could feel her tight anal ring strangling the base of his shaft, the muscular sphincter fluttering and clenching around his veiny meat.

Beyond that snug barrier, his cockhead was encased in the slick, searing heat of Marci's inner walls. Her tender rectal lining molded to his shape, clinging to every ridge and vein. He felt the delicate tissues rippling along his length with each thrust, massaging him from crown to root.

Deeper still, his flared head butted against her resistant inner sphincter, that second ring of muscle guarding the entrance to her sigmoid colon. Each rapid pump of his hips jammed his tip against that rubbery gateway, stretching it wide, making Marci howl and thrash in a frenzy of pain-laced ecstasy.

The silken walls of her colon clutched and rippled around Jayden's invading cockhead as he plundered her most sacred depths, hot, slippery pre-cum smearing on tender tissue. He was acutely aware of every inch of his mother's anal tract as it sheathed him, from the intense pressure around his glans to the tight clench of her ring squeezing his base.

Marci's ass seemed to suck him in, her greedy hole swallowing him to the hilt. Her bowels worked his shaft like a velvet fist, rippling and undulating, as if milking him for his seed. He groaned around her leaky nipple, his balls drawing up tight, the pleasure building to a fever pitch.

The forbidden knowledge that he was balls-deep in his own mother's asshole, defiling her most private orifice, only heightened Jayden's depraved bliss. His cock twitched and pulsed, buried to the root in Marci's rear channel, as he rapidly approached the point of no return.

The mother leaned down, her lips brushing on her son's ear as she whispered soft, filthy nothings to him in a breathy, babying tone. "That's it, sweetheart.

Suck on Mommy's titty like a good boy," she cooed, her voice dripping with maternal lust. "Mommy loves feeling your mouth on her nipple while you fuck her ass. You're such a big boy now, aren't you baby? Filling Mommy's bottom with your huge cock."

Jayden whimpered around her breast, the lewd words stoking the flames of his taboo arousal. He suckled harder, stretching her areola into an obscene cone shape inside his mouth, gulping steadily as he drew out more warm nectar. He humped his hips upward, driving his throbbing shaft deeper into the slick, scorching depths of his mother's rectum.

"Mmmm, you're Mommy's special little man," Marci purred, skillfully undulating her hips to meet his frantic thrusts. "Letting her take such good care of you. Draining those aching balls deep in Mommy's dirty shithole. Give Mommy all your thick, hot cum."

Jayden's eyes rolled back, his mind short-circuiting from the naughty mother-son role-play. The idea of his own mom taking care of his sexual needs, offering up her most intimate hole to sate his teenage lust, pushed him over the edge.

With a muffled roar around Marci's tit-flesh, the teen exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser deep in his mother's asshole. Thick ropes of semen painted her clenching anal walls, flooding her bowels with his potent seed.

"MMMM, YES! Good boy, cum for Mommy!" Marci keened, throwing her head back in ecstasy as her ass was pumped full of her son's cream. "Fill Mommy's ass with your hot load! Mommy's shit-pussy is all yours, baby!"

Jayden convulsed beneath her, his hips bucking erratically as he unleashed spurt after spurt of jizz into her hungry hole. Marci milked him with her talented ass, wringing every last drop from his jerking cock.

Finally spent, the teen collapsed back onto the sweat-soaked sheets, gasping for air. Marci cuddled him close, stroking his hair tenderly as his softening cock slipped from her dripping, gaped asshole with a wet plop.

"That's my good boy," she murmured lovingly. "Mommy's so proud of you, staying home from school and enjoying her butt on National Anal Sex Day."

Later, the mother prowled around the kitchen, dinner preparation a mere distraction from the raw, throbbing ache in her ass—a brutal reminder of the illicit anal trysts with her teenage son.

Her asshole pulsed, a gaping, sloppy maw that still felt the echo of Jayden's relentless pounding. Thick ropes of his virile semen leaked from her ravaged passage, trailing down her thighs like a obscene testament to their forbidden lust and the five ejaculations that had been hosed into her greedy ass that day.

Her panties were drenched, a creamy mess that plastered the fabric to her skin, matting her pubic hair into a filthy, soggy tangle. She shivered, feeling like a dirty, used whore, and reveling in every depraved moment of it.

When her husband stormed through the door, Marci met him with a saccharine smile and a chaste kiss, their infant daughter bouncing on her hip. "Hi honey," she cooed, the epitome of the doting housewife, hiding the sordid truth beneath a veil of domestic bliss.

Her husband, the clueless fool, gave her a perfunctory peck on the cheek, along with the flowers he had purchased, none the wiser to her perverse secret. "Dinner smells great," he grunted, loosening his tie like a noose around his neck. "Ready soon?"

"Almost," Marci purred, squeezing her sore, semen-soaked asshole, a wicked thrill coursing through her. Only ten-minutes earlier, she had been bent over in the shower, taking her son's cock deep in her ass, and now she played the part of the dutiful wife. The duality sent a surge of twisted excitement through her, the taste of forbidden fruit still fresh on her tongue.

She caught Jayden's eye across the kitchen and saw him smirk knowingly, clearly also remembering their day of illicit anal activities. Marci giggled inwardly, already looking forward to the next time she could offer her son the special gift of her warm, willing anus. She had a feeling every day would be Anal Sex Day from now on!

THE END