

THIS STORY IS COMPLETELY FICTIONAL, AND ALL  
CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE OVER THE AGE OF 18.

## Mom's Workout Facility - Part 1

By Klrxo

Ricky watched his mom and dad step through the door with his new baby sister, but he paid her little attention. Instead, his virgin eyes bulged at the sight of his mom's milk-engorged breasts shifting beneath her blouse—two massive fucking udders ready to burst from their fabric prison, nipples thick as thumbs pushing against the thin material like they were trying to drill through it. Each labored breath she took made the straining blouse-buttons creak in protest, threatening to explode across the room like shrapnel.

Holly stood there, her long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders like a waterfall of gold, framing a face that belonged on the cover of MILF Monthly. Those emerald eyes of hers weren't just looking—they were fucking devouring everything in sight, pupils dilated with a hunger no amount of dick could satisfy.

Her lips, plump and glossy, parted slightly as if permanently ready to wrap around something thick. The rest of her body was a goddamn masterpiece of maternal filth—those massive MILF tits straining against fabric, nipples like bullets, and hips that had widened from pushing out babies but now served as perfect handles

for rough doggy-style pounding. Every inch of her screamed "I've been bred, but I'm far from done being fucked."

Ricky's brothers and sisters crowded around the newborn, cooing and making stupid baby noises while pawing at the blanket. Ricky hung back, his bony shoulders hunched, mouth dry as sandpaper. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the way his mother's nipples poked against her blouse like they were just aching sucked and chewed on.

When she caught her 18-year-old staring, Holly's luscious lips curled into a smile that made his heart skip a beat. She held his gaze and deliberately looked down at the deep crease between her oversized tits, then back at him with a slow wink that felt like a dirty secret between them.

Holly knew her son's thoughts. She recognized that hungry stare—she'd caught him watching her milk-filled jugs bounce and slap together as she descended the stairs, seen his teenage cock pushing his pajama pants into a fucking circus tent when she leaned over him to kiss his forehead goodnight.

The thought of her virginal boy lying awake at night, frantically jerking his throbbing boner while imagining her sweater-meat smothering his face until snot bubbled from his nostrils, made her pussy tingle. Poor Ricky, cursed with a mother whose fat nipples chafed against her stretched-to-hell J-cup bras, whose deep cleavage trapped sweat and perfume in its humid valley. What a mindfuck it must be.

Holly's voice dripped like honey. "Ricky, be a good boy and help Mommy set up the baby's nursery."

It wasn't a request. His cock twitched in his jeans as she sashayed toward him, her milk-swollen tits heaving with each step, nipples visibly chafing against her blouse. Her wide, child-bearing hips swung obscenely, still thick from pregnancy.

Ricky's mouth went desert-dry as his gaze traveled down her sexy legs to her crimson-painted toenails, perfectly framed by fuck-me stilettos that had no business on a woman who'd just pushed out a baby. He flattened himself against the wall like prey, his teenage prick hardening painfully as she invaded his space, her massive tits nearly brushing his chest.

Holly's voice dripped like warm honey. "What's the matter, sweetheart?" she whispered, her obscenely pink tongue darting between cock-sucking lips. "Don't you wanna be alone with mommy?" The words hung in the air like the scent of her cunt—unmistakable, animal, wet.

Ricky's Adam's apple bobbed violently in his scrawny throat, a pathetic gurgle escaping his lips as his bulging eyes locked onto her grotesquely swollen tits. His mouth gaped, his stammered words directed straight at her rock-hard nipples instead of her face. "I will do, um... whatever you n-need me to."

The mother shot a quick glance over her shoulder, making damn sure her husband was occupied with their newborn, then stalked toward her son like a heat-seeking cunt missile. She smothered the

quivering virgin in her arms, mashing his face between her leaking udders.

Her blood-red toenails escaped one fuck-me pump, slithering up the back of his skinny calf like a horny snake, leaving his virgin skin pebbled with gooseflesh and teenage desperation.

Holly leaned in, her hot breath tickling his ear. "Would you like to follow me to the nursery and rub that throbbing virgin cock against Mommy's swollen cunt? It's still puffy and raw from pushing out your sister."

Her tongue darted out, tracing the shell of his ear. "You can feel how wet and burning hot it is—how it pulses when I think about your teenage dick sliding between my fat pussy lips."

His head jerked in a spastic nod, his throat working convulsively as a strangled whimper escaped his lips.

The mother smiled at him, her crimson lips parting to reveal gleaming teeth as her eyes—predatory and knowing—locked onto his. She seized his trembling hand, forcefully lacing their fingers together while driving her blood-red nails into his soft palm until he winced.

Her ass—obscenely round and jiggling with each step—strained against her skirt as she led him down the hallway, the fabric riding up between her cheeks like it was being devoured by her hungry flesh.

They reached the nursery, Holly's stilettos clicking like gunshots against the hardwood. She closed the door behind them, the lock

clicking with finality. Her eyes never left his as she backed him against the changing table, her milk-heavy tits heaving with each breath.

"Finally," she purred, "a private moment with my favorite boy."

Her pubis bumped his erection through his jeans - dick-warming heat emanating from her crotch. It made his veiny meat flex with almost painful erectness.

"You know, while I was in that hospital bed, legs spread wide open, cunt stretched around your sister's head, I was thinking about you the whole time," Holly stated.

"M-me?" The word barely escaped his dry throat.

Holly's red lips parted in a predatory giggle, her tongue sliding over her teeth. "Yes, you, my adorable little virgin," she purred, reaching out to trace one blood-red fingernail down his chest. "Now be a good boy and take those pants off."

"Pants?" Ricky asked with a nervous gulp.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes traveling to his crotch. "Keep those tighty-whities on though. Mommy wants to see your erect penis straining against the fabric."

Ricky's eyes darted to the door, his voice a trembling whisper.

"What if Dad comes in?"

Holly's crimson smile widened as she dropped to her knees with predatory grace, her milk-heavy breasts swinging forward like wrecking balls. The neckline of her blouse gaped open, revealing the

deep valley between them, slick with perspiration and reeking of floral perfume mixed with the animal musk of her overheated flesh. "We don't need to worry about him," she stated.

The mother's thighs spread wide, the tight skirt hiking up to expose the sopping wet crotch of her panties, the delicate fabric translucent and clinging to her swollen cunt lips as she yanked at her son's zipper with savage desperation.

"Step out," she commanded, her hot breath washing over his exposed stomach, leaving a trail of goosebumps across his virgin skin.

When he obeyed, she sat back on her heels, eyes gleaming as she drank in the sight of his cock straining against the thin cotton - the angry, purplish mushroom head peeking out above the waistband, a glistening pearl of pre-cum oozing from the slit.

"There's Mommy's big boy," she purred, licking her lips.

Holly's voice dropped to a husky command. "Sit down on that ottoman, back straight - no slouching."

Ricky collapsed onto the padded stool, spine rigid with arousal and watched as his mom kicked off her stilettos with deliberate slowness, her crimson toenails gleaming like fresh blood against her pale arches. His eyes widened as she hiked up her tight skirt, revealing the soaked crotch of her lacy thong.

"Watch Mommy," she commanded, hooking her thumbs under the elastic and dragging it down over her childbearing hips. The fabric

clung to her swollen pussy lips before peeling away with an audible wet sound.

She shimmied the panties down her baby-smooth thighs, making her massive milk-filled tits bounce and slosh beneath her straining blouse.

“Oh wow,” the boy uttered. A fat, pearly glob of precum bubbled from his piss-hole like toothpaste from a tube, oozing down his twitching cock and leaving a glistening slug-trail across his quivering stomach.

His lungs seized as her cum-soaked panties slid down those thick baby-making thighs, finally collapsing into a sodden wad around her ankles. With a casual flick of her blood-red toes, she kicked the juice-drenched underwear across the floor and prowled toward him like a predator.

His wonder-filled eyes dragged upward, locking onto her swollen post-partum pussy—bald as a newborn, meaty cunt-lips spread open like overripe fruit, her blood-gorged clit poking out from its hood like an angry little dick-nub, the entire sloppy mess dripping with her mother-juices.

She jabbed a crimson nail into his sternum, leaving a crescent-shaped indentation in his clammy flesh. "Sit up straight, knees together like a good little virgin boy."

His Adam's apple bobbed like a cork in rough water as he squeaked out a "Yes, Mom," his teenage voice splitting in half.

She mounted him like a beast in heat, her glistening cunt-lips spreading open with an audible squelch around his cotton-trapped erection.

"Holy fuck," she hissed, grinding her dripping gash against him until the fabric darkened with her juices. Her massive tits crashed against his face like twin wrecking balls, milk-swollen nipples drilling through the thin fabric and leaving wet circles as she locked her thunder thighs around his pathetic bony hips. Her ankles crossed behind his back, trapping him in a vise of hot maternal flesh as she crushed him against her heaving body.

"Oh fuck, you feel so good against mommy," she cooed, her limbs tightening like meaty vines around him.

Holly seized his trembling hands and placed his palms against her baby-smooth thighs. "Feel how fucking strong Mommy's legs are," she commanded, flexing her thick maternal muscles around his trapped hips until he whimpered like a wounded puppy. "How tight they squeeze your virgin body."

Her hips began to slowly buck and writhe, her dripping cunt-hole smearing obscene trails of her maternal juices across his cotton-trapped cock. The fat purple head of his virgin prick peeked out from his waistband, weeping clear pre-cum that mingled with her viscous secretions as she mashed her engorged clit against his throbbing shaft, feeling each excited pulse of his racing heart through the veiny meat between her splayed pussy-lips.

She dragged her crimson lips to his ear, her hot breath dampening his skin as she whispered, "Mommy brought home more than just a

baby from that hospital." Her tongue flicked against his earlobe.  
"She brought home these big, milk-filled fuck-udders."

She squeezed him hard, crushing his scrawny torso between her massive milk-filled tits until he gasped for air, the scratchy embroidered lace of her stretched-to-bursting maternity bra scraping against his virgin flesh like sandpaper on raw meat.

"You know what these fat milk-makers are for, don't you? Not just babies." She bit his earlobe hard. "Mommy's titties are for obedient little boys with virgin cocks."

She rolled her wide, child-bearing hips in a slow figure-eight, grinding her sloppy, post-partum cunt against his cotton-trapped erection.

"Feel that?" she hissed, her voice thick with filth. "That's how I'd milk your virgin dick if you were balls-deep inside me."

Her birth-stretched pussy lips dragged wetly across his length, leaving dark patches on the thin fabric as she bore down harder. His pathetic whimper only made her grind more savagely, her maternal pelvis crushing his teenage cock against his belly until it kicked and flexed helplessly beneath her soaking gash.

"Be Mommy's good helper, and I'll let you bury your face in these swollen jugs until you can't breathe. Would you like that? To suffocate between Mommy's leaky tits?"

The boy's "yes" emerged as a muffled, pathetic squeak from between her suffocating tit-flesh.

Holly's crimson talons raked through his sweat-damp hair, scraping his virgin scalp as she yanked his face deeper into her cleavage.

"Such a precious little pervert," she cooed, feeling his cock twitch violently against her dripping slit. "You're so fucking adorable when you're about to cream your briefs."

She ground her swollen cunt-lips against his cotton-trapped erection, shivering from the exquisite friction on their most sensitive flesh. "Want Mommy to give you some more love-humps?"

When he nodded frantically, she began gyrating her wide maternal hips in obscene circles, her birth-stretched pussy smearing juices across his thighs. "Grab Mommy's fat ass and hold on tight," she commanded, crushing his teenage prick beneath her sopping gash.

His trembling fingers sank deep into the dimpled fat of Holly's ass-cheeks, the flesh bulging between his knuckles like raw dough as she swiveled her childbearing hips in filthy circles.

The ottoman creaked in protest beneath them, its wooden frame threatening to splinter under their rutting weight. Her thick maternal thighs clamped around his bony pelvis like a vise, her cunt-juice seeping through his briefs and running in sticky rivulets down his ball-sack.

The teenager's pathetic whimpers were muffled against her heaving tit-flesh as her dripping snatch ground mercilessly against his throbbing virgin prick, the sopping cotton barrier between them now translucent with their mingled secretions.

His cock lurched violently beneath his underwear, the purple head ballooning as thick veins pulsed along the shaft. Each spasm sent tremors through his skinny frame while pre-cum oozed from his slit in thick, ropey strands.

Holly's throat vibrated with a guttural moan, her heavy-lidded eyes rolling back as she fantasized about that teenage rod splitting her swollen cunt open, battering her cervix with each brutal thrust until his hairless balls slapped against her dripping asshole.

"Such a big, hard dick for Mommy," she gasped, her pussy clenching rhythmically as her clit throbbed its way through a shuddering climax. His face disappeared completely between her heaving tits, his desperate gasps for air lost in the sweaty valley of maternal flesh that quivered and contracted around his oxygen-starved face.

Three sharp knocks rattled the door. "You two almost finished in there?" her husband's muffled voice sliced through the room.

Holly's pussy clamped down on Ricky's cotton-trapped cock mid-grind, her maternal muscles flexing involuntarily. Buried face-first in a suffocating canyon of mammary meat, Ricky's world narrowed to the thundering of her heart against his cheek and the obscene pulsing of her engorged clit grinding against his throbbing shaft.

"Just a minute, honey!" Holly chirped, her voice honeyed and light, betraying nothing of the filthy maternal juices currently soaking through her son's briefs. "We're almost done in here."

Her cunt twitched violently against his cock-head as she spoke, her thick thighs trembling with the effort of remaining still while her pussy-lips quivered with excitement.

Ricky's face emerged from the suffocating avalanche of maternal tit-flesh with a desperate, wheezing gasp, his lips wet with her leaked milk. Holly's blouse hung open like a curtain parted on obscenity, revealing the grotesquely stretched lace of her tit-stuffed maternity bra, the fabric distorted beyond recognition by her freakish mammaries.

Through the milk-soaked material, her massive areolas glared like twin bruises, their purpled circumference wider than grapefruit, each capped with nipples that jutted out like rubber doorstops, begging for his virgin mouth.

With a filthy grunt, the mother lifted her dripping cunt off the rigid pole tenting his briefs, the soaked cotton molded perfectly around every vein and ridge of his teenage cock-meat, a pornographic relief map of his virgin erection.

Holly snatched her discarded panties from the floor, the black lace still warm from her overheated cunt. With a filthy smirk, she dragged the delicate fabric between her swollen pussy lips, the sopping gash making an obscene squelching sound as she collected her maternal juices. The crotch darkened instantly, saturated with her thick secretions.

"Take these," she commanded, dangling the dripping underwear from her crimson talon. "Go to your room and wrap them around that virgin cock while you beat your meat."

Her voice dropped to a guttural growl. "I want you to imagine splitting Mommy's cunt open with that teenage rod until your balls are slapping against my ass. Pump your fist until you shoot your load into the same fabric that was just pressed against my dripping hole."

Ricky yanked his shorts up with trembling hands, his face flushed crimson as he clutched her soiled panties in his sweaty palm.

Holly yanked her cum-stained skirt down over her still-throbbing cunt, the damp fabric clinging to her swollen labia as she slipped her feet into her heels, wobbling slightly as her soaked inner thighs slid against each other.

"Go drain those virgin balls for Mommy," she hissed, her voice barely audible as she shoved her son toward the door with one hand while frantically buttoning her milk-spotted blouse with the other.

"Daddy!" she called, her voice instantly transforming into saccharine sweetness as her husband appeared, their infant daughter cradled against his chest. He surveyed the room with narrowed eyes. "What were you two doing in here? I thought you said you were getting the nursery ready? Nothing's changed."

Holly ignored her husband's observation, her crimson lips stretching into a proud smile as she snatched the baby from his arms. "There's mommy's angel," she cooed at her newborn, feeling her son's eyes burning into her ass as he slunk away clutching her pussy-soaked panties.

The next day, Monica's milk-swollen tits leaked through her stretched nursing bra as she gaped at her sister. "Holy shit, Holly - you dry-humped his virgin cock through his underwear?" she gasped, shifting her own squirming infant to her other engorged breast. The movement sent a visible spray of milk across the coffee table.

"Not enough to make him blow his load," Holly answered, thumbing a dollop of leaked colostrum from her distended nipple. "But Christ, if his father hadn't knocked, I would've flooded those briefs when my cunt exploded all over his teenage dick-meat."

"What did it feel like?" Monica demanded, her thighs unconsciously spreading as milk dribbled down the peak of her tit.

Holly's eyes glazed over with filthy remembrance. "Like a fucking baseball bat. Teenage cock is so goddamn rigid—not like our husbands' dicks. I could feel every vein pulsing through the cotton while my pussy-juice soaked through to his balls."

Monica leaned forward, her milk-heavy tits sloshing. "How big was it? Don't bullshit me."

Holly's cunt twitched at the memory. "Fucking massive. Had to be nine, maybe ten inches, and thick as my goddamn wrist."

Monica's nipples visibly hardened. "What about the head? Could you see it?"

Holly nodded, licking her lips. "Fucking thing was poking out his waistband like a purple mushroom, all swollen and angry. Had this

obscene ridge around it—flared out like a fucking helmet. Christ, I nearly came just looking at it.”

Monica laid the infant on a cushion, then splayed her smooth thighs wide, her milk-bloated tits swinging as she yanked her soiled panties aside to expose her glistening cunt. Her stubby fingers attacked her engorged clit, the swollen nub protruding obscenely from its hood like a miniature cock.

"Fuck, I bet that teenage battering ram would split our cunts wide open," she groaned, her pussy-juice forming a viscous puddle beneath her as she friggged herself. "Can you imagine that virgin pole jackhammering our g-spots until our milk squirts from the pressure?"

Holly's cunt clenched at the image, a fresh gush of maternal secretions flooding her panties. "His cock would stretch my fuck-hole so wide I'd feel it in my throat," she hissed, watching her sister's fingers shamelessly disappear into her sloppy hole.

Monica's eyes gleamed with filthy inspiration as she wiped a trickle of milk from her chin. "We should fuck the virgin right out of that boy," she growled, her pussy visibly clenching as if around an imaginary teenage cock. "Let that teenage battering ram pound our cunts into cream. I bet he could go for hours, stretching our holes with that monster until we're both walking bowlegged and dripping his seed."

Holly's bloated nipples visibly hardened through her blouse. "That might be the perfect post-partum workout," she purred, licking her

lips. "Nothing tightens up a slack mommy-cunt like getting it hammered by a rock-hard teenage pole."

Monica's eyes lit up as she shifted her milk-heavy tits. "Speaking of workouts—there's this new gym downtown. Mommy & Son Fitness. All these desperate MILFS bringing their hung teenage boys for 'personal training.' It might be exactly what you need."

Holly's milk-engorged udders quivered like gelatin molds as she leaned forward, her crimson cock-sucking lips peeling back to reveal perfect teeth.

"So the moms literally get their post-natal bodies fucked back into shape?" she asked, the pink corrugated walls of her birthing-tunnel clenching and smoldering at the thought.

"Absolutely," her sister answered, still playing with her throbbing clit. "But there's one tiny problem. A lot of these desperate moms end up knocked up all over again, their bellies swelling with fresh teenage seed before they've even tightened their stretched-out baby tunnels."

Holly merely shrugged her shoulders, her massive tits heaving beneath her milk-spotted blouse. "Well," she purred, licking her crimson lips until they glistened obscenely, "teenage dick is good at making babies. Those swollen nuts are churning with thick, fertile batter."

The following afternoon, Holly's SUV screeched to a halt in the school pickup zone, her freshly-manicured talons drumming impatiently against the leather steering wheel.

When Ricky slid his lanky teenage frame into the passenger seat, she greeted him with a predatory smile, her glossy crimson lips peeling back to reveal perfect teeth.

"I didn't know you were picking me up today," he stated, glancing in a horny manner at her bulging cleavage.

"We're gonna be workout partners at this new place downtown," she announced, her voice dripping with honeyed venom. "It's designed to help mommies like me get their stretched-out baby-factories back into fuckable condition."

As she accelerated, Ricky's teenage eyes betrayed him, darting frantically between her milk-swollen tits that quivered like gelatin molds beneath her too-tight blouse and her thick thighs where her skirt had ridden up to expose a sliver of lace-topped stocking.

The teenager's voice cracked as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "Am I... am I supposed to work out too?" His trembling fingers picked nervously at a loose thread on his jeans while his young cock betrayed him, swelling against his zipper at the mere proximity of his mother's milk-heavy melons.

"Oh baby, you'll be working something out alright," Holly giggled as she slid one manicured hand onto his thigh, inches from his twitching bulge. "Mommy needs that teenage stamina to whip this post-natal mommy-bod back into shape. Don't worry though—" her

fingers inched closer to the growing tent in his pants, "—the workout will include your virgin cock buried balls-deep in warm, wet mommy-hole. The only thing getting sore will be my dripping fuck-tunnel after you've pumped it full of your thick baby-batter."

Ricky's voice fractured like breaking glass. "Y-you m-mean we'll be having..sex, right there in the g-gym?" His teenage cock throbbed visibly against his zipper as a wet spot of pre-cum darkened the denim.

Holly's throaty giggle filled the car as her crimson talons traced the purple mushroom head straining against his pants, her nail catching the sensitive ridge where his foreskin stretched taut over his swollen glans.

"Listen to Mommy, baby," she purred, her cunt muscles clenching at his innocence. "Nothing burns calories and tightens a stretched baby-chute like getting it pounded by teenage dick-meat. That's a workout your limp-dicked father could never handle—his saggy balls would be empty after one thrust, while your virgin nuts are packed with enough thick cream to flood my cunt for hours."

Ricky's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. "What if Dad gets pissed about me helping you that way?" His voice cracked on the last word, his teenage anxiety colliding with the throbbing pressure in his jeans.

"Your limp-dicked father doesn't need to know a thing, baby," she purred, squeezing his thigh until her manicured talons left half-moon indentations in his flesh. "His pathetic excuse for a cock couldn't handle what your teenage fuck-stick is about to do to

Mommy's hungry cunt. Why tell him his son's balls are fuller and his rod is harder? Let him keep thinking he's the man of the house while you're pumping Mommy full of that thick teenage cream.”

When they arrived at the facility, a statuesque blonde with basketball-sized tits that defied gravity greeted them at the reception desk, her platinum hair cascading in silken waves past her shoulders. Her name tag—"PAMELA"—sat perched atop her left mammary globe like a mailbox flag, the gold-embossed letters catching the fluorescent light.

"Welcome to Mommy and Son Fitness," she purred, her voice dripping like honey from a cunt, each syllable caressing the air between them. "I'll be your personal trainer."

Her fat nipples visibly hardened beneath her white sports top, pushing against the thin fabric like pencil erasers, as her predatory azure gaze locked onto the obscene bulge straining Ricky's zipper.

"We provide specialized attire designed to maximize our unique workout benefits," she explained, her tongue—pink and glistening with saliva—sliding slowly across her bee-stung crimson lips. "The changing rooms are just down that hallway—come along, sweetheart - I'll show you."

She took Ricky's hand and winked at Holly with a conspiratorial flutter of mascara-coated lashes, then led them toward separate doors marked with neon silhouettes of female and male figures, her

ass-cheeks jiggling like two puppies fighting under a blanket with each deliberate step in her six-inch stiletto heels.

Pamela's acrylic talons dug into Ricky's sweaty palm as she dragged him into a closet-sized changing room reeking of bleach and pussy-juice.

"Put these on for me," she cooed, dangling a scrap of spandex that would barely contain his throbbing teenage meat. Her massive tits heaved against her sports top as she plopped her juicy ass onto the bench, spreading her toned thighs wide enough that he glimpsed her swollen camel toe.

"Don't be shy, baby boy," she purred, licking her glossy lips as he trembled. "I've seen lots of dicks on guys your age."

The door creaked open and a parade of cock-hungry MILF employees with humongous tits and predatory eyes crowded in, their hungry gazes fixed on his crotch like starving wolves eyeing raw meat.

"Mmm, look at those virgin abs," hissed a redhead, her tongue flicking between crimson lips. "I bet his cock is as pink as bubble gum and twice as sweet."

A phat-assed brunette dropped to her knees, her hot breath dampening his thigh. "Mmm, just imagine that teenage pre-cum dripping on your tongue—bet it tastes like fucking cotton candy."

From the corner, a blonde with nipples like missile launchers moaned, "Your mom's gonna ride that virgin pole till her sloppy

cunt squirts all over your baby-making balls. She'll fuck you bowlegged, stud."

As Ricky's trembling fingers hooked into his waistband, his teenage cock erupted from its cotton prison like a flesh missile, slapping against his stomach with an audible \*thwack\*.

The women's collective gasp sucked half the oxygen from the room. "Holy mother-fucking Christ," the redhead wheezed, her pretty eyes bulging. "That purple mushroom head is twice the size of my husband's"

Inside their panties, the women's' swollen clits—each one the size of a ripe cherry—pulsed visibly beneath glistening hoods of pink flesh, engorged with blood and twitching like tiny hearts.

Their sloppy fuck-tunnels clenched and unclenched, making wet sucking sounds that echoed off the locker room walls. These weren't virgin slits—these were battle-hardened mommy-holes that had pushed out babies and swallowed countless loads, now dripping with enough pussy-juice to drown a small animal.

Clear, viscous arousal fluid seeped from their vaginal walls, trickling down their inner thighs in rivulets that caught the fluorescent light, their bodies producing nature's lubricant specifically to ease the passage of such a thick, veined appendage like Ricky's into their desperate depths.

The brunette crawled closer, her nostrils flaring at the musky scent of his virgin ball-sweat. "Look at those throbbing veins—like fucking roadmaps to Pleasure Town."

“And those heavy nuts,” added another woman, “swinging like two tennis balls in a gym sock, absolutely churning with baby-batter.”

Pamela's tongue darted across her crimson lips as she pointed at the glistening pre-cum oozing from his piss-slit. "That monster cock would split my cunt in half.”

The women circled him like starving hyenas, their acrylic claws raking his trembling six-pack until angry red welts bloomed across his virgin flesh.

"Is that virgin meat you're packing, sweetie?" whispered the blonde, her hot breath tickling his ear as her massive mommy-udders crushed against his shoulder blades, nipples hard as diamonds against the thin fabric separating them.

When Ricky stammered out an aroused "Y-yes," she giggled, dragged her blood-red nail down his sternum.

"With equipment like yours, you'll be drowning in pussy juice before the week's out—not just those tight little high school cunts, but experienced mommy-holes that know how to milk every last drop from those swollen teenage nuts."

Pamela nodded enthusiastically, her platinum hair bouncing as she licked her plumped lips. "That monster is gonna be glazed like a donut with hot cunt-cream, baby boy," she promised, her eyes fixed on his bulge. "And those virgin lips of yours? They're gonna be wrapped around the softest, juiciest mommy-tits you've ever dreamed about."

Ricky's trembling fingers struggled with the microscopic neon-yellow spandex speedo, the obscene garment clinging to his sweaty thighs like industrial shrink-wrap as his bulbous purple cock-head, glistening with pre-cum, kept popping free of the waistband like a veiny, flesh-colored jack-in-the-box.

When he finally stuffed his throbbing 10-inch meat-pole inside, his hairless balls bulged obscenely against the paper-thin fabric, their heavy teenage weight threatening to tear the straining seams with each shallow, labored breath.

“Let's go find your mother,” Pamela's said, her blood-red manicured talons digging into his firm right ass-cheek as she steered him down a dimly-lit hallway reeking of stale pussy-juice and industrial-strength disinfectant.

A frosted glass door swung open with a high-pitched squeak to reveal Holly sprawled across a black vinyl workout bench, her milky-white legs spread wide enough to showcase her puffy, glistening cunt-lips barely contained by a hot-pink dental-floss thong that disappeared between her swollen labia like string into warm butter, the thin fabric darkened to crimson by her dripping fuck-hole.

Ricky's jaw hit the floor with an audible gasp as his bulging eyes locked onto her massive J-cup tits spilling over a lime-green tube-top two sizes too small, her dusky-pink nipples jutting through the stretched fabric like rigid thimbles, wet circles spreading where her sweet mommy-milk leaked through the cheap synthetic material.

"Hi honey, ready to make mommy sweat?" Holly cooed, her pussy visibly pulsing beneath the soaked fabric.

Pamela's hand squeezed Ricky's ass as she explained their first workout routine. "After pushing out a baby, a mother needs to exercise every muscle in her body—starting with her tongue."

She demonstrated by running her wet pink tongue across her crimson lips. "Nothing tones a slack mommy-mouth like sucking face with a young cock-owner."

Pamela's blood-red talon pointed to a glistening black nylon sack dangling from the ceiling like a giant scrotum. "Our patented Mommy-Son Embrace Chamber," she explained, her voice thick as cum, "suspends you both above our heated floor while steam rises to warm your rutting bodies like horny lobsters."

Holly's cunt visibly throbbed beneath her sopping thong as she sprawled on the platform, her tits quivering with each panting breath. "Come to mommy," she cooed, spreading her luscious legs so wide her pussy lips made a wet sucking sound against the fabric.

When Ricky's rock-hard cock-missile pressed against her dripping slit, Pamela yanked a chain, hoisting them upward. The nylon sack squeezed them together like a fist around a cock, crushing Holly's nipple-tipped jugs against her son's heaving chest while her thighs clamped his waist in a vise-grip, their sweat-slicked bodies grinding together in an incestuous fuck-pretzel.

Pamela's finger jabbed the oversized timer button, causing neon-green digits to flash across the wall-mounted display: 30:00.

"Remember," she purred, her voice thick as melted caramel, "work that mommy tongue until his tonsils tingle. The harder you suck face, the more calories you burn."

As she backed toward the exit, her hand slid along the dimmer switch, and the overhead fluorescents faded to a pulsing scarlet glow that bathed their writhing flesh-prison in blood-red light like a butcher's display case.

The pneumatic door hissed shut with a wet-sounding "schlick"—leaving Holly and Ricky suspended three feet above the floor that radiated heat like Satan's stovetop, their sweat-slicked limbs a throbbing knot of mommy-son meat vacuum-sealed in the black synthetic fuck-sack, her juice-soaked cunt-floss grinding against his cock-bulging banana hammock.

"Your shaking baby," the mother cooed, her glistening sapphire eyes mere inches from his, her hot cinnamon-scented breath washing over his trembling virgin lips.

"I d-don't have m-much kissing experience either," he nervously admitted, his voice cracking like thin ice beneath a heavy boot.

"Just relax, sweet boy," she whispered in a honeyed maternal tone that made his teenage cock twitch violently against the strangling spandex, "and let mommy's tongue do all the work."

She teased his quivering mouth with three feather-light kisses that left dewdrops of her cherry-flavored lip gloss clinging to his parched lips before suddenly attacking his mouth like a starving lioness on wounded prey—her thick, experienced tongue bulldozing

past his teeth and thrashing against his timid licker like a wet salmon fighting upstream.

Ricky's virgin eyes bulged like overripe grapes as his mom's slick, experienced tongue invaded his mouth—a wet, muscular intruder plundering his oral cavity with ruthless efficiency. He gagged slightly when her hot, cherry-flavored muscle probed the back of his throat, then coiled around his own hesitant tongue like a python capturing prey.

His inexperienced muscle twitched pathetically against her dominating oral assault, forced to follow her lead in a clumsy, wet tango of flesh.

His narrow teenage hips bucked violently against her mature pelvis, causing their suspended nylon prison to swing pendulously above the steam-belching floor. Their compression-sealed bodies writhed against each other with primitive, animal urgency inside the constricting synthetic cocoon, their mingled sweat creating a slippery friction between their trapped torsos.

"Come on," she gasped between sloppy kisses, a glistening thread of shared saliva stretching between their swollen lips. "Make out with mommy, Ricky."

The teen had only ever experienced one awkward three-second peck from Jessica Winters behind the gym bleachers, so his mom's lewd oral assault hit his nervous system like a lightning bolt to wet copper. His MILF mother gasped and snarled as she fucked his face with her own—her cherry-slick tongue probing every crevice of his virgin mouth while his chest sank deeper between her heaving J-

cups, their flesh jiggling like water balloons against his hairless pecs.

Holly's toned thighs tightened around his trim teenage frame with python-like strength, their hips rolling and flexing in desperate counterpoint as they ground their fabric-covered genitals together in a frantic dry-hump that left dark wet patches blooming across both their straining garments.

The mother's crimson-tipped fingers tangled in the damp curls at the nape of his neck, her manicured talons digging into his scalp with predatory precision. She yanked his head backward until his throat formed a taut, vulnerable arch, immobilizing him like prey in a lioness's jaws.

Her experienced mouth engulfed his trembling tongue, creating a vacuum-seal of maternal hunger that pulled his virgin muscle deeper into the hot, cherry-flavored cavern of her throat. Each powerful suck sent electric jolts from his mouth straight to his straining cock-bulge.

The relentless oral assault made his eyes water as she worked his tongue like a flesh lollipop, her cheeks hollowing with each savage pull that threatened to uproot the muscle from its moorings. His muffled whimper died in his throat as he remembered his solemn vow to be her living gym equipment, sacrificing his body to help restore her post-partum physique to its former MILF glory.

Their compressed pelvises locked in desperate friction, his rigid teenage glans rubbing against her engorged clitoris through the sweat-soaked barriers of their workout attire. Her labia majora,

swollen with arousal, spread like ripe fruit around the thin strip of her thong, while his pubic bone ground against her mons pubis in circular motions that made her gasp.

With each gyration, her vaginal vestibule released clear, viscous fluid that darkened the neon spandex to a deeper shade, while pre-ejaculate seeped from his urethral opening, creating a glistening wet patch that spread across the straining pouch of his compression shorts.

The boy's eyes rolled back as he gasped "Mommy!" when she finally released his tongue with an obscene wet pop that echoed through the chamber.

Before his oxygen-starved brain could recover, she dove at his exposed neck like a ravenous vampire, her platinum blonde tresses cascading over his face in a silky waterfall that smelled of coconut shampoo and feminine sweat.

Her teeth—sharp despite their perfect whiteness—alternated between savage little nips and soothing suction that left purple bruises blooming across his virgin skin. Each bite-kiss hybrid sent the boy into spasms of ecstasy, making him buck and whimper like a wounded animal.

Their suspended nylon prison jerked violently three feet above the steam-belching floor, swinging in erratic arcs that mimicked the frenzied rutting within—like some grotesque black chrysalis housing a two-backed beast in the throes of metamorphosis.

"Let mommy lick you and eat you, baby," the mother cooed, her plump lips glistening with a mixture of saliva and cherry gloss. Her serpentine tongue—pink and nimble as a gymnast—slithered past his tonsils and probed the sensitive back of his throat with expert precision.

The muscle undulated against his uvula, causing his gag reflex to flutter in confused pleasure while tears pricked the corners of his virgin eyes.

When she finally withdrew, the slick appendage left a trail of viscous fluid that connected them like a glistening bridge before she dove back in. Her mouth formed a perfect vacuum-seal around his trembling lips—a hungry oval of maternal hunger that consumed his gasping breaths.

Inside this wet cavern, her licker whipped and thrashed with demonic energy, lashing his passive tongue into submission while her cinnamon-scented breath flooded his nostrils.

After several minutes of relentless oral invasion that left his jaw aching and his lungs burning, she finally withdrew her glistening tongue from the depths of his throat.

"Breathe, sweet boy," she cooed, her voice a honeyed maternal purr as she hovered millimeters from his gasping mouth. "Such a good, obedient son," she whispered against his oxygen-starved lips, her praise washing over him like warm syrup as he gulped desperately for air.

Her crimson-tipped fingers stroked his flushed cheek with predatory tenderness while she peppered his gasping mouth with feather-light kisses that left shimmering cherry-flavored droplets across his swollen lips. These gentle pecks gradually lengthened, growing wetter and more insistent with each passing second, her maternal patience evaporating like morning dew under a scorching sun until, unable to restrain herself any longer, she plunged her slick, experienced muscle back into his virgin mouth with renewed hunger, her tongue corkscrewing past his teeth to reclaim its rightful territory in the depths of his throat.

The mother's gyrations intensified to a blur of desperate need, her pelvis pistoning against his with jackhammer precision as high-pitched whimpers vibrated from her throat directly into his mouth.

The mother's clit—fat as a gumball and jutting out like a tiny cock from its fleshy hood—throbbed violently against her cum-soaked spandex. Her cunt walls clenched and rippled like a fist squeezing a wet sponge, her fuck muscles going haywire inside her steaming snatch.

Her pussy lips turned purple-red as blood gorged them to bursting, while her swollen clit-button sent lightning bolts of raw pleasure shooting up through her guts and spine. Her brain flooded with fuck-chemicals as her cunt muscles quivered like they were being tasered, each contraction more brutal than the last, squirting hot girl-cum from her Skene's glands to soak through the thin barrier of her workout attire.

Holly's entire body locked up like a fucking seizure, her cunt muscles rippling in violent waves from her sopping pussy through her guts and spine. Her eyes, previously predatory, now rolled back showing bloodshot whites rimmed with black mascara smears as the orgasm hijacked her brain.

A brutal shudder ripped through her sweaty frame before her cunt erupted, squirting more hot girl-cum that instantly soaked through both their workout clothes.

Ricky let out a pathetic pig-squeal against her tongue as the steaming pussy-juice flooded between them, creating sticky rivulets that snaked down his nuts and trembling stomach. His teenage cock twitched and throbbed desperately in response, each pulse more violent than the last, straining against its cum-soaked prison like it wanted to burst through the fabric and dive into the source of mommy's gushing deluge.

No sooner had the last tremor of her cunt-quake subsided than a shrill electronic beep pierced the steam-filled air. The digital timer on the wall flashed "00:00" in angry red digits, signaling the end of their half-hour make-out session.

The hydraulic door hissed open, revealing Pamela's silhouette backlit by the fluorescent hallway. Her knowing smirk widened as she surveyed the tangled, cum-slick mess of limbs suspended before her. "Tongue-workout complete," she announced with clinical cheerfulness that barely masked her perverse delight.

She pressed a button on the wall, and the nylon fuck-sack began its mechanical descent with a series of metallic clicks. Their bodies,

glued together by a cocktail of sweat and genital juices, separated with a wet slurp—like a cock pulling out of a creampie hole.

Ricky winced as several ropes of pussy-goo stretched between them before finally snapping. He rolled sideways off his mother's milk-sticky tits, their skin mottled with finger-shaped bruises and flushed red as a spanked ass.

“Fuck, what an amazing workout!” the mother exclaimed, then guzzled some electrolyte water that trickled between her heaving tit-canyon.

Pamela led them down a hall of mirrors that reflected the wet patch darkening the crotch of Holly's spandex. The next room featured a leather bench positioned at cock-sucking height, its padding worn from countless maternal mouths.

"Nothing works better to strengthen a mother's neck muscles," Pamela stated, "than the throat-fucking action of a proper oral session."

Holly's pupils blew wide as her tongue slithered across her cum-glossed lip.

Ricky's eyes widened to saucers, his throat bobbing with a nervous swallow that seemed to get stuck halfway down. "W-what exactly does that mean?" he stammered, his voice cracking on the last syllable.

"Your mom's is gonna wrap those pretty lips around your virgin cock, sweetie," Pamela answered candidly. "She's gonna suck and slurp and swallow until your eyes roll back."

Her manicured finger traced a circle in the air near his throat. "It's the perfect workout for her neck muscles."

Ricky's cheeks blazed crimson as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his compression shorts tenting obscenely despite his embarrassment. "I've never... I mean, nobody's ever..." he mumbled toward his feet.

Holly's hand shot out, gripping his chin with maternal possessiveness, forcing his gaze to meet hers. "Trust me, baby," she purred, her thumb brushing across his lower lip with predatory tenderness, "Mommy's blowjob will ruin you for all other women. You'll be comparing every girl to me for the rest of your life."

Pamela's glossed lips curved into a predatory smile as she tugged at the boy's soaked shorts. "Let's get him out of these silly things," she purred.

Both women lowered to their knees, their claw-like fingers ripping at his compression shorts like feral animals. They yanked the sweat and cum-soaked fabric down his quivering legs, nostrils flaring as they huffed his musky ball-stink.

When his cock finally burst free—slapping against his stomach with a meaty thwack before jutting outward like a flesh missile—both mothers gasped like they'd been gut-punched. His dick-shaft gleamed under the harsh lights, coated in his mother's sticky cunt-juice that made every bulging vein and throbbing ridge stand out along his freakishly massive teenage meat-pole.

Holly's jaw unhinged like a feeding snake, her lipstick-smear'd cock-hole forming a perfect O as she gaped at his pulsating fuck-rod. "Holy motherfucking shit," she wheezed, her pussy-tunnel compressing together so violently that girl-cum squirted down her leg, drenching her spandex with visible streaks of twat-juice.

Her trembling fingers hovered near his veiny dick-trunk, twitching like a junkie desperate to grab and stuff the throbbing flesh-pipe into her drooling cum-receptacle.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Pamela snarled, circling them like a predator eyeing raw meat. "That battering-ram is gonna split your throat wide open, Holly." She stretched her hands apart to demonstrate the obscene girth. "Most cock-hungry moms gag when they try to throat-fuck a monster dick like that."

Holly's tongue—wet and pink as a freshly-fucked cunt—slithered across her cum-glossed lip, leaving a trail of mom-drool behind. "Yes, that purple cockhead is certainly gonna split my cock-sucking lips like a fucking crowbar," she moaned, her whore eyes locked on his throbbing meat-pole. "But once I force that veiny mushroom past my gag reflex..." Her throat muscles rippled obscenely, "...I'm gonna deep-throat every motherfucking inch until my nose is buried in those cum-filled teenage nuts."

Ricky's windpipe clamped shut, forcing out a pathetic virgin-squeak that rattled through his sweat-drenched torso. His teenage fuck-stick flexed violently as if being cattle-prodded, the pulsing veins standing out like earthworms under the skin, threatening to rupture and spray hot cock-blood everywhere.

A massive pearl of dick-snot oozed from his swollen piss-slit, ballooning to the size of a marble before gravity took hold. The viscous ball-juice stretched downward in a glistening fuck-rope, catching the fluorescent light like a strand of obscene crystal.

"Jesus fuck, jizz-drip incoming!" Pamela howled with the depraved excitement of a porn director capturing the money shot.

Both cock-starved MILFs cackled like demented hyenas while Holly's manicured talons intercepted the dangling cum-strand mid-descent. She smeared the sticky boy-goo across her finger and brought it to her dick-hungry maw. "Mommy's going to drain those teenage balls dry," she snarled, her greedy tongue darting out to slurp up the salty pre-spunk like a stray cat lapping warm milk from a bowl.

"Do girls actually... enjoy the taste of cum?" Ricky asked, his Adam's apple bobbing like a fishing lure above his skinny collarbone.

His mother's cum-hungry crimson lips curled into a predatory smile as she locked fuck-me eyes with him. "By the motherfucking gallon, baby," she purred, her voice dripping like pussy juice.

Pamela threw her head back with a cock-hardening laugh that bounced off the mirrored walls. "And virgin jizz like yours," she added, dragging her wet tongue across her teeth like a whore sampling merchandise, "tastes like warm ball-batter mixed with salted caramel."

Holly's red talons encircled his throbbing dick-root, her grip tight enough to make the veins bulge like earthworms under his skin. She tilted her pretty face upward, lashes fluttering as she eye-fucked him. "Don't hold back," she whispered, her hot slutty breath

moistening his cock-skin, "shoot every last drop of boy-spunk down Mommy's cock-starved throat-hole."

Ricky nodded, then watched her tongue—wet and obscenely pink as a freshly-fucked pussy—slithered out with the deliberate motion of a predator about to devour its prey. She locked her fuck-me eyes on his while she dragged her hot, wet muscle around the angry purple mushroom head where it bulged from his throbbing shaft. Every filthy circle of her tongue sent lightning bolts straight to his ball sack.

When she pressed her sloppy tongue flat against the pulsing underside of his cock-vein, his fucking legs almost gave out. A raw animal sound ripped from his throat as she finally jabbed her pointed tongue-tip right into his drooling piss-slit, slurping up the pre-cum that oozed like thick snot from his dick-hole.

"Is my baby ready for Mommy to throat that fat fucking cock?" she growled, her slutty voice buzzing against his twitching meat. All he could do was nod like a brain-damaged puppet.

Holly's crimson lips stretched obscenely around his teenage girth as she engulfed his throbbing shaft, her throat muscles visibly working as she swallowed him deeper with each greedy descent.

Her beautiful eyes never left his, maintaining that primal maternal connection even as her head bobbed in a steady cock-worshipping rhythm that made wet, sloppy sounds echo through the room.

Behind him, Pamela's huge, squishy tit-melons pressed against his sweat-slicked back, their pillowy warmth contrasting with the hard points of her nipples that scraped his skin through the thin fabric of her top.

"Does Mommy's hot little mouth feel good wrapped around that virgin dick?" she whispered, her lips brushing the sensitive shell of his ear.

Ricky could only manage a strangled "Y-yes" as he felt the velvet heat of his mother's mouth gliding along his length, her skilled tongue swirling and pulsing against the sensitive underside of his shaft before flicking rapidly across the swollen purple crown.

"Don't you fucking look away," Pamela commanded, her voice a filthy growl that made his balls tighten. "Watch your mom choke on that teenage meat."

Holly's eyes remained locked onto his as she huffed air through flared nostrils. Then the cock-hungry MILF skewered her throat on his veiny battering ram, her lipstick smearing a crimson cum-target at the base where her nose crushed against his sweaty pubes.

Her neck bulged like a python swallowing a rat, the obscene outline of his dickhead visible through her stretched skin as she held him in her rippling throat-pussy, her body convulsing before she dragged her mouth off his spit-soaked rod with a wet gurgling sound, gasping like a drowning whore while thick ropes of throat-slime dangled between her cum-hungry mouth and his angry, pulsing cock-head.

The mother's throat muscles contracted around his throbbing meat, her head bobbing with filthy precision while obscene gurgling and gagging sounds escaped her cock-stuffed mouth. Her crimson lipstick left slutty rings along his veiny shaft, marking each inch she conquered with her skillful mouth.

"Would you like me to tongue-fuck your virgin asshole, while your mother throat-milks that teenage dick?" Pamela purred in his ear.

Ricky's eyes bulged, his voice breaking like a prepubescent bitch as he stammered, "You me lick...lick my... my ass?"

Pamela's guttural laugh vibrated against his sweaty neck. "Young, dumb and full of baby-batter—exactly how we like our boy-toys," she stated.

Without waiting for his permission, she dropped to her knees like the cock-hungry MILF she was, her red-tipped claws spreading his quivering ass-cheeks to expose his tight, pink asshole. Her tongue—slick with spit and ravenous for teenage ass—circled his virgin pucker with filthy expertise, sending jolts through his spine as she alternated between shallow rim-jobs and deep, probing tongue-stabs.

Trapped like a virgin sacrifice between two cum-hungry she-wolves, Ricky's knuckles bleached bone-white as his fists clenched tight enough to turn his own shit to diamonds. His throbbing fuck-stick convulsed like it was having a seizure inside Holly's sloppy throat-cunt, each violent spasm pumping out thick globs of ball-snot that coated his mother's writhing tongue before sliding down her cum-guzzling esophagus in nasty, gooey streams.

Behind him, Pamela's filthy rim-job technique had his virgin shithole twitching like a epileptic asshole, her slobbery tongue-muscle fluttering between butterfly-soft licks that made his pucker wink and savage tongue-fucking that penetrated his forbidden fuckhole deep enough to taste yesterday's lunch.

Every fucking nerve in his sweat-drenched body howled like a bitch in heat as the double-ended assault threatened to fry his dick-drunk teenage brain into complete fucking oblivion.

Pamela moaned like a gutter-whore against his quivering sphincter, her hot breath condensing on his ass-sweat as vibrations rippled through his rectum. "Your virgin butthole tastes better than a fucking cum-glazed donut," she slobbered, drilling her pointed tongue-muscle deeper into his forbidden fuckhole while he whimpered like a bitch in heat.

Up front, Holly's mouth transformed into an industrial-grade sperm extractor, her tight fist corkscrewing around his veiny dick-root while her drooling cock-socket vacuum-sealed his purple mushroom head.

Ricky's nut-sack contracted violently, his sperm-factories churning like they were manufacturing baby-batter for the apocalypse, pleasure spiking so fucking hard his knees buckled like a collapsing bridge.

"Don't you fucking pull that meat away from me," his mother snarled, her eyes wild with cum-hunger as her claw-like fingers dug into his swollen testicles. "Give it up, momma's little fuck-toy," she hissed, her filthy words tickling his cock-skin. "Empty those teenage balls down my greedy fucking throat-pussy."

When she continued to skull-fuck his cock, Ricky's cum-bloated nuts seized like they were being electrocuted, his baby-batter blasting through his dick-pipe with fire-hose pressure.

His fuck-gland quivered like it was having a seizure, each throb launching thick, sticky jizz-ropes through his purple cock-missile. The first sperm-rich rope smashed against the back of Holly's throat so hard it splattered everywhere, painting her cock-hungry mouth with gooey ball-snot that hung from her filthy cum-lapper in nasty, slimy webs.

The boy's legs almost gave out as his cock-root muscles went apeshit, pumping wad after wad of dick-milk from his twitching prick-head, down his mother's gulping throat.

Pamela's slutty red claws dug into his sweaty sides, her arm jamming against his back. "I've got you, baby boy. Don't you fucking collapse until that mother of yours drains every last sperm from those teenage balls."

Holly's huge tits swung like wrecking balls underneath her, rock-hard nipples scraping his trembling legs while she desperately chugged his ball-juice, her throat muscles working overtime to funnel his man-slop into her cum-starved gut.

Ricky's head crashed backward into Pamela's fatty tits, his skull nestling between her mammaries like they were memory foam pillows designed for his cranium. "Too—too sensitive!" he squealed, his voice cracking into soprano territory as his still-throbbing member continued receiving Holly's relentless oral attention.

Pamela giggled—not the innocent laugh of a schoolgirl but the knowing cackle of a seasoned predator. "Poor baby boy," she cooed, her hot breath condensing on his ear canal while her vice-like grip prevented any escape. "This is where it gets SOOO good. When that

teenage dick-flesh is raw as hamburger meat and every nerve ending is screaming for mercy—that's when the true pleasure starts."

Her lipstick left scarlet smudges against his earlobe as she whispered, "Just surrender, sweetie. Let your cock-hungry mommy make those virgin eyeballs roll back until you see the fucking cosmos."

Holly's fist strangled his raw dick-meat with cruel intensity, her knuckles bleaching white as she milked upward with such brutal force that Ricky's cock-root threatened to tear from his crotch entirely.

Her throat-hole made disgusting slurping noises—like someone stirring macaroni—as her cum-vacuum mouth hungrily sucked out the last jizz-pearls from his tortured prick. Her nasty tongue whipped violently against his tender cock-flesh, shooting pain-pleasure lightning through his spine while her lips sealed like a fucking airlock around his swollen, purple dick-head.

She attacked his sensitive meat like a cum-starved whore licking the last drops from a glory hole, her eyes rolling backward as if each tiny sperm-droplet contained the fucking elixir of life she'd die without.

After several more savage pulls of his cock, Holly finally released his tortured meat with a wet, obscene pop like a champagne cork blasted from Satan's own bottle. His dick slapped back against his abdomen with a meaty thwack, leaving a glistening snail-trail of throat-slime and cum residue across his quivering six-pack.

The mother lunged forward, engulfing him in a suffocating embrace that crushed his still-trembling body between two sets of massive, heaving tits—milk-laden mountains with nipples like gumdrops that threatened to smother him from both directions.

Holly's cock-garage attacked his face and neck with possessive kisses, leaving crimson dick-sucking evidence all over his flushed skin while her cum-sticky fingers yanked his sweat-drenched hair.

"Such a good, filthy boy," she purred against his earlobe, her voice a slutty vibration that penetrated his brain like an aural dildo.

"Pumping all that thick baby-batter down Mommy's cum-hungry throat-hole," Pamela added from behind, her razor-sharp fuck-talons carving figure-eights on his shoulder blades as she ground her rock-hard nipples against his back like drill bits.

"And letting Mommy vacuum every last jizz-drop from that poor, fat nob," Holly finished, both women's praise washing over him like a tsunami of depraved mother-whore filth.

Later that evening, the clinking of silverware against ceramic plates filled the dining room as Holly's husband stabbed a chunk of medium-rare steak. "How was the workout today?" he asked, chewing open-mouthed, oblivious to the electricity crackling between mother and son across the table.

Holly peeked over at Ricky, her crimson-painted lips curling into a naughty, secret smirk that made his Adam's apple bob nervously. "It was absolutely fabulous!" she purred, her tongue- the same one that

had explored his tender cock-head- darting out to moisten her bottom lip. "Ricky helped me work out my neck and tongue muscles. Got quite the burn, actually."

"Tongue muscles?" Her husband asked, fork paused midway to his mouth. His bushy eyebrows furrowed in genuine confusion. "How the hell do you work out a muscle like that?"

Holly giggled while her manicured fingers played with her pearl necklace, drawing attention to the deep fissure of her tit-cleavage where Ricky's eyes couldn't help but linger. "Oh, there are ways," she whispered, voice dropping an octave as she reached for her wine glass. "Ricky was certainly a big help in providing a workout neither of us will forget."

Her stiletto-heeled foot brushed against her son's ankle under the table as she flashed him a wink so deliberately naughty it might as well have been obscene.

"Oh, that reminds me," she continued, her voice dripping like honey. "Pamela gave us some an at-home workout to do tonight."

She turned to Ricky, whose cheeks instantly flushed like a freshly spanked ass cheek. "You remember what that was, don't you, sweetie?" Her fuck-me eyes locked onto his, predatory and patient.

Ricky swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing visibly like balls during rough sex as he stared down at his half-eaten potatoes. "Y-yes, ma'am," he whispered, voice cracking. "Working out your... your back."

Holly's dick-sucking lips curled into a smile that belonged on a lioness eyeing wounded prey. "That's exactly right, good boy," she purred, dabbing the corner of her mouth with a napkin.

"I can't wait to show you exactly how creative I can be with that workout," the mother continued, pressing her giant udders together between her forearms, making them balloon outward even further as if in a wicked promise of things to come.

"I'm happy to hear that you're helping you mother get back into shape after having the baby," Ricky's father stated, oblivious to the fact that his wife of 20 years was hooked on their own son's raging cock.

"Why don't you go up to your bedroom and get ready, honey?" Holly suggested to Ricky. "I'll be there just as soon as I finish nursing the baby."

Her wedding ring glinted like a cum-pearl under the dining room light as she reached across the table and squeezed his trembling hand like she'd soon squeeze his throbbing cock.

Ricky paced his bedroom like a caged animal, his engorged teenage penis straining against his basketball shorts with such violent urgency that the cotton fabric tented outward like a circus big-top. His pre-cum-leaking dick-head had already soaked through, creating a silver-dollar-sized wet patch that glistened under his bedroom lights like morning dew on a spider's web.

Every three steps he'd adjust himself, his trembling fingers wrestling with the throbbing meat-pole that threatened to tear

through the fabric like the Incredible Hulk bursting from Bruce Banner's pants. When his mom's knuckles finally rapped against his door, his heart jackhammered against his ribcage like a woodpecker.

Holly entered wearing a champagne-colored silk kimono robe that clung to her curves like saran wrap on wet fruit. The whisper-thin fabric—so delicate it might disintegrate under a strong breath—barely contained her heaving mommy-melons, the sash cinched cruelly tight around her hourglass waist creating an obscene display of top-heavy fertility.

The hemline teased just below her ass-globes, revealing legs as smooth and tan as caramel sauce drizzled over vanilla ice cream.

"Ready to help mommy with her workout, baby?" she purred, the lock of his door clicking behind her with the finality of a prison cell.

As she turned, her massive milk-factories swayed and jiggled beneath the silk like water balloons in zero gravity, her plump nipples drilling against the fabric like twin diamond-tipped drill bits seeking freedom. Each barefoot step toward him made her tit-flesh quiver with hypnotic rhythm, the robe's silk front gaping open just enough to reveal the shadowed valley between her ginormous fun-bags.

Ricky's hungry eyes tracked his mom's every movement as she placed a specialized bottle of strawberry-scented "Mommy's Little Helper" lubricant on his bed, the pink gel inside sloshing obscenely against the transparent plastic like liquid sin.

His jaw dropped like a broken elevator when she extended one tanned, freshly-waxed leg skyward in a single fluid motion, her toes—each nail painted the same cock-teasing crimson as her lips—pointing toward his ceiling like flesh-arrows aimed at heaven. The silk kimono slid up her thigh like a retreating tide, revealing the muscular definition of her yoga-toned calf and the butter-smooth skin of her inner thigh, stopping just short of exposing her sin-cave to his bulging eyeballs.

"It's important to stretch before exercising," she purred, her voice dripping with honey-coated depravity as she rotated her ankle in slow, deliberate circles. "It'll get mommy nice and limber for what comes next."

Ricky swallowed hard. "W-what comes next?" he stammered, his voice cracking like thin ice beneath a heavy boot.

Holly's giggle filled the room as she lowered her leg. Her perfectly manicured fingers toyed with the sash at her waist. "Oh, I was hoping you'd ask that, baby boy," she purred, then with theatrical slowness, she loosened the knot and allowed the silken robe to slither down her shoulders like warm honey, pooling around her pedicured feet in a puddle of expensive fabric.

Her massive, gravity-defying tits sprang free, each one the size of a large watermelon, their pale flesh mapped with delicate blue veins that fed into areolas larger than hockey pucks—dark pink dinner plates crowned with nipples that stood at attention like soldiers, each the size and shape of the tip of Ricky's pinky finger.

"Jesus Christ," the teen gasped, his eyeballs nearly popping from their sockets as they drank in the obscene maternal bounty before him.

Holly cupped her heavy flesh-globes from underneath, lifting them slightly as if presenting a sacred offering. "For my back workout," she explained, her voice dropping to a velvet whisper, "I'm gonna need that thick teenage cock again—just like yesterday at the fitness facility."

Without hesitation, Ricky's trembling fingers hooked into his basketball shorts, yanking them down with such force they nearly tore. His engorged member sprang upward like a released catapult, 10 inches of teenage virility bobbing in the air between them, a fat glob of dick-honey already oozing from its swollen purple helmet.

"Ready when you are," he said eagerly.

"Sit down for mommy," she requested, her fingers snatching up the bottle of lubricant and squeezing a generous dollop onto her son's purple-headed flesh-rocket. The translucent gel glistened under his bedroom lights as it oozed down his shaft like melting ice cream.

Ricky gasped as Holly's velvet hand encircled him, her expert grip transforming into a corkscrew motion that smeared the greasy fuck-butter from his swollen dick-mushroom to the hairless nut-sack hanging below. Every twist of her wrist shot white-hot fuck-voltage straight up his ass and into his spine.

"Yesterday," Holly purred, "you helped mommy's neck muscles by stretching mommy's throat-hole with that teenage cock."

Her tongue darted out to moisten her cock-teasing lips. "But today, baby boy, these big milk-makers need attention." She hefted her massive tit-globes, presenting them like offerings. "Mommy's going to strengthen her back by sliding these juicy melons up and down that veiny flagpole until you explode like a shaken champagne bottle.

Ricky's eyes bulged from their sockets as Holly descended to her knees before him, her movements as graceful as a ballet dancer despite her top-heavy proportions.

Her massive tits engulfed his throbbing purple dick-missile like a flesh avalanche, creating a sweltering fuck-tunnel that made his balls tighten against his taint.

"Oh sweet Jesus," he whimpered as she began a rhythmic up-and-down motion, her back muscles flexing visibly beneath her tanned skin.

Each savage plunge buried his swollen cock-head in the slimy depths of her cleavage-trench before it emerged dripping with a cocktail of strawberry lube and dick-snot.

"Mmm, I can feel those muscles working?" Holly purred, her voice vibrating through her chest-flesh and transferring directly into his throbbing shaft. "Mommy's neglected back is getting such a good workout already."

With each downward plunge, Ricky's fuck-rod rammed through her tit-tunnel until its purple cock-head—bloated like a ripe plum—burst from her cleavage-trench like some alien creature clawing its way

out of its host. His piss-slit gaped open like a hungry fish mouth, dribbling sticky dick-snot that glistened in the light like KY jelly on a porn set.

Holly's massive mommy-jugs—each one heavy as a bowling ball—squeezed his throbbing boner from all sides, creating a sweaty meat-vice that strangled every bulging vein along his teenage dong. The tree-trunk base of his cock, rooted in his crotch like a sequoia, held firm against the brutal assault of her swinging udders as they slapped wetly up and down his shaft, leaving slimy trails of strawberry lube and tit-sweat that marked their filthy fuck-path.

"It's so sweet," the mother cooed, her voice oozing like cunt-juice, "how my adorable boy is helping mommy's post-baby body get back into shape."

"H-happy to help, Mom," said Ricky, his Adam's apple bobbing wildly in his throat.

Holly giggled and crushed her slippery udders tighter around his pulsing fuck-rod. "I bet you are," she purred, her hot breath washing over his sensitive cock-head. "Instead of pumping your fist up and down your cock, like you do every night, you get to use mommy's body parts to drain those swollen balls. It's what I would call a win-win situation, baby boy."

"It sure feels good," the boy sighed, enjoying his titty cock-massage.

Holly's lips parted in a predatory smile as she eyed the glistening pearl of fluid ballooning at his tip. "Look at all that sticky pre-cum drooling out of your little piss-slit," she purred, her steamy breath

bathing his raw nerve-endings. "Mommy's getting parched from all this exercise. Maybe your juice can wet my whistle."

The next time his bloated purple helmet breached her sweaty tit-canyon, her tongue—slick and obscenely pink as a freshly-licked lollipop—lashed out to harvest his slimy pre-seed, slurping around his sensitive rim with practiced skill.

"Oh god, Mom," he gasped, fingers clawing at his sheets, "that feels so incredible."

Holly's emerald eyes sparkled with mischief as she increased the punishing tempo of her flesh-avalanche. "Is my big boy gonna make a sticky mess all over Mommy's tits?" she taunted, her voice honeyed yet cruel. "Are those teenage balls ready to explode between Mommy's juicy melons?"

Ricky's voice cracked like a pubescent choirboy as he let out a shaky "Y-y-yes," his lanky teenage frame trembling like a leaf in a hurricane.

Deep in his groin, his impending ejaculation swelled like a tsunami gathering force offshore, his balls tightening against his body until they felt like two walnuts wrapped in shrink-wrap.

"That's right, baby boy," Holly cooed. "Throw those thick ropes at mommy. Make these milk-full tits all slimy with your teenage baby batter."

The boy's narrow hips bucked forward with the uncontrollable rhythm of a malfunctioning piston, his eyes rolling back until only the whites showed beneath fluttering lids. His mouth opened and

closed like a goldfish gasping for air as he struggled to find words for the white-hot pleasure coiling in his groin like a rattlesnake preparing to strike.

Finally, his gangly body went rigid as a corpse, every muscle locked in the electric anticipation of release.

Holly's emerald eyes widened to saucers as she felt his teenage fuck-pole swell between her heaving mammaries, the veins along his shaft throbbing like live wires against her oil-slicked tit-flesh.

"Here it cums!" she exclaimed, her cock-hungry mouth gaping wide.

No sooner had the words escaped her glossy mouth than a thick, pearlescent rope of baby-batter erupted from his purple helmet's gaping slit, arcing through the air like volcanic magma before splattering across her porcelain features with an audible "SPLORCH!"

The scalding seed painted a diagonal stripe from her left cheekbone to her right eyebrow, a droplet hanging precariously from her eyelash.

The second geyser of testicle-chowder flooded her sweaty cleavage-gutter, turning the humid flesh-canyon between her milk-laden funbags into a bubbling cum-swamp.

The third and fourth ropes—barely diminished in volume or velocity—spattered across her quivering chin and honey-blond hair, transforming her into a glazed donut of maternal depravity.

"So much nut!" the mother squealed, her crimson-tipped fingers tightening their vice-like grip to milk the final few pulses of his virile ejaculate from his quivering love-organ, which twitched like a dying animal in her grasp.

The mother released his deflating fuck-stick from her glistening tit-prison with a wet slurp. The sudden absence of pressure caused Ricky to collapse backward onto his sheets like a marionette with cut strings.

His concave chest heaved as he gasped for oxygen, sweat-soaked hair plastered to his forehead. Through half-lidded eyes, he watched in awe as his mother scooped globs of his pearly ball-sauce from her heaving flesh-mountains with two manicured fingers, then sucked them clean with hollow-cheeked enthusiasm.

"Mmm," she moaned, her emerald eyes twinkling with mischief, "the perfect post-workout protein shake for Mommy's tired muscles."

Before his teenage recovery time could kick in, Holly pounced between his trembling thighs and began bathing his cum-glazed cock-helmet with her velvet tongue. Ricky's entire lanky frame convulsed violently as she lapped at his hypersensitive purple crown, her merciless tongue-bath extending to his shriveled nut-sack, which she meticulously cleansed of every sticky droplet.

The mother gazed at his still-hard cock with the reverence of a fitness instructor admiring premium gym equipment. Her emerald eyes traced every throbbing vein along his teenage shaft, which stood at attention despite his recent explosion.

A feral grin split her cum-plastered face as she imagined that throbbing meat-missile jackhammering her gaping baby-tunnel, stretching her neglected cunt-muscles until they burned with that delicious fuck-pain she'd craved since squeezing out her baby.

She'd clamp those powerful cock-crushing thighs—still thick from childbearing but desperate for a proper dicking—around his skinny ass and milk his virgin boner like a farmhand draining a cow's teat, not stopping until her sloppy snatch squirted its sticky appreciation all over his ball sack. Each violent thrust would obliterate the little extra weight she carried better than any fucking gym membership, turning their nasty mother-son rutting into the filthiest sweat session imaginable.

TO BE CONTINUED...