

Motorcycle Momma

By Klrxo

“How much is the bike up front?” Cole asked the greasy mechanic as he stepped inside his shop.

The bearded hulk of a man that locals called ‘Spark Plug Mike’ climbed out from under the vehicle and looked the scrawny teenager up and down. “Are you even old enough to ride a motorbike, kid?” he asked.

“I just turned eighteen...I'm old enough,” Cole answered, trying to add more to his stature with his confident demeanor.

“Have you ever ridden a motorcycle before?” Mike asked.

“No, but I plan on learning. My parents both ride.”

“They ride Harley Davidsons, like that one?” The mechanic asked, motioning to the one he had for sale. “Well, my dad does. My mom rides along with him. They're part of a local motorcycle club.”

“And which club might that be?” Mike queried.

“The Road Raiders.”

Mike burst out laughing. “The Road Raiders ain't bikers, kid. They're a bunch of weekend wannabees,” he stated, going back to work on the vehicle. “Although they do have a few hot mommas in their group.”

Cole knew he must be referring to his mom and her friends, who were notorious for not keeping their clothes on when they joined their husbands on the road. He looked over the time-worn motorbike. The tank and fenders were red in color and huge leather saddle bags hung along the rear wheels. “I can give you two thousand,” the boy blurted.

Mike chuckled, turning the socket with his big grease-stained hands. “That's too much bike for a beginner, kid. Go get yourself a Honda Rebel.”

Cole noticed a lot of motorcycle parts scattered here and there. “My dad has a motor for an old knucklehead. It's been sitting in our garage for years,” the teen shared.

This seemed to get big Mike's attention. “A knucklehead?”

“Yeah, I'm not sure what he wants for it though.”

The mechanic wiped his hands with a dirty rag, seeming intrigued by what he'd just heard. “I'm askin' five-G's for the hog, but get me that knucklehead and the bike's yours, and that'll include a lesson or two, just so you don't kill yourself,” he offered.

“I'll talk to my dad tonight.”

Cole was excited at the prospect of owning a motorbike, and not just any motorbike, but an actual old Harley-Davidson. He certainly didn't have five-grand, so he knew his only chance was making his father an offer on the vintage engine.

Once he got home, he found his dad, Sam, working in the garage, listening to "Sweet Home Alabama" on his shop radio. "Hey, dad...you got the bike all ready to go I see," Cole pointed out, motioning to his dad's shiny new Harley Street Glide Special.

"Yeah, Bullet City Bike week's coming right up," his father stated. "Which reminds me...I'm missing that vintage-looking bandana I brought home from that event last year. Have you seen it?"

"It's in your saddlebag, honey," a sweet voice reminded him. It was Cole's mother, Maddy. The busty platinum-blonde stepped into the garage wearing a light summer dress. Her "It flew off your head on our way home and we had to go back and get it, remember?"

"That's right! Shit, I forgot all about that," Sam remarked, then fished the flashy bandana from just the place his wife said it would be. "I'll have to make sure it fits a little more snug this next time around."

"Hey, dad...can I buy that old knucklehead engine off of you?" Cole asked.

His father burst out laughing. "It's not for sale, sorry, and even if it was...I doubt you have that kind of bread in your pocket, kid," he answered.

"What do you want with an old rusty engine, Champ?" his mother asked curiously. "Champ" was a nickname Maddy had given Cole at birth. She had won a wet t-shirt championship at the local biker bar, while she was pregnant with him. She had credited her victory to the fact that her prenatal tits had grown tremendously, thus giving the boy the nickname, which had stuck through the years.

"I just thought it might be cool to collect vintage motorbike parts," Cole answered. He didn't want his parents to know he was in negotiations for a Harley. He would rather surprise them by rolling up to the house on it.

"Sorry, son. I admire your new hobby, but that engine's way too valuable," his father objected.

"What do YOU plan on doing with it, Sam?" his wife asked. "It's been sitting in this garage collecting rust for like...ten years."

"Parts like that are like fine wine, honey. The longer you hang onto them, the more valuable they get."

"I'll give you three thousand for it," Cole blurted.

"That's a good offer, son, but not nearly enough," Sam laughed. "How do you have three-grand anyway?"

"I've been saving up," Cole replied. "How about three-grand and I'll take care of the yard work all summer?"

Sam's sexy wife smiled at him. "That IS a pretty sweet deal, Sam. You're the one who's always complaining that you never have time to cut all that grass."

“Alright fine...but you'll have to start by helping me clean the gutters out today.”

“So, it's a deal then?” Cole asked excitedly.

“Yeah, it's a deal.”

Later that afternoon, Cole was holding the ladder, while his dad cleaned leaves out of the gutters along the perimeter of the roof. It was a boring job, but he just reminded himself that soon he'd be the owner of some sweet new wheels.

“This is taking way too damn long,” Sam complained. “I'm just gonna use the pressure washer!”

After getting it setup, Cole handed the sprayer up to his father, who was on the roof. **“Careful, dad...don't get too close to the edge,”** the boy warned.

“This isn't my first rodeo, kid. I'm know what I'm doing.”

Ironically, it was only five minutes later that the father lost his balance and dropped to the ground. **“Dad! Shit! Are you ok?”** Cole shouted, running to his father's aid.

“I'm fine,” he answered, but then cried out in pain as he tried to get up.

“Just stay down. I'll call an ambulance.”

Maddy came rushing out of the house, her large breasts bouncing around beneath her dress and bra as she hurried to her husband. **“What happened?”** she inquired.

“I fell off the damn roof. I think I fucked my leg up really bad,” her husband winced.

Cole and his mom rode along with Sam to the hospital and sat in the waiting room as the doctors took some x-rays. **“I warned him to stay away from the edge,”** Cole told his mom as they sat there thumbing through magazines.

“You know your father...stubborn to the end,” Maddy chuckled.

Cole sat across from his beautiful mom and his eyes drifted to her luscious tan legs as she crossed them. His heart skipped a beat as he was treated to a quick peek of panty-covered pubis. The lavender-colored panty-cloth was molded to her pudenda, creating a well-pronounced camel-toe.

“Damn, that's hot!” the boy thought, wondering what it would feel like smash his prick inside what he considered the hottest pussy on earth. His mom dangled a dainty black high-heeled sandal from her pretty painted toes. Her lovely legs were strong and powerful-looking, yet gave off a perfect silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Cole imaged what such legs would look like scissored wide open, like he was sure his mom did when her and his dad fucked.

Sensing her boy's eyes on her, Maddy eyes peeked up from her magazine, gazing over at his crotch. She could see the well-outlined tube of his erect penis. Her rubbery nipples hardened beneath her bra as she stared longer than she probably should have.

“Maddy?” a doctor's voice blurted, jarring her from her trance.

“Yes?”

"You guys can go in and see him now."

"Thank you," the mother smiled, then her and Cole went in to check on her husband. "So, what's the verdict?" she asked.

"Looks like a broken leg. They're gonna put me in a cast," Sam answered, shaking his head in frustration. "I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Well, I guess it's a good thing you agreed to that deal with Cole. You couldn't do yardwork this summer, even if you wanted to," his wife pointed out.

"True," her husband muttered. "I guess we can scratch Bullet City Bike week as well."

"Yeah, with a broken leg...we can pretty much forget biking at all this summer," his wife lamented.

"Sorry, honey," Sam consoled, knowing his wife was just as excited for their upcoming road trips as he was.

A few days later, Maddy was laying by the pool with her girlfriends, Autumn and Baily. The three women wore skimpy micro bikinis and had golden tan bodies from all the sunning they'd been doing together lately. "I'm so fucking depressed," Baily uttered. "I was really looking forward to the three of us raising hell again this summer."

"I know, right?" Autumn agreed. "This'll be the first time in fifteen years that one of us misses bike week."

"I'm sure the two of you will swing your asses around plenty without me," Maddy giggled.

"True, and one less of us...means more hot bikers for Autumn and I to flirt with."

"Fuck you, whore!" Maddy joked, giving her the finger.

Maddy cell phone rang. She saw it was her son, so she answered. "Hey, honey, what's up?"

"Hey, mom...are you home right now?"

"Yeah, I'm laying out by the pool with the girls. Is everything ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm almost home. Could you guys come up front," Cole requested.

"Um...sure, we'll be right up," Maddy replied curiously.

"Oh, and wheel dad out too!" Cole insisted. "I have a surprise for you guys."

The three friends got up and made their way through the house. They certainly weren't shy about the fact that they were wearing nearly nothing. Their faces and hair color were different, but their curvy bodies were much the same. Huge tits and big bubble butts could barely be contained in the skimpy micro bikinis they wore.

"What's this all about?" Sam asked as his wife pushed him out into the driveway in his wheelchair.

"I have no idea. He said it was a surprise."

Suddenly they heard the ROAR of a motorbike round the corner and roll into the neighborhood. It was Cole, the proud owner of a new red Harley. He raced up the street and stopped in the driveway. The gasps and cheers of the three busty moms could barely be heard over the chugging tailpipes.

Cole took a second to admire all the ballooning tit-flesh in the driveway. When he shut the bike off, he heard his mother's reaction. "Wow, nice bike, honey!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks!"

"How the hell did you buy a Harley?" Sam asked, in an almost jealous tone.

"Remember I told you I was collecting vintage motorcycle parts?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that was kind of a lie. I'm not collecting them, but I know a guy that is...and he traded the motorbike and some lessons for that old knucklehead motor I got from you."

"I love it, Cole!" Baily beamed, showing her pretty white teeth.. "It's so old school."

"Wait a second...this guy's name doesn't happened to be Spark Plug Mike, does it?" his father asked.

"Yeah, that's the guy. Do you know him?"

"Unfortunately, yes!"

"Mike has beat your father two years in a row in the bike week burnout contest.," Maddy explained.

"Well, who knows...maybe once I enter the competition, he'll regret selling me the bike," Cole stated, then smiled at his heavy breasted mother. He took just a second to admire her mile-long cleavage.

"Wanna go to bike week with me?"

"Really?!" his mom asked excitedly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah...since dad broke his leg and can't take you this year, I figured I could."

"Wait a second...hold up!" Sam blurted. "Do you even have a license to ride that thing?" he asked his son.

"Yeah, I just came from getting it."

"Well if you took riding lessons from Spark Plug Mike, then I doubt you're ready to 'safely' be out on the road," his father warned.

"Oh, Sam, relax. He'll have a experienced riding partner, so I'll make sure he's following the road rules," his wife assured him.

"Oh my God...we're ALL going to bike week!" Autumn cheered, giving Maddy a big hug.

"WHOOOAAA!!" Autumn screamed throwing her arms in the air and bouncing excitedly on her bare feet. Her big mommy mikers jostled around heavily, making Cole's eyes widen. Then, he watched his mom and Baily's huge bikini-clad knockers bulge out at the sides as they hugged in celebration.

That evening, Sam decided to express his concerns to his wife, while they sat next to each other in bed. "Don't you think we should have discussed this, before you agreed to letting Cole take you to bike week?" he asked.

"Sam, he's really excited to go. It's his first bike rally. What's the issue?"

"The issue is what he's gonna be exposed to there, and you know what I'm talking about."

"He's an adult, and now he has his own ride...there's nothing we can do to stop him from going. Even if you hadn't broken your leg, he probably would have wanted to go anyway," his wife argued.

"You become a different person on the road, Maddy. Do you really want him seeing that part of you?" Sam asked.

"I have fun. What's wrong with a boy seeing his mom have a good time?"

"We've been to bike week for fifteen years; I know you and your girlfriend's idea of a good time."

"Sam, Cole's not a kid anymore...I'm sure he can handle it all like an adult."

"Promise me you'll at least keep you clothes on in front of him," Sam insisted.

"If he doesn't wanna see his mom's tits hanging out, there will be plenty of other things for him to do there. He might even find a hot young biker girl he's interested in."

"Hopefully not. Bullet City Bike week isn't the most ideal event to find a future spouse," Sam said.

"He has a good head on his shoulders, honey...plus I'll be there to make sure he doesn't do anything he shouldn't," Maddy reminded him.

"Including no alcohol!"

"He knows we don't want him drinking...plus he's my ride home. I'm sure as hell not gonna let him get arrested," his wife stated. "Just try to have a relaxing time while we're gone. No worrying. We've be fine."

The day to head to the bike rally came and Sam was standing up front in the driveway on his crutches, when the "Road Raiders" roared up the street. It consisted of nearly a dozen bikers, with their scantily clad wives or girlfriends sitting behind them.

"You kids ready to ride?" the leader rider, Barry, asked, stopping next to Cole and his mother. Barry was Autumn's husband. She sat behind him on the seat wearing skimpy shorts and a crop top.

Maddy wore snug jeans and a tank top that accentuated the enormity of her breasts. She quickly kissed her husband and straddled the seat of her son's motorbike behind him. "Let's roll!" she shouted.

"Be safe!" Sam advised, before watching the group race off down the street.

Cole felt on top of the world with his new wheels and his hot mother behind him. The feel of her big squishy tits against his back felt amazing. "I apologize in advance," his mom shouted in his ear.

“For what?” Cole hollered back.

“For all the depraved things you're gonna witness your mother do this week,” she giggled.

“I’m not worried.”

“I’ll remember you said that.”

Being the newbie and such an inexperienced rider, Cole stayed near the rear of the group. His mom pointed to the bike in front of them. “Roll up beside them at this light,” she shouted.

Cole did as his mother asked, stopping his red Harley next to Baily and her husband, Dan. Dan worked with Cole's father and his Street Glide Special was nearly identical to Sam's. “Wow, who's this ugly bitch and her convict husband?” Maddy playfully asked.

“Hi. My name's Anita Hardone!” Baily joked in an exaggerated tone, then reached around and squeezing her husband’s cock.

“Oh, I’m Mona Lott and this is my boyfriend, Buster Cherry,” Maddy responded, squeezing onto her son even tighter.

“Mmm, I wish he could have busted MY cherry,” Baily exclaimed in a sexy tone, while staring at Cole lustfully.

“You mean the one you lost when you were twelve,” her husband Dan laughed.

“Shut up, creep!” his wife joked back.

The traffic light turned green and the group revved their motors, then sped off again. Cole loved sitting between his mom's soft thighs, even though he would much rather it be with them facing each other, with his cock stuffed up her cunt. Since Maddy was an experienced biker herself, he felt a little intimidated having her ride on the back with him. “How am I doing?” he shouted back to her.

“Your shifting’s a little rusty, but otherwise you're handling this hog like a pro, honey,” she replied back.

A lone biker passed going the opposite direction. Cole noticed that the other riders in front of them extended their left arm down away from their bikes, doing the peace sign with their fingers. The lone biker going the other way did the same.

“What was that?” Cole hollered back to his mom.

“That was the biker’s wave. It’s a way to express solidarity with other riders,” she explained.

“Cool!”

At the next stoplight, Cole pulled up between the bikes of Baily, Autumn and their husbands.

“You guys enjoying choking on our exhaust?” Autumn tease.

“Suck my cock!” Baily answered, giving her girlfriend two middle fingers.

“Ha! If you did have one, it wouldn’t be big enough to waste my time on,” Autumn responded.

“Fucking skank!” Baily blurted.

“Eat my asshole, cunt!”

“Hey, bitches...I think this greenhorn needs a distraction test,” Maddy suggested, referring to her son. “Anyone wanna switch seats for a few miles?”

“Oh, I do! I do!” Baily shouted, raising her hand.

“Let's do it.”

Maddy smile naughtily at her son as the two women switched bikes. “Remember...keep your eyes on the road, honey,” his mom advised.

When they took off out of the stoplight, Cole felt Baily reach around and squeeze his cock through his pants.

“What are you gonna do...tell on me?” she teased.

“Nope!” the boy responded.

“Mmm, someone has quite the trouser-rouser,” she cooed into his ear. “Do you know how to plow pussy with that thing?”

“I do ok I think,” he replied.

“If I keep my hand on it, I'll get to see if his mommy turns him on as much as we all think she does.”

Cole glanced back at her. “What do you mean?” he hollered.

“You'll see,” she giggled, motioning ahead of them.

Cole looked straight ahead. Baily's husband's bike was a car's distance in front of them and the first thing he noticed was his mom's lovely round ass. Maddy's denim jeans were molded so snugly around her apple bottomed derriere that they looked more like a second skin. Cole could clearly see the strap of her tiny pink thong crossing her exposed ass-flesh.

Baily brought her lips to his ear. “I just bet you've beat your dick thinking about that thick hot MILF ass beating against your midsection,” she said in seductive tone.

“It's my mom,” Cole blushed.

“I know. That's what makes it so fucking hot,” Baily stated. “My two sons are much younger than you, but when they turn your age, I'm gonna let them fuck the hell out of me.”

Cole was shocked by her words. Sure, he had lusted after his mom growing up, but those were just fantasies. He never in a million years thought there was a chance that they might do anything.

“Mmm, I knew it...someone's getting hard,” Baily teased, squeezing his growing bulge even more. “As hard as a fucking tire-iron!”

Cole saw his mom peek back at him and smile mischievously, her long platinum-blonde hair blowing in the wind. She lifted her meaty buttocks from the bike seat and gave it a flirty wag back and forth.

"Eyes on the road, Cole," Baily teasingly sang, reminding him of his mother's words.

"I'm trying," the teen confessed.

"Imagine how distracted you'd be if she wasn't wearing anything," Baily shouted.

"I doubt that would ever happen."

"Don't be so sure. There's a rest stop in about twenty-miles. When we stop to take a break, ask her if she'll show you her ass...see what happens."

"I can't ask her that!" Cole blurted.

"Why not?"

"She's my mom. She'll probably ground me just for saying that to her."

"Did you ever think you'd be riding down the road on a motorcycle, watching her shake her ass back at you like she just did?" Baily asked.

"Well, uh...no!"

"Alright then, don't be a wimp. Just ask her. You might be surprised what she'd do."

At the next stoplight, the women switched back. "Congratulations, Champ. You didn't drift off the road, so I guess you passed the distraction test," Maddy teased.

"It WAS distracting...but in a good way though," her son confessed.

"Well, once we get to the rally, you'll see a lot more of those 'good' distractions,' so don't start gawking until after we've parked, ok?"

As they hit the open road outside of town, Cole wondered if he'd really have the courage to ask his mom to see her ass, as Baily suggested. She had been a little flirty with him here and there, but he still worried that such a lewd request would shock her and make the rest of the trip awkward for both of them.

Pine acres Rest Area was the halfway point to the bike rally in Bullet City. The Road Raiders pulled in, threw down their kickstands and got off their bikes.

"I sure hope these bathrooms are cleaner than the last time we were here," Autumn griped.

Cole trailed the group towards the restrooms, watching all the big round mommy-asses sway wonderfully. After taking a leak, he waiting outside the restrooms a moment, trying to muster the courage to ask his mom the question.

Maddy finally emerged from the ladies' room with Baily and Autumn. The two friends fed the boy grin as they stepped past him. "Don't worry, we won't leave without you guys," Baily said as her and Autumn continued towards the bikes. Maddy, on the other hand, lingered next to her son. "Enjoying your first bike outing so far?" the mother asked.

"Yeah, it's awesome!"

"This is the half-way point, so another hour and we should be there."

Cole looked over at his mom to see her smiling back at him, staring with her big beautiful blue eyes, as if waiting for him to ask her something. Unfortunately, he was simply too nervous to pose the question to her. "I guess we should get going," he suggested.

"Did you have something you wanted to ask me first?" Maddy inquired, clearly given a 'heads-up' from Baily.

"Ask you?"

"Yes. Baily said you had something you really wanted to ask me."

"Oh...um, I'm not sure why she told you that," he lied.

"If I told you the answer was yes, would that help jar your memory?" Maddy asked with a flirty smile.

"Yes?"

"Yes, is the answer to your question, but I do wanna hear you ask it first."

"Oh...uh, alright," Cole nervously muttered. "Can I see your ass?"

"Again, yes...but not out here," the mother answered. She took her son's hand and led him into the ladies' room. There was only one woman at the sink washing her hands and she didn't even notice Maddy and her son step into the stall.

The busty mother closed and latched the door behind them, then smiled at her awkward-seeming son. "The view might be better if you sit," she whispered.

Cole sat down on the toilet seat. Without hesitation, his mom turned, while unbuttoning her jeans. This gave the boy a front row seat to his mom's ass-display as she peeled the denims over her big rounded cheeks.

The teen let out an excited gasp as his mother shoved her jeans down to her knees, bending over slightly so that she could point her lovely thonged ass back at her boy.

"Wow...amazing!" he breathed.

His blonde mother peeked back with a salacious smile. "I'm not done yet, honey," she softly said.

Cole watched her hook her fingers under the waistband crossing her lush hips and pull them down over the meat of her buttocks. The pink thong peeled from the crack of her ass, then the gusset moved away from her crotch as the dainty panties were pulled down to her knees with her jeans.

"Good hell!" the boy wondrously gasped, staring at not only his mom's naked ass, but the fleshy clamshell of her shaved vulva. He could smell the sweet fragrant aroma of her cuntal flesh.

"Was this what you wanted to see?" Maddy asked, rocking her big tan mommy-ass back and forth.

"Yes," Cole admitted. The way her buns were slightly spread allowed him to stare at the crinkled ring of her asshole. It clenched, winking at him lewdly and making his fully hard cock flex in his pants.

Gazing back, Maddy noticed the tubular bulge jump beneath his pants and she stared at his crotch, licking her lips lustfully.

"You have the most incredible ass on the planet mom," the boy confessed.

"Wow!" she blurted, pulling her panties back up. "You mean to tell me you've been living under the same roof as 'the most incredible ass on the planet' and you're only just now saying something about it?"

"Sorry, I just, um...didn't think you'd be too happy about me making a comment like that."

"You right...your 'housewife mom' probably wouldn't have been too impressed, but out here...your motorcycle Momma welcomes such naughty compliments."

"Good to know."

"As long as you don't mind mom handing out compliment too," she stated, then leaned down and brought her lips to his ear. "Nice bulge!" she whispered in a naughty tone.

They rejoined the group and hit the open road. The image of his mom's ass and cunt was on the forefront of Cole's mind as they made their way to the bike rally. He was still in a state of disbelief that she had so openly displayed it for him.

When they arrived in downtown Bullet City the teen was overwhelmed by the amount of bikers that were there. He had never seen such a collection of cool motorcycles in one place.

"A word to the wise..." his mother said, "you can look, but no touching. And that goes for the bikes AND the women. Even if they say they're single, chances are they're not."

"I'll be careful," Cole stated. "Besides, I'm just gonna hang out with you mostly...if that's ok?"

"As long you're not shocked by what you might see, it's ok with me."

"I can handle it."

Cole parked the bike alongside the street, near a group of other riders.

"Well, well...if it isn't the lone wolf and his mommy," Spark Plug Mike taunted as he stood near his bike with a few other rough-looking bikers. "When did you take the training wheels off that thing?" he asked, motioning to Cole's bike.

"Right after you sold it to him," Maddy answered for her son. "I had him peel the dinosaur stickers off the tank too. You'd think he bought the bike from a fucking three year old."

"Ohh, burn, fucker!" Autumn shouted, glaring at Mike.

"Yeah, speaking of lame jokes, where's your husband?" Mike asked. "Was he so afraid that I was gonna beat him three years in a row that he just didn't show up?"

"No, he just sent someone who he knew could kick your ass," Maddy said, putting her hands on her son's shoulders.

"That would be me," Cole stated confidently.

"At the burnout?" Are you fucking kidding me, kid?" Mike laughed.

"Nope...he's not. You'll see," Maddy said, leading her son away. "Come on, Champ. I'm bored with this conversation."

"Since I've never done a burnout in my life, Spark Plug Mike is probably gonna completely humiliate me," Cole admitted as they walked through the crowd.

"Not necessary. You may surprise yourself."

"Where are we going?"

"To the studio loft your father and I rent out every year. I need to change clothes," she answered.

Maddy led him along a narrow alcove, then up a set of stairs running along the back of the old brick downtown building. She used a key to open the door to the loft and they stepped inside.

"Holy smokes!" Cole blurted. "This is the tiniest loft I've ever seen."

The space was literally a ten foot by ten foot box. A full-sized bed took up most of the room. A tiny shower and toilet was situated across from it. "Most people come here just to fuck, or drink until they pass out, so this is typically all the space you need," his mom explained.

Cole turned his back bashfully as his mother quickly started undressing. She was amused by his timid demeanor, especially after she let him gawk at her ass at the Rest Stop earlier.

"What's wrong, honey? Are you afraid you might see something you like?" she teased.

"I just wanted to give you some privacy."

"This IS NOT the room for someone who expects privacy, Champ," she giggled. "From now on don't turn your back, because when YOU strip, I'm certainly not gonna turn mine," she stated.

Cole's mom was now wearing a sexy black mini skirt and a snug white crop top with the bold words "BULLET CITY TITTIE-QUEEN" on it.

"Bullet City Tittie Queen?" Cole asked with a curious grin.

"Three years in a row, baby!"

"What is it?"

"The annual wet-t-shirt contest. Your mother is the reigning champion," she proudly announced, thrusting her big tits out.

"Is the competition tonight?" the boy anxiously asked.

"It is," she smiled. "Looks like mom's ass isn't the only naughty part of her you'll get to see today."

"I'll go...just to cheer you on," Cole said innocently.

"Yeah, right," his mom giggled. "You've been trying to see my tits naked since grade school, Champ. Cheering me on isn't the only reason you'll be there," she teased.

“I can hide my eyes when it's your turn to get wet,” Cole suggested, still trying to play innocent. M

“And what if I don't want you to hide your eyes,” she winked. “You certainly weren't hiding your eyes at the Rest Stop today.”

“Well, then I'll do whatever makes you happy.”

She fed him a sultry smile. “Whatever makes me happy, huh? You might regret those words later,” she uttered, then glanced down at his crotch. “Then again...maybe you won't.”

They rejoined the Road Raiders for dinner and drinks at one of the many local saloons. Cole loved seeing his mom have such a good time, joking and laughing with her two hot friends, Autumn and Baily. He noticed how many of the young guys there couldn't seem to take their eyes off the scantily clad MILFs. The reason he probably noticed this is because he himself was just as guilty of staring.

“What did the banana say to the vibrator?” Baily asked the group. “Why the fuck are you shaking? I'm the one she's gonna eat!”

Her friends burst out laughing.

“I got one!” Baily's husband shouted. What's the difference between your wife and your job?” he asked. “After five years, your job will still suck.”

Everyone laughed but his wife. “Hey! I suck your cock all the time, asshole! So, here's a joke everyone! What's the difference between your husband and being a housewife?” Baily asked. “After fifteen years one of them can still be hard, and it's not your husband.”

The entire group died laughing.

A loud female voice came over the loudspeaker. “OK, ladies...it's time for the Bullet City Bike Week Wet t-shirt contest!” she announced.

Everyone in the bar erupted in cheers. “Wish me luck, honey,” Maddy shouted, giving her boy a quick kiss on the lips. She then followed several other ladies onto the stage, including Baily and Autumn.

Cole watched attentively as the women's upper-halves were sprayed with water. Music blared through the room and the women danced and giggled, shaking their big braless hooters around beneath their thin t-shirts.

His mom smiled over at him, rocking her big guns back and forth. He could clearly see the outline of her gigantic tan melons through the wet fabric, as well as the huge pink rings of her areola. Sure, the other women had big sexy tits, but he couldn't help but keep his eyes fixed on his mom's bobbling beauties.

After a few minutes, the announcer went from woman to woman, asking for crowd reaction. Of course, the one who got the loudest roar was his huge-titted mother.

“Four years in a row, bitches!” the mother shouted, yielding her metallic boob trophy proudly as she stepped off the stage.

"Congrats, mom," her son said, trying not to stare at the way the wet material clunk to her fat tits.

"Thanks, Champ. I need to slip into the ladies'room and put on my dry shirt."

"I think I'm gonna head back to the loft and get some rest for tomorrow," the boy stated, trying to conceal the erection he'd gotten from watching his mom on stage.

"Oh, ok, honey...I'll be along in a little while," Maddy told him. She was no dummy. She knew her son must be reeling in arousal from what he'd just witnessed and probably needed to get back to the loft so he could yank one out. She was surprised at how thrilling she'd felt knowing he was watching her throw her giant-mommy melons around on stage.

"Perhaps it's just the alcohol fogging my judgment," she thought as she went in and changed shirts.

"No...I was completely sober when I showed him my ass earlier today and it excited the hell out of me."

She rejoined her friends. "Am I a horrible mother?" she asked Baily and Autumn.

"Why would you think that?" Autumn asked.

"I bent over in front of him today like a horny slut," Maddy answered, "then I get on stage and let him see me in a wet t-shirt."

"Maddy, Cole's an adult, he chose to be here, and HE was the one who asked to see your ass, remember?" Baily reminded her.

"Yeah, I know, but I'm the mom. I'm the one who's suppose to be the example and set the limits, aren't I?"

"Would you stop already!" Autumn snapped. "You came here to have a good time and that's what you're doing. Stop beating yourself up over it."

Cole had just drifted off when he heard his mom come in the door. He faked sleep, watching her step over and turn on the shower, which was directly across from the foot of the bed.

Maddy stripped out of her clothes, as if her son wasn't even laying there. She knew he might be asleep, but the naughty side of her hoped he wasn't.

Cole's heart rate increased drastically as his busty mom got completely nude and stepped into the tiny shower. The stall had it's own light, which eliminated every detail of her body for the boy's ogling eyes, since she'd chosen to keep the curtain half-way open.

"Holy damn!" his young mind gasped, watching her suds up her big wobbling boobs. The sight of all those bubbles cascading through the deep canyon between her tits was absolutely captivating.

Maddy was just as thrilled as her son was. She knew that chanced are he was wide awake and watching her put on a show for him. She tilted her neck back, rubbing some shampoo through her wet hair, thrusting her monstrous melons out in the process. If it weren't for the noise of the water running, she would have heard her boy's excited gasp as he stared at her ballooning udders.

She got out, towered off, then through on a skimpy nighty with no bra or panties. If his excitement level wasn't through the roof before, it certainly got there as he peeked at his mother crawling into bed with him. "Cole, are you awake?" he heard her softly whisper.

He decided to continue faking sleep, so he didn't answer her. He felt his mom reach over and gingerly run her hand across his chest. Over the next minute, her touch slowly crept down, grazing softly over his abs. He could barely contain his excited breathing as he felt his mom's hand creep under the waistband of his boxers and on to his throbbing erection. He had jerked out a load after arriving back in the room, but it didn't matter. He was as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Oh my God!" Maddy's brain exclaimed as she handled her boy's long, thick boner. She found herself guessing, based on feel, just how lengthy it could be. *"Eight inches...maybe nine?"* she excitedly wondered.

Her fingers explored the length of his stalk, gliding down on to his smooth, nut-filled scrotum. Maddy took her time, tracing the perimeter of each of his cum-filled testicles with her long pink-painted nails.

"God! Wouldn't those feel amazing beating against my asshole!" she lustfully thought.

Her forbidden thoughts suddenly scared her and she quickly removed her hand from Cole's shorts and turned over.

"Are you fucking crazy, Maddy?!" her mind scolded. *"He's your fucking son and you're drunk...so go to sleep."*

Rest didn't come easy for either one of them.

The next day the group spent time at different bike shows and exhibits related to the event. Even though it seemed like they were just spending "normal" time together, Cole and his mom could hardly keep their eyes off each other.

"Why don't you just rape him and get it over with?" Baily joked to Maddy in a hushed tone, noticing how the two of them couldn't stop checking each other out.

"Eat my ass!" the mother joked back, knowing her friend was right.

That evening they were back at the saloon. The event announcer got on the loudspeaker. "OK, ladies...it's time for our fake orgasm contest!" they shouted.

The females in the saloon erupted in cheers, including Cole's mom, Maddy.

One by one, different women were handed a wireless microphone and began screaming out as if they were having the climax of their life. The crowd cheered after each performance.

As Cole leaned against the bar, enjoying the competition, his mom stepped over and snuggled back against him, while sipping on her beer. The boy felt her lovely round ass press against his cock. The fake orgasmic screams had made him fully erect and he felt his tubular bulge sink into the crevice between her buns.

She peeked back at him and smiled. "Someone's DEFINITELY enjoying this contest," she winked. The mother couldn't wait to see how much her son's dick throbbed against her when she began howling into the microphone.

Finally, the mic was passed to her and she began having the most incredible fake orgasm Cole had ever heard. If he didn't know any better, he would think his mom was actually having an intense climax. To make things even better, she nudged her thick ass back against his cock every time she cried out.

The crowd cheered loudly when she was finished and even Cole clapped from his mom's convincing performance. "That was pretty damn good, mom," he praised.

"Imagine what the real one's sound like," she smiled, giving him a playful look.

"Well, we do live under the same roof, so I do occasionally hear you and dad down the hallway."

"Oh, let me rephrase then...imagine what the real one's sound like...with someone who actually knows how to fuck," she clarified, clenching her ass-meat around his cock.

"Are you saying that dad's no good in bed?"

His mom turned around and leaned into him, mashing her jutting tits against his lean upper chest. They certainly looked like a flirty intimate couple instead of a mother and son. "He's alright in bed...but he certainly couldn't make me scream and shake like someone young and handsome like you could," she confessed, gazing into his eyes.

"You think so, huh?" Cole asked.

"Uh-huh," she muttered, her bee-stung lips curled into a salacious grin. "So tell me something, Champ. These times that you 'hear' your father and I having sex down the hallway. Do you massage your...man muscle while you're listening?"

"I'm not gonna lie," Cole answered, "I do sometimes."

"So it turns you on listening to mommy get fucked?" she candidly inquired, knowing it was partly the alcohol that was making her so brazen.

"Yes," he nodded. "I'll admit, it does."

"Did you wanna beat your hardon at the Rest Stop yestrerday, when I bent over in front of you?"

"That was incredible, so honestly, yes."

"Oh, my poor Champ. When was the last time you had some release, honey?"

"Not since last night."

"Oh, you mean after you watched mom and the other girls shake their big, wet tits up on stage?"

"Yes."

Maggy's beautiful blue eyes gazed at him a moment. She knew this could be a pivotal point in their relationship. "We can't fuck each other, Cole. You know that right?" she softly asked.

“Yeah, I know,” he answered with a bit of disappointment.

“However...would you like me to peel my panties off for you again and let you cum on my ass?” she brazenly asked.

“I'd be stupid to say no,” her son answered in an anxious tone.

Cole felt his mom's long nails gingerly trace over the knob of his cock through his pants. “Maybe if you're a good boy...I'll let you drag the tip of your hardon through my wet cunt-slit. No penetration though,” she warned.

“Got it!” the boy sighed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest with excitement.

Maddy took her son's hand and led him out of the saloon.

Autumn and Baily looked at each other and smiled. “I wonder where they're heading off to in such a hurry?” Baily asked.

“No you don't,” Autumn giggled. “You know exactly where they're heading off to in such a hurry.”

Once inside the loft, Maddy reached under her skirt and peeled her thong panties off. “Your turn, Champ,” she smiled, looking at his pants. “Get 'em off!”

Cole unzipped his fly, then pulled his pants and briefs off at the same time. His stiff young dick bobbed up and down in full hardness. He loved the look on his mom's face as she stared at it lustfully. “Mm, is that long pink python ready to squirt some venom on mommy's ass?” she cooed.

“You bet!” Cole declared, grasping onto it and slowly stroking his knob.

The mother lifted her skirt, then swung her big naked ass around, pointing it at her teen shamelessly. Cole's tongue nearly hung out as he stared at his mom's meaty ass and puffy cuntal clam-shell. He watched her reach down between her legs and use two fingers to peel apart her outer labia, exposing her creamy coral-colored grotto. “Come on, honey. Come rub your crown through my camel toe and get it wet,” she urged. “I'll help you get it nice n slippery, so you can stroke on it.”

Cole stepped forward and gasped with excitement as he rubbed the tender pinkish-purple knob of his cock through her juice-slickened mommy-slit. The heat of her fuck pit radiated across his glans, making pre-cum bubble from his meatus.

“Drag it down against my clitoris, honey,” Maddy mewled. “Rub our genital bulbs together.”

“Wow!” the boy snarled, digging at her sweet spot with the knob of his prick. Maddy's clit looked like a mini version of her boy's bell tip. The feel of his barbed knob pushing up against both her tender nubbin and it's fleshy domed hood sent tingles of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body.

The boy's cock flexed in delight as it dug back up across her perineum and through the crack of her ass.

“You like that, Champ?” his beautiful mother asked, smiling back at him.

“Yeah, I could do this all night.”

"Well...we certainly have all night. Do you wanna try it a different way?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Let's turn out the lights and spoon on the bed. Just remember, we can't fuck each other," his mom advised.

"Understood!" he said, then watched his mother turn and shed his t-shirt.

"Look at you...all handsome and naked in front of your mother," she teased, roaming her eyes across his lean frame. "I suppose you want ME to get completely naked now, huh?"

"Would you?" he anxiously asked.

"That means you'd have to look at my huge bouncy tits. Are you sure you're OK with that, honey?" she teased.

"A little more than ok," he confessed.

"Well, in that case..." the mother muttered, then slipped off her sexy halter top.

Cole's eyes got as big as silver dollars as he stared at his mom's gigantic bra-encased tits. The white bra Maddy was wearing was made of completely transparent mesh, putting her tits on full display through the fabric. The teen had never seen such wide, thick-textured areola before and her nipples were long and plump. He still hadn't fully realized their true enormity until his mom reached back, unclasped the hooks and pulled the cups from her bosom.

"Damn, mom!" he admired, astounded at the way they bobbed out onto her chest heavily.

"What's the matter, Champ? See something you like better than my ass?"

"I love 'em both equally," he answered.

"Do you now?" she beamed. "Does that mean you'd enjoy having you boner smothered between my meaty tits as much as plowing through my ass-crack?"

"Probably," he smiled.

"Well then...you can rub your dick all over mommy tonight, as long as it doesn't go inside me, and that includes my mouth and ass," she informed him.

"Everywhere else though?" Cole asked in disbelief.

"Sure...but let's start by spooning," she insisted, crawling onto the bed, then dropping on her side.

"Click off the light, honey."

Cole did as his mom suggested, then laid down behind her. Maddy wasted no time scooting her ass back to meet his crotch. Her boy's lengthy cock pointed up towards his chin as it lodged in the deep crevice of her butt-crack.

Because the room was so small, part of the full-sized mattress met the wall on one side. Maddy pushed her boy back against it with her thick ass and began grinding it against his cock. Cole loved

being trapped between the wall and his mom's body. Her big naked bubble booty felt divine humping up against his crotch.

"Wanna make a deal?" his horny mom asked, peeking back at him.

"Sure."

"I'll let you squeeze my tits if I can kiss you," Maddy offered.

"Like I'm gonna turn down a deal like that," her boy blurted.

The dry humping mother turned her head and locked lips with her boy. Cole wasn't prepared for how deep and sensual her kisses were. His nervous hands reached around and took two great big handfuls of squishy tit-meat.

"Mmmnn," the mother moaned, adding her long thick tongue to the equation, flickering it around inside Cole's mouth. The teen willingly brought his own licker to life and engaged her in a deep sensual French kiss.

Now they felt like every essential part of their bodies were immersed in an intimate dry-humping union.

After a few minutes, when it didn't seem like her son could keep up with her relentless smooching, the mother giggled and turned her body towards her boy. She coiled her arms around his neck, mashing her oversized tits against his chest as she fused her lips back against his and kissed him frantically.

"Holy fuck...mom's really getting into this!" Cole's brain exclaimed. He felt her silky tan leg wrap up around his midsection as she pushed her shaved pudenda up against his rigid cock and dry-humped on it.

"Come on, sexy boy...put some thunder in those hips," Maddy hissed between kisses.

Cole suddenly realized he'd just been laying there, making her do all the work. He certainly wasn't gonna make his mother cream without some effort on his part. He quickly set his hips in motion, meeting her hump for hump. "There you go!" his mom gasped, feeling his thick muscular cock plow through her labial folds and across her engorged clitoris.

Their bodies clutched and writhed together in a heated rhythm, making the bed creak as it rocked back and forth. They were certainly going through the motions of an uninhibited fuck, but without penetration.

Maddy rolled her teen on top of her, kissing him wildly, while harnessing her lovely legs high around his back. "OH, COLE!" she squealed, rocking her pelvis wildly beneath him, while creaming against his cock.

The teen was just as aroused as she was and his throbbing boner began spitting ropes between their grinding genitals. For nearly five glorious minutes they shared in a trembling mutual orgasm. No words were shared afterwards. Maddy turned her boy over and they held each other in the sweethearts cuddle position, then drifted off to sleep together.

"I fucked up last night," Maddy admitted as she sat between her two friends at breakfast.

"You guys fucked, didn't you?" Baily asked.

"No, there was no penetration. We just dry fucked, but I did almost let things go way too far."

"Maddy, your son's hot and you were drunk. No one is judging you for having a weak moment," Autumn stated.

"Thanks, but there's only one problem with that."

"What?"

"I'm sober now and all I can think about is going back to the room and letting him fuck the shit outta me all day," she admitted.

"Then you should just fuck him," Baily suggested.

"I can't 'just fuck him,' he's my son."

"Maddy please, mothers and sons fuck all the time. It's not that big of a deal," Autumn remarked.

"It's true. I've already decided I'm fucking my two boys, as soon as they turn eighteen," Baily admitted.

"I can't!"

"Why not?" Baily asked.

"Because if I do I'll probably get addicted to Cole's dick and want it all the time once we get back home," Maddy confessed.

"So...that's a problem why?" Autumn asked.

"Sam, that's why!"

"You're worried about cheating on Sam?" Baily asked.

"God no, I'll cheat on Sam, I don't care about that. I just don't want him catching Cole and I in the act."

"Well, Cole has a motorbike now, so maybe the two of you could take little trips outside of town, park somewhere private, and you could give him the old ride-a-roo," Autumn suggested.

"It's the perfect time to practice that one today. The charity ride starts in about an hour," Baily reminded them.

"Yeah, maybe Cole could do some charity and DONATE some cum to that hot horny pussy of yours," Autumn giggled.

"Haha...very funny," Maddy smiled.

An hour later the Road Raiders were among hundreds of other bikers riding twenty-five miles through the countryside for a charitable cause.

All Cole could think about while he rode was the sexy woman sitting behind him and how incredible it felt to dry fuck her the night before. Little did he know, his mom was having devilish thoughts about him also. The group paused at a stop sign and Maddy leaned forward, whispering into her son's ear. "Wanna ditch this event?" she asked.

"Ditch it...and go where?" he asked.

"If you go left here, there's an old abandoned barn a couple miles down the road," his mom informed him. She brought her sexy legs up around his waist, so her sneakers rested on his tank.

"An abandoned barn?" he asked in confusion.

"Yeah, the perfect place to pull off the road and fuck, like a couple of farm animals," she stated in a cock-hungry tone.

"Left it is!" he blurted, quickly separating from the rest of the group.

On the back of their husband's bikes, Baily and Autumn watched the boy and his mom disappear, then looked over at each other with a knowing smile.

Cole's red Harley raced down the backroad. His mom directed him down an old overgrown driveway and behind a huge rundown barn out in the middle of nowhere. By the time he stopped and shut off the engine, she already had his stiff cock out of his pants. She slowly stroked it up and down. "You just stay put," she directed. "Someone got to ride their hog today, now mom gets to ride hers."

She got off the bike and stripped off her skimpy denim micro shorts, then her dainty panties. She climbed onto her boy, straddling him as he sat on the bike with his boots firmly planted on the ground. "Now, you don't move an inch," Maddy insisted. "You just sit there with your big yummy dick pointed straight up and let mommy screw her hot cunt all over it," she cooed.

Cole wasn't about to object.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, as he felt his mom feed his prick inside the heat of her juicy orifice.

Maddy's velvet vagina sheathed her boy's entire boner, then she began swaying her hips around wildly, fucking his dick, while clinging tightly onto him.

Because the boy had a long dick, he was able to feel his knob stirring around against the puffy ring of her cervical entrance. "WHOA!" he sighed, feeling her slippery spongy walls swath his tender knob.

Maddy marveled at just how hard and muscular her boy's cock felt inside her. She certainly preferred this rock-hard teenage meat over the unreliable dick of her husband. Cole's meaty manhood packed the delicate pink walls of her vagina, probing areas her husband's dick could never reach.

"Shit, mom!" the boy sighed, grasping her rounded ass cheeks with both hands, while she gyrated on his lap. Maddy wore a skimpy pink bikini top and her huge tits sloshed wildly against her son's chest.

“OHHH, FUCK YESSS!” the busty mother cried out, wrapping her sexy tan legs around her boy and fucking him like crazy. Her mature pussy pumped around her boy's unyielding penile flesh. Along her cuntal lining were rows thick-textured ribs. Muscular bands that encircled her vagina and anus constricted tightly, causing her birthing tube to clench up around her boy's hard penis like an exquisitely-ribbed fist. Cuntal lubricant that had secreted from her glans allowed Cole's tender pink dick to slip along the clasping flesh of his mom's fuck chamber, giving him extraordinary pleasure.

“Oh wow that feel good, mom!” he groaned.

“I'm feeling good too, baby! Mommy's about to gush all over that purple-headed soldier!”

Maddy pumped her cunt on his cock frantically. She finally reached that golden peak and her body shuddered wildly, then she let out a scream of pleasure that literally startled her boy.

The muscles in her vagina contracted and female ejaculate hissed from the bulging meatus of her urethra. Cole felt his mom's liquid-cum squelch against his cock root, then cascade down over his nuts and onto his bike seat. For several wonderful minutes the boy let his mom use his cock to milk out all the pleasure her orgasm would provide.

The loving mother brought her lips to her boy's ear, still clinging tightly and gently stirring his steely prick inside her. **“Mm, do you like mommy giving you a wet dick, honey?”** she asked sensually. **“Massaging that big muscular slab of cock with her strong pussy muscles.”**

Maddy flexed her cunt skillfully, making her vaginal muscles ripple across the flesh of her boy's boner. **“Wanna take me into the barn, baby? Do you wanna give your big breasted mom a lay on the hay?”** she mewled.

“Yeck, yes!” Her son answered.

Maddy hopped off him and rushed into the old barn. **“Put that kickstand down and come get some!”** she insisted.

By the time the boy got into the barn his mom was no where to be seen. **“Where are you?”** he called, his voice echoing through the huge open interior. His big bullhorn bobbed stiffly on his crotch, still glistening his mom's cuntal secretions.

Maddy's pink bikini top suddenly landed on his head and he heard her giggling from the loft above. Hurriedly, the boy climb the ladder. Rays of sunlight shined in from between the slats overhead, illuminating the loft area. His mom stood by pile of straw in a sexy pose, with her big stiff-nippled udders thrust out and one sexy leg cocked in front of the other. **“Are you ready to fuck hard, baby?”** she asked, rolling her tongue across her lips salaciously. **“Are you ready to beat our hot genitals together for hours and cum like crazy?”**

“Damn, yes!” the boy excitedly answered, shucking off his pants. His big boner bobbed on his loins like a stiff tree branch. A bubbling bead of goeey precum wept from his piss-slit and oozed towards the floor.

The teen watched his mom lower her back onto the straw-pile, making her giant boobies shimmy across her chest. She raised her dainty bare feet with their pink painted toenails from the straw as she bowed open her thick tan thighs lewdly. She was scissoring her luscious legs widely, just like Cole had

always wickedly imagined her doing. "Do you see something you wanna sink your stiff cock into?" she teased.

Cole stared for a moment at his mom's shaved pussy. The thick flanges of her inner labium were curled open like fleshy pink butterfly wings. The bulb of her clitoris protruded out from beneath its hooded prepuce. The way she was spread made the lovely round cheeks of her ass bulge out and spread apart, exposing the crinkled elastic ring of her butthole.

"Come on, baby. Come pound this hot biker momma right through the floor," she uttered. "Come sheath that sexy cock in my hot, wet pussy!"

Cole rushed over and lowered down on top of his mom. She squealed and threw her silky legs around him as his cock plunged inside her. The boy pumped his prick home on every thrust, enjoying the resistance of her slippery cuntal walls. He could hardly believe that he was pumping his cock through the same tube that had once birthed him. He was sure his mom was positioned much the same way when she squeezed him out of her vagina. Now she was utilizing the same cuntal muscles that had pushed him down her birthing tube. She chewed at his pink cock with the thick mucosal tissue of her vagina. Then, she kissed him in ways mom's weren't suppose to smooch their boys, lashing her long pink licker all around inside his mouth.

The teen's big balls beat against his mom's asshole, making a wet clapping sound echo through the old barn. Cole wasn't a porn star by any means, but he had once fucked a girl a few years older than him who taught him a few tricks.

He reached under his mom's back and grasped onto her shoulders. Then, he thrust his cock deep inside her and held it there in full penetration.

"OHH, FUCK!" Maddy gasped, feeling her boy's rigid boner flex inside her, making Cole's bell tip mushroom even bigger against her cervix.

She clung on to her teen and writhed around beneath him, tossing her long platinum-blond hair back as she was struck with a juicy climax. "OHH, YES, FUCKER!" she gasped, wrestling wildly beneath her boy, clawing at his bobbing ass, making him pump into her harder and faster. "FUCK, YESS!!" she screamed out, trembling with a tit-quivering climax.

Cole latched on to one of her rubbery nipples and sucked lustfully while he fucked. He spread his lusty lips out across the huge ring of her areola, sectioning more spongy flesh into his mouth. For nearly an hour the teen hammered his mom up the pussy, varying his fuck-rhythm and bringing her off several more times. He held off his own climax as long as he could.

"UGHH, MOM...I'M GONNA CUM!! He finally announced.

The lucky boy was so fucking turned on that he saw stars flash in front of his eyes as his cock shot off inside the clasping tube of Maddy's cunt. Big fat cords of pearlescent-colored ball juice splashed through the inside of Maddy's vagina, coating the head of her cervix with hot baby making goo.

"I'm getting worried," Baily stated as her and Autumn sat having a drink in the saloon. "It's been almost four hours and they're not back yet."

“Baily, this isn't her husband she's fucking...it's Cole. Teenage studs can go multiple times. He's probably fucking the life out of her,” Autumn assured her.

“Fucking the life out of her?! That doesn't exactly comfort me.”

“Not literally, dummy! You know what I mean. Maddy is like us...she's a hypersexual housewife. She's probably met her match and is getting fucked six way till Sunday.”

“We should go check on them. What if the owner of the barn came along, caught them in the act and has them locked up in a cage somewhere?” Baily expressed.

Autumn burst out laughing. “Girl, you watch WAY too many of those Lifetime movies!”

“It's not that far. We can take my husband's bike,” Baily said, standing up. “Are you coming?”

“The burnout competition is in an hour.”

“Yes, I know, another reason to be worried. Cole was entering that competition, remember?”

“Alright, fine...I'll go with you, but if I'm right and they're still rutting away in that old barn, you owe me a fucking drink,” Autumn stated.

Baily borrowed her husband's Harley and drove her and Autumn out to the old barn. “His bike's still here,” she announced as they coasted down the hill and stopped next to Cole's red Harley.

They got off the motorcycle and wandered into the old barn. “We better not find them dead in here,” Baily uttered.

When they arrived inside, they could hear Maddy gasping in pleasure from up in the loft.

“Yess! Fuck me hard, baby...just like that!” Her voice cried out.

“She sounds far from dead...or locked in a cage,” Autumn whispered. “You owe me a drink.”

“Let's perv on them really quick,” Baily suggested.

“No...we eased our worried minds, now let's go back to town and let them have their fun.”

“Just a quick peek,” Baily smiled, climbing the ladder to the loft.

The wooden ladder was wide enough for both women to climb up, side by side. When they neared the top, they peeked sneakily over at the sexually engaged couple. Maddy was leaned against the barn wall and Cole was fucking her from behind. Their bodies were glistening with sweat, like they been at it vigorously for several hours.

The teen stared lustfully at his mom's bare buttocks. Her ass-flesh rippled delightfully each time it struck his thrusting mid-section.

“Can't get enough of that sweet pussy, can you, baby?” the mother asked, peeking back at him. Her giant tits dangled from her chest, swinging around wildly from the rhythm of their fucking.

“You're right about that!” he answered, grasping her wide motherly hips for leverage as he socked his prick through the juicy grip of her vagina.

“Fuck!” Baily suddenly whispered, looking panicked.

“What?” Autumn asked, watching her friend try to fight off a sneeze. “Baily, no...don't do it!” she warned in a hushed tone.

Baily was already past the point of no return and sneezed loudly, startling Maddy and her son.

“Baily?!” the blonde-haired mother asked as her and her son separated and stared in the direction of the new arrivals.

Caught red handed, Baily and Autumn climbed up into the loft. “Sorry, it was HER idea,” Autumn complained. “I told her you guys were probably fine out here.”

“I just wanted to check...and you weren't answering your phone, so...WOW!!” Baily exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she stared at Cole's jutting cock.

“Nice dick, Cole!” Autumn complimented, equally intrigued by the steely hardness of his penis.

“Thanks,” the boy blushed, making no effort to cover himself.

“His cock hasn't gone soft since we got here. Can you believe it?” Maddy beamed. Over the past four hours she'd been fucked silly by her stud son and experienced dozens of mind-blowing orgasms.

“Well...maybe a dick so big and thick is like a giant tree,” Autumn remarked. “Maybe it takes a whole team to bring it down.”

“I agree,” Baily blurted eagerly. “A team of horny moms.”

“What do you think, Champ?” Maddy asked her son. “Will it take three big breasted MILFs to make that thing go soft?”

“I guess we could try and see,” Cole answered.

“I'm down with that,” Autumn said, quickly pulling off her shorts and panties at once, exposing her shaved pussy.

A few minutes later, Cole was on his back in the straw, feeling three thick tongues explore his cock and balls. The mothers all leaned over him, with their naked asses pointed out and huge tits dangling down.

“Pull your knees back, baby,” his mother softly requested.

After doing this, the boy looked down and watched his mom position herself near his butt. She buried her pretty face between his buns and began lashing her tongue against his asshole. Autumn was sucking his nuts, licking and slurping on their oval-shaped surface. Cole's view was suddenly obscured by Baily's thick rounded bubble butt. She lowered her cunt-slit to his mouth as she leaned down and began sucking his cock.

“Mmnnff!” the boy gasped, digging his licker through the fragrant folds of Baily's pussy.

For a long while, he enjoyed the wonderful oral skills of three grown women. Every few minutes, they would switch spots, allowing each a turn at having their pussy devoured, while gorging their mouths and throats on his thick young prick.

Baily and Autumn each had a testicle in their mouth, playing tug-of-war with his nuts. They whimpered lustfully, tugging his balls in opposite directions, stretching the cord of his vas deferens.

Meanwhile, Cole wiggled his tongue up into his mom's hot pussy-hole, enjoying her pungent cuntal aroma, while feeling her lovely mouth slurp up and down the length of his cock. "Oh fuck...I could get addicted to sucking this cock!" his mom gasped, then plunged his boner back down her throat.

"My pussy's on fire!" Baily hissed lustfully as the boy's gonad popped from her mouth wet and distended. "Can we fuck him now?"

Maddy sat upright, so she straddled her boy's cunt-smothered face. Baily mounted his midsection, grasping his boner and squeezing it inside her aroused vagina. "Ohh, fuck yes! It's stretching me so good!" she mewled, wasting no time pumping up down on the boy's prick. She squealed delightfully as she felt his knob knock against the head of her cervix. "Ohh, he's a little womb-bandit, isn't he?!"

"Don't you just love how long and thick his dick feels?" Maddy asked.

"Fuck yes! I see now why you've kept him out here for so long."

"I wanna fuck him now!" Autumn purred stroking the boy's chest as she hovered beside him eagerly.

"Hold on!" Baily gasped, swiveling her hips, grinding their bare crotches in full penetration. "You'll get your turn."

Cole whimpered into the pussy flesh that was masking his face as he felt his rigid boner stretch Baily's uteri in every direction.

His mom climbed off, kneeling beside him. Cole gazed up at her giant udders as they wobbled above him for a moment, before mashing down against his upper chest as she leaned over, then began licking and kissing his neck. This caused the boy to thrust his hips upward excitedly, lifting Baily and making her eyes roll back instantly.

"FUCK!! YESS!!" she cried out. Her fatty triple d-cup mommy-melons rippled like gelatin as her body shuddered in orgasm. For several minutes she soaked the boy's dick with her juices as she delighted in her powerful vaginal contractions.

"Let me at that dick!" Autumn insisted, wasting no time mounting him right after his erection slipped wetly from Baily's pussy.

His mom was still licking and sucking at his neck heatedly, while smothering his upper chest in squishy tit-meat. He looked past her head and could see her friend Autumn grasp his cock with her hand. Her bare vulva lowered to his fat purple bell and crammed it up through her cuntal cleavage, into the heat of her fuck-pit.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, feeling his tender cock-meat sink up the pleated tube of her cunt. Like her friends before her, Autumn was eager to feel the satisfying stiffness of Cole's cock thundering through her honey-hole. She planted her knees firmly astride his hips and began bobbing her lovely round ass

up and down, fucking him with full-length thrusts. "FUCK!" she whimpered. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK...HE FEELS AMAZING!!"

Cole stared at her big ballooning tits as they leaped up and down her chest. Autumn's daughter Melissa was the first girl the boy had ever fucked. Her mom was much like her, just curvier and more experienced.

Baily joined the teen's mother, leaning over to shower his face and neck with kisses. "Do you like this, Cole?" she asked tenderly. "Do you like fucking hot MILF pussy?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped.

"Mm, you like these big squishy titties rubbing all over you too, don't you, honey?" his mom asked between kisses.

"Definitely!"

Maddy and Baily dangled their heavy tits over the boy, letting them drag softly all over his wonder-filled face. Cole licked the rings of their areola and sucked on their thick aroused nipples.

Meanwhile, Autumn was riding the fuck out of his cock. Her body gave off wonderful involuntary convulsions as she began grunting loudly and cumming on the unyielding stiffness of his hardon.

"My turn!" Maddy whispered, switching spots with Autumn. The boy's pink boner slipped from one pussy, glistening with secretions, then was quickly sheathed in his mother's cuntal flesh.

Autumn and Baily's boobs were like the opening act at a rock show. His mom's gigantic tan jiggle-bosom was the main event. They swung wildly as she rode him, like huge fleshy buoys being tossed around in a rough sea. Her shaved pubis beat against his, creating a wet clapping sound that got more intense by the second.

"Damn I love fucking you!" the blonde-haired mom hollered, her voice trembling in pleasure.

Cole was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. Having one hot mom shower him with affection was thrilling enough, but three was beyond anything he imaged. He kissed them passionately, feeling their long tongues spin frenziedly inside his mouth. Baily and Autumn drug their fatty tits all over his face, letting him explore the huge rounded undersides as well as their gaping cleavages.

"Slap my ass, bitches!!" Maddy shouted.

As her two friends giggled and moved over beside her, the mother leaned forward on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. She increased her fuck-tempo, making her meaty mommy-buttocks bounce and ripple wildly.

Baily was the first to SMACK the humping mother's ass-cheek. "THAT'S IT...FUCK THAT COCK, WHORE!!" she cheered.

Autumn SLAPPED Maddy's jiggling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-flesh ripple. "FUCK THAT BIG TEENAGE COCK!" she shouted. "CUM ALL OVER HIM!!"

Cole was hypnotized by the way his mom's udders were swinging above his face. His mom was a mind reader, lowering her mams onto him, so his entire head sunk down into her warm squishy cleavage. Again, her girlfriends struck her bobbing ass encouragingly. "Come tittie-queen...gush all over that long fat prick!" Baily shouted.

Cole's muscled cock-flesh thundered through the tube of his mom's most secret place, flexing with rejuvenating hardness. His pretty mom responded by tightening her pelvic floor muscles, making her thick corrugated walls compress around the boy's meat-piston. Hot fuck-oil continued to secrete from her Skene glands, mixing with the boy's pre-ejaculate to lubricate their fervid sexual union.

"Fuck! You're gonna make me cum again, baby!!" Maddy announced.

She kissed his lips in a lust-filled frenzy, sending exquisite tingles of pleasure shooting through Cole's young body. "Damn, mom...you're gonna make me cum too!" he groaned, feeling a surge of jizz rocket up his urethral tube.

"Fuck her hard, Cole!" Autumn shouted.

"Beat that hot pussy up, baby boy!" Baily added.

Mother and son both climaxed at once, creating an explosion of ejaculatory fluids in and around their pounding genitals. The teen grunted like an animal, hosing out fat cords, while feeling his mom's voluptuous body writhe and tremble on top of him. For nearly five minutes, they milked out as much mutual pleasure as they could.

A huge crowd of bike enthusiasts were gathered for the burnout competition, which was getting ready to conclude. "Any other entries this year?" one of the judges asked loudly.

The rev of a Harley engine cut through the crowd and Cole and his mom emerged. She was riding in front, facing him this time, on his lap, with her tits pressed against his chest. "I'll give it a whirl!" Cole shouted. "Sorry I'm late."

"Alright, son...you're up. Let's see what you got."

Spark Plug Mike stood nearby and let out an evil chuckle. "I thought maybe you got smart and chickened out," he growled.

"No chance!" Maddy answered for her boy, glaring at the bearded biker. She gave her boy a sensual kiss, raising the eyebrows of many of the onlookers. "Kick some ass, Champ," she whispered, then joined the crowd.

Cole was nervous as hell. His only experience was watching an instructional YouTube video and doing a few practice burnouts before they left home, which didn't go very well. He stood with both boots planted firmly on the ground astride his bike, then applied the brake.

"Hey we go, folks!" the announcer shouted. "Let's see what he's got!"

Cole revved the engine and made the back tire spin, immediately creating a plume of smoke. The crowd began cheering him on.

“WHOOOAA!!” Maddy, Baily and Autumn screamed with their arms up, bouncing around like three excited teenage girls at a football game. Their heavy tits bobbed wildly beneath their bikini tops.

“Oh shit!” Cole thought as his throttle stuck. Now he couldn't stop his tire from spinning even if he wanted to. He was quickly enveloped in a huge cloud of smoke, concealing the fact that he was struggling to get the bike revved back down.

The crowd continued cheering as the friction on the pavement caused his tire to catch fire.

“Wow, this kid's going full throttle!” the announcer shouted excitedly.

Spark Plug Mike's jaw dropped as he watched what appeared to be a daring display of control and burnout skill.

Thankfully, Cole was finally able to get the throttle unstuck, revving the engine down. Men quickly move in with fire extinguishers and doused the blaze.

“I think we have an unquestionable winner, folks!” the announcer shouted, rushing an impressive-looking trophy to the boy. However, the award was nothing compared to the amount of biker babes surrounding him, rubbing their squishy tits against his body as they cheered for him.

Spark Plug's giant body moved through the crowd and he towered over the teen, ominously at first. “Pretty impressive, kid!” he blurted.

“Thanks,” Cole replied, then looked over at his toasted tire. “My bike's not looking too good right now though.”

“Ah, that's nothin’!” Mike scoffed. “There ain't no damage to the rim. Tell you what...you gave me such a good deal on that knucklehead, I'll throw a new tire on there tomorrow morning for you.”

“Thanks, Mike!” Cole smiled, exchanging a fist-pump with the gruff-looking biker.

“Maybe you're not so bad after all,” Maddy smiled, winking at the giant biker.

The Road Raiders went back to the saloon to celebrate Cole's victory. Of course, Maddy and her son were anxious to get back to the loft, so they could celebrate in their own way.

Bedsprings squeaked repetitively beneath the humping couple.

“Guess who the proud new recipient of this year's burnout trophy is?” Maddy asked her husband, holding her phone to her ear as she sat upright, bouncing on her boy's cock.

Cole's tongue nearly hung out as his eyes traveled up his mom's curvy body, starting with her bobbing crotch. He could see the spike of his muscled cock, with her labium stretched around it, spearing in and out of his mom's fuck-pit. Her fat clitoris struck out from under the dome of its protective sheath, like a stump in a swamp. It jiggled fantastically every time her shaved pubis beat against her boy's cock-base.

“I know...I'm so damn proud of him I could just scream!” the mother beamed, staring lustfully down at her boy as his eyes continued to drift up her body. His gaze became fixed on the big meaty contours of her tits. The way his mom was pumping her body up and down made her milkers jump around on

her chest. The squishy flesh rippled and sloshed, her thick rubbery teats jiggling at the centers of her wide pinkish-purple tit-caps.

"We're in the loft celebrating his victory right now," Maddy stated, then listened to her husband's reply. "I know there's not much room to celebrate in here, but it's just him and I...and we're celebrating in our own special way, aren't we, Champ?" Maddy asked, winking down at her boy.

"We sure are!" Cole answered with thrill in his voice.

Once she hung up the phone, the mother slipped off him, climbing on her hands and knees. "Fuck me doggy-style, baby!" she requested, wagging her sexy tan ass back and forth invitingly.

Cole obliged, mounting her haunches and slamming his big prick through the split of her cunt. The horny mother peeked back at her boy. "Rev my engine, Champ! Light my cunt on fire like you did your motorbike!" she mewled, throwing her ass back at him, meeting his thrusts with one's of her own. Her heavy jugs swung wildly as they hung down off her chest.

Cole's first experience at Bullet City Bike Week was one he'd never forget. He was secretly hoping his father wouldn't be able to attend next year either. Although if he did, maybe him and his mom could start their own contest. How to cheat on your spouse at a public event, without being caught.

"Mom and I would kill it!" the boy thought, grasping onto her soft wide hips and pounding his cock home.

THE END