



Gammer

Ms. Camila

01




Story: Frank Romano

www.pigking.com.br

MILF

CAMILA IS A BEAUTIFUL 40-YEAR-OLD HOUSEWIFE WITH THICK THIGHS, BIG BREASTS, A LOVELY MATURE WOMAN, WEARING A VERY SHORT SHORTS AND A TOP. SHE LIKES TO FEEL COMFORTABLE WHILE COOKING.





*SHE STAYS AT HOME DOING HER
HOUSEHOLD CHORES WHILE HER
HUSBAND GOES TO WORK.*

CURRENTLY, SHE HAS THE COMPANY OF HER SON CHRISTOPHER. WHILE HE IS ON COLLEGE BREAK, HE HELPS HIS MOTHER AT HOME.



CAMILA SMILES
AFFECTIONATELY AT HER
SON.

MY DEAR, COULD YOU
HELP ME PREPARE
DINNER?

SHE APPROACHES, HER SHORT SHORTS ACCENTUATING HER GENEROUS CURVES.

I COULD USE YOUR HELP IN THE KITCHEN.

HER TONE IS SOFT AND LOVING, HER EYES SHINING WITH MATERNAL AFFECTION.

OF COURSE, I'LL HELP YOU, MOM.
AFTER ALL, I'M ON COLLEGE BREAK.
I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU HELPING WITH
ANYTHING YOU NEED.



CAMILA SMILES BROADLY, HER EYES LIGHTING UP WITH JOY.

HOW WONDERFUL, MY LOVE! I'LL LOVE HAVING YOU AROUND.



I MISSED YOU SO MUCH, NOW I WANT TO CHERISH EVERY MOMENT WITH YOU, MOM.

SHE APPROACHES, ENVELOPING CHRISTOPHER IN A MATERNAL HUG, HER BODY GENTLY PRESSING AGAINST HIS.

YOUR HELP WILL MAKE ME SO HAPPY.

MY SON, YOU WILL ALWAYS
BE MY LITTLE BOY.

SHE PLANTS A LOVING KISS ON HIS CHEEK, HER VOICE SOFT AND TENDER.

LET'S COOK TOGETHER, MY SON. I'M SURE IT WILL BE A VERY SPECIAL MOMENT.

MWAH

MY GOD, WHY DID MY BODY
HEAT UP? I THINK IT WAS
BECAUSE I FELT MY MOTHER'S
WET AND WARM LIPS.

CAMILA LEANS OVER THE TABLE, HER BODY MOVING SMOOTHLY AND GRACEFULLY, HER SHORT SHORTS REVEALING EVEN MORE OF HER GENEROUS CURVES.

HMM, LET ME THINK... WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO, MY SON?

UNAWARE OF HER OWN MOVEMENTS, CAMILA CONTINUES TO LEAN OVER THE COUNTER, HER SHORT SHORTS SLIDING EVEN FURTHER BETWEEN HER AMPLE BUTTOCKS.

SO, CHRISTOPHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD PREPARE?

CHRISTOPHER IS
MESMERIZED BY SO MUCH
BEAUTY.



MOM, I MUST SAY I'M IN
DOUBT FACING SOMETHING
SO DELICIOUS.

WHEN CHRISTOPHER
REFERRED TO
SOMETHING
DELICIOUS, HE WAS
REFERRING TO HIS
MOTHER'S BUTTOCKS.

CHRISTOPHER EMBRACES HIS MOTHER UNTIL HE TOUCHES HER BREASTS, SHE DOESN'T NOTICE AND CONTINUES TO LEAN OVER THE COUNTER. NOW CHRISTOPHER IS BESIDE HER, HELPING TO CHOOSE THE INGREDIENTS.

MOM, IT'S UP TO YOU. WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE, I KNOW YOU WILL DO IT WELL.

CAMILA DOESN'T MOVE, SHE REMAINS BENT OVER THE COUNTER, LOOKING AT THE INGREDIENTS WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT TO COOK FOR DINNER.

CAMILA SMILES TENDERLY AT CHRISTOPHER, HER HEART OVERFLOWING WITH PRIDE AND MATERNAL LOVE.

SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BY MY SIDE, MY SON. HOW ABOUT WE PREPARE A DELICIOUS DISH TOGETHER THAT YOUR FATHER WILL LOVE?

SHE LEANS FURTHER OVER THE COUNTER, TILTING SLIGHTLY TO THE RIGHT, HER SHORT SHORTS SLIDING A BIT MORE, HER GENEROUS CURVES BECOMING EVEN MORE EVIDENT, AND UNINTENTIONALLY, HER BUTTOCKS PRESSING AGAINST HER SON'S PELVIS.

MOM, I WILL HOLD YOU SO YOU DON'T LOSE BALANCE.



CAMILA COULDN'T REACH THE BREAD. THE MORE SHE TRIED TO GRAB THE FOOD, THE MORE HER BUTTOCKS RUBBED AGAINST HER SON'S PELVIS.



UGH

DAMN, I CAN'T REACH IT.

UGH

IT'S TOO FAR.

SUDDENLY, CAMILA IS STARTLED FEELING HER SON'S COCK HARDENING BETWEEN HER BUTTOCKS.

WOW

A woman with grey hair, wearing a white bikini top with red hearts and a white anchor, and pink and white striped shorts, is talking to a shirtless man with dark hair wearing black briefs with a yellow and blue stripe. They are in a modern kitchen with dark cabinets and a large window overlooking a city. A speech bubble from the woman says, "OH, CHRISTOPHER! I'M SORRY, MY SON, I DIDN'T REALIZE...".

OH, CHRISTOPHER! I'M
SORRY, MY SON, I DIDN'T
REALIZE...

IT'S OKAY, DON'T
WORRY.


A woman with grey hair, wearing a white crop top with red hearts and the text "I love my Buns" and pink striped shorts with red hearts, is in a kitchen. She is looking at a shirtless man whose back is to the camera. A speech bubble above her says "LET'S CONTINUE PREPARING DINNER, SHALL WE?". The kitchen has dark cabinets, orange pots hanging on the wall, and a window with a city view.

LET'S CONTINUE
PREPARING DINNER, SHALL
WE?

MOM, WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHY ARE YOU FEELING
EMBARRASSED?

WHAT JUST HAPPENED
WAS A NATURAL THING.

YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,
EVEN BEING MY MOTHER, I FIND
YOU ATTRACTIVE. IN A
RESPECTFUL WAY.


A woman with grey hair, wearing a white bikini top with red hearts and a pink and white striped bikini bottom, stands in a kitchen. She is looking at a shirtless man whose back is to the camera. The kitchen has dark cabinets, a countertop with a bowl of carrots, and a window with a city view. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

OH, MY DEAR, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO SWEET AND UNDERSTANDING. I'M SO HAPPY TO HAVE YOU AROUND. NEVER WORRY ABOUT THESE THINGS, MY LOVE. YOU ARE MY SON AND I LOVE YOU UNCONDITIONALLY.

I SEE THAT YOU BECAME EMBARRASSED. SINCE YOU LOVE ME UNCONDITIONALLY, HOLD ONTO MY COCK AND SHOW ME THAT YOU'RE NOT ASHAMED OF YOUR SON.

WOW

CAMILA WIDENS HER EYES AT CHRISTOPHER'S UNEXPECTED REQUEST, A MIX OF SURPRISE AND EMBARRASSMENT TAKING OVER HER EXPRESSION. SHE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, HER BREATHING BECOMING SLIGHTLY LABORED. THEN, TIMIDLY, SHE REACHES HER HAND TOWARDS THE BULGE BETWEEN HER SON'S LEGS, GENTLY WRAPPING AROUND THE RIGID MEMBER.



MY SON... I... I'M NOT ASHAMED OF YOU.

CAMILA LOOKS AT HER SON
WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING HIS
FEELINGS.



SHE NEEDS TO LET GO OF HER SON'S COCK BEFORE SHE DOES SOMETHING SHE WILL REGRET FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE.




CHRISTOPHER, MY SON...
COME, LET'S PREPARE
DINNER TOGETHER.

AS CAMILA TURNS TOWARDS THE COUNTER, CHRISTOPHER GRABS HER FROM BEHIND AND ASKS FOR SOMETHING SHE DIDN'T EXPECT.

MOM, YOU TOUCHED MY COCK, NOW BE GOOD AND LET ME SQUEEZE YOUR BREASTS.

CAMILA FEELS HER SON'S STRONG HANDS PRESSING HER BREASTS AND HIS HARD COCK PENETRATING HER BUTTOCKS. SHE IS TOO WEAK TO STOP HER SON.

OH MY!



CAMILA FEELS HER SON'S
BODY CLOSE TO HERS AND
HER HEART STARTS
BEATING FASTER. SHE IS
PARALYZED,
CHRISTOPHER'S WORDS
LEAVING HER
SPEECHLESS. SHE
DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO
REACT.

CAMILA FEELS HER BODY INSTINCTIVELY RESPONDING TO CHRISTOPHER'S TOUCH, HER LEGS TREMBLING AND HER HIPS STARTING TO MOVE IN A SMOOTH AND SENSUAL MANNER.

MY SON...

OH MY!

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

OH!

CHRISTOPHER RELEASES HIS MOTHER
AND SHE FALLS TO HER KNEES, HER
LEGS WEAK.



WHEN SHE LOOKS TO THE SIDE TOWARDS HER SON, SHE SEES THAT HE HAD TAKEN HIS PENIS OUT OF HIS SHORTS.

EEK!



A man in dark swim trunks with yellow and blue stripes is holding a banana. He is looking at a woman who is kneeling on the floor, wearing a white bikini top and pink shorts with a heart pattern. They are in a modern kitchen with a dark countertop. On the counter, there are several packages of Pig King sausages, a bowl of tomatoes, and a loaf of bread. A speech bubble from the man says, "LOOK AT ME, MOM. IT'S YOUR FAULT FOR GETTING ME SO EXCITED."

LOOK AT ME, MOM. IT'S YOUR FAULT FOR GETTING ME SO EXCITED.

I NEED YOU TO MASTURBATE ME, ONLY THEN MY COCK WILL SOFTEN AND I CAN HELP YOU PREPARE DINNER.



SHE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT,
BUT SOON HER HAND STARTS TO
MOVE, SLIDING SOFTLY ALONG
HER SON'S PENIS.

SWISH



AT THAT MOMENT, NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING, JUST MOANS.

MAAAA!

SWISH



PIGKING.COM.BR





MHHHH!

SWISH

MHHHH!

MY LOVE...

CAMILA FEELS HER ENTIRE BODY REACT TO HER SON'S TOUCH, A WAVE OF HEAT RUNNING THROUGH EVERY INCH OF HER SKIN. SHE NIBBLES ON HER LOWER LIP, TRYING TO CONTAIN THE MOAN THAT THREATENS TO ESCAPE FROM HER THROAT. HER HANDS TREMBLE SLIGHTLY AS SHE RELEASES CHRISTOPHER'S STIFF MEMBER, HER FACE FLUSHED WITH INTENSE BLUSH.



MY SON...

SHE WHISPERS, HER VOICE
LADEN WITH DESIRE AND
GUILT.

THIS... THIS IS
WRONG.

SWISH

SHE TRIES TO MAINTAIN COMPOSURE, BUT HER BODY BETRAYS HER, CRAVING THE FORBIDDEN TOUCHES.

CAMILA FEELS HER ENTIRE BODY TREMBLE IN FRONT OF CHRISTOPHER'S SUDDEN ADVANCE. HER CHEEKS BURN WITH SHAME, BUT A WAVE OF EXCITEMENT TAKES OVER HER. WITH A SHAKY VOICE, SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN.

MY SON... I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.



SHE GRABS THE STIFF MEMBER AGAIN,
HER HANDS TREMBLING SLIGHTLY.

SWISH

THIS IS SO
WRONG, BUT...

SHE BITES HER LOWER LIP, HER
EXPRESSION REVEALING THE
STRUGGLE BETWEEN GUILT AND
DESIRE.

SWISH

PLEASE,
CHRISTOPHER...

HER VOICE FILLED WITH LUST.



MOTHER, LET'S NOT DELAY THIS ANYMORE, PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND ENJOY SUCKING MY DICK- I KNOW YOU WANT TO.


CAMILA FEELS HER WHOLE BODY TREMBLE AT CHRISTOPHER'S REQUEST. SHE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, HER CHEEKS BURNING WITH SHAME, BUT THE DESIRE THAT CONSUMES HER IS STRONGER. KNEELING BEFORE HIM, HER EYES SHINING WITH LUST.

MY SON...

A woman in a white bikini with red hearts is kneeling on a grey floor in a kitchen, kissing the buttocks of a man standing before her. The man is wearing black briefs with yellow and blue stripes. The kitchen has dark cabinets and a large window in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman, and a text box is in the upper right corner.

SHE WHISPERS, HER
VOICE FILLED WITH
EMOTION.

I... I CAN'T RESIST, BUT I KNOW
THIS IS WRONG.



CAMILA FEELS HER LEGS WEAKEN AT THE SIGHT OF HER SON'S ERECT MEMBER. KNEELING DOWN, HER FACE FLUSHED AS HER EYES FIXATE ON THE EXPOSED PENIS. A WAVE OF SHAME AND GUILT WASHES OVER HER, AND SHE QUICKLY STANDS UP, AVOIDING HER SON'S GAZE.

I... I CAN'T,
CHRISTOPHER.

HER VOICE TREMBLES.

THIS IS WRONG...

WITHOUT SAYING ANOTHER WORD, SHE HURRIES TO THE ROOM, THE FEELINGS OF GUILT CONSUMING HER.

CAMILA FEELS HER HANDS TREMBLE AS SHE HIDES HER FACE, SHAME AND GUILT CONSUMING HER. HER CHEEKS BURN IN BLUSH AND SHE QUICKLY STANDS UP, MOVING AWAY FROM HER SON.

NO,
CHRISTOPHER... THIS IS
WRONG.

HER VOICE TREMBLES AND SHE RUSHES TO THE BEDROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. ONCE INSIDE, SHE THROWS HERSELF ON THE BED, HER BODY CONTORTING IN GUILT AND ANGUISH.






MY GOD, WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

I CAN'T... THIS IS SO
WRONG.

SHE SHRINKS, TRYING IN VAIN TO
CONTAIN THE SOBS ESCAPING FROM
HER THROAT.

CAMILA SHRINKS ON THE BED, HER BODY TREMBLING WITH SHAME AND GUILT. SHE HIDES HER FACE BETWEEN HER HANDS, SOBS ESCAPING THROUGH HER FINGERS.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?



SHE MURMURS, THE
ANGLISH EVIDENT IN HER
VOICE.

MY OWN SON...

A WAVE OF NAUSEA INVADERS HER, BUT THE DESIRE STILL BURNS INSIDE HER. SHE REMAINS FACE DOWN, BURYING HER FACE IN THE MATTRESS OF HER BED, AS IF SHE COULD ESCAPE FROM THAT TERRIBLE REALITY.



I'M A HORRIBLE WOMAN...

SHE LAMENTS.

CAMILA FEELS HER WHOLE BODY TREMBLE AS SHE RECALLS WHAT HAPPENED IN THE KITCHEN. SHE TURNS ONTO HER BACK IN BED, HER RIGHT HAND COVERING HER FACE IN SHAME. THE SCENT AND HARDNESS OF CHRISTOPHER'S PENIS ARE STILL VIVID IN HER MIND, MAKING HER BODY BURN WITH DESIRE.

SHE WRITHES ON THE BED,
HER LEGS RUBBING AGAINST
EACH OTHER, TRYING TO
RELIEVE THE GROWING
EXCITEMENT.

MHHH

OH, MY GOD...

MHHH

SHE MOANS SOFTLY, GUILT
MIXED WITH LUST.



WHAT HAVE I
DONE?

SHE LAMENTS, BUT HER HANDS
SLIDE SLOWLY OVER HER BODY,
THE TOUCH SENDING WAVES OF
PLEASURE DOWN HER SPINE.

HAAAA, MY GOD, WHY IS THIS
DOMINATING ME?



MHHH

MHHH

CAMILA HASTILY STRIPS OFF HER CLOTHES, EXPOSING HER CURVACEOUS BODY. HER FINGERS GLIDE OVER THE SMOOTH SKIN, CARESSING HER AMPLE BREASTS AND THE AREA BETWEEN HER LEGS. SHE MOANS SOFTLY, GUILT MIXING WITH THE GROWING EXCITEMENT.

AAAAH

AAAAH

SWISH



AHHH

THIS IS SO WRONG...

AHHH

SHE WHISPERS, BUT CAN'T STOP. HER FINGER CIRCLES THE SWOLLEN CLITORIS, SENDING WAVES OF PLEASURE THROUGH HER BODY. HER OTHER HAND MASSAGES ONE OF HER BREASTS, MOANS ESCAPING THROUGH HER SLIGHTLY PARTED LIPS.

SWISH

A woman with short grey hair is lying on a bed with a light blue sheet. She is looking upwards with an open mouth, as if calling out. Her hands are resting on her chest and hip. The bed has several pillows: two with vertical stripes, two plain grey ones, and one with a black and white geometric pattern. To the left is a wooden nightstand with a white lamp. The room has wood-paneled walls.

CHRISTOPHER...

SHE SIGHS HER SON'S NAME,
IMAGINING HIS TOUCH MAKING HER
SHIVER WITH DESIRE.

SWISH

AAAA

MMMM

SWISH



AHHH

MHHH

SWISH

PIGKING.COM.BR



AHHH

CHRISTOPHER...

MHHH

CAMILA KNEELS ON THE BED, FIGHTING AGAINST HER CONSCIENCE, GUILT AND LUST IN CONFLICT WITHIN HER. SHE FEELS HER CHEEKS BURNING WITH SHAME AS SHE REMEMBERS HER SON'S BODY, THE PULSING HARDNESS IN HER HANDS. HER HEART RACES AND HER BODY BURNS WITH DESIRE, BUT SHE KNOWS IT'S WRONG, AN UNFORGIVABLE SIN.

MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

SWISH

SHE LAMENTS, YET HER DESIRE FOR HER SON EVIDENT ON HER FACE. HER HANDS GLIDE OVER HER SKIN, CARESSING HER BIG, SOFT BUTTOCKS AND THE AREA BETWEEN HER LEGS, DESPITE HER MIND'S PROTESTS.

MHHH

I CAN'T... SO WHY DO I FEEL SO GOOD WHEN I THINK OF HIM?

MHHH

SWISH

SHE IS PURE LUST, PLEASURE
AND GUILT MIXING.

SWISH

MHHH

MHHH

SWISH

CAMILA LETS OUT A SIGH AND A MUFFLED CRY. HER BODY SHUDDERS AS SHE MOANS WITH AN INTENSE ORGASM.

AHHH!

SWISH

SHE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED SUCH AN INTENSE ORGASM. WAS IT THE IMAGINATION OF HER SON'S TOUCH THAT MADE HER FEEL THIS WAY?

AHHH!

SWISH

AHHH!

END



Pig King

PIGKING.COM.BR

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.

PIGKING.COM.BR



Pig King