

My Cave-Mom Mom

Life was in the stone ages when Junior came of age with his mom and dad in the simple cave they lived in deep within the prehistoric jungle depths of the far wilderness. As a boy he grew up as their only child. Years ago they found a cave and decided to live there. Dark ebony stone was draped in the pelts of skinned animals his dad hunted. Big tusks were hung on the walls. The dad of the family grunted as he grabbed his big stick before heading out the cave entrance during the day to hunt.

"Be safe out there Dadtar." Said a primitive mom with ass cheeks which rippled in the primitive saber tooth tiger leather she wore over her milky white hour glass figure.

"Dadtar always safe." Grunted the alpha male of the group, "Be back soon with meat for you and boy. Be back soon."

"Take this dad." Said Junior as he showed his father a long stick with a sharpened end, "Just thrust it into the animal and you can still kill it instead of smashing things with your favorite big stick."

The whole family laughed except for Junior.

"How can a skinny stick like that hurt an animal?" Said the dad of the family, "If you whack anything with it would break like brittle bones. So stupid son-son. Leave the hunting to your Dadtar until you are ready."

"It would work though Dadtar! Let me go with you! I can help and at least help you spot and hunt with you out there."

"Dadtar does not need help." Said the large primitive dad in pride, "I know where to find easy meat if there are too many dangerous animals out today."

"Fine, but if you don't want to try this stick what if you let use the leather around mom's waist so I can make a fire-stick? I can make fire if I have something to spin the wood fast enough for me if I have dry wood and--"

The whole family burst out laughing once again as they gathered in the cave.

"Young boy! How do you know you can make fire without help of the thunder gods? Show me. You say you need piece of leather to make fire-stick. What is a fire-stick?"

"Okay, I just need some better tools though. I can't spin the stick fast enough with just my hands. I need a piece of leather to hold it for me. Give me the leather around your waist Momtar. I promise I won't look at your naked body mom."

"Sontar! You'll see my cunt-cunt if you take it off!
There is other leather!"

"That is the best leather though Momtar. The fire-stick will only work if--"

The dad coughed his throat to stop his son from grabbing at his mate's clothes.

"That is enough Sontar. Listen to your birth mother while I hunt. Go gather berries and learn to forage when the season is right for you to learn how to hunt."

"Okay Dadtar, but I also think we should make a shelter in the trees around here. They are nice and big and you can live high above the ground. What would we do if it rains for many moons? There could be a saber tooth tiger living in the area and you--"

"First you want me to hunt with that puny stick and now you

think whole family should build tree cave instead of stay here in safe ground cave?" Said the dad of the family group to his son, "You have no idea what Dadtar have to put up with to put meat on the table. Sontar you need to learn the old ways instead of make new ones first."

"The tree-cave is a good idea though Dadtar! Even if I have to show you myself! I have been counting the days moon appearances on the wall and after many moons the rains return. If I have to prove it to you I will. If we still are here the cave will flood."

Mother and father laughed at their son in their leather stripped clothes. Dadtar was the alpha male of the family and carried a massive club to kill his prey. Next to him was the alpha female of the group. She was the birth mother of Junior and grew into a voluptuous womanly figure in her adult years as her son aged in the family. She stood taller than him by a head. Her bosom busted out around a strip of leather holding back her spilling cleavage. A skirt of saber tooth tiger leather wrapped around her waist with nothing beneath to hide the crease of her cuntted cleavage. After hearing his parents laugh at him the adult son took his spear and possessions and left his parents.

"I'll show them." He said to himself as he left into the wilderness to a place he discovered recently to build a shelter as he imagined it in his mind. He gathered sticks and planed them with sharp stones. He used the moonlight at night to work in the darkness while he foraged during the day with his mom. If he didn't have moonlight he invented a candle like device made of tree sap and a wick of wood. His invention was made possible from a tree he tried telling his parents nearby about but they ignored him.

In the darkness the primitive son of age made tools and shelter. It took him many days but when he was done he stood on his balcony in the tree tops. Amidst the canopy he built a surprisingly cozy dwelling place with a place to sleep and a balcony to stand on in the air. He used a rope ladder to get up and down his massive fruit tree. The prehistoric tree branches the size of dinosaur's back were more than strong enough to support his custom built floor boards. He made walls of stacked sticks banded together with saplings he stripped and roped together. He had a bed of hay with the pelt of saber tooth tiger draped over it next a pile of fruits and bird eggs he gathered to eat later.

When it was done Junior was proud of what he had made. Then the rains came and stayed for many days. While comfortable

in his tree top home the grounds began to flood.

"Sontar! Come outside! We want to talk!" Said the dad of the family as shouted into the air while standing in ankle high water on the jungle floor.

"Sontar! Listen to your Dadtar! We just want to talk! We're sorry about what we said! Your mommy very sorry-sorry about what she said long-long ago. Please come out!"

Junior rolled out of his bed and walked to the edge of his wooden balcony. He stood near the edge and looked down in the rain pooling into ankle-high water on the ground as his mom and dad looked up to him with their cold skins shivering in their water-soaked leather clothes. They were drenched with a giant leaf used to cover over the both of them held by his dad near his mom. He smiled inwardly from the knowledge he was right about the rains. As he looked down his parents he pitied them but only had space for himself and another in the wooden tree house he made far above jungle floor.

"How come you and Dadtar are not in the ground cave?" Asked the primitive son, "You said my tree-cave was a dumb idea. Now look at me proving you both wrong."

"The ground-cave flooded cub-bear!" Said his mom on the soaked ground as she shivered near her husband with her pale bosom glistening and jutting out in her leathers, "Your Dadtar says he cannot stop the water from coming in and we cannot find fire!"

"I have an idea Dadtar, how about you look for fire and I will watch over Momtar."

"I think that's a wonderful idea cubby-bear. Dadtar go look for fire while I wait with our son in his tree cave. I promise no funny business will happen between us."

"Are you sure it's no problem if your birth mother stays with you while I look for fire Sontar? I don't know how long I'll be gone until I find it. Curse the rain gods!"

"I think I can handle mom while you go look for fire dad." Said Junior in response while looking down upon his shivering parents with his mom shivering far below.

"Go up and see how our son became so smart-smart and try to steal some fruit. When I come back I will call you name out." Said the dad to his wife as he watched her approach the rope ladder in her soak leather clothes before she started to climb.

Junior watched his mom begin to climb up. Her dimpled ass cheeks rippled as she went up the ladder. Her soaked leather outfit struggled to go up the ladder as she climbed to reach the top. The higher she climbed the more nervous she got until she got up to the edge of the tree house. When she came over the top she felt two hands reach forward to grab her hands. She grabbed them was pulled over with her breath heaving and her body shivering. As soon as she stepped over she felt a warm leather pelt from a slain animal draped over her shoulder. She could not believe how much better she felt. After gathering her nerves together the voluptuous mom hugged her son close to her chest.

"Thank you cub-bear for letting mama-bear come up here to stay with you while your dad looks for fire. I promise to make you happy while you let I stay with you Sontar."

"No problem Momtar. I'm happy to help Dadtar while he looks for fire." Said Junior as he ogled his soaked mom with her long hair reaching past her meaty buttocks in her skimpy leather attire beneath a saber tooth tiger pelt draped over her shoulders.

"Okay, I will be back when I find the fire from the thunder

gods." Said the dad on the ground as he watched the roped ladder go back up the tree before he started to leave.

Junior watched the big tree leaf his dad used to shield him from the rain disappear into the jungle. While high up in the tree canopy his structure withstood the rains outside with his cozy walls made even cozier by the plethora of pelts he collected from the animals he was able to kill with his long throwing spear. The tree he lived in even came with fruit shaped like pears he collected. With his store of nuts and berries he gathered the son of age considered himself resourceful. He looked to his shivering mom. He draped his arm around her shivering shoulders and directed her inside his home.

"Momtar, how long have you been shivering like this?" He said while holding her.

"There has been water in the cave for many moons cub-bear, thank you." She said.

Rains pelted outside wooden walls as Junior led his mom to his bed in the corner of the only room of his home. A little flame candle was nearby on a raised surface to offer a little warmth. The primitive mom marveled at the device as she was given new animal hides to wear. She removed the soaked leathers

around her voluptuous figure without any shame and wrapped the leopard printed pelts around her waist and bosom until the busty mom was dry and comfy. She sighed a sound of relief after being out of her wet clothes and hugged her son. Her big doughy bosom pushed against his chest as he hugged back.

"Momtar is so proud of you for making this tree-cave cub-bear." Complimented the primitive mom with her big breasts seen cleaving through strips of leopard leather.

"I told you and Dadtar, but you two no believe me. Now there is only space for me."

"You mean Momtar and you, right cub-bear?" The mom said as she sat next to her son.

"Heh, I would only let you stay if you agreed to be my alpha female. I need breed."

"Sontar, do you know what you're asking your birth mother?! You want to put the white-water into my cunt-cunt like I am your mate? You're asking to beat up my pussy."

"To stay inside my tree-cave Momtar I think it is fair if you are my pretend mate."

"Cub-bear! I am your birth mother though! To shoot the white-water inside my cunt-cunt is strictly forbidden. Your father would be furious if he knew what you wanted."

"If you don't take the white-water out of my blue balls Momtar I will find a female who will and when I do you are not allowed in my tree-cave anymore." Junior said back.

"Fine, I will help you pull the white-water out of your young balls but no pussy! You get my hands and boobies only but not my cunt-cunt. Your father would be furious."

"But Momtar! I really wanted to feel your cunt-cunt like Dadtar gets to try."

"Sontar, you are asking your birth mother to be your mate. Are you sure? If you shoot the white-water into my oven even on a safe day I may get pregnant." The mom said.

"I'm serious Momtar, let me put the white water into you. Later after your knockers start swelling after giving birth I can keep shooting the white-water inside of you."

"Sontar! What if Dadtar heard you right now! Momtar may

punish you later for asking such a thing. The practice of taking the white-water out of you is a very sacred thing. I can't empty your balls with my cunt-cunt. Especially before my next blood."

"Why not Momtar? Nobody is around. If I can't borrow your cunt-cunt to practice the breed-breed let me use your mouth or butt to get the white water out of me please."

"You can have Momtar hands if you will stop with this nonsense cuddle-bear. Since when did you become so dirty? I have never seen you act this way before. I don't see you for many moons and you act like this! You are asking your mother to mate with you!"

Meanwhile, the mother was so grateful to be out of the cold and rain she could care less about what her son was asking her to do. After living in the stone ages for so long in the pouring rain outside it was miracle to be so warm and comfortable suddenly. The little fire in the corner of the wooden room high above the flooded jungle floor while cozy in the tree top canopy was enough to relax the primitive mom. She had no problem with pulling the white water out of her son but she drew the line at offering her honeyed breeding holes. As long as she felt safe and protected she would offer her son as

much firm assistance as he needed in her skimpy tribal clothes as long as it rained. To make her son stop demanding such ridiculous things the primitive mom took the initiative by whipping her son's cock out with her small hands before stroking him as he stood.

The sounds of soft dry skin being stroked joined the pelting sound of rain outside.

"Now listen Sontar, mommy does not mind helping you like this but my cunt-cunt is off limits until I know it is a safe day for me and with the rain clouds I cannot see the moon. You can have my boobies or my hands for right now." The primitive mom said.

"But Momtar!" Junior complained out loud as he felt his shaft being stroked.

"My hands or boobies only mister!" Said the primitive mom in an annoyed tone.

As mother and son argued back and forth a primitive mom was led down by the hand to a bed of leaves and straw with a large pelt of animal skin on top. Junior gestured for his mom to lay with him on his soft hide bed during the fierce rains outside.

She joined him in the clothes he gave her and continued to stroke his erection. Her big body pressed up against him in her thin leather clothes. Her large melons cleaved through a strip of saber tooth tiger leather as the primitive mom unsaddled her milk bags to give her teenage son of age more eye candy to look at as she stroked his manhood. As she stroked him the primitive mom looked around and marveled at all the simple inventions around the room her son made. She had never seen containers before. She saw spears. She mechanically jerked off her teenage son as she looked around.

"What if I want to shoot the white-water in your cunt-cunt today Momtar?"

"Young man! If your father heard you right now he would be furious."

"Right now though I think we can make work if we pretend breed."

"What is pretend breed Sontar?" Asked the primitive mom.

"It's when I make pretend shooting the white water in your cunt-cunt Momtar."

"Nugh-ugh mister, your birth mother wasn't born last moon. No pussy today, okay."

"So you are saying one day I can pound my white water into your cunt-cunt mom?"

"I am saying Momtar will think about it young man if I ever need a new alpha male."

"While dad is looking for fire I already have it though Momtar." Said Junior.

"Your dad is still strongest of the group Sontar. I need someone to protect me."

"I can protect you. Look at this tree cave I made out of the tools I made alone."

"Just because you have big brains does not mean you get to borrow my cunt-cunt mister. Making breed-breed is big responsibility mister. Mama-bear is not a sex-hole."

"Let's make a bet Momtar, if the rains continue until tonight I want to dump whatever white-water I have left into your cunt-cunt if Dadtar does not return for you."

The primitive mom ignored her son and felt her busty bosom jiggle as she vigorously stroked his cock in the dimming evening light. Her twirling fists went up and down with wet sounding strokes. Rivulets of sexual fluids oozed from her son's piss slit as she stroked him until he throbbed to a hardness in her hands. She bit her lower lip and wondered what the size of such a breeding stick would feel within her clutching cunt as her son tempted her with the offer to pound his seed inside her pleated purple depths. Her au naturel quim tingled in the dim candle light as a sweaty primitive mom pumped her son with vigorous strokes and twirling motherly fists as she sat next to him in his bed.

"You know young man, Momtar thinks you may find a forever mate sooner than you think with a meaty breeding stick as big as yours. You would pack my pussy full for sure!"

"Well, when you're ready to feel this thing go up your twat-box mom let me know."

The primitive mom rolled her eyes as she continued to stroke her son's cock. Junior laid in his pelted bed and spread his legs. His birth mom sat between his legs with her big doughy white milk bags of flesh hanging from her chest as her

twirling fists pumped his shaft up and down in the approaching evening of the day. The warm candle light on their bodies grew brighter as the sun began to set and rains continued outside as a half dressed mother pumped her son with the intention of milking his thick load out.

"Sontar, there are creatures outside and the rain gods are making it pour, how did you know to make this tree cave?" Spoke the mom as her busty bosom jiggled as she straddled her son and pumped his manhood in his straw bed with her hands going quickly up and down, "Are you sure you want Momtar's help to pull the white-water out of you? Once the white water flows out of your fuck-pole from my touch we will be special bonded. Are you ready? I'm afraid if Momtar sees your white-water flow I may want to see it again."

"How would you like to be my tribe birth mother Momtar? Let me shoot the white-water in you when so we can make a new tribe one day. What do you say?" Junior said.

"Maybe Sontar, I told your father I was only coming up here to steal fruit from the tree until he returns but I have not heard my name yet. If he sees your white-water oozing out of my cunt-cunt he might get angry so you must shoot ON me not IN me, okay cuddle-bear. Papa-tar is no fool. He know what the white-

water does when it goes inside my cunt-cunt when it is not a safe day. The only reason I am touching you to help the white-water leave you is because your tree-cave is the only safe place right now."

"What if I make pretend you let me beat up your cunt-cunt Momtar. If you use your mouth on my breeding stick I can finish much faster if you are worried about Dadtar."

"Cub-bear! Why are you so obsessed about pounding my cunt-cunt full of your white-water? Do you have a secret wish to breed your birth mother? There are other girls you can mate with to make your alpha female you know. Consider yourself lucky I doing this."

"None of them are as pretty as you though Momtar." Said the son to his mom.

Upon hearing her son compliment her the mom began to blush as she stroked him. For a certain prehistoric son of age he thought he was living his dream life as he laid back with the feeling of his voluptuous mom stroking his cock in the tree house he built. He looked outside and saw rains while they remained dry. The giant tree canopy surrounding his tree house stirred in the winds but the structure he made stood firm. They

relaxed in his bed as his cave-mom stroked him with her twirling fists until her arms began to tire.

"I think there will be many moons this monsoon season Momtar." Said Junior to his mother as her uncovered breasts shook in the candle light, "I told you and Dadtar to trust me about the tree cave but you said I was dumb-dumb. Now who is the alpha male?"

"How did you become so much smarter than Dadtar? I raised you Sontar and did not have such thoughts as you have. I never knew fire could be made without the thunder god's help. What is that?" She pointed to the primitive tree wax candle next to the straw bed, "How did you think of such an idea? Sap with wood?"

"I just think of these things Momtar. I always wanted to have light so I found a way to keep fire with me." Said Junior to his mom as he felt on top of the world while lying with his mom in his tree house, then he added, "With you I have warmth now too."

"Now you have Momtar's help to stay warm-warm during this rain rain season cub-bear. I can help you have light balls as long as your father does not return tonight. Do you mind if Momtar stays while it rain-rains outside?"

"Only if you don't mind being responsible for keeping the white-water outta of my blue balls mom so you better be stroking, slurping, or fucking me. Sound fair?"

"If my baby boy has a boner Momtar promises to do her best to make you shoot the white-water, but if you get soft mama-bear gets a break to rest. Deal sugar bear?"

Junior grunted in pleasure as his primitive mother began to stroke him vigorously in his bed. Her big doughy bosom cleaved against the leopard striped clothes he made for her. The circular shapes of the breasts he once nursed on as a babe hung out almost entirely with the nips of her tits concealed by strips of saber tooth leather. Big areolas of pink circular flesh on fair white skin could be seen by the erect son. A candle burned dimly and silhouetted the shapes of a mother and son getting close together in a handmade bed. With his mom stroking him they discussed the terms of their new relationship as it rained outside in the dark prehistoric world at night.

"What would be so bad about making children Momtar?" Said Junior, "We could make our own tribe if you want to be my alpha female."

"You want my cunt-cunt to make a baby with me Sontar?"

Said the primitive mom in shock, "I thought you just wanted to have someone help you pull the white water out. Your father would never agree to allowing your seed to shoot into my cunt-cunt to impregnate me."

"We could just pretend it's his mom." Said Junior, "Let me put the white-water in your belly and you can come up here anytime you want."

"I would only agree to pull the white-water into my cunt-cunt if the moon is full tonight young man." Said the mom as she stroked her son in his bed with her leopard skinned outfitted body pressing up close to him between his legs.

"What can I do to convince you to use your mouth Momtar." Junior spoke before feeling his mom pause on her strokes.

"Bad boy!" Scolded the primitive mom before gripping her son's cock with the fury of all her all motherly might before twirling it around angrily in the air to send flecks of pre-cum flying across the room. "Mouth for eat only!"

Junior frowned at his mom and touched her hands to stop her from stroking him.

"Just let me close my eyes and pretend your mouth is your cunt-cunt mom."

The mom pressed her lips together looked down to her son's drooling erection. A glob of glistening pre-cum could be seen gathering at his tip. She dragged a finger across his glistening fluid and put it against her tongue. The pungent taste of her son filled her mouth as she smacked her lips together and weighed her options. She could either oblige her son and suck on his massive erection until his seed flowed or she could satisfy him with her hands. She decided to blow her son and would swallow his seed. Her arms were getting tired and in the dim candle light with his ten inch erection soaring in the air between her soft and small hands. She licked her lips and began to hatch a plan.

"So young man, if mommy agrees to suck on your wood-wood until your white-water comes out then you promise to give up this pussy pounding fantasy you have? Even on my safe days it is not so safe to receive the white-water in my pussy, just ask your dad."

"Sure mom." Said Junior as he watched his mom's eyes look below in the dim candle light to admire his throbbing erection

before gaping her mouth wide open, "You have to pull out all my white water into your mouth though if you don't want me in your breed-hole mom. Whatever is left in my balls when your done is getting dumped in your cunt."

"Well then, I guess mama-bear will have to make sure to pull out all your white-water with my mouth so there is nothing left in these sugar bear." She grabbed her son's sac and jiggled them in a gentle fist as she slid her body forward between her son's legs before adding out loud, "Goodness gracious butter-cup I cannot believe how big you are compared to your father." Her face was a breath away from the throbbing sight of her son's erection throbbing in air. "I reckon you will make your forever mate happy with a piece like this young cub. If you were to poke this in my cunt-cunt I'd die I think."

"Am I really bigger mom?" Asked Junior.

In response the mom propped her elbow up near the base of her son's shaft. With a fist soaring upward she compared lengths. The meaty drooling bulb of her son touched her wrist. The primitive mom felt her jaw drop in her mouth and the moist sensation within her cunted sleeve ache with desire as she gripped her son at the base with her fist and began to slap it against her raised wrist like it was another arm. Her eyes went

up and down her son's far reaching length with her mind running wild with the fantasy of feeling his meaty girth running up and down her dark vaginal hallway until his seed gushed out. She stopped the thought when she began to drag her tongue up and down her son with his drooling bulb being the first thing to disappear in her mouth as the mom began to suck.

"That's good-good Momtar. I want you to look me in the eyes and suck on my wood-wood until my white-water comes out. Make sure to scrub your tongue until you feel me shoot in your mouth. Mind if I close my eyes and pretend this is your cunt-cunt now."

Angel gagged with wide eyed parental eye contact as she looked up into the sight of her son's wincing face as she scrubbed her tongue across his glans as she ran her mouth up and down over her son's lengthy teenage erection. His cock scoured down her throat hotly with his meaty bulb reaching all the way down her gullet as she throated him with her eyes beginning to water from the sensation of her throat being stuffed from below. The primitive tree-cave dwelling mom began to hate how aggressive her offspring was becoming with her mouth as he throbbed and jerked his hips. She began to wish she could just open her legs and let her son lay into her cunt until he was done as he thrust.

GURG-GURG-GURG-GURG-SLURRPP!

"Hmph! Mom!" Junior groaned out loud as she thrust his hips up to ram the tip of his cock into the back of his mom's throat with his hands grasped around her head to pull her mouth all the way down until her lips sunk into his pubic hair as he began to gush.

Angel opened up her gullet and allowed hot jets of pubescent cum to shoot down her throat as he came. She nearly gagged from the sensation of a throbbing cock pulsating down her throat as she was held close. Her lips went all the way down into her son's groin with the nose of her face disappearing in his thick pubic hair. With her horse sucking face held close she sucked. She locked her lips tightly and swallowed every rope of jism her son could muster to empty out his balls. As she looked up through the sight of thick pubic fur she locked eyes with her son as he came down her throat. Hot buckets of spunky teenage jism was greedily swallowed by a primitive mom hungry for nourishment as she sucked with all her strength to drain her son completely. The prehistoric mom accepted it all and after draining her son of his seed she withdrew her mouth before slurping the mess up.

"Howr'rse dis wook wung man! Shee duh white-water in Momtar's mouth-mouth bubber-cup?" Angel spoke with her whole mouth filled to the brim with teenage spunk as she spun her tongue around, "Who weeds cund-cund when you can borrow Momtar's mouth-mouth."

Junior watched his mom show off his thick white semen in her mouth. Her pearly white teeth gleamed with his thick jism as she spun her tongue around to show off his load as she laid between his legs with her small hands wrapped around his cock in his straw bed while it rained heavily outside. He loved the sight of his hot-white jism pooling in the mouth which often scolded him as a child. Then she swallowed it. After a quick gulping sound she opened her mouth again so the mom could show off her empty mouth. Unfortunately for a visiting cave-era mom however her son began to harden all over again. In a moment the primitive teen of age began to throb once again in the dim candle light. A stunned mother looked upon her erect son with her meaty quim moistening beneath her pelt skin clothes. She wondered what it feel like to have such a size thunder her cunt.

"You know Sontar, I think tonight may be special night if we see full moon."

"Really mom?" Asked Junior in excitement, "Are you saying

I can cream your guts?"

"I'm saying if there is a clearing tonight in the clouds and we see a full moon there is a small chance I will let you pound the white-water into my cunt-cunt cub-bear."

At the time when the primitive mom made the promise to her son to drain his white-water with her purple breeding depths she was sure of two things. She was certain her husband would return late in the evening with fire he found before it got too late at night. She was also certain the rains would end shortly. She was wrong however and when it got late and she was still with her son in his primitive tree house he made sheltering them from the rain. As the hours passed into the night the visiting mom began to regret promising her son to relieve him of his white-water with her meaty white pussy. After several oral sessions in his bed the primitive mom was beginning to have a sore mouth. Now she enjoyed some rest once left alone while her son napped in his bed after his umpteenth oral relief.

Some time passed when the primitive mom heard her name called her name.

"Momtar!" Said her son's voice.

"Sontar?! Do you see Dadtar yet?" She responded as she followed after her son.

Out on the edge of the tree house she found her son standing in his animal pelt clothes on his balcony. There was a lull in the rain storm with the clouds parted briefly while the horizon thundered all around them. Suddenly she remembered her promise. In the parting in the sky they saw a full moon shining above them. On the ground there was nothing to see but darkness and rippling flood water reflecting moonlight. The primitive mom was half tempted to call out her husband's name but when she heard a prehistoric animal call out into the night with a loud 'MCAW!' sound from a giant flying creature she stopped.

"Okay young man, Momtar will keep her word and allow you to put the whitewater in my cunt cunt but you must not allow Dadtar to know about your pussy pass privileges mister. If he found out I let you pillage my purple pussy until you shot a load inside my cunt."

"It is practice breeding though Momtar if we never make a baby when I shoot inside."

"You can borrow my cunt-cunt Sontar to help with your wood-

wood but do you really need to shoot your white-water into my squish-squish place? What if Dadtar sees it?"

"I don't think Dadtar is coming back until tomorrow morning Momtar. You know how dangerous it gets at night and the ground is still flooded. If he comes back he'll be back in the morning and by then you can rinse the white water of your cunt-cunt."

"Goodness gracious sugar bear, when did mommy raise such a pervert willing to do such dirty things to their birth mother just to get the white water out of their system. You are about to pillage my pussy you know and if you dump the white water in my cunt-cunt there is always the chance I could become seeded by your child even if it is my safe day."

"Oh well mom, that's a risk I'm willing to take. Besides, you said if the moon was out I could put the white water into your special place if I was still hard later."

The prehistoric mom looked over the edge of the balcony into the dark wilderness in vain to search for her husband. Despite pulling out load after load out of her son with her horse sucking mouth until his balls were empty hours earlier he seemed ready again. He throbbed out in the moonlight before the brief calm in the rain storm subsided and the pelting rains

returned to force the mother and son to retreat into the tree house. Winds and rain drops pelted the sturdy structure as a primitive mom and son went back to the same bed where the mom yanked so many loads from her sons loins with her mouth she was sure her tonsils would be stained white by the next day. Instead of her mouth this time however she was about lay on her back to let her son lay his meaty fuck pole through her cunted sleeve.

"You know young man, even though mama-bear said you could spear her cunt-cunt with your meat stick it does not mean you have to shoot the white-water inside me." She said.

"You kidding me Momtar, shooting the white water into your pussy has been a dream of mine ever since I was a little kid living in the cave with you and dad." Junior said.

"Goodness sugar bear, the things your birth mother does for you to help you deal with your wood-wood." The primitive mom sighed as she disrobed from her pelted clothes before joining her son in bed with her bottomless quim dripping in anticipation, "You get to shoot one load into mama-bear's squishy purple place and that is it buster, understand!"

"Sure mom," Junior said through lying teeth as he watched

his mom lay down to spread her legs on his bed next to him, "I promise to plant just one load into your cunt-cunt."

Junior felt his heart hammer in his chest in excitement as the prehistoric teen of age pressed the bulb of his meaty dick against the moist gates of motherly pussy. Her pink meaty petals opened up like a flower and squelched loudly as he pressed his tip against the purple gated entrance of his conception. He lanced through her meaty looking labial lips and ran his prick through her folds to slide all ten inches against her meaty curtains before slapping his length against her belly. With both their eyes looking down towards their sexes a loving primitive mom reached down to grab at her son to direct his tip against her moist gates. Her eyes widened when a meaty helmet pressed into her pussy lips like a battering ram preparing to barrel through her purple depths. She felt his tip press into her pink labial lips before piercing through her initial ring of cunted flesh. She tilted her hips and told her son to push. As rain pelted the wooden tree house the sounds of a mother and son moaning in unison in the jungle filled the air as a candle flickered across their dim bodies thrashing together in the night under the cover of darkness.

"Goodness gracious -OOMPH! Cub-bear! --OOMPH! Take it easy. Mommy's warm pussy isn't going anywhere." Angel

encouraged with her legs spread wide as her bosom shook violently.

"You kidding me Momtar, this is the only cunt-cunt for me now. Forget about other females. You can be alpha breeder of my tribe. Just let me shoot the white water inside of you when you know it is not safe day so I can breed you! Just once should be okay!"

Junior barreled through his mother's clutching cunt in his tree house. The custom built wooden floor boards beneath his straw filled bed creaked. The hay below the animal pelt they laid atop of crunched loudly beneath the blows a stud son fed into his mother's clutching cunt as the teen of age barreled forward. He looked down between the leopard skinned covered cleavage of his mother's bosom to watch her cunt. Her natural pussy lips and hairy muff gobbled at his whole length as he pounded his mom from above. Her pink pussy lips cloyed against his erection as he fed his manhood in and out of the place of his birth with disgusting wet sounds as their skins clapped together in the candle light.

"Get dat cunt-cunt cub-bear! Pound dat fuck-stick into Momtar until you shoot the white-water inside me!" The primitive mom said as she watched her depths being churned.

Junior nailed his mom onto his bed with her busty bosom jiggling violently on a skin pelt blanket. The wooden floor boards of his tree house shook as he thrust through the same pussy which birthed him into the world. His voluptuous mom writhed beneath his strokes with her big busty cleavage shaking violently in the leopard skinned outfit he prepared especially for his mom. He thanked the gods for the rainy monsoon season and his predictions. As rain poured outside in the primordial world a young son of age was the first to enjoy the pleasure of bareback motherly cunt. The steady skin slapping sounds of a ball sac beating against a wrinkled butthole filled the tree house as they moaned.

A long shaft of erect meat pushed in and pulled out of a mother's clutching cunt as she laid on her back with her big bosom shaking violently while her cunt was drilled from above by her horny son. Strips of leather covered his chest with nothing below his waist to hide his massive erection plowing through her noisy cunt as her son laid into her sloppy sounding cunt with a gross fury. A frothy film of pubescent and mature breeding fluids formed across the undulating lips of the cave-era mom as she was the first of her race to feel her vaginal walls being beaten back by the child turned man she once gave birth to.

"GUH!" Angel grunted out loud as her bottom depths were probed and her pelvic floor was punched, "GOODNESS CUB-BEAR! MOMTAR ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE SON-BEAR! SHOOT YOUR WHITE-WATER ALREADY BUSTER! DUMP DAT LOAD IN MOMMY ALREADY BEFORE YOUR BLOW MY CUNT-CUNT OUT!"

It was hard to take the primitive mom seriously as her bosom shook violently beneath the skin slapping blows her son made into her mound. Junior smiled inwardly as he felt hot coital walls hugging against his long erection reaching deep through his mom as she laid beneath him with her knees and legs spread wide. He had the perfect angle to plunge his cock through his mom's depths as he watched her head thrash from side to side and her nostrils flare as he pounded his birth mother with merciless pussy pounding strokes to punch into her pelvic floor with his whole length. Gross kissing sounds came from where their sexes cleaved together as a prehistoric son watched his meaty prick push far into the place of his conception with quick back and forth strokes to slap their skins together.

SLAP-SLAP-SLAP-SLAP

Each time Junior would plunge his meaty rod through his mom as she laid beneath him she would grunt. Cute little 'oomph-oomph' noises would erupt out of her throat each time the breath

was pushed out of her lungs from the way he reached inside her pink guts. Each time his meaty bulb punched into the hardened bottom of his mother through her clutching cunt he would knock against it with his prick before hearing his mom grunt noisily with the air rushing out of her lungs whenever her cunt was bottomed out from above. He laid into her mercilessly and continued until his ball sac began to ache for release. After minutes of pounding his mom through her cunt with a passion he felt his seed begin to rise as he fed himself inside his mom. He pushed in and pulled out as he kept on striking at his mom through pelvic floor with his manhood like a clenched baby's fist or flexed infant's arm.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

With each strike she felt her son deliver through her pelvic floor to strike at her bottom the primitive mom began to feel her buttohole pucker around the feeling of a ball sac bouncing into her ass crack. She thrashed her head back and forth and heard rain clouds and thunder stir outside in the trees as she screamed out loud in pleasure from the sensation of her depths being beaten back to a soft moistness. Her clutching vaginal sleeve clamped down around her son like a vice as she felt his stiffness ripple her depths. He beat back her back barrier with savage strokes. He assaulted her depths and

plunged himself through to strike at her pelvic floor with his meaty bulb. They locked eyes and nodded at each other in affirmation. They knew what they were doing as they joined.

"Beat dat cunt-cunt up cub-bear --OOMPH!" Grunted the primitive mom affectionately as she felt her son drill her from above with his far reaching erection striking at her back wall with such force her breath rushed out of her each time. "Give mama-bear OOMPH!-- one of your big boy loads straight up the cunt-cunt like a good son for mommy cub-bear."

"Hngh! Mom!" Junior grunted as his first hot ribbon of spunk left him mid-thrust.

Junior nearly blacked out as he ejaculated. Fat ribbons of pubescent spunk rocketed out of the humping teenager through his cock. The primitive son of age felt himself plunge deep inside his birth mother to unload in her clutching cunt. They moaned in unison from the mother and son climaxing together. Hot vaginal fleshed clenched and released around a throbbing erection as a mother lode of spunk was deposited. Fat bolts of teen jism blasted against the bottom depths of a mom. Thick milky white cords of jism shot along motherly pussy walls to coat them white with thick white semen. Big globs of sticky spunk were smeared across the same vaginal pleats which made

them. It felt like heaven to unload his hot-white genetic material into the same clutching cunt which gave birth to him.

"Straight up the pussy! Shoot dat white water straight up mommy's pussy young man!" The mom encouraged as her meat vice clamped down and her inner vaginal walls spasmed from the feeling of a far reaching erection twitching and thrashing within her sleeve to unload.

"Take it Momtar!" Junior grunted as he shot his hot bolts of spunk into his mom.

Mother and son grunted deep gutter-speak noises as their bodies heaved together. A clenching cunt was home to an ejaculating cock as a primitive son thrust deep inside his mom to deposit his thick pubescent load in the form of the world's first incest creampie. Junior nearly blacked out from the sensation as hot coital pleats smothered his spewing cock while fat ropes of teen jism tumbled out of his balls to rush into his mother's cunt. He pressed his ball sac as firmly against her taint and asshole as he could as he pushed himself to shoot his baby-batter as far back into the place of his birth as he could reach. The sweet encouragements from a primitive mom as she locked her heels around her son and drew him close to smother his face in tit flesh as he climaxed was enough to make him

melt. The sensation was so strong a son of age whimpered as his mom cooed sweetly at him.

"That's it baby, dump it straight up the pussy for you mommy." The mom encouraged.

Big fat ropes of teen jism knocked against a coital cervix as a mother grunted. Each time her bottom depths were reached by her heaving teenager's pelvic floor smashing strokes the primitive mother would feel the wind rush out of her lungs in cute 'oof-oof' noises while her eyes fluttered from the feeling of her vaginal depths being beaten up. The primitive mom felt a stinging satisfaction deep in her vaginal core right before she felt her tumescent son pause his thrusts to plant himself deep and whimper in her bosom. Judging by the throbbing sensation the experienced mother felt he deep within her loins the primitive mom knew her primitive teenage son was planting the mother lode within her pubis mound to ejaculate within her breeding foyer to paint her cervix with ropes of sticky jism. An amount began to pool in the back of the mother's cunt by the bucket load.

Thick white milky cords of ejaculate rushed alongside pleated vaginal depths as a primitive son of age continued to thrust while his genetic material left him. Hot-white ropes of

fluids shot out of him as he aimed his milky white bolts to shoot far inside his birth mother as the humping son of age dumped his load inside her on his bed. While fat milky ropes of teen jism shot out of his piss hole to coat against his mom's cervix they grunted together. With each thrust he made to plant his seed deep his vision narrowed until all he saw was the violently bouncing cleavage of his mom as he pumped her full. With her legs held back by her son all the primitive mom could do was lay there and take it while her son dumped what felt like a mother lode of spunk through her breeding chamber as she thrashed her head back and forth from the feeling of her pelvic floor being assaulted.

SQUISH-SLURP-SQUISH-SLURP-SQUISH-SLURP-SPLOOSH!

Junior grunted out noises out of his throat after he dumped his load into his mom. His far reaching cock throbbed and ejaculated as far as he could reach inside the place of his conception with his genetic material leaving him in fat meaty white ropes aimed to blast against motherly ovaries. As he fed his length through her cunt sleeve from above the sight of her jiggling breasts while he blasted his nut through her coital chamber would be forever seared in his memory. One thing was for certain as the virile teen of age planted his baby-making syrup into the woman who gave birth to him. If she was going to

stay with him he was going to dump as many loads into her depths as he could before his dad returned. While fat bolts of baby-syrup gushed against coital depths not meant to be returned to a certain primitive son of age hoped the night would never end after dumping a mother lode of jizz inside his mom laying spread eagle beneath him.

After dumping a massive pubescent load straight against the place of his birth the lucky primitive son of age collapsed on his mom. Her legs stayed spread wide with her cunt sleeve completely holding his erection as he softened inside her pink guts. Hot ropes of teen jism had just rocketed out of him. He aimed every bit he had to strike against the deepest places within his mom he could reach and judging by the way he felt his mom wrap around him each time he reached a certain depth he knew he was bigger than his dad. Only after waiting a moment until he completely softened inside did he begin to pull out. A disgusting wet popping sound filled the wooden tree house being pelted by the rain storm as a son pulled his spent cock out of his mom after shooting his wad inside her. When he pulled out a rush of pubescent spunk spilled out of the cunt which birthed him.

Hot rivulets of teenage spunk gurgled out of spread coital depths as a primitive mom kept her legs held back as she watched

her son pull out of her cunt with a wet noise. He audibly popped out before sitting on his haunches to watch the hot rush of his ejaculate evacuating out of the same love canal he slithered out of as a babe when he was born. The primitive son of age watched his mom clench and release her coital muscles to squeeze out his liquid hot baby-batter from out of her purple depths in gushing waves which rolled over her taint until it tickled down her asshole to stain the pelt below. Junior could care less about animal pelt blanket however as he watched his hot seed rush out of his mom in big white streams of spunk which collected below her ass crack. When it was over minutes passed and he was hard all over again much to the chagrin of his mom.

"Young man, are you hard again with a pesky wood-wood? Didn't you just dump a fat a load in my cunt-cunt a moment ago and already I see you throbbing over there for pussy?"

"Sorry mom, I'm just so excited. I can't help but get hard around you." Said Junior.

"Well sugar bear, good thing I'm here to take care of your pesky erections but we can't do missionary like we did once again. If I soak up any more of your baby-batter inside of my cunt-cunt it is possible your spunk will pool in the back of my love box and we wouldn't want Dadtar seeing spunk leak out of

cunt-cunt which isn't his later. This time it would be better if you let mommy get on top so I can ride it outta you."

The casual tone in which his mom spoke to him made the lucky primitive son of age throb with an urging to be back within his mom until he filled her depths all over again. He laid down as instructed and felt his mom straddle over his thighs with her naked body towering over him with the crown of her bush hiding behind his pointed erection at night. A dim candle light exposed their naked bodies as a primitive mother prepared to mount her son in the night as heavy rains and wind pelted their shelter. Soon the sounds of moaning were about to join the noise of heavy rains all over again with the mother of the pair being the one in control this time.

"Ready to get the seed yanked outta you with cunt-cunt young man?" Asked the mom.

"I'm ready whenever you are mom." Said the primitive son.

Without another word the mom bent over to spit a globule of spit over her son's erection before raising her weight up on her knees. She walked herself forward until she felt the shaft of son touch her labial lips. She lifted her hips as high as she could go and allowed the lips of her cunt to crown over the

bulbous tip of her son before sliding down his length like a magic trick. His former pubescent load smeared hotly against her coital walls as the primitive mom sat herself all the way down until her crinkled asshole pressed tightly into a young ball sac. She sighed heavily after feeling all ten heavenly inches within her love chamber throb for her attention. Not even her husband throbbed with such desire and size the voluptuous mother observed as she seated herself over her son before raising her middle to begin stroking his cock through her wet cuntal depths.

"Well if that's the case cub-bear I guess Momtar can go giddy-up full force."

"Giddy up full force?" Asked the teenager as he felt his mom start to lay her meaty cunt into his erect lap to stroke his erection through her pink guts at a blistering pace.

SLAP-CLAP-SLAP-CLAP-SLAP!

"You know, like ponies go giddy up OOF!-- Mommy means to giddy-up until you shoot."

The way his mom spoke so nonchalantly as she began to

gallop her cunt made the primitive son simply nod his head to enjoy what was happening to him. Junior looked down through the bouncing bosom of his primitive mom and watched her primitive pussy gobble at his cock. Her vaginal pleated surfaces went up and down against his stiff erection as he felt himself reach balls deep in pussy. He watched as his mom began to clap her weight up and down to feed his length through her cleaving cunt like a ravenous toothless mouth. Her purple pussy swallowed his whole length and suckled on his throbbing erection with wet kissing noises. Their eyes met in the middle as a primitive mom straddled her son to bounce her purple cunt up and down against him with such and frequency it began to sound like applause and wet kissing in the room at night with a wet storm roaring outside during the peak of monsoon season on a full moon night in the jungle. Animals could be heard hooting and hollering in the wilderness as mother son exchanged guttural exultations.

"Shoot your white-water up mama-bear's cunt-cunt cub-bear!"
A red-faced mom grunted.

"Here it comes!" Junior grunted back as he felt himself being fed in and out through the place of his birth with wet strokes as his mom clapped her cunt into his erect lap.

His length reached far into his birth mother's breeding

chamber and the air rush out of her lungs each time he bottomed her out with his far reach strokes. He pushed in and felt the feeling of tight motherly vaginal flesh holding onto his erection as he explored the place he slithered out of when he came into the world. Mother and son groaned together in the dark as they grunted in unison each time they came together. When it was time for Junior to unleash the load tucked inside his balls slapping against his mom's bleached asshole all instincts within him told him to hold nothing back.

"Shoot up the pussy OOMPH!" Junior heard his mom encourage as she pillaged his cock with her meaty sounding pussy, "Don't be shy about shooting your white-water inside me cub-bear. It should be safe day to take your seed inside Momtar's cunt cunt."

Monstrous ropes of teen jism soon ejaculated upwards into a bouncing clutching cunt as a primitive mom rode her son with a passion. Her meaty sounding cunt clapped into his mid section to gobble up every hot-white rope he had to offer as the primitive son of age grimaced and grunted while his vision narrowed from his semen being yanked out of him. He looked down through the bouncing giant cleavage of his mom swaying in front of his face as he laid beneath her cuntal assault swallowing his heaving erection. He nearly whimpered as big fat cords of teen jism left him in the shape of a hot load being milked out of

him. With her son beginning to ebb within her semen milking mound the primitive mom bit her lip and slammed herself all the way down until the crease her son's sac pressed into her wrinkled asshole. She clenched his heaving erection with all her vaginal strength and ground her weight back and forth over his erection to make sure his ball sac were empty.

When the primitive mom was done yanking out the final rope she could out of her teenage son she finally rolled off him with a clear trail of genetic material leaving her cunt after she dismounted. Rain pelted her son's shelters outside as she recollected her breath after spending her best effort to completely drain her son of his breeding fluids with bareback bronco riding skills. She looked over to the sight of his slimy cock bent over in satisfaction over his belly. She touched his slimy prick and tugged it gently to test for any firmness. Her best effort to ride out the mother lode out of her son until he was soft seemed to work. The sight of his flaccid prick laying over his belly as his eyes fluttered to sleep put her at ease. For the first time she wondered about her mate as the primitive mom drifted off to sleep with her son in his home and bed while the rains raged outside.

One thing was for certain. The primitive mom was just grateful to be warm.

"Tell you what Momtar, you keep riding me that way until my white-water shoots out and I'll build you ten tree caves just like this if Dadtar never returns." Junior said.

"What would we do with ten tree caves mister?" Said the cave-era mom.

"Easy, one for each of our offspring after you become my alpha female." He said.

"Son-bear, how many times Momtar has to say. My cunt-cunt is always ready to handle your pesky loads as long as it is safe day and your father is gone. Sound good cub-bear?"

The answer seemed good enough to Junior as the primitive son of age drifted off to sleep with his mom with the secret wish of hoping his dad never returned or at least waited until he done with practicing pretend-breed with his mom until her belly swelled. One thing was for certain in the prehistoric world. In a land where fire and spears were still being invented few places were as cozy and intimate as those shared by prehistoric sons and cave-era moms were the first to enjoy the thrill of taboo familial sex together.

THE END