

My Load Loving Mom

In a dark parental bedroom a mother and son looked at each other with big adoring eyes. Kris went to hug his mom and as their bodies hugged he could feel their middle parts press together with the feeling of tight coital walls molding around his cock. Kris was eighteen and living at home with his parents as he felt his face being hugged into big doughy bags of mature cleavage with two big bosoms flanking his burning ears. He could not help but love his mom more than anything else in the world after creaming her depths for the umpteenth time that day as they spent their time together in a certain mother's bedroom. In an atypical suburban home where a thing called skinship was practiced it was no secret to anyone living there that certain family members preferred to spend their time bonded at the hip doing the only thing they preferred. A voluptuous mother reached around and hugged her son as she put her head into the crown of his head to inhale his young scent. She breathed deep and loved the smell of her young boy as she scratched his scalp affectionately with her manicured nails.

"It's getting late and I think your daddy will be home soon pal." Said Sara in her cooing motherly tone to her son, "You know how your daddy gets when he sees us after he gets home even if doesn't mind our skinship."

Sara virile for her age and as she spoke to her son he listened. Their erogenous regions pressed together after being absorbed in their own world for what felt like hours. Hot coital flesh wrapped around the sensation of a ten-inch meaty teenage erection spearing through a married mother's cunt from her labial entrance to the back wall of her vaginal depths. All Kris could smell as he listened to his mom's voice was her mature scent with the aroma of their recently mixed breeding juices leaking out from where their bodies joined. He loved the way his mom clenched around his erection as she spoke with her goo goo talk with lots of nicknames like: cuddle-bear, sugar, and slugger mixing with her soft speech. Suburban neighborhood traffic passed by a blinded window as mother and son exchanged pillow talk about their skinship based relationship with the man of the house away.

"Is dad really okay with me dumping my loads in your pussy to help with my grades mom?" Kris asked as he felt the vaginal clench and release of his mom's mature sleeve wrap around him like a meat vice as he became aware of a car pulling up in the driveway, "Dad's here! Should I go to my room now?"

"Oh relax baby. I promise your dad is done pounding my pussy ever since he squirted in me to make you and your sister

before I hopped onto my birth control. He knows how many times I need to have sex everyday to keep your grades high and my mood happy on account of my nymphomania. It's a necessity for me to feel vaginally stretched out at least once day. Besides, I'm a parent too in this household and I promise my little sugar bear that nothing will ever get in between me and relieving your pesky boners at home the way you like with my pussy."

Kris hugged his mom as he felt her roll him over to straddle his lap with her pink honeyed hole between her ivory thighs swallowing his manhood from base to tip after recently dumping what felt like a mother lode of thick pubescent spunk into the same hole he slid out of as a babe. The lucky teen of age loved it whenever his mom sat atop on his lap to allow him to soften within her cunt whenever she milked the latest load out of his loins with her gigantic white ass clapping up and against his lap until she forced another butt load of semen to shoot out of him to be taken into back of her breeding chamber to spray against her cervix. The strident sounding claps of their skins colliding with the wet sounds of a squishy pussy gobbling up and down over him made Kris blow his wad quickly every time. Luckily for a nymphomaniac mother however, after taking care of her son's stubborn erections for so long she learned her son was always ready to go again after a short break. As Sara rested in her son's lap as she felt him suckle

against his bosom she rested with the sweat on her glistening back beginning to cool.

"Suck on my other nipple now sugar... That's it cuddle-bear," Sara cooed to her son as she stroked his hair, "suck on those titties like you were a baby for me again until you get hard enough for me to ride another fatty outta you again. After all, once is never and twice is nice whenever it comes to your cream shooting inside me."

"I love it whenever you ride me the way you do mom. At this rate I think I might stay home forever." Said Kris as he sat with his head resting back against the same bed headboard his dad slept against every night.

"And I love how my big dick'd baby boy doesn't mind poking my twat box the way nature'd intended while his daddy is away and out of the house. Ever since you came into our bedroom we've saved a fortune on my condition."

There came a soft knocking at the door before the noise of a doorknob turned grabbed the attention of the mother and son. Sara craned her neck over her glistening shoulders. Kris popped his lips off from his mom's teat and switched to the other now turned towards his mouth to suckle. The man of the house had

just entered the room. He stood there with a non-plussed expression on his face. Despite being in a nice looking suit there was dark stains and road dirt all over his knees. His hands were covered in black marks. He looked exhausted from what looked like an ordeal before coming home after work.

"Honey!" Sara exclaimed with her head turned back while straddling her son at the waist with his ball sac nuzzled against her taint and bleached asshole, "What happened to you? Did you have car trouble on the way home?"

"I had to change a tire for an old woman on the road on the way home." Said the dad in a tone which mean he was in no mood to entertain his wife and son's strange relationship, "What did I say about your swingskipt?"

"No baby-making or anal sex allowed." Sara parroted back to her husband for the millionth time.

"I also said I hated it whenever you and Kris do your skingswept in our bed! He has his own bed you know! I don't want your sex on my side of the bed even if you wash the sheets every night." The dad of the family yelled.

"Kris's bed is too small for our fluid bonding sessions

honey." Sara said, "If you really cared about my nymphomania you could pound my pussy and--"

"Honey, we talked about this a million times." Dick said defensively, "You know I'm paranoid about birth control. I can only do anal with you."

"Well then, if you have a problem with junior here pounding his mommy in the pussy the way nature intended we could always go back to my expensive toy buying habit before junior volunteered to pound his mommy's twat box with his pesky boners. We could even see a sex therapist to coach you back into liking my cunt papa-bear."

Dick said nothing. The family dad was well aware of the small fortune his wife used to spend on pornographic toys and entertainment to deal with her self-diagnosed nymphomania. He was well aware of her sexual appetite even before they married but after ejaculating two bonafide baby-makers into his wife to make his two children. Two children was enough and he was looking forward to Kris moving out to either go off to college or start a career so he could have his wife back to himself the way they were before they had children. After decades of marriage he was simply unable to get hard enough for his wife's pussy. Nowadays the dad only wanted his wife's asshole.

"Well, if you're not going to say anything back there papa-bear I think Kris and I are going to keep practicing our skinship if you don't mind. He's getting stiff again and you know how annoying these pesky boners are for him. If I don't help him he'll just shoot a load off into a dirty sock while thinking of some whore. Our growing boy NEEDS his mother to handle his erections and thanks to modern birth control I can take as many baby-makers here junior can muster for his mother and they'll just bounce off my eggs instead of fertilize.

Sara leaned her body forward to show off her bleached looking asshole and pierced cunt to her husband. The cleavage of her cunt split open nicely by the girth of her son's cock. She lifted her hips an inch upwards to show off her son's thick teenage erection spearing through her birth control protected cunt with the stiffness of a wooden board. After minutes of being kneaded through his mom's matronly cunt despite his parents arguing the lucky son of age was already hard again. He popped his lips off his mother's teat and craned his head over to view past his mom to see his dad across the room. Kris felt embarrassed to be caught balls deep within his mom in front of his dad. After feeling her coital sleeve hug him tightly as she descended again he hardened and forgot all about his dad. Soft wet kissing sounds entered the parental bedroom as a mother

began to clap her cunt softly up and down against her son with his ten inch erection cleaving through her cunt as she looked over her shoulder.

"SEE HONEY, OOF!-- THIS COULD BE YOU BUT YOU DON'T GET HARD FOR MY PUSSY ANYMORE! OOF-OOF! JUNIOR HERE LOVES HIS MOMMY'S TWAT BOX THOUGH!" Sara screamed with the fury of a mother in heat, "THIS GOSH DARN TEEN BONER IS THE ONLY THING SAVING OUR MARRIAGE! JUST LOOK AT HOW HARD HE GETS FOR HIS MOTHER'S PUSSY UNLIKE HIS DAD!"

Kris had no idea what was happening as he felt his mom clip clop her cunt repeatedly over his waist like a whore in heat. Her meaty white cunt bounced up and down with gross squishy sounds coming out of her clutching cunt beginning to gallop up and down. CLAP-CLAP-CLAP! Thick claps of flesh striking flesh entered the parental bedroom as a mother looked back over her shoulder in defiance towards her husband as she rode her son. Sara would grunt heartily each time she clapped her weight all the way down. Big 'OOF! OOF!' sounds would erupt out of the mom each time she felt her bottom depths being kissed by the meaty bell of teenage cock impaling her repeatedly. The feeling of ten inches scourging through her vaginal pleats with the sensation of a meaty bell of fuck meat punching against her cervical gates made the mom mewl out loud. She had her hands on

her knees as she squatted her way up and down with her head turned around to lock eyes with her husband as she rode. With all of her strength the mother squeezed her inner muscles to clamp her sleeve tightly against her son and his far reaching erection striking through her purple depths like a baby's clenched fist.

"Mom!" Kris groaned as the sensation forced a rope of jism to coil within him for release, "I'm gonna--"

"CUM INSIDE MAMA'S PUSSY BUSTER! SNEEZE IT ALL OUT! SHOOT IT STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY! BLOW IT BUTTER-CUP!" Sara roared out loud as she bucked her hips so quickly up and down her ass clapping cheeks moved in a blur.

THRUP-SLURP--THRUP-SLURP--THRUP-SLURP--THRUP-SLURP--THRUP-SLURP--THRUP

Kris stood no chance against the hot meaty sounding cunt slapping into his stiff erection as he felt his first cords of genetic material leaving him in hot wet jets of semen as he felt himself being milked out by the same pussy which birthed him. He felt his genetic material rush out of his long prick in white cords of gooey semen splashing against the place of his conception to spray inside the place his dad once came in to

make him. Kris looked down between his mom's bouncing cleavage in front of his face and could see her pussy lips clapping into his waist repeatedly while he continued to ejaculate into the woman who made and raised him. It felt like hot bolts of liquid hot lava leaving him and as he throbbed within the cunt of his mom while clear fluids gushed out of her hole galloping over his heaving erection with a fiery passion. Kris nearly blacked out from the pleasure as his vision began to narrow from the sensation of his breeding fluids being yanked out of him by his mom. It was obvious she was trying to make a point. Kris had never felt his mom ride him more aggressively before. As she bounced her cunt with her whole weight supported on two squatting legs the only thing louder than the mother's vocal outbursts towards her husband was the skin clapping sounds of their genitals slapping together.

CLAP-THRUP--CLAP-THRUP--CLAP-THRUP--CLAP-THRUP--CLAP-
THRUP--CLAP--THRUP--CLAPP

Kris thrashed his head back and forth as he felt his teenage jism shoot up his shaft and out of his piss hole in hot pubescent bursts of sticky teenage seed and hot-white baby-batter. Sara could feel her teenage son throb and twitch within her cunt as she continued to clap her meaty sex up and down with a fury to guide all the hot bolts of her son's semen against her

cervical gates where it could pool and possibly defeat her birth control. The mother of the family continued to look back over her shoulder and sneered at her husband as he stood there while she felt her womb being inseminated. She slammed her mound down after jerking her cunt sleeve up and down until she felt the throbbing within her son's cock begin to ebb. She planted her weight all the way and gyrated her hips back and forth with her bleached looking buttohole nuzzling back and forth across a hairy teenage scrotum.

"There you go baby, give mommy dat baby-batter the way I taught ya." Sara purred to her son as she turned her neck around to put her nose into her son's crown while she scratched her manicured fingers through his hair, "Go ahead and shoot it all out butter-cup so we can show your daddy a creampie pussy."

When it was finally over the ivory toned mother looked back over her shoulder. Kris was still completely speared through his mother's cunt from tip to root after ejaculating a healthy amount of teenage spunk through the same pink hole he slid out of as a babe when he was born. He still felt his mother's manicured hands combing through her hair as her strong kegel muscles kneaded his softened erection through her cunt. She hugged him close and drew his face to suckle against her teats as the voluptuous mother began to address her husband over her

shoulder. Dick stood there and watched his wife and son. After allowing their skinship to go on as it did for over a year even the lewd act of watching his wife milk a load out of their son into her cunt did not faze him.

"See papa-bear, now that's how you're supposed to fill up pussy the way nature intended. Oh goodness, I can feel it! Why shouldn't I be able to ride dick anymore? Is that so bad ever since you decided to only do anal."

"You know I'm paranoid about birth control though honey." Said the dad of the family in a pathetic tone.

"Too bad papa-bear. You know the kind of woman you married and just because we had kids doesn't mean I don't need my cunt to be stretched anymore. You should be thanking our son for being willing to lay pipe for his mama."

Sara began to lift her rump up. The skins stopped slapping together. Her bleached asshole winked briefly towards her husband as she looked over her shoulder and lifted her white ass nearly ten inches into the air. Inch after meaty inch of teenage cock meat emerged from a slippery sounding cunt as rivulets of semen ran down a lucky son's rubbery cock meat unsheathing from his mom's deep vaginal depths while spunk

leaked out of her grippy looking cunt. Kris continued to suckle on his mother's teat as he felt the warmth of her chamber leave his lap until the bell of his cock slipped out of her cunt with an audible and wet sounding pop noise. An immediate release of potent white teenage spunk began to gush out of the mother's pink and gaping depths between her legs. She squatted on her legs with her ankles firmly planted in the mattress to flank her son while she squatted over him with his flaccid and slimy cock laid flat across his belly. She smiled deeply from the sight of his hot-white satisfaction draining out of her sleeve after dismounting before turning her attention back to her husband.

"You know it's a darn shame how you got addicted my tushy papa-bear because youngster here swears my twat box is tight enough for him. Just look at how much he enjoys shooting his spunk through the place he came out of."

"The only reason Kris agrees to this relationship with you is because he can't get tail anywhere else." Dad said in disinterest as he watched his wife's cunt gurgle out hot bursts of fresh teen semen like a frothing mouth.

"Our son better not be getting any bareback pussy anywhere else outside this home." Sara said as she lifted herself to show off her pussy to her husband, "After all, Kris knows where

his loads belong. Inside his mommy!"

A father's and son's eyes briefly met while the epic sight of a gigantic load of teen jism barreled out of a split open cunt hanging in the air. Sara kept her squatting stance and began to finger out the mess from out of her gooey depths with her manicured fingers with dramatic squishing sounds. The mother loved the liquid hot feeling against her inner vaginal walls whenever she cleaned herself out this way. She squeezed her kegel muscles with all her might and in a moment a big gurgling mess of jism bubbled out of her creamy looking cunt. When the stay at home was satisfied with all the liquid hot spunk she managed to squeeze out of her love canal she finally reached over to the nightstand to clutch at a box of tissues before using some soft napkins to clean up the hanging icicles of cum drooling out from her cunt chased by specks of spunk flung on the mattress by her fingers.

"Here Kris, clean yourself up. I think your daddy and I are going to have some words to discuss the terms of our skinship in the family. Papa-bear needs to understand how much I need your cock to stuff my box." Sara said.

"Okay mom." Kris responded with anxiety in his throat. He was beyond worried he might somehow lose his privilege to pound

his mom in her married pussy the way he loved whenever his dad was not at home after he left.

"Now now, forget about what I said earlier." Said dad of the family, "You know I care about you honey so if you need Kris to service your cunt while I enjoy your ass the only thing I could ask for is that maybe you teach him how to wear a condom. You know he'll have to date another girl one day and he'll have to use one."

"Why would I allow anything to separate me from my son whenever we practice our skinship papa-bear? It's either bareback or nothing in this family. You can't imagine the pain it would cause me to lose our fluid bond."

"You could at least teach him at least once whenever you two decide to practice your swingskept--"

"It's called skinship papa-bear." Sara interrupted, "If junior here ever needs to learn how to use a condom maybe you can teach him. Otherwise Kris can make his own decisions. He can wrap it or go bareback. His choice."

"Dad, I would prefer to keep dumping my loads the way I have been inside mom." Said Kris, "I've put on a condom before

just to see how one felt and I didn't like it. If mom says bareback is okay, I'm fine with it."

"See papa-bear, junior here trusts my birth control and he needs my cunny to take care of his pesky erections just as much as I need DICK to churn my cunt the way I need to keep my stomach cramps away when I go without sex."

The statement seemed to shut him up. The family dad had nothing more to say. He reckoned his wife and son would continue as they wanted. The only thing he took solace in was the new reality that the home was littered in hidden cameras so he could monitor them. After learning his wife and son had practiced anal sex in the past the anally addicted dad decided to spend a small fortune on a home surveillance network covering every room in the house with hidden nanny-cams and microphones. Some were obvious. Others were hidden too well to ever be noticed. Only the dad of the family knew where they all were. He would use the cameras to make sure his rules were obeyed.

"Well, whatever you call it. I don't mind it as long as my rules are obeyed at home. No anal sex or baby-making allowed. Kris is a growing boy, I understand what it's like to be his age and I remember the reason why we married honey. I'm sorry I can't put out like the stud I used to be but I'm paranoid about

having kids again."

"Well that's not my problem papa-bear." Sara spat back to her husband after crumpling up a wad of used tissues in her hand, "I need vaginal penetration, okay? Now if you're done I'd like one more round with our son."

"I was just about to go take a shower so that's fine with me." The dad said back to his wife as he watched her throw a wad of tissue near a waste basket. There were heaps of other crumpled up tissues nearby. It was obvious his wife and son had likely been having sex all day long since he left for work. He winced at the sight.

"Do me a favor papa-bear." Sara said to her husband, "If you finish up and you see us going at it would you mind just waiting for me in Kris's room? I'll come get you when we're done and I have time to clean up the bedroom and bed. I promise we'll be done before you usually go to sleep so don't worry about me forgetting."

Dick had nothing more to say as he left without a word. At least he had ways of knowing if his wife and son practiced anal with the cameras he had installed throughout the house. Besides, his wife kept her oral birth control in the family

bathroom. The dad of the family was eager to count the pills in his wife's container to make sure she was taking them as prescribed. When mother and son were left alone once more Kris looked up to his mom from below her swooping breasts hanging inches above his naked body. His cock lay flat on his belly. A hanging ball of white spunk dangled above him. It hung above him as he watched his mom drop on her knees to straddle him. Her semen drooling cunt settled onto his balls and stopped the flow.

"Do you think dad would ever take away my pussy pass privileges with you mom?" Kris asked out of concern.

"My pussy, my rules young man, remember that. The only way I would let your daddy get away with preventing our skinship was if he stepped up and began servicing my cunt the way he used to but I'm afraid that will never happen. Your daddy is addicted to my tushy and there's nothing we can do about it. Mommy's pussy is all yours."

"He's still my dad though. If he says we can't have sex anymore--"

"First of all young man," Sara interrupted in her stern motherly tone of voice, "I'm your parent too which means what I

say matters. Now, mommy has a plan to practice some forbidden anal skinship tonight if you still want to pound a few loads in my tushy like you've always wanted young man." Sara whispered softly to her son near his hear as she lowered her voice to talk real close to her hung son, "We can talk about it but you have to whisper just like this if you want to pound your mommy's tight little ass tonight just like your old man, got it?"

"Okay mom. Whatever you say." Kris said, "What about the cameras in the house though. I don't know if dad installed microphones too."

"Which is why you need to keep whispering just like this if you want the chance to cream between by butt cheeks butter-cup. Now listen close if you are serious about wanting to try clapping my cheeks this evening."

Kris nodded his head eagerly up and down.

"Your daddy always takes long showers so if we do this quickly there's no chance he'll ever walk through the door to catch us in the act."

"Dad explicitly told us we can't do anal though mom." Said Kris.

"Well your daddy isn't here and we'll be just fine. Trust me butter-cup. Mama-bear knows what she's doing. Your daddy has been so annoying lately I think he deserves a little loose butthole tonight once he gets in this bed. Good thing for us though we can clean up any messes you leave behind in my brown bottom." Sara whispered.

Sara began to feed her teenager instructions as he listened at attentively.

"Now, I want you to be sneaky about it but get the bottle of anal lubricant out of the nightstand while I clean up the tissues on the floor. I know your daddy better than anyone. If he's watching us right now or later while outta of this room he'll be looking at me bending over naked while you get the anal lube over there."

Kris watched his mom roll over him to dismount from the bed. The rich cellulite in her big frumpy ass cheeks bounced up and down with the thigh gap between her legs holding a pendulum of teen semen swinging below her twat box as she drained. Kris grabbed the bottle of lubricant as stealthily as he could and stuffed it into his underwear. The cool plastic went against his cock. He secured and as quickly as he could he went below

the sheets of her parents' bed. He heard his mom hum a cute homely tune as he waited for her to tell him what to do next. In a moment the bed springs next to him creaked with the weight of his mom joining him once again.

"Aw, is someone still needing some skinship under there?" Sara cooed in her sweetest motherly toned voice as she went beneath the blanket to join her son beneath the duvet blanket covers, "I thought we were done but mama doesn't mind letting you borrow her sweet pussy one more time if you have a pesky boner in need of some pussy young man. Get rid of that underwear so mama can see your ding dong butter-cup. C'mon get em' off! I gotta check to see if you're still hard down there and in need of another milking session through the same hole you came out of kiddo. C'mon, you know the rules. No pesky boners allowed at home while mommy's around kiddo."

Sara reached forward and uncereemoniously took off her son's underwear before laying down. Kris found it harder to breathe beneath the thick duvet covers but there was no other way to enjoy his mom through her anal chamber without it covering them to hide their butt play. The hung son of age was naked down to his birthday suit and was excited beyond belief to find his mom in a prone position beneath the covers with her straw blonde head turned over her shoulder to watch him mount her laid body

from behind. He dragged his nut sack against the same thighs he used to sit on as a child until the bell of his meaty bulb pressed into the crease between two butt cheeks. Sara reached back to spread herself from cheek to cheek while presenting her bleached asshole skyward.

"Come here and get this pretend anal pussy butter-cup," Sara cooed over her shoulder as the mature mother winked her bleached looking brown eye back and forth to pucker her asshole, "you may not be your daddy but you can at least pretend my toughened mommy twat is my booty hole if you feel like playing pretend tonight young man."

"Who needs your asshole when I got your pussy mom. AHEM!" Kris spoke as he opened the bottle with a loud pop sound as he faked a cough.

He cringed from the loud sound as the two spoke for the sake of a potentially hidden microphone in the room. He aimed the bottle beneath the cover and poured the clear fluid straight down. He watched it glide down his mom through her ass crack before pooling against her anus. Her bleached looking asshole continued to wink in and out to allow the clear fluid to reach deep through her crinkled looking anal eye. Kris began to stroke himself in the darkness beneath the duvet cover as he

anticipated the moment he would plunder his mom through her rear as she presented himself to him with her bleached asshole looking back at him. Kris was above his mom with her naked asshole winking like an eye as he poured a copious amount of lubricant over a bleached and wrinkled looking hole.

The clear hot fluids running down her ass crack was enough to make Kris ache beyond aching to enter his mom through her anus with his prick. He rarely got the opportunity to fuck his mother in the ass and each time was a treat despite being a proud member of the pussy-pounder lovers club. In the darkness and privacy of the parental bedroom with the thrill of hiding their anal incest beneath the covers he could not help but stroke himself as he ogled at the lovely sight of his mom and her propositioned tushy looking like the perfect hole to stuff and fill with his meaty cock until he blew his load. He looked below her anal eye as it winked while semen ran down her taint to her labial lips. Her traditional pink hole glistened like an invitation but the opportunity to plunder his mom through her anal canal while raw with his dad showering down the hall was too exciting to pass up.

"Remember what your daddy said about anal play young man, no anal allowed between us but vaginal sex is okay." Sara cooed. "Papa-bear said nothing about us pretending my cooter

hole is my anal hole however. GUH!--"

The blonde headed mom looked over her shoulder and heard the sound of a bottle being closed. Kris dropped it on the bed below her knees and her eyes rolled up in pleasure when she felt the feeling of a knuckle reaching through her cunt and ass together. She was being doubly penetrated as two separate fingers moved gently back and forth through her vaginal and anal chambers to stir her depths to a liquid sound. She heard herself squish softly in the heat and darkness beneath the duvet covers as the mother kept her ass still as she moaned aloud. It was an especially hot sight for a particularly hung teenager to witness as he felt the inner pleats and ridges of his mother in her cunt and ass. She squished softly through her cunt with wet sounding kissing noises while her anal chamber made dryer noises as he probed her. While feeling her pink pussy with his index finger Kris plunged his middle finger to the end to feel within his mom through her ass as he fingered her cunt.

When Kris rose up off his mom against the back of her calves the top of his head and shoulder pushed against the thick blanket above him. He got off his ass and stood with his feet planted on either side of his mom's bent figure and got his cock ready to point against her rear. A mother and son locked eyes in the darkness of the blanket as Kris reached for his cock to

aim himself towards a dark and winking eye looking back at him. Sara nodded at her son with her straw blonde head turned around on the pillow as the voluptuous mom aimed her naked rear end up in the air. Her big titted figure was bent over with her face down and ass aimed upward. Meanwhile the old family mattress creaked beneath them as Kris had to get up high on his feet to enter his mom from behind.

"Make sure to use long strokes when you enter your mommy's cooter channel mister." Sara instructed over her shoulder, "You may not have a-level permission to access your mommy through her bleached asshole while your daddy says it's against his rules but you can still pretend you can slay this pretend asshole like your old man."

"I don't mind just having your pussy mom." Kris lied for the sake of a potentially hidden microphone as he prepared to enter his mom through her brown depths with his steely eyed prick drooling with pre-cum at his tip.

Kris tested his weight on his feet as he pointed his cock forward and when his meaty bell finally pressed against his mom he drug his bell through her ass crack until his bulbous helmet pressed against a smaller than small looking wrinkled hole. He watched as his mom continued to wink her glistening anal center

as he pressed more of his tip into her bleached brown eye with the intention of going through her anal canal with his epic size. His bell throbbed with a passion as he lanced his tip and gently pushed against anal flesh with his prick to coat her brown entrance with the clear fluids beginning to run out of his piss hole. His ten inch dick looked enormous with the length of him able to reach over to the cute back dimples Kris observed above his mom's cellulite rich ass cheeks. With her ass spread and opened up to him by small manicured hands he began to push through the crinkled looking asshole being presented to him to be fucked and stuffed by his ten inch teenage erection. Sara had her head bent down and ass held up as she presented herself on her knees with her big bosom supporting most of her weight on the large mattress. When she felt the first inch enter her anal chamber she fought a moan. She wanted to scream when the next inch entered her brown depths. Her anal ridges yielded as she fought a scream.

"Get dat pussy butter-cup! Fuck it up and pretend it's my asshole if that's what you really want to pound tonight kiddo!" Sara lied for the sake of the recording cameras as she felt a steely eyed prick poke against her bleached asshole offering its dark center to her son. "GET DAT PUSSY BUSTER-BEAR! BEAT IT UP FOR MOMMY!"

Kris felt his heart race in his chest as he felt the feeling of his prick probing through his mom's ass as her crinkled looking anal lips wrapped around him as he fucked his mother through her anal depths in his parents' bed. The old wooden frame creaked and rocked beneath them as the hung teenager plunged himself straight down. He began to reach for the back of his mother's bowels with the stiffness of his cock curving down her brown bottom tube. The ass-fucking son loved the way his mom's wrinkled looking anal fuck-tube undulated beneath his ridges as he fucked her behind. Her butt cheeks jiggled lewdly with each laser-guided thrust he delivered downward. Smacks of skin filled the hot and humid air reeking within the duvet blanket over them containing their hot sex like an oven. His mom's bleached ass looked whiter than the rest of her body as it cloyed against his erection above her glistening taint and drooling pussy lips. Hot anal pleats were pushed apart. Tighter than tight rectal flesh squeezed and clenched against every meaty teenage inch the hung son thrust into his mom.

"OOF! GOSH DARN TEEN BONER MOTHER FUCKER!" Sara mewled loudly into a pillow below her face as the feeling of a hot tip and bulb entered her ass slowly, the cool feeling sensation of fresh anal lubricant gave way to the sensation of being anally plundered by a hot teen cock. "BEAT IT UP BUSTER-BEAR! BEAT

DAT BABY-BATTER INTO ME!"

Kris pushed himself through his mom and her rear end slowly as he picked up steam while beginning to plunder his mom through her asshole. Her bleached looking anal center had a wrinkled looking socket look when he slipped inside and as his bell squeezed through her tighter than tight brown box he saw her crinkled skin stretch until her butthole slipped over his bell like a tight white sleeve. He began to thrust back and forth. The corona of his bell would scoop at the anal lubricant pooled in his mom's anal dimple acting like puckering a bowl for the clear slime to collect in. Sara sighed heavily as she began to stifle a mewling voice into the pillow below her face as she pointed her rear end high in the air to allow her son access to her anal depths with his long prick on its way to reaching ten inches through her dark bowels. It would take all the experience the nymphomaniac mother had collected over her years to keep from saying words and expressions which might give away their anal play.

"Get dat pussy buster!" Sara cooed in character over her shoulder as her anal canal was pierced and stretched apart by her son from behind her with his long erection reaching far through her bleached asshole, "Your daddy always ignores this hole of mine so there's no need for you to feel ashamed or

embarrassed about wanting to dump your steamy loads deep inside the same hole you came out of sugar bear the way nature intended."

"What if I want to fuck you in the ass though mom?" Asked Kris beneath the blanket as the heat and smell of their bodies collected beneath the duvet covers to make it hot, "I think dad might give me permission to fill up your bunghole with my spunk at least once if I just ask him nicely. Why does he always get your butt?"

"Your father is very protective-- OOF! He just does not want you to get addicted to my amazing butthole the way he did honey." The mom cooed in character over her shoulders as she reached back with her manicured fingers to spread apart her ass cheeks to allow her son greater access to her anus, "Now reach deep sugar bear and keep going until you feel better by shooting a fat creampie into my pussy. You may pretend you're in my asshole."

Kris did more than just pretend as he began to ream apart his mom through her anal pleats with aggressive strokes. His hairy pubic base began to meet his mom against her ass cheeks with his ball sac bouncing into the taint and cunt of his face-down and ass-up positioned mom in the old wooden bed. Beneath

the thick covers only they would know about their anal play happening against the rules of the man of the house. He loved how tightly her wrinkled looking asshole cloyed around him each time he stroked himself through her bowels with his long length reaching through her rear. A bleached looking asshole gripped against his erection like a wrinkled sleeve made to wrap around his cock as he began to feed himself in and out of his mom's ass. As Kris thrust from behind his mom he felt his ball sac began to strike into a pair of fingers as he heard his mom begin to finger her cunt.

"Beat dat pussy up buster!" Sara moaned over her shoulder through a reddening face as her anal pleats were being beaten back, "I want you to beat your meat into my nasty mommy cunt until you blow your hot load in my pussy, understand young man? Beat up my pussy the way I like! Fill up dat cunt the way mommy needs it kiddo!"

"Yes ma'am, mom!" Kris said as he aimed his erection to strike through his mom's deepest bowels.

SLAP-THRUP-SLAP-THRUP-SLAP-THRUP-SLAP-THRUP!

Kris made his mom's ass cheeks ripple in between his anal plundering strokes as he came from above to thrust his erection

into her rear. The look and sight of an anal ring forming a tight seal around him as he plunged himself through his mom through her bleached anal passage made the lucky teenager completely ignore the new noise of something squishy entering the blanket covering them. It was the noise of his mother fingering herself with loud squishy noises. Hot scooping sounds of fingers probing through a mature cunt joined the soft friction sound of Kris anally plundering his mom from above. His long erection reached deep and each time he planted himself he went far and deep enough to make his mother whimper like a puppy dog each time he did. He loved the sight of her rippling ass cheeks each time he plunged himself while his ball sac bounced against a pair of fingers.

SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK!

The noise of a voluptuous mother fingering her soft purple cunt as her son worked his erection through her rear began to louden. Gross and loud sounding squishing noises from Sara fingering her recently inseminated cunt as she was anally taken was done to trick any potential microphones nearby. Sara wanted to give her husband the benefit of the doubt about her asshole being kept apart from the skinship taking place beneath the blanket over them. She fingered her cunt quickly and felt her son strike at her deepest bowels while his ball sac bounced

against his probing fingers. As the stay at home mom was anally plundered the pleasure of her fingers rubbing her favorite vaginal spots against the feeling of being anally taken was enough to turn her purple cunt into a wet sounding slip and slide mimicking vaginal sex. It sounded gross and squishy as the mom fingered herself.

"Your pussy is the best mom." Kris lied as he fed his length into a bleached anal center beginning to boil his loins.

"You can have mommy's ass-- I mean pussy any time you want mister." Sara cooed over her shoulder with her asshole being stretched apart, "Your daddy may ignore my cunt because he prefers my asshole but it's good to know I have someone I can rely on to stretch out my pink twat box the way I like."

"Do you think dad would ever allow me to mess with your butt mom?" Kris said in character as he fed his length through his mom's bleached asshole with skin slapping strokes while the gross sounding noise of a squishier than squishy pussy began to fill the raunchy space beneath the blanket concealing their anal sex.

"Your daddy is very protective of my anus you know-- OOF!" Sara mewled over her shoulder through a beet-red face as she was

anally taken, "He thinks your size is going to stretch out my tushy if we try anal skinship."

"Getting a loose butthole is just a myth mom." Kris said while plunged to the hilt in soft and crinkled looking anal textures before pulling himself nearly out of his mom's asshole before going all in once again.

"Tell that to your father-- OOF!" Sara shot back over her shoulder as her skin reddened from her anal cavity being stuffed.

"I think he would let me have your butt with his permission if he was sick or something." Kris said as he fed his length with his breath growing heavy from his effort.

"I'm sure your daddy would still prefer if you kept this ding dong outta my tushy." Sara lied over her shoulder before adding in her mellifluous mommy toned voice, "He didn't say anything about pretending though."

"I guess I can pretend your pussy is your asshole if I really wanted to fuck your butt mom." Said Kris for the sake of any hidden cameras while balls deep into the forbidden rear end of his mom while her buttocks rippled back and forth against his

brown bottom seeking strokes.

"There you go butter-cup, just use your imagination to pretend my pussy is my butt-- OOF!" Sara said with her fingers squishing her cunt while her son's mid-section clapped into her rear end to plunder her brown depths.

SQUISH-SLAP-SQUISH-SLAP-SQUISH-SLAP-SQUISH-SLAP!

It was impossible to tell apart the sounds of mother being doubled penetrated beneath the bed covers. Across the home a father watched his laptop to see a thick blanket blocking his view of his wife and son consummating their skinship relationship in his marital bed. He was concerned his wife was practicing anal with their son under the blanket until he heard the wet and squishing noise of a wet cunt being plundered. He knew from experience how wet his wife sounded whenever her vaginal gates were beaten back. Her ass sounded drier. The man of the house was not smart enough however to think his wife would finger her cunt while her butt was fucked.

"Get dat pussy and pump it up full of jizz whenever you're ready young man." Sara mewled with her anal canal being scourged by the feeling of a thick teenage cock going up and down her brown center to reach towards her deepest bowels with

sickening skin slapping strokes.

"Who needs anal sex when I get your pussy mom." Kris said as he plunged himself through a crinkled looking anal ring puckering around him.

He felt her anal skin wrap and curve around his shape each time he went all the way inside his mom. The squishy sounding noise of a sloppy wet cunt scooping itself it apart from the motions of two stroking manicured fingers did not distract him as the hung son of age worked his length in and out of his mom through her shit tube. He wanted to see her face and shoulder blades continue to redden. Her body shook beneath his downward strokes as he plundered her bum with his cock going in and out of the one place belonging to his mom his dad forbid him from ever entering without his permission. Beneath the thick duvet cover however their silly games to make pretend a pussy was being plundered instead of a bleached anus completely convinced the man of the house.

"Listen up butter-cup, you have to forget about ever entering your mommy through her tushy okay? From now you can call my pussy hole an anal-hole if you want to make pretend we're doing anal but it's strictly vaginal or oral from here on out to take care of your pesky boners." Sara cooed over her

shoulder.

"I understand mom." Kris replied back.

"Well, at least they're obeying my rules." Said a pathetically cuckolded dad to himself as he watched his wife and son shift violently beneath the blankets. "Augh!" The man of the house yawned as he stretched his arms in the blissful ignorance of not knowing his wife and son were actually doing anal, "I think I'll just go to sleep in Kris's room while the misses deals with him. I'll skip the shower for now. I'm tired."

The dad of the family took his laptop with him and laid in his son's bed. Down the hallway a cuckolded dad of the family stirred in his sleep from the louder than usual noise happening nearby. He heard the sound of a headboard bumping into the adjacent wall while his wife and son practiced their skin based relationship without him. Out of paranoia he grabbed his laptop to check on his hidden camera in the master bedroom of the home. While the thud-thud-thud sound of furniture meeting drywall joined the wailing noise of a mother being pleased by her son a certain husband grew worried anal shenanigans were happening next door. When he saw the ugly shape of a blanket covering over them in bed he was dismayed. He had no idea if they were

doing anal or not. He checked all angles he could get on the king sized bed in the bedroom but found none which showed a bit of skin. .

"That's weird, they usually do their skingswip on top of the bed. Not below the blankets." The worried dad said to himself, "I hear her pussy being fucked but I swear she has never screamed this hard before though."

He could hear the gross sounding noise of a cunt being split open. The only hole the anally addicted father worried about when it came to sharing his wife with his son was her butt. Although his ears told him only vaginal sex was happening judging by the scooping wet noises he heard, the banshee like screams of his wife while their son plundered her body beneath the covers was obviously the sound of a woman being anally plundered. After beating up his wife through her asshole over so many years the married father knew what she sounded like whenever he reached through her anal depths himself. He hoped it was just passionate vaginal sex happening rather than anal shenanigans as a cuckold watched a big blanket stir above his wife and son on camera on his laptop screen.

Meanwhile, down the hallway in a parental bedroom Kris reamed apart the anal pleats within his mom with his teen prick.

He went deeper than deep through her exit only hole with his teenage prick reaching far enough to feel around a subtle kink in her bowels. His mom moaned outrageously with cursing and sexy toned moaning each time he drilled her anal passage from above with his ball sac slapping into her taint. Right below the sensation of a hair sac bouncing against her taint an anally orgasming mother continued to reach through her pink twat box with her finger scooping and reaching through her pink pussy passage. He loved the way her anal sleeve cloyed and clung against the thickness of his cock as he plunged his mom through her bleached anal ring. Crinkled looking textures clung against him and undulated beneath his strokes as he laid into the rich cellulite of his mom's ass with a passion sending fat wave-like ripples of rich white skin through her cellulite thick ass cheeks.

"OOF! OOF! GOSH DARN TEEN MOTHER FUCKER! GET DAT PUSSY!"

Sara mewled through a beet red face as she felt her anal chamber being assaulted from behind as she pointed her ass up in the air with her face held down against the mattress as she was anally filled by ten hot meaty inches of teenage cock stretching apart her forbidden anus.

"I have never heard her talk this way. I need to check on them." Said the dad of the family too himself as paranoia began

to get the better of him in his son's bed.

The dad of the family walked down the hallway until he stood next to the door of the master bedroom. Just beyond it he could hear the mewling noise of his wife while their hung son of age plunged himself through her body in practice of what they called 'skinship' at home. He placed his ear against the door and heard stifled moaning and dirty pillow talk as his wife and son continued behind the locked door. Dick jiggled the handle and restrained himself from knocking on the door so he could eavesdrop on them. Faint sounds of a cunt being scooped could be heard. He had little reason to think it was fake and felt a little better about the situation.

"Whew, I think they're just practicing vaginal sex." Said the cuckolded dad to himself beneath his breath, "I hear something squishy."

Beyond the closed doorway a voluptuous mother kept her ass high up in the air to allow her son to drill her brown depths as she fingered herself. The squishy sounding noise of her cunt being scooped apart by her cleaving fingers was the loudest sound in the room. She plunged herself down to her wedding band within her vaginal depths and fingered herself as the mother did all she could to trick any spying cameras (or people) into

thinking only vaginal sex was happening. Beneath a fluctuating blanket the stench and heat of their pair practicing anal skinship against the wishes of the man of the house was the most exciting thing the two had ever done at home.

"GOSH DARN TEEN BONER MOTHER FUCKER!" Sara mewled like a banshee as her anus was stretched back and forth by her legal teenage son's jack hammering anal strokes, "STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY! SHOOT IT STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY ALREADY!" Sara was desperate to feel the ten inch erection scourging through her anal chamber to finally stop as the heat and friction within her anal chamber began to grind her anal pleats to a sensitive softness, "BLOW IT BUSTER! BLOW THAT FUCKING LOAD STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY!"

Kris ignored his mom as he plunged his erection through her anal chamber quickly. His erection throbbed through her puckering white center cloying against his erection while their middles clapped together lewdly. They had no way of knowing they were being spied on as an eavesdropping father kept his ear placed against the locked door to listen for any dry chafing sounds or bottled lubricant being opened. He was almost positive his wife and son were obeying his rules after hearing the squishy sounding noise of a cunt being split apart and had no reason to think his son was drilling his wife's prize asshole

instead of her pink baby-making chamber. He had no way of knowing what was really happening behind the locked door of his bedroom as he secretly spied on his wife and son.

"BEAT DAT PUSSY UP FOR YOUR MOMMY BUTTER-CUP! BEAT IT UP FOR MOTHER LIKE YOU MEAN IT BABY!" Sara mewled with a redder than red face as a plum red expression with a look of desperation marked her face after feeling her asshole being torn asunder by a meaty cock plundering her anal hole.

"Who needs anal when I have your pussy while I pretend I get to fuck your ass mom." Kris moaned while plunging himself through his mom within her tighter than tight asshole as he fucked the anal ridges within her.

"GOSH DARN TEEN BONER MOTHER FUCKER IT'S DEEP! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE MISTER!" Sara mewled loudly as she felt her anal depths being explored by a probing teenage cock reaching all the way through her dark rectum like a clenched baby's fist reaching through her bottom.

Kris found it ironic his mom was scolding him for his language as she practically screamed from the sensation of being anally reamed apart by his thick and meaty cock making soft 'skiss-skiss-skiss' noises while the wet scooping noise of his

mom fingering her cunt continued. He loved how her crinkled looking asshole continued to pucker around his length as he fed his strokes into her brown bottom. He clapped her cheeks each time he thrust his cock with enough force to pause his mom from fingering her cunt each time his balls slapped into her taint. His balls began to tingle with a familiar sensation as he continued to thrust himself through the one forbidden hole in the house he was never allowed to enter, his mother's puckering and tighter than tight asshole. When he felt the first rope of his teen jism leave him the hung son of age groaned a guttural noise before planting himself completely forward through a bleached anal ring until his ball sac pressed into his mom's taint.

Cords of teen jism shot out of a piss hole to quench against hotter than life anal pleats. A mother mewled sharply from the sensation of her anal canal being filled with jizz while a ten inch cock throbbed far through her anal chamber. Kris pushed himself until he felt the shape of his ball sac pressing into the taint and pussy of his mom as he plunged himself deep into her bleached asshole wrapped around him like a sleeve. Sara had to cover her mewling voice. She could feel his throbbing member reaching deep through her rectal cavity as he unloaded his genetic material inside her brown depths. Her bruised feeling pussy from the sensation of a ball sac

repeatedly slapping into it felt sore for the first time after her anal pounding. Beneath the covers of a thick duvet blanket Kris kept himself plunged deep into his mom through her rear as he unloaded his spunk into her bum while the mother shivered from the feeling of ten meaty inches unloading within her shit chute.

"Get dat pretend tushy buster. Unload it like your dumping a fatty in mommy's nasty hole instead of her pink twat box like a good boy." Sara encouraged as she felt her teenager unload his adult spunk into her rear end.

"I fucking love your pussy mom." Kris moaned as he unloaded himself through the anal canal belonging to his stay at home mom while knee-quivering bolts of teenage jism rocketed out of him in hot jets of pubescent semen.

"Watch your language young man, you may be deep in some pussy but it does not meant you should curse if your balls deep inside some pussy in my bed mister." Sara cooed over her shoulder as the straw-blond mother turned her head back to see her son hovering above her with his cock reaching in her asshole as his ejaculated.

Kris loved how they pretended to be having vaginal sex as

his vision blurred from the sensation of unloading his genetic material into the more forbidden hole of his mom. They had no way of knowing where in the bedroom the man of the house had installed the secret nanny cams but they were smart enough to keep their anal play a secret beneath a blanket while they exchanged their words and pillow talk while in bed. After beating up the same hole his dad forbid him from entering a feeling of relief and guilt swept through Kris after planting the fattest load of his life into the forbidden rear end of his mom. Her bleached butthole cloyed against him the entire time as he watched her white and crinkled looking socket grip against him as the teen looked down to a forbidden hole accepting all of his pungent and sticky spunk and semen.

"Your asshole-- I mean your pussy is the best mom." Kris groaned as he shot ropes of his hot teenage jism into his mom's rear end to plaster her anal tubes with his sticky hot load.

"I think someone is getting pussy whipped." Cooed Sara over her shoulder as the mom felt her son throb and pulse within her hot anal canal with the sensation of his spunk quenching against her anal pleats and ridges in the shape of an anal load, "Doncha worry about leaving a big creampie in your mommy young man. Your daddy said it's okay for your to leave your loads in my cooter so you have permission to shoot your seed in mommy's

pussy."

Kris kept himself completely submerged through his mom's bowels as he planted his thick white cords of genetic material through her brown depths. His breath was ragged and sweat dripped from his forehead with the rancid smell of fresh anal sex permeating beneath the covers. He kept himself planted and fell on his mom's voluptuous ass cheeks with his ten inch prick reaching through her crinkled anal ring as she laid beneath him with her head down and ass presented in her prone position. The lucky son of age loved the sight of his mom laying in the face-down ass-up position. Getting the opportunity to fill up her tight little asshole with some of his fresh teen semen against his father's wishes and knowledge was the cherry on the cake for the hung son of the family.

When it was finally time to pull out Kris slid himself out slowly at first. Crinkled looking anal rings cloyed against his girth as he extracted himself against the sickening sound of wet skins sliding against each other. Sara was laying completely flat against her stomach now. After the vigorous anal pounding she received with her ass high in the air she was unable to keep herself on her knees beneath the pummeling anal strikes her son delivered from behind. When the beet-red faced mother finally had the energy she finally lifted her ass up again with her face

still buried into the mattress below her. Hot-white bubbles of teenage spunk gurgled out of her butthole as she clenched her anal muscles to squeeze out the spunk recently deposited into her rear end by her son. Only Kris could see the sight of white hot streams of sticky semen draining out of his mom's forbidden anal hole to tickle down her taint and pink pussy hole gleaming with a mixture of their new and old breeding juices.

Sara quickly spun around and fell on her back. She threw the duvet covers off of her hand to get some fresh air. Her face was still beet red and when she threw the blanket covers off her face Kris quickly followed to emerge out of the duvet covers. Soft bedroom light fell on their naked panting bodies. The dad of the family was already back in his son's bedroom after retreating when he heard the end of their skinship. His wife's bosom rose and fell rapidly on camera with her arm draped across her forehead as if she had been put through an epic ordeal. The family dad looked towards her sex and breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing a creamy white mess around the outline of his wife's sex. Little did he know the spunk he saw was actually the drainage from her anal creampie before she flipped over. Meanwhile, only a mother and son knew what really happened in the rancid smelling bedroom filled with sex and debauchery by the skinship practicing mother and son. They were in their own little world as Kris admired his latest batch of

pubescent jism recently dumped into his mom.

"Well, at least they're obeying my rules." Said a pathetically cuckolded dad to himself as he lost all interest to return to his bedroom. "I think I'll just sleep here tonight so I don't have to put up with the smell those two left behind. Tomorrow I'll apologize for being paranoid about their swingswipt."

Meanwhile, down the hallway in the suburban family home a mother and son exchanged sweet pillow talk in their blissful orgasmic after glow.

"Did I do good mom?" Asked Kris with his limp prick facing down towards the mattress with a drop of semen clinging against his tip.

"You did a wonderful job tearing up my pussy cuddle bear." Sara spoke to her son while putting the word 'pussy' in air quotes with her fingers.

Mother and son laughed at the inside joke as they both noticed the time.

"Goodness, it's past midnight already. I think we've

literally been bumping uglies all evening. I wonder if your dad is going to sleep in your room tonight."

"Well, he's not here mom." Said Kris to his mom, "Does that mean I can sleep in your bed tonight?"

"Only if you don't mind cuddling up extra close with your mama and I don't mean the platonic kind of cuddling if you catch my drift." She replied.

Kris eagerly nodded his head as he descended to lay against his mom with her bigger body facing him. Big doughy breasts faced him as they laid on their sides. After he laid he felt a manicured hand reach between his thighs before guiding his flaccid tip towards her pink pussy lips. She moved her hips forward and welcomed his rubbery cock through her cunt until his balls rested snugly against her thigh gap. The lucky son of age could feel soft coital walls hold his cock gently without any of the aggressive kegel muscle grips he remembered from earlier whenever he watched his mom and dad argue in the room hours ago. Instead he was held deeply with his cock sitting inside the same hallowed tube he slithered out of as a babe and then recently inseminated that night at home. He began to fall asleep and had only one thought as he mumbled to himself before drifting off to sleep.

"Damn, it feels good to be a mother fucker." He said beneath his breath.

"Language mister." Sara scolded while holding her son's arms against her breasts as she drifted off to sleep while squeezing her vaginal muscles in warning to scold her child. "You should never curse even if you're balls deep in your mommy's twat box."

THE END.