

In the early morning Kris awoke and stretched his body in his bed. The young and virile teen of age was still a senior in high school. This would be his last year as a student if all went according to plan. With his sister already in college he would be the second and last child between a certain mother and father living at home. In the ordinary looking household an atypical thing began to happen called skinship. Kris was a stud with a ten inch prick and a girlfriend who would never put out. Meanwhile, his mom was a self-diagnosed nymphomaniac. Somehow, after his eighteenth birthday, Kris found himself in a new fluid based relationship with his mom which they called 'skinship' at home. This was not to mean the lucky son of age was not without consequences if he ever screwed up however. His special privileges with his stay at home mom required certain rules and standards being obeyed. Among them was a rule made by a busty mother to make sure her hung son never missed a day of school.

"You better wake up Kris!" The panicked son of age heard from outside his bedroom door, "The school bus will be here in a minute!"

"Wait, my alarm didn't go off!" Kris said in a panic, "I forgot today was Monday! If I miss the school bus I'm screwed."

Kris shot out of bed in a hurry and brushed his teeth.

## Divina Demure / Stay At Home Mom Series / 2

Next he put on his school uniform and shoes before racing down the stairs to wish his mom goodbye before he left. As he bolted for the kitchen the noise of his mom could be heard while he wondered if his dad was home or not. He checked the driveway and saw no family car. His dad was gone. He cheered a moment before checking the time. Would he have enough time to drill his mom in the morning before he had to catch the bus he thought? Would his mom even allow him the chance to practice their skinship?

"You better wake up buster!" Said the mom of the family in the same tone she used earlier, she had no idea her son was so near, "I meant what I said earlier! If you miss the bus your special skinship privileges at home are gone for the month! You better not miss it!"

"I'm here mom." Said Kris, "As soon as I heard your voice I got ready and dressed as quickly as I could."

"Well your backpack is on the chair and ready for you. Would you like some breakfast before you go to school?" Said the aproned mom.

Facial was taller than her son by a full head. Her straw blonde hair was tied up in a messy bun atop her head. Wrinkles

raked her eyes above an immaculate face with ivory white skin and teeth looking back at Kris with a dimpled smile. She wore her favorite pink bath robe. Kris always loved it whenever he saw his mom wrapped up in her fluffy pink robe with a sash wrapped around her waist while her cleavage spilled out in the shape of two pressing breasts. The points of his mom's nipped bust looked at him as the mom held out a bowl of cereal to her son. Despite being in her middle aged years Kris knew his mom was a total MILF and boy did he 'F' her on more than one occasion at home ever since the pair began practicing skinship together. He ignored the cereal put on the kitchen island for him and instead looked his mom up and down with his greedy eyes before looking at the time.

"I think someone forgot to take care of their morning wood." Said the mom as Facial pointed to the bulge in her son's pants, "If someone woke up earlier when I knocked on their door after their daddy left to work maybe you wouldn't have that thing."

"There's no way mom." Said Kris as he looked at his mom with his eyes going from her head to her toe, "There is no way I would've been able to go back to sleep if you came to my room while in my favorite outfit of yours. You know how much I love that robe mom."

"Oh, you like this old thing?" Said the mom as she showed off the fuzzy pink fabric, "Your dad got this for me one year. I just like wearing it around the house because of how comfy it is. The easy access is nice too but you have a school bus to catch young man."

"Easy access?" Said Kris breathlessly as he felt his loins pang with his desire, "Are you wearing anything underneath it right now mom?"

To answer her son's question the mother of the family briefly flashed her busty chest. She caught her son's eyes plummet from her face to her bosom where she jiggled her giant bosom briefly before putting them back away in her bathrobe. She cinched the whole outfit around her waist and made sure the parts covering her bottomless crotch could not be seen by her son. By then in their skinship based relationship the mother learned how tempting her naked snatch appeared to her son whenever they were alone at home. After so many surprise skinship sessions when the stay at home mom found herself bent over and plundered by a ten inch teenage cock the stay at home mother learned to be more careful.

"Are you wearing any panties mom?" Kris asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know young man." Said the mom as she tightened the pink sash around her waist before scolding her son with a wagging finger, "Don't get any ideas mister. You have to go to school. Maybe after school though we can practice skinship."

"I don't want to wait though mom." Said Kris, "I think we have time for a quickie if you don't mind. Just look at the time. The bus won't be here for a couple more minutes."

Facial rolled her eyes and looked to the time. They had a couple minutes, a little bit of time, to do whatever they wanted she believed. A couple minutes may not be a enough for her son however. After a year of bonding their fluids together the stay at home mom learned just how particularly insatiable her legally aged teenager got sometimes at home. During the summer before catching school busses became a necessity a certain mother and son would practice their skinship all day at home with enough of their fluids exchanging to sink a cruise ship. Despite being all for helping her teenager void his loins to get rid of his pesky boners in the morning the mom knew she had to be a good parent too.

"We don't have time to practice skinship cuddle-bear."

Said the mom.

"Well mom, I think we have enough time if you just let me poke in you for a couple strokes. I'll be quick. Just look at this!" Kris pointed to his long erection poking down in his thigh in his school uniform pants. "Do you think I'll make it through the day like this?"

"Young man, even though I am flattered you want to practice some secret skinship with me before you have to go to school I'm afraid I don't have time to get it outta of ya in time. I remember days in the summer you would pound me all morning long before shooting your wad off. What makes this time any different?"

"I was controlling myself!" Said Kris, "I can be quick this time if I really want!"

Facial looked at her son at shock and touched her freckled bosom with her hand.

"I am not just some person you can treat like a pump it and dump it whore butter-cup, I'm your mother too you know. I'm afraid no means no this time. Now come here for a hug."

Kris was crestfallen but not defeated as he stepped across the room to hug his mom. They hugged. Their middles pressed together as the bath robed mom wrapped her arms around her son and held him dearly. He loved how her doughy like bosom pressed into his face through her bathrobe while he did his best to press the outline of his thick erection into his mom's soft bathrobe covered thighs to try to excite her below. After practicing skinship with his mom for nearly a year it would soon be time for Kris to leave home to go to college if he chose. Meanwhile, he secretly wondered what would happen to his skinship based relationship with his mom if he ever made the decision to leave home.

"Oh goodness, they grow up so fast they say." Facial said with a sad voice, "After this year you'll graduate which means you can finally go off on your own in the world. You won't need me or your dad anymore to take care of you because you'll be a real adult soon."

"I think my girlfriend and I might be going to college together but I will still visit home whenever I can mom." Kris said as he hugged his mom tightly with his erection.

"I'm more worried about you getting too grown to stretch out your mommy and her lady bits after you and girlfriend get

married honey. What would I ever do without you?"

It was almost sad in the room when Facial looked to the time and decided to change her mind towards her son. They had minutes to spare, maybe ten, and there was the chance the school bus might arrive late. Facial would have no one else to blame but herself if her son missed the school bus by chance. She closed her eyes as their bodies continued to hug in the kitchen. Meanwhile, Kris was eager to pump a liquid hot load into his mom before he left for school. All he wanted was some time to at least stroke himself so he could get rid of his morning wood. As their bodies continued to press together with their middles touching the teen of age summoned the courage to ask his mom for one more favor.

"Mom, do you think I could at least see what is underneath your bathrobe for a little bit before I leave to school? You know, so I can--"

"So you can wank it?" Said the mom flatly, "Do you think you can stroke one out in time if you get a look at your mommy's naughty bits?"

"Well, it depends on if you're wearing panties or not mom because you know how much I like it whenever you show me the

place I came out of."

"Oh, be quiet young man and don't be so graphic. It's just pussy young man. No need to be such a pervert about it."

"Well are you wearing panties mom." Asked Kris with his hands reached behind his mom to grope towards her ass, "I know how I can check."

"Keep your hands above the waist mister. No touching." Facial reached behind her back to grab her son's arms before pulling them away.

Kris stood in the kitchen with his massive erection jutting down his pant leg. Facial stepped away from her and grabbed her bathrobe sash before undoing the front knot. She hesitated a moment instead of opening it fully and instead took her gigantic breasts out her morning attire. The big melons spilled over in her hands as she held them out for her son to see who stood there stupidly as he rubbed himself through his pants. The size of her breasts barely fit in her hands. Her manicured fingernails could hardly be seen through the massive amount of tit flesh being danced in front of a hormone crazed teenager dealing with his morning wood and aching blue balls. Facial rolled her eyes as she juggled.

"Can I take out my cock mom?" Asked Kris.

"Of course silly." Said the mom after rolling her eyes as she jiggled her bust.

Kris whipped out his cock and began to stroke himself in the morning light of the kitchen as he watched his mom juggle her breasts in front of him. It took all of his willpower to not step forward and latch onto the same bosom he nursed on as a babe. He stroked himself with one hand as he pointed his ten inch erection with his other hand wrapped around his base. He thought of what would happen after he felt his seed begin to surge. Would his mom stand there and let him coat her with his potent teen jism or would she bend her mouth down to suck on his spewing cock? He had no way of knowing as he stroked himself with a dry friction sound as he watched his mom shake her beautiful freckled breasts for him. He ached to see more of her as the impatient teenager began to feel like more stimulation would help him climax faster.

"Let me see what you have underneath your bathrobe mom." Said Kris, "I'll finish quicker if you're wearing my favorite panties of yours."

"Well wouldn't you like to know but I guess as your mother I can show you young man." Said Facial as she stopped bouncing her breasts to briefly part open her bathrobe to show off some purple lace in the shape of an upside triangle covering her bush before closing her robe again.

"Those are my second favorite because my favorite kind of panties are those on the floor when you're not wearing them."

"Goodness gracious young man," Facial said with her eyes rolling, "you must get your sense of humor from your dad."

Kris was still stroking himself in the light of the family kitchen as he watched his half naked mom stand in front of him. She crossed arms crossed below her bosom. Her milky white big breasts spilled over her forearms. Her pink bathrobe remained sealed below her waist. His eyes traveled down to her knees and looked between her inner ivory thighs as he lusted after his voluptuous mom. He ached beyond aching to plunge his cock into the covered bush and mound he briefly saw between his mom's legs before she took away the peep show to his favorite place on earth.

"We still have a couple minutes mom." Said Kris, "If you let me see everything underneath your bathrobe I could finish on

time."

"Aw, what's the matter? Are mommy's big boobies no longer enough to excite her boy to ejaculate as quick as he used to?"

"It's kind of hard to shoot when you're under pressure mom." Said Kris defensively as he continued to stroke himself.

"Well, what if mommy offers you a little encouragement to help get your rocks off. After all what kind of mom would I be if I allowed my favorite son to bear through an entire school day while blue balled by his stay at home mommy." Facial spoke in her mellifluous toned voice.

The mom turned around in her bathrobe and bent over. She flipped the back of her bathrobe over her buttocks and let the flap lie back. Her ivory butt cheeks were exposed in the light with a thin trace of lace covering the seat and mound of her cellulite rich ass. Kris could feel his heart and blood rush with arousal as he stroked himself vigorously in the family kitchen while watching his mom present herself. The way she spread her legs in front of him with her fingers reach back to pat against the hallowed place of his birth made Kris want to rush forward to his mom immediately in the moment but he restrained himself as he stroked himself a step back from his

mom.

"Like what you see butter-cup?" Said the mom as Facial faced her country eyes towards her son, "Is this enough for your imagination?"

"Can you take off your panties mom so I can see what's underneath it please." Kris spoke while the son continued to stroke himself.

Facial covered the seat of her covered muff with a manicured hand while turning her head over her shoulder. She looked at her teen of age with a scolding expression and wagged a finger at him with one hand while palming her covered cunt with her other hand.

"Tisk tisk tisk mister." Said Facial, "I know what you are going to do as soon as I show my love oven to you."

"I'll be good mom." Kris said with the sound of himself dryly masturbating growing louder in the kitchen, "I promise I'll shoot soon if--"

"If you get a peek at my tootsie roll center?" Teased the mom as she quickly hooked a manicured finger beneath the seat of

her lingerie, she peeled back the lace fabric briefly and showed off her trimmed twat box.

"Can you spread yourself apart mom?" Said Kris as he ached to fuck him his mom then.

"I can do anything I want young man." Said Facial as she split her labial lips apart to show off her gleaming purple depths.

Kris gasped after viewing the soft and creamy looking center of his birth mother. Despite plundering her married muff hundreds of times so far at home the teen of age still felt his heart race whenever he felt like he was about to have sex with his mom at home. He had no way of knowing when or if something would ever come in between him and his practicing what they called 'skinship' together and despite knowing he would be home from school at the end of the day to be with his mom he hated to be separated from her. Given the choice between a day at school versus a day spent at home pounding his mom in her pussy on his mattress in his bedroom Kris would have chosen his stay at home mom in a heartbeat. There was nothing like the feeling of knowing where his next load would go. Ever since skinship became the norm at home Kris only shot seed to his mom.

"Can I stay home today mom so you and I can have sex at home all day?" Said the desperate horn dog son as the load in his aching balls fought against the anxiety of seeing his school bus come around the corner at any second.

"What kind of mother would I be if I allowed my son to flunk another year because I let him get pussy whipped at home?"

"I won't flunk this time mom! Besides, it's Monday. Nothing ever happens on Monday."

"Young man! You should be thanking me for giving you such a peep show but instead you are asking for way too much. I like skinship as much as you but you need to go to school. You need an education after failing so many years. You're eighteen and a second-year senior!"

"It'll be so hard for me to concentrate at school with this erection though mom!"

"Well then, you better keep stroking your cock than young man."

"What if the bus comes right now! I won't finish!"

"You will have to wait until after school than."

Kris could not believe how coolly his mom spoke as he stroked himself to the image of her bent over robed figure in the family kitchen while a finger probed her pussy gently. He hardly heard the sound of something wet and squishy being spread apart against the hot friction sound of his hand rubbing his ten inch erection like he was polishing furniture. He could hardly bear the thought of potentially going the entire day with the feeling of his heavy blue balls in the morning. Without speaking he got closer. He got close enough with his tip to almost touch his mom.

Facial heard the sound of a belt buckle jingling as leather shoes stepped across the tile floor and shook her finger at her son. She knew what he was thinking and warned him to stop before the view of his ten inch cock disappeared behind the shape of her ass. The mom had her straw blonde head turned around with the seat of her panties returning to her muff. She palmed her cunt and held her hand over the outline of her pussy lips. She could feel the elastic of her underwear pushing against her labials lips as the mom covered herself.

"Stop right there young man. Just where do you think you're going with that!"

She poked at the erection she saw. The mom felt her gates moisten from the thought of being spread open by the climax inducing cock she helped raise at home. Facial almost regretted giving her son the pleasure of enjoying her love box, almost. Despite losing some leverage in their mother son relationship the stay at home mother could not help herself whenever she was horny and alone with her stud son at home.

"I was just getting a closer look mom! I swear! Now move your hand!"

"You promise mister?" Said the mom as she began to remove her hand from her mound.

Facial rolled her eyes and almost decided to excuse herself from the room then. She kept her figure bent over and reached back to remove the seat of panties from her muff. With her head turned forward she trusted herself to continue stroking himself as she heard his hand glide against his shaft with quick and vigorous strokes. She extended her hands behind her and gripped her ass cheeks. She spread herself wide and jiggled her butt. If she were younger she might have danced like a stripper but she knew it would be too much for her son to handle.

"Hurry up back there!" Said the mom as Facial shook her ass, "Your bus will be here soon!"

"Hold on just a second mom. I just need a little more stimulation. Stand still mom."

"What do you mean? Do you need to see inside my box? I can go back to spreading --OOF!"

Hot velveteen vaginal textures were suddenly pierced by a thicker than thick cock. Facial felt her head fall forward as she felt her depths being breached suddenly. Her wet walls yielded against teenage dick. The bell of a teenage cock slipped inside the birth chamber which conceived it. The pair audibly moaned together as Facial whipped her head around to catch her son going inside. She grimaced and moaned as she felt her vaginal pleats yielding against his hard surfaces. The hot and meaty shape of her son throbbed in her cunt as the mom gave up and gave in.

"Goodness buster-bear, I keep forgetting how big you are down there."

"Thanks mom."

"Get dat pussy buster-bear. Reach deep inside there with what your daddy and I gave you until you blow fat load in your mommy young man."

The hung son of age wasted no time in stroking himself through his mom after penetrating her bent over figure. Kris was thrusting himself quickly into his mother as he watched his hips slap into her rear. Her ivory ass cheeks rippled with every stroke he made to reach through her depths. The wet and slippery sounds of their skins sliding together joined the moaning sounds of a MILF at home being drilled by her hung son of age. Facial looked back over her shoulder. She thrust her hips back as she were bent to meet her son stroke for stroke. Each time she felt herself bottomed out she would lean forward before pushing her rear back with thunder clap like sounds of skin to skin contact. It was like their bodies were made for each other and after so many times of doing the same before the mother and son pair were getting into a sexual rhythm.

"I would love to do this all day mom." Grunted Kris as hot coital muscles gripped against his erection, "All you have to do is call the school and tell them I'm not coming. You and I both know how much you love it whenever I hit it from the back. Just listen to your voice."

"Goodness child, mommy is creaming already!" Facial moaned in response, her gripping sleeve climaxed over the hard morning wood pushing apart her pleats, "I swear this --OOF! gosh darn pesky boner of yours gets harder every time we practice skinship in the morning young man."

"Well, judging by how squishy your pussy sounds right now mom I think you like it whenever I go balls deep inside you. I can see your juices on my cock right now. Just listen to your box take all of me back inside you right now mom. Do you like how it feels in you?"

"An erection is a perfectly natural --OOF! Quit it buster, not so hard!" The mom moaned over her shoulder as she broke eye contact from her son to see her rear rippling against his strokes, she closed her eyes and felt his length reach through her depths as she moaned with the feeling of her inner pleats being beaten back by hard and throbbing teenage cock.

If Facial had been able to see what Kris saw she would understand why he was unable to stop. After they broke eye contact he looked down to where their sexes met and saw tight white coital skin cloying against his length. Each time he plunged himself deep within his mom he saw wrinkled pussy lips push back into the same slit he came out of a babe when he was

born. He pulled out quickly with a sickening wet noise and saw his manhood covered in clear slime. Grippy looking pussy lips held against him. White vaginal fluids appeared around his glistening cock in the morning light. In the acoustic rich family kitchen the biggest noise in the room was the hot wet sound of their sexes kissing each other.

Kris heard his mother encourage him with her sweet baby talk as he fed himself through her cunt with his ball sac bouncing into a trimmed patch of pubic above the place of his birth. Her dark anal eye winked at him as he looked down to see her crinkled bleached flesh signal another orgasm ripping through his mom. This time he plunged himself straight to the back of his mom and clenched his erection to throb his bell at the very bottom of his mom. He could feel her coital muscles clench like a vice around his cock as his mom moaned. The teenager looked to his mom as she were bent over before him with her head turned back. They made eye contact as Kris sensed his deep plunge was causing his mom to orgasm.

"You like my dick mom?" Asked Kris as he felt his whole length being consumed in tidal waves of coital flesh clenching and releasing against him while his mom moaned out loud.

"GOODNESS GRACIOUS BUSTER BEAR!" Facial moaned out load in

the family kitchen as she felt her eyelids flutter while hot-white gushing fluids fell out of her trap to coat a hairy pair of teenage balls pressing against her clitoral hood. "GOSH DARN TEEN BONER! I'M CREAMING!"

"I can feel you cumming all over my cock." Kris interrupted as he began to stroke himself through the creamy sounding depths of his mom once again to send fat ripples of pleasure through her married mound all over again, "C'mon mom, keep cumming so I can see that face you make."

Facial was unable to stop herself from going cross eyed as she felt hot friction rubbing against her coital walls. The feeling of being bottomed out by her son was an earth shattering experience every time. She felt hot fluids running down her leg briefly as hot teenage dick meat continued to be pushed through her glistening channel at a hot pace. She was unable to ignore the pleasure of be hollowed out by throbbing cock while the wet noise of their sex continued to sound like a slip and slide in the family kitchen. Kris looked down and could see a white frothing mess of fluids forming around his mom's coital ring gripping against his length like a vaginal sleeve made for being wrapped around him.

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SCHLOCK

Kris loved the sight of his mom's winking brown eye as he continued to feed his enormous member through her hallowed pussy walls. He looked up and saw the expression of his cum drunk mom as she continued to orgasm all over his length with throbbing clenches wrapping and re-wrapping around his length like a hot-wet vice made for especially for him. Her coital sleeve clenched and gripped against him tightly every time he pulled out. Immaculate white pussy lips hugged against his retreating member and when his bell appeared through her folds the hung son of age would push himself back inside to reach deep again. After being connected for so many minutes a bond began to form before the mother and son.

It was only a matter of time until a lucky teenage son of age would feel his genetic material heave out of him. Meanwhile, Facial continued to feed her son sweet encouragements as she looked back over her shoulder to watch her son lay into her bent over rear end like a wild maniac.

"Get it buster! Get dat family pussy the way mommy taught you!"

"Yes ma'am, mom!"

"Beat it up!" The mom moaned over her shoulder, "Beat dat mommy pussy up, ya hear!"

"I'm about to cream mom." Kris grunted as he continued to thrust himself.

Facial looked over and saw the time on the oven kitchen. It was getting late.

"You better hurry up and shoot your wad soon butter cup butter cup or you know --OOF! If you miss the school bus you're grounded buster!"

Kris ignored his mom as he felt his balls begin to tingle. He knew exactly what his mom was talking about as he continued to feed all ten inches of himself into the clutching place of his conception. The way her coital skin cloyed against his throbbing erection at the edge of his climax and how her pussy lips squished against him every time he pushed back his mom caused the hung son of age to throb and grunt. He pushed in and pulled out of a motherly clutching cunt undulating on his ridges and veins as he fed his member through a married mound. Her coital walls hugged against him hotly as he enjoyed the sound of his mom moaning against his skin slapping strokes going: SLIP-

SLAP-SLIP-SLAP-SLIP-SLAP. The hung son of age laid into the place of his conception with a passion. He fed his cock and felt the bulb of his prick kiss against a bottom. The soft grunting sound he heard from his mom each time Kris was finished bottoming her out told the teen of age he was reaching far and deep.

"You better bust your nut soon buster -OOF! I think I hear the school bus coming around the corner!" Said Facial as she moaned with the feeling of her inner walls being stretched and pushed apart by a hot and throbbing teenage member reaching deep inside her mature slit, "If your daddy finds out you missed school today young man --OOF! I know for a fact papa-bear will revoke your pussy pass privileges so you better shoot!"

Kris could feel his sixth sense tingling as he laid into his mom from behind. He was already close after hearing his mom speak her warning to him. The sight of her rippling ass cheeks moving against his strokes as he laid into her coital walls gripping against his manhood like a fist was wicked sight. He feared his school bus would round the corner of the neighborhood at any moment. He didn't care although he knew better. He dreaded the consequences of missing a day of school. If he was unable to go a day without being inside his mom's hallowed mound he would go crazy. He laid into the pussy which birthed him

with virile teenage strength. He saw big ivory butt cheeks ripple against his strokes as a bleached brown eye winked at him. Kris held on for life and orgasm and thrust himself with the sensation of his balls aching to climax.

When he felt it, the jolt of his release, the teen of age stayed silent as he grunted suddenly and pushed himself deep. He cried out in pleasure with a noise between guttural pleasure and crying out loud. The mom felt it too whenever her son thrust without pulling out and throbbed harder than she ever felt him before as buckets of teenage spunk were deposited into her mature cunt. Kris doubled over in pleasure while keeping himself deep while he ejaculated. He wrapped his arms around his mom and let his hot semen flow out of him in hot bolts of seed. His vision blackened as he began to empty himself. Hot white ropes of teen jism began shooting out of him to land against a mother's cervical gates. Big white ropes of teen spunk began to strike against a mature cervix while a moaning mom knew her son was climaxing inside her purple family pussy.

If there was a way to view inside the stay at home mom as her inner channel was pumped full of genetic baby making material the pair would have seen ropes of sticky semen landing against motherly pussy walls. Her inner surfaces were being coated with spunk. Facial felt her coital muscles pulse and

throb with pleasure as her eyes rolled up into her skull from the sensation of sharing a deep climax with her son in the family kitchen. The way teenage morning wood felt while pulsating in her insides was the best feeling ever. She hated to admit it to herself but the open minded mom loved the feeling of being seeded by her son, especially first thing in the morning after he had the night to build his reserves.

"Shoot it all out butter-cup. We gotta make sure to empty your balls good before you go to school, got it?" Encouraged the mom as she were bent over, "I want this pesky boner to stay down until you get home so make sure to give it all for your mommy, okay young man? Dump it out!"

"Yes ma'am, mom." Said Kris as he felt his genetic material fleeing out of him during the crest of his climax sending fat bolts of spunk through the place of his birth.

"Goodness buster-bear, I can feel you throbbing right now inside me. Goodness gracious I can feeling you throbbing deep!" Facial moaned.

"I can think of a couple reasons why your son always blows big loads in you mom." Kris grunted.

Facial felt her jaw drop in her mouth from the incredulous statement of her son. She could not believe how she was raising such a teenage horn dog at home. With the smallest feeling of regret possible the stay at home mom began to regret granting her son the privilege of draining his morning wood inside her pussy in the morning before he left. If only she had not spoiled him with so much free access family pussy at home ever since the pair began to practice their skinship at home the mom thought to herself. The feeling of regret went away however when Facial felt the nob of something hot and throbbing reaching into her deepest depths to touch against her back wall to pump a pubescent load into her core.

Cord after cord of teenage semen rocketed out of a teenage shaft. Ten inches of Kris's dick laid submerged in soft mommy pussy as he grunted and thrust himself with barely an inch of himself ever leaving the feeling of soft pussy lips wrapped against him. He was using the tight and wet friction within his mom to milk out his ball sac as the son of age dumped his genetic matter into the woman who loved him most in the world. He felt his blue balls lighten and his mind go blank as his ejaculation continued while his knees buckled. Hot-white bolts of love and affection in the form of thick and sticky teen semen rocketed out of Kris as he planted himself with the feeling of his final ropes leaving him.

Kris pushed his hips against his bent over mom from behind. His school pants hung around his knees as he stood while hunched over his mom in the family kitchen. In the morning light the lewd and vocal tone of their forbidden sex gave way to silence. He let go of his mom and took his arms away from her waist. Kris stood up and stayed inside. He looked down and could see the crinkled outline of a bleached butthole winking at him while tightly motherly coital walls clenched and re-clenched against him while his mom moaned. Despite dumping hundreds of other loads into his loving mom the lucky son of age always felt his heart race with love and gratitude each time he climaxed inside his mom.

"Did you cum on my cock mom?" Kris asked with the feeling voiding his loins.

"What do you think young man?" Facial said as she reached between her legs to hold onto her son's ball-sac to prevent him from pulling out, "You kissed my tootsie roll center with this big pussy buster your daddy and I gave you, didn't you? Yeah, I sure came like a good mom pal."

Kris could hear the breathless tone in his mom's voice as she leaned over with her head bent low while her arms supported

herself on a nearby kitchen counter. He knew she was telling the truth. After dumping what felt like buckets of his teenage spunk into his mom the hung son of age began to finally think of pulling out of his mom. Before pulling out however he enjoyed the feeling of softening inside his mom too much to begin however. Despite the blissful feeling of voiding his loins inside his loving mom the post-nut clarity of knowing he would still have to go to school soon regardless saddened him. He hoped he would remain hard forever but knew after shooting his shot he would soon soften inside. Meanwhile, he loved the feeling of his mom palming his sac before kneading his crease to help empty out his genetic material completely.

Despite being sad however the lucky son of age still did not see his bus. He looked at the time and saw it was getting close to the start of his first class of the day. He could care less however and hoped his mom would not look at the time on the kitchen oven. His next goal was to steal a moment to observe the hot white creamy deposit he just shot into the one place in the world men should never return to much less inseminate. Despite the taboo nature of their sexual relationship in the family morals between right and wrong were quick to throw out the window for the hung son of age after practicing what they called 'skinship' at home with his mom so many times before in the past. After exchanging their breeding fluids so many times

in the past with the help of modern oral birth control alongside some rules laid down by his dad it would be hard to return to the way things were at home before a certain mother and son began bumping their ugly bits together. They were fluid bonded.

Suddenly, it dawned on Kris that it was no regular day at home. He looked at a calendar pinned to the fridge and hit his forehead with his hand in disbelief.

"Mom! It's Labor Day!" He said, "I thought I had to go to school today!"

"Well, what do you know. It is Labor Day today. Schools are closed today."

Kris stood back and let his freshly drained cock point towards the floor after pulling out with a slick sounding wet noise followed by an audible pop of a socket being left. He was too spellbound by the wicked hot sight of his freshly planted creampie draining out of his mom to care about the mess he made. A thick white icicle of teen semen could be seen draining out of her while the seat of lace panties remained pulled aside. His thick white pubescent load with a mix of clear vaginal fluids fell onto the floor. He heard a sudden gurgling sound following the sight of big white bubbles frothing around the place of his

birth as Kris heard his mom clench her inner muscles. Despite filling up his mom countless times before the sight of his hot white semen gurgling out of his mom between her legs like a foaming wet mouth never grew old.

Facial reached between her legs with an open hand after feeling her son slip out. She stood up and turned around with her busty breasts and hand-covered muff facing her son in her fluffy pink bathrobe looking disheveled and wrinkled in several places. She looked on the floor and frowned in annoyance the way mothers do whenever there is a mess. Spunk was always annoying to clean up at home ever since the dad of the family began voicing his complaints about the smell between them. The mother of the family had no plans of ever stopping skinship with her son however.

"Kris, be a good boy and clean up your mess on the floor while I get cleaned up."

"My mess? I'm pretty sure it's both of ours mom."

"I don't care who it belongs to, just do it."

Kris frowned but could not argue with his beautiful mom standing in front of him as she moved the seat of her panties

back to cover her pubic mount. He could see a dark spot form on the front of her pubis mons where he knew a bucket load of his spunk was still draining out of from between her legs. With his prick still pointing towards the floor he began to harden from the sight. In a moment his erection stood out ten inches all over again in the family kitchen. It was impossible for Facial to ignore as she did her best to avoid it.

"If you expect me to take care of your pesky boner you better get to cleaning buster."

"Yes ma'am." Said Kris in defeat as he awkwardly stowed away his erection before reaching for some nearby paper-towels on a rack, "When I'm done can we practice more--"

"More skinship?" Facial interrupted in her mature tone voice as she sealed her pink bath robe around her body, "If skinship is all you want today I think something can be arranged to take care of your pesky boners young man. Clean up your mess first though if you want my pussy again."

Kris could hardly complain as he obeyed. Facial towered over her son and crossed her arms as she watched him wipe up their collective breeding juices off the floor. One thing was for certain, in a home where an atypical thing called skinship

was often practiced between a certain mother and son nobody, especially the dad of the family, appreciated the messes they left behind. The feeling of sharing them however was worth the price of cleaning up after themselves however. One thing was for certain, practicing skinship with a hung son at home was far cheaper than the adult toy collection the family used to have to deal with Facial's self-diagnosed nymphomania.

As long birth control remained reliable and a certain cuckolded father felt his most important rules for his wife and son obeyed there seemed to be no limit to their skinship.

THE END.