

## MY RIDING NYMPHO MOM

Daniel was studying for his difficult final exams scheduled for the next day while alone in his bedroom one night. The twice-failed high school sophomore studied with music playing in his room and was having a difficult time understanding a textbook equation when his concentration was suddenly broken. The legally aged teen was not his parents' only child but the hung teen of age sure felt like he was his mother's favorite offspring judging by all the raw bareback sex they had been having around the house over the last several months when the new year rolled around. It was no secret in the family to anyone other than the elder daughter of the family that the curvy mother and related son were frequently boning to strengthen their mother-son bond in the family.

*'I don't see a problem with using our son to satisfy your nymphomaniac urges if I'm away.'* The man of the house had infamously declared to his wife and son some time past without realizing the real ramifications of his statement. He had given his son an all access pussy pass with this hot wife under the condition he would never plunder her bleached asshole and trusted them to be honorable.

It was almost ten o'clock at night when Daniel looked at

the time and wished for a distraction to take away the stress of studying for his difficult high school exams. Normally in such a mood the teen would summon his mommy-bot like mother to drain his full feeling balls but the horny feeling teen knew that was out of the question on this particular night. Father and mother, Diane and Dick, the biological parents of Daniel were celebrating their latest anniversary together as happy husband and wife. The glitch of the lucky teen at home becoming a bonafide of mother-fucker in the family (so far known only to his obliging parents) did not seem to cause a hiccup at all in the couple's strong marriage. Diane's stronger than strong nymphomania was likely at fault. Perhaps her husband had had enough with laying all the pipe in the family over the year's while also supporting everyone with his full-time job.

So far the nuclear family had saved a considerable amount of money on batteries and adult content for the nymphomania afflicted stay at home mother. Sometimes the man of the house needed to leave town for business so it could not be helped if he was not around to satisfy all of his hot white wife's chemical cravings for dopamine and other hormones she needed to feel sane with her psychological disability (or blessing depending on how you look at it) which required frequent 'internal massages' only a phallus shaped object could fulfill. So far for the afflicted mother nothing could stand in for her

son's throbbing hot cock scourging against her vaginal ridges if her husband was away or unwilling to plunder her breeding chamber for pleasure.

"You better not be beating off in there sugar bear!" Chirped the mellifluous mom-tone voice of Diane through her kid's door, "You better be studying or staring at pictures of me before I come in there to see what you're doing mister to check up on you."

Daniel's bedroom doorknob jiggled behind his back when he turned to see it open before seeing it swing wide open. The good-behaving teenager always left his door unlocked in the house because it was common at that point in their strange relationship for his mom to burst through his door to take care of her nymphomaniac urges with his obliging and frequent teenage erections. Lately, in his soul mind and body the lucky teen of age had developed a Pavlovian response to his mom's hot motherly voice especially when her voice called with his door being opened. He grew hard in his shorts and spun around in his chair quickly to see what his hotter than life mom wanted and had a strong suspicion it involved more bareback sex. The only thing that confused the teenager however was that tonight was his parents' anniversary and was told the night prior that their 'meet-ups' would have to wait until the next day, tomorrow.

"Sorry sugar bear." Cooed the hot mom as she stood at her son's doorway with her tall Amazonian figure reaching upward with her elbow almost reaching the top of the door frame, she was dressed in a black and gold go-go raver outfit with high arching heels and matching black fishnet stockings and fingerless raver gloves. "I just wanted to check up on you to see how studying was going. I hope you're not too bummed about not being able to pound your mommy's sweet pussy into your mattress like we usually do before your usual bedtime young man. I want you to know these last few months have been a blast having you around the house to help with my cravings and it's a mother's duty in this house to relieve her teen's urges with some skinship but tonight is your dad's chance to try out this fantasy of his for our anniversary."

"What's it involve?" Asked the teen as he watched his mom's hand stay at his door-frame as she stepped inside his bedroom, "Does it have anything to do with your slutty raver outfit or the techno music playing downstairs? Where's it coming from?"

There was mild electronic music pumping from somewhere in the house. Daniel suddenly heard the vague noise when his door was opened wide by his busty white blonde mom. It sounded like

the family entertainment room in the basement was being used. There was mild bass bumping the air as the mother and son spoke in the excited teenager's bedroom.

"May mommy come in first?" Said Diane in her mellifluous low-tone voice with her mascaraed eyes winking and white smile flashing an un-motherly smirk towards her kid in his bedroom, "I don't want to interrupt my boy while he's studying but I did come in to ask him a question before we find out if mommy is going to let you poke her in the pussy here or downstairs buttercup soon, that okay?"

"Wh-what?!" Stuttered the teen with his erection already tenting within his shorts behind his desk, "I thought you said--"

"I'll be back in five minutes honey!" Spoke the man of the house with the jingle of car keys, "I'm going to the store."

"Okay honey!" Spoke Diane as she stood there like an Amazonian goddess in the bedroom light while dressed in black and gold raver gear with her signature pink bathrobe draped over her stilettoed figure like a trench coat, "See you in a couple minutes!"

She was wearing her signature pink and fluffy bathrobe but there was something strange beneath Daniel couldn't immediately discern. Then she allowed her robe to split open. The first thing Daniel saw was a golden chain of thin jewelry hooping over his mom's wide waists. Her creamy white assets spilled out as he witnessed his mom's incredible middle-aged body with a cute dimple right between her mound and navel. At over six feet tall she towered over him. Her straw-blonde hair was long enough to reach down her back and her green country eyes always looked at her teen with 'fuck me' eyes nowadays it seemed in the otherwise normal home. The legally aged teenager's jaw dropped in his mouth when he saw his mom standing there in her slutty raver gear and pink bathrobe.

"So sugar bear." Cooed Diane in her cutest mom tone, "Mommy was wondering if we could squeeze in a quickie downstairs before your dad returns. Can you stop studying for a minute so you can rinse out your momma's gutters so to speak young man? It would make me feel so much better and help calm down my nerves before your daddy and I celebrate our twenty-ninth anniversary later tonight sugar bear."

Little did the world know, Diane was a bonafide nymphomaniac living at home with her legally aged teenager and matching husband. She was addicted to pleasure and didn't care

how she found her release as long as she found it even if it meant bouncing her muff on her boy's erections until his semen flowed inside her depths. Secretly, the lust-filled mother had been grooming her child since boyhood to plunder her dark channel with his fuck-stick and was elated to discover her eighteen year old teenager didn't seem to mind beating his meat against her inner vaginal surfaces during their so called 'skinship' practice sessions at home which began earlier in the year for the pair. Once their strange relationship began at home the horse-cock sized teenager and voluptuous mother became an obliging incest couple. The change in their familial relationship from platonic love to one of 'fluid bonding' began when the teen was originally a babe and culminated with the mother attempting to seduce her child in his upstairs bedroom after so many times of succeeding already. All it took was for Diane to make this statement: 'thanks to modern birth control you could blast a million baby-makers into your mommy's warm pussy and I'd still never get pregnant young man, now come get it buster' and the lucky teen would always become hard and ready to ream out his mom's birth canal.

Originally that day the plan was to save the teenager's semen until after his parents' anniversary night celebration was over but now it seemed the situation had changed. With the man of the house leaving the house temporarily and unable to stuff

his wife's honeyed holes the hotter than life mother quickly bounded upstairs to test her teenager's resolve against her milking muff once more.

"You've studied enough sugar bear." Cooed the hot voluptuous mother to her teen as she extended an ivory hand forward to draw her son from his chair, he took her hand and rose, "Mommy just needs to borrow your dick downstairs for a few minutes until papa-bear returns. We'll have you back upstairs to finish studying for your exams in no time but right now mommy needs a good fucking mister."

Daniel could feel his heart hammering his chest with his manhood poking down his inner thigh through his shorts as he followed after his hot mom in her pink bathrobe through his bedroom door, downstairs, and down to a raver themed flashing basement. There was the sound of technical bass and repetitive electronic beats bouncing off the white walls in a fast tempo. It was loud in the family basement and especially bright and distracting with all the flashing lights complimenting the beat of dark raver music. The pair could feel the thump of bass shaking into their skins and bones when they descended and Daniel had the chance to look around. Immediately Diane let go of her teenager's hand to jump on top of a laid out futon in the middle of the room. On a nightstand dresser there were adult



toys and a bottle of lube and champagne with two glasses, party-effects for the anniversary celebrating mother and father at home. In the neon light of the new looking basement the busty white mom bounced her body to the beat of the fast tempo music after removing her fluffy pink bathrobe. She danced while dressed in her sexy black raver gear which Daniel saw clearly for the first time. As the mom's golden hooped chain remained wrapped around her waist to bounce all over the place the twirling thick mom's body popped out like a fluorescent light bulb in the dark black-light filled room, her creamy white skin-tone practically glowed radioactive white in the black light shining above Diane dancing lewdly on top of a laid out futon.

Without the ivory white mother's signature pink bathrobe robing her slutty looking outfit for the first time Daniel was able to get good glimpse of his hot mom's attire for the first time in the strobing black light. She wore black tape in the shape of exes over each of her round pink nipples. Her mascara was heavy around her eyes and there was glitter smeared on her freckled breasts and arms which moved and jiggled as she danced with her hips going round and round like she was twirling a hula hoop. The golden chain wrapped around her gyrating hips moved with jingly noises from the jewelry shaking and bouncing against the hot mom. A black G-string thong covered her middle and cleaved through her sexy crease like a piece of black floss

going through her ass-crack and cunt lips. Diane's double black fishnet stockings and fingerless gloves was made of thicker material than the mom's thin black G-string thong it seemed. What caught the throbbing teenager's attention the most however, beyond the 'come fuck me eyes' Diane kept feeding him as she danced, was his mom's amazingly gorgeous golden bush which stood out in the black lit room. Her muff was hardly contained by the mom's G-string thong cleaving through her slit and crack and above her poorly concealed knot of clitoral flesh was a thick tuft of blonde pubic fur as big as a ripe peach or a large tangerine forming a crowning natural bush in the shape of a filled in 'V' right below her dimpled navel.

"Do you like mommy's outfit?" Asked the hotter than hot mom as she began to remove her high black stiletto pumps to make dancing easier on the flattened futon, "Your dad made me wear it before I promised to fuck him with my ass tonight for our anniversary. The only reason mommy's pussy is hairy right now is because your father promised me he was only plowing my bleached butthole tonight where my hair doesn't grow so much." As the hot mom spoke to her hardening teen standing nearby she made finger-guns with her hands and pointed at her golden bush next, "Do you like your mommy's big hairy muff looking back at you like a hungry animal? Why the funny-looking face kiddo? You should be used to your mommy talking and acting to you this

way by now buster."

Daniel was speechless in his spot as he stood with his jaw dropping in his mouth from the otherworldly hot sight of his mom's Amazonian sized body decked out in black and gold raver gear and jewelry; black electrical tape marked her nipples in X's and fishnet stocks and fingerless gloves adorned her limbs while a nylon G-string thong as thin as floss cleaved through her ass crack and clefted pink sex. In the dark and purple light of the redecorated basement in the shape of an underground sex dungeon with the theme of vintage electronic dance music he could not take his eyes off his mom's voluptuous body with his eyes devouring everything about her from her glittery hanging breasts to her hairy looking mound where her skin darkened around her slit. Daniel felt a little too old for the funky music playing in the room but still had the attitude and enthusiasm to bounce his head to the music while his mom danced to entertain him on the outstretched futon with her manicured fingers beckoning her hardening child with 'come hither' fingers and parental glances. The teen's heart pounded in his chest as he approached while disrobing down to his boxers. His meaty nine-inch ram rod poked forward against the cotton fabric which the mother noticed as she welcomed her teen aboard the incest futon.

"Well are you going to stand there and jerk off or are you gonna get under mommy so I can do what mommy does best?" Cooed the mother as she directed her child to join her on the futon, she fell on her knees after he joined and motioned for her teen to lie down, "Goodness baby! Your erection is practically popping out of your boxers!" Diane said in her sexualized motherly tone, "Get comfortable sugar bear, that boner looks extra hard and painful, if you can wait a moment for me to get ready I promise to pop a squat over your lap to milk your seed out inside mommy's toughened pink twat if that's what you want sugar bear." Suddenly the mother stooped over the futon and pulled up a hula-hoop from nearby, "I've always wondered if I can maintain a hula-hoop while squat-fucking my puss puss over a dick though, care to help your momma find out buster?"

Diane held up the neon hula hoop for her son to see as he nodded his head eagerly. Soon the mother's golden chain resting atop her buxom hips was bouncing all over the place with jingly noises of jewelry joining the fast electronic music as the hot stay at home mother expertly hooped the raver toy with her round spinning ivory hips. Her busty white ass was faced towards her son as she stood over him to demonstrate her hula-hooping prowess. In the dark looking basement the busty white mom's body bounced to the beat of the raver music while dressed in her sexy black raver gear barely withholding her womanly assets from

spilling out. Meanwhile as she hooped in the dark black light strobing over her creamy white skin the mother's dancing white figure popped out in the blue and black room like a fluorescent white ghost as she bumped her body to the beat of the music while hooping so expertly. Round and around the neon hoop went with the fast techno music transitioning to a slower beat perfect for dropping the mom's hips too.

"Alright butter cup, get ready to buckle up for the ride of your life young man." Cooed the mellifluous voice of Diane as she adjusted her fishnet gloves and black nipple tape while her round alabaster hips spun the hoop round and round, "Your daddy will be home any minute and I want to see how many loads you can dump inside my cunt before papa-bear returns to consummate our anniversary. As long as you keep your spunk outta my anal-pocket I think he'll be okay with you shooting your cream inside mommy's twat, after all, we all agreed you get an all access pussy pass at home whenever he's not around and I don't hear your daddy's car upstairs yet."

As Diane spoke she turned around and widened her stance with her hula-hoop barely hanging onto her wide hips as she spun. Her hips moved in a slow rotation as she looked down and girded her loins for the most difficult squat-fucking session of her mature life. The hot stay at home mother was intent upon

riding out her teenager's loins until he fruited deep inside her depths as she bounced to milk her boy's seed while hooping at the same time. The hot lusty mom had no doubts about her riding or hooping skills in isolation, she considered herself an amateur-pro at both, but had never attempted the pair in unison. She wondered if she would be able to keep her hips as her hooping axis while also bucking her mound up and down until she felt her teen soften against her walls. The experimental mother had never attempted to ride her teenager while hooping before and suddenly had the wicked idea of trying in the couple minutes she had remaining until her husband arrived to take over treating her nymphomaniac cravings for the evening.

"How much time do you think we have left mom?" Daniel asked as he laid with his nine-inch teenage erection poking through the hole of his boxers towards his mom's covered slit as she stood over him with her hands on her ivory hips rocking side to side with her neon hula-hoop going round and round, "Are you really going to try to fuck me with your hula-hoop going around like that on you?"

"Language young man," scolded the horny middle-aged mother to her legally aged teen, "just because you're about to plunder your momma's no no cooter with your fat teen dick doesn't mean your inside mommy's hot fuck-pocket just yet. You don't get to

swear until you push apart mommy's toughened pink walls and I still haven't popped a squat yet. Not until I'm ready to hoop and fuck at the same time."

"I don't swear all the time mom." Complained Daniel, "I don't see why I can't say the f-word every now and then especially since we're doing it regularly around the house whenever dad isn't looking."

"It's not decent young man." Scolded the mother as she tested her squatting form while coming back up quickly to bounce the hoop up, it seemed if she humped up and down quick enough keeping the hoop in rotation would be easy if she bent over slightly, "Swearing is only appropriate for fits of passion and unless you're dying or getting fucked I don't want to hear you swear or else."

"Or else what, mom?" challenged Daniel as he reached for a bottle of clear lube to apply generously to his erection, his manhood glistened in the strobing light and looked thickly lubed when he finished, "Are you going to change your mind about sitting on me?"

"Hold up sugar bear, mommy needs to think about how I'm going to pop a squat on you while keeping this hoop going."

Said Diane as she gathered her long draping straw-blonde hair to tie into a motherly bun behind her head in a knot, "Mommy's squishy twat muscles are still going to milk a sticky teen load outta your balls but I also want to see if I can also hoop at the same time."

The hotter than life mom gripped her chin in thought. She would be unable to rest her palms onto her teenager's chest as she rode him like she usually did. She would have to keep her arms high and mighty if she wanted to hoop while clip-clopping her sweet motherly mound up and down over her excited boy's erection until his seed fruited inside her. She thought of placing interlacing them behind her head with her elbows jutting out and tested the position with her hula-hoop still twirling on her ivory hips. Once she began imagining what she would have to do to rock her teenager's cock through her cunt while twirling her hula-hooping hips the mom grew confident. It would be easy to bounce her white hips up and down over her teenager's boner on the futon until his seed rose but the hard part would be preventing the hula-hoop from knocking against her teen's chest as she squat-fucked against him hard and fast with her mommy-milking cunt in order to urge his semen to rise before her husband returned home. She had five minutes left.

"Alright sugar bear." Cooed the hula-hooping mom with her



hands interlaced behind her head and elbows jutting out as she practiced a few air-squats with her hoop going round in round in the raving room. "Get ready to experience mommy's experimental semen pulling twirl, I'm going to try to keep this hoop going while I milk out your cum and I've never hooped while fucking before so this should be fun." As Diane spoke the mother bounced her hips up quickly to bring the hula-hoop around and eventually found a slow down-stroke and quick upstroke combo which allowed her to squat amazingly hard and fast while also hooping as well. "Alright slugger," purred the hot mom, "I hope you're ready to get all that semen for the day yank outta you in a hot minute. After all, it's a mother's duty in this skinship practicing household to make sure her boy's balls get drained frequently and it just isn't healthy to have more than eight hours of backed-up sperm in your sac sweetie-pie so mommy is going to do a giddy-up maneuver on your lap in a minute buster."

In between hooping the mother reached down to remove the nylon g-string covering her mommy-pussy. She hooked the floss-string fabric in the thick part of her pubic hair to grant her boy's throbbing boner access to her squishy pussy. She hummed a cute mommy-tune in her throat but Daniel couldn't hear his mom humming over the noise of the fast-paced music in the room suddenly being interrupted by an immediate squishing sound followed by a meaty clap of their skins. The hoop twirled up

the mother's backside when she extracted herself with a mama-bear like grunt. Her big freckled and glittery breasts jostled like ripe fruit as Daniel reached his lips up to suckle at his mom's pink teats as her motherly cunt soared and bounced over his cock like a cock-hungry whore. The lucky teen of age was in heaven from feeling his glans being slammed in the back of his mom's cunt as her jewelry ordained hips jingled with her hula hoop swinging around her hips in the mom's effort to time her twirling hoop with her passionate hot strokes.

"That's it butter-cup," she cooed in her sweet mom-tune with her hips and hoop working in unison, "keep punching that big boy dick against the back of your mommy's cunt buster, your momma wants her womb painted white before your daddy gets home in a minute to celebrate our marriage down here in the basement sweetie."

As Daniel looked down he saw his long teenage cock probing in and out of his luscious mom's hairy mound with her pink mommy-milking lips going up and down lewdly with thick meaty smacks of sound each time she slammed her hips down with all her weight and intent before going up again. He could feel his teen-head scorch against tight vaginal walls until his bell struck against his white mom's purpled bottom like a clenched baby's fist. Any moment the teen knew his seed would rise as

his heart hammered in his chest in excitement from being fucked by the place which birthed him, his mom's cunt. Meanwhile, Diane concentrated on keeping her hula hoop spinning around her jewelry clanging waist as she bucked her cunt up and down in a passion. She kept her squat-fucking hips in motion perfectly to keep the hoop swinging upwards each time she slammed herself down to meet her teenager's long erection with deep un-motherly strokes to feel her teen poke at her deepest parts. She felt her vaginal walls being beaten back each time she plunged her muff over her lucky teenager's baseball bat like cock as she hooped and soon began to moan like a moaning banshee of pleasure with her fingers locked behind her head and her elbows jutting out. The hooping sometimes made the mother's vicious strokes uneven, she would plunge a third of the ways down over her boy's throbbing cock and suddenly come up again if it meant keeping her hoop in synchronous motion. Hooping while fucking became a fun game to the hot nymphomaniac mother as her puffed up and hairy pussy gobbled at her teenager's thick erection like it owed her child money or a baby-making favor.

"Goodness baby boy." Grunted the mellifluous motherly voice of Diane as she squat-fucked her hips up and down half-awkwardly, "Mommy can feel you poking her right up inside mommy's wet pussy right now kiddo. Doesn't that feel nice sonny? It must be every teenage boy's dream your age to

experience a bareback giddy-up inside some real mother-pussy at home. After all it's a privilege to experience the pleasure of meeting a cum-hungry twat in the world kiddo, especially with a mommy like yours with titties as big as mine buster."

Daniel stared down and could not believe he was getting a bareback giddy up hug around his teenage cock by his mom's warm cum-hungry love oven going up and down over him like a wet dream. Whenever the enchanting mother could manage she would slam her muff down with dramatic sounds of their skins slapping together before grunting deeply and offering another encouragement for her teenager to blow his precious spunk through her purple tubes. When she felt her teen's cock harden to diamonds as he groaned she knew it was time to milk her teenager's stubborn hot load out with her cunt before the man of the house returned.

"I'm gonna--" Daniel groaned aloud in a tone which meant his seed was close to spilling out, "I'm about to--"

"You're about to what sugar bear?" Cooed the mom's mellifluous female voice as she felt her teen harden and twitch within her clutching womb as she bounced her wet sleeve up and down with her wide squat-fucking hips and hula-hooping waist. "Is someone's load about to shoot up their mommy's no no pussy?"

Judging by all the struggling you're making below me right now young man I reckon someone is getting mighty close to shooting his hot stuff between his mommy's milking wet cunt in a minute or two. Go ahead and creampie your mommy honey, I don't mind a little baby-batter sitting in my love oven to remind me of how much my baby boy loves his mommy's squishy pussy wringing him out at home."

Daniel's eyes rolled in the back of his skull as he tried to prevent himself from blowing his load too early through his mother's purple breeding tubes. Her motherly breeding chamber clapping up and down over his waist as her hooped waist continued to twirl her neon hula hoop like an acrobatic felt too good. He never wanted to ever stop being fucked by his hot raver mom but knew the pressure building in his ball sac would be too much to fight against for long. The teen knew that eventually his seed would rise and nymphomaniac mom would milk his genetic material through her mound with a passion. He thought of everything he could think of to distract himself from releasing his seed as Diane moaned and bounced. He thought of school, chores, and his girlfriend but every thought eventually landed back on his hot mom fucking him over lewdly as her stimulating hips continued to work his cock over at a blistering pace through her undulating vaginal lips.

Meanwhile, the climaxing teen's mind went back to a flood of memories which unrolled like a spool of film in his brain when he could no longer resist shooting out his hot seed anymore. He came. His white-hot bolts came out in thick spurts shaped like cervix-seeking cum-missiles. The lucky teenager's vision went black from the incredible sensation fucking its way up and down his heaving shaft with the Amazon sized mom's hanging breasts dangling in front of her kid like filled water balloons marked with black tape. Despite the teenager's best efforts, trying to withhold his hot semen from gushing forward into the pussy which made him made the task more difficult. He recalled one of his earliest memories with his hot nymphomaniac mom which took place in the same basement but when it was normal looking rather than raver themed with fast and loud music and strobing lights juxtaposing against the skin-clapping noise of Diane bouncing her muff wildly to milk out each of her teen's white milky cords.

Among his distractions he saw:

*"It's no used to resist young man, a teenage erection this powerful wont' be able to resist his mommy's muff milking him like this on the futon for long."* The lucky teen recalled in one distant memory as he felt his first liquid hot bolt burst through his cock-hole like a fire hose into the back of his mom's purple pussy, *"You're bound to shoot your seed inside*

*mommy's hot guts any second and that's completely okay buster. We're training for stamina today, not just pleasure."* The teen recalled in one memory as his whole cock and body heaved from the feeling of his liquid white ghost being pulled out of him by his moaning mom's hairy muff which went like this: *"A milking we will go! A milking we will do! Bonding with my child means milking out his semen at least once each day!"*

The last memory was from when Daniel recalled his mom bursting into his bedroom while dressed in nothing but a white apron and nothing else to sing a newly made-up baby-time lullaby while riding up and down his morning wood a few weeks ago in his bedroom one morning. Daniel could hear his mom humming with the loud music for the first time when his ears popped from the sensation of his hot ejaculate being yanked out of him by his white mom's vicious cum-hungry mound. Ever since the incest practicing pair became acquainted with each other's breeding fluids the lucky teenager was quick to learn just how much of an absurd freak his nymphomaniac mom was at home. He had no idea how adoring to raw sex she could be and thanked his lucky stars to be born to such a cool and affectionate mom.

"It's coming out mom!" Groaned the teen as he felt his lava-like genetic material being pulled out of him by his mom's cunt.

If there had been a way to view into the mom's white hula-hooping hips going up and down over her teenager's long reaching erection at his moment of his release the pair would have seen the awesome sight of twenty-four hours of backed up semen (which for a teen is a lot!) surging forward like a tidal wave against Diane's cervical gates. Her bruised feeling cervix gobbled at every hot drop her teen released as Diane's inner vaginal muscles tightened and rippled against her teen's heaving boner thundering up and down her purple cunt. Her inner walls were painted milky white as she rode.

"Mommy's squishy pussy is gonna wring you out son!" Grunted the hot humping mom to her squirming and ejaculating teenager trapped below her her bucking hips.

Meanwhile in the raver themed family basement no one could hear the man of the house return from his trip to the store as his car parked in the garage above...

"Honey!" The cuckolded dad hollered to a seemingly empty house, "I'm back from the store with condoms!" And when no one responded to his hollering he added, "Are you upstairs with our son?"



Meanwhile in the basement below mother and son were still fucking: '*Chitty-chitty-bang-bang*' sounded the electronic music made in the downstairs family basement as the busty white mother bounced her hips in tune while hooping. Her hips gyrated up and down as she fell with a fury to milk out her teen's seed. Her teenager's stiff erection could still be felt throbbing within her womb as his semen continued to flow. Ropes of genetic material sprayed up her cunt. With her white thighs planted like pylons against her child's thighs as she rode Diane reached forward to steady herself with her palms resting on her teen's chest. As her G-cup rated breasts jiggled the black tape came off her nipples but she did not mind or care as the oblivious mom had no idea her husband was home.

"We better hurry up butter-cup." cooed the affectionate mom as she bounced her purple tubes, "When papa-bear gets back you better be finished shooting your load or else. Mommy won't have time to fuck you into bed later tonight so make sure to get all your cum out!"

After what felt like an orgasmic eternity of stiff convulsions within her mommy-milking cunt Diane began to sense her teenager's heaving loads were finally beginning to soften. The mom looked down to her hairy bouncing muff and enjoyed the sight of a long teenage cock drilling through her bouncing mound

as she squat-fucked her child's heaving boner hard and with a passion. Her lower vaginal lips cloyed against her son's erection as his hardness transformed from hard diamonds to rubbery hot flesh. Little squirts of white genetic matter spilled over the mom's lower vaginal lips as she bucked her cunt perfectly to force her teenager to ejaculate all of his built up sperm of the day with the love and fury only a nymphomaniac mother could give her favorite son.

Daniel's vision blurred as he looked down to where their sexes met and continued to see his long erection spearing through his mom's bouncing cunt in her sexy raver outfit. Her white ivory hips would lift almost nine-inches up before slamming herself back down again with loud slaps of their skins striking together. His white-hot bolts of DNA shot up into his mom's mound as she directed her teenager's knob to poke squarely through her matronly gates like a battering ram ramming against her bruised feeling cervix to lengthen his orgasm and hers. The hot raver mom mewled out a guttural noise in her throat from a blistering orgasm rippling over her vaginal walls. With her blonde hairy muff clip-clopping quickly up and down the mom hammered her teenager's seed spewing cock into the back of her cunt like a magic trick with each deep strike forcing her ass-crack to nuzzle into her son's nearly emptied blue-balls. The mother's pink lower lips undulated beneath each vein her

teenager's hard cock possessed as his throbbing member thundered through her mound as Diane squat-fucked her climaxing child with a passion in the raver themed family basement.

"That's it baby." Diane congratulated when she felt her teen's erection soften inside, "Shoot your white guts out for mommy."

When it was over Daniel's vision restored to normalcy with his mom still hooping above him as she fed his rubbery feeling dick in and out of her cunt with her wide parental eyes and glittery jiggling breasts moving in front of him. He looked down to his mom's pink lower lips and saw himself still being plunged to the hilt with his bright white semen clinging to parts of his mom's vaginal lips and thick pubic hairs. It looked like a foamy wet mouth going up and down over him with a thick triangular blonde mustache to boot. In the relief of his breeding fluids being utterly voided within his mom's clutching pink womb he loved how she continued to hump and hoop.

"Well, thanks for the creamy white mess in momma's love oven slugger bear," cooed the mellifluous mom-tone voice of Diane as she prepared herself to stand up from her impressive sumo-squatting stance as her jewelry jiggled and hula-hoop twirled on her gyrating waists, "mommy would milk you again but

you're soft right now kiddo so I guess it's time for mommy to giddy-off now."

Daniel said nothing and nodded his head as he watched his mom's squat-fucking hips prepare to dismount. Suddenly, she pulled up and out. The teen's spent cock slipped out lewdly with a glaze of sperm coating his manhood and his mother's lower hairy pink lips. His rubbery looking cock flopped out like a wet fish from the mom's inseminated mound before the skinship practicing pair witnessed a huge globule of pubescent spunk beginning to tumble out the mother's cunt like an unhinged wrecking ball. It gathered at her gates in a drop until the sticky white material could no longer withstand the power of gravity pulling down against the teen's semen. With Diane still hula-hooping it hips the spindly looking glob of white spunk spun around like a wrecking ball briefly before snapping loose to splash down on the black futon in the raver themed basement with fast music and strobing lights still playing. The fresh teen spunk looked radioactive in its white gross glow in the black lighting of the family basement. Diane continued to stand over her child to allow herself to drain a moment before wondering where her husband was. He should have returned from the store by now she thought.

After Diane dismounted from her boy's lap like a stripper

exiting a champagne room lap dance she finally let her hoop fall down to her feet. She reached down to split open her labial lips while standing with her mound pointed towards her son's stunned expression with his drained cock looking back at her like an achievement. Her cunt felt sore and full of spunk and there was no denying that it was her own furious effort which had milked her boy's loins in the family basement after letting his genetic reserves build up for almost twenty-four hours. Although the hot mother hated to admit it, even though Daniel was doing her a huge favor in 'warming up her bottom muffin' when her husband returned from the store to consummate their anniversary, she almost wished her husband and hung child could trade places. Even though the devoted mother had looked forward to getting her ass reamed out by the man of the house earlier that day, after the last insemination shot inside her vaginal lips by her teen son the mother wanted more.

"Honey!" Said the man of the house as his voice approached the basement door, "Are you in the basement? I didn't find you upstairs?"

When the cuckolded dad peaked through the door he was stunned but not shocked.

"Honey!" He complained, "You couldn't wait five minutes

for me to return from the store to get condoms."

"Papa bear!" Said Diane in surprise as she spun around to point her sweaty figure at her husband, "You're back!"

"I know I gave you permission to take out your nymphomania on our boy's erections at home when I'm not around but I didn't expect for you to hop on him so quickly while I was gone." The breadwinner of the family complained even more, "Did he already cum inside you?"

"What do you think?" Diane said as she pointed finger-gun hands towards her blonde hairy muff where a globule of thick teen spunk clung against her pink garters like a hanging icicle, "I told you I felt like getting poked in my pussy and I meant it honey."

"That's why I went to get condoms honey." Said the dad, "You know I don't trust birth control pills."

"I think you're being paranoid about nothing papa-bear if you don't trust modern birth control." Huffed the hot mom to her husband in a haughty tone before pointing back to her teen lying down, "Daniel trusts my birth control and he loves going in raw."

"I don't care about that honey." Apologized the cuckolded dad, "I just don't trust your birth control and you know how much I prefer anal sex over vaginal sex anyways. I was getting these condoms for you. Now what am I supposed to do with them?"

"You can save them for our next anniversary papa-bear." Answered Diane nonchalantly to her husband, "They'll still be good."

Dick, the father of the family, wanted to grumble but knew he could not complain because his son had actually done him a favor. After raising two kids at home the dad had grown paranoid about inserting himself back into wife's pussy without maximum protection. He only agreed to vaginal sex during special occasions such as their anniversary. Under normal circumstances this would not be difficult however the mother of the family was a bonafide nymphomaniac who craved the feeling of her erogenous holes being filled. It was nobody's fault that the mother's favorite erogenous zone was her pink vaginal center over her bleached brown-eye while her husband's favorite hole was her tighter than life asshole.

"Tell you what papa-bear." Cooed the mellifluous mother to her husband in her convincing mom-tone, "why don't we re-

schedule our anniversary for tomorrow? We can just pretend our anniversary takes place tomorrow rather than today so our baby boy can keep making my muffin feel extra good with his teenage boners. You know how my nymphomania gets at night honey and who knows when he'll be this hard again for his mommy's sweet family pussy. You can ream out my asshole tomorrow and it'll be better because you waited."

"Alright, honey." Said the man of the house to his wife in kinky defeat, "I'm only doing this because our teen already spunked inside you. I don't want my balls slapping against his white stuff like a cuck so I'm going to wait to tap that ass until later."

"Sounds like a plan honey." Said the mom in her excited voice, "See you tomorrow then after I rinse our kid's spunk outta me!"

Meanwhile Daniel was too stunned for words as he watched his dad leave the bedroom basement with his raver-gearred mom still standing on the family futon with her hairy looking muff looking like a puffed-up pastry. His heart hammered in his chest from what had just happened. Did the white mom somehow convince her cuckolded husband to wait to consummate their anniversary so she could continue feeling the pleasure's of her



teenager's nine-inch meaty rod beating down against her vaginal walls and cervical hatches like a hot g-spot poking hammer? Another globule of his sperm spun out of his mom's twat as she spun around and picked up her hula-hoop again to begin hooping after the mom's cuckolded husband closed the basement door behind him and left them to practice their skinship.

"Did that really just happen mom?" Asked Daniel in stunned disbelief, "Did you really just trick dad to let me stand in his place for your anniversary tonight?"

"What's wrong with trading places with your daddy sometimes sugar bear?" cooed the hot mom in her female tone voice, "Your parents' marriage is very strong and your daddy understands I have nymphomania that prefers taking it up the pussy. It's his own damn fault that he prefers anal so much but who I am to judge him for preferring one hole over another. We are both so happy to have you consenting to join our marriage like this though buster. It's been a real relief off your dad's sore dick to have his son pick up some slack around the house. Ever since you said yes to 'skinship' it's been a blast fucking your boners."

"Why do you prefer vaginal sex so much over anal sex?" Asked Daniel in curiosity as he felt new blood rushing to his

teen prick with his hot raver-looking mom with her glittery G-cup breasts dangling and her belly jiggling with her gold chain and hoop going around as she did a few practice air-squats to test her technique just as she did last time before she was filled up with spunk. "I'm not complaining about all the vaginal sex by the way and I know how tight your asshole is so I can understand why dad's old-man dick prefers that hole but can you explain why you prefer vaginal sex over anything else mom?"

"Well sugar bear," cooed the sweet mother in her mellifluous lower-tone voice as she interrupted her hooping to grasp at her lower lips before squatting down halfway, "If you look right here at mommy's pink looking bulb of flesh you'll see a million tiny nerves packed into a little ball of pleasure. Simply put, feeling your skin tap against this spot whenever you poke me is the best."

Daniel just nodded his head in understanding as he felt his heart hammering in his chest with more blood rushing to his ears and face as his mom stood back up again to resume hooping in place. With the fast techno music slowing down a few beats the hot mother adjusted her hula-hooping hips and spun around slower. With her green country eyes looking down with a naughty look of intent the hot mother suddenly squatted herself down quickly without warning. With the same technique as before:

fast upstrokes to jerk the hoop up before it would strike her teen's waist as it spun joined with tactical downward strokes to gobble at her boy's boner without losing the rhythm of the hoop going around in the gyrating mother's squat-fucking hips working in motion like a dancing acrobat's hips.

"Give mommy's hot raver pussy a fat teen load buster!"

Diane roared in her mellifluous tone as she squat-fucked hard in beat to the fast-tempo electronic music going: oomph-ooomh.

"Your daddy gave you his spot to fuck my cooter so you better fill me up son!"

"It's coming out mom!" The groaning teen moaned as his erection was mercilessly plunged in and out of his mom's raver bouncing pussy in the family basement.

"Time to milk out your baby batter young man!" Cooed the hot mom in her mellifluous white tone as she kicked her hips into over drive to squat hump her clapping muff down in a sickening fury, "Give mommy's muffin a fatty mister or else I promise to never milk your baby-batter outta ya again!"

The hot mom was lying through her gritted teeth as her hairy cunt rippled with her teenager's plunging cock through her loins when his first throb for release finally hit the back of

the mom's pink vaginal sleeve. She knew she were close to making her teen's semen rise through her mommy-milking cunt and was only a few or so strokes away from forcing her teenager's legal ejaculate to gush up into her lower cum-hungry lips. She battered her teen's stiff rod against her cervical bottom and felt his tip press into her dark groove. Whenever he blew with his signature hard throb signal his first hot rope the mother would clap her waist down and ground her hips until her boy's spewing tip fit into her grooved entrance leading to her cervix. The way her boy's boner throbbed when his semen blasted deeply through her purple tubes always made the mom climax. She loved the feeling of electricity jolting through her loins while her son's far reaching cock throbbed inside until he finally stopped and softened. Then came the part where the mother would always reveal her teenager's satisfied load before riding again.

The hot raver mom was insatiable in the electronic music playing room. The fast rhythm was motivating the fitness mom to keep up with the beat with her bouncing muff like it were a game with her hula hoop going round and round. She looked like a gyrating riding cow-girl with her round breasts swinging like drooping pendulums with her round-robin hips going up and down in circular milking motion. Her teen's boners stirred through his hot mom's inviting depths at a blistering pace with his sac tingling and begging to unload his genetic matter for the

umpteenth time through the mom's motherly muff. It felt unreal for his teenage member to be stroked by the vagina which birthed him but it was real and beyond belief in sensation as the lucky teenager felt his loins boil to signal his hot ejaculate.

"That sure feels like a hot load to mommy!" Roared Diane in her mom tone as she spread her wide bouncing hips apart at her maximum, "Time to fuck the baby-batter outta ya buster!"

The white mom's thick legs were planted squarely against her child's thighs with her knees wide apart to turn her squatting figure going full spread-eagle. There was loud electronic music playing in the room with synthetic clapping as the hot mom bounced her mommy-milking muff in tune with the beat. Meanwhile the seemingly possessed mother began singing along with the absurd beat of the fast song as she bucked her hips up and down with sickening claps of sound.

"Gonna fuck the baby-batter outta my favorite boy!" Cooed Diane in her cute mom tone, "Gonna clap my muff until his boners go soft until I need to clap my muff again to relieve my baby's urges!"

Meanwhile the hot mom's white hips moved in a blur as her hula hoop stayed in place and spun in a circle with her cunt

latched against her teen's probing cock like an attached appendage plugging her cunt. It went in and out wetly with the noise of their sex joining the music in the room as Daniel's cock heaved. With his hot mom's encouraging words and pear-shaped ass bouncing up and down over him in the basement the lucky teen felt his loins being voided dry. His ropes of teen jism were shooting upwards to stick against his mom's uterine walls as she bounced her muff and kept on milking as her teen continued to harden mid-ejaculation. During the teen's pleasure the sensation of his hula-hooping mom's hips bouncing over her ejaculating teenage erection was heavenly. The lucky teen felt like his sperm was being gobbled up by a warm milking pussy. However the hula-hooping nature of his mom's milking hips was almost too intense over his heaving erection moving through Diane's gyrating cunt using her teen's thick teen dick to plunder her dark depths.

Daniel reached up and grasped his mom's spinning hips as his cock throbbed and his ropes flowed. He thought his mom would body slam her hips to welcome his heaving teenage erection deeply through her motherly cunt as she usually did but it seemed the fast playing music in the room possessed her to keep bouncing her muff. Giant hanging motherly boobs now dangled in his face as the Amazonian mom ignored her son's guidance to still her hips and instead redoubled her efforts to milk out her

boy's throbbing boner for all the teen spunk he was worth. Her hula hoop fell onto her boy's forearms as the teenager held onto his mom's ass for dear life as she began bouncing her waist straight up and down. The hot mother clapped her muff with loud sickening claps. Daniel was sure the loud smacking noises his mom's cunt and thighs were making into his laps would leave bruises when they were done.

"No use fighting momma's cooter young man." Cooed Diane in her hot mom tone with her nostrils flaring and brow glistening, "I'm gonna keep milking you until this fucker goes soft and this hula-hoop was just getting in the way of going really hard and fast over my big boy's sneezing boner!!!"

Daniel looked down helplessly in the family basement as his hot raving looking mom beat down her muff over his teen cock with a drugged-up passion it seemed. Her breathing was ragged as she continued to pump her cunt and grip her vaginal muscles tightly against her boy's heaving boner as his genetic material continued to flow. The dick polishing mom moaned as she rode, her pear-shaped ass went up and down with her teen's white juices beginning to flow out out her gripping sleeve to tickle down her son's shaft. The climaxing teen's eyes rolled back into his skull from the heavenly vaginal coaxing he felt over his teenage erection from his mother's warm bottomless pussy

accepting all nine-meaty inches of his manhood as he climaxed and shot his wad completely. There was no doubt in each person's mind that the nymphomaniac parent was hell-bent on treating her urges with her teen's erections especially if it meant feeling his white relief flooding into her uterine halls like a broken dam holding a river.

"My baby boy loves creaming inside his mommy's deep pussy!" Diane mewled loudly in the strobing lights and loud music, "Mommy loves milking your loads out sweetie pie!"

Diane interlaced her fingers and placed her laced palms over her child's head as she leaned her Amazonian sized body over her teenager's body on the couch. Daniel looked down and tried to view the place where their sexes continued to smack lewdly together as he shot his ropes but all he saw were bouncing breasts. Diane's boobies were too mature and big to allow Daniel to see his mother's hot looking cunt gobbling up his teenage cock during his climax so he decided to suckle. Meanwhile if there had been a person or camera in the room viewing the pair bucking like broncos on the couch it would have caught the mother's white vintage ass bouncing her heart-shaped derriere at a blistering pace. The white mother's hips moved in a blur with her pussy lips undulating quickly over her teenager's heaving erection. With every upstroke the milking



mother lifted her hips almost nine-inches into the air before slamming her weight back down. The effort turned her breathing from ragged to grunting as the determined mother laid her squat-fucking hips into her teenager's heaving lap with the furious love only a mother could give.

It felt like a gallon of teenage spunk striking against the hot mother's dark cervical center until she finally felt her teenager's hard heaving contractions lengthen. The less powerful and fewer twitches she felt her teenager make within her womb signaled the crest of his orgasm and the start of the mother's skinship duties to ground out their fluid bonding together. To the hot mother of two and middle-aged stay-at-home nymphomaniac nothing was more sacred than the time which came whenever she and her child became fluid bonded once again. To feel his genetic baby batter coating against her cervix and vaginal lining was an earth-shattering experience of intimacy with her son. When her teenager's twitches lengthened for more than a second and his throbs softened from pounding to panging the hot mom finally dropped her hips in success. She felt like she had milked her child through his crest for most of his teen spunk. There was no doubt in the lusty mother's mind about the status of her cunt. She felt thoroughly inseminated by her hot teen son's seed and could hardly wait to dismount to view his mess. That time would wait however until her teen was soft.

The mature mom reached her arms forward to hug her child deeply while feeling his teen prick heaving his final shots through her loins as she nestled her spread-eagle hips to squat her lower lips into her son's lap with his balls nuzzling against her asshole while Diane hummed a tune.

"Mommy's baby boy is always welcome to shoot his baby batter in the place where he was made." Diane cooed into her grown child's ear as her immaculate hips continued to rock back and forth with her arms hugging her child's head as she wormed her tongue into his ear, "Don't forget to leave all your sticky cum inside mommy's pussy this time buster. Your dad gave up his spot so you could feel your mommy's pussy gobble you up so you better give up all your baby batter in celebration of your parent's anniversary young man."

It felt like a million ropes of the teen's sperm had splashed down Diane's hallowed motherly halls as the hot mom collected her breath in the noisy music-playing room. Her Amazonian body was sweaty and cool to the touch whenever the lucky teen reached up to touch his white mom's mounted body with her cunt seated over her erect son's lap like a saddle. With each sloppy sounding upstroke the cooing mounted mother made she felt another hot jet of her son's hot semen land against the back of her vaginal sock to coat against her cervix before

sticking against her riding uterine lining. The mom's cooter gobbled at a blistering pace to absorb each of her child's hard ejaculations while she fed her boy sweet motherly encouragements in his ears to promote his orgasm.

"This is mommy's dick now young man." The hot mom groaned with her muff bouncing again to continue her son's x-rated climax, the lust-filled and horny mother wasted no expense in effort to punish her boy's boner with her kegel squeezing muscles as she milked his sensitive glans, "Mommy isn't sorry for squeezing your dick inside my tight mommy-twat young man." Cooed the mom as she bounced her muff with her breasts bouncing forward in front of her son's face as he attempted to suckle a teat, "I think someone loves their mommy's hot body," the hot mother moaned as she bounced her alabaster body, "go ahead and suck those titties child, it's okay to suckle while mommy rides out your orgasm." Meanwhile more jets of pubescent semen kept going upwards into the clutching mom's womb as she continued to glide her vaginal muscles up and down her teen's throbbing boner as she fed him sweet parental encouragements in his ears while stroking her manicured fingers through his hair with her hips going up and down in a white blur. "Get used to it buster!" She grunted after a particularly hard downward stroke which practically bruised the teen's thighs, "You agreed to stand in place for your papa-bear tonight and you're not leaving this

spot until momma's cooter is whiter than snow."

"Stop! Mom! It's too much!" Groaned the squirming teen with his sensitive glans scorching against his mom's milking muscles.

"It's no use sugar bear." The mom spoke as she continued her bucking motions without relenting, "It's simply not healthy to have any sperm in your balls buster and it's a mother's responsibility in this house to milk out her teen's balls in her mommy-twat."

It nearly felt painful as Daniel continued to feel his genetic material surge forward. His lava-like ropes raked through his urethra and the teen had to clench his toes and lift his knees up to withstand the incredible sensation of his mom's riding hips. Each time Diane lifted her hips there was the sickly wet noise of their sexes gliding apart before the mom would drop her weight again to force her teen's knees back down as he struggled against the sensation of his mom's motherly cunt milking him completely. Five, six, seven. The ropes kept coming with each cord landing into Diane's milking vaginal canal like a laser-guided cumshot. Eight. Nine. Ten Ropes.

"That's it baby," the mother moaned, "suck those tits baby

and shoot that fucking load where it belongs deep inside mommy's warm family pussy. It's okay to cream inside your mommy sweetie. You love mommy's pussy punishments don't you baby? You're hitting the back of mommy's cooter wall like nothing else at home and I can feel you throbbing as you cum deep and hard inside me sugar bear!"

The mother's vaginal sleeve felt like it was on fire as she continued to coo her encouragements and noises at her child to prolong his orgasmic release splashing against her vaginal walls like a paint-filled grenade thrown down a small school hallway. The moaning hot mother was contending with her liquid orgasmic release rippling through her tender folds as she rode her teen's pulsating erection through to the end of his climax. Each throbbing twitch the hung teen managed between her vaginal lips as she bounced her cunt up and down with her hands stroking through her boy's hairs and ears felt like a lewd accomplishment to the nymphomaniac mom. She had lost count of the throbbing pulses her teen managed to make through her sleeve as she timed each bounce to land against the base of her teen's lap at the apex of each heaving pulsation he made into her mommy-milking cunt and hungry pussy.

"Does mommy's pussy feel good on her son's cock?" She cooed in her mellifluous mom-tone, "It's okay baby. Mommy's

toughened mommy twat has always been hungry for her baby boy's big boners. It's a pleasure to bang some regular pipe in this house mister." She cooed with her eyes rolling back and her lips jabbering quickly as she spoke through her heaving orgasm, "That's right you mother fucker! You fucking cum inside mommy's warm no no twat. Mommy's pussy owns your ejaculations now young man shoot so that fucking baby batter deep or else buster!" She mewled in her vicious mom-tone, "Good boys get to bust their nuts inside their mommy's pink guts!" Each time the mom spoke she could feel her teenager's throbbing bell hammering against her cervical gates like a battering ram as his seed continued to pour. "Fuck up mommy's no no puss puss young man!" She roared with her toughened vaginal walls beginning to feel sore for the first time that night, despite the horny mom's enthusiasm for riding dick the old adage was true: the spirit may be willing but sometimes the flesh is weak. After what felt like ten-thousand strokes through her cunt that evening with enough baby-batter injected into her birth-control protected womb to impregnate a nation the mother felt like her inner walls were beaten soften enough at last.

"Okay buster." Panted the hot mom as she landed her final stroke against the final heave of her teenager's rubbery feeling cock, "I can feel you softening right now after you grew rock hard and twitched a bunch inside me so you must be done

sneezing. Right?"

Daniel was too stunned to reply as he felt the overwhelming feeling of his post-orgasmic bliss wash over him. There was nothing like the feeling of freshly voided loins for the lucky teenager. Meanwhile if the lucky son of age had been able to know the volume he had managed to pump into his mom's honeyed purple twat when they were done he would have discovered a pint of his genetic material plugged up in Diane's tightly cloying mound as she sat. The two were both heavily breathing after their sex with Diane especially out of breath after her impressive display of athleticism after riding and hooping for each of the loads her teen shot that night.

"That was amazing mom." Thanked the lucky teen to his mom, "My dick feels so sore after you rode me so hard."

"I think my pussy must be sore after all the beating your pecker did against my sugared-walls young man." Diane retorted.

"Feel like taking a break before the next round?" Daniel asked with high spirits despite his freshly weakened cock.

"Feel like taking a look at the load you dumped in momma's cooter before we get at it again in mommy's bed upstairs young

man?"

Daniel didn't know his mom was asking a rhetorical question when he just nodded his head at his squatting mom with her asshole nuzzled against her sac and knees straddling his lap like a big-titted glittery stripper utterly ignoring the taboo of accepting a man's seed, her teenager's man-sized seed, deep within her cunt with a smile of satisfaction from a job well done. She leaned back on her knees to point her blonde peach-sized muff up. The strobing black lights flashed against their mixed-together breeding fluids collected around their thick pubic hairs tangled together like two thorny bushes splattered in spots of white. The teenager's warm genetic goo which had either leaked out freshly from the mom's mound or spent inside prior was either in the mom's cunt or could be seen speckling their inner thighs and crotches with globules and spots of white-radioactive looking seed in the black light lit room. Meanwhile the raver music continued in the background with the mother's heavy breathing sounding louder than the fast 160 BPM song playing in the room and shaking the furniture they were under. The mother could not believe she had pumped her rear in tune with the music to synchronize her squatting hips like they were clapping along to the beat as she bounced. Even while she spun her hula-hoop the mother found moments to slap her hips against her teenager's hips in tune with the music.



After accepting what felt like a thick wad of genetic matter through her motherly lower lips the nymphomaniac mom finally felt satisfied for the first time that night. All she wanted for her anniversary was a sore pussy and was willing to give her husband access to her ass after he fucked her correctly in her pussy but once he left for the store to collect condoms she could not resist hatching a plan to swap her husband for her son in bed to celebrate their anniversary the way she wanted to celebrate it, by riding a big teenage dick. With her nymphomaniac pangs ridden from her mind the mother felt like turning off the fast cardiovascular inspiring music for the first time. With her teen's rubbery dick feeling like a wet noodle in her cunt rather than a hot fuck-stick it would take a minute for the teenager's stamina to recharge for their next round of incest in lieu of Diane celebrating her anniversary with her husband. It was really too bad how much the father of the family preferred anal sex over anything else with his wife, luckily for the hot stay at home nymphomaniac mother however who especially adored vaginal intercourse and deep fluid-bonding inseminations she had a willing, hung, and legally aged teen at home to care for her biological urges where her cuckolded husband refused to pick up the slack.

"Alright butter-cup," cooed the mom as she prepared to

dismount, "no epic giddy-up like that is complete without taking a good long look at the sticky white mess you left behind in mommy's pink twat after I got through milking you out like I did buster."

Diane's vaginal lips grossly pressed down into her son's pubic hairs as she rose to her feet like she were squatting. Her belly-fat bulged around her cute dimple between her navel and golden bush with her thin golden chain dangling forward as she leaned with her G-cup sized tits spilling over like filled up water balloons hanging from her chest. Her breath was under control but still heavy sounding when she groaned a tone of effort before standing up to slip her son's cock out quickly. The motion was unceremonious when the Amazonian sized mother stood up in the black futon to spread her vaginal lips wide to expose her pink creamy center like a treasure on display for her son to see.

"How does it look buster?" She asked while looking down with her small hands reaching through her bush to pull apart her pink vaginal lips like a small wet wallet, "Look okay?"

"It looks great mom." Daniel said in astonishment as he saw his white stuff creep out of his mom's pink folds to roll down her ivory white thighs and knees, "I can tell you sure

pulled a lot out of me. Thanks for working so hard over me."

"It's no problem sugar bear," said the mom as she displayed her creamy white mess caught between her thighs betwixt two fingers hooking within her folds to gape her center, "after all it's a mother's duty in this house to beat up her boy's boners with her cunt whenever she gets the chance to strengthen our skinship relationship at home young man. It's too bad your daddy is such an anal fan while I'm partial to feeling big dicks like yours going straight up in my pussy in bed."

"I'm happy dad loves anal too much." Said Daniel as he watched his mom step off the futon in the basement to march towards the sound system to adjust the sound level, she turned off the music before turning off the strobing lights, "If dad liked your pussy as much as I did he'd be here right now and I would still be upstairs studying."

"Well sugar bear," said the mom of the family, "as much as I think you should go back to your room to study I think it's more important that you keep making your mommy's warm pussy feel good since you agreed to take your dad's place tonight to celebrate our anniversary. Mommy wants more."

"Are you saying you want to do it again mom?"

"I'm saying get ready buster." Cooed the mom aggressively in her mama-bear tone as she reached for a tissue to wipe at the soppy white mess caught in her pubic hairs while reaching for the bright white basement light, "Get ready to get milked upstairs in mommy's bed before you go back to your room. If papa-bear is in there I'll kick him out so we can keep bumping our uglies non-stop tonight. We'll tell him we simply need the space in that bed if we're going to get this pecker deep enough in my pussy just the way mommy likes it so he'll understand I think."

"I think he'll understand mom." Said Daniel as he followed after his mom with his half-engorged teenage cock bouncing after his mom's thick white oatmeal-like ass, "If you promise to fuck his brains out tomorrow with your ass I'm sure he'll understand you needing me to plow your pussy tonight to please you."

"That's a good point sugar bear." Diane spoke over her shoulder as she reached behind her bouncing white ass cheeks to grip at her boy's cool rubbery erection before leading him out of the family basement to the ground floor of the incest accepting home, "I'll just remind papa-bear about my nymphomania and how much I need a full-service injection inside my warm

naughty pussy to put my nerves at ease. If he's stubborn about using a rubber, and I know he is, I'll just remind him that I'll be home tomorrow to take care of him with my bleached asshole just the way he likes. I swear, a mother's work is never done in this home and if you're daddy wasn't so freaked out about making another child with me this would be easier."

"Good thing I'm here though mom." Said Daniel as he followed his mom up the basement stairs with her creaming white thighs slicing back and forth with his thick milky-white load seeping out of her hairy lips lewdly before either entangling or dropping from the mom's nappy golden hairs.

"That's right sugar bear," cooed the mellifluous female voice of the Amazonian-sized sex goddess mother, "good thing you're here." As she kept walking the slicing mom's hairy inner thighs kept catching at more of her teenager's leaking genetic goo to make thick curtains of stringy looking spunk hanging from her lower lips and thick golden pubic hairs. "After all, it's not everyday a nymphomaniac mommy like yours gets blessed at home with such a hung and willing teenager your age. If only if we could have practiced fucking around with your boners right after you hit puberty instead of waiting until now sugar bear."

"And good thing dad doesn't mind me banging your pussy as

long as I stay out of your asshole mom." Added the excited teenager.

"That's right sugar bear." Said the mom as they approached more stairs for the mother's bedroom now, "By the way, we can never tell your daddy about the one time I let you fuck me in the ass just to show you what a butthole feels like. Got it buster?"

*"The one time?"* Joked Daniel, he thought there were more.

"Hush buster!" Scolded the mother whilst gripping his cock in tow before leaning her fishnet stocked and flushed glittery body over to open her bedroom door, "We're here." She stepped through the door and had her son stand behind her back with his cock in her grasp and pressed limply against her cool white ass in the bedroom light of the parental master suite before she spoke.

The man of the house was reading a book in the large family sized bed when his wife and son stepped into the room. He looked up to his wife and son in the room.

"Do you mind trading beds with our boy tonight papa-bear?" Asked Diane to her husband, "Tomorrow I promise to fuck you with

my ass but tonight I need my boy's dick poking straight up my pussy and his bed isn't big enough for this position I want to try."

The cuckolded dad pathetically obliged his wife and son to fuck each other in their marital bed as he moved to leave the room. As he left he argued with his wife and reminded her of the rules they had agreed to if their teenager was to treat her nymphomania at home.

"Of course papa-bear!" Said the mom as she began aggressively closing the door behind him so she could lock it, "I promise to keep our son out of my asshole tonight! I swear you have nothing to worry about! Tonight is all about vaginal sex, I promise, if you trusted my birth control half as much as our son maybe it would be you about to get milked out inside some squishy pussy but for some reason you got addicted to my asshole after we had our daughter and I went YEARS without getting my pussy stuffed by real dick!"

"But honey!" Complained the man of the house as he surrendered to being pushed out the door, "You know how much I prefer your ass over your vagina, I can't help it."

"Who's fault is that?" Asked Diane rhetorically? "A

female vagina has thousands of nerve endings honey and when you're living with nymphomania having all those nerve endings not being touched is painful for my ovaries and I don't have nerves in my ass like I do in my pussy. Okay?"

"But honey--"

"See you tomorrow papa-bear!" Cooed the mom through the door after locking it, "I can't hear you anymore! Have sweet dreams without me! I got a boy's boner in my bed to take care of tonight so don't bother trying to get through that door until I'm ready to leave!"

There was silence on the other side of the door when Diane turned her body around to walk her raver-gearred figure towards her son with her G-string thong still pulled aside with crusts of white semen speckling her thighs and pubic hairs like cake frosting.

"Alright sugar bear." Cooed the nymphomaniac mom as she approached her teen in her bed, "Mommy's squishy pussy needs more cum. Are you ready to get milked out by your mother's toughened mommy-twat before we head for the shower to clean up after our skinship?"



THE END.