



NAUGHTY WIFE HAPPY LIFE

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Story



Fuck!” Harvie's voice cracked like a whip, his eyes locked onto the primal scene before him. His mom's naked bubble butt rippled as it slammed against his taut stomach, their bodies colliding with a savage rhythm in the master bedroom, a world away from the rest of

the family. The room was a den of sin, the air thick with the musk of their raw, unbridled fucking.

Harvie's enormous teen cock, seemingly much too large for his slender frame, thrust powerfully in and out of his mother's sopping wet cunt. The thick eight-inch shaft was anchored firmly at its base, his heavy, hairless balls slapping lewdly against her ass with each savage plunge. Her velvety tunnel gripped him like a fist, the slick corrugated walls providing exquisite friction along every throbbing inch.

With each deep stroke, Harvie's swollen cockhead pounded against his mom's cervix, that tender gateway to her womb. She cried out in ecstasy, the forbidden pleasure of her son's huge dick overwhelming her senses. Her pussy clenched and rippled around him, gushing hot juices that coated his pile-driving shaft.

Harvie could scarcely believe this was happening. Only a few weeks ago, he had lost his virginity to his shy, petite girl named Jenny. Their awkward teenage fumbblings were nothing like this wild, explosive passion. Jenny had lain stiffly beneath him, wincing as his oversized member stretched her to the limit. Their coupling had been brief and unsatisfying.

But now, Harvie was discovering a whole new world of raw, animalistic pleasure. His mom's voluptuous curves and confident sexuality awakened something primal deep inside him. She worked her birthing hips like an exotic dancer, skillfully milking his throbbing cock with her slick, muscular cunt. The intense sensation of bottoming out deep inside her, feeling her womb kiss the sensitive head of his dick, was beyond anything he ever imagined.

"Oh Mom, you're so tight!" Harvie groaned, gripping her flaring hips as he slammed into her from behind. Sweat poured down his lean, sinewy body as he humped frantically, lost in the intoxicating fever of their incestuous union.

"That's it baby, pound Mommy's pussy!" she panted, her huge pillowy tits swaying heavily beneath her. "Give me that big fat cock!"

Stretch me open and fuck me raw!"

Harvie had never heard such filthy words from a woman before, let alone his own mother. Her nasty encouragements spurred him to new heights of depravity. He reached around to maul her wildly wobbling breasts, twisting and tugging her stiff nipples as he rutted into her like a beast in heat.

The lewd wet slaps of sweaty flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in his parent's bedroom. Harvie felt a massive load churning in his swollen balls, rapidly approaching the point of no return. He didn't know if he should pull out or not. The depraved thought of ejaculating deep in his own mom's unprotected pussy pushed him right to the very brink...

ONE WEEK EARLIER...

Harvie was lost in his own world, eyes tightly shut, fist pounding up and down his erect shaft in a blur. Carrie couldn't believe how long and thick her skinny, timid son's penis was as she observed from his doorway. She felt a tingle between her legs as she watched him masturbate furiously, his breath coming in short gasps.

Harvie's cock was a veiny, throbbing monster, at least 8 inches long and as thick as his skinny wrist. The swollen purple head glistened with pre-cum as his hand flew up and down the rigid shaft. His heavy, cum-laden balls bounced and slapped against his thighs with each frantic stroke.

The mother felt herself getting wet as she took in every detail of her son's impressive manhood. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the captivating

sight. Part of her knew it was so very wrong to watch, but seeing Harvie's huge teenage cock in its full glory sent jolts of taboo pleasure through her body. Her nipples stiffened against her nightgown as she imagined how it would feel to wrap her fingers around that girthy shaft, to feel it throb and

pulse in her grip.

Harvie's eyes flew open in shock as he noticed his mother standing in the doorway, barely dressed in a sheer nightgown that clung to her voluptuous curves. The silky fabric was stretched taut over her large, heavy breasts, her stiff nipples clearly visible poking against the thin material.

Despite his embarrassment at being caught, Harvie found himself even more aroused by the sight of his mother's scantily clad body. He couldn't stop staring at her deep cleavage and the enticing shadows between her ample tits. His cock throbbed even harder in his pumping fist.

"M-Mom!" Harvie gasped, his hand still moving up and down his rigid shaft on its own accord. "I... I didn't... What are you doing here?"

Carrie smiled seductively, running her fingers along the low neckline of her nightie. "I heard noises. I wanted to check on you, sweetie," she purred, her eyes riveted to his huge, weeping erection. "But don't stop on my account. Looks like you're in the middle of something... impressive."

She took a step into the room, making no effort to avert her hungry gaze from her son's throbbing cock. Harvie swallowed hard, his arousal battling with his shame. But with his hot, busty mother posing provocatively in the doorway, her nipples practically begging to be sucked through the sheer gown, he was helpless to deny his need.

The teen moaned loudly, his whole body tensing as the pleasure overwhelmed him. His cock erupted like a geyser, shooting powerful ropes of hot, thick cum high into the air. Jet after jet of pearly white semen burst from his twitching cock head, splattering down onto his chest and stomach in obscene quantities.

"Oh my god..." Carrie whispered in awe, watching the lewd spectacle of her son's explosive orgasm. She had never seen a man produce so much cum

before. Rope after rope of jizz sprayed from Harvie's jerking cock, coating his torso in a slick sheen of spunk.

Carrie felt a gush of wetness between her thighs as she imagined what it would feel like to have her son's huge, virile cock spewing all that hot seed deep inside her hungry pussy. She desperately wanted to rush over and take that still-spurting cock into her mouth, to milk out every last drop of Harvie's creamy load with her lips and tongue. But she held herself back, transfixed by the erotic sight.

Harvie groaned and shuddered as the final few weak spurts dribbled from his softening cock. His stomach and chest were glazed with a thick layer of his own semen, which ran in milky rivulets down his sides. He panted for breath, feeling both intensely satisfied and deeply mortified that his mother had just watched him ejaculate so wantonly.

Carrie licked her lips, fighting the urge to pounce on her son's prone form and lick up every drop of that massive load. Her pussy throbbed with need, her juices soaking through her panties. She couldn't believe how much the taboo sight of her own son's climax had aroused her. What kind of mother was she to have such depraved thoughts?

"Harvie..." she breathed, her voice husky with illicit lust. She took another step closer, the sexual tension between them crackling like electricity. "That was... Mommy liked watching that. Very much."

"Thanks," the teen answered, blushing with embarrassment.

The next morning, Carrie sat at the kitchen table sipping her coffee, her mind still reeling from the intensely erotic encounter with her son the night before. She couldn't stop picturing Harvie's huge, spurting cock, and the way his potent seed had gushed out in such copious amounts. Her pussy clenched at the vivid memory.

Beside her on the table lay a woman's magazine, open to an article that had caught her eye: "Happy Wife, Happy Life: How to Convince Your Husband to Let You Fool Around with your Son." Carrie felt a thrill go through her as

she read the scandalous title. The article described how a wife could gradually convince her husband to agree to more and more taboo

acts with their son, starting small and building up to a full-blown incestuous affair.

Carrie's mind raced with possibilities. She imagined asking her husband Jim if Harvie could give her innocent back rubs in her bedroom. Once Jim was used to that, she could have Harvie rub lotion on her legs and feet. Then maybe "accidentally" let him see her naked a few times. Slowly normalize more and more intimate contact, until one day, she could casually ask Jim if he'd mind if she sucked their son's cock, or let Harvie fuck her. By then, it would seem like not such a big leap.

The lewd scenarios played out in Carrie's head, making her pussy drip into her panties. She squirmed in her seat, aching to plunge her fingers into her wet heat. But just then, Harvie stumbled into the kitchen, looking adorably

rumped in his pajamas. When he saw his mother, he blushed and averted his eyes, clearly remembering what had transpired between them last night.

"Good morning, sweetie," Carrie greeted, her voice a sultry purr. She stood up, making sure Harvie got a good look at her mile-long cleavage in her low cut robe. "Sleep well? You must be famished after... expending all that energy last night."

She smiled suggestively and Harvie's blush deepened. He mumbled a greeting, shuffling over to pour himself some orange juice. Carrie admired his cute, tight ass in his thin pajama pants. She had a sudden urge to walk over and squeeze it, to feel his firm young muscles in her hands.

Impulsively, she moved behind him and placed her hands on his shoulders, pressing her large, soft breasts against his back in a lingering hug. "You know, Harvie," she murmured in his ear, noting the way he shivered at her touch. "I really enjoyed our... special moment last night. Seeing you masturbate your penis like that... it awakened something in Mommy. Something naughty."

Harvie trembled as he felt his mother's unfettered breasts pressing against his back, her hard nipples drilling into him through the thin fabric of her robe. He could feel her hot breath on his ear as she whispered, "When you're

stroking that big, beautiful cock of yours, do you ever think about Mommy? Do you imagine fucking my huge, soft titties, sliding your dick between them until you explode all over my face and neck?"

Carrie reached around to rub Harvie's chest, her fingers finding his nipples and pinching them lightly. The teen let out a muffled moan, his cock rapidly stiffening in his pajama pants. "Or maybe," Carrie continued, her voice dripping with lust, "you fantasize about Mommy taking your young, inexperienced cock deep in her tight, wet pussy. Imagine me bouncing on your huge dick, my heavy breasts slapping against your face as I ride you hard."

She punctuated her words by grinding her crotch against Harvie's ass, letting him feel the heat of her arousal even through their clothes. Harvie whimpered, his hips bucking back involuntarily as his cock grew to its full, throbbing size.

"I bet you've never felt a real pussy before, have you baby?" Carrie purred, sliding one hand down to palm Harvie's erection through his pants. "Mommy's cunt is so hot and slick and ready for this big dick. I'd take every inch of you, all the way in. You'd stretch me out so good."

Harvie gasped as his mother squeezed his aching cock, his arousal overriding his shock and embarrassment. "M-Mom," he stammered, his face flushed and his breathing ragged. "We can't... I mean... what about dad?"

Carrie grinned mischievously, giving Harvie's rigid bulge a stare from over his shoulder. "Oh, don't you worry about your father, sweetie. Mommy knows just how to handle him."

Later that evening, after dinner, Carrie approached her husband Jim as he sat in his recliner watching TV. She perched on the arm of the

chair and ran her fingers through his hair affectionately. "Honey, can we talk for a minute?" she asked, her tone gentle but serious.

Jim muted the TV and looked up at his wife, noting the pensive expression on her face. "Of course, baby. What's on your mind?"

Carrie took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "Jim, I've been thinking a lot lately about my relationship with Harvie. He's growing up so fast, and I feel like we're drifting apart. I don't want to lose that special bond we've always had."

Jim nodded, his brow furrowing in concern. "I understand, honey. It's tough when they start to pull away as teenagers. But I'm sure Harvie still loves you just as much."

"I know he does," Carrie said, smiling softly. "But I think we need to find new ways to connect, to share in each other's interests. And lately, I've noticed that Harvie and I have been... curious about similar things."

"Oh?" Jim asked, his curiosity piqued. "Like what?"

Carrie bit her lip, glancing away briefly before meeting her husband's eyes. "Sexual things," she said quietly, letting the words hang in the air. "Pleasurable things."

Jim's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Sexual things?" he repeated, a hint of disbelief in his voice. "With Harvie? Honey, I don't know if that's appropriate..."

"I know it sounds shocking at first," Carrie said soothingly, stroking Jim's cheek. "But I've been doing a lot of reading on the subject. In many cultures throughout history, it was common for mothers to be their sons' first sexual partners. It was seen as a loving way to teach them about pleasure and intimacy."

Jim looked conflicted, torn between his knee-jerk reaction of disapproval and his desire to keep an open mind. "I don't know, Carrie," he said slowly. "It just seems so taboo. I mean, he's our son..."

"Exactly," Carrie said, her voice growing more impassioned. "He's our flesh and blood. Who could love him more or be more gentle and nurturing with him than his own mother? I would never do anything to hurt Harvie. I just want to express my love for him in a new, deeper way."

Jim frowned, still looking uncertain. "I don't know, honey. Even just touching each other like that seems to be crossing a line. He's our teenage son, for God's sake."

Carrie gave him a patient smile. "I understand your hesitation, darling. But it would be very innocent, I promise. Just a loving mother helping her son explore his natural urges in a safe environment. Think of it like teaching him to drive - there may be a few bumps along the way, but it's so much better he learns from someone who truly cares about his well-being."

She leaned in closer, her breasts pressing against Jim's arm as she spoke in a low, soothing voice. "I know it's an unconventional idea, but just imagine how much it could strengthen the bond between me and Harvie. He's at such an impressionable age, I'd hate for him to start exploring his sexuality with some inexperienced girl who could hurt him emotionally. If his own mother lovingly guides him, think how much more confident and secure he'll be."

Jim shifted in his chair, looking more uncertain than scandalized now. Carrie could tell he was starting to waver. She pressed her advantage, running her fingers along his thigh.

"It would only be some mild touching and petting, darling. All very chaste and above the clothes. You know I'd never let things go too far." She kissed his cheek softly, letting her lips linger. "I'm his mother, Jim. Let me be there

for our son in every way he needs. Trust me to handle this delicately, with Harvie's best interests at heart."

Jim sighed heavily, rubbing his face. He was silent for a long moment, clearly wrestling with himself. Finally, he met Carrie's hopeful gaze, his eyes filled with reluctant acceptance.

"Okay, fine," he said quietly. "I still don't know if I'm entirely comfortable with it, but I trust you. If you really think this is what's best for Harvie, I won't stand in your way. Just...be careful with him, alright? Don't let it go too far."

Carrie beamed at him, her heart soaring with triumph. "Of course, darling. I'll be the very picture of maternal restraint." She kissed him deeply, her tongue teasing along his lip. "Thank you for keeping an open mind. I love you so much."

Carrie had made a habit of surreptitiously peeking in on Harvie's room around the time he usually pleased himself each night. She loved watching her son's huge, veiny cock erupt with geyser-like streams of hot cum as he stroked himself to climax, imagining it was her fingers, mouth or pussy bringing him to such ecstasy.

Tonight, just before his usual wank session, Carrie sent Harvie a tantalizing text: "Hey naughty boy, want Mommy's hand to do all the work tonight? Come find me, I'll be waiting..."

Harvie's heart raced as he read the message, his cock already stiffening in anticipation. He crept silently through the darkened house, following the trail of his mother's carelessly discarded clothing - a skirt draped over the

banister, silky blouse left in a puddle in the hallway. The enticing bread crumbs led him to the downstairs guest room.

Harvie's breath caught in his throat as he spotted his mother across the large guest room. Carrie stared back at him with smoldering, half-lidded eyes, a seductive smile playing at her lips. Then she turned and slithered

into the open closet door, her voluptuous ass barely covered by a skimpy lace thong that left little to the imagination. The flimsy fabric was wedged deep between her succulent ass cheeks, framing the mouth-watering globes perfectly.

Harvie swallowed hard, his cock achingly erect as he watched his mother's sexy, graceful legs carry her into the shadowy closet. He

crossed the room in a trance, drawn to her intoxicating feminine charms like a moth to a flame. As he reached the threshold, a slender hand shot out from the darkness and yanked him inside forcefully.

Harvie stumbled into the closet, engulfed by the warm, perfumed air. Before his eyes could adjust, he felt his mother's lush, nearly naked body press against him, her huge, heavy breasts pillowing against his chest.

Her nimble fingers made quick work of Harvie's shirt and pants, undressing him with a lustful urgency. Soon he stood before her in just his briefs, his massive erection straining obscenely against the cotton fabric. Carrie licked her lips as she eyed the mouth-watering bulge.

"Ohhh!" the mother purred as she pulled Harvie down onto her. She perched on a sturdy packing box, caging his slim hips between her smooth, shapely thighs. Her skimpy thong did nothing to conceal the radiating heat of her aroused sex. She flashed him a feral, hungry smile as she took his wrist and brought his trembling hand up to cover her massive, bra-clad breast.

Harvie gasped as he felt the weight and warmth of his mother's enormous, supple tit beneath his fingers. The flimsy lace did little to disguise her rock hard nipple pressing into his palm. Carrie purred in approval, arching her back slightly to push more of her ample flesh into his touch.

Her other hand snaked down between their bodies to boldly cup the throbbing bulge in Harvie's underwear. He let out a choked moan as his mom roughly fondled his aching cock-meat through the thin cotton, her fingers tracing the thick, pulsing shaft from base to tip.

"Mmmm, baby," Carrie breathed, her voice dripping with maternal lust. She gave a firm squeeze around Harvie's trapped erection, making him buck helplessly into her groping fingers. His own hand reflexively tightened on her breast, sinking into the pillowy softness.

Carrie began stroking Harvie through his briefs, rubbing the drooling, cotton-covered head with her thumb on every upstroke. Harvie whimpered, his hips involuntarily humping into his mother's perverted caress. The taboo friction combined with the pressure of her strong thighs clamped around him was almost too intense to bear.

"That's it, baby boy," Carrie cooed, pumping his dick faster, fondling his swollen balls. "Hump Mommy's hand. I want to feel how desperate you are for my touch. I'm going to make you cum so hard for me."

Helpless to resist, lost in a haze of forbidden pleasure, Harvie rutted shamelessly against his mother's stroking fingers, the crotch of his underwear growing damp with pre-cum. He used his free hand to clumsily grope Carrie's other breast, relishing the soft, pliant weight of her tits overflowing his palms.

The closet filled with the obscene wet sounds of Carrie fervently jerking her son through his briefs and Harvie's ragged, panting breaths. The air was heavy with the musky scent of arousal.

The teen's cock throbbed and flexed eagerly against his mother's stroking fingers, the thin cotton briefs straining to contain his engorged flesh. His swollen cockhead wept copious amounts of sticky pre-goo, creating an expanding damp patch that clung to his frenulum. The cotton fabric was stretched taut, molding to every ridge and vein of his thick, pulsating shaft as it twitched and jumped with arousal.

Carrie marveled at the sheer size and hardness of her son's pulsing erection as she groped him roughly. She could feel every intimate detail of his hot, meaty cock even through the underwear - the way his inflamed glans flared out from the thick shaft, the throbbing of the fat dorsal vein running along the top, the heavy fullness of his cum-laden balls.

Her mouth watered with the desire to yank his briefs down and worship his magnificent teenage cock properly with her lips and tongue. She ached to trace every inch of his silky smooth skin and

bulging veins with her mouth, to swirl her tongue around the leaking slit of his cockhead and lap up every drop of his succulent pre-cum. She desperately wanted to slobber all over his balls, sucking each one between her lips.

But she restrained herself, remembering her promise to Jim to keep things relatively chaste. Instead, she worked Harvie's trapped erection faster, stroking him base to tip and grinding the heel of her palm against his throbbing cockhead on every upstroke.

Harvie groaned and shuddered, his grip on Carrie's huge tits tightening reflexively. The dual sensations of his mother's expert handjob through the clinging fabric and the plush tit-flesh overflowing his squeezing fingers was driving him wild with pleasure. The taboo thrill of engaging in such lewd acts with his own mom only heightened his feverish arousal.

"Oh, Mom!" Harvie gasped, his slim hips bucking to fuck his mother's stroking fist. "Your hand feels so good! I'm gonna... I'm getting close!"

"That's it, baby!" Carrie purred, pumping his dick even faster, fondling his balls. "Cum for Mommy! Soak these briefs with your hot, sticky load. I wanna feel you pulsing and twitching and throbbing as you make a huge mess for me!"

With a strangled cry, Harvie's cock flexed and jerked wildly in his mother's hand as he exploded in climax. Carrie moaned in delight as she felt her son's dick swell and pulse, the first shot of semen jetting out to immediately soak through the cotton and coat her fingers in wetness.

Spurt after massive spurt of thick, potent cum gushed from Harvie's spasming cock, flooding the front of the boy's briefs with a spreading wet patch. His teenage cock bucked and throbbed against his mother's groping fingers as he pumped out what felt like an endless eruption of semen, his heavy balls drawing up tight.

Carrie milked her son through the intense climax, rubbing and squeezing his spurting cock as it kicked and pulsed. She reveled in

the warm wetness seeping through the cotton and coating her fingers, the sheer volume of cum her son was producing.

"That's my good boy," she purred, stroking him from root to tip, wringing out every last drop. "Give Mommy all that hot, sticky cream. Mmm, you made such a big mess in your undies, baby."

Harvie shuddered and whimpered as the final weak spurts dribbled out, leaving his briefs totally soaked with cum. As his softening cock slipped from his mother's grasp, he looked down and flushed with embarrassment

at the obscene wet spot covering his crotch and the pearly streaks coating Carrie's fingers.

His mom brought her cum-glazed hand to her mouth, making a show of licking Harvie's essence from her skin. "Mmmm, yummy," she moaned, sucking a finger between her plump lips. "My baby boy tastes so good."

Dazed from his explosive orgasm, Harvie watched in awe as his mother cleaned her hand of his spunk. His spent cock twitched at the depraved sight. Carrie grinned at him, giving his softened package a parting caress.

"Alright sweetie, let's get you upstairs so you can clean up and get ready for bed," she said, standing and straightening her thong where it had shifted during their activities. "We'll continue our affection tomorrow."

Over the next several days, Carrie and Harvie fell into a routine of nightly "bonding sessions". Each time, Carrie would grope and stroke her son to a messy climax in his underwear while allowing him to paw at her barely covered breasts. She kept her promise to Jim, never going beyond heavy petting, but she made sure Harvie experienced mind-blowing pleasure each time.

Unbeknownst to both Carrie and Harvie, Jim's curiosity got the better of him one evening. He crept downstairs and peeked into the guest

room closet, his eyes widening at the shadowy silhouettes of his wife and son's writhing forms.

He watched, transfixed, as Carrie's hand pumped vigorously between Harvie's legs while his son groped her huge, bra-clad tits. He could hear his son's moans and whimpers of pleasure, and his wife's encouraging coo.

Jim stood frozen, his heart clenching as he watched his wife's wanton display. Carrie was panting and mewling with undisguised lust as she clung to their teenage son, her hand flying over the obscene bulge in Harvie's briefs. Her eyes were wide and glazed with hunger, her huge tits practically spilling out of her bra as Harvie pawed at them roughly.

The wet, slick sounds of Carrie's stroking fingers on the pre-cum soaked cotton seemed to echo in the closet. The air was thick with the musky scent of arousal - Harvie's drooling cock and Carrie's gushing pussy. Jim could hardly believe the debauched scene before him. His sweet wife was shamelessly bringing their son off like a horny coed, rather than a loving mother.

As he watched, Harvie let out a guttural moan, his slim hips jerking as he unloaded in his underwear. Carrie squealed in delight, pumping her fist faster, milking her boy through his climax. The wet spot on Harvie's crotch expanded obscenely as he hosed down the inside of his briefs with shot after shot of teen cum.

"That's it, baby!" Carrie purred, squeezing out every drop. "Give Mommy that hot seed! Ooh, you made such a sticky mess!"

Jim's stomach churned, his heart breaking at the euphoric glee on his wife's face, the way her eyes shone with satisfaction at wringing such a huge, illicit load from their son. He stumbled back from the doorway, his head spinning, a confusing mix of hurt, anger and shameful arousal warring within him.

The next evening after dinner, Carrie approached Jim with a serious but caring expression. "Honey, can we talk for a minute? It's about Harvie."

Jim tensed, his mind flashing guiltily to the debauched scene he had witnessed the night before. He nodded stiffly, not trusting his voice.

Carrie sat beside him, placing a soothing hand on his knee. "I've been thinking a lot about how we can keep building trust and openness with Harvie as he explores his sexuality. I know what we've been doing is unconventional, but I truly believe it's bringing us closer as a family."

Jim swallowed hard, trying to reconcile his wife's earnest tone with the wanton display he'd spied on. "I don't know, Carrie," he said hoarsely. "What you're doing with him... it seems to be going beyond just innocent bonding."

Carrie squeezed his knee, her eyes soft and imploring. "I know it may look that way from the outside. But Jim, I promise, it's still very chaste, very loving. I'm just trying to be there for our son in a way that meets his needs at this confusing age."

She paused, seeming to gather her thoughts. "In fact, I think we may need to go a step further to really cement that trust and openness between us."

Jim's brow furrowed. "Further? Carrie, I don't know if I'm comfortable with..."

"Just hear me out," Carrie interrupted gently. "I've been doing more research, and many experts say that oral stimulation can be a very natural and healthy part of a mother-son bond. It's an intimate, nurturing act that shows a young man there's nothing shameful about his body or his urges."

Jim gaped at her, aghast. "You want to put our son's penis in your mouth? Carrie, that's... that's a line we can't uncross."

"I know it sounds shocking at first, honey. But if you really think about it... is it that different from me using my hand? It's still just loving, maternal touch, no actual sex. I'd simply be using my lips and tongue to give Harvie pleasure and help him feel good about his sexuality."

Jim shook his head, trying to process his wife's justifications. "I don't know, Carrie. Mouths, genitals... it seems a bridge too far."

Carrie stroked his arm soothingly. "I understand your hesitation, darling. But think about it – Harvie's gonna start dating soon. He'll be using that penis with girls, putting it in their mouths, their vaginas. Wouldn't you rather he first experience oral pleasure in a safe, loving environment with someone he trusts implicitly? It could make him so much more confident and secure when the time comes."

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her tone soft but insistent. "I want to do this for our son, Jim. I want him to have the most loving, nurturing introduction to oral pleasure possible before he's out there navigating the minefield of hookup culture. Please trust that I have Harvie's best interests at heart."

Jim sat in silence for a long moment, his mind reeling. As much as the idea unsettled him, he couldn't deny there was a certain logic to Carrie's arguments. And he had to admit, the taboo mental images her words conjured sent a shameful spark of heat through his gut.

Finally, he let out a shuddering sigh, meeting Carrie's hopeful gaze. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but... okay. If you really think it will help Harvie in the long run, I'll try to keep an open mind about it. But please, Carrie, be careful. Don't let it go too far."

Carrie beamed at him, her eyes shining with grateful adoration. "Of course, darling. I knew you'd understand." She leaned in and captured his lips in a deep, sensual kiss, her tongue teasing his. "You're an amazing father, Jim. Harvie is so lucky to have your support as he becomes a man."

The next morning, Carrie met her neighbor Linda for coffee at a quaint cafe near their houses. The two attractive MILFs settled into a corner booth, eager to catch up on the latest developments with their strapping teenage sons.

"So," Linda began with a conspiratorial grin, leaning in close. "How are things going with you and Harvie? Any more... intimate bonding lately?"

Carrie smirked, sipping her latte. "Oh, you could say that. In fact, I finally convinced Jim to let me take things to the next level with Harvie's 'life lessons'."

Linda's eyes widened. "No way! You mean..."

"Oral," Carrie confirmed with a wicked gleam in her eye. "I'm gonna start sucking my baby boy's big cock. You know, really show him the ropes before he starts dating."

"Holy shit, Carrie!" Linda gasped, fanning herself dramatically. "I can't believe you talked Jim into that! Dan would never go for something so taboo with our Luke, even though I'm dying to wrap my lips around that kid's huge dick."

Carrie chuckled. "Well, it didn't happen overnight. I had to ease Jim into the idea. Started with just over-the-clothes petting, letting Harvie fondle my tits while I stroked him off. Mmm, you should see the massive loads he blows every time, Linda. Absolutely drenches his briefs."

Linda moaned softly, squirming in her seat. "Fuck, that's hot. I've spied Luke's cum-soaked boxers in the hamper. Always makes me cream my panties imagining his big fat cock spurting like a fountain."

"Right?" Carrie grinned wickedly. "And now I get to watch it happen up close and personal. Suck all that hot teen jizz right down my throat. I can't wait to feel Harvie's huge dick pulsing on my tongue as he fills my mouth with cream."

"God, you lucky bitch," Linda pouted playfully. "What I wouldn't give to have Luke's beautiful cock stretching my lips, fucking my face. He's so thick, I bet he'd make me gag on it."

"Mmm, I'm sure you'd do your best to swallow every inch like a good mommy," Carrie purred. "Bury your nose in his pubes while he shoots straight down your throat."

The two horny mothers shared a giggle, their faces flushed and their nipples visibly poking against their shirt on the peaks of their giant

tits. They were both getting wet just talking about the depraved things they wanted to do with their sons' cocks.

"Seriously though, I'm impressed you got Jim on board," Linda said, shaking her head. "Dan is still being a total stick in the mud about me doing anything sexual with Luke."

"Anything?"

"Yeah, I asked him if I could just kiss on Luke's body," Linda answered. "Maybe lay on top of him and lick his neck a little bit. Dan acted like I was asking to rape the kid."

Carrie leaned forward, her expression both sympathetic and conspiratorial. "Listen, Linda. You need to just chip away at Dan's reservations, just like I

did with Jim. Start small - ask if you can give Luke relaxing, maternal massages. Once Dan's used to that, maybe ask about kissing or fondling. Normalize that intimate contact."

Linda nodded eagerly, hanging on Carrie's every word. Carrie continued, "Then, when the time is right, sit Dan down for a heartfelt talk. Lay it on thick about how you just want to guide Luke into sexual maturity in a safe, loving way before he starts fucking inexperienced girls. Mention how many of his friends' moms are probably already blowing them. Make Dan feel like he's depriving Luke if he doesn't let you suck that sweet cock."

"God yes," Linda breathed, practically squirming out of her seat. "I'll tell Dan that Luke will be a much more confident, responsible man if his own mother teaches him the joys of oral pleasure. It's downright neglectful if we don't get that big dick in my mouth, pronto!"

Carrie grinned wickedly. "Exactly. And don't be afraid to get a little weepy, let Dan comfort you. 'I just wanna bond with my baby boy in every way possible before he leaves the nest! Is that so wrong?' Really twist the knife."

"Fuck, Carrie, you're an evil genius!" Linda cackled. "Dan won't know what hit him. That man is putty in my hands when I turn on the

waterworks."

"Mmm, soon you'll have Luke's thick cock as putty in your hands too," Carrie purred. "And between those pretty cocksucker lips. Maybe Dan will even want to watch his hot wife slobbering all over his son's big meat, once he accepts the idea."

"Ugh, I'm drenched just thinking about it," Linda moaned. "Oh God, I wanna feel Luke's heavy balls drawing up tight against my chin as he blasts a huge load straight down my throat. I'll suck that boy dry anytime he needs release."

"That's what good mommies do," Carrie said, giving Linda's hand a squeeze. "We satisfy our sons' every need, drain those full balls so they can focus in school. It's downright maternal to nurse on our babies' big dicks."

The two oversexed mothers shared a lustful giggle, their cunts throbbing and dripping at the taboo images. They could scarcely wait to wrap their

lips around their strapping sons' huge teenage cocks and milk out every drop of hot, virile seed. No matter what they had to do to convince their husbands, those MILFs were determined to swallow their own sons' cum, the ultimate forbidden bond between mom and son.

When Harvie arrived home from school that day, Carrie was waiting for him with a seductive gleam in her eye. She knew they had a precious window of alone time before her other kids got home, and she intended to make the most of it.

As Harvie walked through the door, Carrie stood in the foyer and slowly, teasingly shucked her dress up and over her head. Harvie gulped as his eyes raked over his mother's voluptuous body, clad only in a lacy bra and panties that left little to the imagination.

"Come here, baby," Carrie purred, crooking a finger at him. "Mommy needs your help getting undressed the rest of the way."

Harvie approached on shaky legs, his heart hammering in his chest. Carrie turned her back to him, glancing coyly over her shoulder. "Go ahead, sweetie. Take off Mommy's bra."

With trembling fingers, Harvie reached out and fumbled with the clasp of his mother's bra. It sprang open and Carrie let the straps slide down her shoulders, baring her smooth, creamy back.

"That's it, just like that," she cooed encouragingly as Harvie nervously peeled the bra away to reveal the sides of her huge, heavy breasts. They quivered and swayed as she shrugged out of the lingerie entirely.

Next, Carrie hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her dainty G-string panties and began slowly shimmying them over the ripe curves of her hips. Inch by tantalizing inch, she revealed the perfect peach of her heart-shaped ass, the flimsy fabric catching teasingly between her plump cheeks.

Harvie felt lightheaded as he watched his mother's panties slither down her long, silky legs. Her delectable bubble butt jiggled and bounced as she stepped out of the scrap of lace, now fully nude before her awestruck son.

"Mmm, much better," Carrie purred, doing a little twirl to give Harvie an eyeful of her naked splendor from every angle. His eyes hungrily took in the mouthwatering globes of her ass, the drool-worthy swell of her heavy tits, the enticing patch of neatly trimmed fur at the join of her thighs.

Being a tit-obsessed teen, Harvie's eyes were as wide as saucers as he hungrily drank in the sight of his mother's colossal, wobbling breasts. The areolas were thickly textured and expansive, capping the jutting tittlesh like fleshy saucers. Her fat, rubbery nipples stood out like thimbles, engorged with arousal and begging to be sucked.

Carrie smirked at her son's awestruck expression, relishing his blatant ogling of her naked body. She sauntered closer, reaching out to slowly unbutton Harvie's shirt. "Now it's your turn, baby," she cooed. "Let Mommy unwrap you like a present."

Harvie stood stock-still, practically vibrating with anticipation as his mother's nimble fingers worked open his shirt and slid it off his shoulders. Next, she unfastened his jeans and tugged them down, leaving him in just his snug briefs. The cotton was tented obscenely by his throbbing erection, an unmistakable outline of his long, thick cock pressing against the fabric.

"Ooh, looks like someone's happy to see Mommy's titties!" Carrie purred, cupping Harvie's bulge and giving it a squeeze. He gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily into her touch.

With a wicked grin, Carrie yanked Harvie's underwear down in one swift motion. His enormous cock sprang free to slap heavily against his belly, the rigid shaft rising from a thin thatch of dark curls. It was fully engorged, an angry purple and pulsing with need, the broad head leaking copious pre cum.

"Mmmm, baby!" Carrie moaned appreciatively, wrapping her fingers around Harvie's thick cock and stroking it slowly. "Mommy loves your big, beautiful dick! I can't wait to taste it!"

Harvie's eyes went wide with shock. "T-taste it?" he stammered, hardly believing his ears.

"That's right, sweetie," Carrie purred, stroking his cock languidly. "I had a long talk with your father. He agreed it's time for Mommy to start sucking this beautiful cock. You know, give you a nice preview of what a blowjob feels like before you start dating."

Harvie couldn't believe what he was hearing. His own mother was going to put her mouth on his dick? And Dad was okay with it? His head spun with the taboo thrill, his cock throbbing eagerly in Carrie's grip.

"Come on, baby, let's get comfy," Carrie cooed, leading the dazed Harvie over to the living room sofa. She gently pushed him to sit back against the cushions, his raging hard-on jutting up obscenely. Then she sank gracefully to her knees between his splayed thighs, eyeing his cock like a starving woman at a buffet.

"Mmmm, you have such a gorgeous cock, Harvie," Carrie purred, running her fingers along the throbbing shaft. "Mommy can't wait to worship it with her mouth."

Harvie whimpered, his entire body tensing as his mom leaned in and extended her long tongue. She started at the root, slowly dragging the flat of her licker up the sensitive underside of his shaft. Harvie shuddered, his hands fisting the couch cushions. No one had ever licked his cock before. It felt electric, taboo, overwhelming.

Carrie lapped at her son's rigid pole like an ice cream cone, tracing every bulging vein and ridge with the tip of her tongue. She took her time, lavishing attention on his balls, sucking each one gently between her lips. Harvie squirmed and panted, fighting the urge to blast off immediately.

"Your cock tastes so yummy, baby," Carrie moaned, swirling her tongue around Harvie's leaking cockhead, savoring the salty-sweet flavor of his pre-

cum. "Mommy's gonna suck out so much delicious sperm, fill up her belly with your cream."

Harvie's head lolled back against the sofa, lost in a daze of pleasure as his mother licked his cock from root to tip over and over. She bathed every inch in her warm spit until his entire shaft glistened, pulsing and throbbing against her tongue.

"Please Mom," Harvie whined desperately, lifting his hips, trying to push his cock past her teasing licks.

"Mmm, such a polite boy, using his manners," Carrie purred. "Okay sweetie, Mommy will give you what you need."

With that, she parted her plump lips and slowly engulfed the broad head of Harvie's cock. They both moaned at the sensation - Harvie at the wet heat engulfing him, Carrie at the taste of her son's flesh filling her mouth. Her lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she sank down, taking him inch by thick inch.

Harvie watched in awe as his mother effortlessly swallowed his huge cock, her lips coming to rest against his pubes. He could feel the muscles of her throat fluttering and massaging the sensitive head as she held him deep. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before, a whole new world of pleasure.

Carrie held her teen's entire length in her mouth and throat for a long moment, savoring the raw intimacy of the act. There was something so forbidden, so deliciously taboo about having her own son's cock throbbing between her lips. She felt intoxicated with perverse lust, her neglected pussy gushing arousal down her thighs.

Slowly, she began to bob her head, establishing a sensual cock-sucking rhythm. Her plush lips dragged along Harvie's shaft, her tongue swirling and undulating against the sensitive underside. She puckered her cheeks, creating an exquisite suction that had Harvie seeing stars.

"Oh wow, Mom, your mouth..." Harvie babbled deliriously, lost in the wet, tight pleasure engulfing his cock. "It feels so good... oh god..."

Carrie moaned around her mouthful, the vibrations making Harvie's cock swell and twitch against her tongue. She began bobbing faster, taking him to the root on every down-stroke. Strings of saliva ran obscenely down her chin as she slurped and suckled, the wet sounds of her blowjob filling the living room.

She pushed herself, suppressing her gag reflex as she deep-throated Harvie with increasingly sloppy and enthusiastic slurps. Her eyes watered, her nose pressing into his pubes as she swallowed around the fat head lodged in her gullet. Drool ran freely from the corners of her stretched mouth, drenching Harvie's balls.

Harvie was in his own personal Nirvana, his entire universe contracted to his mother's hot, greedy mouth voraciously devouring his cock. He had never known such all-consuming pleasure was possible. His balls began to tighten, churning with a massive load as Carrie relentlessly pleased him with lips, tongue and throat.

"Mom, I'm gonna... you're gonna make me..." Harvie gasped desperately, his fingers tangling in her hair.

Harvie's swollen balls churned and tightened, drawing up close to his body as the semen began its journey. The sperm cells, produced in their millions deep within his testes, were swept along as his vas deferens and epididymis began to contract rhythmically.

Carrie felt Harvie's cock swell and pulse against her tongue, growing impossibly harder. She knew her boy was close. She doubled her efforts, slurping hungrily as she pistoned her lips along his throbbing shaft.

The first thick spurt of cum erupted from Harvie's balls, racing up the length of his shaft. It exploded from his engorged cockhead directly into Carrie's throat, a geyser of hot, sticky teenage seed.

Carrie moaned in ecstasy as Harvie's cock jerked and throbbed between her lips, ejaculating powerfully. Spurt after massive spurt of jizz flooded her mouth and throat, the virile semen hitting her tonsils and coating her

tongue. She swallowed convulsively around him, working to gulp down the huge load even as Harvie continued to spew like a rampaging hose.

The semen pumped up from Harvie's balls in long, ropey jets, his cock flexing and twitching with each spasm. The viscous fluid splashed across Carrie's palate and gushed down her greedy throat, flowing directly to her stomach. She swallowed and swallowed, determined to milk every drop and nourish herself on her son's sweet cream.

Harvie grunted and whimpered, his entire body wracked with tremors as the most intense orgasm of his young life ripped through him. His cock felt like it would never stop erupting, emptying what felt like gallons of backed up cum into his mother's slurping mouth.

Finally, the spurts began to weaken, tapering off into feeble dribbles. Carrie nursed devotedly at Harvie's softening cock, using her

tongue to tenderly lap up the last drops pearling at his tip. His shaft gave a few last feeble twitches between her lips, completely drained.

With a final slurp, Carrie let her boy's spent cock slip from her mouth. She sat back on her heels, panting, her lips swollen and glossy with saliva and cum. Her throat worked as she swallowed the last of his massive load, a look of utter satisfaction on her face.

"Mmmm, baby, that was incredible," she purred, licking her lips. "You taste so yummy. Mommy loves drinking down all your thick, creamy spunk. I can feel it in my tummy."

Harvie slumped bonelessly against the couch, dazed and spent. He couldn't believe what had just happened - but he loved every second of it.

Over the next few days, Jim began to notice subtle changes in his wife's behavior and appearance. There was a perpetual flush to her cheeks, a dreamy, faraway look in her eyes. And when she kissed him goodnight, he could swear he detected a faint, musky scent on her breath that was becoming all too familiar - the unmistakable aroma of semen.

Jim's stomach clenched as the realization hit him. That scent was from Harvie, from his own son's cum. He knew it with a sickening certainty. Carrie had been sucking their boy's cock, gulping down his loads, just like she'd convinced Jim to allow. The thought made him dizzy with a confusing mix of emotions - shock, disgust, shameful titillation.

He tried to rationalize it, reminding himself that he had agreed to this, that Carrie had assured him it was for Harvie's benefit. But actually being confronted with the reality of it, the physical evidence that his wife was swallowing their son's spunk, hit differently. It made the taboo act viscerally real in a way that mere knowledge of it happening behind closed doors did not.

One evening, Jim's fears were confirmed in the most graphic way possible. Carrie and Harvie had been sequestered away in the

master bathroom for a suspiciously long time. Feeling a growing unease, Jim finally approached the closed door, raising his hand to knock. But he froze when he heard the unmistakable sounds emanating from within.

Wet, sloppy slurps and muffled groans filtered through the door, sounds Jim recognized all too well from his own marital blowjobs. But there was a gluttonous, ravenous quality to the noises Carrie was making now, a primal hunger as she noisily devoured what could only be Harvie's young cock.

Jim's head swam as he listened to the depraved symphony - the obscene, wet suction of Carrie's lips, the gurgling as she hungrily swallowed, Harvie's gasping moans of pleasure. He knew he should walk away, that this was exactly what he had agreed to let happen. But some masochistic impulse kept him rooted to the spot, cock shamefully thickening as he eavesdropped on his wife slurping their son to orgasm.

"Oh Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Harvie's choked cry was followed by a long, guttural groan of ecstasy.

"Mmmmmpphh!" Carrie responded, the sound muffled and sloppy around what was obviously a mouthful of erupting cock. Jim could hear her greedily gulping, swallowing, the unmistakable sound of a massive load being gluttonously consumed.

That evening, the phone rang - it was Linda, practically squealing with excitement. "Carrie, oh my god! I did it! I finally convinced Dan to let me suck Luke's cock, just like you said!"

Carrie grinned, settling back against the pillows. "That's amazing, Linda! I'm so happy for you! Tell me everything, spare no detail. I wanna hear all about you slurping on that big teenage dick."

Linda sighed dreamily, her voice taking on a sultry purr. "Oh Carrie, it was everything I've fantasized about and more. I ambushed Luke as soon as he got home from school, pulled him into the laundry room and dropped to my knees."

"Oooh, so naughty!" Carrie giggled. "I bet he was shocked!"

"Completely stunned," Linda agreed. "But not for long. Once I fished out that gigantic cock and started licking, he got on board real quick. I swear Carrie, I almost fainted when I saw the size of him. He puts Dan to shame."

Carrie moaned softly, squeezing her thighs together as she listened. "Mmmm, I know what you mean. Harvie's cock is fucking massive. Stretches my lips so wide when I swallow him."

"God yes," Linda breathed. "I could barely fit Luke in my mouth at first. But I was determined. Took me a few tries, but I finally managed to cram the whole thing down my throat. Felt him throbbing against my tonsils as I deep throated that huge dick."

The two cock-hungry mothers traded slurps and moans over the phone as they recounted every sordid detail of sucking their sons' oversized shafts. They gushed about the taste of teenage pre-cum, the feeling of heavy balls drawing up tight, the sheer volume of semen pumped down their throats when their boys inevitably lost control.

"I swear, he erupted like a fucking geyser directly into my stomach," Linda panted, audibly frigging her clit as she relived the experience. "Just kept

spurting and spurting, feeding me that huge backed-up load. Felt like he'd never stop cumming!"

"Fuck yes, sounds like you drained those big swollen balls good," Carrie groaned, equally breathless as she fingered her sopping cunt. "Milked out every drop of that potent spunk. Such a good mommy, Linda, gulping down your baby boy's hot jizz."

They shamelessly masturbated together as they traded pointers and techniques, describing in graphic detail how they used lips, tongue, and throat to wring out the most intense orgasms from their sons' big cocks. By the time they hung up, both of their faces were glazed with drool, thighs sticky with pussy juice.

A few days later, Jim sat Carrie down for a serious talk, his face etched with concern. "Honey, I know I agreed to let you...do those things with Harvie. But I'm having second thoughts. It just feels like it's crossing a line, becoming too real."

Carrie reached out to stroke Jim's cheek, her expression compassionate but resolute. "Oh Jim, I know it's a lot to process. But we talked about this. Harvie needs me right now, needs this intimate guidance that only his mother can provide."

She shifted closer, taking Jim's hands in hers, her tone soothing and persuasive. "Think about how much more confident and self-assured Harvie has been lately. How he carries himself with a new maturity. That's because of the special bond we're nurturing. Because he feels safe and accepted exploring his sexuality with Mommy."

Jim sighed, looking conflicted. "I know, but..."

"Shhhh," Carrie cut him off gently. "I understand your reservations, darling. But to change course now, to suddenly close off that maternal intimacy... it would be so unfair to Harvie. So damaging and confusing for him. He's come to rely on our private time together."

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her eyes soft and beseeching. "Please Jim, don't ask me to take away something that means so much to our son, that's helping shape him into a mature and confident man. Let me continue to be there for Harvie in every way he needs his mother. I promise it's still innocent, still just loving guidance."

Jim closed his eyes, wrestling with himself. Carrie pressed on, her voice a soothing balm. "This is a pivotal time in Harvie's life. His sexual awakening. What kind of message would it send if we shut that down, make him feel ashamed and rejected? I can't bear the thought of scarring him that way."

She leaned in, resting her forehead against Jim's, her tone gentle but insistent. "Harvie needs me, Jim. Needs my love and acceptance and guidance. Please don't make me abandon our son when he needs his mother most. Trust that I have his best interests

at heart. That everything I'm doing is nurturing him, not harming him."

Jim took a shuddering breath, the fight draining out of him. Carrie's impassioned pleas, the conviction in her voice, wore down his resistance. He couldn't deny the positive changes he'd seen in Harvie's demeanor lately. And the thought of damaging his son, of making Harvie feel rejected and ashamed, made his heart clench.

"I...okay, Carrie," he relented, his voice heavy with resignation. "If you really think this is what's best for Harvie, what he needs... I won't interfere."

Carrie smiled at Jim gratefully, squeezing his hands. "Thank you for understanding, darling. I know this isn't easy, but your support means the world to me and Harvie." She paused, seeming to consider her next words carefully.

"In fact, Jim... I've been thinking. If we really want to cement this bond between me and Harvie, to make him feel totally accepted and confident... perhaps it's time to take things a step further."

Jim's brow furrowed. "Further? What do you mean?"

Carrie bit her lip, glancing away briefly before meeting Jim's gaze. "I mean... letting Harvie experience the ultimate physical expression of Mommy's love. Letting him make love to me, to be inside me."

Jim's eyes widened in shock. "Carrie! You can't be serious! I mean, oral stuff is one thing, but actual intercourse? With our son?"

"I know it sounds extreme," Carrie soothed, stroking Jim's arm. "But think about it, honey. Harvie is gonna be having sex soon, if not already. Wouldn't you rather his first time be with someone who loves him completely, who will be patient and gentle and giving?"

She gazed at Jim earnestly, her expression open and imploring. "I would be so careful with him, Jim. Guide him through it with all the love and tenderness a mother has for her child. Can you imagine how much it would boost his confidence, to know he's desirable and

capable of pleasing a woman? What a head start it would give him."

Jim looked torn, his face a mask of conflicting emotions. Carrie pressed on gently. "It would be the ultimate bonding experience for me and Harvie. Sharing that profound intimacy, connecting in the most primal way. He'd go out into the world so self-assured, so at ease with his sexuality."

She reached up to cup Jim's face, her thumb stroking his cheek. "I wanna give that gift to our son, Jim. The gift of my body, my love, my total acceptance and guidance. I wanna be his first, to make it beautiful for him. Please understand. I'm not doing this for me, but for Harvie."

Jim closed his eyes, looking pained. He was silent for a long moment, the wheels turning behind his eyes. Finally, he let out a long, shuddering sigh.

Jim shook his head vehemently. "No Carrie, I'm sorry but I can never be okay with you having actual sex with our son. Oral stuff was already pushing it, but fucking him? That's a bridge too far. I won't allow it."

Carrie's face crumpled, her eyes welling with tears. "I can't believe you, Jim," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "I thought you cared about Harvie's well-being and development more than this. More than your own baseless jealousy."

Jim gaped at her, stunned by the accusation. "Jealousy? Carrie, this has nothing to do with..."

"Doesn't it?" she cut him off sharply, wiping angrily at her tears. "You're putting your own selfish discomfort ahead of our son's needs. Ahead of giving him the most loving, nurturing initiation into manhood possible."

She shook her head, her expression etched with disappointment. "I really thought you'd evolved past this, Jim. That you trusted me to always put Harvie's best interests first. I guess I was wrong."

Jim shifted uncomfortably, guilt warring with his reservations. "Carrie, I do trust you. But full-on sex... it's just too much. I don't see how that can be justified as motherly guidance."

"Of course you don't," Carrie said bitterly. "Because you're not thinking about this from Harvie's perspective. About how much it would mean to him, to have his first time be with someone who loves him unconditionally. Who will be patient and giving and build up his confidence."

She fixed Jim with a pleading look, fresh tears spilling down her cheeks. "I'm his mother, Jim. I'm supposed to be his ultimate source of love and comfort and acceptance. How can I look Harvie in the eye and tell him that Mommy doesn't love him enough to give him this profound gift? That Daddy won't let Mommy fully be there for him in his journey to manhood?"

Jim closed his eyes, his resolve crumbling under Carrie's emotional onslaught. He pictured his son's face, the potential hurt and rejection and shame. The image twisted his heart. Was he being selfish? Putting his own hang-ups ahead of Harvie's emotional and sexual development?

"Please, Jim," Carrie pressed through her tears. "Please don't ask me to withhold my deepest love from my baby boy. Don't make me damage him that way. Let me be the mother he needs, in every sense of the word."

Jim's shoulders slumped in defeat, utterly emotionally battered by his wife's pleas. "I...Christ, Carrie. I don't... I can't..." He sighed heavily, sounding exhausted. "Fine. If you really think this is what Harvie needs...if you really think there's no other way then do what you need to do."

Carrie threw her arms around Jim, hugging him tightly. "Thank you, darling," she murmured against his neck. "Thank you for being so understanding, so supportive of Harvie's needs. I know this isn't easy, but you're doing the right thing. Putting our son's well-being first."

She pulled back, gazing at Jim with watery, grateful eyes. "I promise, this is only about nurturing Harvie's development. Giving him the most loving, positive introduction to sex possible. You'll see, he'll blossom from having his mother's total devotion and intimacy."

Jim nodded weakly, looking defeated but resigned. "I trust you, Carrie. I don't like it, but I trust that you truly believe this is what's best for Harvie."

Carrie smiled, stroking his cheek. "It is, Jim. Our boy is gonna grow into such a confident, emotionally mature man because of this. You'll be so proud of the unbreakable bond between mother and son."

The next morning, Carrie met Linda for coffee, a wicked gleam in her eye as she relayed the latest developments. "I finally wore Jim down," she announced triumphantly. "He agreed to let me go all the way with Harvie. I get to be my baby boy's first fuck!"

Linda's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock and envy. "No way! Carrie, you lucky bitch! I can't believe you actually convinced Jim to let you fuck your son!"

Carrie laughed, stirring her latte. "Oh please, it was easy. Men are so simple. You just have to know which buttons to push." She smirked conspiratorially. "A few crocodile tears, some dramatic hand-wringing about 'Harvie's needs'... Jim folded like a cheap suit. He practically begged me to screw our son by the end."

"Fuck, I'm so jealous," Linda pouted. "I've been working on Dan for days but he won't budge past blowjobs. I'm dying to feel Luke's big cock split me open."

"You'll wear him down eventually," Carrie reassured. "Just keep hammering the emotional angle. Make him feel like a monster for 'withholding' your love from Luke." She grinned wickedly. "And in the meantime, enjoy throating that young dick. Savor every drop of cum your baby feeds you."

Linda shivered, squeezing her thighs together. "Mmmm, I do love guzzling Luke's sweet loads. But I won't be satisfied until I'm riding him, letting him pump me full of spunk. I want to give my boy the ultimate Mommy experience."

"And you will," Carrie said confidently. "One way or another, us moms always get what we want. Our husbands just can't help but fold."

That evening after dinner, Carrie approached Jim with a new request, her expression carefully neutral. "Honey, I've been thinking... with this new level of intimacy between me and Harvie, it might be good for us to have some more privacy. You know, so we can really focus on nurturing that bond without distractions or interruptions."

Jim's brow furrowed, not liking where this was heading. "What exactly are you suggesting?"

She took a deep breath, reaching out to place a hand on Jim's arm. "I think it would be best if you and Harvie switched bedrooms for a little while. Just temporarily, so he and I can have a private space to explore this new dynamic."

Jim's eyes widened in disbelief, his jaw clenching. "You want me to give up our marital bed so you can fuck our son in it? Are you serious right now?"

Carrie's expression remained calm and reasonable in the face of Jim's rising agitation. "Jim, please. It's not about that. It's about creating a safe, intimate environment for Harvie to feel totally comfortable opening up to me, body and soul. The marital bed can create that sort of setting for him."

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her voice softening. "I know it's an inconvenience for you, and I'm sorry for that. But this is about putting Harvie's needs first, remember? Giving him every possible comfort and reassurance as he takes this huge step in his development."

Seeing her husband's mind working, Carrie continued to barrage him with logical reasons for the new arrangement. "Think about our other kids," she stated. "You don't want them to see me constantly going into Harvie's bedroom and wondering what we're doing, do you?"

Jim shook his head, looking away in frustration. He was silent for a long moment, wrestling with himself. Finally, he let out a heavy sigh. "I don't like this, Carrie. I really don't. It feels like you're pushing me out of my own bedroom, my own marriage, for this twisted thing with Harvie."

Carrie moved closer, cupping Jim's face and forcing him to meet her earnest gaze. "Jim, no. That's not it at all. I'm not pushing you out, I'm trying to create space for our son's emotional growth. This is about Harvie, not you and me."

She stroked his cheek soothingly, her voice a gentle coo. "It won't be permanent, darling. Just a temporary arrangement so I can give Harvie my full focus during this pivotal time. Once he's gained his confidence and feels secure in his sexuality, things will go back to normal. I promise."

Jim's shoulders slumped, the fight draining out of him yet again under his wife's persuasive pleas. "You swear it's only temporary? That I'm not losing my place in this marriage, in this bed, for good?"

"Of course, Jim," Carrie assured, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. "You're not losing anything. We're just making room for Harvie's needs, for a little while. I would never push you out, my love."

That evening, Jim watched with a heavy heart as Carrie led Harvie down the hall towards the master bedroom, her arm draped possessively around their son's waist. Harvie looked nervous but excited, a tent already forming in his pants at the prospect of finally losing his virginity to his own mother.

Once inside the bedroom, Carrie shut the door firmly, wanting total privacy for Harvie's first time. She turned to her son with a warm, reassuring smile, taking both his hands in hers.

"Before we start, baby, I thought we could make this extra special by leaving some of it up to chance," she purred, guiding Harvie to sit on the edge of the

bed. "Mommy read in her magazine that it can be really fun and spontaneous for new lovers to randomly select positions to try."

Harvie gulped, nodding eagerly. The idea of letting fate decide how he would take his mother for the first time was incredibly thrilling. His cock throbbed in anticipation.

Carrie reached into the bedside table and withdrew a glass bowl filled with folded slips of paper. "I wrote down a bunch of positions on these," she explained with a wink. "We'll each draw one, and that's how we'll make love for the first round. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

"Y-yeah," Harvie agreed, his voice cracking slightly. He was so turned on he could barely think straight.

Smiling, Carrie held out the bowl to Harvie. "You pick first, sweetie. Let's see what Mommy's in for."

With a trembling hand, Harvie reached in and selected a paper, unfolding it to read. "Cowgirl," he announced, his eyes widening at the image that popped into his head - his mother riding his cock, her huge tits bouncing in his face.

"Oooh, fun!" Carrie cooed. "Mommy gets to be on top first. I can't wait to bounce on your huge cock, baby."

She set the bowl aside and began slowly stripping off her clothes, revealing her voluptuous body inch by tantalizing inch. Harvie watched in awe as his mother's massive breasts spilled free of her bra, her rosy nipples already stiff with arousal.

The mother grinned devilishly at her boy embarrassed expression as she peeled the tiny triangle of lacy fabric from her crotch, revealing her freshly waxed pussy.

"There's no more, um...hair down there," Harvie gulped.

"Mommy got a Brazilian wax today," Carrie stated, running two fingers along the smooth, puffy flanges to each side of her dark cuntal cleft. "She's completely bald now for her baby boy and our special first time together."

Naked, Carrie crawled onto the bed, pushing Harvie onto his back and straddling his hips. She ground her wet, naked pussy against the bulge in his pants, smirking as her son groaned and twitched beneath her.

"Mmm, feels like you're more than ready for me," she purred, reaching down to unbuckle Harvie's pants and free his straining cock. His teenage meat sprang up, slapping against his belly, flushed a deep red and leaking copiously from the swollen tip.

The shameless mother grasped Harvie's throbbing erection at the base, giving it a few slow pumps. Then she angled it towards her dripping slit, rubbing the broad, spongy head against her engorged clit. Electric pleasure jolted through them both at the first touch of cock to pussy.

"Ohhhh fuck, baby," Carrie moaned wantonly, swirling her hips to slide her slick folds along Harvie's cockhead, smearing his sticky pre-honey along her vestibule. "Mommy needs this big dick inside her right now."

Holding him steady, she began to sink down, stretching her tight cunt around the flared, shiny-skinned tip. Inch by inch, she impaled herself on her son's huge sex-organ, groaning in ecstasy as he filled and stretched her like never before.

"Oh my god, Mom!" Harvie gasped, his eyes rolling back at the exquisite sensation of his mother's scorching hot, velvety walls engulfing him. "You're so tight! Unghhhh!"

Carrie smirked down at him, enjoying the dazed, slack-jawed look of pleasure on her boy's face. She knew her cunt was a dick-milking marvel, and she couldn't wait to show Harvie what it could do.

Once she had taken every thick, sinewy inch, Carrie paused, savoring the feeling of absolute fullness. Harvie was sheathed to the hilt inside her, his ballooning glans throbbing against her cervix. She felt deliciously stuffed and stretched in the best way.

After a moment, she began to move, lifting up until just the tip remained inside before slamming back down to the root. Harvie cried out sharply, his

hands flying to grip his mother's undulating hips as she started bouncing on his cock hard and fast.

Carrie rode her son with wild abandon, her huge tittie-melons jiggling and swaying hypnotically with every roll of her hips. The loud, wet slaps of her meaty ass against Harvie's thighs filled the room as she impaled herself over and over on his thick pole.

"Take Mommy's cunt, baby!" Carrie growled, grinding her clit against Harvie's pelvis as she gyrated in his lap. "Ungh, fuck, you're stretching me so good! Filling me up just right!"

Harvie could only thrash and moan helplessly as his mother used his strong, unyielding cock for her pleasure, slamming herself down onto him with brutal pace. He'd never felt anything so amazing in his life. His mother's pussy was grabbing and squeezing his shaft like a hot, silken fist.

Carrie's tits bounced wildly, the heavy globes rippling with each collision of their bodies. Her diamond-hard nipples pointed straight at her son, mesmerizing him as they danced lewdly.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming already!" the mother gasped.

Harvie was utterly entranced by the erotic spectacle of his mother's orgasm. Her voluptuous body undulated and writhed above him as the intense pleasure ripped through her. Her head was thrown back, eyes screwed shut, plump lips parted in a silent scream of ecstasy.

In that moment, the teenager saw his mother in a whole new light - not just as his loving, nurturing mom, but as a sexual being, a goddess of carnal delights. The way her huge tits bounced and

swayed, the flush of arousal painting her skin, the uninhibited look of rapture on her face... it was the most exciting thing Harvie had ever witnessed.

As Carrie came on Harvie's cock, her already vice-tight cunt clamped down even harder, rippling and grasping along his shaft. Her molten walls fluttered, milking him with rhythmic pulses. Hot juices gushed around his pumping cock, drenching his balls and thighs as she squirted with abandon.

The added pressure and slick friction quickly pushed Harvie past the point of no return. With a strangled groan, he slammed his mother down onto his

cock one final time and exploded deep inside her spasming pussy. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged what felt like a gallon of hot, thick cum directly into Carrie's womb.

"Oh god Mom, I'm cumming in you! I'm cumming hard!" Harvie wailed, his eyes rolling back in his head as indescribable pleasure consumed him.

Shot after shot of potent boy-seed pumped into Carrie's hungry cunt as Harvie's orgasm seemed to go on forever. Each eruption of cum triggered another grasping spasm of Carrie's pussy, the velvety walls milking him for every drop. The sensation was so intense, Harvie's toes literally curled as he emptied his balls into his mother's depths.

"That's it, baby!" Carrie cried, grinding down to take Harvie even deeper as he geysered inside her. "Give Mommy all your hot cum! Fill me up with it!"

The dirty talk combined with the taboo thrill of ejaculating inside his own mother pushed Harvie to new heights of ecstasy. He thrust up mindlessly, whimpering and shaking as Carrie's rippling cunt wrung out every last drop of his sizeable load.

Finally, the boy collapsed back onto the bed, totally spent, his softening cock still buried in Carrie's cream-filled pussy. Carrie collapsed on top of him, both of them panting and trembling in the aftermath of their mind blowing mutual climax.

After a few minutes of basking in the afterglow, Carrie gently lifted herself off Harvie's spent cock. A river of their combined juices gushed out of her stretched hole, coating Harvie's softening shaft and balls.

"Mmm, why don't you run down to the kitchen and grab us some water, baby," Carrie purred, giving Harvie's slick dick a parting squeeze. "When you get back, we can draw another position from the bowl for round two."

Harvie nodded eagerly, the idea of letting fate decide how he'd take his mother next incredibly arousing. He slid out of bed on wobbly legs, pulling on his underwear and t-shirt before padding downstairs.

In the kitchen, Harvie was filling two glasses with ice water when Jim walked in, looking haggard. He did a double take when he saw his son's disheveled appearance - the just-fucked hair, the flush of exertion, the unmistakable musky scent clinging to him. His stomach clenched as the reality of what had just transpired upstairs sank in.

"Oh, hey Dad," Harvie greeted awkwardly, shifting from foot to foot. "I was just getting mom and I some water."

There was an uncomfortable beat of silence before Harvie continued. "Can I ask you something, dad?"

"Sure, what's up?" Jim replied, not sure if he wanted to hear his son's question.

"Is it normal for a girl to like, gush a bunch of liquid on your penis during sex? Mom did it twice and it was crazy wet..."

Jim's face blanched, a wave of nausea rolling through him at the thought of his wife's pussy juices flooding their son's cock. He swallowed thickly, trying to compose himself enough to respond.

"Uh, yeah, that's called 'squirting', son," Jim explained hoarsely. "Some women expel fluid during orgasm. It's perfectly normal."

Harvie nodded, looking relieved. "Oh cool. It felt amazing! I can't wait to see what other ways Mom wants to do it."

Jim's eyes widened in shock at Harvie's casual revelation. "Wait, you're going again? Already?" he sputtered, his mind reeling at the idea of his wife and son engaging in marathon sex sessions.

Harvie nodded enthusiastically, oblivious to his father's distress. "Yeah, Mom said we're gonna draw another position from this bowl she made. The first one was cowgirl and it was amazing! Mom rode me so hard, Dad. She was like, bouncing on my penis and telling me how good I was stretching her and filling her up."

Jim felt lightheaded, his son's graphic descriptions conjuring far too vivid mental images. He gripped the counter for support, trying to breathe

through the confusing swirl of emotions - revulsion, heartbreak, shameful titillation.

"Uh, that's... that's great, son," Jim forced out, his voice strained. "Sounds like you two are really... bonding."

"Totally!" Harvie agreed, grinning. "I just hope I can last longer this time. Maybe make Mom squirt a bunch more. I bet we could keep going for like, two or three hours straight now that I already came once!"

Jim thought he might pass out as the obscene picture took shape in his mind - his wife splayed out, being pounded relentlessly by their virile teenage son, her body wracked with endless orgasms as she gushed all over Harvie's pistoning cock for hours on end.

He opened his mouth, not even sure what he intended to say, but Harvie was already heading for the stairs, water glasses in hand. "Anyway, I better get back up there," he called over his shoulder. "Don't wanna keep Mom waiting!"

Jim could only watch helplessly as his son bounded up the steps, eager to return to the marital bed and ravage his willing mother. He slumped against the kitchen island, his head spinning as he tried to process the depraved new reality of his home life.

When Harvie returned to the bedroom, his jaw dropped at the sight that greeted him. Carrie was kneeling on the bed, her voluptuous body glistening as she sensually massaged her huge tits with some kind of oil. The room was filled with the enticing scent of root beer, Harvie's favorite soda.

"Welcome back, baby," Carrie purred, shooting him a sultry look over her shoulder. "I bought some root beer flavored massage oil, since I know how much you love the taste. I thought you might like licking it off Mommy's big titties."

Harvie gulped, his recently depleted cock already starting to swell and lengthen again at the mouth-watering sight. He set the water glasses down and quickly stripped off his clothes, his impressive young erection bobbing obscenely as he approached the bed.

As he climbed up behind his mother, Harvie remembered his awkward encounter with his father downstairs. "Oh man, Mom, I think I freaked Dad out," he chuckled, reaching out to palm the slick globes of Carrie's ass. "He asked if we were going again and I told him about the position bowl and how I made you squirt. He looked really pale."

To Harvie's surprise, Carrie let out a laugh, a fresh gush of arousal flooding her bare pussy at his words. The idea of Jim knowing in graphic detail what she was doing with their son, how completely she was corrupting him, sent a dark thrill through her.

"Is that so?" she asked breathlessly, arching her back to push her shimmering ass further into Harvie's groping hands. "Did you tell Daddy how well you stretched Mommy's tight cunt? How deep you fucked your hot cum into me?"

"Uh huh," Harvie nodded eagerly, kneading the pliant flesh of his mother's succulent derriere. "I said you rode me so hard and kept

saying how good I was filling you up. And that I wanted to fuck you for hours and make you squirt even more. Dad looked like he was gonna hurl."

"Fuck, that's so hot," Carrie whimpered, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her dripping slit to her son's hungry gaze. "Mommy loves that Daddy knows what a good little motherfucker you are. How thoroughly you're ruining me for his dick."

Harvie moaned, his cock lurching at his mother's nasty words. He gave her slick ass a hard spank before reaching for the bowl of positions sitting on the nightstand.

"Your turn to draw, Mom," he said eagerly, holding the bowl out to Carrie. "I hope it's one where I can lick that root beer oil off your huge titties while we do it."

Carrie grinned wickedly over her shoulder as she plucked a slip of paper from the bowl. "Oooh, jackpot baby!" she squealed excitedly after reading it. "You're in luck. It's Lotus - Mommy gets to sit in your lap facing you while you suck these big oily tits and pound my cunt."

"Yes!" Harvie growled, tossing the bowl aside. He sat back against the headboard and Carrie moved onto his lap, both groaning as her slick pussy lips brushed against the throbbing head of his erection.

Carrie wrapped her arms around her boy's neck, her massive breasts smashed against his chest, leaving smears of the flavored oil on his skin. "Go ahead and taste them, baby," she purred, pushing her heavy tits up toward his face. "Lick up all that yummy root beer while you stuff Mommy's cunt with your huge dick."

Harvie didn't need to be told twice. He buried his face between Carrie's shimmering tits, groaning at the first taste of the sweet oil on his tongue. He lapped greedily at the soft flesh, swirling his tongue around her stiff nipples as he savored the flavor of his favorite soda combined with the intoxicating essence of his mother's skin.

As Harvie feasted on her chest, Carrie reached down to grab his aching cock, notching the bulbous head against her entrance. With a swift downward push of her hips, she impaled herself fully on her son's thick pole, both crying out sharply as he stretched and filled her.

"Oh fuck, baby, your cock feels even bigger this way," Carrie panted, undulating her hips to grind her clit against Harvie's pelvis. She cradled his head against her chest, holding him in place as he motorboated her deep, slippery cleavage "Suck Mommy's big titties while you fuck her! Mmm, so sloppy and messy, just how I like it!"

Harvie groaned around his mouthful of breast, the flavored oil smearing obscenely across his cheeks as he suckled. His hands gripped his mom's undulating ass, helping guide her as she began bouncing feverishly on his throbbing cock.

Harvie latched onto his mother's slick breast, his lips forming a tight seal around the center of her areola. He suckled greedily, drawing the stiff peak deep into his mouth, his tongue swirling around the puckered flesh. He slouched down further, burying his face in the center of Carrie's pillowy tit, nuzzling into the warm, pliant flesh.

Carrie threw her head back with a wanton moan, her eyes fluttering shut in bliss as her grown baby nursed hungrily at her breast. The combination of his hot, eager mouth on her sensitive nipple and his thick cock stretching her cunt was indescribably pleasurable. She ground down harder on his lap, her clit dragging deliciously against his pubic bone with each gyration of her hips.

"Oh fuck yes, baby, just like that," Carrie panted, fisting her hands in Harvie's hair to hold him against her chest. "Suck Mommy's titty while she rides this big dick. Ungh! You're filling me up so fucking good!"

Harvie groaned around his mouthful of breast, the vibrations making Carrie's pussy clench around him. His hands kneaded the slippery globes of her ass as he thrust up to meet her downward bounces. Their bodies slapped together obscenely, Carrie's oiled skin sliding

against Harvie's, the room filling with the musky scent of their coupling.

"Mmmm, you love having your face smashed in Mommy's huge tit while she uses your cock, don't you baby?" Carrie gasped, her hips moving faster, slamming down to take Harvie balls deep on every drop. "You're such a good boy, sucking on Mommy's titties and fucking her so deep! Gonna make me cum all over this big dick again!"

The teen whimpered, suckling even harder as his mother's writhing body and filthy words pushed him closer to the edge. He could feel her molten cunt spasming around him, fluttering deliciously along his pistoning shaft as she rode him with wild abandon.

Carrie's pussy clenched rhythmically around Harvie's plunging cock as her orgasm crashed over her. She threw her head back with a keening wail, her entire body shaking and shuddering as intense waves of pleasure radiated out from her core.

"UNGH! FUCK YES! I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked, slamming herself down one final time, taking Harvie to the hilt.

Her cunt rippled and spasmed almost violently, gushing around Harvie's throbbing shaft. A flood of slick arousal squirted out around his pistoning

cock, soaking his lap and thighs with her essence. Harvie groaned in awe as he felt his mother's release drench him, amazed that he could make her body respond so intensely.

"Oh god, Mom!" he panted around the breast filling his mouth. He could feel his own climax building, his balls drawing up tight, but he fought it back, remembering his earlier promise to his dad.

Clamping down on his control, Harvie continued thrusting up into his mother's fluttering sheath as she rode out her prolonged orgasm. He suckled her slick, root beer flavored tits with gusto, determined to last as long as possible, to give his mom orgasm after body-wracking orgasm.

For the next two hours, Harvie let his insatiable mother use his cock to her heart's content, just like he'd bragged to Jim. Carrie came over and over, screaming herself hoarse as she gushed and squirted all over her son's pistoning cock and clenching abs. The bed sheets were soaked through with her continuous flood of juices, the room reeking of sex.

Through it all, Harvie nursed at Carrie's heavy breasts like a boy possessed, sucking and licking and nibbling the sweet oil from her soft flesh. Carrie's nipples were red and swollen and throbbing, aching deliciously from her son's endless worship. Harvie's face was glazed with the flavored lube, glistening obscenely as he slurped and motorboated the slick tit-flesh.

Finally, as Carrie shuddered through what had to be her twentieth climax, clenching like a vice around him, Harvie couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural roar, he slammed his mother down on his cock and erupted like a geyser deep inside her spasming cunt.

"OH GOD, MOM! FUCK YESSSSSS!" Harvie bellowed, his head thrown back in ecstasy as he blew the biggest load of his young life directly into his mother's womb.

A week later, Carrie and Linda bumped into each other at the mall, their strapping teenage sons in tow. The two MILFs greeted each other with knowing smirks, their eyes gleaming with wicked mischief.

"Linda, darling, so good to see you!" Carrie purred, air-kissing her friend's cheek. She wrapped an arm around Harvie's waist, pulling him flush against her side. The boy blushed, his eyes darting to the floor as he was smushed against his mother's pillowy breast.

"You too, Carrie!" Linda replied, mirroring the gesture with Luke. The lanky teen's face flushed scarlet as he found himself pressed into the warm, fragrant valley of Linda's ample cleavage. "I see you have your handsome man with you too."

The women exchanged a loaded glance, their meaning clear. Their sons were no longer boys, but strapping young studs who had been

thoroughly initiated into the world of carnal delights by their own mothers.

"Oh yes, Harvie and I have been absolutely inseparable lately," Carrie said with a sultry chuckle. She ran her hand up and down Harvie's side, her nails lightly scratching him through his shirt. "We've just been so wrapped up in...bonding."

"I know exactly what you mean," Linda purred, giving Luke's firm ass a shameless squeeze. The poor boy looked like he wanted to disappear into the floor. "Luke and I have been spending so much quality time together too. He's become quite the attentive lover."

Carrie raised an eyebrow, smirking. "Is that so? Do tell! I wanna hear all about what a stud your boy has blossomed into between the sheets."

Linda let out a throaty laugh, jostling Luke against her chest. "Oh Carrie, you have no idea! This kid's cock is a fucking lethal weapon. He fucks me into a coma practically every night."

Carrie gasped in mock surprise, her eyes dancing with glee. "My goodness! Sounds like he's built to satisfy. Has he made you squirt yet? Harvie had me gushing like a geyser his very first time inside me."

The two oversexed mothers cackled wickedly, completely ignoring their sons' mortified expressions as they shamelessly compared notes on their prowess. Poor Harvie and Luke could only stand there blushing furiously, held captive against the very breasts they'd suckled for endless hours as

their mothers extolled their fucking skills in graphic detail for all the mall to hear.

"Luke has me squirting buckets every time," Linda bragged, giving her son's package a bold grope through his jeans. "His staying power is unreal. Fucks me for hours! My sheets are perpetually soaked through, which Dan gets so upset about."

Carrie nodded approvingly, giving Linda a conspiratorial wink. "I'm so glad our husbands have chosen to generally be supportive rather than selfish about all this. Putting our sons' needs first, like good fathers should. In fact, I was thinking...the next logical step in their sexual education would be knocking us up, don't you think?"

Linda's eyes widened, then a slow, wicked grin spread across her face. "Mmmm, I love the way your filthy mind works, Carrie. Our boys breeding their own mommies...fuck that's hot. Pumping us full of virile young cum until we're swollen with their babies..."

The two women shivered with twisted arousal, their cunts clenching at the depraved fantasy. Beside them, Harvie and Luke shifted uncomfortably, sneaking nervous glances at each other. The idea of impregnating their own mothers was equally terrifying and shamefully exciting to their teenage libidos.

Carrie smirked as she noticed the growing bulges in the boys' pants, amused by their physical reaction to the taboo suggestion. "Just imagine how huge and heavy our tits will get, dripping milk constantly," she purred loud enough for the boys to hear. "Our babies can suck our engorged nipples while their daddies fuck us. The ultimate family bonding."

Linda groaned, humping her son's leg subtly as she pictured it. "God yessss. Riding Luke's big cock, my belly swollen with his seed, begging him to suck the milk from my tits..."

The boys were now blushing furiously, their erections throbbing almost painfully against their zippers at the graphic dirty talk. They couldn't deny

the perverse allure of their mothers' words, even as their rational minds screamed that it was so very wrong.

"Then it's settled," Carrie declared with a note of finality. "We'll get these strapping teens to fuck some babies into us pronto. Our husbands can't object - it's the natural culmination of everything they've already agreed to."

The devious mothers shared a final cackle, practically drunk on their own depravity. As they said their goodbyes and went their separate ways, the shell-shocked boys trailing behind them, both Harvie and Luke were lost in dazed fantasies of pounding their pregnant mothers, growing round with their children, having their swollen tits milked.

That evening, Carrie approached Jim with a gentle, imploring expression. She took his hands in hers, gazing at him with soft, beseeching eyes. "Jim, my darling... we need to have a very serious, very open-hearted discussion about Harvie's ongoing development."

Jim tensed, a feeling of unease settling in his gut. He could tell by his wife's tone that she was about to drop another bombshell request on him regarding their son's "education". Steeling himself, he nodded for her to continue.

Carrie took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "As you know, the bond between Harvie and I has deepened so profoundly these past weeks. He's blossomed into such a confident, virile young man under my loving guidance. But I feel there's one final step we need to take to truly cement his sexual and emotional maturity."

"And what might that be?" Jim asked warily, already dreading the answer.

Carrie squeezed his hands, her eyes shining with earnest conviction. "I want Harvie to father my child. I wanna give him the ultimate affirmation of his manhood by carrying his baby, nurturing a new life created from our love."

Jim's jaw dropped, his head swimming with shock. He opened his mouth to protest, but Carrie cut him off with a gentle finger to his lips.

"Please, just hear me out," she implored softly. "I know it seems shocking at first, but if you really think about it, it's the most natural, beautiful progression of the journey Harvie and I have been on."

What could be more affirming for a young man than knowing he's potent enough to impregnate a woman? Especially the woman who gave him life in the first place?"

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her eyes soft and misty. "It would be the ultimate bonding experience for me and Harvie. Sharing something so profound, creating a life together. He would go out into the world so secure in his virility, so unshakably confident. Please try to understand, Jim. I'm not doing this for me, but for our son."

Jim swallowed thickly, his mind reeling. There was a certain twisted logic to Carrie's argument that he couldn't deny, even as the idea of her carrying Harvie's child made his stomach churn.

Sensing his resistance weakening, Carrie pressed on, her voice gentle but insistent. "And of course, this means Harvie and I will need to fully give ourselves to each other, body and soul. He'll need to move into the master bedroom permanently, so we can make love constantly, give our baby the best chance."

She cupped Jim's face tenderly as she delivered the final blow. "I know this is a lot to take in, but I really need you to put your own discomfort aside and think about what's best for Harvie."

Jim's brow furrowed, a pang of unease cutting through the shock. "But...if Harvie fathers this child with you, isn't he gonna be responsible for supporting it? Supporting you? He's just a teenager himself, Carrie..."

To his surprise, Carrie threw back her head and laughed, as if he'd just said something utterly absurd. "Oh darling, of course not!" she tittered, waving a dismissive hand. "We could never expect that from Harvie. He's much too young for such responsibilities."

She smiled indulgently, shaking her head at Jim's naiveté. "No, no...after Harvie graduates from High School, his days are gonna be far too busy bonding with me, exploring my changing body as the pregnancy progresses.

He'll need to focus all his youthful virility on satisfying my increased libido, learning how insatiable women get when they're carrying a child."

Jim gaped at her, aghast. "You can't be serious," he sputtered weakly. "You expect our teenage son to put his entire life on hold just to...to service you through your pregnancy?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it quite that crudely," Carrie sniffed, looking mildly affronted. "But yes, Harvie's top priority will be attending to my needs and continuing his sensual education. This is an unparalleled chance for him to experience the eroticism of a woman's body as it creates life. It's essential for his growth."

She reached out to stroke Jim's face again, her expression softening. "As for supporting us...darling, that's what I have you for. You're Harvie's father, my dutiful husband. Of course you'll be there to provide for us as I nurture our son's child in my womb."

Jim could only stare, dumbfounded, as Carrie blithely mapped out a future where Harvie spent his days fucking her pregnant body while Jim worked to keep them all afloat. The sheer selfishness, the gall of it, took his breath away.

And yet...some dark, hidden part of him couldn't deny the twisted thrill that raced up his spine at the idea of his son fucking a baby into his wife, right under Jim's nose. Of working his fingers to the bone to support their taboo love child, the ultimate cuckold.

Carrie saw the conflicted mix of horror and reluctant titillation flit across Jim's face and knew she had him. Smiling prettily, she pressed a soft kiss to his slack mouth.

"I know it's a lot to process, darling," she cooed soothingly. "But this is the right thing, for Harvie's journey to manhood. You'll see. He'll blossom even more, under my constant loving attentions. Just trust that I always have our son's best interests at heart."

Over the next few days, all of Harvie's belongings were moved into the master bedroom he now shared with his mother. His clothes

hung next to Carrie's in the spacious walk-in closet, his toiletries lined up beside hers on the bathroom counter. To anyone looking in from the outside, it appeared that a husband and wife occupied the room, not a mother and her teenage son.

And in many ways, that's exactly the dynamic Carrie and Harvie settled into as they dedicated themselves to the single-minded goal of conceiving a child together. They fucked ravenously, morning, noon and night, their naked bodies twisting and undulating on the bed Jim used to share with his wife.

Carrie threw herself into the task with a feverish intensity, riding her hard dicked teenager for hours, milking his cock with her skilled, greedy cunt until he pumped load after massive load deep into her fertile womb.

She insisted on keeping his seed plugged inside her for hours afterwards, laying with her hips elevated and her legs spread, coaxing his sperm to find its target.

In between their marathon fucking sessions, Carrie pampered and doted on her son, preparing all his favorite foods and showering him with physical affection. She seemed determined to reduce her son to a happily stupid state of blissed-out complacency, his world narrowed down to nothing but plowing her pussy and sucking her huge tits.

Poor Jim could only watch helplessly from the sidelines as his wife and son played house, his once cozy family home transformed into an incestuous love nest. He told himself he was respecting Harvie's journey, supporting his growth into manhood, but deep down Jim knew he was simply too weak to stand against Carrie's indomitable will.

The situation was made all the more unbearable by Harvie's clueless oversharing. The boy seemed to have no filter, babbling to his father about all the depraved things Carrie was doing to him as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Mom is so wild in bed, Dad!" Harvie enthused over breakfast one morning, Jim choking on his coffee. "She woke me up today by sitting on my face! Just smothered me with her pussy until I licked her off. I couldn't even breathe!"

Jim cringed, his stomach turning at the mental image of his wife grinding on their son's face. But Harvie rambled on, oblivious to his father's distress.

"And she's teaching me all these wild positions," Harvie gushed, shoveling cereal into his mouth. "Like she'll put her legs over my shoulders or wrap them around my waist. Or she'll flip upside down so I can eat her out while she sucks my dick! It's crazy how bendy Mom is!"

Jim felt lightheaded, his face draining of color at the explicit details. He had to grip the edge of the table to keep from swaying in his seat. But still, Harvie prattled on, completely unaware of the effect his words were having.

"Mom wants to be pregnant bad! We're doing it like, at least five or six times a day now. Sometimes for hours at a time! Mom says she wants to keep my balls totally drained to give us the best chance of making a baby. Isn't that awesome, Dad? You're gonna be a grandpa soon!"

Jim opened his mouth, then closed it again, at a total loss for words. What could he possibly say? That he was thrilled at the prospect of his teenage son impregnating his own mother? That he couldn't wait to financially support their incestuous love child while Carrie and Harvie fucked like rabbits? The whole situation was so beyond the pale, so utterly depraved, that Jim could scarcely wrap his head around it.

And yet, even as revulsion churned in his gut, Jim couldn't deny the traitorous stirring in his loins at the lurid images Harvie's descriptions conjured. The thought of his strapping young son sexually dominating Carrie, bending her voluptuous body to his will and seeding her womb, sent an illicit thrill racing down Jim's spine, much to his shame.

Coughing awkwardly, Jim pushed back from the table, unable to meet Harvie's bright, guileless gaze a moment longer.

"That's...that's great, son," he mumbled, his voice hoarse. "You just...keep doing what your mother says, okay? I'm sure it will all work out."

Harvie beamed, clearly taking Jim's words as enthusiastic encouragement. "Thanks Dad! I knew you'd be stoked. Mom says once she's pregnant, we're gonna make love like crazy, the whole nine months. She says her libido will be off the charts and she'll need me to satisfy her constantly. Isn't that so hot?"

Jim could only nod weakly, his head swimming as he imagined the depraved scene Harvie painted - his teenage son rutting on top of Carrie's heavily pregnant body, her belly and tits swollen obscenely with the fruits of their taboo union. The image was so viscerally wrong and yet undeniably arousing, filling Jim with an excruciating combination of horror and reluctant lust.

Mumbling an excuse about being late for work, Jim fled the kitchen, desperate to escape the twisted revelations and his own perverse reactions to them.

That afternoon, as soon as Harvie got home from school, Carrie pounced on him, practically tearing his clothes off in her haste to get at his young, virile body.

"Mmmm, Mommy missed you so much today, baby," she purred, shoving him onto the big bed and climbing on top to straddle his slim hips. "I've been aching for this big cock all day. I need you to fuck a baby into me right now!"

Harvie groaned as his mother's wet, hungry cunt engulfed him, her slick heat enveloping every inch of his throbbing erection. No matter how many times they did this, he never got used to how amazing her pussy felt wrapped around him, squeezing and fluttering and milking his shaft.

Carrie wasted no time, immediately setting a wild, bucking pace. She planted her hands on Harvie's scrawny chest for leverage as

she bounced on his cock like a woman possessed, her huge tits jiggling and swaying hypnotically with every slam of her hips.

"Ungh! Yes! Fuck me, baby!" she cried, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Pound Mommy's cunt! Fill me up with your seed!"

Harvie pistoned his hips frantically to meet her downward thrusts, their flesh slapping together obscenely. His hands flew to grip her wildly gyrating hips, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of her lush ass as he held on for dear life.

Carrie increased her tempo to a fever pitch, the headboard slamming against the wall as she rode her son with reckless abandon. Sweat poured down her flushed face and heaving breasts as she chased her pleasure, intent on milking Harvie's cock for every drop.

After a series of three body-trembling climaxes, Carrie rolled them over and folded herself practically in half, bringing her legs up to rest on Harvie's narrow shoulders. The new position let him plunge even deeper, his cockhead battering her tender cervix with every frenzied thrust.

"Ooooh, yessss!" Carrie keened, her eyes rolling back at the delicious onslaught to her core. "Right there, baby! Jackhammer Mommy's greedy hole!"

Harvie grunted with effort as he sawed into his mother's upturned cunt, his slim hips a blur. At this angle, he found himself staring up the long, toned lines of Carrie's sexy legs, all the way to her pretty, pointed feet with their bright red painted toenails.

He was mesmerized by the erotic sight of his prim mother's slutty fuck-me feet, the way her perfectly pedicured toes curled with pleasure every time he bottomed out inside her. It was a visual reminder of just how wanton and depraved she became in the throes of lust for his cock.

Carrie giggled breathlessly as she felt Harvie's cock pulse and throb inside her, his balls drawing up tight. She knew he was getting

close, the visual stimulation of her sexy feet pushing him to the brink.

"You like Mommy's slutty little toes, don't you baby?" she purred wickedly, flexing and pointing her feet in his face. "Mmm, I can feel your big dick twitching. Are you gonna bust your nut while you stare at my fuckable feet, you naughty boy?"

Harvie whimpered, his rhythm faltering as his orgasm approached. Carrie clenched her cunt around him rhythmically, determined to milk out his load.

"Do it, baby," she urged gutturally, grinding her hips. "Dump all that hot, sticky jizz in Mommy's cunt! Paint my fucking cervix with your cum! Knock me up like a good son should!"

With a strangled shout, Harvie exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Searing ropes of semen blasted against Carrie's spasming walls as he unloaded what felt like a gallon of spunk directly into her waiting womb.

"FUCK YES!" Carrie shrieked, throwing her head back as her own intense climax ripped through her. Her cunt rippled and grasped, hungrily milking Harvie for every drop as he spasmed and jerked beneath her. "Give me that baby batter! Fill Mommy's belly with your seed!"

Harvie bucked and shuddered through the most powerful orgasm of his young life, sweat pouring down his face as he pumped rope after sperm creamy rope into his mother's greedy hole. Carrie undulated through her prolonged peak, babbling filth and praise as she squeezed out every ounce of his potent nectar.

Finally, they collapsed together in a sweaty, panting heap, Harvie's head cushioned between her tits, his softening cock still plugged deep in Carrie's cum-flooded cunt. She clenched her muscles, holding his seed inside, silently praying it would take root in her fertile womb.

"Mmmm, such a good boy," she purred, stroking Harvie's damp hair as they basked in the afterglow. "You fucked Mommy so well. I just know you planted a baby in me this time. I can feel it."

Harvie grinned dopily, his chest swelling with pride at the thought of his virile sperm conquering his mother's egg, creating a new life inside her. "I hope so, Mom. I can't wait to see you all round and glowing with our kid."

Nine months later, Carrie's luxury RV was rocking wildly in the secluded campground, the sounds of squeaking springs and feminine moans piercing the night. Inside, an unbelievably depraved scene was unfolding.

Side by side on the RV's king-sized bed, Carrie and Linda bounced feverishly on their teenage sons' throbbing cocks. Both women were hugely pregnant, their bellies swollen and taut with the taboo babies they carried. Their ridiculously massive tits, engorged with milk, bounced and swayed hypnotically with each undulation of their voluptuous bodies.

"Ungh! Fuck us boys!" Carrie growled, slamming herself down on Harvie's granite-hard cock. Her gigantic belly and tits heaved and rippled, the flesh stretch-marked and heavy. Milk leaked continuously from her diamond hard teats, mingling with the sweat that poured down her undulating body.

Beside her, Linda matched Carrie's pace, impaling herself over and over on Luke's equally rigid shaft. Her obscenely swollen stomach pressed against her boy's torso, the proof of their incestuous coupling on full display. Her

boobs had ballooned to gigantic proportions, fat and full of nourishment for the child she would soon birth.

"Oooh fuck, baby! Mommy loves your big cock!" Linda wailed, grinding her grape-sized clit against Luke's pubic bone. "Gonna squirt all over it! Fuck your pregnant mommy!"

The RV creaked and shook with the force of the two mothers' wild gyrations, a testament to their insatiable lust even in their heavily gravid state. They bucked and bounced in wanton abandon, their massive tits swinging like wrecking balls, spraying milk everywhere.

Harvie and Luke could only grunt and whimper pathetically, completely overwhelmed by the tight, wet heat engulfing their cocks. Their moms' swollen labia suctioned to their hairless roots at the apex of every downward plunge, taking every ounce of their pink, engorged cock-flesh.

Being ridden so hard by their massively pregnant mothers, seeing their huge, milk-laden tits sway and ripple right in their faces, was almost too intensely pleasurable to bear.

Outside, Jim and Dan sat morosely around the campfire, wincing at each particularly violent shake of the RV, trying valiantly to ignore the obscene wet slaps and guttural moans emanating from inside. They sipped their beers in miserable silence, resigned to their cuckold fate.

The boys looked positively tiny, almost childlike, pinned beneath the massively pregnant forms of their mothers. Harvie and Luke's slim, youthful bodies were completely dwarfed by the sheer size and weight of the women bouncing on top of them.

But despite their small stature, the boys' cocks were throbbing pillars of steely hardness, jutting up from their groins like fleshy spikes. Carrie and Linda were fucking themselves on those rigid shafts with wild, frenzied abandon, slamming their heavy bodies down to take every inch.

As the mothers rode their sons, their gigantic, milk-swollen breasts swung pendulously mere inches from the boys' awestruck faces. Harvie and Luke couldn't tear their eyes away from the mesmerizing sight of those massive, sloshing udders bouncing hypnotically.

The women's boobs had grown obscenely large during their pregnancies, engorged with milk for the taboo babies they would soon suckle. The flesh was stretched drum-tight, covered in a

roadmap of blue veins and silvery stretch marks attesting to their unnatural size.

But most captivating were the mothers' nipples and areolas, now a deep, angry shade of purple from the sheer engorgement. The nubs were hugely thick and long, protruding nearly an inch from the bulbous titflesh. The surrounding areolas had darkened and spread to the size of saucers.

As Carrie and Linda bounced, droplets of tit-nectar sprayed from their elongated teats, splattering the boys' faces in a warm, fragrant rain. Harvie and Luke flinched and sputtered as the creamy liquid coated their skin, the scent of maternal sustenance filling their nostrils.

"Mmmm, you like Mommy's big milky titties smacking you in the face while she rides you?" Carrie purred wickedly, roughly palming her swollen breasts and aiming the spurting nipples directly at Harvie's slack-jawed expression.

Beside her, Linda tweaked and tugged at her own engorged nubs, coaxing out forceful jets of milk that striped Luke's cheeks and chin. "Open wide, baby," she cooed. "Let Mommy feed you straight from the tap while you fuck her pregnant cunt!"

The teenagers could only whimper helplessly as their mothers painted their faces with warm breastmilk, the liquid mingling with the sweat and arousal coating their youthful features. They felt utterly dominated, pinned beneath the crushing weight of maternal lust and forced to worship at the altar of

milky tits.

Carrie and Linda grinned triumphantly as they drenched their sons in mother's milk, relishing the power they held over the boys.

Jim and Dan exchanged a queasy glance as they approached the rocking RV, knowing they were about to be confronted with yet another graphic display of their wives' depravity. With heavy hearts, they climbed the short steps and opened the flimsy door.

The sights, sounds, and smells that assaulted them were almost too obscene to process. Carrie and Linda's huge, sweaty bubble butts were flying up and down, rippling and jiggling lewdly as they brutally impaled themselves on their sons' massive cocks. The wet, meaty slaps of flesh echoed through the small space, punctuated by the women's wanton moans and the boys' pathetic whimpers.

But most shocking was the sheer amount of fem-cum gushing out of the mothers' stuffed cunts with each plunge. It ran in constant, frothy streams down Harvie and Luke's churning balls, soaking into the bedding beneath them. The mattresses were saturated with the musky fluids, dark patches spreading obscenely.

Jim swallowed back the urge to vomit as he watched his massively pregnant wife riding their teenage son with the wild abandon of a bitch in heat. Her humongous belly and tits bounced and swayed, splattering milk everywhere. The sounds of her juicy cunt squelching on Harvie's cock were almost deafening in the close quarters.

"Oh, Jim! Dan! What are you doing in here?" Carrie called out breathlessly when she noticed them standing there. She never slowed her frenzied pace, her shiny ass cheeks flexing as she slammed herself down repeatedly.

"We were just coming to see if you wanted to catch the fireworks display..." Dan mumbled, averting his eyes from the depraved live sex show.

"Mmmm, the only fireworks I need are Harvie's big cock exploding in my pregnant cunt!" Carrie declared with a filthy laugh. As if to emphasize her point, she swiveled her hips in a dirty grind, her labia clinging obscenely to Harvie's pistoning shaft.

"Same here," Linda panted, grinning wickedly over at them. "Luke's gonna set off a whole finale in my belly. Pump me full of even more baby batter!" She reached back to spread her jiggling ass cheeks, giving the men an unobstructed view of her son's veiny cock stretching her cunt to the limit.

Jim's stomach lurched violently and he had to look away. The graphic visual of his son's glistening pole sawing in and out of his wife's clasping, cream drenched hole was too much to take.

Carrie smiled indulgently at Jim and Dan's discomfort, even as she continued to bounce wildly on Harvie's throbbing cock. "Oh darlings, I know this is a lot to take in," she cooed breathlessly. "But try to remember, this is all for our sons' development. Their needs have to come before things like fireworks shows."

Linda nodded in agreement, her massive tits swinging and spraying milk with the motion. "Carrie's right. We're being good mothers, putting our boys first. Giving them all the love and nurturing they need, even if it's not conventional."

She reached out to stroke Dan's arm, her expression sympathetic even as she ground her clit against their son's pubic bone. "Why don't you two set up a tent outside for tonight? Give us some private bonding time with our sons."

Jim opened his mouth to protest, but Carrie cut him off with a stern look. "Jim, please. Harvie is at such a crucial stage. He needs my complete focus and devotion right now." She clenched her cunt around Harvie's cock for

emphasis, making the boy yelp. "Just be a dear and give us some space, alright? I need to drain our son's balls properly to keep him happy and healthy."

Defeated, Jim and Dan slunk out of the RV, the obscene sounds of flesh slapping and Carrie and Linda's ecstatic moans following them into the night. They fumbled with the tent in miserable silence, trying desperately to ignore the renewed shaking of the RV as their wives rode their sons to yet another spectacular finish.

Inside, Carrie and Linda collapsed against their boys' sweaty chests, their cunts still fluttering and grasping the softening cocks inside them. Milk ran in rivulets down Harvie and Luke's heaving torsos, the mothers' breasts leaking uncontrollably in the aftermath of their explosive orgasms.

"Mmmm, such good boys," Carrie purred, stroking Harvie's damp hair. "You make your mommies feel so good. So full and satisfied."

"We're the luckiest moms in the world," Linda agreed, peppering Luke's slack face with kisses. "To have such virile, obedient sons to breed us and worship our bodies. You boys are going to make such wonderful daddies."

Harvie and Luke could only groan in exhausted agreement, their young bodies wrung dry by their mothers' insatiable lust. They clung weakly to the women's soft, milk-slicked skin, basking in the fevered maternal affection.

And so the two families settled into their new normal - the wives spending every possible moment impaled on their sons' cocks, riding them to orgasm after gushing orgasm, while the cuckolded husbands listened miserably trying to shut out the obscene noises of rampant incestuous passion.