

## Off to College and Into Mom

By Klrxo

As he prepared to leave for college, Brandon could feel the emotions running high in his home. His mother Leslie seemed to take it the hardest, her usually cheerful face now marked by tear tracks and a quivering lip. They had always been close, but as her only son, their bond was unbreakable. "You better call me," she sniffled, her voice thick with emotion. "Every day."

"I will, mom. I promise," Brandon reassured her, pulling her into a tight hug.

As he embraced his beautiful, brunette mother, he couldn't help but notice the details of their physical connection that he would soon miss. The feeling of her slender arms wrapped snugly around his lean frame, the weight of her large breasts pressing against his chest, and the faint sensation of her nipples through the fabric of her blouse and bra. And then there was the scent of her perfume, so familiar and comforting, that would soon be replaced by dorm room air fresheners. These were the moments that felt magical to him, and he knew he would miss them dearly.

It would be one thing if he were nearby and could visit often, but Brandon had been accepted to a school across the country, a world away from his mother's sweet embrace. As bittersweet as this moment was, he couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation for the adventure that awaited him. He knew this was his chance to spread his wings and discover the world beyond their quaint little town.

Leslie, on the other hand, was struggling to accept the reality that her son was leaving. She knew he was ready for this next chapter in his life, but that didn't make his departure any easier.

As she watched her son laugh and play, a pang of nostalgia washed over her. He had the same mischievous sparkle in his eyes as his father, Luo, when they were younger and first falling in love. Her heart skipped a beat as she realized how much Brandon resembled his father, both in looks and personality. Yet, this only added to the inappropriate feelings that stirred within her. She couldn't deny the attraction she felt towards her own son, an unsettling borderland between familial love and something more taboo. It was a battle she fought every day, trying to push aside these forbidden desires and focus on being a mother instead. But with each passing moment, it seemed like her willpower was slipping away.

Brandon fit right in at his new college and made new friends. He was your typical teenager, who craved sex for the first time so he was anxious to make new female acquaintances. One particular girl he had his eye on was Adriana, a stunning blonde with a bubbly personality and a body that could rival any centerfold model. She seemed to be everywhere on campus, and Brandon couldn't help but notice her. She was not only attractive, but she also seemed to be well-liked by everyone she met.

One day, after a particularly tough exam, Brandon found himself lingering around the student center, hoping to run into Adriana. As fate would have it, she walked straight towards him. She was wearing a tight, low-cut dress that showed off her curves, and Brandon couldn't help but feel his excitement grow.

"Hey, Brandon!" she called out, waving at him. "I was just heading to the library. Wanna join me?"

"Oh, um...sure," he answered.

He was surprised by her sudden invitation, but he couldn't resist the opportunity to spend more time with her. Plus, it was a chance to prove to himself that he could handle the challenges of college life.

As they walked towards the library, he couldn't help but notice how her hips swayed with every step, her long blonde hair bouncing playfully. He tried to maintain an appropriate distance, but his thoughts were already drifting towards more carnal fantasies.

When they reached the library, she led him to a quiet corner and pulled out a stack of books. "I'm studying for a stupid exam," she explained, her eyes never leaving his.

Brandon nodded, feigning interest in the books while his mind raced with excited thoughts. He couldn't believe his luck – he had managed to get this gorgeous girl all to himself, and she seemed to be as interested in him as he was in her.

Adriana's mischievous gaze met Brandon's as she lightly brushed her hand against his thigh beneath the table. "I can think of some things I'd rather be doing though," she whispered, her voice low and seductive.

"Oh really? Do tell," Brandon replied with a sly smile, playing dumb.

"You know exactly what I mean," she giggled, her fingers tracing small circles on his leg.

"Knitting?" he teased, enjoying their playful banter.

"No way, knitting is for grandmothers," she retorted with a laugh.

"Eating ice cream then?" Brandon suggested, trying to keep up the humorous mood.

"Well, I do love ice cream, but there's something else I love even more."

"Holding and petting a puppy?" Brandon joked, making her laugh even harder.

"No, fucking!" Adriana exclaimed, causing heads to turn in the quiet library. The stern look from the librarian quickly silenced her, and she repeated in a hushed tone. "Fucking. I like to fuck. It's been like...two weeks since I've had any action."

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as he realized he was still a virgin. "Yeah, it can feel like forever when you go without something you enjoy."

He knew that if he had any guts at all, he would take Adriana back to his dorm room for some hot and wild sex. But being inexperienced and naturally timid, he couldn't bring himself to seize the opportunity presented to him by this gorgeous and confident girl.

After exchanging their phone numbers, Adriana and Brandon continued to flirt and get to know each other through text messaging. Adriana even dared to send a few nude photos, showing her plump, double-d titties and neatly-trimmed pussy, eager to entice Brandon into taking the next daring step with her. "See what you're missing out on right now?" she teased beneath the provocative image.

"Yum! You look good enough to eat," he eagerly he messaged back.

But Brandon's excitement turned into shock when he received a reply from his mother, Leslie, just minutes later. "Well, thank you, honey. I think I look pretty good today too, haha," the unexpected message read.

Panic flooded through Brandon as he realized his mistake - he had accidentally sent the intimate text meant for Adriana to his own mom.

"Oh shit, sorry, mom...that text was meant for someone else," he quickly messaged back in embarrassment.

To his surprise, Leslie responded with a selfie of herself in the kitchen. The snug denims she wore hugged her curves like a second skin, while her low-cut sweater exposed an obscene amount of creamy tit-cleavage.

"So you don't think I look good enough to eat then?" she playfully asked with a sad emoji.

With a blush creeping across his cheeks, Brandon confessed. "Oh you definitely do...that sweater looks amazing on you."

"I'm just teasing you, sweetie," Leslie playfully typed, her fingers dancing across the screen. She let out a small giggle before continuing with another question. "So, who's this lucky girl that has captured your attention?"

Her son Brandon quickly responded, eager to share about the new person in his life. "Her name is Ariana. I just met her a few days ago. We don't have any classes together, but we still help each other with homework."

Leslie couldn't resist making a cheeky comment, typing it out with a wink emoji attached. "What else are you two 'helping' each other with?"

Brandon blushed at his mother's teasing, quickly replying with a laugh. "We haven't done anything...yet." He added in an extra "haha" to further emphasize his reply.

"Well, I'm sure the two of you will be bouncing across your bed mattress before you know it," Leslie texted. "Just make sure you pleasure her good. The way girls gossip, one bad sexual experience can ruin your chances with every other girl you may be interested in screwing."

Brandon's face flushed with embarrassment as he read his mother's words. He couldn't believe he was having such an open, intimate conversation with her about sex. But there was something undeniably comforting about it, like his mother was still keeping a watchful eye over him, even from miles away.

"Thanks for the advice, mom. I'll do my best," he replied.

Brandon didn't have to wait long for the opportunity to have sex with Adriana. The next day he saw a message from her asking if he wanted to hang out.

"Sure," he replied, "when?"

Adriana suggested meeting at a nearby park that evening, somewhere secluded where they could talk and maybe get a little closer. Brandon's heart raced with anticipation as he made his way to the park, his mind filled with thoughts of this new girl and her sexy body.

When he arrived, he saw her leaning against a tree, her low-cut dress leaving little to the imagination. She smiled as she saw him approach and gave him a unexpected, passionate kiss. Brandon felt his body respond to her touch, his cock hardening in his pants, desire for her growing stronger by the second.

They walked deeper into the park, finding a quiet spot beneath the stars. Adriana suggested they lie down in the grass and just talk, but Brandon knew that wasn't what either of them wanted.

"Have you ever fucked someone under the twinkling stars?" Adriana boldly asked, her voice low and seductive.

Brandon's heart raced at her words, knowing exactly where this was headed. "No, I, um...can't say I have," he admitted.

"We should give it a try," she suggested, her hand sliding up his arm in an encouraging gesture. "Like...right now."

"Here? In public?" Brandon nervously squeaked out.

"Why not?" Adriana purred, her lips brushing against his as she leaned in closer. "We both want each other, and it would be a shame to let that delicious-looking bulge in your pants go to waste."

Without another word, Adriana straddled Brandon's lap and began kissing him hungrily, her tongue exploring every inch of his mouth as they indulged in their lust beneath the sparkling night sky.

With a sudden and unexpected surge of desire, Brandon's hands latched onto her breasts through the fabric of her dress. His fingers deeply sunk into their supple meat, relishing in the warmth and softness that greeted him. For a moment, his mind couldn't help but flash to the image his mother had sent him earlier - of her wearing that clingy sweater that so snugly encased what had to be the largest set of tit-melons he had ever seen in his life.

"Fuck me, Brandon," Adriana whispered, her voice sending a shiver down his spine as she tore off his t-shirt. In that moment, he was taken aback by how much her voice sounded like his mother's - or perhaps it was just his imagination playing tricks on him.

Breaking their kiss, Adriana sat upright and pressed her overheated pussy against the now-rigid bulge in his pants. With practiced ease, she shed her dress and reached back to unclasp her bra. As his eyes greedily drank in the sight of her trim torso and plump, bobbing breasts, they suddenly paused on her face - except it wasn't Adriana's face he saw. Instead, it was an eerie resemblance to that of his own mother's.

"What the fuck!" Brandon exclaimed, quickly crawling out from under her.

"What?! What's wrong?" Adriana asked in equal surprise.

"Nothing. You're beautiful, you really are," he stuttered out, trying to recover from the shock. "I just...can't do this right now." He hastily put his t-shirt back on, feeling overwhelmed by conflicting emotions and memories triggered by this encounter with Ariana.

Brandon awkwardly walked Adriana back to her dorm room.

"Brandon, is everything ok?" she finally asked. "Are you just not into me or something?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to compose himself. "No, it's nothing like that. It's just... complicated."

As they reached her dorm room, he leaned in to give her a goodbye kiss, hoping to make amends for the strange encounter. To his surprise, their lips met and he felt a surge of passion that he hadn't felt before. Her tongue danced with his, and her hands ran through his hair, pulling him closer.

"I'm really into you, Adriana," he whispered between kisses. "It's just... my head's been all over the place lately."

Adriana smiled, understanding the weight of his words. "Let's take this slow, then. We don't have to rush into anything. I just wanna enjoy getting to know you, and maybe, eventually, we can explore whatever else we want to, together, like fucking each other."

Brandon nodded, relieved by her understanding. "I'd like that," he agreed, feeling a sense of relief wash over him.

Once back in his dorm room, Brandon eagerly dialed his mother's number, longing to see her face and hear her voice again. As the video call connected, Leslie answered with a warm smile, her hair still

damp from the shower and a towel loosely draped over her curvaceous frame.

"Hi, honey," she greeted him, her eyes twinkling with love and adoration. "I just got out of the shower. I'm gonna set you down for a second while I throw something on."

"Alright," Brandon replied, unable to tear his gaze away from the screen as Leslie set her phone down. The way it was positioned allowed him to see her silhouette on the wall, highlighting the alluring curves of her body. As Leslie removed the towel, he found himself mesmerized by the silhouetted swell of her gigantic tits. They wobbled heavily as she quickly threw on a robe.

"All right, I'm back," she announced, picking up the phone once again. Brandon couldn't help but notice the obscene amount of cleavage peeking out from the hem of her robe, making it difficult for him to focus on anything else. "Is everything ok?"

"Yeah, um...I'm fine. I just got back from hanging out with that girl I was telling you about."

"Oh yes...the one who is 'good enough to eat,'" Leslie teased, her smile widening at Brandon's embarrassment. "How did that go?"

"Honestly, not the best."

"Why, sweetheart? What happened?" Leslie asked with genuine concern etched on her face.

"It just didn't feel quite right," her son replied, his tone weighted with uncertainty and a hint of discomfort. Leslie could sense he was hesitant to continue, but she urged him on with a gentle nod.

"I know this is gonna sound bad, but have you ever been with someone, in an intimate situation, and all you can think about is someone different?"

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as her son's words hit her like a freight train. Memories flooded back to the previous night, when she was in bed with her husband, Brandon's father. In the midst of passion, Leslie suddenly imagined it was Brandon on top of her, their bodies moving together in a frenzy of desire. The intensity of the orgasm she experienced at that moment was overwhelming, and now Brandon's question made her pause for a moment.

Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. She couldn't deny the truth - her thoughts had strayed to her own son while she was fucking her husband. A feeling of shame washed over her, but also a sense of confusion and longing.

"Mom, are you alright?" Brandon asked, noticing her distant expression. He could sense there was something more going on than just their conversation.

Leslie took a deep breath before finally responding, "I'm fine, honey. It's just...your question brought up some unexpected feelings." Her words were carefully chosen, not wanting to reveal too much to her son. But inside, she couldn't stop thinking about the powerful emotions that had surfaced during last night's encounter.

"Do you wanna talk about them?"

"No, I wanna help you with your issue. So, what you're saying is, you were just about to have sex with this new girl, but your mind was completely on another?"

"Exactly," said Brandon. "I couldn't go any further with her because I felt so bad about it."

"Oh, honey, I completely understand where you're coming from," Leslie reassured him. "It's totally normal to have thoughts of someone else during a sexual moment like that. It doesn't make you

a bad person, and it doesn't mean the person you're with isn't enough."

As Leslie spoke, Brandon couldn't help but notice the way her chest rose and fell with each breath, the gentle sway of her heavy breasts beneath her robe. A wave of desire washed over him, and he found himself fantasizing about what it would be like to be with his mother. To push his cock inside the cunt that birthed him and wrestle sexually with the one woman he's known all his life. The thought both excited and frightened him, but he knew he had to find a resolution to his conflicted feelings.

"But how do I make it right with Adriana?" he asked, turning his focus back to the matter at hand. "I don't want her to think I'm not attracted to her or something."

Leslie leaned in closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. "You don't want to tell her that your mind is preoccupied with another person," she warned.

Brandon nodded solemnly. "I know, that would completely turn her off."

"So who is this 'other person' anyway?" Leslie prodded. "Another girl from school that you're romantically interested in?"

"Romantically?" Brandon repeated cautiously, careful not to give away too much. "I haven't really thought about it like that."

"But there's definitely some level of attraction there," Leslie pressed. "I mean, you're about to be intimate with a girl who likes you, and yet this 'mystery girl' keeps popping into your head."

"It's not just her face," Brandon confessed. "It's everything about her. And I've never even seen her naked before."

Leslie furrowed her brow as she spoke, her voice low and tinged with concern. "Well, honey. I don't wanna influence your decision, but maybe you're pursuing the wrong person."

She watched as Brandon's face fell, his shoulders slumping with defeat.

"But what if this 'mystery girl' isn't really someone I'm supposed to be pursuing?" he countered, his voice laced with frustration.

Leslie fell silent once again, deep in thought as Brandon hit a nerve. The guilt and shame she felt at imagining him on top of her instead of her own husband was exactly what he was pointing out. He was not someone she should be fantasizing about, especially as her son.

"Mom?" Brandon's voice broke through her heavy thoughts.

"Oh, sorry," Leslie stammered, trying to shake off the uncomfortable feelings. "I see your concern."

Her curiosity piqued, Leslie couldn't help but pry even further. "So, who is this woman you're so obsessed with...a teacher or something?" She wanted to get a better understanding of the situation and hopefully offer some guidance for her son's troubled heart.

Brandon shifted uncomfortably on his bed, his words hesitant and awkward. "Well...she's married," he began, his voice laced with guilt, "and quite a bit older than me. So I probably shouldn't be flirting with her."

Leslie raised an eyebrow inquisitively and Brandon continued, "But yeah...we've been flirting."

A sly smirk played at the corners of the mother's mouth as she teased him. "So you're already being naughty with this older woman, is that what you're telling me?"

Brandon felt a flush creep up his neck as he hesitated before admitting, "Yes...but that's all we've done. And it's probably as far as it would ever go anyway."

"Well, I don't wanna encourage you to do something that's wrong, but..."

"But what?" Brandon asked, anxious for her true opinion on the matter.

"But if something feels right, and you're not hurting anyone, sometimes following your heart is the best thing you can do," Leslie finished with a determined smile.

Following her advice, Brandon took the plunge and decided to send his mom a flirtatious text the very next day. He couldn't help but feel a tingle of excitement at the thought of igniting a playful exchange with his own mother. "Hey there, mom. I just wanted to ask if you're looking good enough to eat today? And don't worry, I've got the right number this time," he typed out with a cheeky grin on his face.

As he anxiously waited for her response, every passing second felt like an eternity. Would she reply in the same playful tone as before? His heart raced with anticipation. And finally, his phone beeped with a new message from his mom. Swiping open the screen, Brandon's breath caught in his throat at the sight before him. It was a picture of her, laying out by the pool in a revealing two-piece bikini that left little to the imagination. Her body, tanned and toned from years of dedicated workouts, glistened under the warm sun and layer of suntan oil.

Brandon couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen as he scanned every inch of her alluring figure. The bikini top struggled to contain her enormous tits, their curves spilling out, tempting him with their

tan flesh. Meanwhile, the tiny piece of fabric covering her crotch hugged tightly against her vulva, outlining its shape and hinting at what lay beneath. Her legs were smooth and toned, showing off both femininity and strength as they basked in the sunlight, shimmering with oil.

Feeling himself grow hard at the sight, Brandon fished out his cock and let his hand glide over it as he continued to admire his mother's alluring photo. Unable to resist any longer, he sent her a reply accompanied by an emoji with its tongue playfully sticking out in response to her teasing image. "Wow, mom...you look absolutely incredible," he wrote, eagerly awaiting her next response.

"Thanks, honey," Leslie answered with a flirtatious wink. "Your father doesn't like me wearing this bikini. He says it's too revealing."

A photo quickly followed that nearly took Brandon's breath away. The image showed Leslie lying on her stomach on the lounge chair, her long, toned legs stretched out behind her. But what caught Brandon's attention was the delicious curve of her rounded buttocks. Her G-string bikini was tucked so deep between her luscious cheeks that it almost looked as if she was completely naked, the smooth skin of her back and hips glistening in the sunlight.

The sight of his own mother's perfect bubble butt glowing in the sun caused a surge of desire to course through Brandon's body. He couldn't believe that she could have this effect on him. As he continued to stroke his cock more vigorously, he couldn't help but feel a mix of guilt and excitement at the forbidden thoughts running through his mind.

"What's dad talking about? It's not revealing at all," messaged Brandon, including a laugh emoji to show that he was clearly joking.

Leslie, undeterred by Brandon's joking comment, sent him another photo. This time, it was a close-up of her face, her lips glossed and

pouting seductively as they nearly touched the camera lens. Her eyes were closed, but he could imagine the desire that lay behind them. "Kiss, Kiss!" Her message read.

"You're such a tease, mom," Brandon replied, his heart pounding in his chest. His cock was hard now, leaking pre-cum as he continued to stroke it. He felt guilty, but also aroused beyond measure at the thought of his mother in her barely-there bikini. It was wrong, but he couldn't deny the sexual attraction he felt towards her.

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she read Brandon's message, a playful smirk on her lips. With a devilish twinkle in her eye, she snapped another picture and sent it back to him. "Who me?" she wrote. This time, she lay on her back with the camera held above her, an exaggerated innocent look on her face. The fabric of her bikini top strained against the weight of her massive breasts, which spilled out in every direction and pressed together like soft pillows of flesh.

Brandon could even make out the thick nubs of her nipples protruding through the fabric, making his pulse quicken with desire. As he typed his response, he couldn't help but wonder if their playful banter was making Leslie just as aroused as he was.

"Yes you, but trust me...I'm not complaining," he replied.

"Who are you flirting with over there?" Riley, Leslie's friend asked as she lay nearby on a large, plush towel, her tanned and curvaceous body glistening in the sun.

Leslie chuckled, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin. "You would laugh in shock if I told you."

"You know how naughty I am," said Riley playfully, her round tits wobbling beneath her micro bikini as she turned towards her friend curiously. "I'm certainly not one to judge."

"Well, in that case, it's Brandon," Leslie confessed, biting her lip nervously.

Riley raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Your Brandon?! Shouldn't he be flirting with the girls from college?"

"Well, yes, but...." Leslie trailed off. As if a switch had been flipped inside her head, Leslie's eyes suddenly lit up with realization. "Oh my God, it's me," she blurted out excitedly.

"What's you?" Riley asked in confusion.

"Brandon has a girl there at school who's interested in him, but he told me that every time he's with her, his mind is on someone else."

"And you think that it's 'you' that he's obsessing about?" Riley asked skeptically.

Leslie nodded eagerly, a mixture of excitement and uncertainty swirling inside her. "Well, I encouraged him to flirt with whoever this 'mystery girl' is and now I'm getting all these flirtatious texts. What if it is me?" she pondered aloud, unsure if she should be flattered or horrified at the thought.

As they continued to bask in the warm sun together, Leslie couldn't help but wonder about the possibility of being the object of her son's desires.

Riley gave a nonchalant shrug of her shoulders. "Well, so what if it is?" she said.

Leslie couldn't help but snicker at her friend's dismissive attitude. "I'm not so sure fantasizing about your mother sexually would be considered an 'innocent crush,'" she joked.

"Come on, Leslie," Riley urged with a playful grin. "It might be a way for the two of you to stay close and have some harmless fun in the process."

As she lay there, Leslie couldn't help but stare at Brandon's contact picture on her phone. His smile was infectious and instantly brought warmth to her heart, and a tingle to her pussy, whether she liked it or not. "I guess it has been kind of a thrill," she admitted. "Being a little flirty with him over the phone."

"See, exactly. You're not harming a soul," Riley added.

She paused, considering her friend's words. "And if it's encouraging him to stay in contact with me, then maybe it's not such a bad thing." A twinge of sadness tugged at her heart as she thought of other mothers who hardly hear from their kids once they go off to college. But in that moment, she was grateful for the playful banter and closeness with her son.

Riley playfully sauntered over to Leslie and knelt beside her, her expression eager and mischievous. "Ask him if he's keeping his knob well-polished while he's off at college," she suggested with a wink.

Leslie couldn't contain her laughter at the suggestion. "Riley, I can't just ask him that!"

"Why not? It's all in good fun," Riley insisted.

Just when Brandon thought their flirtatious banter had ended, another text from his mom popped up on his phone. "So, honey, are you keeping your knob polished while you're away at college?" she asked boldly, accompanied by a playful wink emoji.

Brandon couldn't help but smile at his mom's boldness and responded in kind. "Of course! In fact, I'm polishing it right now, ha-ha."

Leslie and Riley erupted into giggles upon reading his response. "Oh my God, he's masturbating his boner," exclaimed Riley playfully. "I guess you really do turn him on."

"Maybe we should make sure he's stroking that dick correctly," Leslie chimed in, sending another message to her son.

Brandon felt a flutter in his chest as he read the next text from his mother. "Make sure you have a firm grip and stroke both the knob and the shaft. Full-length thrusts are the absolute best!" it read, followed by a devilish smiley face emoji.

Brandon's heart raced as he read the message. He could hardly believe what was being said, and his fingers trembled with anticipation as he typed back a response. "Well, you've definitely given me some good material to fantasize about, mom," he wrote, his words dripping with desire. "Can you send another picture?"

A minute later, she replied with another sultry message. "How's this one?" she asked coyly. The image showed Leslie's waist, her torso rising up in a seductive curve towards the camera. She playfully peeked over her giant, stiff-nippled breasts, their size almost comically exaggerated in the photo. They jutted from her frame like two ripe watermelons, their creamy flesh spilling out of her tiny bikini top.

"Damn, mom...that's an incredible shot," Brandon responded, his excitement growing with each passing moment.

"Us double-G cup moms know just how to flaunt it, honey," Leslie teased back, her heart racing with each word she typed, knowing the effect it was having on her son.

"Why don't you tell him to send a picture back to us?" Riley suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye. "I know you wanna see his body as bad as I do."

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she considered the idea. She typed out a quick message to her son. "How about you send something for me to look at?" it read.

A minute later, Brandon's response appeared on the screen. It was a picture of him lying on his bed, shirtless and from the waist up. The muscles in his arms and chest were defined and his skin seemed to glow in the soft lighting. But what caught Leslie's attention most was that his arm was positioned in a way that could only mean he was touching his cock.

Riley let out a low whistle as they both stared at the photo, their eyes filled with lustful thoughts. "Look at how lean and fit he is," she pointed out, tracing the outline of his abs with her finger.

Leslie couldn't help but agree, her tongue licking her lips. "Brandon has always taken really good care of himself," she stated, her gaze drifting up his chiseled torso to his face.

"A guy who looks like him should have no problem getting fucked while at college," Riley remarked, her tone filled with envy.

"Well, from what he's told me, it seems like pussy is definitely available to him," said Leslie, a small smile playing on her lips. "He just can't seem to get mom off his brain long enough to give those other girls a chance apparently."

Brandon's phone chimed with a reply, causing a rush of excitement to course through him. It was from his mom and he couldn't help but feel a little naughty as he opened the voice message. Her voice was sultry and playful as she spoke.

"Nice picture, sweetheart. You think your dad would mind if I blew up that picture poster-size and put it on my bedroom wall?" she said with a giggle, her words tinged with flirtation.

Brandon couldn't help but chuckle, picturing his dad's reaction to such a bold move. He quickly recorded a response. "I don't think dad would be too happy about that."

As Leslie listened to her son's reply, her heart raced at the thought of her husband's possible reaction to their playful exchange. But the thrill of it all was too exciting for her to resist. She glanced over at Riley, who was sitting next to her with an equally wicked grin on her face. "God, he's so adorable," she cooed.

"Ask him if he likes to soar on the wings of a bald eagle," Riley giggled mischievously.

Leslie's amusement grew as she caught onto Riley's innuendo. "Does that mean what I think it means?" she asked with a sly smile.

Riley nodded eagerly. "Oh yeah, ask him!"

With a smirk, Leslie posed the question to her son verbally while running her fingers over the puffy shaved flanges of her labia through her bikini bottoms - her 'bald eagle.'

Brandon's confusion was evident in his response, having never heard that phrase before. "What does that mean?" he typed back.

His mom's voice came through again, this time with even more playfulness evident in her tone. "Do you want me to ask the question again without using the cryptic metaphor? Is that what you're saying?" she teased.

"Yes please," Brandon replied eagerly.

"Fine, then let me put it this way," Leslie's sexy voice purred through the phone. "Do you like to eat a shaved pussy, honey?"

Brandon's shock was palpable as he struggled to come up with a response. He had never eaten pussy before, but he certainly didn't want his mom knowing that.

"Sure, what guy doesn't?" he finally replied, trying to play it cool despite the flutter of nerves in his stomach.

His mother's voice was filled with a teasing tone. "I bet you just love the ones that produce a lot of delicious honey, don't you?"

Brandon couldn't help but smile, knowing exactly what she meant by "honey" - girls who could squirt during oral sex. "Oh yeah, those are definitely the best," he replied with a mischievous grin.

His mother's voice dripped with seduction. "And which do you like better...the smell or the taste?"

Brandon's heart was racing in his chest at the taboo nature of their conversation. He couldn't believe his own mother was asking him such naughty, personal questions, but he couldn't deny how much he loved it. His erect cock leaked pre-cum as he stroked himself steadily.

"They're both amazing," he replied boldly. Then, unable to resist, he added, "I bet you smell and taste incredible."

As Riley and Leslie listened to his reply, they were both taken aback by the intensity of his answer. "Wow, this is getting heavy," Riley exclaimed. "And I fucking love it."

Leslie couldn't help but smirk at her friend's enthusiasm. "I'll admit, it is quite fun," she responded coyly. "But perhaps we should stop here before things get carried away."

Riley immediately protested, exclaiming that stopping here would be a huge mistake. "In fact," she said with a sly grin, "I have an amazing idea that would absolutely rock your son's world."

Leslie raised an eyebrow in interest. "Alright, let's hear it," she said with a playful smirk.

Over the next ten minutes, Brandon was bombarded with a series of candid pictures taken by his beautiful mother as she roamed through the house in her revealing bikini. In one photo, she playfully stuck out her long, pink tongue at him while passing through the dining

room, her mile-long cleavage spilling from her bikini top just beneath her gorgeous face.

Another snapshot captured her taking a sip of water, her oversized breasts thrust forward, nipples visibly erect beneath the thin fabric, commanding Brandon's undivided attention. The flimsy material of her bikini seemed as though it could snap off her heavy tits any moment.

Brandon was enraptured by each picture he received, eagerly awaiting the next as he lay there beating his sinewy boner. When Leslie started snapping photos inside his parent's bedroom, his excitement reached new heights. The first shot displayed her reflection in the full-length mirror, offering Brandon a full view of her curvaceous body as she posed seductively.

A minute later, he received a picture of her sitting on his parent's bed, looking directly at the camera with a mischievous grin while her vibrator sat on the mattress next to her, hinting at what was coming next.

His phone rang, and with his heart racing, Brandon eagerly answered Leslie's call. "Hey, mom," he said.

"Hey sweetheart," her sweet voice replied, "Are you having fun?"

"Yeah, a lot of fun," he confessed, struggling to catch his breath.

"Brandon, you can't tell anyone what we're doing, alright? Let's just keep it our secret," she said in a serious tone, but Brandon could hear the hint of excitement in her voice.

"I won't tell anyone," he reassured her. "I promise."

"Good. I'm lying on my bed right now, making you something special," she whispered.

"Making me something? What is it?" Brandon asked, curious and intrigued.

"You'll find out soon enough," she replied coyly. "Some moms send their sons cookies or brownies when they're at college, but I have something else in mind. Something I just know you'll love more than any of those things."

As they spoke, Brandon could hear the faint buzzing sound of Leslie's vibrator. Paired with her heavy breathing, he put two and two together and realized that she was masturbating - just like he was. "Are you, um...?" he trailed off awkwardly.

"Yes, I am. That doesn't repulse you, does it, sweetie?" Leslie panted.

"Are you kidding? No way. It's just never something I imagined doing with you before," he confessed. "Well, I take that back. I did imagine it plenty of times, but I never thought it would actually happen."

"Are you still stroking your cock?" Leslie whispered seductively.

"Yes," Brandon admitted, his arousal growing.

"Good. Keep stroking and let's share an orgasm together, would you like that, sweetheart?" Leslie suggested.

"An orgasm? Yes, more than anything," Brandon replied eagerly.

Over the next minute, Leslie and Brandon pleased themselves, fueled by the sounds of their moans and gasps, and the vivid images of one another sprawled out on their beds, nearly naked. The thought of experiencing pleasure together, even from a distance, was almost too much for them to handle. They both stroked faster and harder, desperately chasing the ultimate release.

"Brandon, I'm getting close," Leslie whispered, her voice strained with pleasure. "My pussy is tingling."

He panted in reply, his heart racing with both fear and excitement. "Me too, Mom...I'm so close."

Just as the tension between them reached its peak, Leslie let out a guttural moan as her orgasm washed over her. In that moment, she could feel the waves of pleasure radiating from her clit, coursing through her entire body. Her knees buckled, her toes clenched and she let out another loud cry as her climax peaked, echoing throughout the silent master bedroom.

Unable to hold back any longer, Brandon threw his head back, arching his spine as his own orgasm hit him. The sensation of his release was overwhelming, and he could feel his cock throbbing in his hand, spurting ropes of sticky cum onto his stomach.

As he caught his breath, Brandon couldn't help but think about the implications of what had just happened. He'd just shared an orgasm with his own mother, and it was one of the most intense experiences of his life. As he lay there, covered in his own cum and still panting, he couldn't help but smile to himself. He wondered if this was the start of something new, something exciting, between him and his mom.

"You'll get the package with what I made for you tomorrow, sweetheart," Leslie breathed. "Call me as soon as you receive it...and make sure you're alone."

Brandon could hardly focus in his class the next day. He was so anxious to receive the package that his mother had mentioned. As soon as he entered his dorm building at the end of the day, he checked the mailbox and to his delight, found a small package from his mom. He hurried it back to his room, while dialing Leslie in the process. His insides tingled as he heard her sweet voice answer.

"Hey, mom, it's me. I got the package," Brandon said.

"Did you open it yet?" she asked.

"No, you said I should call you before opening it."

Leslie went in and plopped down on the sofa, anxious to share this special moment with her son. "Are you alone in your room now?" she asked.

"Yeah, my roommate has a job after school so he won't be home until later."

"Good," said his mother. "Alright, I want you to set the package down for a minute. There are some other preparations I need you to make before opening it."

"Preparations?" Brandon asked with growing curiosity.

"Yes. Think of it like a new comic book that you can't wait to read after you tear it out of the packaging. You'd make sure that you were comfortable and prepared for some intense reading, right? Well, this is much the same."

"So, what should I do to prepare for what you sent me?" he asked.

"First, I want you to take off all your clothes," Leslie instructed softly. "Close the curtains, and make sure you have a towel with you on your bed."

As Brandon listened to his mother, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. But there was something in her voice that made him trust her completely. He took a deep breath and followed her instructions, fetching a towel and quickly undressing, his cock already at full mast.

"Do you want me to lay down on my bed now?" Brandon asked, his voice trembling with anticipation.

"Yes, take a moment to really get comfortable and relax," Leslie coaxed, her soothing tone like a gentle wave lapping against the shore. "Imagine you're at your favorite spot on the beach, feeling the warmth of the sun on your skin and the cool breeze rustling through your hair. Let all your tension melt away."

Brandon closed his eyes and took deep breaths, picturing himself on a sandy beach with crystal clear water stretching out before him. He could feel the imagined sun kissing his skin and the soft wind playing with his hair. The sound of his mom's voice was like a distant melody, guiding him deeper into relaxation.

"Now, open the package," Leslie instructed, her voice low and enticing.

With trembling hands, Brandon carefully pulled out the contents of the small package. His eyes widened in surprise as he saw what was inside - a clear zip lock bag containing a pair of bikini bottoms. But not just any bikini bottoms - these were the same ones his mom had worn yesterday.

"Are these...the ones you wore yesterday?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"They are. I wore them by the pool and I also wore them while I was masturbating," Leslie replied matter-of-factly.

"Wow," Brandon gulped, his gaze fixed on the tiny G-string in front of him.

But then Leslie said something that made his heart race and his cock stir with desire. "I soaked them during that orgasm we shared together, honey, and they should still be plenty damp."

"They should?" Brandon asked, his voice shaky with arousal.

"Yes," she whispered seductively. "I wanted to share my scent and taste with you, sweetheart. I wanted to give you something special, something unique. Something that only you would know was mine."

"Should I, um...take them out now?" Brandon awkwardly asked.

"Yes, take them out and place them against your nose."

Brandon carefully took the zip lock bag and opened it, inhaling deeply as the smell of his mother's arousal hit him. He felt a warmth spread through his body, as if her orgasmic scent was tying them closer together. He pulled the damp bikini bottoms from the bag and let them hover between his nose and mouth, savoring the connection.

"Now, sweetheart, close your eyes and think about me," Leslie instructed, her voice a soft whisper. "Imagine me standing right in front of you, naked, my skin glistening with sweat and desire. Feel my big breasts, so soft and tender, against your chest as I kiss you, our tongues tangling together. Can you picture it, sweetheart?"

As Brandon envisioned his mother's body against his, he felt a surge of desire coursing through him. He could feel his cock throbbing in his hand and he began to stroke its length. "Yes, I can picture it," he sighed.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Taste me now, honey. Taste the juices that squirted from my pussy just for you."

With his mother's words echoing in his mind, Brandon brought the damp bikini bottoms to his mouth and took a deep, long lick. The taste exploded on his tongue, sending shivers down his spine and causing his cock to twitch with excitement.

He could taste the salty sweetness of his mother's cum-juices, the intensity of her orgasm still lingering on the fabric. It was a taste that he would never forget, one that he would crave for days to come.

As Brandon continued to savor the flavor, he stroked his cock faster, imagining her mouth on his, their tongues dancing together like two wild serpents. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the fantasy, feeling the pleasure building within him like a raging fire.

"Now, imagine my hand reaching down, grabbing your hard, throbbing cock," his mother's voice whispered. "I'm stroking you, my hand warm and wet from my own cum. Can you feel it, baby?"

Brandon moaned in response, his hand tightening around his erection. "Yes, mom. I can feel it."

"That's right. Now, imagine my lips wrapped around the head of your cock, sucking and swirling my tongue around it. I'm tasting you, savoring the flavor of your semen, just like you're tasting me with the bikini bottoms."

Brandon's breath hitched as he imagined his mother's mouth on his cock, his hand moving faster as he stroked himself. "Oh, mom. I can see it. I can feel it."

"Good," Leslie murmured. "Now imagine that you're 'soaring on the wings of my bald eagle.' Imagine that you're eating my shaved pussy, sweetheart."

Brandon's eyes widened at the thought. "Shaved pussy?" he stammered.

"Yes, sweetie," Leslie cooed. "Imagine yourself on your knees, my legs spread wide open, your face nestled between my thighs. Imagine the taste of my nectar, the intoxicating aroma of my pussy-juice, and the way it makes you burn with desire."

As Brandon imagined the scene described by his mother, his hand moved in tandem with the words, furiously stroking his erect cock. The images of his mother's body, spread before him, filled him with an intense arousal that threatened to overwhelm him.

"I'm tasting your pussy, mom," he croaked, his voice thick with lust as he sucked in the moisture that was still there from the day before. "It's... it's unbelievable, mom. I never..."

"Shhh, sweetie," Leslie interjected softly. "Just enjoy the sensation for now. There's no need to think about the past or future. Just focus on the present - feel your cock, hard and throbbing, as you imagine yourself eating my hot, dripping cunt."

Brandon moaned, lost in the pleasure of the moment. He could feel every nerve ending in his cock, each one pulsating with the want for more. His hand moved faster, frantically, as if trying to catch up with his mind's newfound hunger.

"Now," Leslie continued, her voice a seductive purr, "imagine that I'm riding your cock. Feel how it fills me up, how the warmth of my pussy envelops you, how the soft skin of my inner thighs presses against your hips. Can you feel it, sweetheart?"

Brandon's eyes rolled back in his head as he pictured the scene. His breath hitched and his hand sped up even more, his cock throbbing with the need to be inside his mother. The thought of her body writhing above him, her gigantic tits bouncing and rippling was too much to bear.

"Yes, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse with passion. "I can feel it. I... I need... it."

"Then go ahead, Brandon," Leslie whispered, her voice growing more sultry by the second. "Stroke yourself. Imagine that you're thrusting into my pussy, feeling me tighten around you, wanting your big cock more than anything."

Brandon's hand moved in a furious motion, his boner pulsating with the need for release.

He imagined himself thrusting into his mother's warm, wet pussy, feeling the walls of her sex clench around his erection. His breath quickened and his heart raced as the fantasy consumed him.

"Sweetheart, can you feel the orgasm building?" Leslie asked in a low, seductive tone. "Can you feel the pleasure coursing through your body?"

"Yes," Brandon gasped, his voice rough with desire. "I can feel it. It's like an explosion in my cock, mom. I wanna cum, I need to cum."

"Then go ahead, my love," Leslie cooed. "Picture your mouth on my pussy, your tongue lapping away at my clit. Imagine the taste of my nectar on your lips."

"Mmmmm," Brandon groaned, sucking on the crotch of her delicious bikini crotch, the intensity of the fantasy sending him over the edge. "I'm gonna cum, mom!"

"Only if you cum into my bikini bottoms, Brandon. That's the only way I'll let you cum," she exclaimed with excitement in her voice.

Brandon quickly lowered the flimsy bottoms to his cock, holding them against his spongy, quivering knob as he furiously stroked.

"I'm cumming!" he roared, panting heavily as he let out a guttural groan. The pleasure was so intense that it felt like a bolt of lightning coursing through his veins, and it left him breathless and weak in the knees.

Leslie cheered him on, her voice ringing in his ear. "Yes, baby! Oh, that's so good! Make sure you capture every drop of jizz for me."

Brandon's cock twitched and jerked, spurting hot, sticky ropes of cum into the moist crotch of the bikini bottoms. The sensation was incredible, almost otherworldly, and it made his whole body shake and tremble.

As the last of his orgasm subsided, he collapsed back onto the bed , panting heavily and feeling a sense of ecstasy that he had never experienced before. His mind was reeling, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Did you enjoy that, baby?" Leslie asked. Brandon had never heard her call him 'baby' before and it sent a shudder through his body.

"Yes, so much," he sighed.

"Did you capture every drop inside the bikini bottoms like I asked you to?"

"Yes," he answered, looking down at the drenched fabric.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Now here's what I want you to do next. I sent a next day return label that's already been paid for with the box. Do you see it?"

"Yes, mom," Brandon replied, still catching his breath. He reached over to retrieve the box and the return label from the nightstand. "What do I do with this?"

"Once you've placed the bikini bottoms in the zip lock baggy, put them in the box, tape it back up, along with the return label. Then, drop it off at the nearest post office as soon as possible."

"I'm sending the bikini back to you this way?" Brandon asked in disbelief.

"Yes you are, and I'm hoping that they will still be damp with your cum when they arrive. That would make me very, very happy," Leslie said, her voice full of desire.

Brandon nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. He knew he was doing something taboo, but the thought of his mother receiving the bikini bottoms with his cum in them was almost too much to comprehend.

He quickly bagged the bikini bottoms, making sure to seal it tightly so as to not let any of the cum escape. He then placed it in the box and attached the return label.

"Ready to go, mom," he stated. "I'll get it over to the post office right now."

"I'll call you as soon as they arrive tomorrow," Leslie stated with excitement in her voice.

As soon as she hung up, there was a knock at Brandon's dorm room door. He answered and saw Adriana standing there in a sexy pose.

"Hi Brandon, can I come in?" she asked with a sly grin.

As Brandon opened the door wider to let Adriana in, his heart skipped a beat. She was wearing a snug tank top that hugged her curves and tight Daisy Duke shorts that left little to the imagination. Her luscious ass cheeks were hanging halfway out of the shorts, and he could feel his erection starting to return.

"I haven't spoken to you in a couple of days," she stated, snooping around his tiny dorm room. "Have you forgotten about me already?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to focus on her words instead of her enticing appearance. "Not at all, I've just been... busy." He trailed off, not wanting to mention his phone call with his mother.

"Busy with who?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "And don't say no one, Brandon, because your dorm room wreaks of pussy."

"My roommate must have had someone in here then, because it certainly wasn't me," he replied defensively.

"What's that you have there?" she asked, noticing the small box in his hand.

"Oh this, um...just something I have to drop off at the post office. It's, uh..." Brandon stumbled over his words as Adriana snatched the box from his hand and began reading the label.

"For your girlfriend back home?" she asked slyly.

"No, just...something for my mom," he clarified, feeling a flush creeping up his neck.

"Aww, that's so cute," she beamed. "Are you a momma's boy, Brandon?"

"Well, kind of I guess," he blushed, feeling slightly embarrassed by her teasing.

"There's nothing wrong with being close with your mom. I'm pretty sure my mom has been fucking my brother Alex for years now," Adriana revealed nonchalantly.

"You think so?" Brandon asked, surprised by her revelation.

"Yeah, I think it started during Covid. The two of them quarantined in our mountain cottage and I'm pretty sure that's where they started doing the nasty. I caught them a few times after they got back home, but promised I wouldn't tell my dad."

"Well, my mom and I are close, but not like that," Brandon said, stopping himself before adding the word 'yet' to the sentence. He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he and his mother were ever alone for an extended period like Adriana's mother and brother had been.

Adriana gracefully sank onto his bed, leaning back against the pillows. With a sly smirk, she slowly spread her thighs open, inviting him in. "So, are we ever gonna fuck or is your head still 'all over the place,' like you told me last time?"

Brandon shifted uncomfortably, torn between his desire for her and his pressing need to send an important package to his mother. "I'd love to, but I really need to get this package off first. It's got some...time-sensitive material inside."

Adrian stood up, rolling her eyes in frustration. "I really like you, Brandon. But if you keep making excuses like this, I'll eventually get tired of waiting and move on."

He nodded understandingly as she spoke, fully aware of the consequences of his indecision. "I know," he replied.

"Most young adults don't come to college just for the education," she stated bluntly. "We come here to fuck too, and maybe that's just not as important to you as it is to me."

"It is," Brandon added.

"We'll see. The ball's in your court now, Brandon."

As he watched her depart from his dorm room with a confident sway of her half-exposed ass and toned legs, Brandon couldn't help but wonder if he was making the right choice by prioritizing his mom over a potential relationship with Adriana or at least a chance a losing his virginity.

Leslie's husband Luo found her in her large walk-in closet, surrounded by racks of clothes and drawers filled with lingerie. She was standing in front of a full-length mirror, admiring herself in a lacy bra and matching panties that left little to the imagination.

"Have you heard from Brandon?" Luo asked, eyeing his wife appreciatively.

Leslie turned to face him, running a hand through her tousled hair. "Yeah, I called him yesterday to make sure he got a package I sent."

Luo raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "Oh, nice...what did you send him?"

A mischievous grin spread across Leslie's face, recalling the sound of Brandon's pleasure-filled grunts as he released his pent-up cum-load inside the package she had sent. "Just some yummy goodies from home for him to enjoy," she replied with a smirk.

"In fact, he's sending me something that should arrive by mail today too," she added with excitement. "I can't wait to receive it."

Luo chuckled, wrapping his arms around his wife's waist. "Something for all of us?"

Leslie snickered and leaned into her husband's embrace. "Oh no, just for me, honey. I'm sure it will be long consumed by the time you get home."

"It's something edible?"

"Mm-hm. It's just a little something Brandon made yesterday that he wants me to try. I'm sure it'll be delicious," she said, licking her lips in anticipation. She didn't dare tell her husband that it was their son's cum-slime.

"Well, I hope you enjoy it," Luo said, giving her a quick kiss goodbye before heading off to work. "Be sure to tell Brandon hello for me and to keep studying hard if you talk to him again today."

"I will. Have a good day at work, honey," Leslie said with a hint of guilt creeping into her voice as she thought about how naughty she had been with Brandon over the past couple of days.

Her husband had barely pulled out of the driveway when she clicked a picture of herself in the mirror to send her son.

Brandon's heart raced with excitement as his mom sent him a provocative selfie, her busty body clad only in a lacy bra and panties.

His fingers trembled as he typed back a text, his desire evident in the words. "Damn...I love those, he wrote.

With a quick response, Leslie's message popped up on his screen.

"My bra and panties or my tits?"

"Both, but since your bra and panties are covering your tits, I can only fully admire those right now," Brandon answered.

"I found this bra and panty set in your room more than once, usually caked with your semen," she teased with a winking emoji.

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment at being caught. "Oh shit, you knew about that?" he replied sheepishly.

"You better believe it," she responded. "I've always known how addicted you were to the scent and taste of my panties, young man. Your mom's no dummy," she added, ending with a kiss emoji that made Brandon's heart skip another beat.

"Did you ever taste it?" Brandon boldly asked.

"I did taste it out of curiosity once, I'll admit, but never ate your cum out of my panties though," she texted. "Today will be the first time for that. Damn, I wish the mail would hurry up and get here, ha-ha."

"I'll drop whatever I'm doing when you let me know it arrives," Brandon stated.

"One more picture, sweet boy, and then I'll let you focus on your studies. Or try to, lmao," Leslie messaged.

This time the picture she sent was of her sitting on the edge of her bed, her fingers tracing the line between her panties and her freshly shaved pussy. The camera captured her eyes glinting with excitement.

Brandon's breath hitched at the sight. He could see her juices on the tip of her finger, glistening in the light. His erection, already straining against his trousers, surged even harder, his knob pushing up against the fabric. He swallowed hard, trying to steady his nerves.

"Damn, mom. You're killing me here," he whispered under his breath, his eyes still locked on the screen. He couldn't help but imagine how good she tasted, how her cunt would feel sheathed around his virgin cock.

Later, Leslie's text came through at exactly noon, full of excitement and anticipation. "It's here, baby! The package we've been waiting for! Video call me as soon as you can," she wrote, unable to contain her enthusiasm.

Brandon rushed back to his dorm room, practically sprinting down the hall. He quickly set up his laptop and hit the call button. His mom answered, lounging on his bed back home with her phone held above her head. Her smile lit up the screen, showing off her perfect white teeth.

"Hi, sweetheart," she greeted him warmly.

"Hi, mom," Brandon replied, his eyes widening when he took in her outfit. "What are you wearing?"

"Just a little something I thought you might enjoy," she teased, slowly panning the camera down her voluptuous body. She was wearing a white, sheer bodysuit that was the sexiest piece of lingerie her son had ever seen. He could faintly see the dusky pink rings of her areola through the intricate embroidered design as well as a hint of her cuntal cleft.

"Damn, you were right. That's definitely the sexiest 'little something' I've ever seen," the teen expressed.

"Mmm, in that case, you must be feeling quite aroused and erect by now," she said with a mischievous grin.

"How did you know?" Brandon asked incredulously.

"Mother's intuition," she giggled playfully. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable and take out your penis, sweetheart."

Brandon obeyed, pulling his dick out from his pants and stroking it slowly as he took in the sight of his mother, basking in her sultry, lingerie-clad glory.

Leslie's grin broadened as she watched her son's face contort with desire, his breaths shallow and quick.

"Look what I got," said Leslie, holding up the baggy with the cum-filled bikini bottoms that he mailed back to her. "You got to enjoy my love-juices, now I get to enjoy yours."

She opened the baggy and removed the bottoms, which she was delighted to see were still damp with his sticky load of semen.

Leslie held them to her nose, inhaling deeply, savoring the scent of her young son's potent love juice.

Brandon watched with a mix of fascination and arousal as his mom sniffed the panties, her eyes rolling back in delight by the smell of his teenage ball-slime. His own cock throbbed in his hand, aching for release.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna love this," Leslie confessed, and then she licked the crotch of the bikini bottoms, her eyes locking onto Brandon's as she tasted her own fuck-juices mixed with his.

Brandon groaned, his fingers tightening on his cock as he watched her mouth glide over the fabric, tonguing the gooey residue with her long licker, savoring the complex flavors of her own juices mixed with the heady taste of Brandon's seed.

"Wow, that's so hot," Brandon exclaimed in a low, husky voice. His eyes were glued to the sight in front of him, unable to look away from his mom's half-naked body.

"I'd love to eat it all, but I have another place in mind for the rest of it," Leslie said with a devilish grin, her voice dripping with seduction.

Brandon watched in fascinated disbelief as Leslie slowly peeled the tight body suit down over her enormous breasts. They spilled out onto her chest, their size and weight causing them to bounce and sway enticingly. Her nipples were erect at the centers of her wide areolas, begging to be sucked.

Without hesitation, Leslie dipped her fingers into the remaining cum on the panties and began smearing it all over her mammoth boobs. They wobbled and jiggled with every movement she made, the slick semen making them shimmer with wetness.

"Mm, they're so slippery with your cum, baby," she cooed, her voice thick with desire. The glossy sheen of semen covering her thick, rubbery nipples only added to the erotic display. Brandon couldn't tear his gaze away from her as he felt his own desire building inside him.

"You have the biggest, softest-looking boobs I've ever seen, mom," he admitted, his breaths coming faster as he watched her slide her fingers over her nipples, leaving a trail of his cum behind.

"I do, huh? Would you enjoy being smothered under them, baby boy?" she teased. "Licking and pulling at mommy's nipples, just like you did when you were a baby?"

"God, yes!"

With a mischievous grin, Leslie reached down and lifted her meaty breast to her face. With practiced ease, she latched onto her own nipple, causing it to stretch from her areola as she created a tight

seal with her lips. Through the camera lens, she kept her gaze fixed on her son, daring him to look away.

Brandon could barely comprehend what he was seeing. His heart was racing, and his cock was throbbing, almost painfully hard. "Damn," he managed to whisper, his eyes never leaving her ginormous boobs.

As she continued to suck on her own tit-melon, Leslie tilted the camera down so Brandon could see every detail of her aroused body. Her hand was inside her body suit, frantically rubbing her clit in a desperate attempt to pleasure herself. The camera captured every movement, every moan that escaped from her lips.

Brandon's camera followed suit, scanning down his toned torso to the hand flying up and down his rigid cock. It was a sight to behold - thick, pulsating veins protruding from beneath the pink, glistening skin of his prick. His knob stood out like a crimson beacon, like the deadly poisoned tip of a long, fierce spear.

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as she watched Brandon on screen. The size and power of his boner left her feeling weak in the knees. She couldn't resist the urge to touch herself more intensely as she watched him pleasure himself with abandon. And then, with a gasp, she pulled her nipple from her mouth to coo in admiration at his impressive display. "Oh sweetheart," she breathed, "it's so beautiful."

"So are you," he added.

"Yeah, do you think I'm a MILF, Brandon?" she breathlessly asked.

"Am I a mom you'd like to fuck?"

Brandon was shocked by her question, but also caught up in the passion of the moment and wanted to give an honest answer.

"Oh, absolutely, mom," he replied, his voice hoarse from arousal.

"You're hotter than any 20-something could ever be. I'd fuck you in a heartbeat."

Leslie's body shuddered at his confession, a surge of arousal rushing through her big-titted body, her eyes fixated on Brandon's cock-stroking.

"Oh baby, I'm close! Cum with me!" she whimpered.

Brandon's hand picked up the pace, stroking himself harder and faster, showing his mom just how fast his prick could pummel through a tight pussy-tunnel.

His hips bucked against his dorm room bed. "I wanna cum inside you, mom," he groaned, his voice strained from the release that was imminent.

Leslie's orgasm was already cresting, her body arched and her big ballooning titties trembled with pleasure. Her fingers moved in a frenzied dance over her swollen clit, the pleasure building in her loins.

Brandon's eyes were locked on her, the sight of his mother in the throes of passion was intoxicating. The thought of having her tight pussy wrapped around his cock and her boobs bouncing around his face sent shivers down his spine.

"I'm cumming, mom!" he cried out, his seed shooting up into the air in thick, sticky ropes as his fist pumped furiously at his erection.

Leslie watched him through the camera, her eyes glazing over as she too reached the peak of her orgasm. She tossed her head back, her big tits bouncing like water balloons as waves of bliss washed over her.

As the last drops of Brandon's cum splattered onto his chest, he took a deep breath, trying to regain his composure. He could hardly believe what had just happened, but at the same time, he felt a

strange sense of satisfaction and contentment. He couldn't help but feel grateful for his mother, for her willingness to explore their newfound desires together.

Leslie stared at her son through the screen, her heart pounding with excitement and arousal. She couldn't help but feel a little guilty for what they had just done. She was married after all, and Brandon was her boy, but at the same time, she knew that the pleasure they had shared was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

"Wow, sweetheart, that was beautiful," she sighed, trying to regain her breath.

"It sure was," Brandon agreed. "Can we do that again tomorrow?"

Leslie burst out laughing.

"You are such a dirty boy," she playfully chided him. "But yes, we can definitely do that again tomorrow, and the next day and the next day."

As the days passed, Leslie and Brandon's virtual sexual encounters became a daily ritual. Each afternoon, they would connect over a video call and indulge in mutual masturbation, their bodies moving in sync despite being miles apart.

To add to the excitement, Leslie would send him teasing photos throughout the day - snapshots of her naked body or clad in revealing lingerie. But it didn't stop there. They also engaged in dirty texting and voice messages, each one more explicit than the last.

Brandon would often find himself lying on his bed, consumed by desire as he listened to his mom's sultry voice on his phone. Her words drove him wild as he stroked himself furiously, imagining her warm touch and inviting curves.

"Stroke that cock for me, my sweetheart," she would whisper.

"Imagine plunging into my hot, dripping pussy and showing me just how much you love me with every savage thrust."

The sound of her voice was enough to make Brandon's cock throb in his hand. He envisioned her strong, smooth mommy-legs wrapped around him as he buried his boner inside her, their bodies entwined in a passionate embrace. His mind was filled with images of her smothering him with love, her giant titties pressed against his face, her rigid teats latched between his lips while he pounded her with all his might.

"Oh God, yes!" Brandon grunted, releasing his desire in powerful bursts of boy-semen as he imagined painting the depths of his mom's unprotected pussy.

The hot sun beat down on Leslie and Riley as they lounged by the pool, enjoying a lazy afternoon. Giggles escaped their lips as they chatted and relaxed in the warm breeze.

"Fuck, Leslie," Riley exclaimed, her laughter bubbling over. "Brandon must be head over heels for you with all those saucy pictures you've been sending him."

Leslie was in the midst of taking a sultry photo of herself, making sure to show off plenty of tit-cleavage to send to Brandon. "Well, some moms mail brownies. I prefer to send naughty pictures, which I'm sure he enjoys a whole lot more than sweets."

"I can't believe the two of you have been having mutual masturbation sessions over video chat every day," Riley giggled, her cheeks flushing at the thought. "It gives a whole new meaning to mother-son bonding."

"Yeah, well, as much as I enjoy it, I know I have to break the news to Brandon that he's gonna have to start earning it," Leslie said with a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"Uh-oh, have his grades taken a hit?"

"They're really bad," Leslie admitted with a sigh. "And I'm sure a lot of it's my fault for providing all this...stimulation. But ultimately it's on Brandon to pass his classes. I can't do it for him."

"True, but sometimes sexual motivation can work wonders," Riley chimed in mischievously.

"Exactly," Leslie agreed with a knowing smile. "It's a conversation I have to have with him this afternoon and I'm not looking forward to it."

Brandon was disappointed to hear the news, but he also knew that his mother was right. He had been neglecting his studies, caught up in the excitement of their virtual encounters. It was time to buckle down and get serious about his academics.

"Masturbation is important," Leslie began, "and I want us to continue our daily pleasure-sessions, no matter what. But from now on, dirty phone messages and pictures will have to be earned."

Her son's eyebrows raised in surprise. "How do I go about doing that? By proving that I'm spending more time studying?"

"That's part of it," Leslie replied, her voice softening. "But you also need to show me that your grades are improving. I wanna see the scores on your assignments and tests, not just the good ones but every single one of them."

Brandon knew he needed to step up his game. He didn't want to disappoint his mother, and he wanted to show her that he could be

horny and responsible at the same time. He also wanted to continue their intimate connection, and so he agreed to the new terms.

As the week went on, Brandon's focus shifted from obsessing over his sexy mother to studying. His dedication paid off as he proudly sent his mother pictures of his high scores on assignments and tests.

"Brandon, I'm so proud of you. Look at what you can accomplish when you put in the effort," Leslie said as they spoke by video link.

Taking a moment to bask in her praise, Brandon couldn't help but make a confession. "I have to admit, I've missed your naughty pictures and voice messages."

"Well, you deserve more than that for all the hard work you've been putting in. Are you alone in your dorm room, honey?" Leslie asked suggestively.

"Yeah, my roommate's at work," Brandon replied.

"Good. I'm home alone too," Leslie purred into the camera lens, biting her bottom lip seductively. "Would you like to join me in a steamy, sweaty fuck on your bed?"

Brandon let out an excited gasp, unsure if he heard her right. "Fuck?" he uttered.

Leslie giggled mischievously. "Not a real fuck, sweetheart. A virtual one. We've masturbated together before, but we've never truly fucked over the phone."

A surge of anticipation rushed through Brandon's body. "That would be a first for me."

"You've never had phone sex with any of your girlfriends?" Leslie asked in surprise.

"No, I haven't," Brandon confessed sheepishly.

Leslie couldn't help wondering if Brandon was possibly a complete virgin, but she pushed the thought aside for now. Closing the door to his bedroom behind her, she whispered huskily. "Just follow my lead and don't be shy. I'm sure you'll do just fine."

Leslie set her phone down and began stripping in front of it. She peeled off her shorts, then her blouse. When she reached back to unfasten her embroidered bra, Brandon's heart rate increased. Her giant tits sprung from her bra cups and wobbled heavily onto her rib cage. She looked at Brandon with a smile, noticing that he was gawking and not stripping like she was.

"Are you gonna just stare, honey, or are you gonna fuck me?" she teasingly asked.

"Sorry," her son stated, snapped from his tittie-trance as he began throwing his clothes off.

Leslie giggled and peeled her dainty panties down her legs, her clean-shaven pussy drawing Brandon's eyes like magnets. She decided it was time to start their sexual role play.

"Come push your cock up into me, baby," she said, perching herself on the edge of his bed and spreading her legs wide.

"Oh yes, Brandon, that feels so good. Splay my pussy-lips open with your thick cock. Bury your long, tender meat up inside my vagina."

Leslie had the camera pointed at her spread pussy, the lens only inches away from it.

Brandon gasped, his hand immediately going to his throbbing erection. He watched as Leslie's sex-lips spread open, revealing her dripping-wet pussy-entrance. It was all he could do to keep from cumming right then and there.

"Pound me like you mean it, baby," Leslie instructed. "Show me how much you want to be in that wet, tight cunt of mine."

Brandon's breath hitched as he started stroking himself, imagining the sensation of his mother's tight birthing tube around his cock.

"That's it, fuck me...fuck me, baby," Leslie moaned, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy. "Oh yes, deeper...deeper, I need that throbbing cock of yours so fucking deep inside me. Fuck me like I'm your dirty little slut."

"Oh god, I love this," Brandon expressed, pulling on his jutting pecker as hard as he could, while watching his mom stroke on her fat, juicy clit.

"Oh yes, fuck me harder, baby," his mother cried out. "I can feel that cock stretching me out, making me yours. Pound my fucking hole. Make me your bitch, honey, make me yours!" Leslie cried out, her voice hoarse with need.

Brandon's breath came in short, quick gasps. He thrust his hips forward as he continued to stroke himself, imagining that it was his mother's wet, tight pussy he was humping into, clenching around his cock. Sweat began to drip down his forehead as he frantically moved his hand up and down his muscled shaft, matching his mother's imagined movements. Leslie's moans and cries of ecstasy filled the room, driving him closer to the edge.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it," she gasped, her own hand moving furiously between her legs. "I can feel you hitting my G-spot, Brandon. Oh shit, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard for you."

The sight of his mother's contorted face, the sound of her moans, and the feeling of his cock straining towards climax was becoming too much for Brandon to handle.

Leslie moved the camera to her tits so Brandon could watch then roll and ripple up and down her chest. "Suck my titties, Brandon," she whimpered.

"YES...just like that! Come on, let loose, baby. Give me that dirty talk I know you've been thinking about. Tell me how much you need me. How much you want to pound my juicy pussy and make me yours."

Brandon's breath hitched as he began to speak. "I wanna fuck you so bad, Mom. I want to feel my cock sliding in and out of your wet, tight pussy. I wanna hear you scream my name as I make you cum again and again."

Leslie let out a breathy moan, her hand moving faster between her legs. "Oh yes, baby, that's it. Tell me more. Tell me everything you wanna do to me."

"I wanna lick your pussy, Mom. I want to taste your sweet nectar and feel your creamy juices drenching my face. I wanna eat you out until you're dripping wet and begging me for more."

Leslie's breath hitched at Brandon's words, her hand flying down to her clit, rubbing furiously as she cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck me harder, Brandon!" she shrieked. "Make me soak your cock and balls with my cum-juices. I wanna feel you burst inside me, filling me with your hot seed. I wanna feel our bodies tremble and shake as we come together."

Brandon's heart was pounding as he heard his mother's gasps and moans. He knew he was close to climax and didn't want to ruin the moment. He slowed his strokes, savoring the sensation of his mother's voice guiding him.

"That's right, baby. Tease me with that big dick of yours. Make me beg for your cum," Leslie breathed. She brought her other hand to

her jostling breast, tweaking her fat nipple as she watched her son's hand move up and down his strong, beautiful cock-shaft.

Brandon's breath hitched as he felt a surge of pleasure wash over him. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up against his body and the pressure building inside him. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he groaned, his voice shaking with need.

"Oh yes, baby, cum for me," Leslie moaned, her hips bucking as she rubbed her clit furiously. She could feel her own orgasm building, the pressure in her pussy rising like a tidal wave.

As Brandon's climax hit, he let out a primal grunt, his own mother's pleasure-twisted face the image that drove him over the edge. His cock twitched and throbbed in his hand as he ejaculated, spurting streams of hot, sticky cum onto his chest and stomach. Some even splattered across the camera lens for Leslie to see.

His big breasted mother was right there with him, her orgasm hitting her just as hard. She screamed out Brandon's name, her body arching, tits rippling violently as her own climax washed over her. It seemed to last forever, her body trembling and shaking with the force of it.

Finally, as their orgasms began to ebb, Brandon's breathing slowly returned to normal. He looked down towards his cum-splattered phone, at his mother, who was lying on his bed back home, her eyes closed and her face glistening with sweat.

Leslie took a deep breath, still coming down from their mind-blowing orgasm. She slowly opened her eyes, focusing on the camera that was capturing everything. Her son's face and body were a sight to behold – his youthful muscles glistening with sweat, a satisfied grin on his face, and his cock still half-hard from the intense release they had just shared.

Breathing heavily, Leslie propped herself up on her elbows, her big boobies drooping off the sides of her chest as she took a moment to appreciate her son's gorgeous body and the love they had just expressed. "Are you done with that thing yet?" she teased.

Brandon's eyes widened, suddenly realizing that he held his disproportionately sized cock in his hand, still semi-erect and covered in his own cum. He instinctively squeezed his cock a few times, relishing the feel of it before finally letting go and dropping his hand to his side.

Leslie gave Brandon a sly smile, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "So, I've been meaning to ask you...whatever happened with that 'mystery girl' you were so wrapped up with? You know, the one you were texting with when you 'accidentally' told me I look good enough to eat."

Brandon's face flushed as he remembered his flirty texts with Adriana. "Oh, that girl? Well, I still see her every now and then. She's okay, but honestly...I would much rather spend my time thinking about you," he confessed shyly.

A warm smile spread across Leslie's face at his words. "That's so sweet of you, honey," she said. "So you're not gonna pursue things further with this other girl?"

Brandon hesitated for a moment before answering. "Well, she wants me to have sex with her, but...I just haven't quite decided if I want to or not."

Sensing there was more to the story than her son was letting on, Leslie couldn't resist prying further. There had been something bothering her for weeks and she needed answers. "Honey, if I ask you a question, will you be completely open and honest with me?"

"Of course, mom," Brandon replied without hesitation. "I would tell you anything."

Leslie took a deep breath before asking the question that had been weighing on her mind. "Are you still a virgin?"

Brandon's expression shifted from embarrassment to honesty as he looked into his mother's eyes. "Yeah, I am actually. Which is partly why I've been so nervous about potentially having sex with this other girl."

"I can understand that," Leslie nodded sympathetically. "Your first time should be special. It should be with someone you truly care for and who cares for you just the same."

"I agree," Brandon said quietly. "I guess that's partly why I've been avoiding taking things further with her."

"Thank you for your honesty, honey," Leslie said gently. "You know, I want nothing more than for you to be happy, and I know that part of that happiness involves losing your virginity to someone you care about, and I fully support that decision."

After Leslie hung up, she laid there for a moment, contemplating the discussion she'd just had with her son. She knew the right thing to do, even though it could potentially wreck her marriage, and was determined to follow through with it.

The next day, Brandon could hardly wait to finish his final class and get back to his dorm room. His cock was raging hard and ready for another juicy phone-phone with his mom. It didn't help that she had been teasing him through text for the past hour.

"I need your big cock so bad, sweetheart," read one text. "I want to feel it pounding inside me, filling me up with your hot cum. I can't

wait to have you again. I love you so much," Leslie texted with a kissing face emoji.

Brandon was already picturing his mother's naked body in his phone's display screen, her breasts bouncing as they pretended he was thrusting into her, her eyes locked onto his as he brought her pleasure. He could see her splayed out on her bed, her fingers massage her plump, juicy clit, her luscious legs spread wide, inviting him in. The thought of burying his cock to its root inside of her and feeling the warmth of her pussy envelop him was enough to send him over the edge.

As he made his way back to his dorm room, Brandon's heart raced with anticipation. Little did he know, he was about to encounter the shock of his life. As he pushed open the door and stepped inside, he froze at the sight before him.

Sprawled across his bed, completely naked, was none other than Leslie...his own mother. Her long hair spilled over the pillow and her curves were on full display as she looked up at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes. A vibrant blush painted her cheeks as she giggled with excitement. "Surprise!" his mother exclaimed, almost breathless with anticipation.

The room was filled with an electric tension as Brandon tried to process what was happening. Finally, he managed to speak. "What are you doing here, mom?"

"I couldn't stop thinking about our discussion yesterday; the advice I gave you," Leslie explained, her voice soft and sultry.

Brandon's mind raced as he tried to recall their conversation. "Which advice?" he asked, finding it difficult to tear his gaze away from his mother's exposed body, especially her huge, oversized tits.

"When I told you that your first time having sex should be with someone you care about and who also cares for you equally," Leslie answered. "I realized that there's only one person that fits that bill. Me."

It all clicked into place for Brandon then. "You're that other person," he agreed, feeling a mix of shock and desire wash over him.

"I am..." Leslie trailed off, her eyes full of determination. "So I figured I better get out here quick and claim something that's rightfully mine...your virginity."

Brandon stood there, caught off guard as the reality of the situation hit him like a ton of bricks. He was about to fuck his mother. His heart raced and his palms became slick with sweat. "My roommate won't be back for a couple hours," he finally managed to say, his voice shaky.

"Actually, he won't be back until tomorrow," Leslie purred, her lips curling into a devious smile. "I met him earlier and gave him a couple hundred dollars to sleep somewhere else tonight."

A surge of excitement coursed through Brandon's body, causing him to grin uncontrollably. He couldn't believe his luck.

"We have all night to do nothing but fuck, sweetheart," Leslie declared confidently, her eyes glinting with desire. She then eagerly crawled from the bed towards him.

Brandon's eyes widened in amazement as her huge, heavy titties bounced with each movement she made towards him. He could feel his heart pounding in anticipation as she began stripping off his clothes with eager hands.

"Now, let's get you naked," she whispered.

Leslie quickly pulled off his briefs and let out an excited squeal as his huge, rock-hard dick sprang free, nearly slapping her in the face. Pre-cum oozed from the slit of his meatus in a long, gooey string.

She rose back up and latched onto him, slapping her spongy tits against him and kissing her boy passionately while her hand wrapped around his length, stroking him in time with the rhythm of their kiss.

Brandon could hardly believe it was his own mom's tongue dancing through his mouth. It moved with skill, showing years and years of French kissing experience. The feel of her humongous breasts pressing against him was like a dream. He felt the pleasure of her hand wrapped around him, jacking him off in a way that no other woman besides a mother could.

Leslie kissed her way down his lean body, her focus shifting from his mouth to his chest, abdomen, and finally his dick. She licked and sucked his cockhead gently, teasing him as she flicked her tongue against the tip, stimulating his glans.

She took him deep into her mouth, sucking and swallowing him until he was fully sheathed in her snug throat.

Brandon moaned in pleasure as his mother took him into her mouth and down her throat, feeling the warm, wet sensation envelop his cock. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying it, being her son, but he couldn't help the feelings of lust and delight that were coursing through his body. He stood there, his back against the bedroom door, leaning back as his mother took his full length into her mouth, mashing her lovely lips out around his cock-root.

Leslie sucked and sucked, her head bobbing up and back, her lips sealed around his cock, her tongue massaging his erectile flesh.

Brandon was afraid he wouldn't last long, the sensations too pleasurable and intense.

Sensing this, Leslie removed his boner from her mouth, his knob popping from her lips like a cork from a bottle.

"There will be plenty of time for me to suck you dry," she stated, grasping his cock in her hand and guiding him to his dorm room bed. "Right now I want you inside me."

Brandon followed her lead, walking towards the bed with long, uncertain steps. He was a mixture of arousal, desire and fear, knowing that this act would change his life forever.

Leslie lay on the bed, spreading her lovely legs wide open, her dainty feet with their red painted toenails hovering in the air. Her hand moved between her thighs, rubbing her swollen clit as it peeked from its hood, moaning softly as she beckoned her boy closer.

Brandon's eyes never left her. He could see the glint of desire and need in her eyes, matched by his own hunger and curiosity.

Finally, he positioned himself between her creamy thighs, his cock hard and pulsing, wanting nothing more than to be buried inside her hot core. Leslie's hand moved down to guide him, positioning the fat, tapered tip of his dick at her vaginal entrance.

Brandon hesitated for a moment, looking into his mother's eyes, trying to find any sign of regret or hesitation. But all he saw was desire and lust.

"Fuck me, Brandon," she whispered lovingly.

And with those words, Brandon took one last deep breath, then slowly pushed into his mother's warm, tight pussy. A mix of emotions surged through him - fear, lust, and love, but above all, a sense of completion. He was finally fulfilling his mother's wish, and his own desire, all in one fell swoop.

Leslie instinctively wrapped her strong legs around him, pulling him closer, guiding his thick, throbbing cock deeper inside her most sacred place.

Brandon groaned with pleasure as he felt his very first pussy contract around him, bathing him in warmth and tightness. He knew this was the moment he had been waiting for, knowing his mother was the one who was meant to take his virginity and make him a man.

"Just thrust it in and out slowly, my love," his mother's sweet voice said.

He began to pump his hips, savoring every inch of her tight, wet pussy. In response, Leslie moaned in pleasure, encouraging him to go harder and deeper.

As Brandon thrust into his mother with more fervor, Leslie gasped and sighed, meeting each of his thrusts with a well-timed movement of her hips. She wrapped her loving arms around him, pulling him closer and deeper inside, relishing the feel of her son's huge, teenage cock stretching and filling her to her very core.

"Fuck me harder now," she gasped, tightening the harness of her shaved legs around him.

Brandon's rickety dorm room bed creaked and groaned in protest as he pumped harder and faster, his hips rocking, his balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's breath was ragged and her moans grew louder and more fervent with each passing second as she clung to her handsome teen, her silky arms and legs wound tightly around him.

Their bodies moved in a perfect fuck-rhythm, the muscles beneath their limbs straining and flexing beneath their skin. Brandon's throbbing cock gliding in and out of his mother's tight, wet sheath, their flesh slapping together with each thrust.

Leslie's head tossed from side to side, her eyes closed, lost in the ecstasy of the moment. She knew this was already a better fuck than she had ever shared with her husband.

Brandon's cock was a thing of beauty, raging hard and glistening with secretions, sliding in and out of his mom's cunt like a hot knife through butter.

He reached down and cupped her huge, jostling breasts, his fingers rubbing her nipples, sending shivers of pleasure coursing through her body. The sensation was too much for her to bear, and Leslie's body convulsed, her orgasm roaring through her like a wildfire, her nails digging into her son's back as she screamed out in pleasure.

Brandon's own climax was building, and he could feel the pressure in his balls growing. He thrust harder and deeper, his cock pulsing with an incredible intensity as he drove himself into her again and again.

Leslie could feel her son's ballooning knob striking the ring of her cervical head with every thrust. It was something she hadn't experienced since her own college days, while getting fuck by several big-dicked athletes. It made her tit-quivering climax even more intense and she screamed out in orgasmic rapture, the muscles in her neck straining.

"Augh, shit!" Brandon gasped, feeling her clinging, curvy body tremble like a earthquake around him, her cunt-tube tightening like a vice around his cock.

And then, suddenly, Brandon felt it - the familiar sensation of agonizing pleasure as his orgasm tore through his teenage body, his cock throbbing and pulsing as he came deep inside his mother's pussy. With every spurt, he released more of his hot, sticky seed, filling her up with his hot jizz.

As he came down from the intense orgasm, Brandon could feel his mother's body trembling beneath him, her own climax still gripping her.

The two lay there, spent and sated, basking in the afterglow of the incredible lovemaking that had just taken place. They remained connected for several long minutes, their hearts and souls intertwined in a way that could never be undone.

Brandon couldn't believe that he had just crossed the ultimate taboo, that he had just fucked his own mother. But as he lay there, his cock still inside her, he could feel nothing but love and gratitude for her. She had been his rock, his refuge, his savior. And now, she had given him something that no other woman ever could - the surrender of her body and soul to him, in a way that would bond them together for all eternity.

As the night grew darker, two college boys sat in their cramped dorm room, their ears filled with the sounds of wild, passionate sex coming from the next room over. The rhythmic creaking of the bed, the slapping of skin against skin and muffled moans echoed through the thin walls.

"Dude, they've been at it for like four hours now," one of the boys said with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Lucky bastard," replied his friend, eyes glued to his phone screen as he scrolled through social media. "I wish I had a girl that would fuck me like that."

In the neighboring room, Leslie rode Brandon's cock with practiced skill, her gigantic breasts bouncing up and down with each thrust. Over the course of several hours, she had taken him through every sex position imaginable and experienced countless earth-shattering

orgasms in the process. One thing was certain - Brandon shared her insatiable appetite for sex, making them perfectly matched partners in pleasure.

Lost in a haze of ecstasy, Brandon never knew sex could be this intense, this primal. In just four hours, he had ejaculated his semen deep inside his mom's tight, hot vagina six times and showed no signs of stopping until his body simply couldn't handle any more carnal bliss.

"That's it, baby boy, pump those fucking hips," Leslie gasped, her voice strained with pleasure as she bounced up and down like some sort of sexual athlete.

She fell forward, slapping her heavy, sweaty breasts down around Brandon's face, the weight and warmth of her cleavage enveloping him. Her hips moved in a rhythm that only a mother could possess, the thick, rounded meat of her ass pumping tirelessly up and down.

Brandon's throbbing cock slid through the slick folds of Leslie's pink pussy-flesh, his arousal heightened by the mixture of pre-cum and liquid girl-cream coating his length. Each thrust brought about more intense pleasure as Leslie's quim contracted and pulsed around his girth, milking it for all its worth.

As Brandon explored her soft, cavernous cleavage with his lips and tongue, he couldn't believe that his wildest big-tit fantasies were finally coming true. He finally found one of her nipples and sucked greedily, feeling overwhelmed by the sensations and the divine taste of her tit-peaks. His face was pressed against the warm, plump flesh of her breast as he concentrated on sucking and enjoying every moment of being smothered by her exquisite curves.

For the next few hours, Leslie and Brandon continued their wild, passionate fuck-fest. The more they screwed, the more insatiable

their desire became, and it wasn't long before they were both sweating, moaning, and gasping for air.

Brandon's cock slid in and out of Leslie's wet pussy with ease, filling her every need and desire. She wrapped her legs around him, clinging to him like a lifeline, her nails digging into his skin as he thrust deeper and harder into her.

Leslie's moans grew louder and more intense as she neared her climax, her body shaking and trembling with each powerful thrust of Brandon's boner.

The boy could feel his mom's pulsating pussy muscles gripping his cock tighter and tighter, her cervical lips kissing his knob, driving him closer to his own release.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, baby!" Leslie cried out for the sixth time in the past hour.

Brandon groaned in response as he felt Leslie's coital-muscles tighten around his cock, her inner walls clenching and releasing him in a sensation that was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. He thrust deeper, slamming himself into her as hard as he could, his balls slapping against her upturned ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's screams of pleasure filled the room as she came, her body shaking uncontrollably beneath him. Brandon couldn't hold back any longer either, his orgasm building and building until finally, he released his pent-up cum deep inside Leslie's waiting womb.

As he came, Brandon felt a sudden sense of connection with his mom that was unlike anything he had ever felt before. It was as if their souls had become intertwined, their lovemaking creating a bond that could never be broken.

As they lay there, spent and exhausted, Leslie's arms wrapped around Brandon, holding him close as they both caught their breath.

It was a moment that neither of them would ever forget, one that had forever changed the course of their lives.

In that moment, Brandon realized that there was no going back. He had crossed a line that could never be uncrossed, and he was forever changed by it. But he also knew that him being away at college, distanced from his mother, had caused him to find something special in his her arms, something that he never wanted to let go of.

THE END