

Poker Night With Our Moms

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Chapter 1 – The Big Winner

“You sure you don't need a ride, dude?”

Matt didn't hear a word that his friend Steve just said. They were the last two left at their weekly poker game, and things had gone a little better than usual for Matt. In fact, the teen was on cloud nine.

“Dude?” Steve tried again.

Matt's head snapped around at the sound of his friend's voice. “Did you say something?”

Steve chuckled as he watched his buddy come out of his haze. “So, how much did you win?”

“I started with sixty bucks,” Matt smiled, pulling a fat roll of twenty dollar bills out of his pocket and throwing it down on the table.

Steve picked up the money and began peeling off bills. “Four, five, six...dude, there's seven hundred and twenty bucks here!”

“Just a typical poker night,” Matt joked.

The lifelong friends first started playing poker with some of their football teammates at the start of ninth grade. The first few events were just for fun, but wagers for small amounts of money soon became the norm, and the stakes continued to rise as the years went by. Bets had a tendency to get a little out of control now that all the eighteen-year-old high school seniors had jobs—like tonight, for example.

“So, what's the plan for all this cash?” Steve asked, tossing the roll of bills back to his friend. “I have a feeling that a few cheerleaders might be eating well for a while...”

Matt tucked the money into his pocket with a smile. His car was currently out of commission and in the shop thanks to a few issues with his brakes, so some of the money was definitely going toward that. Part of him thought that maybe he should give some to Steve's mom as well. The divorced mother of one never had a problem with their weekly Wednesday night get-togethers taking place in her basement over the past four years. She made food for the boys, served them drinks, and even cleaned up the mess that they made after everyone left. She certainly deserved something for putting up with all of their shit.

Steve looked over at his buddy with a grin. “I know what I would do with all that cash. I'd break off a few hundo and tell your mom to get her big fuckin' tits out.”

Matt shook his head.

“Then I'd have her wrap 'em around my cock,” he continued, thrusting his hips in the middle of the empty basement.

“Great idea, bro,” Matt smiled, grabbing his friend's attention. “Maybe I'll go upstairs and find your mom, throw her a few bills, and give that perfect ass the pounding that it really needs. We all know how long she's been single for.”

Steve's thrusting came to a halt as he watched Matt hop out of his chair.

“Grab the back of her head like this,” Matt told him while reaching his left hand out in the air, pretending to slap his friend's mom's butt in the process. “And give that fat ass a few whacks before I unload on it. I'll send her on her next date walking with a limp.”

“And then I'd get a bottle of oil and pour it all over those huge tits,” Steve smirked, his hips moving once again.

“Um....boys....”

The two teens stopped and turned to witness Steve's mom, Amy, standing in front of the basement stairs with an ear-to-ear smile.

“Your mom is here, Matt. You know, I think you guys need to start inviting some girls over here,” she laughed before heading back upstairs.

Matt put his fist in his mouth and dramatically bit down as he watched her ascend the steps. He only had one question after he heard the sound of the basement door shut. “How much do you really think it would take? Sixty bucks?”

The loud sound of Steve's fist crashing into his buddy's shoulder rang throughout the basement before the two hustled upstairs.

Chapter 2 – College Days

“He's coming up,” Amy said to Beth.

Beth and Amy first met in college and stayed extremely close over the past twenty-four years. They were college roommates for four years, each was the maid of honor at the other's wedding, and they were best friends the entire time. Both were currently forty-two years old, but neither looked their age. Beth was short and blonde with green eyes and a large bust. Amy was also blonde, but with sparkling and almost memorizing blue eyes. She didn't possess Beth's sizable chest, but she made up for it with a big backside that the men she dated couldn't get enough of. Seven years ago, the girls decided to become gym partners to help keep each other motivated to lose weight after their respective divorces. It was the best decision that either woman ever made, and the fact that both moms could pass for thirty proved it.

“Still going good with Rick?” Amy asked. She knew that Beth had been seeing a single father recently, but hadn't received an update on the status of their relationship in quite some time.

“That's over,” Beth told her with a frustrated sigh.

“Bad?”

Beth nodded.

Amy's hand found her girlfriend's shoulder in an attempt to comfort her. “Ah, baby, you'll find someone.”

“What about you?” Beth questioned, quickly changing the subject.

“Steve's eighteen now, right?” Amy laughed, much to her bestie's chagrin. “Maybe I'll give him a try.”

Beth swiftly rolled her eyes and commented, “The worrying part is I think you're only kind of joking.”

The two moms turned to observe their sons emerging from the basement. The boys seemed to have an extra bounce in their steps on this Wednesday night—Matt in particular.

“Make sure that Mr. Moneybags here takes you shopping or something,” Steve laughed while Matt walked over to the coat rack.

Beth shot her son a stern look. “You know that I don't like you guys playing for money.”

“It worked out today,” Matt smiled meekly. He hurried to zip up his jacket.

“You could say that again!” Steve announced to the room. “Seven hundred and twenty big ones!”

Beth couldn't believe what she'd just heard. “What!?”

Matt's priority immediately shifted to calming his frantic mother. Of course, Steve couldn't keep his big mouth shut. “Relax, Mom...”

“You boys shouldn't be playing for that kind of money!” Beth said firmly with a glare directed at the two classmates. “Are you crazy!?”

“Relax, Beth...”

Beth's stern look quickly shifted to the other woman in the room. “Don't tell me to relax, Amy! That's way too much money for eighteen-year-old boys to be gambling!”

Amy smirked slyly at her long-time friend. “We used to play for some pretty big stakes when we were their age, remember?”

“You two played poker?” Steve asked his mom, surprised.

Beth's eyes promptly hit the floor. She shuffled her feet, trying her best to conceal her embarrassment. It never ceased to amaze her just how similar Amy and Steve truly were. It was like neither of them shied away from anything.

“Come on, girl!” Amy shouted with a big smile. “You remember those days.”

“No, I don’t...” Beth muttered under her breath.

“You little liar!” Amy laughed.

“What the fuck are you two talking about?” Steve asked bluntly, still not following what was going on.

“Language!” Amy yelled at her son before taking a moment to explain herself. “We played our fair share of poker back in college.”

Matt was taken aback by this surprising revelation. Poker didn’t seem like something that his mom would be into. Actually, if he had to put money on it, he would bet that his mother had never gambled before at all.

“Really?” asked Steve.

Beth didn’t answer her son’s question. In fact, her eyes had yet to leave the floor.

“Well, kind of...” Amy said with a grin. “It was more like strip poker.”

The two teens were stunned. Meanwhile, Beth blushed shyly while Amy smiled proudly. The two moms’ current reactions reflected their personalities perfectly: Beth modest and timid, while Amy was always outgoing and confident.

“Who did you guys play with?” Matt questioned.

“Mostly the fraternities, sometimes the football team, and occasionally if we were feeling crazy, the basketball team,” Amy told them boastfully.

Beth couldn’t believe that her friend told their sons about their college days. God, that seemed like a lifetime ago. Not only the wild and crazy times, but all the fun they used to have in general. Dates nowadays consist of fancy dinners and boring small talk. Sometimes, she wouldn’t mind going back to weekends full of alcohol-fueled parties and questionable decision making—not that her son should know about any of this.

Steve pulled a deck of cards out of his back pocket and held it up for Beth to see. “Well, what do you know?”

Beth stared at the young man in disbelief. This was why she preferred when her eyes were on the floor. “There’s no way!”

“Come onnnnn, Beth,” Amy whined to her girlfriend, grabbing her by the arm and pulling her to the kitchen table. “Let’s go back to our college days for a night!”

The busty blonde didn’t want anything to do with Amy’s insane proposal. “Are you crazy!? These are our sons!”

“I know! This way it’ll stay our little secret!” Amy said, grinning.

Beth couldn't believe that she was actually going along with this. Someone needed to slap her upside the head and wake her up. What in the world was she doing? And why did she follow Amy? Meanwhile, the boys wasted no time taking their seats at the table, each sitting across from their own mother as Amy reached out and retrieved the pack of cards from her son.

“Texas hold 'em. No betting before the flop. The hand must be fully completed in order for there to be a winner, and the loser has to remove an article of clothing,” Amy announced, shuffling the deck. The speed and relative ease at which she operated was undeniably impressive. “The winning hand can pick the piece of clothing if they want. Socks and shoes off so everyone is on a level playing field.”

“Someone's done this before,” Matt laughed, noting the professional cadence of his friend's mom.

Suddenly, Beth was back in her dorm room, playing cards with the jocks and frat brothers at school. She was supposed to be past this stage of her life! Especially since their strip poker games usually ended in a long night of fun for everyone involved—especially the two girls. But this wasn't college. This was adulthood.

“Oh, you have no idea...” Beth groaned under her breath, turning to witness a devilish grin on Amy's face.

Things were either about to get really awkward, or *really* fun and naughty.

Chapter 3 – The Game

Amy dealt everyone at the table two cards face down, before placing the flop—which consists of three community cards that face up and are in play for everyone to use—down on the middle of the table. The three cards showing were a 10, a jack, and a king.

Beth couldn't believe it. She was planning to fold every hand to avoid being caught up in this nonsense, but decided to take a quick peek at her pocket cards for some unknown reason. She held an ace/king combo! She already had a pair of kings and the table was setting up for an ace-high straight!

Steve started the action. “I'm in.”

“Fold,” Matt said.

“I'm out,” Amy followed.

“Call,” Beth announced.

“Look who didn't want to play,” Amy teased Beth before dealing the fourth community card which is commonly referred to as 'the turn.'

A 3 flopped down on the table. It was no help to Beth, but she decided to remain in regardless. “I call.”

“Call,” Steve quickly followed.

“Here comes the river,” Amy announced, placing the fifth and final card down on the table. It was a 6

of clubs.

Beth paused and thought for a moment. She could still fold and get out of the hand, but her gut instinct told her that Steve was too excited and overplayed his cards. The way that he'd instantly announced his calls added to her confidence. She didn't get her wish of an ace-high straight, but a pair of kings wasn't bad.

“Call...” Beth said calmly.

Steve immediately called and set his cards down, revealing a pair of aces. Beth let out a long sigh of disappointment in herself as a result. This is what she got for not folding like she should have, and she certainly didn't look forward to what was about to happen next thanks to her losing hand.

Steve's arms soared into the air in celebration at the sight of Beth placing her cards down on the wooden surface. “Winner!”

Matt groaned. He couldn't believe what his mother just did. “Come on, Mom, you never play an Anna Kournikova.”

“A what?” Beth asked her son.

“An ace/king, Mom,” Matt explained, surprised to hear that she didn't know the old poker adage. “It looks pretty but it rarely wins.”

“I told you that your mom played cards. Not that she was any good at 'em,” Amy giggled, turning her attention to her son. “Alright, Steve, you can pick what piece of clothing you wan—”

“Shirt!” Steve cut his mom off excitedly. “Definitely her shirt!”

Beth let out a huff before lifting her purple t-shirt over her head and tossing it at the overjoyed eighteen-year-old jock. Her white lace bra—which pushed up her impressive bust—was now fully visible for the table to see, and her son sat right across the table, for God's sake! It was so humiliating!

“Happy?” Beth asked Steve, rolling her eyes.

Steve admired the beauty who sat just a few feet away from him. Her tits were unreal. Well, not literally. There was nothing fake about the unbelievable woman who he'd been jerking off to since grade school, and he swiftly realized how much better the real thing was than his imagination. He took a deep and exaggerated smell of her top in his hands with a joyous look of victory on his face, causing Beth to respond by rolling her eyes once more.

“Oh, I'm *very* happy,” Steve whistled.

Matt quietly took all of this in from his seat. He would be lying if didn't admit to the occasional fantasy involving his own mother. What eighteen-year-old guy with a smoking hot mom didn't think about her once in a while? But seeing her in her current state stirred around plenty of previously unexplored feelings inside of him. The shit that his buddies gave him about his mom wasn't far-fetched: she had an unbelievable chest. And while his mother's best asset was definitely the top half of her body, there was little doubt regarding which article of clothing he would pick when it came to Steve's mom. There was

nothing in life that he wanted more than to see his best friend's mom's jeans scattered across the kitchen floor. It was just a matter of time.

Amy topped Matt in the next hand much to her enjoyment. "Take it off!" she hollered as her son's friend raised his t-shirt over his head, and she didn't shy away from leaning over the table to help herself to a feel of his bulging biceps and chiseled midsection. "Look at all these muscles, girl! Remind you of college?"

"It does now..." Beth responded with a slight smirk, gazing across the table at her jock son sitting there, half-naked. It was all so surreal.

Matt didn't look anything like his father or any of the men that Beth had dated over the past seven years. Her son was lean and ripped. In fact, he looked an awful lot like those hunks back in college. Maybe she sometimes took the sight of him walking around the house without a shirt on for granted? Everything suddenly seemed different from her spot at the table. She didn't just look at her son anymore. Now, she stared at a sexy jock.

A queen of spades finished off hand number three, and Amy threw her cards down in disgust, more frustrated than ever.

"Quite the hand..." Matt chuckled at the pair of 2's showing on the table, providing no competition for his pair of jacks.

"I kept waiting for something good and then stupidly decided to stick it out for some reason," groaned Amy. "I should've bailed on that hand."

Beth spoke up. She sensed her son's excitement. "Okay, Matt, your choice as to which piece of clothing Amy loses."

Matt looked at his buddy with a big smile. "Is this even a question?"

Steve huffed, turning away.

"What do you think I'm gonna pick?" Matt continued to taunt his friend. "If I could see any part of your mom?"

"Just get it over with..." Steve mumbled under his breath.

"No, you made a big production over my mom losing her shirt, so I'm going to enjoy this one. Because as much as you love looking at my mom without a top on, that can't compare to how much I'm gonna love seeing your mom's perfect ass."

Amy's eyes bulged.

"Hey, watch it!" Beth remarked sharply, not a fan of her son's tone.

"Mom, you've known Amy since college," said Matt. He quickly turned back to Amy. "I can call you Amy, right? I feel like we should be on a first name basis by this point. I mean, we're playing strip poker, after all!"

Amy smiled at Matt, blushing courtesy of his compliment regarding her body. “You can call me Amy.”

“Awesome,” Matt said. His attention quickly jumped back to his mother. “Are you honestly telling me that I’m out of line here? I mean, Mom, her ass is crazy.”

Steve rolled his eyes.

“It’s in the top five best asses I’ve ever seen,” Matt stated, boldly as ever.

Beth couldn’t help but tease her girlfriend after turning to observe her rosy red cheeks. “It looks like someone has a thing for you...”

“Well I-I-I-th-thank you.” Amy stammered. The always outgoing mom turned shy due to the bizarreness of the situation. “I um...I...have a bit of a problem.”

“A problem?” Beth asked with a fair amount of concern to her voice. “What is it?”

Amy leaned over and whispered into her girlfriend’s ear.

“That’s not a problem!” Beth laughed, looking across the table to wink at her son. “In fact, I’m pretty sure that someone’s going to be a *big* fan of that news.”

Matt looked at Amy, concerned. She was never this shy. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I um...it’s...just that I’m kind of...wearing a-a-a...thong.”

Matt’s eyes bolted over to Steve—who already had his head in his hands. “Dude...”

Steve didn’t respond.

“Dude!”

Steve continued to pretend he was somewhere else.

“Dude, please tell me you heard that!” Matt said with a tone of excitement never before reached in his young life. “Your mom is wearing a thong! A thong! That perfect ass in a thong!”

Amy’s face couldn’t be more red. Just how big of a crush did Matt have on her? It was like the idea of seeing her body served as the equivalent of winning the lottery, and she couldn’t help but be flattered as a result.

Matt spun back to Amy and asked, “You’re not going to keep me waiting, right? Because, Ms. B...I mean, Amy...this is like torture.”

Amy started to feel like herself again as she jumped out of her seat with a little extra pep in her step, her hands rushing to unbuckle her jeans. While she would obviously never tell Matt this, his reaction meant the world to her, and it didn’t really matter if he exaggerated or not. He clearly found her sexy and that was more than enough for her. What forty-two-year-old woman didn’t love praise and

admiration when it came to her body? Throw in the fact that it came from a good-looking eighteen-year-old hunk, and she was over the moon to hear his words. So, she decided to not just take her jeans off. Instead, she put on a show.

Amy turned so that her back faced the table, and inched down the skin-tight denim, making sure that Matt got exactly what he'd most likely dreamt about hundreds of times. Suddenly, she wasn't a responsible parent with bills and a mortgage. She'd been sent back to her college days—to the days when hot football players would hoot and holler when she lost another article of clothing. This was the exact fun that she'd been missing out on for so many years.

Could life get better than this? Certainly not in Matt's world. That big, round, perfect backside came into view once Amy's jeans moved closer to the floor, and there weren't any panties hiding the goodies from his greedy eyes. While his own mother had an amazing lift to her breasts, the perk to his friend's mom's ass was stunning. It was, dare he say, perfect.

“I take back what I said,” Matt spoke up. “That's not a top five ass of all-time. That's the greatest ass I've ever seen. *Ever!*”

“Jesus Christ, Mom,” Steve complained after her jeans finally hit the floor. “Can you just get it over with?”

“No, no, no, no,” Matt quickly countered. “Actually, how about we all take like a twenty-minute break? Everyone except Amy. I think she should stay just like that.”

The yell that followed was Matt reacting to Steve roughly punching his arm.

Amy soon found herself seated in her chair once again—fairly reluctantly, she might add—before she glanced over at Beth. Of course, Beth had the world's biggest grin on her face. She probably loved seeing her like this! It was just like the old days.

Steve beat Beth in the following hand which resulted in her losing her jeans. He attempted to make a big deal over the pink panties that she wore, but his exaggerated excitement was lost on the room. Beth didn't possess the backside of her friend and everyone at the table knew it. The consolation prize wasn't bad, however. His eyes remained transfixed on the impressive cleavage that the gorgeous blonde across the table put on full display.

A quick update on the state of our characters.

Beth – No shirt and no pants.

Amy – No pants.

Matt – No shirt.

Steve – Fully clothed.

The following hand was unique for all the players at the table. The tension built as nobody had yet to fold after the flop. This was the first hand to have more than two participants playing this far into it.

Matt glanced around the room to see if he could find a tell as the fourth card was placed on the table. “I call,” he said, not picking up on any hints of weakness from the straight-faced participants at the table.

“Me too,” Amy followed.

“Call,” Beth stated.

Steve smiled at his mom before setting his cards down on the table with a laugh. “You have nothing.”

“Is that so?” Amy asked. “Mr. Poker Expert all of a sudden? Who was it again that won seven hundred and twenty bucks tonight? You or him?” she asked her son while pointing at Matt.

“Who's the one with all his clothes on?” Steve asked. “You're too honest for a game like poker. I call.”

Steve caught an air of excitement coming from his mother after she placed the river card down on the table. It was a jack of hearts that he would bet every dollar to his name that she was counting on. She could barely hold back her smile.

Matt was up. “I call.”

“Same,” Amy said.

“Call,” Beth immediately followed.

Steve looked around the room in disbelief. “Nobody saw her nearly jump out of her seat when she put that jack down?” He shook his head at Matt and Amy before sliding his cards to the middle of the table. “I'm out. You guys are in trouble.”

Amy turned over her cards with a smile to reveal a jack/8 combo. Her pair of jacks beat both Beth's pair of 9's and Matt's pair of 7's.

It didn't take long for Beth to realize what was coming next. “Ah shit...”

“Pants, mister,” Amy smiled at her son's friend before her finger swiftly pointed at Beth's chest. “And it's been a while since I've seen those.”

Beth shook her head and hesitantly unhooked her lace white bra, allowing it to drop into her lap.

“Dear God!” Steve yelled, clutching his chest and falling to the floor.

“You're such a fuckin' dick...” Matt groaned under his breath, standing up and quickly unzipping his jeans. Sure, his friend's reaction annoyed him plenty, but it wasn't exactly out of line, because he couldn't believe what he looked at either.

Steve climbed back into his seat, not daring to cease admiring his friend's mom's perfect breasts from across the table. Her small and pink areolas made her bust look even bigger. And what about her erect nipples? Was that from the cool temperature in the house, or did playing strip poker with her BFF and two high school jocks turn her on? It was everything that he'd ever imagined, and then some. This woman should be a model as far as he was concerned!

“Enjoying yourself?” Beth asked.

"I could die a happy man," Steve admitted honestly. He noticed his mother gathering the cards from the table to reshuffle the deck out of the corner of his eye—the very corner. Ninety-nine percent of his focus was on the busty knockout sitting mere feet away.

The next hand began as Amy placed the community cards on the table before dealing each player their respective pair. A queen and two 4's showed.

"It's getting interesting now," Amy noted, observing the pile of clothes on the floor. She took a quick peek at her pocket cards and announced, "Count me out."

Beth looked at her cards: queen/4. She already had a full house and finally received a hand that would shut Steve up. Worst of all, Steve's eyes had yet to leave her chest since her bra fell into her lap. It was time to get some sweet revenge.

"I call," Beth said in her most subdued voice. She did her best to hide her elation.

"I'm in," Steve followed, still gawking at his topless dream girl.

Matt slid his cards to the middle of the table to fold, leaving just Beth and Steve in the game.

Amy placed the fourth card on the table: a king of diamonds.

"I almost feel bad, Beth," Steve smirked slyly as he took another peek at his pocket cards. "Here I am, fully clothed, and you're about to be completely naked."

Beth raised her eyebrows. "That confident?"

"I can't lose," Steve said in a style exclusive to an eighteen-year-old guy brimming with confidence. "You know what? Being the nice guy that I am, I'm going to give a novice like yourself a chance to get out of this hand before you have to slide those cute little panties off."

Beth placed her cards down on the table and stared into Steve's eyes. "Apparently, you boys like to play for big money, isn't that right? It's a shame that we can't raise the stakes a little higher than a single piece of clothing."

"Fortunately for you, the rules of strip poker are flexible ones," Steve replied, curious to see where she was headed. "What do you have in mind?"

"I'm thinking that you lose all your clothes if I win."

As open as Steve was to Beth's proposal, he didn't follow her logic. "Three pieces of clothes versus one? I'm no math wiz, but those numbers don't quite add up to me."

"What would make it even then?" Beth asked.

Steve pondered her question for a moment before a mischievous grin gradually overtook his face. "A blowjob."

"Steven, that's completely inappropriate!" Amy scolded her son.

Matt quietly observed the situation from his chair. Surprisingly, he found himself rooting for his friend. He couldn't explain why, but he was caught up in the entire ordeal. It didn't feel like he listened to a conversation between his friend and his mom. It was more like his friend and a hot girl from school bargained with each other, and he would definitely be rooting for Steve if they played strip poker with a few of their sexy cheerleader classmates.

Beth didn't flinch while she stared across the table with a deadpan expression on her calm face. "Okay, hot stuff. But I need a little more from you."

"Like what?"

"You shovel our driveway for the entire winter," Beth replied.

Steve took a deep breath to consider her offer, turning to Matt—whose eyebrows were perked up in indecision. They both thought the same thing.

"That's a long driveway, dude," Matt commented.

It was only November, so that meant at least five months of snow duty for Steve. His friend's long and wide driveway was perfect for basketball games with their friends, but the appeal of shoveling it wasn't the same. Yet, on the other hand, how often did an opportunity like this come along? When would he ever have a chance at getting blown by the hottest MILF alive? He had to accept it.

Steve reached his hand out with a grin. Beth met it with hers and the two agreed on the deal with a handshake. Things had officially gotten crazy.

Beth's smile couldn't be bigger as she flipped over her cards. "Thank goodness for all those muscles, because you're gonna be needing them pretty soon!"

Steve's face quickly turned sour after realizing that he looked at a full house. He angrily threw down his pair of kings in the process. Even with the help from the community cards, his three kings couldn't top her full house.

Beth turned to Amy and smiled. "I waited for my spot all night."

"Wait...she hustled me?" Steve asked his mom.

"That's what she does," Amy giggled. If tonight wasn't enough like their college days to begin with, then watching Beth play dumb before capitalizing on her moment solidified things.

Steve stood up, pacing alongside the table. "I need a king. How about a king? Show me a king."

"There's one king left in the deck and it's your only hope," Amy told her son, fully aware that he understood the situation, but wanting to add to the suspense anyway. "The only way you're beating her full house is with four-of-a-kind."

Beth smiled as she leaned back to bask in the glory which unfolded in front of her. She received a surprising amount of pleasure from watching her son's wiseass friend in a position of panic. Steve

always had something smart to say to her ever since the fourth grade, and those remarks were usually sexually laced by the time he hit middle school. And how about him gawking at her breasts for the past ten minutes? Finally, she was about to get sweet revenge for having to sit here in just her panties.

Beth's smile grew while she watched Amy reach for the fifth and final card. She noted the beads of sweat running down Steve's face. Having him clearing their driveway all winter would be nice, but shutting his loud mouth would be even better. Sure, she would always have a big cup of hot chocolate waiting for him after he finished his job, but those sixty glorious minutes while he worked would be oh-so satisfying. In fact, she expected to pull a chair up to the window and watch him work—all winter long.

Amy placed the final card down on the table. It was a king of hearts.

“Fuck yeah!!!” Steve screamed, jumping into the air. “That's a motherfuckin' king, baby!!!”

Beth's stomach sank. “Oh, you gotta be kidding me...”

“That's what I'm fucking talking about!!!” Steve continued celebrating as he delivered a dramatic fist pump to no one in particular. “Who the fuck needs a gold bracelet when you can get your dick sucked!?”

Amy couldn't help but laugh at her son's vulgar celebration. This kid truly was a spitting image of his father—minus being an unfaithful asshole. She eventually turned to note Beth not doing quite as well. “You gonna be okay?”

“I can't believe that he pulled a king out of his ass...” a stunned Beth muttered, staring down at the table in a state of disbelief.

Steve yelled again as he karate chopped the air with his hand before delivering a kick to the middle of the room. “Fuck yeah!!!”

Beth ran her hand through her dirty blonde hair, taking a long look at what she was about to get herself into. Steve was tall, lean, muscular, and good-looking. She'd been in worse situations before—much worse. None of that changed the fact that she'd agreed to give her son's friend a blowjob, but it would likely be a significantly more enjoyable chore than her history with any of the guys she'd dated over the past seven years.

The jubilant teen made his way back to the table, grinning. “I could cash in next month, or I could cash in next week.” He moved behind Beth and leaned into her ear to whisper, “Or I could cash in right...fucking...now.”

Beth let out a long exhale before sliding out of her seat. Steve was already making his way to the living room as she took a quick glance around the table. Her son appeared surprisingly calm while Amy couldn't hide her excitement whatsoever—just as she expected. Twenty minutes ago, she protested at the idea of playing strip poker. Then, she decided to participate with the plan of folding every hand, only to somehow find herself in just her panties. And now, she walked toward the living room because she was required to give a hunky jock oral sex. It was college all over again...

Steve smiled from ear-to-ear as he plopped down on the couch and watched Beth enter the room, her busty chest bouncing with each and every stride she took. He could've taken a million guesses at what would happen after his friends left tonight, and this *never* would've been one of them. He'd admired his buddy's mom's amazing tits ever since puberty kicked in at the end of elementary school. Plus, she always seemed so shy and reserved. He didn't have any idea why, but part of him always thought that she had a hidden wild side, and he couldn't wait to find out if he was correct.

He abruptly jumped out of his seat as he experienced an epiphany. “Shit! Don't go anywhere! I'll be right back!”

“Um...okay,” Beth responded, somewhat confused, as the young man sprinted up the stairs to his bedroom. She removed the hair tie from her wrist and wrapped her blonde hair in a bun. The loud sound of Steve running back down the steps with something in his hand caught her attention.

“A bun? Really? That hair is way too sexy to be in a bun,” he told her, tossing a bottle of baby oil onto the couch in the process.

Beth undid her hair to his liking, allowing her long blonde locks to fall down past her shoulders. “When did we agree to oil?”

He plopped back down on the couch, happy as a pig in shit. “When didn't we?”

She stood in the middle of the room and waited for something to happen. Steve, however, seemed content just soaking in her body for as long as he could. He finally looked into her green eyes, stuck out his hand, and gave her a come hither motion with his index finger.

She approached the sofa timidly, the high school senior quickly sitting up straight, waiting for her to meet his bare feet. When she stopped, he put both his hands in front of her breasts and paused. He gazed up into her eyes and smiled before slowly moving his palms forward and taking hold of her large and soft breasts.

A moan escaped from his lips while he thoroughly enjoyed his time fondling her impressive chest. The truth was that his boyish reaction only lasted for so long. Things quickly turned verbal. “These fuckin' things are ridiculous.”

He gave both of her big tits a shake, loving how her breasts bounced and moved in his hands. He tried to control himself but he couldn't hold out any longer. It just wasn't possible. Something had been on his mind for way too long. Why not just go for it? What's the worst that could happen?

He leaned forward and took her left nipple into his mouth.

“Hold on now!” Beth protested, pulling away. “When did this become part of the agreement?”

“Really?”

“Um...yeah, really,” Beth responded with some attitude. “I believe we agreed to a blowjob.” That sounded as crazy coming out of her mouth as it undoubtedly was for Steve to hear. Still, this crossed the line in her opinion.

He shot her a disappointed look. "I really don't see the problem here. All those old-timers you go out with get to play with 'em but I don't?"

"All those old-timers!?" Beth shouted, not a happy camper. "For one, there aren't a lot. My dates are few and far between. And two, I'm not some slut. I don't put out on the first date. In fact, I don't do anything until I'm ready, and that's usually not for quite some time!"

She quickly caught herself and looked away. What was she talking about? She was a real hard to get girl for her forty-something-year-old dates, but here she was, standing topless in front of her son's eighteen-year-old friend, moments away from giving him head.

"So, when you're making out on whatever date you finally decide to do that, those guys aren't coping a feel?"

"You'd be surprised," she answered.

"Well, I've been staring at you since like the fourth grade, and now here you are, like two feet away from me in my living room, topless. Beth, I mean, come on..."

"It's just supposed to be a blowjob."

"I want a little more than that," he told her, confident in his words. "Now, get that sexy ass back over here."

She instantly moved closer and felt a warm and wet mouth press against her sensitive nipple, a moan of pleasure flowing from her mouth as his hand fondled her other breast. It'd been so long since she had a man be so direct with her. All the guys she dated were soft and passive. Almost all of them asked if they could kiss her instead of just going for it. Nothing turned her off more than a guy who wasn't firm, and his simple order made her melt like butter. She was up for pretty much anything that he wanted if he just demanded it.

He raised her right breast and pulled his head back before grinning at her. "Lick it."

She lowered her head and ran her tongue over and around her hard nipple, soon discovering that Steve's tongue had joined her. They played with her breast until Beth suddenly felt a tongue slip inside her mouth. The young man quickly pulled back and smirked at her, and she didn't bother pretending to dislike his bravery as she leaned forward to kiss him again. There was no denying that she was very much on board with what was happening. Truthfully, it was a much-needed excitement in her rather routine life.

They continued their make out session for a few moments before Steve broke off his kiss and rested his back against the couch. He tossed one of the sofa throw pillows onto the floor and pointed at it. "Get down there."

Watching his best friend's mother follow his order without a hint of hesitation may have been the defining moment of his life. She liked to be bossed around! The woman who he'd lusted after for the past nine years clearly loved when he told her what to do! He refused to waste another second messing around. He pulled off his shirt and threw it to the ground with a childish excitement, hard as a rock at

the fun awaiting him.

Beth felt giddy. The truth was that she hadn't seen Steve shirtless in probably five years, and he was just a scrawny middle schooler back then. After all, Steve and Matt spent most of their time at Amy's house, at the gym, or out chasing girls. He looked like a completely different guy from that time she saw him at his classmate's pool party. Sure, she'd seen him wear tank tops before, but there was something about a muscular man shirtless that drove her crazy. He was a kid back then, but he was a man now.

Seconds later, she worshiped his hard abs with her mouth. What started as gentle kisses, quickly morphed into ravenous lust. She didn't just kiss him; she attacked him. She explored all of his body with her greedy hands: his big arms, his wide shoulders, his chiseled chest, and his ripped midsection. Beth definitely had a weakness back in college, and that weakness was called any guy with abs. The older men who she dated all of her adult life had beer bellies from years of drinking and overindulging in fast food. It'd been over twenty years since she'd been with someone who possessed a body like this, and she planned to make up for lost time.

Steve grabbed her by the back of the neck and firmly yanked her in front of his face. "God, you're so fucking sexy," he whispered before giving her a soft peck on the lips.

Beth couldn't get enough of this kid. Steve had always been her son's brass and ballsy friend who took things a step too far, but not now. Now, he was her son's sexy, hunky, dominant friend who knew exactly which of her buttons to push. It was like she read one of those steamy erotic novels where a forty-something-year-old protagonist falls for a college kid who rocks her world in ways an older man could only dream of. This eighteen-year-old stud had her looking up at him with her head tilted to the side thanks to his strong grip. Not one single guy had done that to her since college, and tonight, she was ready to have the fun that she'd been missing out on for the past twenty years.

He dropped her head from his hand. He had one simple question for her. "You know what would make you look even sexier?"

"What's that?" Beth responded playfully with a schoolgirl-like innocence.

"My big dick in your pretty little mouth."

A tingle shot through her body. Dirty talk! God, she loved dirty talk! Her hands couldn't find his jeans fast enough as she scrambled to undo the buckle. The zipper followed as she tugged his pants and boxers to the floor.

And there it was.

"Um....what?" she laughed in a state of shock, her focus locked on his rather large manhood.

All the tension and build-up had Steve harder than ever. How couldn't it? Try not being rock-hard when your friend's hot mom is moments away from sucking your cock. And he definitely wanted to be at full-mast when his long-time crush first saw him. He only had one chance to make a first impression; after all, and the stunned expression on her pretty face would be permanently tattooed on his brain for the rest of eternity. It was a memory he'd never forget.

His thick cock stood at full attention. Veins ran the length of his towering manhood. Precum glistened from the tip of the fat head as she licked her lips. She hadn't seen anything this big since her more promiscuous days.

"Um...that's huge..." Beth told him, pointing at his penis.

He noticed her wet her lips repeatedly with her tongue. It was like she couldn't control herself as she gazed up at him. Was this his buddy's mom or some chick from a porn scene? Women don't actually behave this way, do they?

"What were you expecting?"

"Not that..." Beth answered honestly. Her line of sight shifted to his low-hanging balls. "What do you want me to do with this thing?"

"What do you think I want you to do? What you've been wanting to do for a long, long, *long* time."

"Oh, is that right?" she giggled. "You think I've thought about you before?"

He responded with a grin.

"When do you think I've thought about you?" she asked, twirling her long hair around her finger. "In bed when I'm playing with myself? Or maybe when I'm taking a bath and I'm remembering how sexy you looked in your sweaty tank top when I drove you home from football practice? Or after one of my dates when I compare how much hotter you high school boys are than the forty-five-year-old guy I just went to dinner with? Like, during one of those times?"

Steve tried hard to remain the confident, cool, controlling character that Beth clearly loved. It wasn't exactly a difficult task for him either. It was how he naturally was, at the end of the day. But her last comment rattled him a little. She thought about him?

He continued to soak in the sight of the perfect woman kneeling in front of him. "You're so fuckin' hot. Show me what a good girl you are."

"I'm not a good girl," she argued, grinning. "Good girls don't suck their son's best friend's cock. I'm a bad girl."

He let out a moan when he felt her pouty lips finally wrap around the head of his dick and gradually descend. "You're not a bad girl. You're *my* bad girl."

He moved the blonde hair out of her green eyes as she opened as wide as she could, the young man's moans of pleasure growing in intensity thanks to her mouth sliding down the first few inches of his manhood. His whimpers caused her to suck faster and deeper as her gag reflex kicked in halfway down his girthy meat. And what about the spit that poured from her mouth and landed on his exposed thighs? She couldn't care less about it! Tonight, she would be a good little slut who gagged on a stud's big cock until she drooled. In a weird way, it felt right.

"It's too thick!" Beth giggled after pulling back slightly, wiping away the saliva from the sides of her mouth with her forearm.

He grabbed the bottle of baby oil from the couch cushion next to him with a familiar smile. "That's what we have this for. Lean back."

She watched the high school senior pour a substantial amount of oil across her chest, covering both of her large breasts. He moved forward to rub the oil in, squeezing and playing with her soft boobs in the process. He was quite the multitasker...

"These tits should never not be oiled up," Steve grunted through clenched teeth as he leaned against the back of the sofa once again. "And they should never not have my dick between them."

Beth stuck out her chest and wrapped herself around his meat. His fat cock disappearing between her supple breasts, only for the first few inches to come rocketing out every time he pumped upward did a mighty fine job of soaking her panties. How hot did this look? Soft and oily tits wrapped around a big and thick cock seemed like a match made in heaven to her.

Steve threw his head back as he decided to sit still and allow her to do the work. Beth squeezed tighter, resulting in louder moans while she went about tit-fucking the high school stud in front of her. Now, this was fun.

"I could get used to this."

Beth rolled her eyes, playful as ever. "Is that right?"

"Mm-hmm. This needs to become a regular thing."

She paused her movements and asked, "A regular thing?"

"Who told you to stop?" he questioned, causing her to immediately resume sliding her oily breasts up and down on his manhood. "Yeah, a regular thing. We need to start spending a lot of time together so you can finally have a real man take care of your needs."

She could only laugh after hearing that. Nothing in the world compared to irrational eighteen-year-old guy confidence. "And what would Matt think about that?"

"Who?" Steve asked sarcastically with a smile. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"I'm not so sure about that. Well, unless you let him have some fun with your mother. Maybe he would jump on board then?"

He was quick to put an end to that nonsense. "That's not gonna happen."

"So, you're the only one who gets to have fun?"

"Fun?" Steve smirked. "I don't look at this as fun. From what I've heard, one of the most amazing women I've ever met isn't having her needs taken care of. She's been going out with a bunch of old limp dicks."

"From what you've heard?" Beth asked. "From who? Your mom?"

He nodded while her shiny breasts continued to smother his meat. It was an indescribable feeling of silky, wet warmth. “Yeah, we talk, and I ask about you. I mean, like I said, you're someone I care about, and I have for a long time. I don't want to see you unhappy.”

Beth came to a stop as she gazed lustfully up at the teen with her mouth agape. She was flattered by his incredibly caring words.

“Is that surprising?” he asked.

“Well, I mean—”

“And I can give you what you need,” he interrupted. “Actually, I'm *going* to give you what you need. We're going to start doing this more often, and I'm not one of those guys who's only out for himself. I'll go down on you until you're squirming, then I'm going to have you cumming all over my cock right after, and we're going to have a whole lot of fun together.”

“Um...”

He'd never felt so confident in his life. He made her blush again! “You want to see what's going to happen when I bend your sexy ass over the side of your bed?”

Steve propped himself up with his hands and lifted his lower body off the couch before she could provide him with an answer. He began vigorously pumping between her breasts, specks of oil flying in every direction as his teenage lust sent him into overdrive. He was on a mission to show exactly what he was capable of.

She was getting lost in the moment. Maybe some private time with him once in a while could be fun? He wasn't wrong about one thing, and that was the fact that her dates usually consisted of duds. Whether it be a lack of personality, straightforwardness, masculinity, or sex appeal, she always found herself returning home with a strong sense of disappointment after a night out. Perhaps she needed to lower the age of her target demographic? What if—

Her train of thought was derailed by a strange noise coming from the other room. Was it in the kitchen? Unfortunately, she wasn't able to identify what she heard with the slippery sounds resounding from her chest.

“Stop.”

He didn't listen.

This time, she repeated herself in a much firmer tone. “I said stop!”

It was the most challenging task of his life, but Steve ceased his movements.

Her eyes peered sharply in an attempt to lock in on the sound which had distracted her. “Do you hear something?”

“Like what?” Steve asked.

Beth tried to focus more intensely. "I don't know. I hear something, though."

"Who cares?" he said, resuming his pumping. "This is the problem, Beth. You're always focused on everyone else."

She pulled back and stood up, much to the disappointment of the stud on the couch.

"I'll be right back," she told him before heading off in the direction of the kitchen. She arrived at her destination a few seconds later to a picture she never could've dreamed of seeing.

Her best friend of over twenty years was down on her knees in front of her son, slobbering all over his erect cock. "Amy!!!"

Amy shot Beth a sly smile, replacing her mouth with her hand. "What? Why should you be the only one who gets to have fun tonight?"

"Fun!?" Beth yelled, pretending to be insulted by the notion that this was enjoyable for her. "I lost a bet!"

Amy's free hand moved to Matt's body and ran down his defined chest and abs. "Oh, come on! You're honestly telling me that I should pass up on getting a piece of this?" she asked her friend while firmly shaking the hard cock in front of her.

Her son's manhood wasn't as thick as Steve's, but he definitely had the edge when it came to length. Her heart skipped a beat as she watched her friend slowly stroke him again. Somehow, their night together had turned even more surreal.

"God, you're such a slut," Beth chuckled, now leaning against the kitchen wall. "Some things never change, you know that?"

Amy had more important things to take care of before she addressed her BFF's comment. Her lips wrapped back around the big dick in front of her and hastily made half of it disappear before turning back to Beth. "So, what does that make you?" she asked, referring to the oil that dropped off her body. "Just a blowjob, huh?"

"Well, your son is quite a pervert."

"Is there any room on the couch next to that pervert, because this floor is killing my knees," Amy said, hopping up to her feet.

"I think we can find you guys a spot," Beth answered. She turned and headed back into the living room, excited, but undoubtedly curious about a certain someone's reaction to what had unfolded while he waited patiently. Steve would be in for one hell of a surprise in about ten seconds.

Chapter 5 – Four's a Party

Steve finally watched Beth make her way back into the living room after what felt like an eternity. "About time!"

She sat down next to him with a big smile. This would be good. “Are you ready to see something crazy?”

“Crazy?” Steve grinned, interpreting her remark as meaning that she had something kinky planned for the rest of their blowjob. “I have a few things in mind that you might call crazy. I was thinking...”

Beth continued to smile without hearing a single word that came out of his cute mouth. She eagerly awaited for his face to change. As much as she'd come around to adoring this hunk, she still loved shutting his wiseass up even more.

“What the fuck!?”

Steve expected lingerie or maybe putting some porn on the TV. That qualified as getting crazy in his world. Crazy certainly wasn't the sight of his mother and best friend strolling into the room, but that was exactly what he saw. His mom was now down to just her thong, and her small and perky breasts were exposed. His friend walked behind her, completely naked, and with a big hard-on and an even bigger smile. It was pure insanity.

Matt gave Amy a hard slap on the perky ass he loved so much which caused her to jump with a giggle.

“Um...how the fuck did this happen?” Steve asked his friend as Matt sat down on the couch next to him.

Steve observed his mom move in front of his buddy, drop to her knees on one of the couch cushions that Beth had laid on the floor for them, and immediately bury Matt's cock down her throat. Was flabbergasted the right word to describe his mood? How had Matt managed to pull this off? Steve's eyes shifted to his buddy's face where he'd never seen a bigger smile in his eighteen years on this planet.

“I think your mom has a type, bro,” Matt laughed as Amy ran her hand along his body. She changed her tempo and now rapidly bobbed up and down on his dick. “She told me that she loved jocks back when she was in college, so I figured that I would be a nice guy and help her out,” he smiled before placing both his hands on the top of her head and roughly pushing down, causing the entire length of his manhood to disappear down her throat.

Steve was in a state of disbelief at what he watched. His friend continued to hold his mom's head down like she was a porn star. This wasn't some slut being paid to act wild and crazy. This was his mom! She didn't even have a boyfriend! Steve noted the blissful expression that washed across Matt's face as he gave her throat a few more rough pumps before releasing his grip.

Amy quickly freed her mouth from his cock, her oxygen deprived lungs gasping for every ounce of air that she could collect. It didn't take long for a smile to grow on her face. There was no beating around the bush regarding what everyone in the room looked at: Amy was in heaven.

Steve looked on in amazement. Mom had a shiny glisten around her lips and her dark eyeliner started to run from her thick eyelashes. This was his mom. His mom! This was the same woman who'd raised him for birth, seemingly elated because she had a big dick to play with. It was shocking!

“That's the queen,” Beth giggled. She was having flashbacks to the houses where the two of them would party with the college football team. Plenty changed over their twenty years since college. This, however, hadn't.

Steve turned to Beth as the sounds of gagging and choking next to him resumed. He didn't need to see what was going on to know that his friend face-fucked his mother. “The queen?”

“Your mom had a few nicknames back in school,” Beth informed him. She had nothing but admiration for her girlfriend's amazing ability to make any sized cock disappear. She'd always been jealous of not only Amy's incredible talent to swallow a dick no matter how long or thick it was, but her unmatched love of oral sex. “The blowjob queen' was the one that stuck the best.”

Beth dropped to her knees in front of Steve and signaled for him to lean down closer. She whispered into his ear when he did. “You want to make Matt jealous?”

Steve didn't need to respond verbally. Why? Because he knew exactly what Beth had in mind when he felt her large and slippery breasts press against his chest.

“Why don't you grab some more of that oil?” Beth whispered seductively, reaching for his cock to stroke it. “Let's show Matt what he can't do with your mom.”

Beth sat back and watched the still somewhat flustered look on Steve's face turn into a smile. He picked up the bottle of baby oil and poured it on her, before rising to his feet, his athletic frame towering over her as he continued to drench her body in fluids.

Beth made sure that both Amy and Matt looked her way when she erotically rubbed the oil into every inch her busty chest and flat stomach. “Now, where were we, sweetie?” she asked gleefully.

Oil splashed off of Beth from the way that Steve roughly thrust between her breasts again. Seeing this, Matt grabbed the back of his buddy's mom's head and buried the entire length of his cock down her throat. Football, the gym, video games, and poker: everything was a competition between the two of them. It looked like they could add each other's moms to that list as well.

“Fuck yeah, you little slut,” Matt moaned before slowly pulling out of Amy's throat, only to resume pumping her mouth once more after he did. He quickly turned and looked over at Steve. “Don't be offended by that, dude. You should hear the shit that your mom asked me to call her back in the kitchen. She's fuckin' crazy, man. I don't think—”

Matt's best attempt to explain himself was cut short by his eyes rolling into the back of his head thanks to Amy swallowing his entire shaft and pressing her nose against his pelvis. He had a hard time breathing when she did this, let alone trying to form a coherent sentence. Steve would just have to live with his unfinished apology.

Beth was determined not to be outdone by what she watched. So what if she couldn't deepthroat? She could get dirty in other ways.

She positioned herself on all fours in front of her son's friend with a particularly nasty question in mind. “How many of these big nuts do you think you can fit in my mouth?”

Yep, tonight kept on getting better. Who cared if his best friend face-fucked his mom right next to him when he had a perfect ten of his own begging to suck his balls? Steve had his very own porn star kneeling in front of him, and he planned to take advantage of it.

“Open wide,” he smiled, pushing both his testicles between her accepting lips. He pressed his thick cock down across the length of her face while she sucked his pair of heavy nuts, feeling like the king of the world.

Beth popped Steve's balls out of her mouth and gave his fat meat a long lick. The atmosphere was intoxicating. It finally hit her that this wasn't anything like college. College was full of sexy jocks who she lacked any type of connection or bond with. They were just fun to mess around with. This living room was full of love. It contained her son—who was the most important person in the world—and his best friend, who was a very special person in her life. And not to mention that the girl a few feet to her right just so happened to be her BFF. It was like all the special people in her life were gathered in one room, enjoying one another in ways she'd never previously imagined. But that love didn't rescind her competitiveness. She still felt an urge to one-up Amy.

The immense sexual energy surrounding Steve revved him up like never before. “Who's daddy's little girl?”

Beth dragged her tongue along the underside of his cock before giving the swollen head a big kiss. “I am!”

“There's my dirty girl,” Amy smiled while crawling over to Beth. “I was starting to think it wasn't in you anymore.”

The sensation of Amy's hand giving her oily breast a squeeze caused Beth's entire body to shudder. “Oh, it's still there. It's just been a while.”

Steve took a seat on the couch next to his buddy as the two high school friends watched Amy whisper something into Beth's ear.

“No!” Beth laughed with a big smile.

Amy continued to quietly speak to her.

“Oh my God, you're so bad!” Beth laughed again before giving her friend a playful push on the shoulder. “Are you sure?”

Amy looked over at the two teens before turning back to Beth and purring, “Absolutely.” She decided to show just how certain she was by giving her girlfriend a soft kiss on her wet lips. That quick kiss promptly turned into a make out session.

“Dude, this is so fuckin' awesome.”

“No shit,” Steve agreed with Matt. “What do you think my mom said?”

“God only knows,” Matt responded, slowly stroking his cock to the sight of their sexy moms continuing to kiss. “I was serious earlier too. I don't actually think your mom's a slut. She just gets

really into it when I call her names. I've never seen anything like it.”

Steve had more important things to worry about. “Yeah...it's...whatever, dude. Just forget about it.”

The two women broke off their affectionate embrace to grin at each other. Something was going on. Something had gotten into both of these sexy women.

And just like that, the boys got their answer. It wasn't any secret that they'd just taken the last remaining step in the wildest night ever. Each of the moms giggled before switching positions on the floor, moving in front of their respective sons.

The teens' collective gasps were cut short when each of their moms lunged at them.

Matt threw his head back as his mother wrapped her large breasts around his long cock. Suddenly, he was in a panic. His eyes scanned the room, eagerly in search of the bottle of baby oil that Steve had so much fun with mere minutes ago. He heard a whistle come from his left to see his buddy tossing the bottle in his direction. He caught it and emptied the remaining oil onto his mother's chest while she smothered his cock between her supple boobs. It was time to get a piece of what his friend was fortunate enough to enjoy earlier. He took over and began pumping, causing the head of his cock to poke out from between her cleavage every time he thrust toward the sky with his sizable length, and Beth was more than happy to meet the tip of her son's cock with a big kiss whenever it did.

Amy wasn't as quick to get to work on her baby boy. She took a second to admire the thick cock standing at full-mast in front of her. Her son certainly wasn't so little anymore.

Amy shook her head in amazement, seriously starting to wonder if his girth would prove to be too difficult of a task. “I don't know where you got that thing, but it certainly didn't come from your father.”

“You scared?” Beth laughed, noting the look of concern on Amy's face.

“Do you see this freakin' thing?” Amy reached out and attempted to wrap her hand around her son's dick. Her middle finger and thumb didn't touch.

“Twenty-year-old Amy would've had that monster down her throat by now,” Beth giggled. Her own son was too busy pumping between her tits to notice anything else going on in the room. “Someone's scared...”

Determination consumed Amy as she looked up at her son. “Are you sure that you want Mommy to suck your big cock?” She gave him a wink before he had time to respond. “Too late.” Seconds later, she worshiped her baby's manhood with her mouth.

She took half of Steve's fat cock down her throat before seemingly hitting a wall. Crap, what now? Wait, of course! It was time to put all her stud son's big muscles to use!

Amy reached for her son's hand and placed it on the top of her head. He quickly took the hint and pushed down, causing his mother's throat to expand and eventually accept all of him.

Steve let out an euphoric gasp. His mom took his entire cock down her throat—which was something

that no girl had ever come close to doing. He decided to lift his balls up to the base of his dick while Mom swallowed him to see what the title of “The Blowjob Queen” truly meant. Her tongue emerged and slid along his nuts before he released his grip on her head. Well, that was more wondering. He officially lived with a woman who put every porn star that he'd ever watched to shame. She was the blowjob queen, alright.

Steve's perversion and girthy cock met Amy's ridiculously high sex drive and love of giving head. Beth knew that the mother and son were a perfect match for each other.

As Beth watched Steve become acquainted with his mom's throat, she suddenly felt her son stop pumping. She turned her head to see Matt's face hovering just a few inches above her own.

Steve whispered, “You're so sexy, Mom,” before leaning even closer and extending his tongue.

Beth immediately accepted his tongue inside her mouth and didn't plan to let him go anytime soon. Her hand locked around his cock and stroked it passionately as they exchanged fluids. Her ex-husband was never the lovey-dovey type. Long make out sessions and steamy bouts of sex weren't exactly his forte, and that was something she'd always felt like she missed out on. Sure, she wanted a guy who could dominate her physically in the bedroom; but at the same time, she wanted a sweetheart who would treat her like a queen. She was fairly certain that her son was the exact guy she'd been looking for.

“I want to unload all over this pretty fuckin' face,” Matt grinned after breaking off their kiss, gazing down into his mom's vivid green eyes.

Okay, so maybe he wasn't always a romantic; but hey, facials in exchange for long nights of making out and cuddling? That was a trade that Beth was more than happy to make.

“I bet this cock has a big load for me, doesn't it?” Beth smirked up at Matt, eager to egg him on.

Amy took her own son's dick out of her mouth and laughed, “Hey, Beth finally got a bet right!”

The boys joined in on the guffaw before Matt motioned Amy next to his mom. “I want your sexy asses next to each other.”

Amy couldn't crawl next to her bestie fast enough. She positioned her head next to her girlfriend and smiled up at the stud who stroked his cock for her. “I like how this one thinks!”

Beth reached for Amy's face while making sure to maintain eye contact with her son. She stuck her tongue out and pulled her friend to her mouth, allowing Amy to engulf it while she continued to gaze up at Matt.

The sight of the two mom's kissing in front of him tapped into every perverted fantasy that Matt had: his mother, his friend's mom, two girls making out—the list was endless. This was every fetish he had wrapped into one wild night.

“That's so fuckin' hot. You girls ready?” Matt asked.

Matt's question went unanswered, but it wasn't like he needed a response. The looks on both of their faces said more than a million words ever could. They were no longer two responsible and mature

single moms. Now, they were hot, horny, sex-crazed sluts who needed to be fed. The bright and vivid blue and green eyes of the two women kneeling at his feet had him on the verge of exploding.

He roared passionately. The first spurt of cum rocketed out of his cock and slammed into his mother's cute little nose. Semen exploded in all directions, causing a mess on both her cheeks.

Amy giggled as she wagged her tongue at him. He moved his dick in her direction and responded with a powerful rope that painted a line from the top of her forehead, down her pretty face, and eventually puddled on her tongue. Before she could collect herself, she got hit with another shot that slammed into her left eye, causing her to jump back, surprised.

Amy grabbed Beth's arm and buried her now cum-covered face into her shoulder. "The aim on this one isn't too good!" she giggled as Matt moved his cock back to his mom.

Beth opened her mouth wide to give her son as big of a target as possible. He emptied the rest of his load between her lips before placing his cock on her tongue, allowing her loving lips to wrap around his dick and clean him off.

Steve moved in front of Amy and buried his fat cock inside her mouth, and it didn't take him long to fill her mouth with his incestuous seed. His legs twitched as he finished unloading every drop between her accepting lips. Out of the thousands of orgasms he'd experienced over the course of his life, they all paled in comparison to the one he just had inside his own mother's mouth.

The teens stared down at their moms kneeling on the floor in front of them. Beth had a mouthful of her son, while cum dripped from her face and collected on her large breasts. Amy was a complete mess. She had a thick white line running the length of her face, an eye that was glued shut, and a mouthful of both her son and his friend.

Amy turned to Beth, tilted her head back, and gurgled the cum that she'd collected like it was mouthwash. Beth rushed her hand over her mouth to prevent herself from laughing too hard and spilling her own treat.

"Open up, slut," Amy barely managed to get out with a slight giggle, making sure not to lose any cum in the process. Beth leaned her head back and opened her mouth as she watched Amy position herself above her face.

Who needed porn? The two high school seniors had their very own porn stars, except there wasn't any fake enthusiasm coming from their mothers. They were two genuine cock-hungry sluts.

A river of cum poured from Amy's mouth and flowed between Beth's welcoming lips. Small amounts of semen found its way out of Beth's overflowing mouth as she tried her best to keep it all in. She placed both her hands on Amy's head and tilted it back before leaning over her and sending a never-ending flow of cum back into her girlfriend's mouth.

Amy gazed up at the two boys and parted her lips to show them just how much fluid was inside. She took a deep gulp, opened her mouth again, and stuck her tongue out. Her mouth was completely empty.

Beth gave her BFF a light push on the arm. "Oh my God, you're such a pig!"

“Fuckin' right I am,” Amy grinned before moving back to her son. She wrapped her lips around the head of his dick and greedily searched for more of his precious seed. Beth followed her lead as the two of them made sure to suck every drop out of their son's big cocks.

Amy slid her mouth off of her son's dick and yanked Beth's head to her own, lustfully kissing her long-time bestie in front of their boys. She scooped a wad of cum from Beth's cheek and placed it inside her mouth, quickly swallowing. She wasn't about to waste any of this goodness.

Beth had a few words of advice for Steve before giving a kiss to the tip of her own son's cock. “She's gonna wear you out.”

“How about we start a new tradition?” Amy proposed. “After poker night with your friends on Wednesdays, you two have a special poker night with your moms right after?”

“I'm in,” Steve smiled.

Matt was quick to agree. “Me too.”

“I call,” Beth grinned.

Amy turned to Beth with a smirk. “Of course, you do, slut.”

Beth planted a big kiss on Amy's lips. A slut? She wasn't a slut! Well, she wasn't a slut for the guys she dated. Things were about to change in a big way now that she had a new man in her life, though. She would always be a mom first for her little angel, but she was about to be his little whore from now on as well. Hey, sometimes it pays to lose at poker!