

SERAFINA

WIFE & GIRLFRIEND

BY KLRXO



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"Got it!" Bentley called out proudly as he caught the ball at center field, the leather smacking satisfyingly against his glove.

He looked over and saw his sexy mom jumping up and down near the bleachers, screaming "Go Bentley!"

Her ginormous tits bounced wildly with each hop, nearly spilling out of her tight white cotton shirt that had "Bentley's Mom" emblazoned across the front in sparkly blue letters. The thin fabric, dampened slightly by the afternoon heat, clung to every curve of her voluptuous body, revealing the outline of a lacy bra struggling to contain her juggernauts.

Bentley suddenly felt his face flush with embarrassment and something else he couldn't quite place. Watching his mom's massive tits and thick ass jiggle as she cheered for him was doing funny things to his teenage body. He quickly looked away, his heart pounding. What was wrong with him? This was his mom for God's sake!

He tried to focus on getting back into position in center field, but his eyes kept flicking over to the stands against his will. The way his mom was watching him with fascination - the way her MILF body moved - it was mesmerizing. Bentley hoped none of his teammates noticed him staring. Or the growing bulge in his uniform pants.

After the game, Bentley's mom Serafina rushed towards him from the bleachers, her voluptuous body jiggling with each click of her stiletto heels on the pavement. The faded denim of her jeans looked practically painted onto her thick thighs and round ass.

As she got closer, Bentley couldn't help but stare at her enormous tits straining against a tight white tank top, the fabric so thin he swore he

could see the lacy pattern of her bra underneath. Also clearly prominent were the turgid peaks of her nipples, like plump gumdrops beneath the fabric.

"Amazing game, sweetie!" Serafina exclaimed as she enveloped him in a smothering hug, pressing his face into the warm, soft valley of her cleavage.

The floral scent of her perfume filled his nostrils. Bentley felt his entire body flush hot with embarrassment and that confusing other feeling at his crotch as his mom's giant tits practically blanketed his head and torso.

He squirmed out of her embrace, face beet red, and mumbled a quick "Thanks Mom" while avoiding eye contact.

Serafina tousled his hair affectionately, seemingly oblivious to her son's discomfort. Bentley prayed none of his teammates had witnessed the inappropriately intimate moment, even though he'd do it again in a heartbeat.

"My little all-star!" Serafina cooed. "How about we get some ice cream to celebrate that big win?" She linked her arm through his.

"Uh sure, sounds good," Bentley replied, feeling the swell of her breast press against his bicep through their clothes. He swallowed hard and willed his stirring erection to go down as they walked together to the parking lot.

At the ice cream parlor, Bentley slid into a private corner booth, the cracked red vinyl squeaking beneath his baseball uniform. Serafina scooted in right beside him instead of sitting across the table, wedging him between the wall and her soft, warm body that radiated heat like a furnace.

The teen swallowed nervously, his Adam's apple bobbing visibly, feeling trapped and shy, like a small animal caught by a sensuous predator with painted crimson claws.

They sat turned towards each other, their knees almost touching under the small Formica table.

Bentley tried to look anywhere but at his mother's heaving cleavage threatening to spill out of her low-cut tank top mere inches from his face—the fabric stretched so thin he could count the tiny blue veins beneath her tanned skin. But he couldn't stop his gaze from flickering down to her monumental tits that swayed with her every movement, then back up to her plump, glossy lips wrapped around her ice cream cone, leaving behind a perfect pink lipstick print with each lick.

His breath quickened as he watched his mom's long tongue take long, slow licks of the creamy vanilla, all while gazing deep into his eyes with a strange intensity. He squirmed in his seat, jeans feeling unbearably tight as his cock stiffened. What was happening to him? This was so wrong.

Serafina's other hand slid possessively over his thigh, her long nails lightly digging into his skin even through his pants. Bentley nearly jumped out of his skin at the touch, heart hammering wildly. His own ice cream dripped forgotten onto the table.

"You played so well today, honey," Serafina purred, voice sultry. "Mmm, my sexy little baseball champion."

Bentley fidgeted nervously, his skinny frame practically swallowed by the cracked vinyl booth that squeaked with his every movement. At barely 18, he had the lanky, coltish build of a boy still growing into manhood—all sharp angles and awkward limbs.

Shy by nature, he'd never had a girlfriend despite his striking good looks: high, chiseled cheekbones that caught the fluorescent lights, full lips perpetually chapped from nervous biting, and deep chocolate-brown eyes framed by impossibly long lashes that curled naturally upward.

Years of baseball had given him lean, wiry muscles that strained against the polyester-cotton blend of his royal blue uniform, now damp with sweat at the armpits and collar.

As he sat trapped between the cold, hard wall and his mother's voluptuous form radiating heat like a furnace, Bentley was acutely aware of the substantial bulge tenting his pants. He hunched over, cheeks burning crimson to the tips of his ears, trying to hide the obvious erection straining painfully against his zipper.

But Serafina's hand continued its slow, torturous path up his trembling thigh, blood-red acrylic nails scratching lightly against the rough fabric of his jeans.

"You're so amazing," she purred, gazing into his eyes like a girl his own age who was completely enamored .

Bentley shivered, sweat beading on his upper lip. His skin felt too tight, every nerve ending electrified. The overwhelming scent of his mother's perfume and the soft press of her body had him frozen, mesmerized by her plump lips shiny with ice cream and saliva.

"My handsome boy," Serafina murmured, voice dripping with something dark and forbidden. "You're becoming such a man. Yet still no girlfriend. Why is that, sugar?"

Bentley felt the rough, worn material of his uniform chafe against his muscular thighs as he shifted nervously in the cracked vinyl seat, the material squeaking beneath him. "I um, I guess I just haven't found the right girl yet," he mumbled, unable to meet his mother's piercing emerald gaze that seemed to strip him bare.

Her glistening, ice-cream coated tongue—pink and moist—darted out to lick away a stray drop of creamy vanilla at the corner of her plump, cherry-red mouth. Bentley stared, transfixed, his own chapped lips parting slightly, a thin thread of saliva connecting them.

Serafina chuckled, a low, throaty sound like velvet being dragged across gravel that made the fine golden hairs on the back of Bentley's sun-kissed neck stand on end. She leaned in closer, her massive breasts kissing his chest, until he could feel her warm, sweet breath tickling his flushed cheek.

The intoxicating scent of vanilla ice cream mingled with her floral perfume—jasmine and something darker, muskier—making him dizzy with forbidden desire.

"Oh honey," she purred, her voice dripping like honey, "you're missing out on so much. A good girlfriend would worship this hot young body of yours."

Her blood-red acrylic nails—each one filed to a perfect oval—dragged slowly up his inner thigh, leaving five parallel trails of electricity that burned through the worn denim of his baseball pants.

Bentley sucked in a sharp breath through his clenched teeth, the sound hissing in the quiet booth.

"She would lick and suck every single inch of you," Serafina whispered, "just like her favorite ice cream cone." She punctuated her words by swirling her pink tongue around the melting vanilla in a slow, deliberate spiral, never breaking from Bentley's deer-in-headlights gaze. "Until you melted completely in her hot, wet little mouth."

Bentley's heart hammered against his ribcage like a trapped bird. His palms left damp prints on the Formica tabletop, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, which had gone as dry as sun-bleached cotton. He couldn't believe the filthy words pouring from those glossy maternal lips. From his own mother!

A small, rational part of him wanted to clamp his trembling hands over his burning ears, to bolt from the sticky vinyl booth and sprint across the black-and-white checkered floor. But the larger, primal part of him—the

part that pulsed and throbbed insistently beneath his zipper—silently begged to hear more forbidden promises. That part of him ached for his mom to keep talking in that husky bedroom voice while her warm hand inched ever higher toward the junction of his thighs.

Bentley opened his mouth, then closed it again, cheeks flushing an even deeper crimson. His tongue felt thick and clumsy, the words sticking in his throat. "I..." he croaked, voice cracking like he was 13 again. He cleared his throat and tried once more. "Sometimes I wish..."

Serafina leaned in even closer, her breasts distending between them like marshmallow filling - her hand now resting at the very top of his thigh, fingertips just brushing the straining bulge. "You wish what, baby boy?" she breathed. "Tell Mommy the truth now."

Bentley squeezed his eyes shut, heart galloping. "I wish I could have a girlfriend just like you," he admitted in a mortified whisper.

Serafina's throaty laughter slithered over his burning skin like cool silk. "Oh sugar, do you love me in that way? It's okay, you can be honest with Mommy."

Bentley's head moved in the slightest nod, chin quivering. He couldn't believe he was confessing these sick, wrong feelings. To his own mother! What kind of perverted freak was he?

"Mmm, I knew it," Serafina purred, triumph flashing in her emerald eyes. She gave his cock a light squeeze through his pants and he nearly rocketed out of his seat, every nerve ending igniting. "If I was your girlfriend, honey, I'd light this gorgeous young body up until you were nothing but a live wire of pleasure."

Serafina's words struck Bentley like a lightning bolt, electrifying his very core. If they were girlfriend and boyfriend... The forbidden thought sizzled through his brain, scorching neural pathways, branding itself into his skull. His breath caught in his throat as his mother leaned in even

closer, her lips brushing the shell of his ear, sending shivers cascading down his spine.

"You and me together, baby," she purred, her voice smoky and seductive like aged bourbon poured over crushed velvet, "we'd be like two forces of nature colliding. A perfect storm of passion. Both in our sexual primes, able to go all night."

Her hand moved higher, manicured fingers splayed wide before cupping his straining erection through his uniform. The heat of her palm seared through the fabric like a brand.

Bentley bit back a groan, his hips twitching involuntarily into her touch, his body betraying him despite the sirens wailing in his mind.

"I'd take you as my lover in a heartbeat," Serafina continued, giving him a firm squeeze that made stars explode behind his eyelids, a galaxy of forbidden pleasure bursting across his consciousness. Her breath tickled the sensitive skin below his ear, hot and moist. "Teach this hot young body pleasure like you've never dreamed. Doesn't matter that I'm your mother. In fact, it makes it even hotter, don't you think?" Her emerald eyes glittered with predatory hunger, pupils dilated until only a thin ring of green remained.

Bentley swallowed hard, his skin feverish, itching with need. He pictured it - their naked bodies tangled together in a forbidden dance, his mother's voluptuous curves undulating against his lean muscles, her plump lips traveling across his chest, lower, lower...

"There's just one little problem, sugar," Serafina sighed, breaking him out of the lust-drunk fantasy.

Bentley tensed, his stomach plummeting. He sensed what she was about to say before the damning words even left her mouth.

"Your father."

Serafina's words hung heavy in the air between them, thick with unspoken meaning. Bentley's heart stuttered in his chest. His father. The insurmountable obstacle to this forbidden fantasy becoming reality.

He watched his mother's plump lips curve into a sly smile, a glimmer of mischief dancing in her emerald eyes. She leaned back slightly, regarding him with a look that sent heat licking down his spine.

"Of course, if you could somehow get your father's permission for me to be your girlfriend..." She trailed off, letting the implication dangle. Her tongue darted out to lick a stray drop of ice cream from the corner of her mouth. "Then it would be game on, baby boy."

Bentley's breath caught in his throat. Get his father's permission? The idea was so ludicrous, so impossible, he almost laughed out loud. Almost. But the searing ache in his groin kept any humor at bay. He squirmed against the cracked vinyl seat, Serafina's hand still resting possessively on his cock-bulge.

"How... how would I even do that?" he asked, voice emerging strangled.

Serafina gave a lilting little laugh that danced over his overheated skin. "Oh, I'm sure a smart, handsome boy like you can figure something out. If you want it badly enough." She punctuated her statement with another firm squeeze to his flared knob.

At dinner that evening, Bentley could barely meet his father's eyes across the polished mahogany table. His stomach churned with a sickening mix of guilt and arousal as he watched his mother saunter around the kitchen, her voluptuous hourglass figure on full display in neon pink yoga shorts that clung to every curve like shrink-wrap and a low-cut white tank top stretched so tightly across her bountiful boobs that the outline of her lacy black bra was visible beneath the thin cotton.

The deep V-neckline plunged between her breasts, creating a shadowy canyon of cleavage that drew his gaze like a magnet.

With each deliberate sway of Serafina's ample hips and the hypnotic bobble of her heavy breasts as she moved between counter and stove, Bentley's pulse quickened to a thundering gallop.

He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, the wooden edge digging into his thighs as he tried to adjust himself discreetly beneath the table, his zipper straining against his swollen flesh. Beads of sweat prickled along his hairline like morning dew, trickling down to dampen the collar of his T-shirt as he swallowed hard, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing visibly in his flushed throat.

After flashing her son a “come fuck me” smile, Serafina bent over to retrieve a dish from the oven with theatrical slowness, her round bubble booty pointed directly towards her son like a weapon aimed at his self-control. The thin, shimmering material of her shorts rode up mercilessly, exposing the creamy bottom curves of her ass-cheeks where they met her honey-gold thighs.

A thin sheen of perspiration from the kitchen heat made her skin glisten under the overhead lights. The shorts molded to every intimate contour, clinging to the plump outline of her vulva like a second skin, creating a pronounced seam that bisected her most private flesh.

Bentley's mouth went desert-dry, his tongue suddenly sandpaper. He couldn't tear his eyes away, following the sleek lines of her toned thighs up to where they disappeared beneath the flimsy, stretched fabric that concealed so little it was almost more obscene than nudity.

As if sensing his hungry gaze, Serafina looked over her shoulder and shot him a knowing smirk, emerald eyes glinting with mischief.

Bentley's face flamed and he quickly dropped his stare to his plate, his cock throbbing insistently against his fly. Jesus, could his dad tell how turned on he was? He hardly dared to breathe.

Throughout the meal, Serafina teased her son mercilessly with her every move, stretching languorously to reach the salt shaker, her tank top riding up to reveal a strip of tanned midriff with a glittering navel piercing.

When serving the casserole, she "accidentally" brushed her warm breast against his shoulder, the soft weight pressing against him for three agonizing seconds longer than necessary.

Bentley white-knuckled his fork until the ornate metal pattern bit painfully into his palm, leaving behind a row of tiny crescent indentations as he fought to maintain his composure.

But behind his eyelids, filthy fantasies played out in vivid detail - his mother splayed out naked on the kitchen table, sculpted legs scissored open and his own naked body wedged at her crotch. Her heavy breasts flushed pink and slick with sweat, jiggling wildly with each brutal thrust as the mahogany creaked beneath them.

Bending her over the granite counter, her yoga shorts bunched around her ankles, revealing the dimples above her ass as he gripped her hips hard enough to leave marks – humping away like a horny animal.

His mom on her knees on the cold tile, crimson lipstick smearing as she looked up at him through mascara-clumped lashes, her hot mouth engulfing him inch by torturous inch until he hit the back of her throat...

Bentley breathed harshly through his nose, desire pulsing through his veins, clouding his thoughts. His balls ached, desperate for release.

Across the table, his father ate obliviously, making casual small talk. If he noticed the sexual electricity crackling in the air, he gave no indication.

Bentley didn't know if he should feel relieved or frustrated. All he knew was that he needed to figure out a way to make his mom his. No matter what it took.

Serafina knew her son like the back of her perfectly manicured hand. She could sense the unspoken question burning on the tip of Bentley's tongue, the forbidden desire simmering just beneath the surface of his flushed skin. He was practically vibrating with the need to ask his father for permission to claim her as his own.

She turned to her younger 13-year-old son, who was obliviously shoveling forkfuls of casserole into his mouth. "Sweetie, why don't you run along and start on your homework," she suggested, her voice saccharine. "There's something important Bentley needs to talk to your father about. Just us grownups."

The boy shrugged and slid out of his chair, heading for the stairs. As soon as he was out of sight, Serafina slinked over to Bentley's side of the table and cuddled up next to him, pressing the soft curves of her body against his muscular arm.

To any outside observer, they would have looked like a couple already - the doting girlfriend perched adoringly beside her man.

Bentley swallowed hard, his pulse racing at his mother's brazen display of affection right in front of his dad. He could feel the man's questioning gaze boring into him from across the table.

Serafina's hand slid along his thigh beneath the mahogany, her crimson nails lightly scratching the denim.

"Go on, honey," she purred, her voice a sultry whisper meant only for his ears. "Ask him."

"Ask me what?" her husband Gene inquired, looking from his wife to his son.

Bentley opened his mouth, but no sound came out. His tongue felt thick and heavy, the words sticking in his throat. He swallowed again, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing visibly. A thin sheen of sweat dampened his brow.

"Dad, I..." he began, voice emerging as a hoarse croak. He cleared his throat and tried again. "I have something to ask you."

His father set down his fork, brow furrowing. "What is it, son?"

Bentley's heart hammered against his ribcage. Serafina's hand inched higher up his thigh, her touch searing him through his jeans. He drew a shuddering breath, the floral scent of her perfume flooding his nostrils.

"I was wondering... if mom... could be my girlfriend," he stammered out, the words tumbling from his lips in a mortified rush. His face flamed, his ears burning.

Silence blanketed the room, broken only by the thundering of Bentley's pulse in his ears.

At first, Bentley's father just stared at him blankly, as if waiting for the punchline to a joke. Then a slow, disbelieving chuckle escaped his lips. "Very funny, son. You almost had me there for a second." He shook his head, reaching for his glass of water.

But as the silence stretched on and Bentley's face only grew redder, the mirth drained from his father's eyes, replaced by dawning horror. He set the glass down with a thunk, water sloshing over the rim. "Wait...you're serious?"

Serafina giggled as if delighting in the shocked expression on her husband's face.

Bentley nodded miserably, unable to meet his dad's incredulous stare. His skin prickled with humiliation, every muscle tensed to flee. But his mom's hand on his thigh held him in place, her nails digging in slightly through the denim.

"Bentley, that's something that's completely ridiculous to even consider," his father said sternly, his voice rising. "I don't know what's gotten into you, but your mother is off limits. Do you understand me?"

Bentley flinched as if slapped, his stomach twisting. Shame burned in his throat, choking him. He wanted to disappear through the floor.

"Honey, don't be so hard on him," Serafina cooed, running a soothing hand up Bentley's rigid back. She gently turned her son's face towards hers, her emerald eyes shimmering with intensity. "Listen to me, baby. Never let anyone tell you that you can't have what you want. If you feel it in your heart, then you fight for it with everything you've got."

She pressed even closer, her breasts pillowing against his arm, and Bentley's cock throbbed in response despite his utter mortification. The floral scent of her perfume enveloped him.

Gene's eyes widened in disbelief, his fork clattering against the plate. "Serafina, what the hell?" he sputtered. "You can't possibly be entertaining this insanity!"

Serafina fixed her husband with a cool, level stare, one perfectly shaped brow arching. "Our son is becoming a man, Gene. If there's something he wants badly enough to risk asking, the least we can do is hear him out."

Bentley's heart hammered against his ribs as he watched his parents face off across the table, the air crackling with tension. His father's ruddy complexion deepened to an alarming shade of purple.

"Hear him out?" Gene practically shouted. "There's nothing to discuss! It's wrong on every level. He's your son for Christ's sake!"

Serafina didn't so much as flinch at her husband's raised voice. She regarded him with infuriating calm, crimson nails tapping against the mahogany. "Don't be so close-minded, darling. Unconventional relationships are more common than you think these days."

Bentley's head swiveled back and forth between his parents like he was watching a tennis match, his stomach churning with a dizzying mix of arousal and dread. Serafina's hand still rested possessively on his thigh beneath the table, the heat of her palm searing him through the denim.

Gene opened and closed his mouth several times, sputtering incoherently, before finding his voice again. "I don't care how 'common' it is," he bit out through clenched teeth. "No son of mine is gonna...gonna..." He couldn't even bring himself to say it.

"Fuck his own mother?" Serafina supplied, her voice dripping with false innocence.

Bentley choked on his own spit, a surprised cough exploding from his throat. He'd never heard his prim and proper mom say anything so vulgar.

Gene looked like he might have an aneurysm right there at the dinner table, a vein visibly throbbing at his temple. He jabbed an accusatory finger at his wife. "Did you put him up to asking me this?"

Serafina smiled, slow and feline. "Oh no, honey. Bentley came to this decision all on his own."

Serafina's emerald eyes bored into her son's with an almost fanatical intensity. "Listen to me, honey," she said fiercely, her grip on his thigh tightening. "Don't let anyone tell you how to feel or who to love. Not even your father." Her gaze flicked contemptuously to Gene before locking back onto her son.

"All that matters is what's in here." She placed her other hand over Bentley's hammering heart. "If you feel in your soul that we're meant to be together, then you fight for it, baby. You fight with everything you've got until you make me yours."

Bentley's head spun, his skin burning beneath his mother's touch, her passionate words igniting something primal deep within him. He'd never seen this side of her before - so fierce, so intense, like a lioness defending her cub. Or a female predator claiming her mate. His cock throbbed almost painfully against his zipper.

Gene slammed his fist on the table, rattling the dishes. "Enough!" he roared. "I won't listen to this disgusting nonsense for another second." He jabbed a finger at Bentley. "I'm only gonna say this once. Your mother is off limits. This conversation is over."

Serafina giggled, a tinkling, musical sound that echoed off the dining room's vaulted ceiling as she watched Gene's retreating back disappear down the shadowy hallway.

She turned to Bentley with feline grace, her emerald eyes glinting beneath thick mascara-coated lashes with mischief and something darker, more carnal—a hunger that made her dilated pupils expand like black holes. The chandelier light caught the glossy sheen of her blood-red lips as they parted.

"Oh honey, don't you listen to him," she purred, her voice honeyed velvet as she traced a long, crimson nail along the sharp angle of Bentley's jawline, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its wake.

He shivered at her electric touch, his skin prickling with need that radiated from his core to his fingertips. "Your father just doesn't understand the depth of a love like ours. How it transcends silly little things like blood relation."

She swung a toned leg over to straddle Bentley's lap, the move graceful and fluid like a ballerina executing a perfect arabesque. The silk of her emerald dress—the exact shade of her eyes—whispered against his jeans as she settled her weight onto him, saddling his midsection.

The teen sucked in a sharp breath as her body pressed flush against his, her full, heavy breasts pillowing against his chest, her core radiating volcanic heat that seared through the denim barrier between them. The curves of her waist felt like warm clay beneath his trembling fingertips, impossibly soft yet taut with hidden strength.

"If you want me to be your girlfriend, Bentley," Serafina breathed, her plump lips—slick with crimson gloss that caught the light with every syllable—hovering a hairsbreadth from his, close enough that he could taste the white wine on her breath. "Then don't you dare give up. You fight for our love, you hear me? No matter what your father says."

Bentley swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing painfully against the constriction in his throat, his heart jack-rabbing against his ribs like a caged animal desperate for escape. The intoxicating scent of her perfume flooded his nostrils—jasmine and vanilla with undertones of amber and sandalwood, and beneath it all, the unmistakable musk of arousal that made his pupils dilate and his mouth water.

Bentley stared transfixed into the plunging shadows between his mother's breasts, the deep valley framed by creamy flesh that swelled against her yoga top. His gaze remained locked on that forbidden chasm, so mesmerized it felt like he was addressing someone sunken in the dark, pillowy depths of her cleavage rather than meeting her hungry emerald gaze that burned down at him from above, demanding his attention like a jealous goddess.

"I...I do want you to be my girlfriend," he admitted timidly, desire and shame warring inside him. "More than anything."

Serafina's crimson lips curled into a feline smile of triumph, the corners lifting to reveal a flash of perfect white teeth. She pressed even closer, her body radiating fever-heat through the whisper-thin emerald silk as she enveloped him completely. Her oversized tits squashed against his neck and chest like warm, silky pillows, the hardened peaks of her nipples dragging tantalizingly across his collarbone.

A strangled sound caught in his throat—half gasp, half whimper—as goosebumps erupted across every inch of his skin where they touched, his nerve endings singing with forbidden electricity.

"That's my good boy," she purred, her voice a honeyed rasp that seemed to vibrate through his very marrow. Her hot breath caressed the sensitive shell of his ear, sending a violent shudder down his spine. "Just imagine all the pleasure that awaits this gorgeous young body once your stubborn father gives us his blessing."

Her crimson nails skated teasingly down his trembling abs and Bentley's stomach clenched, a low groan escaping his throat. He pictured it - their naked flesh sliding together, his mother's wanton moans filling his ears as he finally claimed her as his own, again and again.

"Wh-what if he never says yes?" Bentley forced out, fighting to string the words together through the haze of lust.

Serafina tsked, shaking her head so her fiery auburn waves—gleaming like burnished copper under the dining room chandelier—tickled his flushed cheeks. "Oh, he'll come around," she whispered, her crimson-painted lips barely an inch from his trembling mouth. "He just needs a little...convincing."

She punctuated her point by rolling her hips in a slow, deliberate figure-eight, the silk of her dress whispering against his jeans as she ground against the rigid outline of his cock straining painfully against his zipper.

White-hot pleasure exploded behind Bentley's eyelids like a supernova, and he threw his head back with a strangled moan that tore from the depths of his chest, the wooden chair creaking in protest beneath their entangled bodies.

His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her waist, leaving crescent-shaped indentations from his nails as he fought not to explode then and there. He'd never been so painfully, achingly hard in his life—like molten steel encased in trembling flesh.

"When you finally claim me, baby," Serafina purred, her breath hot and moist against the shell of his ear, her tongue darting out to trace the

sensitive ridge, "it's gonna be a pleasure like you've never known. I'll make every single one of your boyhood fantasies come true—every dirty thought you've ever had while watching me bend over in the kitchen or step out of the shower wrapped only in steam and water droplets."

She nipped at his earlobe with her perfect white teeth, the sharp pain sending electric currents straight to his groin, and Bentley shuddered violently, a high-pitched whimper escaping his kiss-swollen lips.

He bucked his hips upward involuntarily, his strong thighs tensing beneath her weight, seeking more of her scorching heat, desperate to grind his granite-hard cock against the silk-covered, molten core of her femininity.

"I'll suck you, fuck you, drain you dry," Serafina continued, her voice a smoky rasp that seemed to caress his very soul, her hot breath leaving a trail of moisture against the shell of his ear. "I'll teach this virgin body of yours all the pleasures of the flesh."

Bentley's entire body shuddered with anticipation, his heart racing at her filthy promise. God, the things he was willing to do for this woman. His own mother. He knew it was beyond wrong, the ultimate betrayal of his father. But with her lush curves pressed against him, her intoxicating heat sinking into his bones, he was powerless to resist. He'd gladly burn in hell if it meant even one forbidden taste of her.

The next day, Serafina sat perched on the edge of Bentley's unmade bed, the navy comforter rumpled beneath her. She held his dirty briefs to her nose, breathing in the musky, slightly sweaty scent of her teenage son's most intimate areas.

The aroma flooded her nostrils, igniting a spark low in her belly that rapidly grew to a smoldering heat between her thighs. Her fat nipples were stone-hard beneath her robe, desperate to be tugged and sucked.

Just then, her cell phone rang, the shrill chime slicing through the heady fog of her arousal. She glanced at the screen. Gene. With an annoyed sigh, she answered.

"Hello darling," she purred, trying to keep the impatience from her voice.

"Serafina, we need to talk about what happened at dinner last night with Bentley," Gene said without preamble, his tone strained. "I'm worried about the way you seemed to be...encouraging this ridiculous, inappropriate crush he has on you."

Serafina rolled her eyes. Men could be so dense sometimes. "Oh honey, you're way overreacting. I'm just trying to teach our son to go after what he wants in life and not take no for an answer. It's an important lesson, especially when it comes to matters of the heart."

She could practically hear Gene's brow furrowing through the phone. "By letting him think he has a chance with his own mother? For God's sake Serafina, you were practically in his lap! He's a teenage boy drowning in hormones, you can't lead him on like that."

Serafina tsked. "Bentley is becoming a man, Gene. A very...virile young man." She punctuated her words by bringing the briefs to her nose again and inhaling deeply, her eyes fluttering closed as a small moan escaped her lips. "If he's old enough to have these adult desires, then he's old enough to learn how to pursue them. I'm simply teaching him to have confidence."

There was a heavy pause on the other end of the line, filled with unspoken accusations. Serafina could sense her husband struggling to find the words.

Gene sighed heavily, the sound crackling through the phone line. "Fine. I understand you want to encourage Bentley's confidence. But at some point, you're gonna need to make it clear to him that pursuing his own mother is completely off limits. This isn't healthy, Serafina."

A slow, feline smile curved Serafina's crimson lips. She brought Bentley's briefs to her nose again, breathing in the intimate musk, letting it fill her lungs until her head swam with delicious, dirty thoughts. Heat unfurled between her thighs, dampening her silk panties.

"Oh, I don't know about that, darling," she purred, her voice dripping with dark promise. "If our son truly feels in his heart that he and I are meant to be together, then what right do we have to stand in the way of that kind of love? I say we let nature take its course and see how far he's willing to go to prove his devotion to me."

Gene made a choking sound, as if the very notion stole the air from his lungs. "Jesus Christ, Serafina! Listen to yourself! Do you have any idea how sick and twisted that is? He's your son!"

Serafina laughed, a throaty, wicked sound. She slid her free hand down to press against the throbbing ache at the apex of her thighs, her fingers moving in slow circles over the damp silk. "Don't be such a prude, Gene. The bond between a mother and son is sacred. Powerful. If Bentley's attraction to me is so strong that he's willing to fight for it against all odds, then who are we to deny the intensity of that desire?"

She pictured Bentley bursting into the room at that very moment - his chestnut hair disheveled, golden skin glistening with a sheen of sweat, lean muscles straining against his clothes as if barely containing the strength of his youthful virility. She imagined the hunger that would darken his eyes to obsidian as his gaze landed on her sprawled across his bed, his unwashed briefs still pressed to her face, her skirt riding up to reveal a peek of her silk-clad mound.

A breathless moan escaped Serafina's parted lips before she could stop it, her hips undulating slightly against her circling fingers. Gene's angry voice yanked her out of the fantasy.

"Damnit Serafina, I'm putting my foot down! You WILL discourage Bentley's advances and make it clear he doesn't have a chance in hell."

"I'll handle this how I see fit," she said coolly into the phone, tracing the lacy edge of Bentley's briefs against her flushed cheek. "Bentley is almost a man now. Old enough to make his own choices about who he gives his heart to."

"But you're his mother!" Gene sputtered incredulously. "It's not a choice, it's...it's sick! You have to shut this down, honey."

Serafina sighed dramatically, already growing bored of her husband's predictable outrage. He was like a broken record, stuck on the same tired refrain. She glanced idly at her perfectly manicured nails, the crimson polish gleaming in the afternoon light slanting through Bentley's bedroom window.

"Darling, you're getting yourself all worked up over nothing," she said, voice dripping with condescension. "So what if Bentley has a little crush? It's perfectly natural for a boy his age to feel...stirrings for the woman who gave him life. Who nursed him at her breast."

"But to take him as your boyfriend?!" her husband countered.

"Honestly darling, you're acting like I'm some predator corrupting our innocent boy. But I'm not forcing Bentley into anything. If he wants to pursue me, that's his choice as a red-blooded young man."

Serafina smirked, deciding to scandalize her uptight husband further with a titillating piece of gossip. "You know, tons of women my age who are married take much younger lovers on the side these days. It's all the rage. Some even like to keep it in the family, if you know what I mean..."

She could practically hear Gene's brain short-circuiting at her brazen implication. He made a strangled choking sound, as if the very idea stole the breath from his lungs.

Serafina's sultry laughter danced across the phone line, mocking Gene's horrified incredulity. "Don't act so shocked, darling. It's the 21st century."

Sexuality is fluid these days. And the bond between mother and son is so...primal. Visceral. Some might even say sacred."

She punctuated her words by slowly running the slightly damp crotch of Bentley's briefs across her parted lips, her tongue darting out to taste the faint saltiness, breathing in the intimate musk of her son's virility. Arousal pulsed between her thighs at the forbidden act, soaking through her thin silk panties.

Serafina's crimson lips curved into a wicked smile as she listened to her husband's sputtering outrage through the phone. Some men were all the same - so predictable in their rigid morality, their narrow-minded notions of propriety. Even her dear Gene, for all his progressive bluster, was just another clueless prude at heart.

"Darling, you seem to be forgetting what drew you to me in the first place all those years ago," she purred, her voice dripping with sensual nostalgia. "My voluptuous body, overflowing with feminine curves in all the right places. These massive tits that you couldn't keep your hands off of. My skill and insatiable hunger in the bedroom."

She leaned back on Bentley's rumpled bed, the navy comforter cool against her heated skin, and cupped one heavy breast, squeezing the plump flesh until it threatened to spill out of her robe.

The pad of her thumb flicked across the hardened peak straining against the thin fabric, sending sparks of pleasure radiating to her core.

"Can you really blame our virile young son for being just as captivated by my sensual charms?" Serafina continued, her voice a smoky rasp. "He's at that age when his hormones are raging out of control, his body and mind consumed by new, overwhelming urges. And as his mother, I'm the safe, familiar object of his budding lust."

Her hips undulated against the mattress as she pictured Bentley seeing her like this - sprawled wantonly across his bed, her robe riding up to

reveal her silk-clad mound, brazenly groping her own tits while she breathed in the intimate scent of his unwashed briefs.

She could almost feel the searing heat of his stare raking over her body, devouring her with a hunger that transcended the bounds of propriety.

"It's perfectly natural for Bentley to crave me, darling," Serafina purred. "Primal, even. The bond between mother and son is ancient, sacred. His attraction to me is a symbol of that deep, visceral connection."

She heard Gene make a strangled sound, as if the very notion stole the breath from his lungs. Good. Let him squirm. It was about time her stuffy husband had his rigid worldview shaken up a bit.

"I'm simply encouraging our son to embrace his natural, red-blooded urges," Serafina continued blithely. "To pursue his heart's deepest, most secret desire with the same confidence and tenacity I taught him to apply to everything in life."

She smirked, deciding to twist the knife a bit deeper. "Surely you can find it in your heart to show a little sympathy, darling. After all, you of all people should understand the magnetic pull of my allure."

Gene's exasperated sigh crackled through the phone. "Fine. We'll discuss this more when I get home tonight. I have to get back to work."

"Oh, I'm afraid it will have to wait until later, darling," Serafina replied breezily. "Bentley and I are going on a hike with my sister Jan, after I pick him up from school."

She smiled to herself, picturing her husband's face reddening with impotent frustration. "Looks like you'll have to fend for yourself for dinner."

"Serafina, I really don't think-"

"Have a great rest of your day, honey!" she chirped before ending the call, cutting off his protests.

Serafina tossed her phone aside on the bed and brought Bentley's briefs to her nose again, inhaling deeply. The musky scent flooded her senses, stoking the flames of her arousal. She had to admit, the thrill of discussing her inappropriate plans for their son right under Gene's nose only heightened her wicked excitement. His disgust and outrage were the perfect aphrodisiac.

Bentley followed a few paces behind his mother and aunt on the narrow hiking trail, the dappled sunlight filtering through the canopy of leaves overhead. His heart raced and his face flushed as he stared transfixed at the two bodacious behinds swaying and undulating before him with each step.

Serafina and Jan were clearly sisters, blessed with identical hourglass figures - their wide, childbearing hips tapering to tiny waists and their colossal, gravity-defying tits straining against the flimsy material of their tank tops.

The women's shorts were obscenely tiny, the frayed denim barely covering the globes of their juicy asses and riding up to reveal the creamy undersides of their cheeks. Each time they stepped over a rock or tree root, their glutes flexed and rippled, the succulent flesh jiggling like bowls of Jell-O.

Bentley nearly tripped over his own feet, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing display.

As the trail inclined, Serafina and Jan began to pant and glow with a dewy sheen of perspiration. Bentley watched, slack-jawed and lightheaded with lust, as rivulets of sweat trickled between their deep cleavages and down the valleys of their spines to disappear between their ass-cheeks. He imagined lapping up the salty drops with his tongue, worshipping every damp inch of their voluptuous bodies.

Serafina glanced back over her shoulder and caught her son staring at her ass. A slow, wicked smile spread across her face. She whispered something to Jan and the women burst into conspiratorial giggles, their massive tits bouncing like overfilled water balloons.

Bentley's ears burned and his stomach flipped. Oh God, they totally caught him perving on them. Shame and humiliation churned in his gut, warring with the throbbing ache in his painfully swollen cock. His basketball shorts felt obscenely tight, barely concealing his massive erection.

Jan smirked knowingly at her sister. "Looks like your boyfriend back there can't keep his eyes off our asses."

Serafina just giggled, a wicked gleam in her emerald eyes. "Oh, he's not my boyfriend...yet. But the way things are going, it won't be long now."

Bentley's heart stuttered in his chest at his mother's brazen words, a dizzying mix of shock and illicit excitement flooding his veins. Did he just hear that right? His own mom, casually discussing her plans to take him as her lover? Right in front of his aunt? He wiped his sweaty palms on his basketball shorts, swallowing hard against the lump in his throat.

The sisters shared another conspiratorial look, their plump, glossy lips curling into matching Cheshire grins. Jan arched a perfectly sculpted brow. "And what does that stick-in-the-mud husband of yours have to say about you shacking up with your own son?"

Serafina waved a dismissive hand, her crimson nails flashing in the dappled sunlight. "Oh, Gene is trying his best to get in the way, spouting all that nonsense about propriety and morality. But he's just being a selfish prude."

Jan nodded sagely, her colossal tits swaying with the motion. "Some men are all the same. Wanting to keep us all to themselves. But you can't stop true love and lust, even if you try."

"Exactly," Serafina purred, reaching back to give her sister's juicy ass a playful squeeze that made Bentley's cock throb and swell to the point of pain. "When it's meant to be, it's meant to be. Bentley will be mine, whether Gene approves or not."

Bentley nearly swallowed his own tongue, his heart galloping against his ribs like a wild stallion. He couldn't believe what he was hearing - the sheer brazenness of his mother's plans to claim him, the casual way she and Jan discussed cuckolding his father as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Part of him recoiled at the depravity of it all, the blatant betrayal of his own dad. But the much larger part of him - the part currently straining obscenely against the confines of his shorts - thrilled at his mom's utter determination to have him, consequences be damned.

Jan unscrewed the cap of her water canteen and took a long swig, her throat bobbing as she swallowed. She handed the bottle to Serafina who did the same, a few stray droplets trickling down her chin and between her heaving cleavage.

Bentley's mouth went bone dry at the sight, his tongue practically sticking to the roof of his mouth.

The three of them paused at the summit overlook, where the vast panorama of emerald valleys unfurled beneath them like a rumpled quilt, bisected by a glittering sapphire river that caught the midday sun.

But Bentley's eyes refused to focus on nature's majesty, not with the hypnotic sway of his mother and aunt's spectacular bodies mere inches away. He could practically taste the salt on their flushed skin, feel the humid heat radiating from them like twin furnaces.

Jan unscrewed the canteen and extended it toward him, the condensation beading on the metal surface. Bentley's fingers trembled so violently he nearly fumbled the handoff, his palms slick with nervous

perspiration that had nothing whatsoever to do with their three-mile ascent.

As he tilted his head back to drink, the lukewarm water barely soothing his desert-dry throat, Jan leaned in so close that her left breast pressed against his bicep, the soft weight of it sending electric currents straight to his groin.

"You should go hug your mom, Bentley," she whispered, her cinnamon-scented breath caressing the delicate whorls of his ear canal, raising goosebumps that cascaded down his neck and spine like falling dominoes. "Hug her from behind. And kiss her neck softly. Girls absolutely melt for that."

Bentley almost choked on his mouthful of tepid water. He sputtered and coughed violently, droplets spraying from his lips as his face flamed crimson at his aunt's brazen suggestion.

Jan just smirked, arching one perfectly sculpted chestnut brow against her honey-gold skin.

He darted a furtive glance at his mother twenty paces ahead on the pine-needle-strewn trail.

Serafina stood with her back to them, one manicured hand resting on her cocked hip as she surveyed the sweeping mountain vista. Her hourglass silhouette was framed against the azure sky - the elegant curve of her swan-like neck, her aristocratic nose, pouty lips slick with cherry gloss, and the jaw-dropping, gravity-defying swell of her 38JJ breasts and bubble-round ass barely contained by her skin-tight denim booty shorts.

Sweat glistened on her exposed flesh like morning dew, catching the dappled sunlight filtering through the forest canopy. She looked like a lush, ripe fertility goddess carved from warm marble, and Bentley's throbbing manhood strained painfully against his zipper just from drinking in her forbidden magnificence.

He desperately wanted to run his trembling fingers over those dangerous curves, to worship every inch of her glistening, sun-kissed skin with his inexperienced lips and eager tongue like the goddess she was. But despite all his mother's sultry flirting and not-so-subtle innuendos, Bentley remained frozen in place, his 18-year-old body vibrating with conflicting desires.

His mother was an intimidating sexual hurricane in all her voluptuous, hyper feminine glory—those 38JJ breasts straining against sweat-dampened spandex, those child-bearing hips that swayed like a metronome with each deliberate step.

He was just a gangly teen with shaking hands and zero experience. How could his virgin fumbling possibly satisfy a woman who exuded raw sexuality from every pore?

Jan seemed to sense his deer-in-headlights hesitation. She slid behind her nephew like a predatory cat, her manicured talons digging into his bony shoulders hard enough to leave crescent-moon indentations.

Bentley's breath caught as her massive breasts pressed against his back, her erect nipples two hard points boring between his shoulder blades. Goosebumps erupted across his flesh like wildfire despite the oppressive summer heat.

"Don't be afraid, hon," Jan purred directly into his ear, her hot cinnamon breath making his earlobe tingle as she gave him a not-so-gentle shove forward. "Your mom wants you... BAD. She told me last night how much she's aching for your hands on her body, how wet she gets just thinking about her baby boy inside her."

"Inside her?" the boy gasped.

"Yesss," his aunt whispered. "Ravaging her cunt. Claiming her pussy as yours."

Jan's words ignited a raging inferno inside Bentley, incinerating the last threads of his hesitation. Heart thundering against his ribs, he stumbled forward on rubbery legs, the pine needles crunching softly beneath his sneakers.

Jan's manicured talons remained clamped on his shoulders, forcibly propelling him toward his oblivious mother like a lamb to slaughter. Or perhaps more fittingly, like a virgin sacrifice to a ravenous sex goddess.

As they approached Serafina from behind, Jan leaned in to whisper in his ear again, her voice dripping with wicked encouragement. "Remember, wrap your arms around her waist and press yourself against that juicy ass. Then kiss and nibble the side of her neck. Trust me, she'll fucking melt."

Bentley swallowed audibly, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing like a buoy on choppy waters. His skin prickled with heat, his cotton T-shirt plastered to his back with perspiration that had nothing to do with the mild exertion of their hike. As he drew near, the sweet floral scent of Serafina's perfume infiltrated his nostrils, making his head swim.

He slipped his arms around his mother's trim waist with uncharacteristic boldness, his heart slamming into his throat as her body stiffened in surprise. But then Serafina melted back into his embrace with a throaty purr of approval, her manicured hands coming to rest over his as she nestled her plump ass into the cradle of his hips.

Bentley shuddered violently as she ground her spectacular backside against his straining erection in tiny circles, the meat of his boner singing into the cleft of her ass, electric pleasure shooting up his spine.

"Mmmm, there's my good boy," Serafina purred, reaching back to grasp his narrow hips, her nails digging in slightly. "Don't be shy, baby. Show Mommy how bad you wanna be her boyfriend."

Emboldened by her sultry praise, Bentley nuzzled his face into the crook of his mom's neck, his chapped lips grazing her damp skin. The salt of her perspiration burst across his tongue as he licked a tentative stripe up the smooth column of her throat. She tasted like the sea - decadent and forbidden.

Bentley shuddered as Jan's hands slithered under his t-shirt like electric eels, her sharp nails raking across his pebbled nipples and down his quivering abdomen. Her cinnamon-scented breath tickled his ear, raising goosebumps along his neck.

"That's it, hon. Lick her just like that," Jan purred, guiding his head to trace the tip of his tongue along Serafina's pulse point. "Nice and slow. Make her shiver."

Jan guided his humping motion with her own hips - a deliberate rhythm that mimicked the ancient dance of procreation. The exquisite pressure and mind-melting friction on his penile flesh made the teen dizzy with forbidden pleasure, white-hot sparks of ecstasy exploding behind his tightly-clenched eyelids like a supernova of incestuous bliss.

"Don't stop, baby," Serafina moaned, reaching back to tangle her fingers in his thick chestnut hair, pulling his trembling mouth harder against her pulsating jugular. "Unh, your lips feel so good on Mommy's skin... You're gonna make Mommy soak through her shorts if you keep that up."

Her wanton words struck Bentley like a 50,000-volt thunderbolt, liquid fire searing through his veins and pooling in his throbbing groin. The intoxicating notion that he—a virginal, gangly teenager with zero experience—could bring this voluptuous fertility goddess to the quivering brink of orgasm with just his amateur caresses inflated his fragile ego and sent a tsunami of primal confidence straightening his formerly hunched spine.

Growling like a feral wolf in his constricted throat, he savagely nipped at Serafina's bronze neck with his teeth, sucking on her salty-sweet skin

hard enough to leave a crimson hickey—a primitive mark of possession. His sweaty palms splayed across her taut, tanned belly, yanking her bodacious MILF body more firmly against his trembling frame as his narrow hips rolled in tight, desperate circles, grinding his steel-hard teenage cock against her perfectly rounded ass with shameless, incestuous abandon.

"Fuck yes, claim your mother," Jan rasped in his ear, her voice thick with arousal as she continued guiding his movements, her lacquered nails digging half-moons into his trembling forearms.

Her pendulous breasts heaved against his back with each panting breath as she demonstrated the perfect pressure, showing him how to worship Serafina's hourglass curves. "Don't be gentle. She wants her baby boy to take what belongs to him—every glistening inch of that goddess body."

Spurred on by his aunt's filthy encouragement, Bentley surrendered himself completely to the raging inferno of lust consuming him from within, his pupils dilating until only a thin ring of hazel remained.

Gone was the shy, stumbling boy with downcast eyes and hunched shoulders. In his place stood a man possessed, his jaw clenched and nostrils flared as he rutted against his mother with focused determination, painting her caramel-tinted neck with hot, open-mouthed kisses that left glistening trails punctuated by the sharp scrape of grazing teeth against her pulse point.

Just then, Bentley heard the crunch of sneakers on gravel and the heavy breathing of an approaching jogger. He jerked away from his mother's voluptuous body as if scalded, his heart slamming against his ribs.

Jan quickly stepped back too, putting a respectable distance between them.

A moment later, a jogger in neon spandex came around the bend in the trail, earbuds in, oblivious to the incestuous scene he'd nearly stumbled upon. He breezed past them without a second glance.

Bentley released a shaky breath, his entire body trembling with a mix of relief and frustration at the interruption. His skin still tingled everywhere Serafina had touched him, his lips buzzing from the taste of her. His painfully hard cock throbbed in protest at the loss of delicious friction.

The boy blushed as the two mother's stood there a moment, blatantly staring at his cock-bulge. It stuck out like a circus tent with a wet ring of pre-cum on the fabric of his shorts.

"Such a hard hunk of young meat," Jan purred, staring with predatory intent.

"Uh huh,' Serafina agreed, her emerald eyes scanning the surrounding woods. "We need somewhere more private," she said, her voice husky with need. She turned to Jan. "Any ideas, sis?"

A slow, wicked grin spread across Jan's face. "I know just the spot. Follow me."

Jan led them off the marked trail, pushing through the dense undergrowth until they reached a small, hidden clearing surrounded by tall grass.

Bentley's heart pounded as he stumbled after his mother and aunt, branches whipping at his flushed face, sweat trickling down his spine. His mind reeled with forbidden possibilities of what they had planned in this secluded spot.

"This is perfect," Serafina said as her and her sister stopped in the center of the sun-dappled clearing and turned to face him, their emerald and honey-hazel eyes glinting with predatory mischief.

In one synchronized, fluid motion, they crossed their slender arms and grabbed the sweat-darkened hems of their clinging tank tops, slowly

peeling the damp fabric upward with deliberate, teasing languor. The material clung stubbornly to their glistening skin before surrendering with a soft, wet sound.

Bentley's breath caught painfully in his constricted throat as his mother and aunt's spectacular tits spilled free like ripe giant fruit, barely contained by matching crimson lace demi-cup bras so flimsy they appeared gossamer-thin in the filtered forest light.

The delicate, intricate floral-patterned material strained desperately over their heavy, heaving flesh, the scalloped edges cutting into the plush overflow of their breasts, creating deep valleys of shadow between the quivering mounds.

The transparent mesh did absolutely nothing to conceal their huge, grapefruit-sized dusky areolas and fat, raspberry-hued nipples that strained against the scratchy lace like plump gumdrops.

Next, they shimmied out of their sinfully tight shorts with synchronized, serpentine movements, bending deeply at the waist to drag the clinging denim down their honey-bronzed, athletically toned thighs.

Bentley almost swallowed his tongue, his Adam's apple bobbing painfully as they revealed identical blood-red lace thongs—the same crimson shade as their bras—riding up between their impossibly round, perfectly heart-shaped ass cheeks like floss between two juicy peaches.

The minuscule triangles of delicate fabric barely covered their completely waxed, visibly puffy mounds, the gossamer lace already translucent and darkened with the glistening nectar of their feminine arousal, clinging to their swollen lips like wet tissue paper.

Without any hesitation, Jan and Serafina descended upon Bentley, their manicured fingers making quick work of his clothes. In a flurry of tugging and yanking, they stripped him down to just his briefs, the thin cotton straining obscenely over his massive, jutting erection.

Bentley's face burned with a mixture of arousal and embarrassment as he stood nearly naked before the two voluptuous women, their emerald and hazel eyes raking over his exposed flesh with undisguised hunger.

He instinctively took a few stumbling steps backward, his heart hammering against his ribs, but Jan caught him by the hips. "Don't be nervous, Bentley. It's your mom's turn to love on you now."

With surprising strength, Jan guided him down to the sun-warmed grass, his back pressed flush against her spectacular breasts. He shivered as her diamond-hard nipples bored into his shoulder blades through the whisper-thin lace of her bra.

"Relax, honey." Jan cooed in his ear, her cinnamon-scented breath hot against his neck. "I think my sister might be very interested in taking you as a boyfriend. Let her get to know your body a little bit better."

Before Bentley could respond, his mother crawled over him like a predatory feline, her emerald eyes gleaming with wicked intent. She straddled his narrow hips, the scorching heat of her barely-concealed sex pressing against his straining cock. Even through the dual barriers of his briefs and her thong, he could feel the searing temperature of her molten core, the damp lace already soaked through with her arousal.

Bentley whimpered, his hips bucking involuntarily to grind his aching hardness against his mother's hot, slick folds. The pressure and friction made his vision blur at the edges, white-hot ecstasy sparking through his lower belly and tightening his balls.

Serafina gazed down at him with hooded, smoldering eyes, drinking in every detail of her son's trembling, nearly-naked body pinned beneath her. Both her and her sister's fingers danced feather-light over the lean, wiry muscles of his chest and quivering abdomen, mapping the unfamiliar masculine terrain.

The mother traced the sparse trail of hair below his navel that disappeared beneath the straining cotton of his briefs. "My, my, just look at you," Serafina purred, her voice dripping with feline satisfaction. "What a gorgeous young man you've become. And all mine for the taking."

She leaned down until her heavy breasts pillowed against Bentley's heaving chest, separated only by the whisper-thin lace of her bra.

He groaned at the plush weight of her, at the searing heat of her barely concealed sex pressing insistently against his throbbing erection.

Serafina nuzzled into the crook of his neck, her lips brushing the shell of his ear.

"Would you like to be my boyfriend, Bentley?" she breathed. "Would you like Mommy to teach this hot virgin body of yours all the ways of pleasure?"

Bentley shuddered violently, his brain short-circuiting at his mother's brazen proposition. Before he could formulate a response, Serafina's mouth latched onto his neck like a succubus, sucking and laving the sensitive flesh with her clever tongue. He bucked beneath her, a strangled moan ripping from his throat, his hands scrabbling for purchase on her undulating hips.

Behind him, Jan tightened her hold, her diamond-hard nipples searing his shoulder blades as she forced his face deeper into the warm, fragrant valley of Serafina's cleavage. "That's it, just relax into it," Jan cooed. "Let your gorgeous mother give you a preview of what's to come when you're hers."

Bentley could only whimper and writhe helplessly between their smothering curves, every nerve ending electrified, drowning in the dual assault of feminine heat and softness.

His mom licked a molten trail up the column of his neck to his earlobe, drawing the tender flesh between her teeth.

"I need to get to know this body intimately, baby, before you can have me fully," she rasped, punctuating her words with a sensual roll of her hips. "Every. Single. Inch."

She sealed her mouth over his, swallowing his desperate moan, as she ground herself against the rigid outline of his cock.

Bentley's head spun, his heart jackhammering, as his mother's tongue plundered his mouth with shocking carnality. He'd never been kissed like this before, with such raw, wanton need.

Serafina's slick tongue delved deep into the moist cavern of his mouth to tangle with his own in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss. She licked along his teeth and palate, mapping every ridge and crevice, before sucking his tongue into the hot recesses of her mouth.

Bentley groaned at the lewd sensation, his head spinning with the taste of her—spearmint and forbidden lust.

"Move your hips, sweet boy," Jan whispered, her fingers digging into his hips, guiding them to thrust upward, grinding the steel length of his erection against the drenched lace barely covering his mother's sex.

"That's it, show her what a big, virile young man you are," Jan rasped in his ear. "Let her feel how hard you are for her."

Bentley bucked instinctively into the scorching heat of Serafina's core, his cock throbbing with a need he'd never known before. He could feel her puffy lips parting around his rigid length through the thin, soaked material, searing him like a brand. A guttural moan vibrated from his chest into their joined mouths.

Together, they found a rhythmic dance as Serafina rolled her hips in sensual figure-eights, riding the ridge of his manhood with shameless abandon.

The pressure and friction made Bentley's eyes roll back in his skull, electric pleasure sparking through his veins. He couldn't believe this was happening—that his own mother was dry-humping him with wanton desperation, her tongue plundering his mouth like she wanted to devour him whole.

The wet sucking sounds of their lewd kiss mingled obscenely with Serafina's throaty moans and the soft rustle of flesh against grass.

Jan's hands roamed over Bentley's trembling torso, her nails raking red lines into his flushed skin, skirting the edge of his straining briefs.

"Mmm, feel how wet she is for you already," Jan purred. "Your mom can't wait to impale herself on this throbbing young cock."

Serafina tore her lips away with a gasp, a strand of saliva connecting their swollen mouths. Her emerald eyes glittered with primal hunger as she gazed down at her son, her hips still undulating sensually against his.

"That's what boyfriends and girlfriends do, after all," Serafina said in a breathy tone. "They fuck."

"Mmm, and I bet you're just dying to fuck, aren't you, Bentley," Jan asked, prying into his briefs until she could feel the hot knob of his dick on her fingers.

"My sweet, horny boy," Serafina panted, her voice husky with need. "Let me taste what you have for me."

Before Bentley could process her words, Serafina slithered down his trembling body in one sinuous motion, her silken hair trailing across his feverish skin like liquid fire.

Her plush lips left a constellation of scorching kisses over his heaving chest, each contact sending electric currents straight to his groin. When she reached his quivering abdomen, she traced each defined muscle with

the very tip of her tongue, leaving glistening trails that cooled in the summer breeze.

He watched through half-lidded eyes as she nuzzled the sparse dark trail of hair below his navel, inhaling deeply as if savoring his musky scent, her tongue flicking out to trace delicate circles on the hypersensitive skin just above where his briefs strained against his throbbing need.

Serafina's manicured fingers, tipped with glossy crimson nails like droplets of fresh blood, hooked deliberately into the elastic waistband of Bentley's briefs. The stark contrast of her scarlet talons against the pristine white cotton seemed almost obscene in its visual intensity.

With agonizing, theatrical slowness—as if unwrapping a precious gift—she peeled the damp fabric downward. Her knuckles deliberately grazed his heated skin, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake like a path of dominoes falling one after another.

Bentley held his breath until his lungs burned, his thundering heart threatening to crack his ribs, as his painfully engorged erection was finally freed from its cotton prison. His manhood sprang upward with such force it slapped against his belly with an obscene wet smack that echoed in the summer air.

Serafina's emerald eyes widened to perfect circles, her pupils dilating until only a thin ring of green remained, her glossy lips parting in a silent gasp as she took in the sight of her son's magnificent cock. It was far larger than she had imagined in her most forbidden fantasies, easily nine thick inches of straining masculinity and so impossibly girthy that her slender fingers wouldn't meet if she wrapped both hands around it.

His foreskin was already pulled back tight - his swollen crown flared dramatically from the shaft, glistening an angry purple like an overripe plum, with pearlescent beads of boy-honey gathering at the slit before trickling down in a glistening rivulet.

Prominent veins mapped the impressive length like raised tributaries on a topographical relief, each one throbbing visibly with every thundering beat of his racing heart.

Behind him, Bentley heard Jan's sharp, whistling intake of breath as she peered predatorily over his shoulder, her hungry eyes drinking in the sight of his enormous member. "Oh my," she purred appreciatively, her hot breath tickling his earlobe, "looks like our boy is quite the man where it counts. Serafina, you lucky, lucky bitch."

Bentley flushed crimson at his aunt's lewd praise, the heat blooming across his cheeks like wildfire spreading through dry brush. But any flicker of embarrassment evaporated like morning dew beneath the scorching sun when Serafina's perfectly manicured fingers—each nail a glistening crimson talon—wrapped around his throbbing shaft with possessive hunger.

She squeezed him with a force that hovered exquisitely between pleasure and agony, her cool rings creating points of shocking contrast against his fever-hot flesh.

He bucked helplessly into her vise-like fist with a guttural groan that seemed torn from the very depths of his soul, the searing heat of her silken grip making his already granite-hard member pulse with renewed vigor.

Serafina pumped him with calculated, torturous slowness, her thumb circling the swollen, plum-colored head before swiping across his weeping slit, gathering the pearlescent fluid that beaded there like morning dew.

With theatrical deliberation, she brought her glistening thumb to her plush, ruby lips and sucked it clean with hollowed cheeks, her emerald eyes fluttering closed in rapturous bliss as she savored his essence on her tongue.

"Mmm, delicious," she moaned wantonly, her voice a husky purr that vibrated through his very bones. "I'll bet the nectar pooling in those heavy balls right now is even sweeter—like warm honey just waiting to be devoured."

Bentley whimpered pathetically, his hairless balls drawing up tight against the base of his shaft at her filthy words, the delicate skin of his scrotum puckering like crumpled silk.

Violent tremors wracked his sweat-slicked torso. He'd never been touched like this before—with such brazen, animalistic carnality—his inexperienced nerve endings firing like live wires beneath his feverish skin.

The dual assault of feminine attention threatened to short-circuit his adolescent brain, white-hot pleasure bordering on exquisite agony. Yet he couldn't tear his wide, innocent eyes away from the obscenely erotic sight of his mother's elegant hand wrapped possessively around his angry, purple-headed cock, her glossy crimson nails a shocking pop of color against his flushed, pulsating skin.

Jan reached around his quivering form to palm his heavy, aching sac, her cool fingers rolling his tender balls between them like she was testing the weight and firmness of ripe summer peaches at a farmer's market.

Bentley jerked violently at the intimate invasion, a strangled moan catching in his bone-dry throat. He felt unbearably full, his young, untapped balls swollen and pulsing with the desperate need for explosive release.

"Just relax, baby," his mother cooed. "Your intimate parts were meant to be touched and stroked by women like us."

"God, these balls," Jan whispered, squeezing and tugging his nut-filled scrotum, stretching the coiled tubes that assisted in transporting his seed during ejaculation.

Serafina smirked down at her sister, emerald eyes glinting with mischief. "I don't dare take my panties off just yet," she purred. "But since he's being so good, lying there all naked and hard for us, it's only fair I remove something else."

Bentley watched with bated breath, his heart hammering against his ribs, as his mom reached behind her back and deftly unhooked her crimson lace bra with a single flick of her manicured fingers.

The flimsy material fell away in slow motion, unleashing her magnificent breasts from their delicate prison. They bobbed heavily, finally freed from their constraints—two gigantic, creamy globes that defied gravity despite their generous size, each crowned with a wide areola the color of a dusky rose petal.

Her nipples, pebbled and prominent, strained into tight, throbbing peaks that seemed to point directly at him, begging for his touch, his mouth, his worship.

Before the teen could drink in the glorious sight for more than a heartbeat, Serafina leaned down and pressed her enormous, sun-warmed breasts against Bentley's heaving chest. The impact forced a primal grunt from deep within him, his lungs emptying as though he'd been struck by a velvet hammer.

Her nipples, hard as ripe berries, carved burning trails across his feverish skin. She undulated against him in hypnotic waves, her flesh—impossibly soft yet somehow firm—sliding across his torso with serpentine grace, leaving glistening trails of her arousal that caught the afternoon light like liquid diamonds on his overheated skin.

Then the mother dipped her head, her cascade of auburn hair forming a silken curtain around their faces, and latched her scorching mouth onto the vulnerable hollow of Bentley's neck, just below his ear where his pulse fluttered like a captive bird.

He gasped and writhed beneath her, his virgin flesh electrified by the obscene sensation of his mother's plush lips and velvety tongue exploring every sensitive millimeter with predatory focus.

She alternated between feather-light kisses and ravenous suction, her teeth occasionally grazing the thundering artery with just enough pressure to make him whimper, determined to leave a constellation of purple-red marks that would proclaim her ownership to the world.

Bentley bucked helplessly between Serafina and Jan's voluptuous bodies, his nine-inch cock throbbing violently against his mother's silk-covered mound, his sweat-slicked back arching to press further into his aunt's lush curves that felt like warm pillows of forbidden heaven.

While one of his aunt's hands clutched his nuts tightly – her talons clawing their tender meat – the fingers of her other hand ran firm circles over his sweaty taint. This stimulated the boy's prostate, making him shiver and groan.

The dual assault of searing feminine heat short-circuited his brain's frontal lobe, rendering him a mindless creature of pure, animal sensation.

Making wet smacking kissy sounds, Serafina's wicked, ruby-red mouth worked its way down the straining column of her son's alabaster neck to his pronounced collarbone, painting his virgin skin with a trail of her saliva. Her perfectly straight, pearly-white teeth scraped over his hammering carotid pulse, sending lightning bolts of exquisite, painful pleasure sizzling down his quivering spine to his clenching, firm ass cheeks that tightened like two perfect walnuts in a silk bag.

"Mmmm, you taste divine, baby," Serafina husked against his throat between open-mouthed kisses that left glistening trails of saliva across his feverish skin. "I could spend hours worshipping this gorgeous young body. Licking every sweat-slicked crevice, tracing each quivering muscle with my tongue until I discover exactly what makes you shiver and moan like a wounded animal."

Serafina ground her silk-covered mound against the rigid flesh of Bentley's cock in slow, sensual circles, as if testing not only its marble-like rigidity but seeking the perfect rhythm where his own gyrating hips could match her undulations thrust for thrust.

It was almost like she was assessing his untrained yet eager body's ability to follow her lead in this forbidden dance - to see if his virgin enthusiasm could keep pace with her experienced sensuality.

She rolled and rocked against him, letting him feel the searing heat of her aching sex through the drenched fabric, painting his unyielding shaft with her molten arousal.

Bentley's head swam, drowning in a sea of lust and forbidden sensation. The heavy globes of his mom's breasts pressed down on his chest, her diamond-hard nipples searing his skin like brands.

Her plush ass rubbed maddeningly against his balls with each grinding roll of her hips, sending electricity sizzling up his spine. Jan's fingers dug into the meat of his thighs from behind, spreading his legs wider, opening him further to Serafina's merciless assault on his innocence.

"Oh, Mom," he whimpered, too lost in ecstasy to care how wrong it was to moan those words. "Unh, you feel so good..."

Serafina smirked against his neck before sucking his earlobe between her teeth. "Mmmm, you like grinding this big, hard cock against Mommy's pussy, don't you baby?" she purred, her voice dripping pure sex. "I can feel how much you want me. How desperate you are to rip my panties off and shove every thick inch inside until you're balls deep."

Bentley could only moan brokenly in response, a thin rope of drool escaping the corner of his slack mouth. His body was a livewire of need, his hips moving upward frantically to meet his mother's greedy cunt.

The coil of impending orgasm tightened in his gut, his balls drawing up painfully tight. But he didn't want this twisted bliss to end. He wanted to

writhe beneath Serafina's voluptuous curves forever, to let her grind on his aching cock until he went mad with lust.

Serafina and Jan exchanged a meaningful glance, their eyes glinting with wicked mischief, an unspoken understanding passing between them.

The corner of Jan's glossy lips curled up in a devious smirk.

"Mmm, I'll bet that big, hard dick feels amazing grinding against your soaking pussy, sis," Jan purred, her husky voice dripping with lascivious encouragement. "So thick and virile. The perfect fit for a sexy, insatiable cougar like you."

Serafina rolled her hips faster, riding the rigid length of Bentley's cock with wild abandon, the champagne-colored silk of her drenched panties molding like liquid mercury to every intimate curve and hidden crevice of her swollen sex.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, tossing her head back in ecstasy, her cascading auburn hair—the color of autumn leaves dipped in honey—tickling the sensitive skin of Bentley's feverishly flushed chest. "I've never felt anything so deliciously huge and unyielding. He's stretching me open already and he's not even inside me yet."

Jan's manicured fingers moved up to palm Bentley's clenching ass, squeezing the taut muscle that flexed beneath her touch like warm marble.

"Such a naughty mommy," she purred, her breath hot against his ear, "dry humping your own son like a bitch in heat. You're gonna ruin him for all other women with that magical, velvet-soft pussy of yours."

Serafina grinned fiercely, emerald eyes burning into Bentley's dilated hazel ones, her pupils so wide they nearly eclipsed the vibrant green irises. "That's the plan," she purred, her voice like honey dripping over broken glass. "I'll milk his magnificent cock so good, worship every

quivering inch of his young body so thoroughly, he'll be mine forever. My perfect, devoted boyfriend."

Bentley shuddered violently, his swollen, aching balls drawing up tight against the base of his shaft at his mother's declaration. The coil of impending release twisted his gut like a vise, pressure building at the base of his spine with the intensity of a gathering storm.

"Mom, I'm gonna—unh, I can't hold back!" Bentley gasped, his voice cracking with desperation, a thin sheen of sweat glistening across his flushed chest.

His back arched like a drawn bow, every sinew and muscle quivering and straining beneath his alabaster skin as if his very bones would snap from the unbearable tension. His toes curled painfully, fingernails digging half-moons into his palms as the first devastating pulses began to build deep within his core.

"That's it baby, let it all go," Serafina purred, her emerald eyes burning like twin flames into his, her glossy crimson lips parting to reveal perfect pearl-white teeth. "Give Mommy that big, beautiful load you've been saving up in those swollen, aching balls."

She ground down harder, riding his throbbing shaft with merciless purpose, the champagne-colored silk of her panties—now translucent with her honeyed arousal—providing mind-melting friction against his purple-veined column of rigid flesh.

Bentley felt like Mount Vesuvius about to erupt, white-hot magma building in his core, his heavy balls tightening to the size of extra-large eggs as they prepared to unleash their pearly bounty.

Jan reached between their sweat-slicked bodies with her French-manicured fingers, crimson nails glinting in the dim light as she formed a vise-like ring around his pulsing cock just below the engorged mushroom head.

"Fuck yes, cum all over your mommy's pussy," she rasped in his ear, her hot breath tickling the sensitive whorls. "Mark her silken mound with your virile essence. Make her yours."

The dual stimulation proved too much for his virgin senses. With a guttural roar that tore from the depths of his very soul, Bentley's throbbing, purple-veined cock jerked and swelled like a volcano about to erupt before unleashing a torrential waterfall of thick, pearly seed.

It felt like every last molecule of moisture was being violently wrung from his convulsing, sweat-drenched body as jet after powerful jet of hot, viscous cum painted elaborate patterns across his mother's barely covered mound and quivering, taut belly.

The force of his earth-shattering orgasm bordered on violent, his vision whiting out completely at the edges as blinding lightning exploded behind his tightly clenched eyelids and stars danced across the cosmos of his mind. He'd never experienced a climax this intense, this all-consuming, this utterly devastating to his senses.

It felt like his very life essence was being forcefully drained through his wildly pulsating cock, leaving him hollow yet paradoxically fulfilled.

"UGHH, M-MOMMY!" his voice strained, cracking with raw emotion, the desperate cry muffled beneath the heavenly cushion of warm, perfumed MILF flesh pressing against his face.

"So much cum, fuck!" Serafina cried, her emerald eyes widening in awe as seemingly endless ropes of pearlescent jism erupted like a geyser, coating her champagne silk-clad sex and quivering alabaster abdomen with glistening rivulets.

She rolled her voluptuous hips relentlessly, the movement hypnotic and predatory, providing more exquisite boner-milking friction against his hypersensitive flesh.

Her manicured fingers traced through the viscous fluid, deliberately smearing the creamy liquid into her flushed skin like the most decadent forbidden lotion.

"You've marked me, baby," she purred, her crimson lips curving into a possessive smile. "Mommy's dripping pussy belongs to you now."

Bentley could only moan weakly in response, utterly boneless and spent, feeling like every drop of vitality had been expertly wrung from his trembling body. Delicious aftershocks zipped through his overloaded nerve endings like electric currents, making him twitch and shiver uncontrollably as Serafina continued to slowly undulate against his softening member, her movements calculated and merciless, drawing out every last precious drop from his depleted reserves.

Later that evening, Serafina found Gene sitting in his favorite leather armchair in the den, nursing a glass of bourbon and watching a game on TV. She sashayed into the room, hips swaying hypnotically, and perched on the arm of his chair.

"We need to talk, darling," she purred, running a manicured finger along the tense line of his jaw. "About Bentley and I."

Gene's eyes narrowed. "There's nothing to discuss. I already told you, it's completely out of the question."

Serafina tsked, shaking her head so her fiery curls brushed his face. "Just hear me out. I've been thinking about the practical benefits of me being Bentley's first girlfriend."

Gene scoffed into his drink but she pushed on undeterred.

"First of all, you know how rampant STDs are these days, especially among teenagers. If Bentley is with me, you can be sure he's completely safe and unexposed."

She ticked off her crimson nails. "Secondly, you won't have to worry about him knocking up some clueless high school girl and becoming a father before he's ready. If he happens to get ME pregnant, we can deal with it as a family."

Gene opened his mouth to argue but she silenced him with a look.

"Not to mention, I can teach him to be an skilled, attentive lover." Her lips curved in a wicked smile. "He'll be the most sought-after bachelor with the impressive moves I'll show him. Don't you want that for your son?"

Gene's face reddened, from anger or embarrassment she couldn't tell. "This is insane, Serafina! I don't care about any twisted logic you've come up with. A mother being intimate with her son is just wrong on every level!"

Serafina laughed, a tinkling sound. "Oh darling, don't be so puritanical. In many cultures throughout history, it was common for experienced women to sexually initiate young men, even within families. It was seen as natural and healthy."

She leaned in close, her breasts pressing against his arm. "What Bentley and I have is beautiful and pure. I can guide him into manhood in a way no fumbling teenage girl can."

Gene looked away, jaw clenched. Serafina could practically hear his teeth grinding.

"Just imagine," she breathed in his ear, "how confident and self-assured our son will be, having been so thoroughly pleased and doted on by a woman who adores him. Don't you want the best for him?"

Serafina's emerald eyes glittered with cunning as she leaned in close, her breasts pressing more insistently against Gene's tensed bicep. "Consider this, darling," she purred, her voice low and conspiratorial. "If you continue to forbid Bentley and I from being together openly, just imagine

how it will eat away at you, constantly wondering what we might be doing behind your back, right under your nose in our own home."

"What are you trying to say?" Gene asked as he swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. Serafina could practically taste his unease, as thick and bitter as the bourbon he gripped.

"What I'm saying is... every time you leave for work, every night you're burning the midnight oil at the office, it will utterly consume your thoughts." Her lips brushed the shell of his ear and he flinched. "The forbidden images will dance through your mind on an endless loop - your sexy wife seducing your horny teenage son, teaching him all the ways of pleasure in lurid detail. You'll lay awake, cock hard and throbbing, sick with jealousy, wondering if I'm sneaking into his room, sliding into his bed, letting him do filthy things to my voluptuous body that you've never had the balls to try."

Gene made a strangled sound, his complexion taking on a sickly, green pallor in the amber glow of the living room lamp. But Serafina pushed on, relentless, knowing she almost had him exactly where she wanted him.

"Or maybe you'll picture Bentley mounting me in our marital bed the second your car pulls out of the driveway. Imagine him thrusting that huge, virile cock into my eager pussy over and over, grunting and sweating, making the headboard slam against the wall. I'd be screaming his name, begging him for more. We'd defile the very sheets you sleep on while they were still warm from your body heat."

Gene lurched to his feet, sending his whiskey sloshing over the rim of the glass. "Jesus Christ, Serafina, enough!"

She stood slowly, sensuously, letting her skirt ride up to reveal the lacy tops of her thigh highs. Sauntering over to her seething husband, she draped her arms around his neck, pressing the length of her lush body against his.

He remained rigid, unyielding, but she could feel the hammer of his pulse where her fingers brushed his nape.

"I'm just trying to be honest, darling," she cooed, giving him her most convincing pout. "I thought you'd want to know the reality of the situation. If you don't give your blessing for me to be Bentley's girlfriend, it will corrode your soul, always speculating about our illicit activities. But if you accept it, let it happen out in the open, it will be so much easier. You won't have to spend your days wondering."

Gene sighed heavily, the fight draining out of him like air from a punctured tire. He ran a hand over his haggard face, his wedding band glinting dully in the lamplight.

"Fine," he bit out, the word bitter as aspirin on his tongue. "You win, Serafina. I can't take the constant wondering, the sick images in my head. Bentley can be your...your boyfriend." He spat the word like a curse.

Serafina's emerald eyes glowed with triumph, her glossy lips curving into a Cheshire smile. "Really?!" she loudly asked.

"Yes...really," he reluctantly replied.

She pressed a lingering kiss to his stubbled cheek. "You're making the right choice, darling. I promise we'll be discreet."

Gene's lip curled in disgust, but he didn't pull away from her touch. "Just tell me one thing - did anything happen between you two today? On your little 'hike' with Jan?"

Serafina widened her eyes, all practiced innocence. "Of course not, honey. I would never have sex with Bentley without your blessing." She paused, letting her tongue dart out to wet her crimson lips. "Although I'll admit, I did take the opportunity to get...better acquainted with his body. You know, like any potential girlfriend would."

Gene's brow furrowed, his lips pressing into a grim line. "Better acquainted how, exactly?" he asked, voice strained.

Serafina waved a dismissive hand. "Oh darling, I don't think you really want all the sordid details, do you? Just know that I kept things... outside our bodies, so to speak. Anything more will have to wait until Bentley is officially my boyfriend."

But Gene persisted, jaw clenched tight enough to crack molars. "No, I think I have a right to know. If you expect me to agree to this twisted arrangement, I need to understand exactly what went on."

Serafina sighed dramatically. "Very well. But don't say I didn't warn you." She sauntered over to the leather sofa and perched on the edge, crossing her long legs. Gene remained standing, arms folded tight across his chest, face etched with grim anticipation.

"Well, during our hike, Jan and I may have stripped down to our underwear to get more...comfortable in the heat," Serafina began, examining her crimson nails. "And we encouraged Bentley to do the same. Just so I could get a good look at the body I'll be working with as his girlfriend, you understand."

Gene's complexion turned ashen, but he motioned stiffly for her to continue. Serafina's lips curved, a wicked gleam dancing in her emerald eyes.

"Mmm, and what a body it is. Our son is packing some serious heat in those briefs. The outline alone..." She shivered theatrically. "Let's just say the boy is more than equipped to satisfy a woman."

Gene looked dangerously close to losing the bourbon he'd consumed. His pallor had gone from ashen to green around the edges. Still, he gritted out, "What else?"

Serafina leaned back, supporting herself on her elbows so her breasts strained against her low-cut blouse. "Well, I may have straddled those

lean hips of his. Ground myself against his... manhood through my panties until he was practically sobbing for more.”

The mother smiled, delighting at the discomfort in her husband's eyes. “I kissed and licked every inch of his flushed, sweaty chest and throat until he was covered in my lipstick.”

She smiled dreamily at the memory, a faraway look in her eyes. “He tasted divine, like salt and teenage lust. And those sounds he made...I can't wait to hear them as he's buried deep inside me, stretching me open.”

She giggled as Gene stumbled backward, collapsing heavily into his armchair, head cradled in his hands. “Christ, Serafina...” he moaned wretchedly.

She stood and glided over to him, running her fingers through his mussed hair. “I told you that you didn't want the details, darling.”

Gene shifted uncomfortably in his armchair, unable to meet Serafina's piercing emerald gaze. He cleared his throat, the words sticking like molasses. “Did you...did he...” Gene swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. “Did you make him ejaculate?”

Serafina's crimson lips curved into a slow, feline smile. “Yes. I thought the boy would drown me with how much cum he pumped out, absolutely coating my belly and tits. It just kept coming and coming, like a fucking geyser.”

Gene looked like he'd just swallowed a mouthful of battery acid, his complexion going sallow. He loosened his tie with a shaky hand, the expensive silk suddenly feeling like a noose. “Jesus Christ,” he muttered under his breath.

Serafina sauntered over and perched on the arm of his chair, her skirt riding up to reveal a tantalizing peek of her lace-topped stockings. She draped an arm around Gene's stiff shoulders. “Oh darling, this is a good

thing," she purred. "I'll be able to keep our horny boy so thoroughly satisfied, he won't even look twice at those silly high school girls."

Gene shrugged out of her embrace and lurched to his feet, pacing in agitation. He ran a hand through his salt-and-pepper hair, making it stand on end. "I just don't understand how this...arrangement is going to work," he bit out. "How do you expect to be both my wife and Bentley's girlfriend? What does that even look like?"

Serafina examined her crimson nails, buffing them on her skirt. "Well, not much has to change between you and I, darling. We'll still be married, still live together, share finances, attend social functions as a couple, all of that."

She waved a dismissive hand. "My relationship with Bentley will be more...intimate in nature. I'll dote on him, spoil him, cater to his every whim like a good girlfriend should. Teach him the finer points of lovemaking. But it doesn't have to interfere with our marriage."

Gene barked a humorless laugh, the sound harsh and grating. "Doesn't have to interfere? You'll be spreading your legs for our son under the same roof as your husband! How can that not interfere?"

Serafina tsked, shaking her head. "Darling, you're getting yourself worked up again. My love for you and my love for Bentley are completely separate. You're my husband, he's my boyfriend. There's room in my heart for both."

Serafina smiled indulgently and patted Gene's knee. "Yes, Bentley and I will probably have sex quite frequently and for extended periods - he's an energetic young buck in his prime after all, and I'm no slouch in the stamina department myself, which you're well aware of."

She gave a throaty chuckle. "But it won't impact you at all, darling. You're always conked out by 9pm anyway, sawing logs. I'll just slip into

Bentley's bed after you're asleep and enjoy his youthful attentions for a few hours...or maybe even all night."

Her emerald eyes took on a dreamy, faraway quality as she pictured it - Bentley's lean, golden body sliding between her splayed mommy-thighs. His huge cock pulsing with the virility of an 18-year-old as he pried her pussy-lips open and sunk into her welcoming heat inch by delicious inch, stretching her exquisitely full. Those powerful young hips driving into her again and again, for hours on end, until she was a boneless, quivering mass of satisfaction. Waking up to his morning wood prodding insistently against her ass...anxious for another hard, nasty rut."

She shivered, her tongue darting out to wet her crimson lips. Gene looked positively green around the gills, his fingers clutching the armrests in a white-knuckled grip as the lurid images assaulted his brain.

Serafina blinked, coming back to herself. She gave Gene a reassuring smile. "But don't you fret, darling. I'll always sneak back into our marital bed before you wake, and be right by your side to greet you in the morning, fresh as a daisy. It'll be like I never left. You'll hardly even notice a change."

Gene shot up from his chair and started pacing in agitation, raking a hand through his salt-and-pepper hair. "Jesus Christ, Serafina! You can't seriously expect me to just lie there in bed while you're down the hall fucking our son for hours on end! How am I supposed to ignore that? How am I supposed to sleep?"

Serafina tsked and examined her crimson nails. "Oh don't be so dramatic, darling. You sleep like the dead anyway once your head hits the pillow."

Her eyes glinted wickedly. "Besides, think of it this way - you're always complaining that I'm too amorous, always pawing at you for sex when you're trying to sleep. Well, with Bentley around to see to my needs, I won't bother you nearly as much. You're welcome."

Serafina spent the next afternoon in a flurry of sensual preparation, determined to look her absolute best for Bentley's deflowering. She met her sister Jan at their favorite day spa, where they giggled conspiratorially like schoolgirls as the aestheticians waxed their already tidy bikini lines to smooth, bare perfection.

"Nice n bare for your new boyfriend, hmm?" Jan teased with a wicked gleam in her eye as Serafina bit her lip against the sting of the hot wax.

"You better believe it, sis," Serafina replied breathlessly, emerald eyes sparkling with anticipation. "After the way Bentley worshipped my body on our hike, I know he's gonna absolutely lose his mind once he experiences the slick, bare folds of my pussy gripping his virgin cock."

Jan laughed, the musical sound echoing off the spa's marble tiles. "God, what I wouldn't give to be a fly on the wall for that! You lucky bitch."

"With your tits and ass – you could find you a hot, young dick to fuck quite easily," Serafina assured her sister.

"Maybe I will," Jan said with a mischievous grin.

After they were both as hairless and smooth as the day they were born, the sisters moved on to the salon, where they sat side-by-side as their stylists teased and tousled their fiery manes into artfully mussed bedroom hair.

Serafina felt a tingle of arousal imagining Bentley's fingers tangling in her lustrous curls as he lost himself to passion between her thighs.

"Where are you taking your new boy toy to seal the deal?" Jan asked as their hair was misted with shine serum.

Serafina smirked, examining her reflection with a critical eye. "The Scarlet Orchid. That private sex resort in the mountains."

Jan's eyes widened. "Oooh, swanky! Bentley won't know what hit him. That place is like something out of a MILF porno - mirrored ceilings, sex swings, the works."

Serafina grinned, catlike. "Exactly. Only the best for my sweet boy's first time."

"Well, make sure you fuck him good n hard," Jan giggled. "Make it a piece of ass he'll never forget."

"He's gonna be fucking his own mother," Serafina reminded her. "So even if I was a bad fuck, I doubt it would be one that he'd ever forget."

"True," Jan laughed.

Their final stop was La Belle Rouge, Serafina's favorite lingerie boutique tucked discreetly between a high-end jeweler and an artisanal chocolatier.

Inside the perfumed sanctuary of silk and lace, she selected a daring crimson ensemble that left nothing to the imagination—a sheer demi bra with delicate gold embroidery that cupped her heavy breasts like worshipful hands, the taut fabric making her nipples strain visibly against the mesh.

The matching garter belt cinched her already narrow waist, framing the curve of her hips like a Renaissance painting. The thong was barely more than three triangular scraps of blood-red lace held together with satin ribbons that would slide apart at the slightest tug.

She deliberately bypassed the silk stockings, envisioning Bentley's trembling teenage fingers tracing unobstructed paths along her toned calves and up her smooth inner thighs.

As the sales associate—a willowy blonde who kept stealing appreciative glances at Serafina's figure—rang up the scandalous purchases, Jan

nudged her sister with a manicured elbow. "Bent won't be able to keep his hands off you in that getup. He'll be drooling like a Saint Bernard."

Serafina's laugh bubbled up from deep in her throat, rich and intoxicating as aged bourbon. "You know it's going to absolutely destroy Gene to imagine his son peeling these scraps of lace off me, watching them puddle on the floor at my feet while I stand naked and wet before him. But darling," she purred, emerald eyes glittering with wicked delight, "that's precisely half the fun."

"I'm sure your right. I mean, I already love cheating on my husband with guys half his age," Jan stated. "I can't imagine how much harder I'd cum with those young bucks, if I knew my husband was aware that they were fucking me."

Over a lunch of organic quinoa and baby kale salads at Chez Lumière, their favorite upscale bistro with its sun-dappled patio and discreet, white-gloved wait-staff, Serafina and Jan chatted excitedly about the upcoming deflowering of young Bentley.

Jan sipped her sparkling water with cucumber and mint, the condensation beading on the crystal glass like tiny diamonds as she eyed her sister over its delicate rim. "So, do you think Bent is gonna have some serious staying power? Or will he pop off in two seconds flat like most virgins, leaving you frustrated and wanting more?"

Serafina chuckled, a knowing gleam in her emerald eyes that matched her silk blouse perfectly. "Oh, I have no doubt my sweet boy will be quick on the trigger at first, throbbing and exploding the moment he feels my velvety heat envelop him. But that's the beauty of teenage refractory periods - he'll be ready to go again in no time, that magnificent cock rising to attention while most men would still be snoring."

She speared a piece of kale with precision, her crimson stiletto nails flashing in the afternoon sunlight like freshly spilled blood. "And I plan on testing his endurance all...night...long."

Jan smirked, twirling a lock of flame-red hair around her manicured finger, her emerald eyes gleaming with envy. "You're gonna fuck that boy six ways from Sunday on those silk sheets until they're soaked through."

"Mmm, you know it," Serafina purred, her full crimson lips parting slightly as her gaze grew distant with lascivious anticipation. Her perfectly manicured nails drummed against the pristine tablecloth. "I'll ride that throbbing teenage cock until my thighs burn, then flip him over and drain him dry. Wring every last pearly drop from those heavy, swollen balls until his eyes roll back and he's seeing constellations."

"Christ," Jan whispered, fanning her flushed face with trembling fingers. "That magnificent curved shaft and those flared glans of his..." She shifted in her seat, crossing and uncrossing her long legs. "He's gonna stretch you open and hit every quivering inch of your g-spot, sis. You'll be arching your back and cumming on that teenage dick like a bitch in heat, screaming loud enough to wake the dead."

"My sweet boy will definitely see a side of his mom he's never seen before," Serafina chuckled. "The wild, horny sex-animal side."

"Mmm, you have to blow his dick too. Give him some nasty girlfriend head," her sister added.

Serafina shivered, her silk-clad thighs clenching beneath the pristine white tablecloth. Her emerald eyes glazed over as she imagined Bentley's thick, veined cock in her mouth and stretching her glistening folds open inch by delicious inch. His taut, athletic hips working relentlessly, like in one of his baseball drills, as he buried himself to the hilt in her honeyed depths.

She could almost feel her voluptuous MILF body arching beneath his lean, sweat-slicked virgin frame, her crimson nails leaving crescent moons on his smooth, muscled back.

In her mind's eye, she pictured glancing over at the ornate bedside clock as they rutted like animals in heat for hours on end, watching the glowing digits change from 1:00 to 2:00, then 3:00, then 4:00, their bodies never tiring, never sated.

"And don't even get me started on that crazy thing virgins do," Jan continued breathlessly, her own cheeks flushed pink with arousal, "where they stay granite-hard even after they explode, just keep thrusting away with pearly cum leaking out around their throbbing cocks, making that delicious squelching sound with every deep stroke."

Serafina groaned, a mini orgasm sparking in her core just imagining the obscene squelching sounds of Bentley's release sloshing in her overflowing pussy as he powered through the sensitivity, never missing a beat. God, she'd be absolutely dripping with his potent teenage seed, it would be running down her thighs as he fucked her through orgasm after orgasm.

"I swear, every time I think I can't get any wetter picturing it, you say something else to push me over the edge," Serafina admitted breathlessly, shifting in her seat.

Jan cackled. "What are sisters for? Someone's gotta talk you through all the dirty details while you live out the real thing."

They clinked their glasses together, twin sets of emerald eyes sparkling with mischief and arousal. Serafina couldn't wait to get her sweet boy alone, to make him a man in every sense of the word. She'd ruin him for all other women with her magical pussy, mark him as her mate.

Poor Gene, she mused. He had no idea the world of pleasure that awaited Bentley between his mother's thighs.

Bentley stared out the window of the Uber in a daze, his mind reeling. One minute he'd been trudging across the school parking lot, exhausted

from a grueling baseball practice, and the next a sleek black car had pulled up beside him. The tinted window rolled down to reveal a female driver in dark sunglasses.

"Bentley? Your girlfriend sent me. Hop in."

Confusion and excitement warred within him as he slid into the leather backseat. Girlfriend? Did she mean...Mom? His cock twitched at the thought. The driver offered no further information, just sped off down the highway.

Bentley's stomach fluttered with nervous anticipation as they pulled up to the sprawling estate, a tasteful wooden sign proclaiming it "The Scarlet Orchid Resort."

He followed the cobblestone path in a trance, his duffle bag slung over one shoulder.

Inside the gleaming lobby, his eyes widened. Everywhere he looked were women who could only be described as MILFs, prowling around in various states of undress with men his age or younger.

Their voluptuous bodies glistened as if with a post-coital sheen, hair artfully mussed, crimson lipstick smeared. The air practically crackled with sexual energy.

Bentley swallowed hard, desire and intimidation warring in his gut as he approached the polished mahogany front desk. The buxom redhead smirked at him knowingly, green eyes raking over his frame.

"Bentley? We've been expecting you." She slid a gilded key card across the glossy surface. "Your girlfriend is waiting for you in the Honeymoon Suite. Enjoy your stay."

Her voice dripped with insinuation.

Bentley's heart pounded against his ribs as he wound through the lavish hallways, the plush scarlet carpet muffling his footsteps. He found the door marked "Honeymoon Suite" and stared at it, hands trembling.

This was really happening. He was about to lose his virginity...to his own mother.

Taking a deep breath, he slid the key card into the lock. It flashed green and the door swung open. Bentley stepped inside on shaky legs, the door clicking shut with a damning finality behind him.

"There's my handsome boyfriend," a familiar sultry voice purred. Bentley's head snapped up. His mother was draped across the gigantic heart-shaped bed on her side, her head propped on one manicured hand. And she was wearing the most sinfully erotic lingerie he'd ever laid eyes on - sheer crimson lace that left absolutely nothing to the imagination, her heavy breasts barely contained by the flimsy cups, her smooth pussy visibly bare and glistening beneath the feeble scrap of her thong.

Bentley's heart skipped a beat. "Girlfriend?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly on the unfamiliar word.

Serafina laughed, a throaty, sensual sound that sent shivers down his spine. She rose from the bed with feline grace, her crimson lingerie clinging to every mouthwatering curve.

Bentley's eyes widened as she stalked toward him, her hips swaying hypnotically, jutting tits trembling like Jell-O molds. She stopped close enough for him to feel the heat radiating from her body.

"That's right, baby," she purred, tracing a scarlet nail along his jawline. "Your father has given us his blessing. I'm officially your girlfriend now."

Bentley swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. This had to be a dream. A wild, filthy fantasy conjured up by his horny teenage brain. There was no way his straight-laced, conservative father would ever agree to something so depraved.

As if reading his thoughts, Serafina gave him a knowing smile. "I know it's a lot to process, sweetheart. We can talk through all the details later. But right now..."

She pressed her voluptuous body flush against his, her heavy breasts pillowing against his chest, molding to its shape.

Bentley inhaled sharply as her intoxicating scent - Chanel No. 5 and raw feminine arousal - infiltrated his nostrils. His cock strained painfully against his fly, so hard it ached.

"Right now, it's time to consummate our relationship," Serafina breathed, her plush lips a hairsbreadth from his. "I'm gonna make you a man tonight, Bentley. In every sense of the word."

Before his lust-addled brain could formulate a response, his mother's mouth claimed his in a searing kiss. Her lips were softer than rose petals, yet hungry, devouring. Her clever tongue delved past the seam of his lips to plunder the recesses of his mouth, licking and teasing and tasting.

Bentley groaned into the kiss, his trembling hands coming up to grip her lush hips. The lace of her thong was damp beneath his fingertips, the feeble fabric the only barrier between his skin and her wet, naked flesh. The knowledge that his mother was already so aroused - for him - made his head swim.

The teen whimpered as his mom sucked his tongue into her mouth, stretching it impossibly far. Her own licker danced across its surface as if were his pink penis stuffed inside her warm oral orifice.

Serafina's manicured fingers attacked his clothes with sudden urgency, tearing at buttons and zippers until he was stripped bare before her heated emerald gaze. His cock stuck out like a sturdy tree-branch, steely-hard and ready.

Serafina's manicured fingers fumbled with the clasp of her lace bra as Bentley watched, slack-jawed and transfixed. The crimson scraps of fabric slithered down her arms and fluttered to the plush carpet, baring her magnificent breasts to his hungry gaze. They were even more

brehtaking fully exposed - creamy globes of flesh capped with puckered berry-red nipples that strained with her arousal.

"Now the panties, baby," she purred, guiding his trembling hands to the delicate ribbons at her hips. "Unveil your prize."

Bentley hooked his fingers under the whisper-thin satin, his heart slamming against his ribs. He could feel the searing heat radiating from her core, the dampness of the lace that clung to her swollen, glistening folds. Taking a deep, shuddering breath, he slowly peeled the feeble scrap down her toned thighs, revealing her smooth, bare mound inch by torturous inch.

As Bentley fumbled with the ribbons, his clumsy eagerness betraying his inexperience, Serafina's mind drifted to how meticulously she had planned this moment. For days, she had envisioned her son's deflowering down to the last detail - the lingerie she would wear, the music she would play, the carnal positions in which she would introduce him to pleasure.

She had meticulously weighed the advantages of each sex position for their first joining, considering how she could best overwhelm his virgin senses while also ensuring her own satisfaction.

Missionary sex would allow for deep, intimate eye contact as she watched his pupils dilate with each thrust, their mouths fusing in hungry, desperate kisses that tasted of forbidden fruit, but Bentley's untrained strokes might be too shallow, too clumsy against her swollen, aching depths.

Doggy style would let her exert more control over the pace and depth of penetration, her manicured fingers digging into the silken sheets as he gripped her hourglass waist. The visual of her voluptuous ass quivering with each impact and her glistening, pink-lipped pussy framed by her creamy thighs would drive him wild, but it lacked the face-to-face connection she craved. The ability to witness every flicker of ecstasy

across his beautiful features as he experienced true pleasure for the first time.

No, for their inaugural act as lovers, Serafina had ultimately decided she wanted Bentley seated on the edge of the bed while she rode him, a position that would grant her dominance while still allowing him to worship her body with his hands and mouth.

She would impale herself on his magnificent shaft, watching his eyes roll back in ecstasy as her powerful MILF thighs flexed and quivered with each downward thrust.

The position would allow her to control the depth and pace, her glistening core swallowing him inch by delicious inch as she undulated in his lap, setting a sensual rhythm that would drive them both to the edge of sanity.

He would be free to suckle her heavy breasts, his hot tongue circling each straining nipple until they peaked like ripe berries, to nuzzle her fragrant neck where her pulse hammered beneath perfumed skin, to grip the firm globes of her ass while she milked his throbbing cock with her velvety walls, squeezing and releasing in a rhythm designed to extract every drop of his essence.

Yes, it would be the perfect balance of control and intimacy to usher her sweet boy into manhood, to claim him completely as both mother and lover.

As the crimson lace finally pooled at Serafina's stiletto-heeled feet, Bentley felt lightheaded with anticipation. His eyes widened as they drank in the breathtaking sight of his mother's smoothly waxed sex.

The thick hood of her protruding clit peeked out from between glistening, swollen folds that reminded him of delicate rose petals after a spring rain. At the very apex, a dewy pearl of moisture winked up at him - the same deep pink as the head of his own straining erection.

The thought of that slick, luscious flesh wrapped around his aching cock made him shiver with forbidden need.

"Shhh, it's okay baby," Serafina cooed, sensing his nervous excitement. Her warm hands, adorned with glittering diamond rings that caught the amber lamplight, guided him to sit on the edge of the plush Egyptian cotton mattress. "You don't have to do anything our first time. Just let Mommy make you feel good."

With the sensual grace of a burlesque dancer, she straddled his lap, her knees dimpling the satin comforter on either side of his trembling thighs. The scorching heat of her bare sex hovered a tortuous inch above his bobbing erection, radiating warmth like a furnace against his sensitive skin.

Bentley's breath caught in his throat as he was enveloped by her intoxicating scent - sweet and musky like vanilla and salted caramel, with a tangy note that made his mouth water and his tongue press instinctively against the roof of his mouth.

His hands trembled as they settled on the ripe curves of her hourglass hips, his fingers digging into velvet-soft skin that yielded like warm clay beneath his desperate grip.

Serafina reached between their bodies with manicured fingers to grasp his throbbing shaft, her scarlet nails a stark contrast against his flushed skin as she squeezed firmly from root to swollen purple tip.

Bentley let out a guttural moan that echoed off the bedroom walls, his head lolling back against his shoulders, a kaleidoscope of stars bursting behind his closed eyelids at the searing pleasure of her expert touch. He'd never felt anything so impossibly hot and silky soft as her palm gliding over his virgin flesh.

"Mmm, you're throbbing for me already," Serafina purred as she positioned his weeping crown at her slick entrance, the swollen purple

head disappearing between her glistening coral folds. "So hard and ready, pulsing like a second heartbeat in my hand."

The mother's eyes widened as she felt his broad penis glans pry between the remnants of her hymen. She heard a whimper from her son's lips as his fat purple bulb was swallowed by wet coral flesh.

Then, in one fluid motion, she sank down on him to the hilt, her manicured nails digging half-moons into his shoulders as she impaled herself.

Bentley cried out brokenly as he was engulfed in liquid velvet heat, his entire body going rigid beneath her substantial weight. It was like being encased in molten silk, her walls fluttering and rippling around his sensitive flesh, gripping him in rhythmic waves that threatened to milk him dry in seconds.

The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain, every nerve ending electrified from his curling toes to the roots of his hair.

Serafina rocked against him, undulating her hips in a sensual figure eight that made her heavy breasts sway hypnotically before his face, her diamond-hard nipples brushing his parted lips with each rotation. "That's it baby, let Mommy's pussy take care of you," she cooed, her voice like warm honey in his ear as her perfumed breath tickled his earlobe.

"Doesn't it feel amazing to finally be inside me? To be one with the woman who gave birth to this gorgeous body of yours?"

Bentley shuddered and gasped as his mother's slick, undulating walls—hot, pink, and pulsating with maternal blood—massaged every hypersensitive nerve ending on his rock-hard shaft. It felt like his cock was being pulled into a vortex of pulsing, spongy flesh that suctioned and rippled around him, squeezing rhythmically as if trying to milk him dry.

“Feels so good,” he sighed. The tender, flared head of his cock, now purple and engorged with desire, bumped against a firm, donut-shaped ring of muscle deep inside her—was that her cervix? The realization that he was probing the entrance to her womb, the very core of her being, the sacred chamber where he himself had been conceived, made him dizzy with awe and forbidden lust.

Each downward undulation of Serafina's wide, child-bearing hips forced his throbbing erection deeper into her scorching depths, stretching her uteri with his unyielding cock-flesh. Her muscles clenched greedily around his girth like a silken vice.

Bentley whimpered as he felt himself bottom out inside her again and again, his sensitive glans flattening against that muscular ring, sending electric jolts from his cockhead straight up his spine. Her molten, honey-thick secretions flooded his shaft, coating him in slick warmth that glistened in the dim light whenever she rose up, adding to the delicious frictionless glide as she rode him with sensual abandon. Her manicured nails left crescent moons in his shoulders.

“Let mommy show you what she can do to you,” Serafina purred as her powerful pelvic muscles flexed and contracted around him in rhythmic waves, rippling along his length like the inside of a throat swallowing, squeezing him from base to tip in undulating pulses that threatened to extract his very essence.

Bentley saw stars exploding behind his eyelids, the pleasure so intense it teetered on the knife-edge of pain, making his toes curl and his breath catch in ragged gasps. He'd never imagined anything could feel this good, this utterly mind-melting, this transcendent.

The fumbling times he'd touched himself alone in the dark, fist pumping desperately beneath sweat-dampened sheets, could never compare to the ecstasy of his mother's magical pussy sheathing him to the hilt,

enveloping him in wet, velvety heat that seemed to pulse with its own heartbeat.

“Do you like your new pussy, baby? Serafina asked as she undulated in his lap, her magnificent breasts—each the perfect size and weight of an oversized watermelon, heavy and pendulous yet defying gravity with their firmness—swayed hypnotically before Bentley's face. The succulent flesh jiggled and bounced with each sensual roll of her hips, creating mesmerizing ripples that traveled across her skin like waves on a moonlit lake.

Her fat nipples stood erect and proud like sentinels atop the wide, coffee-colored rings of areola that puckered with goosebumps under his heated gaze, each tiny bump creating a textured landscape that begged to be explored with fingertips and tongue.

The delicate blue veins visible beneath her alabaster skin mapped intricate constellations across the slopes of her heaving bosom, a celestial roadmap of desire pulsing with maternal blood, practically begging for the worship of his tongue to trace each azure pathway to its source.

"Don't be shy, baby," Serafina purred, her voice thick as honey dripping from a spoon, sensing Bentley's hesitation in the trembling of his fingers that hovered mere millimeters from her flesh. "This body is yours to explore, to get lost in like a traveler in an enchanted forest. I know you've always dreamed of burying your face between Mommy's big, soft tits, feeling them envelop you in their warm embrace. Go on, sweetheart. They're all yours—every quivering inch, every sensitive nerve ending, every drop of sweat beading between them."

Bentley swallowed hard, his heart thundering against his ribs as he stared transfixed at the ripe, melon-heavy globes swaying before his face. His trembling hands hovered uncertainly over the creamy slopes, fingertips barely grazing the satiny skin. He ached to plunge his face into

that pillowy warmth, to inhale her intoxicating scent of Chanel No. 5 and female musk until it filled his lungs, but a lifetime of ingrained propriety froze him in place.

Serafina sensed his nervousness, saw the way his throat bobbed like a cork in turbulent waters as he struggled against his base urges. With a knowing smile that crinkled the corners of her kohl-rimmed emerald eyes, she reached up with French-manicured fingers and cupped her bountiful breasts, lifting the creamy spheres until they pillowed against either side of Bentley's crimson-flushed face.

"Like this, baby," she breathed, her cinnamon-scented words caressing his earlobe as she used her toned forearms to press her 38JJ bosom together, trapping him in a cocoon of marshmallowy softness that quivered with each thundering beat of her maternal heart.

Bentley let out a shuddering gasp that rattled from the depths of his chest as his head was engulfed between his mother's massive mammarys, the plush flesh molding around his cheeks and jaw like warm memory foam.

Her floral perfume—notes of jasmine, bergamot and sandalwood—and natural feminine essence flooded his flaring nostrils, made his head swim with dizzying desire that pulsed behind his temples. The volcanic heat of her alabaster skin seared him like a branding iron even as the silky texture glided against his own stubble-roughened cheeks like cool Egyptian cotton satin freshly pulled from a luxury linen closet.

Emboldened by her encouragement and the mind-melting sensations of her undulating pussy gripping his cock, Bentley nuzzled deeper into his mom's cleavage. His lips parted instinctively, his tongue darting out to lave the salt-sweet skin trapped between her breasts. She tasted like vanilla and forbidden fruit, an ambrosia that made his taste buds tingle and saliva flood his mouth.

"That's it, baby, worship Mommy's tits just like that," Serafina purred, her voice husky with approval as she flexed her arms, squeezing his face tighter between her mounds. "Suck on them, bite them. I wanna feel that hungry mouth all over me."

Bentley groaned brokenly into the pillow-soft valley, the vibrations making her nipples peak into diamond-hard nubs that protruded outward. He suckled and lapped at every inch of bountiful flesh he could reach, painting her cleavage with the ardent moisture of his tongue and lips.

His hands rose to cup and squeeze the heavy globes, testing their ripe weight, relishing how they overflowed his splayed fingers.

Serafina bore down on Bentley's virgin cock with ruthless sensuality, her powerful thighs flexing as she moved her hips up and down. Her splayed cunt-flanges spread out against his cock-root as she took every millimeter of his length she could get, even though her greedy cunt-sleeve was already full to bursting.

Their sweat-slicked flesh slapped together in a staccato rhythm – SMACK, SMACK, SMACK - filling the room with the crude, carnal sounds of their incestuous union.

Each determined downward plunge forced him deeper into her smoldering depths, her greedy pussy muscles clenching and rippling along his veiny teenage shaft, the velvety textured walls fluttering around him like a million butterfly wings.

Bentley felt like he was being pulled into a whirlpool of ecstasy, caught in the irresistible riptide of his mother's undulating body as she rode him with wild abandon. The sensation of her molten core sheathing him over and over in its silken vice made his eyes roll back in his head, electric pleasure sparking through his nervous system.

He dug his fingers into the plush curves of her gyrating hips, holding on for dear life as she used his cock for her own pleasure, grinding her fat, jutting clit against his pubic bone.

The obscene squelching sounds of her overflowing pussy devouring his manhood echoed in his ears - a frothy mix of his own copious pre-cum and her gushing honey coating his engorged length, allowing him to plunge into her with piston-like ease.

He felt dizzy imagining the creamy white froth being churned up inside her, the physical evidence of their forbidden passion. The thought alone made fresh dollops of slick arousal weep from his slit, only adding to the erotic sloppy noises of their coupling.

"Ohhh fuck, baby, your cock feels soooo good," Serafina slurred, her voice a ragged moan as she increased the speed and force of her thrusts. Her nails carved crimson crescents into the taut skin of his shoulders.

"Unnnhhh, Mommy's cunt is so fucking full of you...stuffed to the brim with my baby boy's big, fat dick! Ream me open, honey! Wreck my pussy with this huge teenage cock!"

Bentley whimpered helplessly, his hips bucking up instinctively to meet her downward strokes, their bodies crashing together in a frenzy of lust.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

His balls slapped wetly against the crack of her jiggling ass with each forceful impact, drawing up tighter and tighter as the tingling pressure at the base of his spine swelled to a crescendo.

His mom's wanton dirty talk, the filthy incestuous reality of it, sent him hurtling towards the edge. He could feel his orgasm building like a tidal wave, swelling larger and larger, ready to crash over him and pull him under.

"Pour it in, baby!" his mother breathlessly urged. "Give it to me!"

Bentley's entire body quivered and seized as his climax crashed over him like a tidal wave, pulling him under into a riptide of ecstasy. His cock swelled and jerked inside his mom's molten heat, spurting thick ropes of pearly cum deep into her undulating core. She fucked him through it mercilessly, her cunt muscles rippling along his shaft, milking him for every drop.

"That's it baby, give Mommy all your hot, virile seed!" Serafina cried, throwing her head back in rapture as she felt her son's essence flood her womb. Her powerful thighs flexed as she increased the pace of her thrusts, slamming herself down on his still-hard cock with wanton abandon. "Fill me up with your teenage cum! Breed your own mother!"

Bentley's vision whited out at the edges, electric pleasure surging through every nerve ending as his balls emptied themselves in pulsing jets. He'd never come so hard in his life - it felt like his very soul was being sucked out through the head of his dick.

His mom's cunt squeezed him rhythmically, determined to wring every last drop from his pulsing shaft. Scalding splashes of his own cum coated his cock with each stroke, adding to the obscene frothy wetness of their joining.

But Serafina didn't let up for a second, riding him straight through the overwhelming sensitivity. His cock remained rock hard inside her, engorged to purple stiffness by her sensual assault.

Bentley whimpered and thrashed beneath her, pleasure bordering on pain as she used him for her own satisfaction, chasing her own climax.

With a growl of dominance, Serafina shoved Bentley backwards onto the bed, his head hitting the pillows. She followed him down, never breaking their intimate connection, her breasts swaying heavily above his face. Pinning his wrists above his head, she rotated her hips in deep, grinding circles, stirring his cum inside her.

"Mommy's gonna fuck this cock all night" she panted, emerald eyes glinting with feral hunger. "I'm gonna drain these teenage balls dry, milk them for every fucking drop until you're seeing stars."

Bentley could only moan brokenly as she began to bounce on him again with renewed vigor, the wet smacking sounds of their flesh filling the room. He felt boneless and delirious with overstimulation, his body no longer his own, just a vehicle for delivering pleasure to his insatiable mother. His cock throbbed almost painfully inside her, so hard it felt like it might burst.

Serafina threw her head back, cascades of auburn hair flying as she impaled herself on her son with unhinged desire, her pussy squelching obscenely with his spend.

The mother let out a feral howl of ecstasy as Bentley's thick, pulsing cockhead stroked that spongy sweet spot deep inside her, the hidden bundle of nerves that only a hung stud like her son could reach.

Electric pleasure radiated from her core, building in intensity with each grinding thrust. She felt like a live wire, sparks shooting through her nervous system, setting every cell alight with sensation.

"Unhhh fuck! Right there baby, don't stop!" She cried, voice ragged and desperate. "Mommy's gonna... gonna... AAAHHHHHH!"

Her orgasm slammed into her like a freight train, a seismic wave of rapture that started in her molten cunt and exploded outward. Her inner muscles clamped down on Bentley's cock in a vise-like grip, rippling and fluttering along his length as she gushed around him, coating his shaft in a fresh deluge of honey.

Her curvy body convulsed, back arching so sharply her spine nearly bowed, heavy tits bouncing and rippling wildly as aftershocks wracked her frame.

Through it all, Bentley kept pumping into her relentlessly, the crude, sloppy squelching of her cum-flooded pussy growing louder, wetter, filthier with each stroke.

It sounded like someone stirring a bowl of macaroni and cheese - thick, frothy, obscene. The room reeked of sex - a dizzying musk of semen, pussy juices and sweat that infiltrated Serafina's flaring nostrils, made her head spin with delirious lust.

As she came down from her high, chest heaving, Serafina collapsed bonelessly onto her son's sweat-slicked torso, her massive breasts pillowing against him. She could feel his heart pounding against her own, a primal, synchronous rhythm.

Bentley's arms came around her, hands splaying across her back, caressing her reverently like he couldn't believe she was real.

"God, baby, that was incredible," she purred, nuzzling his neck. "Your cock was made for Mommy's cunt. A perfect fit."

Bentley could only whimper in dazed agreement, still reeling from the intensity of their carnal union. His slightly-softening cock slipped from her well-used hole with a wet pop, a river of their combined fluids leaking out to soak the rumpled sheets.

Serafina rolled off him with a satisfied sigh, curling into his side. Bentley wrapped trembling arms around her, kissing her damp forehead tenderly, his lips lingering.

They lay entangled, catching their breath as the sweat cooled on their skin. The sex-stench clung to them, musky and potent.

Later that night, the shrill ring of Bentley's cell phone pierced the steamy haze of lust permeating the Honeymoon Suite. He ignored it at first, unable to tear his attention away from the lewd spectacle before him - his mother on her hands and knees, her voluptuous ass high in the air as

he gripped her fleshy hips and slammed into her from behind doggy-style like a jackhammer.

The crudely erotic slapping sounds of his sweat-slicked groin smacking against her jiggling cheeks with each forceful thrust, mingled with Serafina's wanton moans and the wet squelching of her overflowing pussy, drowned out the phone's insistent chirping.

But then Serafina glanced over her shoulder at him, her mascara smudged and lipstick smeared in a debauched crimson ring around her slack, panting mouth. "Ignore it, baby," she purred breathlessly, clenching her internal muscles around his pistoning shaft in a vise-like grip that made him see stars. "Fuck Mommy harder. I'm so close..."

Bentley did as commanded, picking up the already brutal pace of his thrusts until the antique mahogany headboard slammed against the wall in a staccato rhythm. The cell phone finally fell silent, going to voicemail. He focused all his attention on the mind-blowing ecstasy of fucking his insatiable mother, the tight velvet fist of her cunt squeezing his aching cock so exquisitely, greedy for his seed.

A minute later, the phone started up again, buzzing angrily against the nightstand. Bentley faltered slightly in his relentless rhythm, panting heavily, sweat trickling between his shoulder blades.

"Just answer it," Serafina huffed in exasperation, rocking back to meet his strokes. "Whoever it is won't stop calling. We can keep fucking while you talk."

Bentley reached for the phone with a trembling hand, his hips still churning. He glanced at the caller ID and blanched.

"It's dad," he announced almost dropping the phone, his stomach twisting into queasy knots even as his cock continued to vigorously pump his mother's rippling sheath.

Serafina sensed his hesitation. "Answer it," she commanded again, her voice brooking no argument despite its breathless quality. "Put it on speaker."

Bentley swallowed around the lump of dread in his throat and hit the green button, then the speaker icon. He set the phone back on the nightstand with a shaking hand.

"H-hello?" Bentley stammered into the phone, his voice cracking with nerves. He watched, transfixed, as his mother's heart-shaped ass cheeks rippled and jiggled hypnotically with each powerful thrust of his hips, the rounded globes of flesh slapping rhythmically against his sweat-slicked lower abs and groin. His cock was so hard it ached, pulsing deep inside Serafina's tight, squelching heat.

"Hey, just calling to check up on you two." Gene's voice crackled over the speaker phone, confusion and suspicion evident in his tone. "What are you up to?"

Bentley opened his mouth but no words came out, his tongue thick and heavy.

Serafina glanced back over her shoulder at him, a wicked gleam in her emerald eyes despite her flushed cheeks and smudged makeup. Her crimson lips curved into a devious smirk.

"Hi darling!" she called out breathlessly, her musical voice dripping with false innocence while her emerald eyes locked with Bentley's in conspiratorial delight. "Bentley and I are just doing some...bonding. You know, as boyfriend and girlfriend."

She punctuated her statement with a sensual roll of her wide hips, grinding her glistening, heart-shaped ass back into Bentley's sweat-slicked pelvis, the wet friction sending electric jolts up his spine.

He bit his lip until he tasted copper, desperately stifling a guttural groan as his throbbing cock was massaged by her velvet inner walls. His

ballooning knob was battering her cervical ring on every inward plunge, stretching it back as if he was trying to gain entry into her womb. His eyes nearly crossed from the exquisite sensation.

"Oh, Bonding," Gene repeated, an edge creeping into his voice like a blade being slowly unsheathed. "Yeah, I get it."

Serafina tried to keep her voice light and breezy, but Bentley could hear the breathless edge, the barely concealed quiver in her words as he continued to piston into her from behind, his glistening shaft disappearing to the hilt with each savage thrust.

"Oh, Gene darling," she purred into the phone, her crimson-painted lips curving into a predatory smile, "do you remember that position we always wanted to try but you weren't quite able to manage with your...limitations? What did we used to call it?"

She paused, letting out a theatrical little hum as if lost in thought, even as she ground her ass back to meet Bentley's relentless thrusts, her voluptuous cheeks jiggling and rippling around his pumping hips, the obscene wet sounds of their coupling barely muffled by the satin sheets beneath them.

Bentley felt sweat trickle down his temples in rivulets, his heart jackhammering against his ribs so violently he feared his father might hear it through the phone. He couldn't believe his mother's brazen audacity, casually discussing their failed sex life with his father while his own throbbing cock stretched her to the absolute limit, the ultimate act of cuckolding happening in real time.

"I don't know. The wheelbarrow?" Gene answered in an annoyed tone.

"The Wheelbarrow, that's it!" Serafina exclaimed after a beat, snapping her manicured fingers. "Well, you'll be happy to know that Bentley and I gave it a whirl and let me just say - wow! With his extra length and

stamina, we held the pose for a good half-hour. Talk about deep penetration!"

She shot a salacious wink over her shoulder at Bentley, her emerald eyes gleaming with mischievous delight, mascara slightly smudged at the corners.

Bentley nearly choked on his own spit, his powerful rhythm faltering momentarily as his face flushed crimson from his neck to his hairline. Through the phone's tinny speaker came Gene's strangled sound, somewhere between a gasp and a groan, like a man who'd just been gut-punched.

"Serafina..." he bit out through audibly clenched teeth, each syllable of her name dripping with barely contained rage.

But she blithely continued on as if she hadn't heard the warning edge in his voice, as if her son's rock-hard cock wasn't currently splitting her open, churning her cum-flooded cunt to froth. "And you know our personal best for sex was, what? Two hours, maybe two and a half with a lot of breaks, when we were younger?" She giggled, a tittering sound. "Well, Bentley and I smashed that record to pieces tonight! We've been going at it for...mmm, over three hours now? And he's still hard as steel, pounding away! The virility of youth, I tell you."

Bentley's face burned with mortification even as his hips snapped forward of their own accord, burying himself to the hilt in his mother's rippling heat, his heavy balls slapping wetly against her engorged clit.

He couldn't help himself - her tight, slick walls felt too good squeezing him, too perfect. He was in a lust-drunk haze, drunk on forbidden pleasure.

Gene made a noise like a wounded animal. "Jesus Christ, Serafina! I don't need to hear this!"

"What?" she asked, all wide-eyed faux innocence even as she smirked devilishly. "I just thought you'd wanna know how thoroughly satisfied your wife is, darling. No need to worry about my...needs going unfulfilled."

Gene's strangled protest crackled over the speaker phone. "I just... didn't need to know all the sordid details of...of whatever depravity you two are engaging in!"

Serafina let out a throaty chuckle, the sound slightly breathless as Bentley continued to pound into her from behind, the wet slapping of their sweat-slicked flesh punctuating her words. "Oh darling, what exactly did you think you were gonna hear when you called your wife and her teenage boyfriend on their romantic getaway? A stimulating discussion of the weather?"

She shifted her weight to one elbow, reaching back with her other hand to grip Bentley's muscular thigh as it flexed and pistoned, her crimson nails digging into his damp skin.

Bentley shuddered at the exquisite sting, his rhythm faltering for a moment before redoubling his efforts, the obscene squelching of his mother's cum-slicked folds growing louder, wetter, filthier.

"The truth is, Gene," Serafina continued, her voice softening to a purr, "Bentley and I are in love. Deeply, passionately, transcendently in love. What we have goes beyond the physical, although I will say the sex is mind-blowing."

She paused, letting out a wanton moan as Bentley hit a particularly sensitive spot deep inside her, making sparks of electricity shoot up her spine. "He worships me, body and soul, in a way you never could. He makes me feel alive, desirable, like the very center of his universe."

Bentley felt his heart swell at his mother's impassioned words even as his balls drew up tight, his impending climax building at the base of his spine like a coiling spring.

Hearing her declare her love for him so unabashedly, knowing his father was listening to every word, sent a perverse thrill through his veins, made his cock jerk and twitch deep in her tight, rippling sheath.

"So yes, we're fucking like rabbits and loving every second of it," Serafina concluded blithely, tossing her tousled auburn curls. "You're just gonna have to get used to knowing your son is giving it to me good and hard on the regular. Because I'm never giving this up. He's mine now. See you tomorrow, darling."

With that, she reached over and jabbed the "End Call" button with a perfectly manicured nail, Gene's sputtering protests abruptly cutting off into ringing silence.

Bentley stared down at his mother's undulating back in awe, his heart jackhammering behind his ribs, scarcely able to believe the scene that had just unfolded. The casual cruelty with which she had cuckolded her own husband, brazenly rubbing his face in their affair, shocked and thrilled him in equal parts.

Serafina glanced back over her shoulder at Bentley, emerald eyes blazing with feral lust beneath heavy lids. "Fuck Mommy harder, baby," she panted, her voice a throaty, desperate rasp. "I'm so fucking close...need your huge cock slamming into me!"

A surge of primal confidence flooded Bentley's veins at his mother's wanton plea, hot as molten steel and twice as powerful. His hands trembled slightly against her sweat-slicked skin, knowing he alone could give her the ecstasy she craved, that she needed his virile teenage cock splitting her open.

Growling deep in his chest, a sound he barely recognized as his own, he redoubled his efforts, gripping her voluptuous hips hard enough to leave crescent-shaped marks from his fingernails as he pounded into her clutching sheath with every ounce of strength he possessed, the muscles in his thighs burning with exertion.

The mahogany bed frame creaked and groaned in vehement protest, slamming against the Venetian plastered wall in a frantic, staccato rhythm that matched Bentley's thundering heartbeat as he ruthlessly pounded into his mother's velvet heat.

The obscene slapping of their sweat-slicked flesh—his taut and youthful, hers supple and mature—and the crude squelching of her overflowing cunt, pink and swollen from hours of vigorous use, echoed off the suite's vaulted ceiling with its hand-painted cherubs who seemed to gaze down in scandalized judgment.

Serafina's massive udders swayed wildly beneath her like ripe fruit, the heavy cream-colored globes slapping together with each brutal thrust, her dusky rose nipples diamond-hard and glistening with his saliva.

"Oh God, oh fuck, just like that!" Serafina wailed, her crimson-painted lips parted in ecstasy, her cries of rapture reverberating through the honeymoon suite as her nails clawed desperately at the Egyptian cotton sheets. "Mommy's gonna cum on your big dick! Don't stop baby, fuck me through it! Ruin me with that huge cock!"

Bentley felt her velvet walls clench around him in fluttering spasms, gripping his aching shaft like a silken fist as her orgasm crashed over her. Her curvaceous body quaked and shuddered, back arching as a gush of molten cream flooded her spasming channel, soaking his pistoning cock in her essence.

The sensation nearly sent Bentley over the edge, his heavy balls drawing up tight, ready to flood her womb with his seed for the third time that night.

But he gritted his teeth and powered through, determined to prolong his mother's pleasure, to prove his virility and stamina. Even as her cunt rippled and milked him, he maintained his punishing pace, his abs and thighs burning with the effort.

Serafina babbled incoherently, breath sawing in and out, hands fisting the satin sheets as aftershocks wracked her voluptuous frame. Tears of bliss streaked her flushed cheeks, makeup smeared into a debauched raccoon mask.

"Fuck, baby, you're incredible," she slurred drunkenly as she came down from her high, voice hoarse from screaming. "Fucking Mommy so good, so deep. Stretching my pussy like it was made for your cock."

The filthy praise went straight to Bentley's throbbing dick, stoking the inferno building in his core. The pressure at the base of his spine reached a fever pitch, like molten lava seeking release, his heavy balls tightening painfully against his sweat-slicked body.

He could feel his climax rising like a tidal wave, swelling larger and larger, ready to crest at any moment, his vision blurring at the edges with primal need.

"I'm gonna... oh God, mom—I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum again," he gritted out through clenched teeth, sweat pouring down his flushed face in rivulets, his chiseled abs clenching with the effort of holding back, veins standing out on his forearms as he gripped her generous hips.

Serafina reached between her trembling thighs, blood-red manicured fingers finding her swollen, glistening clit. She rubbed tight, desperate circles over the sensitive, pearl-like nub, flicking it in time with Bentley's punishing thrusts, her wedding ring catching the dim light with each movement.

"Mmmm, give it to me baby," she purred, her voice thick with desire, hips rocking back to meet his relentless strokes. "I'm so close again... so fucking close. Cum in Mommy's greedy, aching cunt!"

Her filthy words were his undoing. With a primal roar that tore from the depths of his heaving chest, Bentley slammed into her one final time, his muscular thighs quivering against the backs of her softer ones as he buried himself to the very hilt.

His throbbing cock jerked and spasmed violently inside her velvet channel, each powerful pulse sending thick, scalding ropes of his virile seed deep into her womb.

Serafina came undone a heartbeat later, her spine arching like a bow drawn taut, auburn hair cascading down her sweat-slicked back as she threw her head back with a silent scream that stole her breath. Her sopping pussy clamped down on him like a silken vise, rhythmically contracting around his pulsing shaft, greedily milking every last pearlescent drop from his aching balls.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, panting heap, limbs entangled and hearts thundering in perfect synchrony.

Bentley draped his body over her back, his chiseled chest pressed against her delicate shoulder blades as violent aftershocks rolled through them like summer lightning. He could feel his hot cum leaking out around his gradually softening cock, the viscous fluid mingling with her honeyed juices to form rivulets that trickled down her trembling thighs and pooled in the ruined sheets beneath them.

The room reeked gloriously of raw, animalistic sex - that unmistakable heady musk of semen, tangy pussy juice, and satisfaction.

Serafina turned her head, nuzzling into her boyfriend's damp neck, her auburn hair cascading across his heaving chest like spilled wine. "My God, that was incredible," she murmured, her voice raw and honeyed, lips

brushing against his pulse point. "The way you fucked me, claimed me...I've never felt anything like it. You own my pussy now, baby. I'm yours completely."

Bentley's heart swelled at her words, a wave of possessive pride washing over him like molten gold through his veins. He'd done that. He'd satisfied his insatiable mother, fucked her into oblivion, made her his.

It was a heady feeling, almost as intoxicating as the multiple orgasms still zinging through his nervous system like electric currents.

He peppered her shoulder with soft kisses, tasting the salt of her exertion on his tongue. "I love you so much, Mom," he breathed against her flushed skin, inhaling the intoxicating scent of sex and her expensive jasmine perfume. "I can't believe this is real, that you're really mine."

Serafina turned over to face him, the satin sheets whispering beneath her voluptuous form as she cupped his chiseled jaw with gentle hands, her nails lightly scraping his stubble. Her emerald eyes, framed by thick lashes still clumped with tears of ecstasy, glowed with sated affection in the dim golden light. "Believe it, baby," she purred.

Her full lips curled into a smile that was both maternal and seductive. "You're my man now, in every sense. My boyfriend, my lover, my everything."

THE END