

## Sex Box

by pregnantex

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It was a Friday night and my son Tom had his first hockey game of the season. A senior, it was his second year as starting goalie, and the games always put me on the edge of my seat. Coffee and popcorn in hand, I found a seat towards the back and settled in as the other parents slowly filled the seats.

Being a divorced dad, I always made sure to make his events. Whether band, golf, or other school functions over the years, I did my best to support him and show my face. My ex wife, on the other hand, took solace in the fact she was the woman in charge and didn't need to show her face at all of his events for Tom, or myself, to know it. Our sophomore daughter in college took right after her.

Tonight, however, was apparently not going to be the norm. For, who should stroll in with her 5 year old daughter Emma and 2 year old son Max was my ex wife Beth. Or rather, Elizabeth as she now directed me to call her. Perhaps Beth reminded her of too many late nights in the basement, kids upstairs and asleep, where she let me explore her body. To spend whatever time she needed to lie back, legs spread, and push my head into her vagina as I licked dutifully until she orgasmed. Beth certainly appreciated it, often telling me I could do whatever I wanted.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, called me by my first name with our kids, Sarah and Tom. Every time I called, it was "Tom, Peter's on the phone." or "Sarah, Peter's here to give you a ride." Even after 10 years and over \$250,000 in after tax child support, Beth showed zero care or concern for me as a parent. Life moved on, and I learned to just enjoy the kids as best I could. Tonight, however, as Beth strolled in, I was a bit surprised. It had probably been a couple months since I really laid eyes on her. Having kids over 40 did not do any justice to her, and it seemed like she had put on a good 40 pounds. Her long, blonde hair still flowed beautifully around her wrinkle free, pale, angelic face. The motherly body seemed to swell beneath the dress she was wearing, bulging out slightly at her stomach and hanging on the soft swells of her botTom.

I watched her profile slowly walk down the stairs with her husband Frank leading the charge. My eyes locked on the shocking size of her chest, probably twice the "b" cup I remembered from college and our first years of marriage. The bulge of her chest seemed in perfect proportion the roundness of her botTom, and despite the added weight, she looked very voluptuous in the blue flowered dress, black sweater draped over her shoulders. She walked with the air of knowing her beauty was understood and to be admired.

They sat down in the front row so the kids had some space. And frankly, they needed it. Max dropped a puck he was carrying, held his hockey stick, and started to run back and forth along the boards. Emma ran up to the glass, slapping it, trying to get Tom to pay attention to her as the teams were warming up. I felt a pang of jealousy, remembering the early years when our kids were eager and excited about everything. But mostly, as Beth sat down, as I admired her body, I was jealous that she wasn't coming home with me tonight despite the larger size.

The game started, and I found myself for once not very wound up as my son began to defend the goal. Rather, my eyes kept returning to Beth, watching her interact with sweater on her shoulders. Opening it, revealing a surprising large amount of bare breast. She would turn towards my direction, watching Max run down the boards, and my eyes wondered at the borderline obscenity of the low cut front, like an exposed butt. I glanced at the other woman, noting their high collars or bundled coats. Beth, on the other hand, was practically letting her tits hang out.

The more I watched, the more I wondered if she knew what she was doing. Realizing that her body was borderline fat, so she was providing a distraction from it. Relishing the fact that her chest was the envy of the women and men around her. She had put on her sweater, but made sure it stayed unbuttoned and open, tucked into her arms on the sides of her breasts. Beth would even turn, look back at the crowd to see who was here, presenting the fans her cleavage. I was careful not to look directly at her, but I could see her movements and turning. By the end of the first period, I was raging hard. My son had not let in a goal, and I didn't even notice. Beth's husband Frank took the kids up the stairs, leaving Beth alone. She pulled the sweater tight over her chest as she turned to watch them go, and then, catching herself, she let go of her sweater and let it pop over her breasts. Her body seemed to arch excessively, pushing up her cleavage, letting the world stare at the mother who apparently wanted to be stared at.

Or perhaps I just needed a girl friend to take my mind of other women's breasts. I stared at the ice, watched the Zamboni, and tried to relax. Tried to remember we were in a public place, not our basement 10 years ago, and that Beth would not be popping her top for me. Thankfully, Beth turned away from me and my eye's no longer had their distraction.

A small whimper in the distance made me turn towards Beth again. Emma had returned, face almost crying, and I could vaguely hear her complain that they were out of popcorn. Her world seemed to be ending as the players took the ice again, Max running along the boards with Frank following. Beth lifted Emma and put her on her lap, consoling her as a mother would. Life for a 5 year old must be tough without popcorn.

My sympathetic smile slowly drifted from my face as I watched Emma and Beth. Emma was leaning back, pouting heavily, and staring at her mom's breasts. She brought her hands up along the sides of Beth, finding the heavy sides of Beth's chest, and looked up at her mom. Beth looked down, lovingly, trying to love out the agony that comes without popcorn. She leaned down and kissed Emma on the head, hands running through her hair. Emma moved her hands to the front of Beth's dress, began fondling gently with the hem, and looked up at her staring mom.

Emma was apparently looking for permission to breast feed! It hadn't even crossed my mind that perhaps Beth still had on her motherly fat. That her body was still hormonal, storing nutrients for the coming winter. Beth had stopped breast feeding well before Sarah and Tom had hit one, but apparently, life was different these days. Perhaps Beth was fighting her battle with middle age, keeping the essence of motherhood as long as she could. It really didn't matter. All I cared about at the moment was Emma's little fingers tugging gently at Beth's dress.

Beth shook her head, indicating that permission was not going to be granted. Sadly, Beth seemed to have limits with her public displays of erotic behavior. Emma moved her head up, now even more distraught, and began to cry. My eyes locked on Beth's chest, now slightly more exposed from Emma's tugging. The nipples seemed ready to jump out, chest turning slightly towards me. My eyes moved up. Beth was staring directly at me, eye's cold and furious. With a simple turn, she covered her exposed chest and held Emma.

The displays came to an abrupt end for the remainder of the game. I didn't even look over towards Beth, but it was clear her sweater was on and she was hiding herself from me. Fuck it. If she didn't want anyone to look, she shouldn't have worn the dress she did. The world was full of turtle neck sweaters. It was probably a good thing she hid herself because it took the remainder of the game for my erection to slowly fade away.

The game ended with Tom's team winning. It wasn't quite a shut out, but any win is a good win in hockey. I walked out to the waiting area, smiling and taking the congratulations offered from several parents. The joy of being a goalie parent is feeling like your son single handedly won the game, even though that isn't the case at all. The pain of a goalie parent was feeling

like your son let the team down when they lose. It's a bi-polar life, so I was going to take the joy while I could.

Beth walked through the door following a running Max who was chasing his puck that he had just thrown across the floor. Emma was running after him, yelling.

"No Running Max! You'll fall!"

She was her mother's daughter. Beth and Frank slowly strolled down the hall, walking past me, all of us ignoring each other. I made my way towards the concession stand, knowing I had a good 10 minutes before Tom would be done in the locker room. Coffee in hand, I sat down and lost myself with a game of chess on my phone.

One by one, players began to appear. It was always an odd mix of both teams coagulating off the ice, having just spend the last hour and a half checking and hitting each other. Players that seemed so menacing towards each other now were returning to society and presenting their kinder, gentler selves to their parents. I stood up and walked over, not wanting to miss Tom as he was going home with Beth.

Beth and Frank were returning as well. Apparently there was some sibling disagreement, with Frank holding Emma, slightly teary. Frank was now doing his best to console her.

"Honey... Max didn't mean to hit you with the puck."

Hockey was not for those who could not take a hit, and Emma clearly couldn't. Max was paying no mind to anyone, still focussed on the puck on the ground. Beth approached, sweater held tight over her chest with folded arms. Max looked up, eyes apparently finding a target, and swung his stick hard. The puck sailed.

"Whoaa...Got it!"

Tom made a sudden appearance, stopping the puck. Max apparently spotted Tom as he approached behind us and was doing his best to score on his older brother. It was lucky that Tom did stop it, because if not, it would have hit a grandparent next to us. Beth was not happy.

"Alright...up we go...that's enough of that..."

With a swoop of her arms, Beth picked up Max. Her sweater burst open, no longer held in place. Beth's mom DNA was taking over, eliminating any care or concern about the world around her. Even prying eyes of ex-husbands. The impressive size of her chest was now more obvious standing 10 feet away as her breasts struggled to stay in her dress with a squirming 2 year old in her arms. I turned to Tom, trying to not stare at Beth.

"Nice game, Tom."

Max was yelling for his puck. Tom looked at me briefly, sensing he was being pulled in two directions at once.

"Thanks dad."

Turning, he gave the puck back to Max.

"Stoned ya, Max!"

Max held his puck, smiling in Beth's arms. But, before he could get into any more trouble with it, Beth plucked it from his hands. Max began to squirm, whining for his puck, twisting hard in Beth's hold.

"Tom, we need to get going. Say goodbye to Peter."

Max was struggling to find his puck. His hands were grabbing on the hem of Beth's cleavage, looking for leverage.

"Bye dad."

Tom moved away, walking with Frank who had already turned his back on me with Emma.

With Max squirming, Beth had dropped the puck. I bent down instinctively to pick it up.

Standing, I looked at Max as he strained towards me to get his puck back. His left hand reached out while his right gripped Beth's dress. I stared at Beth's large dark nipple, hormonal and exposed, as I handed Max his hockey puck.

"Here you go, Max..."

If I had any doubts about Beth's breastfeeding, they were now gone. In the brief half second exposure, before her mom reflexes quickly hid the exposure, my eyes took a snapshot. It captured the bulging blue veins that streaked behind the pale skin, pulsing with nutrients. The sheer white skin, almost virginal, with occasional black hairs sprouting. The dark, textured skin of Beth's areola, like a large anus in the middle of her chest. The puckered opening in the center of large nubs of flesh, clearly the place where her milk comes out.

"Christ, Peter, you fucking pervert..."

Dress back in position, Beth spun around and walked away. The show was quick but to the point. I looked around and apparently nobody else had noticed. My eyes returned to Beth, walking away in her blue flowered dress. I stared close, watching her ass sway gently. My erection and I wondered if she had any underwear on. Later that night, my erection and I watched the few videos I had of Beth without any underwear. Her nude butt on TV looked as good as I remembered, but I came to visions of her large ass walking away from me. I guess we want what we can't have.

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When we first got divorced, it was a bit disappointing not seeing the kids every weekend. Over time, I learned to enjoy the downtime. I almost needed it, as most parents do. And, when my son became older and began enjoying video games, I found that the X Box One provided a direct, easy way to keep in touch. Over time, Saturday's became a day for Tom and I to battle each other in the game de-jour. These days, it was hockey.

I woke up Saturday and prepared for the day. Tom would text me when he got up, and generally, we played on the sly so that Beth didn't know. More than a couple times she made it clear to Tom that she didn't approve of us playing online. Not because she didn't want him to play, just that she didn't want him to play with me on her time. Thankfully, it rarely stopped him.

It was just after 11am when he responded to my text. Sure enough, when I zipped downstairs and got online, my X Box had a popup that let me know I had an invite. I joined the party and a small window in the top right opened up our video chat. Kinect was a wonderful thing, and with my headset on and mic ready, I gave him the usual pre-game verbal abuse.

"I hope you play better today than you did last night. Otherwise, it will be another easy win for me."

Ha. Not that I ever won. I couldn't remember the last time I actually outscored him in an official 3 period game. Tom sat back on a large, sectional couch with a stairway up from the basement off in the distance. It was the typical basement setup, with a slightly formal Martha Stewart vibe that Beth was known for. Feet on the stretched out on the large sectional couch in his morning pj's, Tom looked at his screen and laughed.

"Dad, I don't think you've ever won. I'll go easy on you today. I'll pick Columbus."

Time just seemed to slip by as we played. The quiet morning of coffee and video games was the perfect way to spend the weekend, and I could have done it all day. Which Tom and I often did when he was over for the weekend. There was no drama, no traffic, no disturbing news about the latest disgruntled person in society. Just a fun, father son moment on a Saturday morning.

"Tom!!"

Christ. Beth was yelling from the top of the stairs. The only person who could have ruined the moment was apparently up and about. I looked at my watch. Just past 12:30pm. It was early for Beth. Tom spoke quickly but softly.

"Shit. Mom's up."

Tom quickly scrambled with his remote, apparently wanting to hide any evidence that I was playing hockey with him as he ripped off his headphones. After what I assumed to be Tom shutting down his small chat screen, he yelled nonchalantly as though he was just playing a video game by himself.

"Down here mom!"

In the background, on my own small chat window at the corner of my screen, I could see legs walking down the stairs in the distance behind Tom on the couch. My eyes paused from the game, watching Beth reach the bottom of the stairs in a flowing white nightgown cut just above her knees. The appearance was a first for her and I was curious. She never came down to interrupt our morning games, instead always yelling at the top of her voice for Tom to head upstairs.

"Well, hey honey. I thought I was all alone."

My eyes stayed on the small chat session. Tom kept playing as Beth approached him, walking to the side of the couch. My eyes seemed to be playing tricks on me, imagining the shape and appearance of Beth's large breasts behind the white fabric. It was easy to let my mind wander, seeing just a small version of her. Tom spoke without looking at her.

"Where's Frank and the kids?"

Beth stared at the TV, watching Tom and I play. The more I looked, the more my imagination roamed. I was certain the darkness of her nipples were making an appearance. And, there seemed to be a distinct patch of darkness between her legs.

"They are at water wings for the morning and then Frank's stopping by his parents."

My eyes moved up and down the miniature version of Beth in her white nightgown as she looked at the screen. It was as though she was standing there, watching me. Inspecting me as I inspected her. With my eyes focussed on Beth, Tom scored easily.

"Clapper!"

Beth jumped. As she did, the dark circles on her chest seemed to wiggle. It was beginning to seem that my mind wasn't imagining Beth's hormonal areolas. I toggled my remote, found the Full Screen setting for the video chat, and filled my 60" screen with Beth staring curiously at the TV. My imagination wasn't running wild after all. Beth stood before me in a silky thin, white, semi-transparent nightgown. Fuck, her entire body was practically on display, completely nude.

"Jeeze...Tom...what the heck..."

Beth's large, hormonal nipples stared right at me on top of her swollen breasts. The fabric of her nightgown, probably more appropriately called lingerie, was about 50% opaque. Which meant Beth was 100% on display. The large, heavy, hormonal bush that formed a full triangle between her legs. The soft swell of her hips, generating the voluptuous hour-glass shape of a nursing mother. The heavy thighs, bulky with the fat for milk stores. With her blonde hair on her shoulders and angelic face with deep blue eyes, Beth portrayed a perfect image for the greek goddess of maternity.

"Sorry...mom..."

Tom gave a glance at Beth, eyes taking in her midsection. With a facial expression of someone who is seeing something mundane that they have seen many times before, Tom returned his eyes to the TV. Mine stayed on the mother practically exposing herself to her son and her ex-husband. Beth's breasts seemed to be tucked into a sock made out of thin, white silk. Each boob strained against the fabric, desperate to free themselves. Beth's abundant cleavage made it seem like half of her breasts had already escaped.

Beth was never bashful about roaming the house in a towel, robe, or whatever her fancy was when we were married. Still, I assumed that she would become more reserved as the kids got older. Especially with an 18 year old son in the house. Apparently not. I marveled at the obscenity of her almost nude appearance in front of her son. Beth might just be acting in her simple, maternal capacity. But I was now fully aroused by the display.

After a brief pause by the couch, Beth's bush began to approach the TV. I stared as the folds of her vagina began to make an appearance between her legs, soft fabric doing nothing to hide Beth's womanly treasure. The X Box Connect camera was at the perfect height as it sat just below the tv.

"Well...this has to go off..."

With her birthing hips and pubic hair filling up my HD screen, I spoke instinctively.

"X Box, record."

A small message appeared indicating I was now recording my ex-wife as she turned off Tom's TV mid video game. A tragic event for any teenager. Tom was beside himself as Beth turned her semi-exposed vagina away from me and towards her son. My eyes locked on the soft, wide bottom now smiling back at me. Beth's ass was perfectly visible, back dimples and all. "MOM! Come on! I was in the middle of a game!"

Beth put her hands on her hips, legs slightly apart. Dark hairs hung between her legs and a small tuft barely visible where her anus hid between the round globes of Beth's ass. I wanted desperately to walk up, spread her ass, and stare at the puckered brown opening that was always off limits during our marriage. "That's for pooping" was her common response.

Luckily, she was never able to say it when she had too much to drink.

"Tom, you've been down here all morning. I know it. And, you've probably even been playing with Peter, which you know you are not allowed to do. Regardless, you need to get out of the house and find something to do."

Tom tossed the controller on the couch and sat up, eyes rolling as he listened to Beth. She wasn't yelling, merely speaking in a soft, motherly tone, almost apologetic as if she knew she might have crossed the line by just turning off the TV.

"But mom, I don't want to..."

Tom was looking at the ground, not wanting to look at the mom who had just deprived him of his morning entertainment. Beth slowly walked towards him, butt gently swaying back and forth. Her voice became soft and loving.

"Oh, come on, Tom...I know it's tough, but you can't spend all day down here..."

Beth approached her annoyed son, crouching down before him so she could be at his eye level. The fabric of her nightgown pooled on the ground as her ass flared open from the position. I could make out the dark ring that represented her asshole. My hands immediately went into my pants, eager to enjoy Beth's ass one more time, even if just on my TV screen.

Tom was still not looking at his mom, stewing as he sat back on the "L" shaped couch. Beth gently brushed his blonde hair with one hand while lifting his chin gently with her other, drawing his face towards her own. Tom gave in and looked at Beth with a pained face. Beth continued her gentle talk.

"There's my Tom Tom."

Leaning in, Beth gave Tom a gentle kiss on his lips. Tom was somewhat rigid, slowly letting the anger dissipate from his body. Despite the seemingly 40 pounds of added weight, spread equally between her thighs, butt, stomach, and breast, Beth was incredibly sexy as she bent into her son. Angelic with the white, silky fabric floating around her like a cloud.

"Aren't you my Tom Tom?"

Another kiss, Beth leaning forward ever so slightly. The heavy red lips of her vagina began to flare open, aged and hormonal. The mass of pubic hair between her legs was impressive, even for a nursing mother. Beth held the kiss longer than seemed appropriate, holding her lips still against Tom for a good 5 seconds as she ran her fingers through his hair. With a soft sigh, she leaned back. Tom glanced down at her mom's obvious cleavage, motherly breasts swaying proudly beneath the transparent fabric. Beth said nothing as he looked, tilting her head as a loving mother does.

"Do you want some snuggle time?"

Tom said nothing as Beth held his head, seemingly pointing Tom's eyes at the dark nipples poking into the fabric. Beth had maneuvered herself so she was now on her knees before Tom, shoulders back and breasts held high. With a gentle push, Beth moved Tom to the side of the couch. Turning, she presented me the profile of her swollen chest, now hanging gently as she

bent to lift Tom's legs onto the couch. Tom moved his eyes from the swollen chest to Beth's deep blue eyes.

"Here...slide down a bit honey..."

Tom moved his back from the couch and slide his body so he was now lying on the couch, head in line with his kneeling mom. His legs rested on the arms of the couch as he relaxed, waiting for his mom's next move. Beth remained kneeling on the soft carpet, white nightgown pooling around her. The profile of her chest showed an impressive, surprisingly firm and erect white breast. The swollen appearance gave the impression of a water balloon left attached to the hose for too long. A balloon with a large, puffy nipple that was swimming with hormones. "Yea...just lie back and get comfy..."

Beth gently stroked Tom's forehead with one hand while her head turned and looked at Tom's midsection. I was so busy staring at Beth's exposed body beneath the transparent white nightgown that I failed to pay any attention to Tom. His mom and I stared at a large tent of fabric below his waistband. Beth smiled to herself as she stared at her son's apparent teenage erection. Eyes glowing, she returned her gaze to the blue eyes she passed on to Tom. She was almost looking at herself.

"Now..."

With Tom eye's glued on his mom's chest, Beth brought her hands up to her left breast, pushed into the fabric, and lifted her heavy tit out of the fabric. My own eyes grew wide at the exposure. I could possibly understand a mother roaming her own house in a light, transparent nightgown around her husband and children. Especially a nursing mother who is hormonal and lost her inhibitions from spreading her legs wide multiple times for birth. For doctors. For husbands. Whatever the case, I could not understand a mother presenting herself to her 18 year old son, seemingly proud of the erection she generated on him.

"...just give it a moment..."

Removing her right hand from Tom's forehead, Beth began using both hands to stroke her now exposed breast in a milking fashion. The dark, swollen nipple was erupting between her fingers as she pushed into the engorged lobules beneath the skin. Tom's mouth was open, anticipating the offering from his mom. Apparently, this was not a first time event for Tom as he lay back patiently, erection throbbing. Beth stopped her milking, leaned forward, pointing her exposed nipple at Tom's mouth.

"...it's letting down..."

With a squeeze, Beth squirted a sudden heavy stream of milk into Tom's open mouth. Sensing the warm milk, Tom opened his mouth wider and his mom pushed the heavy nipple deep into her son's mouth. With a heavy suck, my 18 year old son began nursing from his mom.

"Here it is...honey..."

Tom placed both hands around his mothers breast, suckling with heavy swallows. Beth was feeding him, head high and eyes closed. Her mouth was pursing and the warm, tingly feelings moved through her body as her milk let down. I opened my pants, pushed them low, and began to rub myself to the vulgar display of motherly love.

Was the display before me just that, motherly love, nursing a child to provide warmth and tenderness? Breastfeeding an 18 year old seemed outrageous, but to me, so did breastfeeding a 5 year old. Beth had no qualms about nursing a toddler, alone or in front of her family. Hell, we had a dinner party when our daughter was 4 and Beth pulled down the front of dress to the watchful eyes of the men and women in our living room. Sarah just stood and nursed while Beth sat on the edge of the couch, keeping herself involved in the conversation around her. So, what is the official line? The age at which a woman should stop nursing her child. Christ, I was 42 and wanted Beth to nurse me.

I watched jealously as Tom continued his heavy swallows of the semen flowing through Beth's chest. Just as the shock seemed to be slipping away and arousal taking over as I began to masturbate, Beth stopped me mid stroke. Her eyes locked on Tom's erection.

"So...let's see your penis..."

I watched, stunned, as Tom just lay still at the request, suckling, as if his mom had just asked to see his fingernails. Beth moved her left hand to his waistband and pushed while Tom lifted his hips instinctively. With his pants now just below his waist, Tom's erection sprang to full attention before his mom's staring eyes. Before his dad's impressed eyes. Though slim and lacking any girth, Tom's erection looked a couple inches longer than anything I ever presented to Beth. She kept her hands free and simply admired it.

"Ohh...honey...it looks longer every time I see it..."

"Every time?" How many times had she seen it? Beth's slender fingers with red nail polish moved along Tom's stomach and softly made contact with the base in a tangle of black curls, positioning the shaft of her son's penis so it pointed straight up. Beth's blue eyes glowed with the satisfaction of being able to admire and manipulate such a young, tender erection. An erection rock hard and full of energy. As Tom continued to nurse, Beth leaned closer.

Inspecting.

"Your skin looks nice and soft. I hope you've been using your lotion..."

Gently, Beth moved her fingers around the slim shaft and softly felt the pale skin, feeling the silky texture of her son's penis. Sliding up the shaft, Beth approached the head, a deep red pink with a small slit staring right into her lustful eyes. Tom sensed the impending fingers on his most sensitive part and tilted his head to the side, releasing Beth's nipple. Her breast dripped milk onto Tom's chest as Beth let her exposed breast hang free while she carefully squeezed and rubbed the pulsing head. Beth grinned with satisfaction as Tom groaned loud.

"Ohh...honey...how about you slide down here first..."

Beth moved back, tucking her breast back into her white, translucent gown. I'm not sure who she was kidding because her breasts were still fairly obvious, but she still tucked herself in while Tom slid down to the floor, pants below his waist. As he lay back, feet pointed towards the X Box, Beth knelt over his penis. She pushed down his pants, helping Tom kick them off. With his eyes closed, Tom lay back, head to the side, and lay before his mom with his pants off.

"Just lie back honey..."

Beth moved her right hand into the soft pubic hair around her son's long, slender erection. Beth's long white nightgown hung away from her body, creating a fabric cavity that her breasts swayed inside of. The middle aged, paunchy stomach hung low as well, muscles stretched long ago from multiple child births. Her left hand moved under his balls, cupping them gently as she looked close at her son's penis. With a gentle pinch, Beth put her thumb and pointer finger just under the tip of Tom's penis and began to rub up and down in half inch movements. The head was bulging between her pinching digits, blossoming towards her loving eyes. Beth stopped her brief rubbing, pushing Tom's legs apart.

"Your skin is so soft and smooth..."

Beth folded Tom's penis into his stomach, carefully inspecting the underside with her delicate fingers. Gently, Beth lifted up his testicles, balancing them gently in her fingers. Her fingers ran beneath Tom's scrotum, along the firm muscle that gradually disappeared between his legs. Fingers pushing open his thighs, Beth looked low and close at her son. Tom's body suddenly shuddered as Beth slid a finger low.

"Ah...honey...your poop hole is clean...that's my good boy..."

The slender erection bounced from the sudden rush of blood. Beth pulled her face away from between her son's legs and returned her focus to his erection. Returning to a gentle pinch, Beth resumed her slight, quick movements. Her eyes moved low, staring at the flared opening on the tip of Tom's pink head. Her mouth opened, tongue darting out as she flicked the tip of his penis. Beth looked up at her groaning son, licking him in sync with her quick rubbing. Tom arched his back hard and Beth backed her head away, eyes back on her son's erection. With a loud groan, a large eruption of heavy white semen exploded out of his erection.

"Woah...honey...:

Beth turned her face as a heavy stream coated her forehead and dripped over her right eye. Despite the distraction, Beth kept a firm pinch on the head of Tom's erection, milking the sperm from his youthful testicles, full of potency and vigor. It had been less than 60 seconds, but his mom did her magic and brought forth a strong, solid ejaculation. Beth pointed his penis straight up, watching with a twisted head as another stream flew through the air. Followed by a third, smaller spurt. Slowing her rubbings, Beth wiped the dripping sperm from her closed right eye. She brought the fingers to her mouth, licking the sperm like frosting from a bowl. Her tongue rolled against her mouth as she appreciated her son's flavor.

"Now, that was another quick one..."

Apparently, this was not the first time Beth had performed such an act on her son. It was so natural, I figured it must have been going on for years. Tom slowly settled down beneath his mom. Beth grabbed the underwear out of Tom's pants and began to wipe her face. We watched as his mom clean herself off, on her knees, breasts swaying gently before us. When she finished, a light sheen of sperm seemed to float over the delicate skin of her cheeks and forehead. Beth looked at the heavy pool of sperm around Tom's erection and slowly wiped it with his underwear, cleaning up the mess she just created.

"Did mom do good...?"

Tom opened his eyes wide, letting in the light and trying to once again focus on the world around him. His eyes remained focus on his mom's large, swollen nipples. Beth sensed his eyes, turning her body to him, presenting herself to him. Proud at the attraction she was able to generate from a young teenager, even if it was her son. Happy to feel lustful eyes on her soft, middle age body. A body that was a good 40 pounds heavier than when I first met her. A body laden with the soft, milky fat stores one might expect from a nursing mother over 40. But, she wore it well with sexy, womanly curves of a mature woman. Tom didn't answer, nor did he need to. Beth knew she did.

"So...Frank's going to his parents, which means we have a couple of hours..."

Tom slid up and sat back against the couch, penis still firm between his legs. He looked obediently at his mom, eye's glassy from his recent orgasm. Holding her chest high, aware of the lustful eyes on her teenage son, Beth slowly separated her knees, opening her legs in an attempt to change her son's focus. With the folds of her vagina now exposed to Tom's curious eyes, Beth looked down at her vagina behind the soft, white fabric of her nightgown.

"...and you can do whatever you want to me...alright honey...?"

Tom said nothing as his left hand moved along the floor and between Beth's legs. As his fingers moved under the fabric and into the soft flesh of her thighs, Beth lifted up her nightgown to provide a clear and direct path to her vagina. A vagina surrounded by dark, heavy pubic hair. A vagina wet, open, and ready for the intimate exploration that goes on behind closed doors with a husband and wife. But, this was no husband and wife. This was my son and my ex-wife, exposed to each other, exploring each other. With tentative fingers, Tom pushed into the heavy mass of hair and moist skin between Beth's legs.

"Ohh...Tommy..."

Beth shuddered as Tom slipped his fingers into the wet folds of skin between her legs. Holding the front of her nightgown high with one hand, Beth leaned back on her left hand to give Tom more direct access to her pussy. He stared at his probing fingers, curious and aroused by the flaps of skin beneath the heavy curls. Eyes wide, Tom slipped a finger into the warm hole I watched him come out of just over 18 years ago. A second finger easily followed, Beth's vagina no longer the youthful tight hole I remembered from our first date.

"Yea...Tom...here..."

Releasing her grip on her gown, Beth moved her hand onto Tom's, guiding him into her, moving his finger so that it applied pressure on just the right spot inside her vagina. Satisfied he was focussed on the correct location, Beth slipped her hand free and brought it up to her

chest, pulling down on her cleavage. She pulled the fabric low enough for her left breast to spring free, then did the same with her right. Exposing them to her son, she leaned back on both of her hands, propped on her knees, and closed her eyes.

Tom looked at the woman before him, his mom, with her breasts hanging to each side of her chest. His eyes moved close as he slowly sat up, looking at the swollen, bulbous nipples of the hormonal woman before him. Nipples on breasts heavy and engorged, full of milk for his younger brother and sister. Milk that was apparently also for him to share and enjoy. With his left hand buried between his mom's legs, Tom moved his right hand up to the exposed, heavy breasts. His fingers encircled the bulbous nipple, gently pinching, watching the anus like skin distort with his touches. Beth spoke softly, head back, eyes closed, blonde hair flowing like a curtain in the wind.

"It's ok...you can nurse while you touch me..."

The center of Beth's nipple looked back at her son, winking at him with the small openings that allowed milk to pass through. Tom pinched the nub of flesh, feeling the hard mass of tissue as a soft drop of milk appeared. Curious, Tom expanded his fingers, pinching more of his mom's breast, watching the drip become a small bubble of milk. The gentle pinch became a squeeze, with Tom slipping his hand under the heavy meat of Beth's breast and almost grabbing it, watching the bubble become a stream of milk. Beth simply lay still as her son began to squirt milk out her breast in random directions.

As Beth's milk let down, the squirt became a steady stream. Each squeeze of the breast would send the arc of milk high in the air, and as Tom released his hold, the fountain dropped down in height. Milk was dripping down the side of Beth's breast and creating a damp spot on her nightgown. The darkness of Beth's areolas was even more pronounced with the white liquid dripping all around it. With a final squeeze, sending his mom's milk a good 2 feet into the air, Tom moved his mouth onto her breast and once again began gulping down his mother's milk.

"Oh my god...Tom...a little harder..."

Beth was starting to gyrate into the hand between her legs. Tom's eyes looked up at his mom, watching as her tongue darted across her pursed lips. Clearly, she was enjoying the feelings between her legs as her son's lips sucked on her breast and tongue darted across her nipple. Her body leaned forward as her right arm came down quickly, hand almost slapping on top of her son's between her legs. Beth held him still, wiggling her own fingers with his, slipping her own digit into her birth canal along side the 2 Tom already was pushing deep inside. Beth began to finger fuck herself with her son.

What goes through the mind of a woman, scared to be leaving youth behind? Surrounded by more attractive and slender girls that remind her of what she once was, how does a woman cope? Keep her confidence when the eyes that used to eye her up and down now move to the lady behind her in the grocery store? The husband's who slowly lose the vigor and energy to enjoy their wife like they did when first married? I can only guess. But, from what I was watching, I realized that the need for a woman to be lusted after and sexual was as great in her 40's as it was in her 20's. Beth certainly seemed to be enjoying, and wanting, the attention.

"Stop...Tom...wait a sec...I need to...to...wait..."

Beth was the queen of a slow build up to orgasm when we were married, and apparently, nothing had changed over the years. Tom back away from the dripping breast as both he and his mom removed their hands from the mutual masturbation session between Beth's legs. With her breasts swaying freely outside the confines of her nightgown, with Tom sitting up with an erection returning between his legs, Beth sighed heavily. Her glassy blue eyes locked onto her son's glassy blue eyes and she spoke, somewhat breathlessly.

"Mom needs a little break...sorry...honey..."

Looking down at her wet, dripping tit, Beth brought the fabric of her nightgown back up and sponged up with stray liquid. The fabric did nothing to provide any sort of cover to her chest once Beth's boobs were back in place. The milk laden material clung to her skin, hugging her

mammary glands. Beth pulled the lower part of her nightgown out from under her legs, creating a small fabric tent below her wet, fully exposed breasts. Beth twisted her body next to Tom, on her knees, looking down at him. Her back was now to me, hands running along the sides of her hips and to her lower back, pushing down over her soft, wide butt cheeks.

"How about a little bunny time...while mom recovers..."

My favorite two words, "bunny time." Beth had an incredible ass when we met years ago, definitely her best and most erotic feature. Two small dimples at the bottom of her back, with a small "y" shape joint where her two butt cheeks come together. Soft, round cheeks, full but not fat, with a hard, well defined crease where her bottom meets the back of her thighs. And inside, on the rare occasion that she let me spread her bottom open, was a deep brown anus surrounded by a heavy tuft of anal hair.

I squeezed my erection hard as Beth looked back towards me, over her shoulder, and down at her bottom. Beth was giving her son permission, hell, she was asking him, to get behind her and look at her ass. Tom didn't need to be asked twice as he slid his body towards the tv, behind his mom and thankfully to the side. The back of Beth was filling up my screen as she was less than 5 feet away from the X Box camera. Beth looked forward and sat still on her knees, letting Tom stare and anticipate the treat she was about to give him. To give us. After a long, dramatic pause, when she was satisfied that Tom was focussed and ready, Beth reached behind her, grabbed the bottom of her gown, and lifted up the fabric.

"Fuck, Beth, look at that ASS!"

I yelled at my tv as Beth presented her soft, white, fleshy bottom to her son. It was wider than I remembered, but had all of the shape and features that I loved. The skin was still soft and baby white, blemish free despite her age. The fatty stores for milk meant that her dimples at the bottom of her back were deep and distinct, like small vaginas. The familiar "y" smiled at me where the top of her butt cheeks came together. And sure enough, a small tuft of anal hair was peaking out of the fleshy crack of her bottom.

"How big is mom's butt...does it still look good?"

Beth was well aware her ass had grown in size. But it just meant there was more to love of it. There was not a single ass I would have rather seen before me. Beth held her gown high, letting Tom stare, wanting him to admire it. To love it. To lust for it. Tom spoke for the first time since his mom turned off the tv, though I could barely hear him.

"It looks really good..."

Tom simply stared as Beth ran her hands over her exposed bottom. Pushing into the fleshy cheeks, moving the heavy fat beneath her fingers. Tom got on his knees and moved close to his mom, lifting the gown away from his mom's caressing hands. Beth continued her massaging, rubbing herself for Tom. Letting him enjoy the visual treat she was providing his teenage eyes, herself enjoying the satisfaction of being wanted and an object of desire. Satisfied with the initial attention, Beth bent forward slightly, paused her rubbings, and gripped the bottom of her butt cheeks. I practically squeezed off the head of my penis as Beth spread her butt cheeks wide for her son.

"Do you want some bunny time...?"

Beth's core biology was vulgarly on display, vagina red and flared with a wide hole leading up to her cervix. A heavy mass of pubic hair was plastered against her bleached white skin, thick with juices that flowed from her vagina. Two large, round masses of fatty white butt cheeks formed the shape of a large white heart. And in the center, surrounded by a large rings of erect pubic hair was a deep brown, bulging anus. Beth was spreading herself open in a way for her son that, during our 7 years of marriage, she never did for me. Clearly, her sexual boundaries had adjusted over the years. Fuck, did I miss out.

Having presented Tom an initial glance, Beth released the grip on her ass and bent her body forward. I expected she was going to get in the standard doggy style position, but instead, she merely folded her body and rested her head on the ground. This caused her ass to flare open,

presenting a red and wet vagina between her bleached white thighs. Her brown puckered anus was only slightly visible as the anal hair carefully folded over it, protecting it from unwanted entry. Beth closed her eyes, relaxed her body, and waited.

Initially Tom just looked, staring at the bent over woman before him. In this position, it wasn't his mom. It was merely a female ass, in the flesh, unlike the many he probably watched on his computer. As if unsure, his hands gingerly touched the soft flesh of Beth's bottom, worried it might just be another computer screen. However, when the warm flesh moved beneath his fingertips and when he heard the soft sigh from his mom, Tom awoke from his momentary trance. He opened his mom's bottom.

"Do whatever you want, just be gentle..."

Beth was repeating the permission, the freedom he had been granted earlier. "Do whatever you want" when we were married meant "do whatever you want that makes me feel good." Tom, however, seemed to have a different translation. Her hands were spreading open Beth's ass as his face moved in, inspecting the treasures that lay between a woman's legs. Spreading open the anus of his mom, looking at the pink hole that leads into her rectum. Tom's thumbs pulled open his mom's vagina, letting him peer inside his place of origin. Beth's pink clit was being stretched free, a small kernel of flesh that slipped out from behind its protective sleeve of flesh.

A finger gently moved over Beth's asshole causing her to shiver. Then, with no resistance, Tom's pointer finger slipped over the skin between her anus and vagina and moved deep into his mom once again. But, instead of fondling her vagina, Tom pushed low trying to create a large opening to look inside. He stared as the puckered cervix protecting his mom's womb. With a second finger, Tom spread his mom open wide and stared at the small disc of white flesh he once passed through.

"Can you believe you were in there once...?"

Beth knew exactly what her son was looking at. She sounded proud in her question, clearly wanting him to enjoy and explore his place of origin. With his curiosity satisfied, Tom carefully removed his fingers and slid high, over the stained skin that surrounded his mom's anus. His wet fingers circled the anal hair, twirling it as he softly moved one finger over her puckered asshole. Beth routinely yelled at me when my fingers found this forbidden spot, sternly telling me it didn't feel comfortable. Tom, however, was given no such rebuke.

"Are my bunnies dirty...?"

Beth shifted slightly, lowering her ass to provide easier access for Tom. Moving his fingers away from her asshole, Tom looked closely for any signs of dirt. Beth moved her own hand back, feeling the hair around her anus, pinching it as she looked for stray material that might not have been wiped away. Finding none, Beth slipped her hand back under her chin and returned to her submissive position.

"OK...you can explore a little..."

Christ, the only time I was ever allowed to explore Beth's bunny hole was when she had passed out from drinking too much. And that happened maybe twice a year during our 7 years together. And only twice did I ever get to cum in her ass, neither time while she was awake. So, to see her openly allow, to invite such an exploration, made me wish something I hadn't wished for years. I wished we were still married.

Tom returned his finger to the wet, tight hole that Beth was squeezing shut. Instead of slipping his finger inside, Tom moved his hand out of the way, leaned in, and began to lick his mother's asshole. Beth squealed in delight.

"Oh, Tommy...jeeesus..."

Eyes staring at the back of his mothers head, Tom began to lick Beth's asshole. Beth didn't just tolerate it, she seemed to enjoy it, lifting her body from a bent position and pushing her ass into Tom's face. Her breasts hung below her, inches from the ground as Beth threw her head back in ecstasy. She turned to look back, eyes wild, seemingly locked onto my own. Having

acknowledged the stare of her son as he licked her rectum, Beth once again looked forward and slid her knees further apart.

Tom gripped the sides of his mom's bottom, moving a finger close to his licking tongue. When the two made contact, Tom moved back and stared at the wet mass of puckered brown skin. Without hesitation or concern, Tom moved his pointer finger over Beth's asshole, gently aimed the tip, and pushed into her rectum. Beth's snorted loud.

"Mmmmmggghhh..."

Tom's finger was being sucked into Beth's bottom. I watched with jealous eyes as two knuckles disappeared without complaint from his mom. Further he pushed, feeling the smooth warm walls of her rectum accept the firm digit, unable to resist the rigid invader. Suddenly, Beth's body jolted upright.

"Whoaaa...wait...hold on a second honey...let me adjust..."

Tom was too eager and was apparently finding a bend in the tunnel. The path to a woman's bowels is different for every bottom, and Beth apparently needed to change the angle. I found that, after slipping in 3 inches, Beth had a soft wall with a fleshy opening that seemed to move depending on her position. It was almost a second anus inside of her that changed locations depending on her rectum's geometry that day. Having adjusted her position, propped up high on her arms now, Beth let things continue.

"Ok, try now..."

Tom pushed his finger further, finding the fleshy wall inside Beth's ass was no longer a barrier. Still, Beth lurched slightly as Tom gradually bottomed out his finger inside of his mom's asshole. His eyes marveled wide as her anus gripped his finger, squeezing it tightly. No longer able to push into her bottom, Tom began to move his finger inside, feeling the inside of a woman's bottom. He was playing doctor with a woman more than twice his age. He was sodomizing his mom. Beth groaned at the probing.

"God...good thing I pooped this morning..."

Once again, I had to squeeze my erection hard, sensing the impending release as Beth let her ass be fingered. Tom continued his inspection, curious at the masses of flesh he was rubbing against. Smelling the scent that wafts out of a woman's ass when spread and invaded.

Watching the juices slip between his finger and Beth's puckered asshole. When he was satisfied, Tom let his finger slip out of his mom, watching as she essentially pooped it out. And poop it out she did as Tom's was decorated with specs of material, clearly identifying where it just was. But, as quickly as it appeared, he pushed it in again.

"Mmmnnnn..."

Surprisingly, Beth pushed her body back towards the invading digit. She seemed to be expecting it, as though anticipating the move from experience. Again Tom slipped out his finger, and again Beth seemed to push back in a fucking motion. Tom backed away, arm extended, poking into Beth's butt with a steady, distinct pattern. Beth's tits were swaying like clock weights beneath her, moving gently with their heavy weight. Tom watched his mom ass fuck his probing, soiled finger. Suddenly, jerked forward.

"Hey...how many times do I have to tell you to be careful...I don't want your poopy finger in my vagina..."

Beth was pulling away from Tom. Apparently, his finger slid too far out and found the wrong hole. And, apparently, it was a very common mistake. Like a teenager who keeps leaving his towel on the floor. Or the front door open. Or his dishes at the table. Tom looked at her sheepishly.

"Sorry...it slipped..."

Beth turned with a scowl, clearly not happy. Still, she wasn't so unhappy that she was going to end the sexual exploits with her son. Instead, she reached down, grabbed the bottom of her nightgown, and pulled it over her head. Completely naked before Tom, she reached towards him and pulled his own shirt off. The mother and son looked at each other, naked, like they

had done so many times before. Their pose was relaxed and unashamed. What the hell had been going on at Beth's house over the years.

"It slipped. It always slips. You need to be careful when your back there. It's not healthy for a woman's vagina, you know that."

Tom looked away as he was scolded. Beth soften her tone, ready to move on.

"It's alright. Just be careful. But bunny time is done now that I've recovered. So, why don't you get between my legs and lick Betsy, alright honey?"

Fuck, lick Betsy? The pet name we gave her clit years ago? Beth was ordering her son to lick her vagina. Without any hint of reluctance, Tom turned towards his mom as she lay back and put one leg on either side of him. Her thick heavy bush lay in stark contrast to the pale white stomach and bleached white thighs that stretched beneath her. Beth's heavy breasts swelled to either side of her chest as she lay back and put her head on the floor. Realizing it wasn't comfortable, Beth reached up, grabbed a pillow, and returned to a lying position.

"Now, no fingers, alright? You had your explore time."

With that final direction, Beth reached down, grabbed the back of her knees, and pulled her legs open and wide for her son. Her vagina begged him, pleaded at him with yawning lips to kiss it. To love it. To lick it. Tom slid his legs low, moved his head over his mom's wet and waiting pussy, and began the long process of licking his mom to orgasm.

"Oh...god...right there...yea..."

There was only one place Beth wanted to be licked, and that was her clit. I once spent over 30 minutes licking her, tongue almost falling off as her body finally spasmed beneath me. I certainly envied Tom as he tasted his mom, ran his tongue into the firm, swollen flesh that stood proud at the top of Beth's vagina. Still, I also felt bad for him, knowing that he could be there for longer than he expected. But christ, he was 18. When I was 18, I probably would have spent 30 hours licking a girls vagina.

Over time, Tom moved his own hands to the back of his mom's thighs and pushed her wider. Beth took advantage of her free hands by putting them on the back of her son's head, pulling him into her pussy. Beth's body was fucking his face at a steady, hard rhythm. Her face was grimacing with eyes squeezed shut and nose puckered. It was a face I remembered well. With a sudden and abrupt outburst, Beth's eyes burst open. To my amazement, she was orgasming in less than 5 minutes.

"Oh...fuck Tommmmyy...I'm cumming..."

Tom stared up at his mom's wild face, her blue eye's bulging as they looked around, focussed on nothing. The sharpness of her movements caused her breasts to shake wildly. Beth's blonde hair was scattered all around her face and shoulders. Her fingers gripper her son's hair, not wanting him to lose the orgasmic feelings he was now triggering. Another jerk of her body and her legs squeezed together from the jost of pleasure.

"God...I'm cumming..."

Beth had always performed a 3 jerk orgasm, just like a person who sneezes twice every time. That was something that did not change over the years, and after a third and dramatic spasm, Beth lay back, spent. Tom released her legs and Beth let them flop to the ground around her son. With a move I was familiar with that brought back years of licking her pussy, Beth pulled Tom up across her body and dragged his head between her breasts. When he was propped over her face, Beth pulled him to her.

Beth kissed her son deeply and passionately, twisting her head to push her tongue deep into his mouth. Beth never shied away from the taste of her own vaginal fluids, always relishing the post orgasmic kiss. And this was another trait that apparently she hung on to, no matter who was between her legs. Tom was along for the ride, hands on the back of his head as he was pulled into Beth's face. Her hands moved across his shoulders as her kissing continued, down his spine towards his bottom. With her wedding ring sparkling and red nails dragging

across his skin, Beth moved her hands to the base of his ass and gripped him. Wrapping her legs around her son, Beth pulled him into her.

"Oh...Tom...you feel so good in me..."

I stared between my ex-wife's spread legs as she let our son penetrate her vagina with his long, slender penis. Her asshole was flaring open as she pushed herself open for Tom, wanting his path to be quick and easy. When he slid as far into her pussy as he could, Beth paused her movements, pushing his head away from her own.

"Just a little, alright? I don't want you cuming in me..."

Tom didn't say a word, merely slipped his penis back and pushed forward again. I realized why Beth performed her 45 second masturbation on him to begin with. Because, if she hadn't, Tom probably would have exploded in his mom's vagina as soon as he entered. Now, I figured he might last a good 5 minutes. Beth lay back, put her hands over her head, and stretched her body for her invading son. Tom began to fuck the woman who lay spread eagle beneath him. She was known to her friends as Elizabeth. Known to me as Beth. Known to her husband as Elle. Known to Tom as mom.

I guess the world doesn't explode when people have sex. And the world isn't going to end just because the two people having sex are mother and son. Still, if Beth had ever caught me having sex with our daughter, my world would pretty much end at that moment. Hell, if Beth ever found out that I masturbated while watching our daughter in the shower, even though I hadn't touched her, my world would end. But, as Beth let her son fuck her, nobody was dying. World's were not colliding. I simply enjoyed the moment, watching my ex-wife do things I never thought I'd see again.

Tom began to pick up his pace. His head moved low. His hands began to slip under his mom's bottom, gripping it. Beth sensed the impending release and quickly pushed him up, almost yelling at him. Struggling to stop his movements, battling to get him off of her as though she was being raped.

"Tom! Stop...! Stop it! Tom! Stop!!"

With an effort, Tom stopped and Beth rolled him over onto his back letting his penis slip out of her pussy. It was cruel and abrupt end, but I figured she was going to masturbate him again to completion. Everyone has a line, and Beth was perfectly fine with incestual sex as long as it didn't involve ejaculation into the womb. Beth sat on Tom's stomach, knees on the ground, tits looking down at him. With an apologetic tone, Beth reached back and slowly rubbed his penis.

"Tom, honey. If you want to be inside of me, you need to stop when I tell you to stop. Alright?"

Once again, Tom was being disciplined for his lack of sexual discipline. I don't know of a single guy with any sexual discipline. Beth and her unrealistic expectations was something I was all too familiar with. I chuckled slightly at Tom's situation, a teenage boy hard and ready to explode, but unable to find a hole to explode in. His mom might have given him sexual freedom to explore her inner biology, but it was ending in cruel fashion. Or so I thought.

"Now, do you want to watch from the front or the back..."

From the front or the back of what? Beth never asked me such a question, and I watched with wonder as Tom mulled over his answer. He looked at his mom, eyes glazed with the need to orgasm. He spoke with certainty and clarity, almost like he was directing his mom as he would a prostitute.

"I want to watch from the back."

Gently shaking her head with a smile, Beth released his penis and turned herself around. I was now practically eye to eye with Beth as she seemed to stare into the X Box camera. The soft blue eyes that would look at me during sex, letting me know how much she wanted me. Breasts hanging before her, once again showing me the nipples I named Natalie and May. Instead of bending down to grab his erection and masturbate it, Beth moved her hips forward

and knelt over his penis. It looked like she was about to fuck him again. Beth twisted her body with one last set of instructions.

"Now, remember, start slow and gentle...let me do the work..."

Again focussed on the camera, Beth stared without focus as her body lowered. She held a hand behind her ass, apparently guiding Tom back into her vagina. Her face began to grimace, like she was swallowing milk that was unexpectedly spoiled. Beth opened her mouth and a soft, uncomfortable groan came up from her throat. Tom was looking between his mom's legs, hands on her bottom, guiding himself into her.

"Ohhhaamm..."

Eyes wide, pupils fully dilated, Beth held her breath as Tom watched her sit on his stomach. He lay perfectly still, as directed, while Beth lifted her hands off of the ground and put them on the tv stand. Propped against it, Beth gently lifted her bottom off of Tom's stomach. She was clearly uncomfortable, letting out a heavy sigh as she prepared for another effort. For a woman who just had 3 fingers in her vagina, and only one of them her own, the effort seemed odd. Until she spoke.

"Is there any poop coming out?"

Beth was looking at me while she asked the question. Was there any poop coming out? Of her ass? Was she worried about the position? The bent over nature that might lead to something coming from someplace that she didn't want? Beth turned to look back at Tom who was staring in between his mom's ass cheeks, doing his best to determine the answer. He simply shook his head. Beth returned her focus to the X Box, practically staring right into the lense.

"Gpd...I always feel like I'm pooping when you're in my bottom."

In her fucking BOTTOM? Beth was putting her son in her asshole? In her don't touch me there hole? In her pooping hole? I stared in shock at the woman before me, lowering herself once again in discomfort, letting her rectum be penetrated by her son's penis. Leaving my own penis alone, I stood up and moved towards the tv, looking deep into the eyes of my ex wife as she presented me her anal face. Her mouth opened, gasprf for air, and she groaned loud. I kissed my tv deeply to the sound, pushing into her lips.

"Eeeeeaaawww..."

There was less pause as she bottomed out this time. Her anal cavity had stretched and straightened out, colon no longer folding on itself. The smooth walls squeezed her son's erection like the tight vagina of an 18 year old girl. It was the tightest hole Beth had and she willingly shared it with her son. Her pace quickened, boobs bouncing before me. From my angle, it almost looked like she was fucking me through her tv. I yelled to her.

"Fuck me Beth...fuck me with your ass..."

Tom was leaning his head forward with a hand on either cheek of his mom's white butt. His eyes, filled with lust, stared intently at the back of his mom's ass, watching her rectum grip his slender penis each time he pulled out. Beth's ass was in it's most exposed, most vulgar state as her knees sat on either side of her son, presenting it to his young eyes. Letting the tight walls of her bowels grip her son's penis. Beth began a steady rhythm of raising and dropping her ass on her son's stomach.

"You feel so hard honey..."

Tom was no longer looking at his dick slide in and out of his mom's asshole, but instead lay back, enjoying the feelings. His hips moved gently with his hands resting on the sides of his mom's ass. Beth's eyes suddenly focussed, feeling a new sensation. Her pace quickened, apparently anticipating that Tom was close to orgasm by the swell of his erection. Suddenly her eyes riveted to a spot, her thrusts purposeful. Tom moaned beneath her.

"Yes...that's right...cum in mom..."

Tom was convulsing on the floor, spraying his teenage sperm deep inside his mom's bowels. Beth's face was no longer one of discomfort, but one of pride and satisfaction that her job nursing a young erection to ejaculation was complete, even if it was up her ass. Her face

seemed to smile as the warm liquid squirted into her bottom, swimming up her rectum to harmlessly germinate with the walls of her colon.

"I feel it inside of me...it feels so nice..."

Beth slowed her movements as Tom settled down, once again ejaculating fast and hard like a young teenager. Beth ended her movements, pushing down hard on Tom's stomach. Her face was that of a loving mother, as though she had just witnessed his first piano recital. Or watched him win a tennis match. Releasing her firm grip on the tv stand, Beth turned to look at Tom.

"Now, don't slip out, alright? Just a second..."

Beth leaned back, carefully moving her body until she had one hand on the ground for support. Her legs spread open as she moved backwards, almost lying on Tom. And sure enough, beneath the wet and spent vagina, Tom's erection was buried deep inside of his mom's brown asshole. Beth moved her free hand to his erection, holding it in place as her back gently touched the ground next to Tom. Then, rocking her body back, Beth slid off of her son and released her anal hold on his erection. Beth's asshole made a loud popping sound, like a finger in a mouth, as the head burst from her asshole.

"Grab your underwear, honey. I don't want any little spermies slipping into my vagina..."

Tom, in a post orgasmic haze, turned and grabbed his underwear. Beth looked like she was about to get a diaper change as she pulled her knees back and spread open her bottom. Tom was well aware of his job. He took his underwear, placed it at the bottom of Beth's ass crack, and gently wiped the sperm that was now leaking out of her asshole.

"Thanks, honey. Just hold it there a second..."

Tom and I watched as Beth pushed open her asshole and began to poop out the sperm inside of her rectum. It was a slow drool, but it was too much for my penis. I erupted, spraying all over the front of my own tv stand as Beth pushed open the inside of her rectum into her son's underwear. I moved my mouth into the open asshole, licking my tv as though I was licking Beth's ass. Another spray or semen coated my stand as Beth pushed hard, small slivers of brown matter slipping out her anus as she bore down. She may have pooped once already today, but a semen enema tends to loosen things up. I opened my mouth and let Beth shit into it while her son watched.

...

I lay back in my own post orgasmic bliss as Tom finished wiping up his semen from his mom's ass. Satisfied she was clean, Beth stood up and walked over to her nightgown. She slipped it on, watching as Tom did the same with his pants and pajama top. When they were both dressed, Beth walked over to Tom, now standing, and gave him a loving kiss. When she was done, she picked up the dirty underwear.

"I'm going to throw these in the wash and then take a shower, alright?"

The wetness on the gown remained from her milk, Beth's hair was a mess, she was sweaty, and her once full breasts seemed to have lost a bit of support with the milk Tom drank from them. Beth was the picture of a woman who just had sex as she stood before her son. Tom looked away sheepishly.

"Can I play X Box?"

Beth straightened his hair with tenderness that can only come from a mother.

"Sure, honey. Go ahead."

With that, Beth walked out of the room, underwear in hand. Tom fell back on the couch, spent, and fumbled for the tv clicker. Beth walked back into the room, apparently free from the soiled underwear, while Tom put on his headphones. Beth walked up the stairs as Tom grabbed the X Box remote. He saw my chat window was active and spoke.

"Hey dad, you still playing?"

I looked at the feet towards the top of the stairs that paused, walked back down a few steps, with Beth bending over, listening intently as her breasts hung beneath her.

"Yea, what were you doing?"

Beth cocked her head, not hearing anything since Tom wore his headphones.

"Just helping mom with some stuff."

At that, Beth smiled, stood, and walked up the stairs.