

Snowed In with Mom and Gran

By Klrxo

"Good heavens...again?!" Shelly thought, finding another pair of panties in her son's room.

It was happening a lot lately. The forty-year-old mother was finding a pair nearly every time she checked her son Alan's room. Sometimes it was more than one pair, and the boy left little mystery about what he was doing with them.

"He must have just used this pair this morning," she thought as she looked over the cum-drenched panties. The strong aroma of fresh semen almost made her dizzy as it wafted into her nostrils.

Even though she knew damn well what it was, she dipped her finger in the fresh boy-goo and brought it to her mouth.

"Yep, definitely semen," she said out loud, recognizing the taste. She always surprised herself by doing this. Number one, because she hated the taste of semen. So much so, that she never let her husband Mitchell cum in her mouth when she blew him. Number two, the deposit was made by her own son, and the fact that she was tasting her own baby's ball-juice seemed incredibly wrong. However, Alan's sperm was unlike any she'd ever tasted. It was sweet, and reminded her a lot of the taste of pineapple juice, which she loved.

"I really should have a talk with him," she thought. Then again, she told herself this every time, but never really followed through.

"They're tracking a major snowstorm for Friday," her husband said as they spoke on the phone that morning.

"Of course they are. It always seems to be Fridays here lately," Shelly said as she sat in a chair nursing her newborn. The mother never expected to have another child, since there was a seventeen-year gap between the baby and her next oldest daughter, Amelia. Alan was the oldest at eighteen, and her only boy.

"If it's as bad as they say it's gonna be, I probably won't make it home again," Mitchell explained.

Shelly's husband was in sales, which required him to go all over the country, so she was used to storms impeding his travel, especially during the harsh New England winters. *"We'll manage. We always do,"* the mother said, watching her little one suck at one of her large milk-filled breasts.

"I already talked to my mother and told her she should stay at the house, just in case there's a power outage there, like the last time," Mitchell said. *"You don't mind, do you?"*

"Of course I don't mind. She's family."

Even though she said that, there were family members that Shelly didn't care for, but not her mother-in-law. She always had a special connection with Mitchell's mom Pauline, and considered her more than just family. She was also like a best friend, and they talked and spent time together almost daily.

Across town, at the High School, Alan and his friend Wayne sat in the gym bleachers, watching the cheerleaders practice their routine. "There she is! Carly Taylor and her huge tits!" Wayne said with his tongue nearly hanging out.

"They're not THAT huge," Alan said, seeming unimpressed.

"Not that huge? What planet are you living on? She has the biggest tits of any girl at our school."

"They're only a 34 double d, according to Scott Johnson, the only guy at our school to ever seen them," Alan said.

"ONLY 34 double d. Man, you are living on another planet...and if Carly's tits aren't huge to you, I'd love to see the women's boobs in your world."

"Ha, just come hang out at my house then," he thought to himself. At home, Alan was constantly surrounded by heavy-titted women. His mom had always been large chested, but since getting pregnant with his newborn sister, her knockers grew to ridiculous proportions. This meant that her panties weren't the only things that fascinated him. He had often used her bras to masturbate with. A boy could confidently say that 34 double d's "weren't that huge" when his mom had 38 G cup tits, like Alan's mom did.

Then there was his grandmother, on his dad's size. She spent a lot of time at the house, and her tits rivaled the size of his mom's. Even his seventeen year old sister was large chested, but since she attended private school, she couldn't challenge Carly Taylor for the title of "biggest jugs" at his school.

"Did you hear they're already canceling school on Friday?" Wayne asked. "There's a Huge storm coming."

"Great, and my dad's out of town, which mean I'll be on clean-up duty," Alan complained.

"Yeah, but at least we won't be HERE, sitting through some boring lecture."

"True."

After school, Alan hopped on his electric scooter and zipped across town. His family home wasn't exactly in the sticks, but they did have a spacious property, with a good couple acres between them and their neighbors.

After pulling into the garage, he went inside to find his mom working in the kitchen. "Hey, mom," he said, watching her transfer breastmilk she had just pumped into bottles for the baby.

"Hi, honey. How did school go?" she sweetly asked.

"Same as always. Boring," he honestly answered, checking his mom out as he spoke to her.

Shelly was a pretty mother, and since her family were Italian, she had a beautiful golden-brown complexion, with a long dark mane of hair. She wasn't fat by any means, but she did carry some weight, in all the right places. In addition to having huge heavy tits, the mother had a thick succulent ass that was perched atop strong motherly legs. She did follow a daily at-home exercise regiment, to help take off some extra baby weight she had gained during her recent pregnancy.

"Do you have a few minutes that we could, um...talk?" the mother asked, deciding it was time to confront his panty snatching habit.

"Sure."

"Let's sit here at the table," Alan's mom said, then sat down across from him at the square pub-style table.

"Am I in trouble?" Alan asked, suspecting something might be up.

"Well...no. You're not in trouble, I just need to talk to you about a...issue I've recently discovered," she said awkwardly.

"What kind of issue?"

"Honey, I've been finding pairs of my panties in your room lately," she said. "I know these are the types of things that boys do, and I haven't told your father, so don't worry."

"Oh, so I'm not in trouble for it?"

"Not, but...see, here's the issue. My panties are made of a delicate fabric, so when you spray your...stuff in them and don't get them in the wash right away, they kind of get stained up," Shelly explained.

"Oh, I didn't realize," Alan said, shocked that his mom wasn't horrified at the fact that he'd been taking them.

"Maybe if I gave you a couple pairs that were just...um, yours, to do what you want with. Then the stains wouldn't really matter, know what I mean?"

"Yeah, but..."

"But what?" she asked.

"Nothing, never mind," he said, realizing that if he explained that mostly what enjoyed was the aroma of her freshly worn panties, he'd sound like an absolute pervert.

However, the "but" still lingered in Shelly's mind, so she kept prying. "Is there a reason that the arrangement doesn't sound fair to you?" she asked.

Since his mom was being so understand, he decided to answer her question with one of his own.

"Would I be able to switch them out with ones you've worn, once in awhile?"

"Oh..." the mother muttered. *"I'm so stupid. That's why he wants them,"* she thought to herself. *"He likes the smell. It's not about just the panties. It's about the fact that I've worn them."*

The mother knew it was wrong, but also understood that everyone did something a bit pervy. Even herself, and her naughty habit of dipping her finger in her son's ball-juice and tasting it. It was something she'd be extremely ashamed of if anyone ever found out. Yet, here she was confronting her boy on HIS dirty secret and expecting him to talk openly about it. *"That's just selfish of me,"* she realized. *"No need to embarrass the poor boy."*

Alan felt a bit awkward by her silence. "Sorry, mom. I shouldn't have asked you that," he said shamefully.

"No, you were being honest; talking about something very personal. How could I be upset about that?" she said. "I'll tell you what. How about a different pair of panties every week? Does that sound fair?"

"Sure," the boy muttered, realizing that his mom didn't really owe him any sort of deal, so how could he refuse. "That sounds great."

"One thing though..."

"What?"

"If your father finds my panties in your room, you're on your own, got it?"

"Sure, I understand," Alan said. If that unfortunate event occurred, the boy realized that it would be because of his own stupidity, and he couldn't throw his mom under the bus. "So, is that arrangement, um...starting today?"

"Yeah, but I actually just did my laundry, sorry," Shelly said with a frown.

"Oh, that okay, I can wait I guess," Alan said, getting up from the table.

The loving mother in Shelly didn't wanna send her boy away empty handed. "Would...the panties I have on now work?" she asked.

Alan stopped and gazed at her in disbelief. "The ones you have on now?" he muttered, wanting to make sure he heard her right.

"Yeah, well, I know they've only been worn for a half a day, but if you want a pair now...I could um, give them to you," she offered awkwardly.

Alan's heart swelled as he considered her suggestion. He'd smelt her panties hundreds of times, but never when they were just taken off her body. He felt almost dizzy at the prospect of smelling a panty crotch, just after it had been peeled off the fragrant flesh of his mom's vulva. He quickly answered before she changed her mind. "Sure, um...I'll take the ones you have on now," he said decisively.

"Ok. I'll take them off and bring them up to your room."

"Thanks," Alan said with a smile, then rushed upstairs.

Shelly went to her bedroom and removed her denims. On the wall was a floor to ceiling mirror and she took a look at the panties she was about to remove. The pale pink bikini panties had beautiful lace trim. They were a pair she had recently purchased, but was sure she could buy another pair, since she was sacrificing this one to her son. "*What the hell am I doing?*" she thought, reminding herself she was about to give her own son her panties for him to jerk off into. "*Mitchell would kill me if he knew I did something like this.*"

Despite the shameful thoughts that crept in, the busty beauty hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties and peeled them down her smooth luscious legs. "*Alan's not doing drugs or*

abusing alcohol. There's a lot worse things he could be into than sniffing his mom's panties once in awhile," Shelly thought.

Lifting her panties from the floor, the mother took a peek at herself in the mirror. Her naked pubis had a thin, neatly trimmed triangle of pubic fur. Below it, she could see her vulvar folds coming together, to form a puffy camel toe. *"And that right there is what he thinks about when he sniffs them,"* she joked to herself. *"Stop it, Shelly!"* she thought, scolding herself, while going to her drawer to put a new pair of panties on.

Alan was playing a game on his phone when he heard the tap at the door. His mom stepped in. "Hey, honey? here you go," she said, walking over to him with the panties hanging off her fingertips by their elastic waistband.

The teen swallowed the lump in his throat, so anxious he could hardly stand it. He reached out with a shaky hand and took them from her. "Thanks," he said blushing.

"You're shaking," his mom pointed out.

"Yeah, a little bit."

Shelly knew it must be because she had just peeled them off her crotch. "I understand," she said with an awkward smile. "Just...make sure you keep them somewhere safe, ok. We don't need your father or sister finding them in here."

"Got it," he said, anxious for his mom to leave.

She looked at the panties, then at her son, seeming a bit embarrassed by what she knew he was about to do. "Bye," she said cutely, then stepped toward the door.

Alan watched his mom sashay to his door. Her denims were molded around her meaty mommy-ass like a second skin, accentuating the sway of her buttocks. *"Damn! What an ass!"* he thought, feeling his boner trying to tear through his pants.

The second his door closed he was easing the pressure, by fishing his boner out. Alan dropped to his back on the bed and brought Shelly's dainty panties to his nose. "Fuuuck me!" he sighed out loud, inhaling the fresh cuntal aroma. He had definitely never smelt ones so pungent, and as an added bonus, the silky fabric was still warm from being against his mom's crotch.

Shelly had paused in the hallway and curiously put ear to her son's door. *"I'm sure he won't wait long to enjoy them,"* she wickedly told herself.

Not able to hear anything, she bravely peeked the door open and peered inside. She was greeted with a clear view of her son beating off, while holding her panties to his nose. Her eyes widened as she froze in shock. Alan's boner was a solid column of what had to be eight inches of cock-meat. She knew he was uncircumcised, but the foreskin had peeled back, exposing the huge pink bulb of his peter-tip. His hand squeezed up and down the vein-encrusted shaft.

With a shaky sigh, the peeping mother quickly closed the door, then stood there for a moment, shaken by what she's just seen. *"What the hell did you think you were gonna see when you opened his door?"* she asked herself in a scolding manner.

The baby began crying from the nursery, snapping her from her inappropriate thoughts. She quickly went to attend to her.

After he had beat his cock to the most intense orgasm to date, Alan emerged from his room and found his mom in the nursery feeding the baby. "Oh, sorry, I didn't realize you were feeding her," he blushed, then started to walk away.

"Breastfeeding is natural, Alan. You don't have to walk away when you see me doing it," Shelly said with an amused smile.

"Oh, ok, I just didn't want you to feel uncomfortable with me here."

"I'm not uncomfortable at all. You're the one who's face is turning red," she giggled.

"Oh," he muttered, looking over at the giant bare boob that his sister was nursing from.

Shelly glanced down at his crotch and could tell he was fully hard beneath his pants. The image of his large erection pointing up towards his ceiling as he yanked it up and down was still so vivid. She was just now recalling little details that she didn't consciously acknowledge in the moment, when she was staring at it. Features like his big heavy ball-sack hanging down, with nuts the size of eggs, making his ball-bag bulge out obscenely. She shook her head, trying to think about something else.

"Are you ok?" Alan asked her.

"Yeah, I'm fine. She's really hungry," Shelly said, looking down at the baby.

"I bet," Alan said, standing there awkwardly watching.

"I'm gonna have to switch breasts through. I pumped this one earlier, so it's running on empty," Shelly said, pulling the distended nipple from her daughter's mouth.

"It doesn't look empty," Alan joked, marveling at the boob's immense size.

Shelly giggled, unfastening the bulging, beautifully-embroidered maternity cup covering the other breast. A watermelon-sized boob sprung free, making Alan's eyes go wide. He'd watched a lot of porn, and his mom had the widest, thickest areolas he'd ever seen. Normally, they were a deep shade of pink, but Shelly's breast was so swollen and engorged that her areolas were now a dark shade of purple. The Montgomery glans that covered it's surface gave it a thick bumpy texture. "It doesn't look empty because it's made up of more than just milk, honey. A woman's breasts have fatty and glandular tissue, which is what makes them so big and squishy," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Alan said, mesmerized by the sight of her enormous tit-melons hanging side by side. He had caught little glimpses of them here and there while his mom was nursing, but nothing like this.

Shelly was well aware of her boy's ogling as she covered the empty tit and moved the baby to the one that needed relief. "There you go, little one," she said in a soft motherly tone.

Her eyes peeked up and stared at her boy's tubular-shaped prick bulge. Once again, she remembered details from seeing it naked earlier. She recalled how his urethra bulged wonderfully from the surrounding erectile tissue, running all the way up the body of his shaft to something else that she found utterly fascinating. Most uncircumcised penis's, like her husband's, even in their fully erect state, would

have a nub that was still partially blanketed in foreskin. Her son's fleshy prepuce was peeled all the back past the neck of his glans, unshrouding the boy's huge bell tip in all its glory, and displaying the true hardness of his cock. *"Stop it!"* the mother screamed at herself internally, suddenly ashamed of her naughty thoughts. *"Were you heading out to your friend's house, honey,"* she asked her son, her expression clearly a little flushed.

"Yeah, I was just going over to Wayne's. I'll um...be back for dinner," he said, peeling his eyes away from his mom's tits and leaving.

"See you then," Shelly said lovingly.

After a restless few minutes, the mother put the baby back in her crib and turned on the mobile to entertain her. Then she rushed across the hallway to Alan's bedroom, her heart doing anxious somersaults in her chest. *"Where would he hide them?"* she asked herself out loud as she began searching for the panties she'd given him earlier.

She checked around his bed, but didn't see them, so she let out a deep sigh, becoming increasingly frustrated. *"You're the one who told him to put them somewhere safe, dummy,"* she told herself.

The impatient mother then checked his closet, finally discovering them waded up in one of his jacket pockets. *"Bingo!"* she said, pulling them out.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed as she discovered that they were soaked with thick pasty cum. She backed up to her son's bed and sat down. *"I knew I'd find a load of cum in them, but...not quite this much,"* she thought.

Her nostrils flared as she inhaled the musky aroma of her son's fresh spunk. *"Ok, curiosity satisfied. Now put them back and leave,"* a voice in her head advised her.

Instead, she dipped her finger in the pearly-white slime and brought it to her mouth. Her digit slipped between her lovely lips and onto her tongue. *"Unbelievable! Just like pineapple juice!"* she told herself, feeling her nipples harden beneath her bra.

Against her better judgement, the fascinated mother dipped her finger in again, this time scooping up a big gob of semen. *"It's still warm,"* she said with an excited giggle, making her big ballooning knockers jiggle. She then brought it to her mouth and greedily sucked it off her finger.

For a moment, the mother's beautiful brown eyes inadvertently rolled up in their sockets as she felt a mighty throb at the core of her cunt. She pictured her son's huge meat-stick, with his hand jerking around it, while his sweet ball-juice sizzled on her taste buds. Once she swallowed, she gazed across the room with a conflicting expression. *"Time to leave, Shelly! This IS NOT appropriate, and you know it!"* her brain screamed.

While one half of her mind pleaded for her to exit, the other half had a different plan. *"I want it all,"* she wickedly thought, then quickly brought the panties to her mouth and began eating the spunk off like a hungry dog that hadn't had a meal for a week.

The pretty mother shamelessly devoured every drop of her son's sperm from her panties, lewdly licking and sucking on the fabric to ingurgitate every tiny baby-making tadpole her son had left there.

With shaky hands and breath, she nervously took them back over to the closet and stuffed them back into his jacket pocket.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?!" the mother thought, near tears as the guilt set in. She rushed to her bathroom; brushed and used mouthwash. *"What if Mitchell tastes it when he kisses me? What if he smells it on my breath?"* her worried mind wondered. Then she remembered that her husband was out of town, probably for several more days, due to the impending storm. *"Even so, I'm NEVER doing that again,"* she told herself resolutely.

"Is this the storm shelter?" Alan's Grandmother asked as she arrived the next day.

"Hey, Gran," the teen said, anxious for a hug. The reason for being so eager, of course, was because she had huge soft knockers, just like his mom's.

Jeanie was still a knockout at the age of sixty-two. She had short silver hair that was always styled nicely. Even though she was his dad's mother, Alan was surprised at how similar his Gran and mom were built. Unfortunately, his grandfather had to be put in the local nursing home due to health issues, but the family still visited him quite regularly.

"Are you ready for some snow, kiddo?" she asked, pulling him in for a big tit-squashing hug. "They're saying we could get up to two feet, starting tonight."

"Whatever gets me out of school tomorrow, I'm all for it," Alan said.

"Where's that beautiful mother of yours?"

"She's in changing the baby I think."

"Would you be a dear and take my bag to the spare bedroom? I'm gonna go up and say hi."

"Sure, Gran."

Alan took his Gran's bag down to the room she stayed in during sleepovers. Before leaving, he peeked his head out the door and could faintly hear his mom and Gran chatting upstairs. Quickly, the teen rushed over and unzipped her bag. There, on top of all her other folded clothing, was a huge white bra, with decorative floral detail.

"Damn!" he thought, astounded at how huge the cups were. He quickly checked the tag, anxious to see her tit-size. It read 50 J.

"Holy smokes!" he gasped out loud, then quickly zipped the bag closed again *"Gran's tits are even bigger than mom's,"* he thought as he left the room.

"Any nipple soreness at all?" Jeanie asked her daughter-in-law as they discussed the baby's breast feeding.

"No, none. My nipples as tough as rubber, so I don't think they'll ever be sore," the mother said with a giggle.

She suddenly saw her son move into the doorway. "Hey, hon," she said, taking a quick glance at his crotch. It just seemed to happen instinctively, since the day she saw him beating his naked erection.

"Hi, um...I'll just be in my room."

"Ok," the mother said, continuing to stare at the open doorway even after he was gone. "*He's going in to sniff my panties I bet,*" she thought.

"Everything ok?" Jeanie asked, picking up her Granddaughter and cradling her against her soft breasts.

Jeanie was more like a best friend than a mother-in-law. They had often openly shared intimate experiences, and given each other advice, so Shelly felt comfortable divulging details of her recent discovery. "I've been finding my panties in Alan's room lately," she said.

"Is that so?" Jeanie said, not seeming the bit surprised. "Well, boys will be boys."

"And that's exactly why I didn't overreact."

"Has he been creaming into them?" Jeanie asked candidly.

"Yes...which is fine, but he's not returning them right away, so my best ones are getting stains."

"Well, it'll be awkward, but you should probably speak to him, see if the two of you can work out some sort of arrangement," Jeanie suggested.

"We have. I told him he can have one pair a week, to keep."

"Well, it's good that the two of you discussed it, and you agreed on a plan, but unfortunately 'one pair a week' will just never work," Jeanie explained.

"Why?"

"Well, hon, the reason Alan is taking your panties is to swell the aroma of your vagina, and to suck on the crotch while he masturbates his penis," Jeanie explained. "If he's also using them as a cum-rag, then it'll only be a day or so before they smell and taste more like sperm than pussy."

"That's true," Shelly muttered, knowing her mother-in-law had a good point. "Maybe a week is too long then."

Jeanie's lips curled into a smile. "A mother will never spend more on replacing panties than during her boy's teenage years," she said. "Trust me, I know."

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Mitchell?" she asked, wondering if her husband was a little party thief at Alan's age.

"Oh no, but his younger brother, well that's another story."

"Nate? Really?!" Shelly giggled, surprised that her brother-in-law would do such a thing.

"I could never get my panties of quick enough. Nathan was snatching them from my bedroom before they even hit the laundry hamper."

Shelly laughed. "My biggest fear is Alan's gonna get lazy, and leave them laying around for his father to find."

"Well, it sounds like your keeping close tabs on the situation, which moms just have to do, to keep such things from happening," Jeanie explained, then smiled at her daughter-in-law. "So, how does my Grandson taste?"

Shelly stared back at her a moment. Sure, they had been honest about intimate things in the past, but this was taking things to a whole different level. "Sweet," she confessed with an awkward smile.

"Sweet like vanilla?"

"Sweet like...pineapples," the mom said almost proudly.

"Mmm, he must release a high amount of fructose when he ejaculates. His girlfriends must love that," the grandmother said.

"Well, right now I think his only girlfriend is a pair of silky cloth that spends the day hugging my crotch," Shelly joked, making them both laugh.

"Just remember, the quicker he gets them, once you peel them off, the more enjoyment he gets out of them."

"True," Shelly said.

Jeanie lips curled into a naughty smile. "And the quicker you get them back once he's finished, the more enjoyment YOU get out of them," she said.

Shelly knew Jeanie was right, but also knew the dangers of going down such a path. "I'm not gonna lie...I did enjoy it, but I felt so bad after. I mean, what would Mitchell think if he ever found out I was doing something like that?"

"Those feeling are natural, hon. If a mother does it discreetly, she can have her fun here at home, and her husband will be none the wiser."

"Well now I feel horrible," the busty said.

"Because of what you did?"

"No, because I told Alan he had to wait week for another pair of panties," Shelly said. "Like you said, the whole point is that he smells and tastes ME while he's jerking off, right? So, if he's already pumped a load or two of cum in the ones he has, it makes sense that he's not gonna enjoy them as much."

"Sounds like someone needs to make a quick exchange. You know, there's something else that'll make the experience much more intense for him."

"What's that?"

"Try giving him a quick visual," Jeanie suggested.

"A quick visual?"

“Yes. Something that'll leave such a powerful impression in his mind that it'll all he thinks about while he's beating his boner.”

Alan was sprawled across his mattress, steadily stroking his brick-hard cock, while holding the panties to his face. Despite nutting into them twice yesterday, he could still smell a hint of pussy. What mystified him was how clean they seemed, where normally panties he'd used before would be crusty and wreak of his cum. He could never have imagined that this was because his own mom had licked, sucked and swallowed his slimy load.

“Alan?” his mother's voice said outside his door, while knocking lightly a few times.

The boy suddenly froze and gazed across his room. “I'm um...a little busy, mom,” he answered breathlessly.

“I know you are. Can I talk to you just for a second though?”

The boy quickly threw on just his pants and opened his door. “Talk to me about what?” he asked.

“About the arrangement we made. You know, with you using my panties.”

“Oh, you changed your mind?” he asked.

“No, no...not at all. It's just that...well, since you're shooting your...stuff into them, and I don't want any stains to set in, I thought maybe we could take more of a...on demand approach to this.”

Alan's eyes lit up. “On demand?” he asked.

“Yes. I provide my panties when you need them, and you give them right back as soon as your finished.”

“You mean, right after I've...”

“Exactly! That way I can get them right into the wash to prevent any staining,” Shelly said. “I really feel it's the perfect solution.”

Getting panties fresh off his mom's pussy every time he wanted to beat off certainly wasn't an idea that Alan was gonna protest. “Sounds good,” he said with an eager nod.

“Awesome!” the mother said with a cute smile. “Should we make an exchange now?”

“Yeah,” the boy answered, his heart racing anxiously. He rushed over to his bed and pulled the panties he'd been using out from under his pillow.

Shelly had followed him into the room, and he turned and handed the panties to her. “Here you go,” he said, then they stood there awkwardly for a moment.

“Thanks, honey. Um...question for you...”

“Ok.”

She looked in to his eyes, a tad embarrassed. “Have you ever removed a girl's panties before?” she asked.

Alan swallowed hard as he contemplated what her question might mean. "No...uh, not really," he answered.

"Oh, well since we're making an exchange...would you like to take MY panties off of me?"

"It would be OK if I did that?" the boy asked with anxious breath.

"Well, yeah, I mean...we probably won't be able to let you do that every time, but since I'm right here, and I have a skirt on...well, come over here," the mother said, guiding her son to the bed.

Shelly sat down on the edge of his mattress, her big boobies jostling beneath her blouse and maternity bra. Her thigh-length skirt rode up even higher when she sat, exposing most of sexy, golden-brown legs. She parted them slightly. "Kneel down here in front of me," she said.

Alan eagerly dropped to his knees, then watched his mom pull her skirt up even further, until his eye were able to feast on her panty-covered pubis.

"Ohh," Alan sighed out loud, his eyes fixed on the tiny triangle of silky white cloth shrouding his mom's pussy. They were so snug that he could clearly see the form of his mother's labia majora, and the indentation of her cuntal crevice.

"It's ok, honey," the mother said reassuringly. "Reach up and pull them off."

He didn't need to be told twice. Alan reached up and grasped the elastic waistband along her hips. Shelly lifted her buns from the mattress slightly, allowing her boy to pull her dainty panties down over her smooth thick thighs. "There you go," she said playfully, then giggled as he fumbled at getting them the rest of the way off. She lifted her sexy bare feet from the floor and bent her knees up some, making it easier for him to slip them all the way off.

"Holy smokes!" the boy mumbled out loud, staring at the naked vaginal flesh that was framed in on both sides by his mom's parted thighs. His cock flexed almost painfully in his pants as he studied the cute tiny triangle of thin pubic fuzz that crowned her puffy vulvar lips.

Feeling a tinge of guilt, Shelly snapped her thighs closed and stood up. Her son stood also, making no effort to hide the tent-pole that was protruding obscenely beneath his pants.

"So, um...it's very important that you get those back to me, as soon as your finished, so I can get them right in the wash," she said, even though she knew damn well that's not why she wanted them.

"Sure, mom...no problem."

"Thanks," she said with a cute smile, then left.

After fishing his cock out and plopping back onto his bed, Alan brought the white silky panties to his nose and inhaled. The warm cuntal aroma was intoxicating, but what was even more wonderful was finding a damp spot on the gusset, where some pussy nectar had seeped from his mom's aroused vagina.

"I can't believe she let me take her panties off!" he thought, with the vision of her exposed vulva still so wonderfully clear in his mind. He sucked the damp spot into his mouth, tasting his mom's tangy secretions, while beating his boner vigorously.

"That was the most wicked thing I've ever done," Shelly confessed, shocked at the fact that she has just exposed her genitals to her own son.

"Perhaps...but did you enjoy doing it?" Jeanie asked, snacking on a carrot as they stood in the kitchen.

"More than I should have probably."

"I began exposing myself to Mitchell when he turned eighteen, but he never really caught on. A few years later, I tried the same thing with Nathan, with MUCH better results," Jeanie expressed.

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Do tell," she said curiously.

"Let's just say he quickly became mommy's little boy-toy."

Shelly's eyes went wide. "Boy-toy? Did you guys ever...?"

"Fuck?" Jeanie asked. "Oh honey, Nathan and I fucked constantly. We still do."

"Shut up!" Shelly said in surprise, her mouth hanging open.

"Oh yeah. Once a mommy's boy, always a mommy's boy."

"And your husband never suspected what you guys were up to?"

"Not once. I didn't have any strange numbers on my phone for him to find, I wasn't gone for long period of time, making him suspicious. Everything I was doing was right from home, while he was at work. He never suspected a thing," Jeanie explained.

"Hm, I wonder why Mitchell never showed any interest in you?" Shelly asked, surprised that her husband never caught on.

"Mitchell's mind has always been on other things. I mean, look at him now, traveling all over the place, consumed with his career," Jeanie pointed out.

"Yeah, at the expense of MY sex life," Shelly said in frustration.

"Well, perhaps it's time for your sex life to take a different path, like mine did."

Shelly stood there for a moment, contemplated her mother-in-law's words. She giggled and fed Jeanie a quirky smile. "Are you suggesting that I fuck Alan?" she asked.

"Well, I will tell you that sex with Nathan was a thousand times better than with my husband. Boy's dicks are harder, and their testosterone levels are through the roof, making their refractory periods shorter," Jeanie explained.

"Which means more sex, right?"

"Exactly. And not just 'more' sex, AMAZING sex...the kind that makes you feel like you're on a sexual roller coaster."

"Well, I certainly haven't had sex like that in awhile," Shelly admitted. "I mean, Mitchell does his best to please me when he's home, but...it just never seems like enough."

"I know what you're saying, hon. I've been there."

Shelly's mind was a whirlwind of rights and wrongs. She loved sex, and often fantasied about what it would be like be fucked savagely day and night by a younger man. However, cheating on her loving, hard working husband, with her son of all people, seemed so wicked and wrong. *"Alan IS handsome, and he does have the kind of dick that I've always dreamed about,"* she thought, picturing her boy's big muscled cock and acknowledging how much longer and thicker it was than Mitchell's. *"But I love Mitchell so much, and would never wanna hurt him."*

A voice from the kitchen doorway snapped her from her disputing thoughts. "Mom?" Alan said, peeking into the kitchen.

"Hi, honey," she said back, seeming a little flushed.

"I'm all finished with the...you know."

"Oh...OK, hand them over and I'll get them right in the wash," she said stepping over to him.

The boy glanced at his grandmother hesitantly, and she smiled back. "It's alright, kiddo. Your Gran knows all about a boy's love for his mother's panties," she assured him.

"Oh, uh...alright," Alan said, handing them over to his mom. He stood there for a moment awkwardly. "Looks like the snow's starting outside."

"Wonderful. In a few hours it'll look like a winter wonderland out there," Jeanie said.

"That reminds me...your dad asked if you wouldn't mind checking the fuel in the generator, just in case we lose power," Shelly said.

"Sure, I can do that now."

"Thanks, honey," the mother said, feeling hot gooey spunk run out of her panties and onto her fingers. She looked at Jeanie. "I better get these in the wash."

Her mother-in-law smiled back naughtily. "Need some help?" she asked.

Nor'easters were common in this part of the country, but this storm was expected to be one for the record books. Huge flakes began coating the ground, and the wind was beginning to whip the trees around as the storm-front moved in.

Shelly and Jeanie stood in the laundry room facing each other, with their huge tit touching. They both held a portion of the dainty panties, looking over the pool of spunk that coated the gusset. "It smells absolutely wonderful," Jeanie said, her nostrils flaring.

"Can you believe how much there is?" Shelly asked with an excited tone in her voice.

"Mm, it must have been one strong ejaculation."

Shelly dipped a finger in, and her facial expression filled with sexual glee. "It's still warm," she exclaimed.

Jeanie scooped some up with her finger and studied it with wondrous eyes. "It's such a beautiful pearlescent white. You can almost see the millions of swimming spermatozoa," she said, then sucked it into her mouth, licking her finger clean.

"They're trying to swim right off my finger," Shelly giggled, watching the spunk ooze down, before sucking her finger between her lips.

Jean closed her mouth around a portion of the gusset, making her thick pink licker scoop up more cum, then letting it wash over her taste buds. "Mmnn, you were right, it's delightfully sweet," she said before licking more off the silky panties.

"Wouldn't I just love to sip this from my water bottle all day," the mother joked, then pulled a section of the gusset into her mouth and sucked the juices from it.

For another minute, the two busty beauties moaned and whimpered as they did their best to soak up the slimy deposit that Alan had left there.

Shelly finally stopped sucking and sighed in frustration.

"What's wrong?" Jean asked.

She gave her mother-in-law a horny, pleading look. "Would you care if I rubbed my clitoris?" she asked desperately.

Jean giggled. "Of course not...as long as you're OK with me rubbing mine too," she answered.

"Yes."

Because Shelly had given her son her panties, she was still bare beneath her skirt. She pushed her fleshy prepuce back with her fingers and began rubbing her grape-sized clitoris.

Jean followed suit, stuffing her hand down her panties. Her fingers, with their long well-manicured nails, dug through her thick labial folds and found her swollen clit.

They went back to nursing on the fabric, while delightfully pleasuring themselves. Shelly's mammoth tits pushed against Jeanie's, making them bulge out at the sides. Shelly could feel Jeanie's thick rubbery nipples rubbing against her own engorged teats, even through the layers of their blouses and bras. She was never one to experiment sexually with women, but the squishy contact did feel pretty damn good.

Soon, every ounce of her son's load had been ingurgitated by the two women, and they lustfully yearned for more. A sudden knock at the door jarred them from their wicked activity. "Yeah?" Shelly asked breathlessly.

"Mom, um...Amelia's on the phone," Alan said through the door. "She said she's been trying to call you."

"Oh...um, OK, honey. Gran and I were...just trying to fix a problem with the washer. Be right out."

Jeanie smiled. "Didn't wanna tell him we were enjoying his big creamy load?" she asked teasingly.

"Not quite yet," the mother said with a giggle.

While Shelly spoke to her daughter on the phone in the kitchen, Jeanie went in and sat next to her Grandson on the couch, still licking the remnants of his orgasm from her lips. "Watching anything good?" she asked.

"Just some stupid reality show."

The boy peeked over at her enormous rack. The top few buttons of her blouse had come undone, exposing her big creamy cleavage.

Jeanie wasn't oblivious to her grandson's wandering eyes. "What are you watching now?" she asked teasingly.

"What?" he asked, looking up into her watching eyes. "Oh...um, sorry, Gran" he blushed, looking back at the TV.

Jeanie giggled. "I've been catching you staring at my boobs for years now, kiddo. You don't have to be sorry," she said. "Would you like to know a secret about them?"

Alan looked over into her pretty eyes curiously. "A secret?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know, something special about them, that hardly anyone else knows."

"Oh...well, sure," he muttered, his heart heavily pounding in his chest.

"It has, of course, been a long time since I've given birth, but even after all these years, my breasts are still lactating."

"Lactating? You mean like...they squirt milk out?"

"Yep, just like your mom's do. Well... maybe not as much as hers do, since she just gave birth a month ago, but mine do leak a fair amount. Isn't that cool?" Jeanie asked.

"Yeah, I didn't know a woman could keep doing that, you know, as she got older."

Jeanie smiled. "There's probably a lot of things about women you don't know," she said with a flirty smile.

"Probably."

"Especially women family members," Jeanie said, letting her words linger in the air.

Alan's curiosity was peaked. "Like what?"

"Like how they love to talk about sex, especially with young handsome male members of the family," Jeanie explained.

"I didn't know that."

"It's true. If you want proof...when your mom comes back in here, ask her what her favorite sexual position is."

"I can't ask her that," Alan said blushing.

"Why not?"

"She'd never tell me something like that, and she'd probably ground me for asking."

"She's been giving you her panties, kiddo. Do you really think she'd ground you for asking her a person question?"

Alan thought about it for a moment. He knew he and his mom had crossed the line as far as what was appropriate for mother and son, so perhaps she would be open to such a question. "I can try to ask her I guess," he said.

He didn't have to wait long. Shelly came in from the kitchen, having just gotten off the phone with her daughter. "Well, Amelia's staying with her friend until Sunday night."

"Probably for the best," Jeanie said. "It's starting to get really ugly out there, and the roads are probably already extremely dangerous to travel on."

"That's what I told her," Shelly said, sitting down on the opposite side of her son as Jeanie was. "Looks like it's just the three of us."

"Three and a half. Don't forget about my baby girl," Jeanie said.

"She's not even a half, mom. She's tiny," Shelly said with a giggle. "She's more like a quarter."

Alan looked at his Gran, and she smiled and nodded, as if silently signaling him to ask his question.

"Hey, mom, can I ask you something?" he said, looking over at her.

"Of course, honey."

"Well, it's kind of uh...personal."

Shelly looked over at Jeanie curiously. "Ok?"

Alan mustered up all the courage he had. "I was just curious...what's your favorite sexual position?" he asked.

Shelly's mouth fell open. "Oh...yeah, that IS sort of personal," she said with a timid smile.

"You don't have to answer, if you don't want to."

"No, no...it's ok, honey. I don't mind answering. Your question just sort of...caught me off guard," she admitted.

"I told you it was personal."

"Well, let's see...my favorite sexual position?" Shelly asked herself out loud, staring across the room as if pondering the question. "There's just...so many good ones, it's hard to pick a favorite."

"There ARE so many good ones," Jeanie agreed, acting as if she too was considering the questions. "One that can bring a couple SO much pleasure."

Shelly finally looked into her son's eyes resolutely. "Doggy!"

"Oh, doggy-style, that IS a good one!" Jeanie agreed. "Nice deep penetration, and the woman can bounce back against the penis."

"Yes, I love that," Shelly said, smiling over at her mother-in-law. They both recognized that this was a way to get the boy worked up sexually.

"And it doesn't require a bed," Jeanie said. "A woman can be bent over in the kitchen, bathroom, shower, on the staircase."

"Leaning over the dryer, while on full spin cycle," Shelly added with a giggle.

Alan just sat there with his cock hardening, listening in fascination.

"It's the perfect position to have your ass slapped," Jeanie said.

"And what woman doesn't love that?" Shelly added.

"Have you ever tried that one with any of your girlfriends, kiddo?" Jeanie asked her Grandson, placing her hand on his thigh.

"Not that one, no."

"Oh, you have to do it, honey," Shelly said sitting up straight and looking into her boy's eyes. "You would love it."

"What's YOUR favorite position to work a girl in, Alan?" Jeanie asked.

"Oh...um, I'm not really sure," he said awkwardly.

"Well, you must have a favorite, honey," his mom said, also placing her hand on his thigh. Both women were turned slightly sideways, looking down at him as he slouched on the couch. Their huge melonous tits jutted out beneath their tops, looming over him.

"I guess when a girl's on top of me," the boy confessed. "I like that way the best."

"Oh, cowgirl! Such a wonderful sexual position," Jeanie said, combing her nails on the flesh of Alan's thigh. "Did you know for men AND women, cowgirl is one of the quickest ways to orgasm?"

"And not just once either," Shelly added gleefully.

"Do you know why that is, kiddo?" Jeanie asked him.

"No," the boy said, shaking his head.

"Because it allows for great clitoral stimulation. That's why a woman doesn't just bounce up and down on your penis while she's doing it, she also moves her body up and back to stimulate her clitoris," Jeanie explained, making the boy sigh excitedly.

"You'll also see a woman lean forwards or backwards, so she can change the angle of your entry," Shelly said. "This will allow her to work your penis in other sensitive areas of her vagina."

"I bet I know why he like that position so much," Jeanie said like she'd had a sudden revelation, smiling over at Shelly.

"I bet I do to," Alan's mother said with a naughty grin. "He's got a birds eye view of a girl's boobies."

“And those boobies can put on quite a show when she's riding you, can't they, handsome?” Jeanie asked.

“Yes,” Alan said with a smile, know that's exactly what he liked best.

Shelly rested her hands on the tops of her breasts for a moment. “My big girls are bouncing all over the place in that position. It's ridiculous,” she flirtingly confessed.

“So are mine,” Jeanie giggled. “My tittie-domes are usual sore after sex, from slapping together so much.”

Shelly crept her hand up higher, bumping the side of her thumb against her son's nut-sack through his pants. “I'm sure that's not the only reason they're sore,” she said to Jeanie teasingly.

“Well, no...part of that soreness is from them being squeezed, sucked and nibbled on.”

Alan was so turned on he could hardly stand it. Just listening to them talk about sex, while they each rubbed his inner thigh tenderly, was driving him crazy with lust. He knew they must be excited too, since their marshmallow-sized nipples were clearly visible, poking out beneath their tops.

“Do you like it when a woman is working the top, and she brings her boobs down on you, kiddo?” Jeanie asked. “Smothering you in the warm squishy meat of her tits?”

“Yeah, I um...like that a lot actually.”

“Do you, honey?” Shelly asked, gazing down at him with a warm motherly smile. “Does your handsome face like to wrestle with a girl's titties?”

“Uh-huh,” he nodded, glancing at his mom's looming melons of flesh.

“Do you like to suck and pull on a girl's nipples, darling boy?” his Gran asked. “While you feel her hot vaginal grip slip up and down the big muscular slab of your manhood?”

The boy was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded. Both women could see the shape of his big nob beneath his jeans, pushing the fabric out.

“A girl's pussy feels good around your penis, doesn't it, honey?” his mom asked with lustful eyes. “Did you know as a girl gets older, and has babies, she develops strong muscles down in her pink parts.”

“That's true,” Jeanie agreed. “A mature vagina can be a whole different experience for a boy. One that's EXTREMELY pleasurable.”

“I uh...didn't know that.”

Shelly giggled, then leaned further down, drawing her knee up on the couch and pressing her boobs against one side of his chest as she moved her face in close to his. “Imagine my panties around your face, while you're really jerking off good. The feel of a mature woman's vagina is a hundred times better than that,” she said.

“Really?” Alan muttered, so aroused he felt like he could pass out.

"Really," his mom said, then glanced down at his tubular-shaped protrusion. Her heart went pitter-patter as she spotted a big round wet spot on his knob, where pre-cum had soaked through. "And I'm judging by the size of that bulge, that your boner would be able to explore every wonderful inch of a mature hole."

Jeanie leaned down just like Shelly was, so Alan's chest was now completely plastered in spongy tit-flesh, and both their pretty faces hovered near his. "And as all the big boys would tell you, the real pleasure is back by the cervix. That's where a boy's glans get squeezed and scrubbed," she said in sensual tone.

Alan squirmed beneath them, aching to have his cock touched. Both his Gran and his mom's beautiful eyes studied his reaction. They could both tell he was horny beyond belief. "Thrust your hips up, kiddo. It's ok," Jeanie said lovingly. "You don't have to be embarrassed by how incredibly horny you are right now."

The boy slowly pumped his crotch up and down, and the women turned on their sides, still against him, but looking down and watching. "Wow, it looks SO hard, honey," his mom cooed, her own clitoris throbbing like crazy.

"Oh, and it's just dripping with pre seminal fluid," Jeanie said, licking her puffy pink lips.

"It's such a nice steady rhythm you have going, honey," Shelly said, then smiled at him. "I'm REALLY impressed."

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring into his mother's dreamy brown eyes.

Her lips curled salaciously. "Can you pump faster?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he said, then humped his hips up and down at an increased pace.

The two women's eyes widened as they watched his aching dick bob steadily, making imaginary fuck-humps off the cushion.

Jeanie was the first one to make a move, reaching down and squeezing her hand around his throbbing bell tip through his jeans. "Oh, he wants to fuck so bad, don't you, Kiddo. Let Gran help you."

"Ahhh!" Alan whimpered, feeling her hand clutch his glans as he continued pumping up and down.

Shelly looked on, fighting the urge to reach down and join her mother-in-law in squeezing the boy's dick. "*No! No way I can do that. It's just too inappropriate!*" she thought.

However, as Jeanie unzipped his pants, and his meaty boner began emerging from his fly hole, the mother's resolve slowly began to weaken. "*Good heavens, it's just so big!*" she thought.

"Oh, Shelly...look at that big fat erection!" Jeanie said, wrapping her pretty hand around it and slowly stroking.

Unable to resist any longer, Shelly reached down and joined Jeanie, wrapping her hand around her boy's prick and milking it tenderly. "*Just this once! This is the one and only time!*" she told herself.

Alan's dick felt so thick and hot in her hand. She was so turned on and excited that she didn't think her heart could beat any faster.

Jeanie looked over at Shelly. "Work his shaft, and the neck of his coronal ridge. I'll pump the base," she said.

Their pretty hands each went to task, beating his boner with perfect corkscrew strokes. Shelly spit a stream of saliva down on her son's knob to help lubricate their strokes.

Alan's face was masked in fascination and pleasure as he gazed down at the two hands, with their long beautifully-painted nails, squeezing expertly up and down his big meat-stick. "Do you like it, honey?" Shelly asked, watching his grimacing face.

"Yess," the boy hissed.

"Feels almost as good as a pussy, doesn't it, darling boy?" his Gran asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Tight like pussy...and slippery like pussy," his mom said, pumping his dick steadily.

"I love it," the boy gasped.

"I can tell, honey. I can feel your knob throbbing in my hand. It's wonderful!" the mother cooed, stroking the top half of his prick skillfully.

"Oh God, his root is so strong and thick," Jeanie said, pumping her half-circled fist around the base of his boner.

"I bet the girls just love how muscular your erection is, honey," Alan's mother said, her eyes traveling lustfully up the blood-engorged body of his hardon.

"And as soon as girls find out how long and thick your dick is, they'll be lining up to go out with you," his Gran said.

The boy's eyes darted from his mom's tits to his Gran's, watching their mam's jiggle heavily from their vigorous cock-stroking.

"And all their pussies will feel SO good to you, just like our hands," Shelly said.

"Mm, well one thing I know. If my hand were a pussy, it definitely would have cum all over your hard penis by now," Jeanie confessed.

"Speaking of cum. We should probably decide where you're gonna squirt your ejaculate. We certainly just can't let it fly all over the living room, splattering everywhere," Shelly giggled.

"Oh, such a big decision, kiddo," his Gran said, gazing down at him. "Any ideas where you'd like to deposit your load, sweetheart?"

"I don't care," the boy gasped. "Wherever you guys want me to."

Jeanie smiled over at her daughter-in-law. "You're leaving it up to us?" she asked.

While Shelly was sucking Alan's spunk off her panties, she spent a lot of time thinking about how wonderful it would be to drink it right from source. She knew this was her chance. "Would you um...like to squirt it in our mouths?" she asked.

"Really?" Alex asked, flabbergasted that she would even suggest such a thing.

"Well, it is a place you can put it that wouldn't require any cleanup," she pointed out.

"True. That sounds really cool to me."

"Me too," Jeanie said with a smile.

"Ok then, when you get really close, let us know. You can stand up, we'll drop down to our knees, and you can continue jerking off, while you ejaculate into our mouths, ok, honey."

"Got it," Alan said anxiously.

The two women focused on giving the best handjob they could, beating his young slippery dick up and down from knob to root.

"Feels almost as good as a girl riding you cowgirl, doesn't it, handsome?" his Gran asked.

"Yes," the boy gasped, his entire cock beginning to tingle in their skilled hands.

"Mm, and the best part is when she squeezes you, and pulls all the hot semen out," his mother added, then thrust her mammoth boobs his direction, making them hover right above her son's face. She gazed down over her milk-swollen udders with her loving mommy-eyes. "Give us your hot semen, honey. Squirt it across our tongues and down our throats," Shelly said, then opened her mouth and curled her long tongue out.

Seeing this made Alan's balls clench in their sack. "Oh damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced with urgency.

The women released his cock and scrambled to their knees. Alan quickly stood up, taking over the cock stroking duties, and stepped up to their beautiful faces as they put them side by side, opening their mouths wide.

"Here it comes! Ohh damn!" the boy shouted, beating his boner frantically.

The first rope of milky jizz blasted into his mom's mouth, making her eyes go wide. It was followed by another that skimmed across her tongue and straight down her throat.

Alan pointed his dick over at his Gran's mouth, grunting as more jizz erupted from his piss-slit, splattering across the inside of her mouth.

He went back and forth a few more times, jerking out more and more ball-juice, making it ooze onto their tongues.

"Good grief, kiddo. I feel like I just drank a pineapple protein drink," Jeanie joked, making Alan's mom laugh.

"I could become a real sperm-a-holic if I always had access to cum that sweet," Shelly added, then licked her lips, smiling at her boy. "See, honey, zero mess."

"I bet the walkways outside are a mess though. I should probably go out and shovel, before the snow gets too deep," he said, heading to his room.

Shelly and Jeanie looked at each other and smiled. "Did that actually just happen, or was I just imagining it?" the mother asked, seeming half-horrified.

"It happened," Jeanie said, "but before you start beating yourself up with guilt, think about what we talked about earlier."

"Which part?"

"The part where we talked about Mitchell being so consumed with work, rather than being here and jerking off into his wife's mouth himself," Jeanie answered. "There's no reason your sex life should suffer, just because he chooses work over pleasure."

"You're right. Besides, it was just a handjob. It's not like Alan and I had full blown sexual intercourse or anything," Shelly pointed out.

"No, not yet anyway," Jeanie said with a teasing smile.

"Stop it!" Shelly teased back. "I can't fuck my own son."

"Well, he has a hard cock, and you get a wet vagina, so technically, YOU CAN fuck your son. The question is...do you want to?"

"Noo!" Shelly said, then thought about it a few seconds. "Yes! But I can't. I mean I CAN, technically, yes, but I shouldn't...should I?" she asked, seeming unresolved.

"That my dear, is completely YOUR decision, and I'm sure that whatever that decision is, it'll be the right one."

After a contemplating pause, Shelly spoke. "When you fucked Nate...did you feel guilty at all?"

"I was a married woman. I would be completely heartless if I said no, but the thing about life is, when you have two conflicting feelings, you go with the one you feel more passionately about."

Shelly let out a deep sigh. "Well if that's true, my minds already made up," she said, then gave her mother-in-law a confident smile. "I want my son to fuck me."

They heard the front door close as Alan went out in the storm to shovel.

"So now that I've been honest about what I want...what do I do now?" the mother asked.

Jeanie fed her a sly smile. "I have a naughty idea," she said.

Outside in the storm, Alan shoveled the snow from the walkway. Even with all his storm gear on, he found it hard to work in the whipping wind. As he began to shovel his way past his parent's bedroom window, he froze suddenly at the scene going on inside.

In the bedroom, his mom and Gran were undressing. He could hardly believe his eyes as they removed their blouses, exposing their huge bra-clad breasts. Next came their skirts, so they were now in just their bras and panties.

"Surely they wouldn't get naked in front of each other?" he thought, mesmerized by their beauty.

His question was quickly answered as both women reached back and unclasped their bras.

"Whoa!" Alan gasped out loud, his mouth falling open as his eyes went back and forth between their enormous heavy-hanging tits. He marveled at how wide and puffy their areolas were, and licked his lips at sight of their thick rubbery nipples.

Just when he thought the view couldn't get any better, they peeled off their dainty panties. Like his mom, his Gran had a cute little pubic triangle, that matched the silver-colored hair on her head. Both women displayed thick labial meat, that came together to form a deep cuntal cleavage.

"That's sooo hot!" the boy said to himself, wanting to squeeze his cock, but it was too damn cold out. He watched them slip on their silky robes and tie them closed.

Now that the show was over, the boy focused on the task at hand, making easy work of the front walkway.

"Are you guys getting buried in snow?" Mitchell asked his wife as they spoke on the phone, while she fed the baby.

"Alan said there's about a foot of snow out there already, and from what I've heard it's suppose to come down all night."

The busy stay-at-home mom couldn't help but feel pangs of guilt as she spoke to her hubby. After all, she had just technically cheated on him for the first time in their nineteen-year marriage, and with their son of all people.

"What's my mom been up to?"

"Oh, just helping me beat off Alan's cock," she wickedly thought. "We've just been talking...and she's helping out with the baby, like always."

"I'm glad I talked her into staying over."

"Well, I don't think you had to 'talk her into it,' honey. She loves being over here."

"Alan's managing the walkways I hope?" Mitchell asked. "Keeping them clear of snow?"

"Yes, he just went out awhile ago to clear it off," Shelly answered. *"And got a nice little striptease show while he was at it,"* she thought.

"Good, he knows I'm counting on him to take care of certain things while I'm away."

"Do those 'certain things' include fucking the hell out of your wife?" she thought, then shook her head. *"Stop it, Shelly!"* she told herself, feeling guilty for even thinking that while on the phone with her husband.

"Are you Ok, babe? You seem a little distracted?" Mitchell asked.

"No, I'm fine, sorry. I'm just getting the baby fed, and down for the night. It's been a long day," she said. *"A long...HARD day,"* she wickedly thought as the image of her boy's massive pillar of cock-meat entered her mind.

"Alright, babe, I'll call you tomorrow. Have a good night. I love you," Mitchell said. It was a hard thing for the wife to hear, considering by the time they spoke again she would break her wedding vows by having sexual intercourse with their teenage son.

"Love you...goodnight," she muttered.

After putting the baby down for the night, she found Jeanie downstairs on the couch sipping from a glass of wine.

"Mitchell said to tell you hello. He asked what you'd been up to," Shelly said.

"Did you tell him jerking my Grandson off and drinking his cum," Jeanie joked.

Shelly giggled and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, that's exactly what I told him," she said facetiously.

"How are you feeling?" the mother-in-law asked, diverting the attention off Mitchell.

"Nervous. I mean, I've never seduced a guy before, let alone an eighteen-year-old young man...who just happens to be my son."

"Here," Jeanie said, handing her the glass, "have a drink. It'll help loosen you up."

Shelly quickly chugged it down.

"Well...OK then," Jeanie giggled. "Want another?"

"No..." the mother responded, looking back at her decisively. "What I want is to get laid. Will you help me get ready?"

"Certainly."

They went to Shelly's room to prepare her for the seduction of her son. She took a quick shower and shaved her legs and her vulva. After toweling off, she lathered herself with a sweet-smelling body oil, that made her voluptuous golden-brown body soft and silky looking. "Do you think he likes red lipstick, or should I just keep it simple?"

"How about somewhere in between. Nothing too bright, but a little something to mark his body up while you're kissing him all over," Jeanie said with a giggle.

"I like it," Shelly said with a smile, then applied some darker pink lipstick to her pouty lips.

"So, I'm torn between two outfits," Shelly said as they walked over to her bed. She had a few pieces of sexy negligee spread out on the mattress.

“Mm, they’re both sooo naughty,” Jeanie said.

“I know. That's what I love about them. They’re revealing, but still leave a little something to the imagination.”

“Which one are you leaning more towards?”

“Honestly, that one,” Shelly said, pointing to the outfit on the left, “but I don't wanna shock the hell out of him either.”

“Nothing wrong with a little shock factor. If you’re leaning towards that one, then you should do it.”

Shelly put on the outfit, getting everything just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, fluffing her long silky mane of hair, then turned towards her watchful mother-in-law.

“Stunning!” Jeanie said, looking her daughter-in-law over.

“Thanks,” she said with a pretty smile full of brilliant white teeth. “Now the big question. Do I let him fuck me in HIS bed, or do I bring him down here?”

“My Nathan was so excited the first time he fucked me on my marital mattress, and I'll admit, it was pretty damn thrilling for me too,” Jeanie explained. “The first time we had intercourse though, was on HIS bed, and I wouldn't have had it any other way.”

“Why's that?”

“Well, it's where it all started for him. Alan too. A boy's bed is where he lays down and pulls on his boner, while fantasized about bucking between his mom's thighs,” Jeanie explained. “It's only right that it be the place where he feels her pussy sheath his penis for the first time.”

“You're right,” Shelly said with a smile. “His bed it is!”

That’s where Alan was. On his bed, playing a game on his phone when his mom texted. “Hi,” it read.

“Hi,” he texted back.

“What are you up to?”

“Nothing much. Just playing a game,” he typed.

“Wanna hang out?”

Alan smiled. She was texting like a girl from school who was really interested in him. “Where?” he texted.

“Your room, 😊”

“Sure, whenever you want,” he texted back. His thrill-meter was already on the rise. His mom had fulfilled a lot of his fantasies already today, and he wondered if she had something else in mind.

A few minutes later he heard a tap at his door. “Knock, knock,” Shelly said, then stepped inside his room.

Alan gasped and quickly sat up straight, his eyes about bugging out of his head as he gazed at the beauty entering his bedroom.

Shelly's marabou slippers, with their four-inch stiletto heels clicked daintily on his floor as she stepped into his bedroom. The mother wore a stunning black laced corset with matching thong panties. The bustier top had beautiful lace embroidery, and fit snug on her body, accentuating her curvy hourglass figure. The huge mounds of tit-flesh bulging from the strapless top made the boy go dizzy with desire. "You like?" she asked, pausing in a cute pose, with her hands on her hips and one silky leg propped out, slightly bent at the knee.

"You look beautiful," the boy answered, taking notice on how Shelly had even done her hair and makeup.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully turning to displayed her lovely thonged ass, and the sexy laces of her bustier that crisscrossed up her back.

"Incredible!" the boy muttered, his eyes fixating on the meaty, golden-brown cheeks of her nearly naked buttocks.

"Well then...mission accomplished," she said with a satisfied smile. "Well, almost," she said, sashaying towards him. "I have one other objective."

"You do?" Alan asked with his heart racing anxiously. All the delightfully tit-meat that was spilling out the top of her bustier jiggled like fleshy jello as she stepped towards him.

"Yeah, I do," she said, stopping in front of him. "My other objective is to seduce you."

"Seduce me?"

"Yeah, the word seduce means to entice someone into sexual activity," she said in a lustful tone, looking right into his eyes.

"Well then, I um...think you're doing a good job at that," the boy confessed.

"Am I?" Shelly said with a satisfied giggle.

"Yeah, very much."

"So, if I told you I needed a hot young guy, with a huge hard dick to pound my pussy for hours...you'd be up for the job?" she asked sensually.

"Actually, I'm already UP for the job," Alan joked, glancing down at the hard bulge beneath his briefs.

"I can see that," Shelly said, biting her bottom lip as she studied the meaty shape of her boy's boner. "But I could 'see that' much better if you took off your briefs."

His mom had already seen his dick, so this wasn't really an ice breaker. He stood and took off his bottoms, and his boner sprung free, bobbing stiffly on his loins at an upward angle.

Shelly's heart raced with desire as she gave a dreamy-eyed stare at the huge meaty cannon pointed up at her. "If your as talented as you are big, I'm in trouble," she confessed, then reached down and peeled her dainty panties off.

Alan let out quivering sigh and his boner twitched as he gazed at his mom's shaved pubis. Since she had a tiny bit of hair there earlier, he knew she must have shaved it just for him. He couldn't help but wonder what pleasure awaited him down in the dark fissure of her fleshy camel toe.

Shelly stepped up to her boy and removed his t-shirt, her hungry eyes feasting on his young lean chest. She stepped out of her heels, then began undoing the clasps that ran up the front of her bustier. "Only one thing left," the mother said as she slowly parted her corset.

Alan watched in aroused fascination as she finally reached the clasps that covered her enormous milk-filled tits. Bulging boobie-flesh began spilling out as she undid the last three clasps. Then, all at once, the bustier parted completely and Shelly's gigantic mommy-melons bobbed heavily out onto her chest.

Alan felt almost dizzy at the fact that he was about to fuck someone with such huge tits, never mind that the person was his own mom. The whole idea that he'd soon be smothered by their soft squishy warmth, sucking on the huge leaking nipples, and just watching them leap around wildly while they fucked made him more aroused than he ever had been in his life.

"Are you ok, honey?" Shelly asked, reaching out to take his hand as she sensed his anxiousness.

"Just really excited," he confessed.

Shelly gazed at him with a heart-warming smile. "Me too," she said.

Alan looked towards his side table. "I have some lube I think," he said.

"We won't need it," Shelly said, feeling dribble of cuntal nectar seep from her fleshy folds. "Trust me."

"Ok," he said awkwardly, not really sure how to get things started.

His mom already had that figured out. "Lay down on your back. I want our first penetration to be in your very favorite position," she said.

Alan got on his bed and sprawled back as his mom suggested. Shelly watched his huge egg-shaped balls roll around in their sack, then her eyes drifted up his long muscular shaft. "*Oh my God, am I really about to do this?*" she thought. "*Yes I am!*" her brain screamed determinedly.

The huge-titted mother crawled onto the mattress; her big breasts hanging down and wobbling back and forth like big pendulums. She threw a leg over her boy, straddling his loins. She reached down and grasped his boner at the base, causing her melons to balloon out, hovering above Alan's face like two monstrous clouds of rounded flesh.

"Jesus!" the boy gasped, thrilled beyond belief as he gazed up at the huge rounded undersides of Shelly's milk-swollen breasts.

His mom peeked down at him through the gaping canyon between her boobs. "It's ok, honey. This is gonna be so good for both of us," she assured him.

Alan looked down his torso as he felt his cock lick her hairless vulva. His mom was in full control, and dropped the split of her cuntal folds around her boy's flaring knob.

"Ahh!" the boy sighed as he felt his glans slip through her hymen. For someone who'd just passed a baby a month ago, the mouth of Shelly's vagina was incredibly snug.

She lowered her ass further and felt her boy's rock-hard meat split her walls apart, sinking in to her hot wet pussy. "Oh God you feel good," she sighed, as her vagina elongated to accept her son's large sexual organ.

"Wow!" the mother exclaimed delightfully, feeling her son's dong sink into an area she hadn't had touched since she was much younger. Before she met Mitchell. "You're gonna hit bottom, young man."

A few seconds later, he did just that. His big purple bell pushed against the head of her cervix, which was still slightly dilated, having not yet returned to its prepartum state. This meant Alan's knob could squeeze inside it, which felt delightful.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped. Have his bell tip capped by the ring of a cervix was something he never felt with the other girl's he'd been with.

"Remember, I gave birth not long ago, so things might feel a little different in there...in a good way," Shelly warned him.

Alan looked down to see their bare crotches fused together, flesh on flesh, with his mom's labial pedals splayed out between them. He felt his mom's thick ribbed cuntal lining grasping at his meat, adjusting to his cock-size. "Here we go, honey," his mom said, smiling anxiously down at him, then began moving up and down on his prick.

They were only a few minutes in, and Shelly knew she'd be coming sooner than she thought. It was easily the hardest, longest dick she'd ever had inside her, which meant soon she'd be screaming in orgasmic rapture.

Alan watched his cock appear and disappear through the split of his mom's twat. His vein encrusted hardon was soaked with her vaginal secretions. Shelly's fuck-pace gradually intensified, and the boy's eyes were drawn to her boobs as they bounced heavily up and down. He could see little beads of breastmilk forming on the tips of her engorged nipples.

The pretty mother suddenly fell forward, planting her hands astride her son's head, so she rested her upper half on extended arms. This caused her giant boobies to swing softly around her son's face while she fucked, and she felt his cock flex in reaction.

"Mm, do you like mommy being your cowgirl, honey?" she asked.

He peeked up from between her boobs like a kid in a candy store. "Definitely!" he said.

"Good, because I love riding my stallion," she panted. "I'm taking him out of the stable tonight for a long exciting ride."

Shelly changed her method of fucking from up and down, to forward and backward, grinding on his long hard penis. "You see, there's so many ways your cowgirl can ride you, so she can work your hard penis in so many amazing spots," she said closing her eyes in pleasure.

Alan felt his boner tilted slightly, so his knob stretched out a section of her back wall. Of course, the sensations on his glans were incredibly intense.

The lucky boy began to kiss the flesh between her tits, feeling it's spongy softness rub all over his face.

"Other times she just wants to ride you really hard and fast," the mother said, then set her hips into overdrive.

"Oh, damn!" the boy gasped, watching his mom raise up a little, placing her hands on his chest and grinding frantically.

He watched her wide hips jerk up and back like a well-oiled machine, as she stirred his cock inside her, hitting every inch of her juicy cunt tube. Her huge hanging boobies rippled wildly between her arm, and Alan watched tiny droplets of tit-nectar rain down on his chest.

While she continued doing this tirelessly, he watched her pretty face slowly contort with pleasure. Shelly moaned and whimpered in delight as she felt a powerful orgasm swell inside her.

For the next two minutes, she built up to an absolute explosion of pleasure. "You're gonna make me cum!" she squealed in voice tone Alan had never heard before.

He felt her lovely legs tremble beside him, then felt her cuntal rugae bulge around his prick, pushed out by her strong vaginal muscles. "Ohhh!" the boy groaned, feeling his boner grasped and juiced on, in ways he never dreamed possible.

"Uuuggghh!" Shelly screamed out shamelessly, trembling in a mind-blowing orgasm.

All the way down in the guest bedroom, Jeanie heard her daughter-in-law shriek with pleasure. She got a big proud smile. "Yaay!" she cheered out loud.

Back in the bedroom, the mother dropped down on extended arms and began pounding her cunt up and down her son's cock. Her fleshy mommy-buttocks smacked again his wet balls lewdly over and over as she fucked like a busty porn star.

Alan rubbed his face around between her jiggling tits, loving the feel of her warm spongy flesh. His mom was fucking him better than he ever imaged she could.

Due to increased blood flow from the demands of the growing uterus and embryo during Shelly's pregnancy, the lining of her vagina had thickened. This caused the pleats of her rugae to engorge, which was normal in pregnant women. This condition often remained months after giving birth, much to Alan's delight. The texture of his mom's cuntal grip was out of this world, and he couldn't believe he hadn't cum yet.

He began to pump his ass from the mattress, meeting her downwards thrusts, causing their wet genitals to smack together lewdly.

His boner flexed inside her, slicing through the slippery tube of pink-textured flesh. His mom's mucosal tissue scrubbed his glans, aided by her juicy secretions, and the deeper layer of muscle that gripped his dick like a velvet vice.

"Ohh, mom!" the boy moaned, feeling a familiar tingle around his coronal ridge.

"Remember our chat earlier? This is the best part, honey," she said breathlessly, not losing her fuck-rhythm one bit. "This is the part where I squeeze you, and pull all your hot semen out!"

“Ohhyess!” he gasped, throwing his head to one side in ecstasy.

“Don't you dare stop thrusting down there, because mom's gonna cum right along with you!” she shouted.

“Ohh, mom, I'm gonna cum so hard,” the boy groaned, feeling his fat dick swell inside her.

His mother suddenly threw the upper half of her body flat down against his, but kept her big buns humping up and down. She began fluttering her long tongue all over the most sensitive part of his neck, making the boy's body writhe excitedly beneath her.

Her big warm melons were pancaked against his chest, sloshing and smearing her milky discharge all over him, making their flesh nice and slippery.

Alan saw bright lights flash before his eyes as he stiffened up like a board beneath his steadily humping mother.

“Oh, baby, I can feel your dick swelling,” Shelly said between licks. “Give my pussy your hot boy-cum!”

Alan did just that, letting out a deep animal-like grunt as his meatus spat out huge ropes of cum, painting his mother's pink walls with pearly-white jizz.

He heard his mom let out a cute scream of orgasmic pleasure, then those painted pink walls were quickly washed clean by an efflux of hot girl-cum that erupted from her urethra. Their orgasmic cocktail quickly became a foamy froth that churned around their pink genital flesh.

It was several minutes before the bucking, writhing and groans of pleasure stopped. Shelly rested on top of her boy, her sticky, sweaty tits still plastered to his chest like soft warm bread dough. She loved the feel of his fat cock still stuffed inside her vagina. “*My God, it's still hard!*” she thought, then lifted her head and looked down into her boy's eyes.

“Can you go again, honey?” she softly asked.

“Of course,” Alan said with a sigh.

It was music to the hypersexual mother's ears. She quickly rose up off him, her giant heavy tits wobbling around as she got on her hands and knees, then pointed her meaty bare buttocks back at her teen. “Can we do MY favorite position now?”

Outside, the storm rumbled. The wind had created drifts nearly three-feet deep against the house, and the snow was still dropping heavily.

Inside, Alan had a firm grip on his mom's hips. A repetitive SMACKING sound filled his bedroom as his mom's ass-globes beat back against his crotch. He reached up and wiped the perspiration from his brow. For nearly an hour now he'd been fucking her doggy-style, just the way she loved it.

Shelly peered back at him with a lusty gaze. “Slap my ass again, baby!” she said with thrill in her voice.

Alan obliged, smacking his mom ass-cheek with a sharp strike. “I hope those red handprints don't stay there for dad to see,” he said.

“Well, if you just keep doing it, my ass will be so covered it'll just look like one big welt, and I can tell him I sat on something hot outside.”

“Sounds convincing, except for the fact that there's a blizzard outside, mom, and it's like twelve degrees,” Alan reminded her.

“Oh...true. Well, just keep slapping it anyway while you fuck me. I'll think of something else to tell him.”

Alan took another swing at his mom's swiveling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-cheek ripple delightfully as his open hand slapped against it.”

The boy's unyielding prick pounded through her juicy cunt-slot. In the course of an hour, his mom had cum on his cock seven times, and she was quickly rising toward the peak of yet another gushing climax.

“My God, I never knew a cock could stay SO hard for SO long,” the mother thought, as she threw her ass back against her boy, meeting him hump for hump.

As he had many times over the past hour, Alan leaned over his mom's back, reached under and gasped her wildly swinging tits. His hands dug into their squishy flesh, and he felt streams of tit-milk ooze out between his fingers.

Shelly and her son had developed a wonderful fuck-rhythm, making Alan's boner plunge through her pussy-tube with full length thrusts. Just before his bulbous tip would emerge from her twat, he slammed it back in deeply, making his blood-engorged tip pop into her tight cervical ring.

It was inside that little sweet spot that the boy would pump out his hot load, wondering if there was a chance of getting his mom pregnant, since he was technically cumming inside a dilated portion of her cervix. He decided if his mom wasn't worried, that neither was he.

After a joint shower, with lots stroking, kissing and flirting, Shelly led her son back to his bed. They stopped beside his mattress like a couple of horny naked newlyweds, and the mother gazed down at his jutting cock. “Does that thing ever go soft?” she playfully asked.

“Not when you're around.”

“Good,” she said, hugging onto to him, so her oversized melons bulged out between them. “We definitely don't want it soft when I'm around.”

“I agree.”

“It can't enjoy mommy's wet pink pussy if it's soft,” Shelly said in a cute sexy tone.

She quickly squatted down in front of him. “Or her wet cock-sucking mouth,” she added, the stuffed her boy's meat between the stretched ring of her lips, swallowing his entire dong, pressing her nose into his crotch.

“Wow!” the boy exclaimed, feeling his boner soak in the tunnel of her throat.

The mother came up for air, then immediately swallowed his dick again. This time she began to give him a delightful oral fuck, plunging his boner through her mouth with the skill of a cock-sucking expert.

While sucking vigorously, Shelly grasped her boy's cock at the root, beating his boner into her hot sucking mouth. She popped it out and attacked his glans with her tongue, fluttering her long licker all over the pinkish-purple surface of his swollen knob. After driving him crazy with lashing licks, she went back to blowing his penis, bobbing her head up and back tirelessly.

"Damn, mom, you are REALLY good at that," her boy confessed, watching her hanging tit-knockers bobble around from the motion of her constant sucking.

His dick popped from between her lips. "Well, we stay-at-home moms have to be good at something," she said, then looped her tongue around the edge of his coronal ridge. "It might as well be cooking, cleaning and sucking cock."

"How lucky am I? Since you do all three for me."

"Oh, are you suggesting that mom become your full-time cock-gobbler?" she asked, gazing up at him while holding his dick to her mouth like a meaty microphone.

"Well, in order to stay good at something, you have to practice, right?"

Shelly slowly rolled her tongue around his bell tip, while staring up into his eyes teasingly. Her long hair was still damp from the shower, slicked back in a sexy manner. "I'll practice on this big tonsil tickler any day," she said with a wink.

The mother rose back up, but kept her tight clasp on her boy's cock-root. She pulled him by his dick onto the mattress. "I have something else in mind right now though," she said.

Alan watched his mom fall onto her back, and scissor her smooth motherly legs back in the widest spread he had ever seen. "Instead of tickling my tonsils, you can pound my cunt. How's that sound?"

Alan licked his lips, his eyes drifting from her splayed cuntal curtains, to the two huge milkers drooping heavily off the sides of her chest. "Sounds amazing," he answered.

Shelly extended one sexy leg his direction. Starting from his scrotum, she drug her sexy toes, with their ruby painted toenails, up between his nuts, then along the underside of his rigid cock, stopping at his frenulum and rubbing her big toe against it. "Then what are you wait for? Come fuck me senseless," the mother said, gazing eagerly at her boy.

He was on top of her in a split-second. His fat peter-tip split her hymen and sunk into the greedy grip of her slippery pussy.

Shelly kept her legs wide open, with her dainty feet pointed back towards each end of the headboard. Alan punched his cock home, taking full-length thrusts, so his heavy balls beat against his mom's upturned ass.

"Yess!" the mother screamed shamelessly. "Pound the fuck outta me!"

Alan's young ass bobbed up and down between the cradle of his mom's smooth thighs as their bellies beat together. He loved feeling her soft motherly body beneath him, and when he felt her strong freshly-shaved legs curl around his back, clutching him like a fuck-harness, his boner gave off a mighty flex, that was immediately met with a tender cuntal squeeze.

The boy raised his chest off his mom, propping himself on extended arms, while he continued fucking into her. He did this so he could look down and watch his mom's tits dance across her chest to the rhythm of his humping.

"You like watching these big boobs bounce around while you fuck me, honey?" Shelly asked him.

"Do I ever!" he said, staring at the huge round pillows of flesh as they rolled and rippled up and down her chest. Her fat erect nipples pointed straight up from the centers of her puffy pink areola.

"Why don't you latch onto one, and suck like your baby sister does."

Alan lowered himself down and clamped his lips around one of her swollen teats. Using some suction, he gorged himself on as much boobie-flesh as he could get into his mouth, which included her entire areola. He was rewarded with a sudden gush of warm nectar that squirted from several different milk ducts surrounding her nipple.

Shelly reacted with a sudden shiver as she was struck with leg-shaking orgasm. She grunted wildly, arching her beautiful head back in ecstasy as pleasure shot through her heavy-titted body.

Alan snarled, making hot tit-milk spew out the sides of his mouth as he felt his mom's love-juice wash over his pink dick. Shelly had recently pushed out a baby, so her pelvic floor was strong, especially since she was practically in the birthing position as her son fucked her. She tightened her silky legs, lifting as high up around her boy's back as she could, then crisscrossed her ankles, so she could lock herself around his humping frame. Grasping him as tightly as she could, she gritted her teeth together and began pushing, as if giving birth.

Her nipple popped wetly from Alan's mouth as he groaned in delight from the exquisite friction around his boner.

Shelly relaxed her cuntal muscles, but only for a second, then pushed again. As she was pushing out, Alan continued to sock his cock through, and he was met with the tightest, juiciest piece of pussy he'd ever plunged his dick through.

"Ohhh wow!" his pleasure-filled voice quivered.

"Ohhh, baby, yess! Give it to my pussy!" his mom mewled.

She knew this was never something she could do with her husband Mitchell. His cock simply wasn't hard and strong enough to handle this sort of friction. Alan's boner was a different story. His long blood-engorged dick carved a path right through all the clenching cuntal and muscular flesh, like a sexual battering ram, the veins and tendons at the thick root of his cock jutting and flexing powerfully, sustaining the force of his pistoning cock-shaft. The hot vaginal mucus that secreted from Shelly's walls created more than enough lube for such an assault.

Alan's hot orgasm was coming on so quickly that he decided to drive his cock in as deep as it could go and hold it there. However, this put his knob right inside her cervical socket again, and when she pushed, Alan felt like his dick-tip was being dipped in hot honey.

"Ohhh!" he whimpered, then groaned again when he felt the ring retract, clenching his glans and fitting itself around the neck of his knob, so he was securely inside his mom's cervix.

This immediately triggered his nuts to unload an army of fresh semen.

Shelly frantically reached down between their bumping bellies and began rubbing her big fleshy clitoris. Mom and son erupted at once, their hot bodily fluids squelching out the mother's cock-stuffed cunt. The pretty mom's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she flopped around beneath her boy like a shameless whore, having the orgasm of her life.

"Well, don't you look like you've just survived a tornado," Jeanie said, watching her daughter-in-law move exhaustingly into the kitchen for coffee.

"Survived a horny teenager more like," the mother joked.

"And, was it any good?"

"Any good?" Shelly giggled. "Only the best sex of my life."

"I had a feeling it would be," Jeanie said. "Plus, I kinda figured it was, when I woke up every half-hour to hear my daughter-in-law screaming out in pleasure."

"Sorry," Shelly said with a blush.

"Don't be. Sounds like you got exactly what you were hoping for."

"That I did," Shelly said, taking a sip of her coffer. "And I'm HOPING for a lot more this morning."

"Ok...now this old lady's getting jealous," Jeanie said.

"You have your son Nathan."

"Yes, I know, but he's not exactly eighteen anymore.," Jeanie said.

"He's not doing it for you?"

"Well, no, I don't me that. Nathan still packs a powerful punch, but he's not Alan. His dick isn't as long and thick, and...well, let's just leave it at...he's not Alan."

"Jeanie! Are you saying you wanna seduce my Alan?" Shelly teased.

"Well, we're all snowed in. What else is an old lady got to on a snowy day than seduce her grandson. Besides, I really like that other outfit you were considering wearing for him, and I think it just might fit me."

"You do huh?" Shelly asked with a smile.

"I do," Jeanie said, then started towards Shelly's bedroom. "Wanna help me get ready?"

THE END

