



*Stepmom's*  
**GLORY HOLE**  
TOMMY TABOO



TOMMY SILVER

Stepmom's Glory Hole

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*First edition*

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# Chapter 1

I sighed, took off my headset and tossed it at the keyboard. It was another day. Another day where I mindlessly played computer games. I leaned back, and the fake leather was slowly peeling off the computer chair. There were already deep, visible scratches on the floor from the chair's wheels. I'd used it abusively since I quit high school and couldn't find a job.

I massaged my temples and felt a throbbing headache rising as I stared at the screen for way too long. I looked at the window covered by blinds, and I was dying to see the sun again. I rose from my miserable chair and opened the blinds to let the early morning sun in. The light streamed in and filled the room to the point I had to squint. After my eyes adjusted to the bright light, I placed my hands on the windowsill and looked out. Teens walked hand in hand outside the street. The boys were flirting with the girls and laughed. I didn't understand how it was possible to be so happy.

I'd promised my stepmom to find a job, but it was a promise I'd failed to keep. When I'd dropped the bomb and told her that I wouldn't go to college, it devastated her as I saw wrinkles of worry for the first time on her gorgeous face. We weren't poor, so my stepmother could easily cover the college costs.

I lived with my stepmom since my parents were divorced. My biological mother had tragically died when I was still a child, and my father had remarried Alina, my stepmom. Both my parents had been financially responsible, and my father was a wealthy entrepreneur. But he wasn't the most respectable and honest man out there as he'd cheated on her several times. When my stepmother divorced my father, she was left with a lot of money. She could have easily paid for my college education without me becoming a debt-slave, but I couldn't endure another four years of schooling.

The high school years were a turbulent time in my life. My parents' fighting got out of control which weighed me down, and my lack of confidence just got worse. I didn't know what to do with my life, so I sought comfort in computer games and porn, but it didn't help me so well since I now felt more depressed than ever.

I'd tried to make some changes earlier like stop masturbating. But it only led me to mindlessly check escort ads which then led me to going to the arcade for the glory hole. I'd told myself it would help me break the ice and perhaps find a girl or a job. The first blowjob I got was an amazing experience, but unfortunately, it didn't help me break the ice, and it didn't help me find a girl either. It helped me leave my bedroom, but that was about it.

I sighed and wondered what to do. I threw a glance at my computer, considering my options. It was that time of the day; I would either touch myself or go to the arcade to visit the glory hole. That place was about to bankrupt me as the damages were quite high. It wasn't really legal to pay for such services, but no one snitched either. It was always thrilling when I poked my cock through the hole, letting a woman on the other side, that I



imagined to be gorgeous, suck and enjoy my shaft. It was a tug of war since porn was equally as tempting, especially milf porn, but nowadays I needed stronger stuff. I found it both difficult and embarrassing to think over my habit. I'd been peeking at stepmom and stepson porn, and it felt so good and thrilling. It had been one of my biggest fetiches to have my way with my stepmom, but it seemed so far-fetched and unrealistic. My stepmom was gorgeous, and I couldn't stop thinking of her.

I made a decision and decided to save the taboo porn for bedtime. I'd been sitting inside here for way too long.

\* \* \*

Crossing the street, I stuffed my hands into my pockets and walked on. Even if I was wearing a cap, it was still so bright outside that I had to squint. I tugged a bit at the collar of my wrinkly shirt. It was always hot and sunny in California, but it just made my depression worse when I saw everyone skateboarding past me and smiling from ear to ear. I couldn't relate to their joy and probably never would either.

It became even more difficult when I saw the young girls dressed in bikinis. They swayed their hips on their way, and they wore their hair loose. I was mesmerized by their shapes and curves, and couldn't stop thinking of how it would feel to penetrate one.

Reaching the arcade, I opened the door and made sure to hide my face under the brim of the cap. I went up to the counter and pulled out a fifty-dollar bill and gently put it there. I looked through the corners of my eyes, hoping no one noticed what I was there for. "What's good, Dan?" the clerk said with a grin. He took the cash and already knew what I wanted. Even if I

had been here many times before, we had to be discreet.

"It's all good," I said a bit awkwardly and scratched my neck.

He put his elbow on the counter and propped his head up on his hand. "Dude ... we got a smoking hot woman all the way at the end ... a gorgeous milf."

"I love milfs," I said. It was no exaggeration. If you typed the letter, m, in my browser, you would see thousands of pornographic websites. Upon his revelation, I grew way harder and couldn't wait for her to blow me.

"Go all the way there. I'm not playing, dude," he said and whistled softly to himself. "I wish I could have my way with her, but she was stubborn. She just wanted to try something new. It's beyond me that such women exist."

"I guess divorces and such might be the culprit," I said with a shrug.

"Who knows. Anyway, enjoy your time, brother," he said and waggled his eyebrows.

I stuffed my hands into my pockets and went down the stairs. I went straight for the cubicle he talked about. Luckily, it was open for me. I snuck inside and pulled the curtains shut. When I finally had some privacy, I popped wood and my erection was about to burst through the zipper. I always made sure to tweak my voice to make sure they wouldn't recognize me. I knew I was just being paranoid since I didn't really know any women. I knocked on the wall. "Anyone there?"

"I'm here," she responded. The tone of her voice was soft, warm and gentle. It was so feminine and sweet, and upon hearing her voice, I arched my eyebrow. It sounded oddly familiar, and so familiar I felt sweat running down the sides of my head. My hands froze by the zipper, but I started debating whether I was getting paranoid or not. Finally, I pulled the

zipper down and let my pants fall to my ankles. I pulled down my underwear and freed my massive erection from its confines. It rose like a menacing weapon, reaching all the way up to my chest. I was well-endowed, and it was the primary reason why I always wore baggy shorts.

It was something I learned when I first went here a couple of months ago. The woman on the other side just started laughing hysterically and said something in Spanish. I understood *me gusto* and *inmenso*, and also the fact she was stunned by it.

I aligned my giant cock with the hole and slowly pushed it through. I could imagine her eyes widening as I kept going, inch after inch.

"Holy moly," she said and sounded stunned. "Are you a pornstar by any chance?" she joked.

"Uhm, no."

I felt her soft, delicate fingers curling around the middle of my shaft, and it was the softest touch I'd felt in my life. The clerk wasn't joking. She must be a goddess. I imagined what she looked like, and it sparked my imagination. She stroked me slowly, running her hand up and down my length. She spat in her hands and covered my entire manhood in her fresh saliva.

"Here goes," she said. I felt her pure mouth engulf my manhood. She sucked me in, and I imagined how it disappeared down her precious throat and how she swallowed most of it.

"Gosh," I said and couldn't tweak my voice. She made some sucking sounds as I felt my erection glide in and out of her wet mouth. She must be bobbing her head and sealing her lips tightly around my girth as she kept going. I closed my eyes and imagined her looks and desires as she kept giving me a wonderful head. I felt a rush of euphoria that rocked me to the very core.

"Ah, ah, ah," I said as my knees buckled. It was so sweet as my cock kept penetrating her lips and sliding over her soft tongue. I even heard her saliva drip down to the floor as she kept making the dirtiest sucking sounds. She increased her pace, and she started gagging. It was all mouth and no hands. I clawed the wall, wanting to just tear it down. The orgasm built so suddenly, and my knees grew weak. I tried thrusting my hips further in pursuit of that sweet friction. But I trembled and the orgasm rushed through me with force as she sucked the cum out of my cock. The ropes kept splashing against her inner cheeks. She didn't come off but kept her lips wrapped around my manhood as every drop of my cum kept falling down her gullet. Time stood still for a moment as I'd never felt anything like it. Sighing in relief, I looked at the wall and questioned if one day I would be able to tear it down and finally have sex with a woman.

She came off with a pop, and I felt how she cleaned my cock with her tongue, running it up and down my length. "What a load," she said with a giggle. "How old are you?"

The question made me stiffen. "Twenty-five," I lied. I was actually nineteen, but something told me in the back of my head that she'd recognize my voice.

"Very impressive size and cumshot," she said excitedly.

"Thank you," I said and pulled my underwear and pants up. I felt suddenly uncomfortable for some reason. I hurriedly pulled the curtain aside. I jogged up the stairs and kept my eyes on the floor as I made my way to the door. I opened it and headed back home. I usually felt good after leaving the arcade, but something disturbed me, and I couldn't pinpoint what it was.

I crossed the street and passed a mother taking a walk with her son. "Mom, can you buy me a new iPhone?" he asked. When he said, it suddenly clicked. I halted in my tracks in the middle

of the street. The woman at the glory hole ... It dawned on me that she sounded identical to. I tried catching my breath, but my heart suddenly raced and sweat soaked my shirt. "No ... It can't be," I told myself.

My stepmom would never go to such a place, but on the other hand, she'd been single ever since the divorce. She usually invited her gorgeous sister, Isabella, over, but always mentioned that she wanted to wait for a new relationship. But she'd also said she found a new hobby that she wanted to try out. Maybe I was overthinking it. It couldn't be her. I refused to believe it. Shaking my head, I continued to walk home.

\* \* \*

Ever since coming home from the arcade, I had just been sitting on the edge of my bed. With my face in my hands, I kept staring right at the floor. I hadn't been able to do anything. I couldn't play Counter-Strike. I couldn't get myself something to eat, and I couldn't even clean my room. I kept debating whether it was my stepmom or not. A voice in my head clearly said it was her and the other refused to believe it. I tried to get my act together, but it proved to be difficult.

My stepmom pulled up the driveway, and I sat up with a jolt and made my way to the window. She stepped out of the car, wearing a burgundy, knee-length pencil dress with spaghetti straps that showed off her amazing cleavage. She wore her light blonde hair loose that spilled over her perfectly shaped body. Her high heels clacked against the walkway as she made her way up to the door. I watched how her natural boobs jiggled inside her bra, and my cock was already bonking against the windowsill.

She opened the door and stepped inside. "Dan?" she called for me downstairs in her sweet, motherly voice.

My heart raced. I cleared my throat and tried to hide my nerves. "I'm upstairs."

"Can you come down for a sec?"

My face darkened. Had she figured it out? I prayed she hadn't, and I prayed it wasn't her who'd blown me earlier. Even if I had fantasized about this earlier, actually doing it was another thing. I tucked my cock into the waistband and made my way down the stairs. She stood there in the middle of the hall and looked stunning as always. I inhaled deeply and caught the scent of her rosy perfume. Her full, red lips tugged into a smile. She wore no lipstick since her lips had a natural red color, and her lips were endowed with the perfect cupid's bow. I questioned if I had just been in her mouth since her voice was identical to the woman on the other side of the glory hole. "Have you sent out any resumes yet?" she asked and searched my face with her blue, sparkling eyes.

I breathed out in relief, but I wasn't sure if this was a victory. I hated seeing her disappointed, but I'd prepared for a worse scenario. I lowered my head in shame. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," she said and smiled even if I could tell something suppressed it. "We can talk about it later." She looked at me, and I could tell she felt bad for me. She was the sweetest mother one could have, and she didn't have the heart to be mad at me or throw me out. "What do you want for dinner?" she asked.

"Just something," I said. I found it difficult to look at her or even listen to her, especially as my eyes strayed to her lips.

"Are you alright?" she questioned and arched an eyebrow.

"Yeah ... Uhm, where have you been?"

"I tried out my new hobby," she said and sounded genuinely

pleased.

“Did you enjoy it?” I asked and found it odd she hadn’t told me what it even was.

“I did,” she said with a light chuckle. “I also went to my sister’s yoga class, so that’s why I’m a bit behind schedule. I’ll prepare something for you and we can eat outside, okay?”

“Sure,” I said. I snuck up to my bedroom and questions whirled around my mind. Maybe it was her, and she hadn’t recognized me. That was the dream scenario since I’d always dreamed of having her lips wrapped around my manhood, but at the same time, it was so weird.

After I talked to her, I felt a bit better. I plopped down on my computer chair and punched the power button.

\* \* \*

“Dan, dinner is ready,” she called from downstairs. I tossed the headset back to the keyboard and smelled the heavenly burger patties that waited for me on the veranda. Since I hadn’t eaten since breakfast, I ran down. After I played some Counter-Strike, I forgot about our conversation. I tried my hardest not to think about it. If it was her and she had recognized me, she must have had a pretty damn good poker face to hide it.

I stepped outside and was greeted by the warm weather and’s rosy perfume. She’d ditched the pencil dress for a perfectly-fitting top and a skin-tight skirt, hugging her massive hips. Turning around with the plates of burger patties in her hands, she bumped into the chair with her hips. “Why does this always happen?” she said jokingly with a laugh and shook her head. She placed the plates on the table and then bent over to pick the chair up. While being bent at the waist, she flashed her full moon

that was shaped in the perfect heart. It was so mesmerizing and curvy; it made my cock painfully hard. Luckily, I'd already tucked it into the waistband, but it still rose under my shirt like a great bulge. I studied her great shape, and when she turned around, she caught me looking. My face flushed, and the blush spread to my neck and chest.

"Dan, it's okay," she said and her cheeks pinked. "Let's have a seat."

"I was just thinking about something," I said and tried to make up a lousy excuse. She'd already set the table and prepared the patio umbrella. I sat down and my eyes swept over the table. The glass jar was filled with my favorite strawberry juice. Along with burger patties, there was cheese, lettuce, fried bacon and my favorite sauce. Everything she cooked was divine. I started questioning why she'd made this to me when she was disappointed.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked and gave me a curious look.

"Just something," I said.

She leaned over, exposing the outer part of her creamy breasts, and she gently stroked my hand with hers. "Don't worry about it," she said and didn't judge me after having looked at her. "Let's dig in."

I slapped the slices of cheese on top of the warm, juicy meat and let it melt over the edges. I also added some bacon and lettuce on top. Holding the burger in both of my hands, I finally sank my teeth into the bun, and the flavors exploded in my mouth. It was so tender and had so many flavors. I tasted chives, the fresh meat, the salt and fat of the bacon and the smoked sauce. I devoured it in no time and quickly made myself another.



She took a sip and managed to spill on her top, making it a see-through. "Excuse me," she said with an eye roll. I noticed she had gotten a nice tan when she tried sticking her hand into the cleavage to thoroughly clean her skin. I was popping wood, and it put me in a difficult situation.

"So, how's your day been?" she asked and crumpled up the paper and tossed it aside.

Finishing my third burger, I leaned back and felt stuffed. "The usual," I said and felt bad for giving her that shallow answer.

"Dan, we can't have it like this," she said and crossed her arms across her chest, right under her breasts. "I love you. I truly do, but I know you aren't feeling well. And I want the best for you."

This wasn't the first time she told me that. "I'm sorry ... I'll try to see if I can find a job tomorrow."

"There's something that's bothering you," she said. She uncrossed her arms, leaned over the table and placed her tender hand on mine. As soon as I felt her soft touch, my blush returned to full force. It was her hand that had touched me earlier ... It had to be. No one had such soft skin as my stepmom. "Honey, what's wrong?"

"Why do you ask me this all of a sudden?" I asked as I stuttered and stammered. I knew it myself. It had been my stepmother sucking me at the glory hole. If she only knew that she'd blown her stepson.

"Because I've realized that something is wrong, and I want to know if it's my fault."

I finally looked up to her and met her blue eyes like two pieces of the sky. I find her suggestion ridiculous. I wasn't the most responsible teen out there, but I clearly didn't want to dump my problems on the sweetest woman in my life—Alina. She raised me since she was in her early twenties, and she was now

thirty-seven. She'd been the most responsible and dedicated mother out there. "What makes you say that?"

"I was thinking about the divorce and the way your father and I fought ... I have a feeling it might be the reason why you became so isolated."

I'd been isolated for years, so it didn't make sense that she brought it up now. "Why do you bring that up now though?"

She drew in a deep breath and pushed her hair between her ears, so not a single strand veiled her gorgeous face. "Why did you go to the arcade?" She dropped the bomb, and now it felt like the blush devoured every inch of my skin. I was about to pass out. "Here, take something to drink. I'll ease you into it."

I reached for the glass, but my hand trembled to the point the juice spilled all over my hand. I took a couple of sips and then put down the glass. I stared blankly at the table and couldn't look into her eyes any longer. "What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about," she said and sounded concerned for me.

I closed my eyes. "So, it was you ..."

"It was ... I'm assuming you're probably questioning what I was doing there."

"I certainly do."

"If I'll give you my side of the story, do you promise me to give yours? We used to be so much closer after all."

"Alright," I said and opened my eyes. I was curious as well what she'd been doing there.

"When we divorced, I didn't want to see a man ever again. The way your father treated me wasn't the best, to put it mildly." She was being respectful since he was still my father, but when they'd fought, they'd called each other degrading names and hurled vicious insults at each other. "But as time moved on, I

couldn't ignore my needs, so I still wanted a part of a man," she said with a straight face. "But not the man, so I thought it was appropriate to try out the glory holes. When I heard your voice, I recognized you straight away, but I kept my face straight since you were quite well hung and it was one of the most beautiful cocks I'd ever seen. I've also had some fantasies ever since we moved from your father. But when you left the arcade, reality hit me like a ton of bricks. I started questioning why you went to such a place. Why weren't you seeing girls or being outside and having fun? I felt so bad for everything ..." Tears welled up in her eyes. She reached for a napkin, dried her tear-stained eyes and crumpled up the napkin. "Why would such a young handsome man like you visit such a place? We shouldn't have fought in front of you. We shouldn't have used you as some middleman."

"Mom," I said and cut her off. I couldn't let her beat herself up over this. I couldn't stand seeing her in tears. "You can't lay all the blame on you. My father is a pig. He cheated on you several times."

"But I could've handled it differently," she admitted.

"I could have been there for you too. You sacrificed your youth just to raise me."

"First of all, I didn't sacrifice anything. I love you and want to raise you well. Secondly, Dan, you were always there for me," she said and tilted her head to the side. "When I sat all alone on the couch and cried, you were the first who reached out for me. You couldn't even play any computer games while I was weeping. I'm just so sorry for everything."

"I forgive you," I said. "But I still will never point my finger at you."

She dabbed the napkin to her high, pink cheekbones as tears

leaked from her eyes. "I want to make it up for you," she said and a smile brightened her face. "A mother sees more than you think ... I know you've been looking at me." She kept her voice low in case our neighbors eavesdropped.

"It's not what you t-think," I said and swallowed hard.

"I just caught you staring at my bottom a few minutes ago," she said and gave me a look.

"I ..."

"Dan," she said with her tender voice and drew a circle on top of my hand. "I opened up for you and please, open up for me. We shouldn't have a wall between us. I want to see you thrive and happy. I owe it to you."

"I also want to see you happy," I said.

"Then please open up for me."

"Okay," I admitted, "I've had some fantasies about you."

"What kind of fantasies?"

I sighed heavily. "Sexual," I admitted. "It started when I hit puberty, and I noticed how you kept turning heads. It didn't help that every single guy from high school hit on you and made lewd comments. I felt so awkward about it. I couldn't help but find you attractive, but it felt so wrong at the same time."

"Please, listen, there's nothing wrong with it," she said. "Even if I've raised you like a mother, we aren't related."

I looked up at her and wasn't sure where this conversation was going. "Are you sure?"

She nodded. "I owe you a big one, and I won't give up till I see you smile again."

"I see," I said.

There was silence till she asked, "Did you recognize my voice?"

"I did, but I found it difficult to believe you would go to such

a place, but it all makes sense after you explained it to me. I understand why you don't want to see a guy again ... even if every single guy wants to see you."

"I'm glad you're understanding about this," she said. "Are you comfortable with this? I just have to make sure before we take a step further."

"I am," I said. It felt a bit taboo, but she was my stepmother after all, and I'd dreamed about this for so long. I didn't want to put my forbidden dreams on hold any longer.

"I'm glad we're on the same page," she said. "I have plans to make some rearrangements down in the basement. I'll make a bed ready, but it will be separated by a glory hole, and after you've completed milestones, we'll tear pieces of it till we've fully torn it down. What do you think about that?"

"You're very creative," I complimented her and found it hard to believe we would actually do this. "What's the first milestone, by the way?"

"I want you to go to the gym ... not just for a day but for two weeks straight. Just so I know you're committed. I'll then award you with another blow job at the glory hole."

"Two weeks," I said to myself and mulled it over. "This will be the longest two weeks of my life."

She leaned over and patted my hand, her touch so addictive. "Time goes fast ... especially when you're committed."

I felt her warm, sweet breath against my face, and her wisdom dawned on me. "How far should we go with this?" I asked her.

"Till we'll tear that wall down," she said cryptically. "I owe this to you since I'm responsible for your isolation whether you want to admit it or not."

"What gym can you recommend to me?"

She brought out her phone and sent me the address on

Messenger. She also reached for her wallet and handed over a fifty-dollar bill. "I need more if I'll buy a yearly subscription," I told her.

She broke out in a smile, stood up and placed both her hands on my shoulders. "Stand up." I did, and she opened up her arms and pulled me in a warm hug. Her fingers gently caressed the curves of my spine. She pressed her body closer to mine, her soft boobs to my chest and her nipples poking my pecs. Her body radiated warmth that warmed my core with a euphoria I'd never felt. "I'm so proud of you. I'm convinced you'll succeed with this."

"Yeah," I said and was speechless for that intimate hug as it felt like the world around us faded away. She broke the hug and brought out six hundred bucks. "That's the price for a yearly subscription."

"Thanks," I said.

While standing so intimately close, she let her hand fall between my legs. With the tip of her finger, she traced the bulge from the root and up to the very tip. She bit her bottom lip, and her breathing deepened. She had, after all, been man-famished for all these years, and I could smell something sweet and sticky running down her legs. "Do you mind if I touch it again?"

Her hug and brief touch had hardened me to concrete. I quickly shook my head as I craved her intimate, forbidden touch. "No ... not at all," I whispered.

She reached under my shirt and curled her fingers around my girth. I stared right at her breasts as her nipples stiffened to the point of daggers. She ran her hand up and down my length, skin to skin. She naughtily looked over her shoulder to make sure our neighbors weren't watching. There was something

in her deep breathing and light moaning that made me believe that she enjoyed this as much as I did.

“Oh, Mom,” I said and surrendered to her, letting my imagination take me further as I spilled my precum on her finger. But suddenly, she removed her hand from my shaft, and my dream bubble burst. I felt a stabbing pain in my balls that had probably become blue at this point.

“I’m doing this for you and not myself,” she said, like a responsible mother. “I’ll prepare the glory hole in the meanwhile, and I can’t wait to see the results.”

“Me neither,” I said.

She turned to the table and started taking the dishes. She left me there with the most painful erection I ever had in my life. I turned to her, and she moved into the kitchen. She had a crystal-clear drop trailing down the insides of her thighs. I vowed to myself to not disappoint her ever again. If she was willing to do something for me, I had to do something for her too. I could feel it. This was the turning point of my life. The tide had finally turned.

## Chapter 2

I lifted the dumbbell and did another bicep curl as sweat dripped down my neck. I paused briefly at the top and squeezed my bicep as I grunted. I let out a breath of relief. I managed twelve reps with forty pounds in each arm, which was a major progress. I put them back on the rack and wiped myself with the towel. I looked myself in the mirror and saw the results of two weeks of hard training. Some said you had to wait years till you would see any results, but I saw it right in front of my eyes. My muscles were more toned and slightly bigger. They throbbed too, and the veins crisscrossed beneath the surface of the skin. My skin had also cleared up and glowed with health and vigor. My back was straight, and I felt more confident after having left the miserable bedroom.

My gym journey has been smooth so far. I had been afraid that popping wood might be a problem since there were plenty of gorgeous girls and women walking around, but even if they were the same age as I, they were no match to Alina. She was the most gorgeous lady out there. I was wearing baggy shorts just in case of an emergency, but I had been focused during most of my time here.

This was the second week, and I found it hard to believe I'd



actually gone here to begin with. I'd been nervous the first day but the staff and people were all friendly. I now felt hooked since I had already seen progress. The evenings and nights had been painful, especially with my hot stepmom around the household. I had stroked myself once in the shower since the blue balls had been so painful, and I imagined it was my stepmother who gave me a helping hand.

But today, after we would eat dinner, her reward was waiting for me, and I couldn't wait to have her lips wrapped around my cock. Even if it was taboo, I couldn't resist her.

\* \* \*

After taking a shower and putting my clothes back on, I stepped outside and spotted my stepmother who had parked her car right outside. For today, she wanted to pick me up. She had postponed a yoga class with her sister to prepare the glory hole for us, so I understood why she wanted to see me. She wore her shades, but I could easily tell she was proud of me. She opened the door for me, and I sat down in her car. She drew a circle on my thigh immediately, and I turned to her. Her smooth lips neared my forehead, and she intimately pressed them there, leaving a damp patch of skin behind. "You make me so proud," she said.

I felt my erection rise after that kiss and a shiver ran down my spine. She hadn't kissed me there since I hit puberty. Her sweet, rosy perfume hung in the car, and she wore one of her sexy pencil dresses that hugged her curves at all the right places. "I'm glad," I responded after having remained silent for too long. Her kiss numbed my senses.

She pushed the button of the car and started the engine. "You

look a thousand times healthier and happier," she pointed out.

"I feel better too," I said. "Just a bit lonely."

"We'll work on it," she said. "I promise we will. You managed to go to the gym and you will manage so much else."

"I wouldn't have without your incentive," I told her.

We exchanged glances. "The glory hole is ready," she said and broke out in a grin. "Let's just eat dinner first, and we'll then check out the basement."

I sighed and couldn't wait. She held onto the wheel with her left and stroked my length under my shirt with her right hand. "Two weeks flew by and we'll be down there in no time."

"Right," I said and watched as her hand glided up and down on my erection.

She pulled up the driveway and killed the engine. We jumped out of the car. I tried to look elsewhere as she swayed her hips on her way, and her blonde hair dazzled my eyes. It proved to be difficult since my eyes kept straying to her bottom, and I fantasized about penetrating her. I wasn't sure if she wanted to take it that far. She'd mentioned a blowjob for now, which she'd already given me, but at least I could see her this time when I plunged my cock into her mouth.

"What do you have for dinner?" I asked her as we stepped into the foyer.

"A pot roast," she said with a smile. "I also bought some ice cream for dessert."

My lips slid up into a grin at first, but then I just reminded myself it would take longer till she could blow me again. I went up the stairs and threw the gym bag on my bed. I glanced at the computer and stared dumbfoundedly at it. I didn't feel the need to log on. It wasn't tempting any longer. Instead, I went

down the stairs and grabbed a book.

Outside on the veranda, I plopped down on one of the sun loungers. While my stepmom was in the kitchen, the divine flavors spread outside. I watched my stepmother bent at the waist several times as she rummaged in the cabinets. I'd seen so many girls and women at the gym, and it was crazy to believe they were no match for her in terms of beauty.

She set the table and smiled even prouder as I read. "What are you pondering over?"

"At the gym ... there were so many young girls there, but they looked nowhere near as good as you. I just find it hard to believe."

Her cheeks colored like tulips. "You can't be serious."

"I would never lie to you. They have cracks on their lips and not the best skin. They covered their faces with makeup. You're all natural. You're a rare gem."

"You're a rare gem," she said. She leaned in and kissed my forehead again. It felt like every one of her kisses could knock me out. I wished she would go a bit lower and perhaps kiss my lips too. "Give me ten minutes and we'll eat."

Eventually, she came out with the pot roast surrounded by root vegetables covered in honey and flakes of salt. We loaded up our plates, and the meat was so tender it melted at the touch of the fork. The vegetables had soaked up the flavors of the broth along with the honey and salt. I drizzled the sauce over the top and rubbed my hands together as I was about to take the first bite. Putting the fork in my mouth, I felt how all the ingredients just melted. The parsnip and sweet potato went so well with the tender meat. It was perfect, and I devoured it quickly.

I tried to focus on my eating, but as usual, I couldn't stop

staring at her breasts. She asked me how it was at the gym, and I told her about my progress.

"That's impressive," she said. "You're already getting stronger."

Her compliment uplifted me as I looked at my muscles and felt them too. "Thank you."

She was about to reach for a napkin, but her busty breasts knocked her glass of water over. She rolled her eyes as it spilled over her white dress. She stood up, and I could see country miles of her thighs under the wet patch. "Sorry about that," she said.

"It's okay ... Do you want help?"

"Sure, take the dishes in the meantime while I change."

"Will do," I said as she disappeared into her bedroom. "Gosh," I whispered and gripped my cock and stroked it slowly. She was just so hot at times it was painful.

I took the dishes in the meantime and also made sure to splash some cold water on my face. Once finished with the dishes, I went back outside and sat under the shade. She strode out from her bedroom, wearing a triangle bikini top. The top lifted her massive bust while the bottoms hugged her hips and showcased her honey-toned flesh. Every curve of her physique looked sculpted and toned. She moved with grace and confidence, leaning her shoulder on the doorframe.

"Are you ready for ice cream?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, and my jaw was about to drop. She turned around, and my eyes were glued to her bottom as she moved back to the kitchen. She came out with two bowls of vanilla ice cream, topped with strawberries and chocolate.

"Thank you," I said after she put the bowl on the table. The spoon melted through the cream, and I raised it to my mouth.

It was delicious and exactly what I needed in a moment like this. It was torturous when I saw my hot stepmother gorging on ice cream, sucking and licking the spoon with her eyes closed and even spilling some on her chest. The white cream that dribbled down her lips and chest made me think of spraying my cum all over her breasts, and I believed she noticed it as my cock was starting to bonk the table. She wiped the cream from her cleavage and shoved it in her mouth, licking it with an exaggerated licking sound.

"I love strawberries and chocolate," she said and popped a strawberry covered in white cream into her mouth, chewing till the pink juice dribbled down her chin.

"It's the perfect combination," I said and watched how she sucked her fingers shortly after. After we'd eaten, we sat and discussed random topics for a little. I was getting impatient and wondered if she was teasing me.

"Do you think I'm teasing you?" she asked, and her lips slid up to a grin.

"Uhm," I said and gritted my teeth as a pain stabbed through my balls. "Maybe a little."

She smiled, reached between my legs and touched the bulge. Her eyes widened in surprise and disbelief. "Christ, you're hard as a rock."

"I have been so since I sat in the car with you," I admitted.

"Come ... I'll help you relieve the pain as I promised."

"Finally," I mouthed.

"Give me a second to prepare myself, okay?"

"Sure," I said. I went inside and ran down the stairs. Reaching the basement, I stopped in front of the glory hole that split the bed in half. She had also carved a hole at the top, so I could watch her. It was an add-on that made a lot of difference. When

she'd sucked me at the arcade, I'd been dying to see her in action, watching how deep she could suck me.

I walked up close to the glory hole but couldn't come too close since my erection pushed me away from it. I could poke my head through the hole, but the only thing that was missing would be to hold onto her sweet flesh while she gave me an amazing head. She'd also set up a mirror on the wall, so I could see her ass. It sparked my imagination, and my erection had never felt so painful as in this moment. I just wanted to stick it in her mouth so badly and see her tongue swirl around the tip.

"Mom?" I called for her.

"A minute, darling," she said in a playful voice. I could tell that she looked forward to this just as much as I did, and it was the longest minute of my life.

Finally, she came striding down, adorned in red lingerie and sensuality. The bra she wore was a delicate lace creation, its soft patterns teasingly revealing the flesh of her boobs. The panties matched her bra, caressing her hips and teasingly showing off her beautiful flesh. She wore her hair loose, and she looked sexier than ever. My cock was about to burst through my shorts.

"Why are you still dressed?" she asked playfully.

"Good point," I said. I took off my shirt and tossed it over my shoulder.

"Wow," she said. Immediately as she saw my chest, she stepped up to me and touched my chest and abs. "Look at your muscles."

I felt great when her soft hands explored my body. I could tell she wanted more as her eyes strayed to my manhood. "I'll go on the other side and wait for you, okay?" she said and bit her bottom lip.

"Sure," I said. I unzipped my shorts and pulled them down, freeing my hard-on from its confines. It towered over my chest,

and the vein throbbed. I grabbed the weapon with my left hand and moved to the glory hole. I aligned my erection with the hole and pushed it through. I also poked my head through the hole above, so I could watch her.

She tossed her hair over her shoulders and looked up at me from a seated position. "You're so big you've no idea."

"I always had an idea," I said.

"Do you want to see my breasts?" she asked with a playful smile.

"Uhm, yeah," I said and the answer should've been obvious.

She untied her top, and it fell to her thighs. Her great tits bounced free right before my young eyes. They were round and full at the bottom and slightly narrow at the top, capped with areola and topped with cute nipples. It was the first time I'd seen them since I was a babe in her arms, and I knew they would be ingrained in my memory till the day I died.

She wrapped her soft hands around my cock, and I sighed in relief as it was the second time my stepmom would please me sexually. Her tongue jutted out, and she swirled it around in a clockwise motion. She gave the crown a kiss and ran her tongue along the sides. She took her time, enjoying my joystick at her own pace.

She spat in both her hands and rubbed the spit along my manhood, stroking me up and down and making my cock glistening from her pearlescent spit. She pulled down the foreskin, tracing the tip with her finger and eyeing it hungrily. She opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the tip, sucking it hard so her cheeks hollowed out. While keeping my manhood in her mouth, she flicked her eyes up to me, her blue eyes looking like two bits of sapphire. I looked my stepmom in the eyes while she kept my cock stuffed in her mouth. My knees

buckled already as I'd never felt such a thrilling and forbidden sensation. "Oh, that's amazing," I said and could barely form a coherent sentence.

She came off with a pop and a string of saliva stretched from her lips to the head. "How does this feel?" she asked and kept stroking my cock.

"It's a dream come true."

"I'm glad ... I should've done this for you a long time ago," she said, her lips sliding into a grin. "Are you gonna cum for mommy?"

"Ah, yeah."

She eyed my cock again with desire and lust in her eyes. She opened up wide and plunged it down her throat. She gobbled down a third of my shaft, sealing her lips tightly around the girth. I wondered if she was using some kind of magic; her lips weren't far from reaching my groin.

"Gosh," I said. My eyes landed on the mirror, and I discovered a treat—Her marvelous bottom, as big as an oversized apricot, and only the lingerie bottom covered it.

As she started bobbing her head, I watched as her tits kept jiggling. "Keep going," I said and felt a drop of sweat run down my temples.

She sealed her lips tightly around the shaft. I moaned in pleasure as the orgasm was about to sweep me over. "You're almost there," I said and curled my toes.

She swallowed me up again, taking several inches inside her mouth and sucking firmly around my girth. Each stroke of her lips sent another jolt through me. She resorted to bobbing her head rapidly, sliding my cock over her tongue and in and out of her wet, delicious mouth. My knees grew weak till the point I was about to fall. I held onto the wall as I released a guttural



groan and exploded inside her mouth. I fired rope after rope of cum. She swallowed as if she were drinking from a hose, but I blasted so much cum that she had to come off. With the tip of my raging cock aimed at her face, I managed to shoot her right on the nose. The droplets of cum spilled and splashed over her creamy tits and gorgeous cheeks and eyes. In the end, I'd covered her in a thick sheet of seed, and it dripped from her lips down to her thighs as she looked up at me with her face coated in cum. She licked her lips and tried to clean herself with her fingers only to push my load back into her mouth.

"Oh, Mom," I said and it felt like she'd brought me to heaven for a second.

"Better than the last?"

"Yeah ... It felt so thrilling to be able to see you," I said and watched her gorgeous body. "You have a body to die for."

"Thank you," she said, elated. "I have some more surprises in store for you."

"Like what?" I questioned.

"Do you want to lick and touch me a bit more intimately?"

"Oh yeah," I said.

Her lips slid up into a grin. "We can do that ... after you've found a job ... and worked there for two weeks."

"I just want to run up to my room and fire out resumes all night," I said. Leaning back on her hands, she spread her legs. I could see a wet patch in the middle of her bottom lingerie, soaking the garment "Wow, you're wet."

"Would you like to touch me?"

"Should I come over?"

She shook her head with a giggle. "Stick your hand through the hole ..."

I went down on my knees and peeked through the hole as

she moved her pussy closer. I stuck out my hand and reached her lingerie bottom. Just as I'd seen earlier, she was drenched. I went a bit lower and reached her clit and then also her folds. Even if I touched her over the garment, I noticed her pussy was soaked, squishy and spongy. "Oh, that feels so good," I said and tried touching her deeper but her garment was in the way.

She then reached for my hand and licked my sticky fingers. "You've got some work to do."

## Chapter 3

I'd sent out resumes like a madman. I wasn't going to give up, not at all. I had called several places and even went there myself, handing over my resume directly to the managers. The fat manager at the bakery had studied me with an intimidating silence, but I didn't blink. "You got balls to come up to me like that," he said and crossed his arms across his flabby chest. "People usually hide behind emails and DMs these days."

"A bunch of losers," I said. My confidence skyrocketed lately, especially since I started hitting the gym. I wasn't the only one who'd noticed it but my stepmom had too. I knew how much was at stake and wanted to lick her so badly.

He laughed and patted my shoulder. "I like you. Even if you don't have many experiences, you'll be the right man for the job."

"Bingo," I told myself. As I left the bakery, I immediately texted my stepmom.

*I got the job.*

*I'm so proud of you.* She texted back with several smileys and hearts. *In two weeks ... I'll spread my legs for you.*

\* \* \*

The two weeks flew by as I tried my hardest not to think of my reward, but it was impossible not to. It was summer and my stepmother had to walk around with as revealing clothes as possible. Mini skirts and body-hugging tops. She radiated so much sexuality that it was mission impossible to not pitch a tent to her, especially as I knew what was waiting for me.

The hardest part was when I slept. I was so used to masturbating while lying in bed. But I wanted to save every drop of cum to my stepmother. I slowly stroked my hard cock and looked up at the ceiling. Tomorrow, I had worked there for two weeks. My body felt way better, and my skin was so much clearer. I couldn't stop thinking of licking her pussy, running my tongue up and down over her forbidden folds. It was one of my biggest fetishes, licking and making her climax. It was so taboo and thrilling that I felt shivers running down my spine as I kept rewinding the scene in my mind. "Just one more day," I told myself and slowly stroked my shaft as the precum trickled down the slit.

\* \* \*

I wiped the sweat from my face and hung the towel back on the knob. "Way to go, Dan," my chunky boss told me with a wide smile on his bloated face. "You'll get a fat bonus for your heroic efforts."

The day didn't turn out how I'd planned, but I reckoned I would make my stepmom even prouder. One of my colleagues had suddenly gotten sick and had to bounce. I worked extra hard and baked for her in the meantime. It sure was stressful,

but now it was time to return home, eat some dinner with Mom and then finally return to the glory hole where a precious dessert was waiting for me.

I went to the dressing room and could finally take off the uniform. I put on my ironed shirt and also my shorts. They were still baggy, but there was nothing I could do about it because of my well-endowed size.

I left the baker and went home, trying to quicken the pace. I couldn't stop thinking of the taste of her and questioning how it would feel to continuously lick her. I dreamed about the honeyed texture and sweet aroma. It made my mouth water. I also questioned what she had in store for me next. I was so excited that I almost bumped into someone.

As I walked down the street, I noticed more and more women than usual looking at me. I'd gotten a new haircut earlier and my muscles were more toned and bigger. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. Nothing was appealing about dressing and behaving like a slob, and I could have changed that many years ago. I owed a lot to my stepmother who'd given me this nudge to improve my life, and I wanted to give her something too. I wanted to lick her till she moaned out my name.

I walked up the walkway and opened the door. She left the veranda and stopped at the foyer. She pushed her shades up on her head and studied me. She was standing there in skin-tight yoga shorts and a top, leaving little to the imagination. She looked at me differently, and in the past weeks, she'd continuously pointed out how much different I looked. And once again, her eyes swept over me but stopped at my hair. "Nice haircut," she said.

"Thank you," I said.

"You made the right move by working overtime—the man-

agers always appreciate it," she said.

"I had a clue," I said. "But less time for us though."

She waved her hand dismissively. "We got all night," she said with a wink. "I'll change my clothes and wait for you outside."

"Sure," I said and watched as she seductively went to her bedroom. Her body-hugging yoga shorts showed every curve of her soft ass and the delicious butt crack. It made me want her even more.

I went up to my bedroom and slung my bag on the bed. It was sparkling clean, and I had kept it that way for several weeks now. The clothes were neatly folded and ironed, and the floor was vacuumed too. The only thing that was dusty was the keyboard. I hadn't bothered with it, and My fingers didn't itch to play some computer games.

I left my bedroom without second thoughts and went downstairs. She was lying on a sun lounger and waiting for me in a skimpy bikini. I lay down next to her. "What's on the menu?"

"Steaks and fries," she said and leaned over to me, so her boobs almost fell out of her bikini, giving me a perfect glimpse of her cleavage and areola. She tugged at my shirt with a flirty giggle. "Come on, it's roasting."

"Alright then," I said and pulled off my shirt. I had noticed lately that my stepmother acted way hornier than usual, like a teen filled with hormones.

Her lips slid in a grin when she could finally see my chest. "Do you want a helping hand ... With sunscreen?"

"That would be great," I said. I thought she was about to suggest something else, but I couldn't complain about having her fingers near my skin. She swung her feet elegantly off the sun lounger, made her way to the cabinets and reached for the bottle.

She shook the bottle and squirted it all over her hands. It was scented with coconuts which blended so well with her lavender perfume. She spread the sunscreen along my shoulders and down my arms, massaging it in with slow and sensual strokes. I felt her breath constantly on my neck, and the touch of hers made me rock hard again.

"I can do the front too," she offered me.

I turned around without hesitation, and she exposed her gorgeous body to me. She straddled my legs, her knees on either side of my hips, and she towered over me, providing me with the perfect view of her massive breasts. She covered the sun and squeezed out a generous amount of sunscreen into her palms. She leaned over, making me stare right into her cleavage. The sensation of her hands on my skin sent shivers down my spine. Her touch was affectionate and loving, and her fingers moved in slow, deliberate circles over my chest. Straying lower, she bumped into my erection a couple of times as it rose past the zipper and up to my navel.

She giggled but tried to wipe it off her face. "I'm sorry ... But you're unprecedentedly big."

"I know," I said and it made me feel a couple of inches taller.

"I'll just smear some on it. We can't damage the beautiful tip with a sunburn, after all." She smeared the sunscreen along the upper part of my length and curled her soft fingers around the girth. She gently stroked my cock, treating it very carefully and delicately.

I softly moaned. She took her time as she dragged it out and admired how my muscles and cock glistened in the sun. When she was done, she leaned closer till her boobs touched my chest and placed a soft kiss on my cheek. "All done ... Do me now."

I wanted to rip her clothes off and take her right there. I

wasn't sure if she was intentionally teasing me, warming me up for tonight. "Sure," I said.

She sat on the edge of the sun lounger, and I filled my palms with a little pool of sunscreen. I massaged it into her soft back, and her blonde hair dazzled my eyes in the meantime. "Oh, you got strong hands ... way stronger than your father."

Her comment made me grin. "Let me do the front."

"I'll lie down for this," she said and lay down on her back. She didn't let me straddle her legs, but she spread them wide open and revealed a wet patch in the middle of her bikini bottom. The honeyed scent wafted up to my nose. There were so many sweet scents—her honey, the coconut sunscreen and her lavender perfume. I started on her shoulders and made my way down her smooth hands. She had flawless skin without a single crack or wrinkle, and her body glistened after I'd applied the cream on her honey-toned skin.

I bumped into the outer part of her breasts, and they jiggled like mad. "You can touch them too if you wish," she said and spread her legs even further.

"Really?" I asked.

She gave me a look. "So, I just touched and groped your chest as sexually as possible and you aren't allowed to touch mine?"

"Good point," I said and chuckled. But I looked over my shoulder and questioned if the neighbors were home.

"They're gone," she whispered. "Relax ... I know how to be discreet after all."

It just made the thrill so much stronger. We shouldn't be intimately touching each other like this, but we did it anyway. I groped her breasts and it was the first time in a while I'd touched them. They were soft, warm and incredibly satisfying to squeeze. They were so round and big, it felt like it would



take ages to fully explore them. Her grin widened and so did the wet patch on her bikini bottom. I looked into her eyes for a moment, and I could tell she loved it.

“Later on, you can touch them without a bikini ... And even my pussy.”

“Oh, Mom, I can’t wait.” She took my hand and kissed it, leaving a wet patch of her lips behind.

“Let’s get something to eat.”

While I lay down in the sun lounger, she fired up the grill and slapped on the steaks. I didn’t do much else despite checking her out. She leaned over the grill and the warm breeze played with her hair. Beads of sweat glistened on her skin as clouds of smoke swirled in the air. She was just so addictive. She flipped the sizzling steaks over, and the meat seared, releasing a mouth-watering aroma that hung in the air, mixed with the scent of charcoal.

I noticed how she threw sideways glances at me, and I peeked at her when she wasn’t watching, so we were even. I wondered if this dinner would be just as teasing as the last one. She’d done a good job earlier with the sunscreen. All I ever wanted to do was to ravage her body.

She waved at me, and my erection was practically unchanged as I still didn’t cover up the top of the shaft with a shirt. “You look so sexy without a shirt on,” she said.

“Thank you ... You look sexy regardless,” I said.

She set the table, and the sun was lowering in the sky. She removed the steaks from the flames, their juices glistening in the fading daylight, and she laid the fries right next to them. She came over with the serving platter and had a seat.

“Don’t you feel this freedom?” she asked. “We weren’t this open before ... It’s been a life-changing event.”

"I agree," I said. It was truly liberating to be able to talk about sex with my stepmother. It was a new chapter in our lives, and I was glad the glory hole had actually happened. I loaded up my plate with a perfectly seared steak and some fries next to it. The fries were golden brown and had honey and salt on them. My stepmother just loved honey, and so did I. I stabbed the steak with the fork and the juices seeped out of it and pooled on the plate. I sliced it with the knife, and it had the perfect pink color.

While we were eating, we talked about what we'd been doing, and I listened more attentively than ever.

"So why do you do yoga?" I asked her.

"To spend time with my sister and there are also so many health benefits," she said and smiled as she noticed I was listening to her. "I needed that after the stressful divorce." I caught some guilt in her eyes as she told me it. "I have many regrets, but I wished that I could've brought you with me when you weren't feeling well."

"Mom ... I don't want you to feel guilty over anything. You've done so much for me in the past weeks. And besides, I'm not sure I would have gone if you invited me either."

"Not even in exchange for sex?" she asked.

"That's another story," I said and chuckled with her, taking a sip of the strawberry juice.

"I'm glad we can sit here and talk about it," she said and put her fork back on her plate. "I'm so grateful to have you."

I noticed she looked way happier than earlier. The days when she was disappointed in me had finally come to an end. She smiled and glowed brighter than ever. "I'm grateful for this too," I said. I couldn't imagine having grown up with another woman than her. She had it all—the perfect looks, heart and health. She was everything I could ever want.

"I got some strawberry cheesecake for dessert," she said as we'd both finished the mouth-watering steaks.

"Sure," I said, but truth be told, I just wanted to undress and lick her.

"Is it getting painful?" she asked.

"A little," I said. "I've learned to be patient though."

"That's the spirit," she said. "I'll get the dessert."

She took the dishes to the kitchen and returned shortly after with two pieces of strawberry cheesecake. My mouth was already watering again, but I had some questions before we returned to the glory hole. "The last two times," I said, "you took care of me, but now it's my turn, and I wonder if there are any specific ways to lick a woman?"

"I don't want you to think that you are obliged to please me. I'm doing this for you. I want to make up for the horrible situation we put you through. Just let loose and lick me. It doesn't get any more complicated than that."

"It's that it?"

"Sort of," she said with a shrug. "It's a biological act after all ... No pressure."

"I'll keep that in mind," I said. Every time she spoke, she made everything sound so carefree. I questioned how my dumbass father could have thrown away a rare gem like her. She reached for the strawberry with her finger and got some whipped cream on her. She popped the berry into her mouth, and she brought the cream-coated finger to her lips. Her tongue flicked out and seductively traced the cream. She then pushed her finger into her mouth and sucked it so hard her cheeks hollowed out.

"I love whipped cream," she said and flicked her eyes to me as my erection raged on. We both dug into the cheesecake. It was sweet and delicious, but she could be so erotic and hot at times;

I found it difficult to concentrate on the cake.

Eventually, we devoured the cakes. She tried to drag out the conversation, but I think she noticed that I just wanted to go down on her. She leaned over and reached for my bicep. "You look so good you've no idea." The way she seductively touched me made me hornier than ever. "I'm so proud you've finally left your bedroom."

"I wouldn't have looked this way without you," I told her and made eye contact.

"I refuse to believe it," she said eagerly. We exchanged smiles, and I didn't know what to reply with. "Do you want to know how I feel about this?"

"Yeah," I said and wondered what she had in store for me.

"Touch me," she said in a seductive tone.

"Now?" I stammered.

She nodded eagerly and spread her legs under the table. "Go on, don't be shy. There will come a time when you'll find a girl. And confidence is the key."

"No one can see us, right?"

"Of course not," she said. "They might hear us, but they should mind their own business."

"Alright," I said and lowered my voice. I reached her bikini bottom, and my fingers crawled to her heat. She was utterly soaked, and I questioned if she'd spilled strawberry juice on there. "Did you spill something there?"

She laughed. "No."

Even if she was wet, she was also incredibly warm, and I swept my fingers over the soaked garment. My boner was about to burst through the zipper at this point. "Gosh, are you always that wet?"

She reached for between my legs and touched my shaft again.

“Are you always this hard?”

“With you around, yeah.”

“Has it always been that way?”

“Ever since I hit puberty,” I admitted.

“I feel the same. I’ve always found you attractive, and I’m proud of you that you’ve finally found the confidence to go out.”

She was so sweet to sit and tell me this, and I admired her for admitting that she could have handled the divorce better.

“So ... should we go down, so I can show you the glory hole again?” she suggested.

“Yeah ... That’s what I’m waiting for,” I said and couldn’t wait to lick her.

“I see what you’re saying. Let me put on something more appropriate and I’ll meet you downstairs.”

I nodded eagerly and jumped out of my seat. I went down to the basement and noticed how the glory hole had become substantially bigger. I could poke my head through it and lick her thoroughly. I kept playing scenes in my mind. While waiting, I found it hard to believe this was actually happening. I was going to go down on my own mother and lick her forbidden pussy. I didn’t know what to do with my boner either. It was currently so hard it strained against my zipper.

“Mom?” I called from downstairs, wondering what took so long.

“I’m coming,” she said from the bathroom. I held onto my throbbing shaft and questioned when I would be able to stick it inside her and cum deep inside.

She finally descended the stairs. She wore black lingerie that clung to her precious curves. The bra, with delicate satin details, provided support for her massive bust, its straps barely

visible. The matching panties, adorned with lace, hugged her hips, drawing my attention to her toned waist and alluring curves. The fabric was so smooth and soft that it sensually revealed just enough without giving away everything, leaving room for my young imagination. She shone like a gem, and my jaw dropped. "What do you think of the hole?" she asked.

"I just want to tear the wall down."

"With the amount of progress you're making, we'll get to that part," she said with a grin. My eyes swept over her. She was a beauty unlike any other, but this time there was no teasing as I'd already touched her wet spot. She placed both her hands on my shoulders, and she eyed my lips in a way she hadn't done before. She leaned in, closing the gap between us and pressed her lips to mine. I stiffened but yielded to the kiss and did nothing to fight the forbidden pleasure. She slipped in her tongue that intertwined with mine. Her breath was against my face as she wrapped her arms around me, pushing me closer to her partly nude chest. It was just the two of us with not a single sound or noise in the background. Just the beat of our hearts, our breaths and the sounds of our lips and tongues playing.

Breaking the kiss, a string of saliva stretched from lips to lips. "I just wanted to taste your tongue before you went down on me."

"It's okay," I said in a lowered voice.

"I'll go behind the wall."

I dropped to my knees and waited for her. "Do you remember when I took off my top for you?" she asked. "I want to see your chest when you lick me. It turns me on too."

"Okay," I said. I felt several inches taller when she complimented me. I pulled it over my head and tossed it aside. Her eyes swept over me as she drank me in.

“Okay, take off my lingerie bottom,” she said while lying on her back. I reached through the hole while she lifted her pelvis. I gently pulled it off, and it felt like slow motion as I uncovered her wet, glistening slit. She was partly shaved with traces of straight hair at the mound. Her slit was perfectly strawberry pink, flanked with puffy lips. Lubricants flowed like a pearlescent stream from the nether hole which made it glisten. My eyes were glued on her womanhood, and my mouth watered as I felt her sweet, musky scents swirling up to my nose.

“It’s a work of art.”

She giggled and pushed her pussy up closer. “It’s all yours now.”

I cupped her ass and leaned in closer. I laid my tongue flat on her and swiped all the way up to her clit. The droplets were rich, thick and left a honeyed aftertaste. I planted a kiss right on top of her clit and let my fingers crawl farther down. I curiously drove my finger inside her and felt her sweet walls clamp down on my finger. I explored around a little before I couldn’t resist licking her some more.

While I kept my face buried between her legs, she fumbled behind her back and untied her top. She freed her breasts, and I flicked my eyes up and watched them in their full glory.

It made me want to lick her further, flicking my tongue side to side and even trying to bury my tongue deeper inside her. I moaned in pleasure and relief as I noticed she started lifting her pelvis a bit. I glanced up and saw the swell of her chest, rising and sinking. It gave me a clue that I wasn’t far off from taking her to the peak. “How am I doing?” I asked. I licked my lips, fingering her while she kept thrusting her hips to my face.

“Keep on going,” she said hurriedly.

I went down on her again and pressed my tongue right on

her squishy slit. My stepmom was divine. I noticed the hairs on her arms rising. She propped her head up with her left hand and breathed deeper. "Oh," she moaned. "That's it, Dan. Keep licking mommy. A bit deeper."

I did as she wished and continuously pushed my tongue inside. I moved my fingers up to her clit and gently brushed it side to side. She whimpered in pleasure as her orgasm built rapidly. I flicked my eyes up to her, and her entire body was shaking. I went back down and continued to push her buttons right, not giving up till I'd seen her orgasm. The peak was right around the corner. I plunged my tongue deeper inside her sugary walls. She released a guttural moan and threw her head back, her pitch rising to a crescendo. I kept my tongue flat on her wet pussy but pulled back as her juices squirted on my face and spilled all over my chest. As it dripped down to my thighs and mattress, I stared at my stepmom in disbelief. I'd made her orgasm and the realization made me prouder than ever.

She came down from the high, and I watched her as her juices dribbled down my face. "How was it?" I asked.

She giggled, and her hand flew to her chest. "What a silly question," she said. "You brought me to heaven."

"You deserve to be in heaven," I told her and hoped it didn't sound too cliché. "You're the sweetest mom in this world."

She crawled back, so she could look at me through the hole. With a proud tear in her eye, she said, "You're the greatest son in this world ... Did my pussy meet your expectations?"

"It was so sweet," I said. "I've had several wet dreams of licking you in the past."

"I'm glad it's no longer a dream."

"So, what's next?" I asked quickly. I knew she wanted to take her time, but I was raging horny.



“Pull down your shorts,” she said teasingly and moved her pussy closer to the glory hole. Those four words made my eyes widen suddenly. Would this be it? Would she actually open up her legs to me and tear down this wall? I quickly unbuckled my belt and pulled it off the loops. I pulled down the shorts and my underwear, freeing my cock from its confines and revealing my enormous, erect manhood. “Come closer,” she said and beckoned me with her finger.

I did, closing the gap between me and her pink entrance. She reached for it, biting her bottom lip. She took the tip and rubbed it over her wet folds, coating it in her fluids. I wasn’t sure if she would do this and be willing to have sex with me. “How does this feel?” she asked while pressing my boner against her wetness.

“It’s so warm and wet.” The touch of my intimate part against hers warmed my core.

“Do you want it inside me ... to experience the full sensation?”

“Yeah,” I said as a drop of precum oozed from the slit and landed right on her squishy lips. She brought it closer to the hole. If I thrust my hips, I would plunge right into her depths.

Her eyes flicked up to mine and a grin played on her face. “Find a girlfriend ... date her for two weeks ... and then we’ll tear down this wall.”

## Chapter 4

**I**t was a tease. The most painful tease in my life. I knew she did this since she wanted the best for me, and I'd never been so motivated in my life. It fueled me. I was going to find a girl. It didn't matter if I had to go the extra mile.

When she first suggested making a glory hole, I was unsure if sex was on the table, but now I knew—She actually wanted to have sex. I still had her honeyed taste on my tongue. I enjoyed every inch of her flavors and wanted to enjoy them again.

At the bakery, I didn't find many appealing girls. I wanted to hit on a good-looking one and make my stepmom proud. I didn't think it was fair that she did this solely for me. Although she had said that seeing me get back to my feet would make her happy. She had also gone through a lot, been cheated on, seen my downfall and had to raise me since she was eighteen. On the other hand, I couldn't say anything positive about my father.

After my shift, I had my gym bag ready and headed for the gym. I spotted a demure girl there yesterday and hoped she would be there today too. The stakes were high, and I was a bit nervous. I'd never asked a girl out or hadn't even spoken to one in ages. Mom had given me a tip the other day to be confident

no matter what, and I kept that in mind as I prepared myself to get my third reward from my stepmother, and hopefully that glory hole would be gone, and I could enjoy *her* glory hole instead.

\* \* \*

As soon as I entered the gym, I searched for her and prayed she was there. I sighed a breath of relief when I spotted her by the squat rack. Her hair was a fiery shade of red and was pulled back in a ponytail to keep it off her gorgeous, freckled face. Her curves were defined and emphasized femininity, but her bubble ass drew my attention. She was attractive, but nowhere near as attractive as my stepmom. There were three racks lined up next to each other, and I thought of occupying the one right next to her.

As I continued to squat, I cursed myself as I kept dragging it out. After I put the bar back on the rack, I sat down to drink some water. It was a bit more nerve-wracking than I thought it would be. Luckily, I could blame the sweat on my workout instead of being nervous.

I thought of Mom and didn't want to disappoint her. I decided to go and speak with her before she was finished. I jumped up to my feet and walked up to her. "That's an impressive amount of weight you're lifting," I said.

She lowered the phone from her face and looked up at me with her alluring, emerald eyes. "Thank you."

"Do you have any tips ... This is my first month at the gym."

"You must be a quick learner if that's the case," she said and her eyes twinkled with interest.

"That's the case, but there is still more to learn. My wrists

hurt now and then.”

“I know a hack for that one,” she said and gladly jumped up from the bench. She showed me how to hold the bar properly to reduce the tension on the wrists. She also told me to widen the stance to reach deeper. “There you go,” she said and spotted me from behind. I felt her warm breath against my neck and her citrus perfume, which made me gravitate toward her like bees to honey.

She helped me put the bar back on the rack, and I felt my wrists. “What a miracle.”

She chuckled. “I feel you.”

“What’s your name by the way?”

“Ella,” she said.

I extended my hand to her and introduced myself. “I’m Dan.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“How about we go to the beach tomorrow?”

“I would love to,” she said. “I haven’t been there in a while.”

“Your plates are full too?”

“Sort of, work, studies, friends and gym. But I’m willing to rearrange some stuff to see you.”

“That’s a good sign,” I said, making her giggle. I brought out my phone, and she typed in her phone number.

“I’m sorry to cut the lesson short, but I have a shift in like fifteen minutes.”

It caught me off guard she’d let me hold her here even if she was running late. “We’ll continue at the beach.”

“Sure thing,” she said. She waved at me, reached for her stuff and hurried to the locker room.

I placed my hand on my thumping heart. “You nailed it,” I mouthed.

When I got home, I tossed the gym bag on the couch and jumped out onto the veranda. "What's going on?" Mom asked with a smile and could probably tell I had great news. She wore a pink bikini and lay down on the sun lounger. She was getting more tanned every day, making her look like a golden, tempting goddess.

"I asked a girl out at the gym," I said and stood with my back as straight as possible. It was the first time in my life, and it made me feel several inches taller. "We have a date tomorrow at the beach."

She swung her legs off the sun lounger and rose to her feet. She attacked me in a sudden, intimate hug. "Oh, Dan," she said close to my ear and held me in a way that probably wasn't considered appropriate for a mother and son. "You make me so proud." With her arms locked around my neck, she broke the hug to look me in the eyes. Her eyes welled up, and she sniveled a little. "What does she look like?"

"Of all the things you got to ask first," I told her playfully.

She giggled. "As a mom I'm curious."

"Her name is Ella, and she's the best-looking girl at the gym, but nowhere near as good-looking as you."

"Stop it," she said and waved her hand. "How was it to ask her out?"

"It felt a bit intimidating at first, but then I said screw it and just did it. I just realized there was nothing to lose and all of a sudden it didn't feel so intimidating any longer."

"Girls are way more intimidated by men than vice versa," she said and shared some of her wisdom.

"I can imagine."

Her finger gently made contact with my bicep, tracing the curves and lines that represented my newly built strength. Her

eyes twinkled as her fingertips brushed up to my shoulders and then felt the firmness of my chest. I saw admiration and lust in her eyes as she kept intimately exploring my body.

"Are your muscles okay though?"

"A bit sore," I said.

"Do you mind, if I perhaps give you a massage ... to loosen you up for the coming dates?"

"Sure," I said. She'd never offered me a massage before, but I knew I couldn't resist one.

"Lie down on the grass and I'll get the oils ready." She eagerly ran inside the house like a horny teen. I wasn't sure if this was the foreplay to the sex, but I looked forward to having her hands run up and down my body nevertheless.

I lay down on the grass with my boner flat between my waist and soil. I'd been perpetually hard since leaving the bedroom and my stepmom rewarding me with these sexual moments. She quickly returned with a basket and a towel in her hand. She laid the towel next to me and patted it.

"Lie down on this instead," she said. I did as she wished, and she then saw my erection, making her giggle like a little teenager. "Sorry, it's just a pleasant reminder to see how well-endowed you truly are."

"Do you think Ella would like it?"

"She will love it," she said without hesitation. "All women do."

It made me feel substantially better as I lay there. Mom placed her hands on my shoulders. She kneaded the two muscles on either side of my neck to the shoulders. She started with light pressure but then squeezed harder till I groaned. She made tiny circles at the base of the skull, gently squeezing the back of my neck.

"Oh, that feels good," I said.

"This is just the beginning ... I've always wanted to do something like this for you, but thought it would be a bit too intimate."

"I say the same."

"I'm glad we're on the same page," she said with a giggle. "Hold on a sec." She fumbled behind her back, and I felt a garment, which I knew was her top, land on my back. She popped open the bottle of oil and filled her palms. "The massage will become a bit more sensual," she said and rubbed the oil all over me. I twisted my neck, and she was smearing the oil all over her nude chest, making her boobs gleam in the sunlight.

"You look like a goddess."

She leaned over to kiss my neck. "And I'll treat you like a God."

She pressed her soft boobs at my glutes and slid them all the way up and down on my back. I sighed in relief at her intimate touch, and it wasn't something I had expected. The heat was building, and I questioned whether I had arrived in Heaven or not.

I lay there and purred and let her do her thing. I became relaxed. My stepmother wasn't disappointed in me. I'd left my bedroom. I had a date with a girl that would most likely lead to a relationship, and my V-card was about to be lost. I couldn't find a better position to be in than this.

"Oh Mom, that's amazing," I said as I felt her naked body sliding up and down on mine.

"Turn around," she said seductively.

I turned around and revealed my cock at full mast. I also saw how her skin glistened as it was covered in a fine layer of oil, creating a sheen that enhanced her natural beauty. I inhaled deeply and picked up the lavender-scented oil. Every curve on

her body was highlighted by the oil, creating an alluring sight, but there was no question that her round orbs were the most beautiful parts of her body. As I stared at her boobs, she eyed my erection hungrily but didn't touch it. Instead, she slid her warm body over me. My cock glided between the valley of her breasts then her toned waist till it throbbed against her pussy. She ended with a kiss on the neck and then slid all the way back down, sending shivers down my spine. "Oh, Mom," I moaned.

She kept going and pressed my erect cock between her breasts and slid her body over mine, rubbing the sensitive parts of my manhood with her body.

My head slumped back, and I looked up at the blue sky. I became so painfully hard that I wanted to push it inside her more than anything, and as she rubbed her body over mine, I felt her wet center growing wetter every time.

She lay over me and kissed my neck. "Are you hanging in there?" she questioned and delivered kisses along my neck. My hands settled on her massive ass, and I searched around her motherly flesh. She was so mature, calm and hot at the same time, radiating sexuality with her heaving bosom and full ass.

"I am."

On her way down, I bucked my hips and the tip of my cock butted against the seam of her lips. She gave me a look and opened up wide, covering the head in her warm mouth. It was about time. She invited my manhood down her throat till her lips were firm against my groin. She kept me entrenched there, squeezing my joystick with her throat muscles while caressing my legs. I watched Mom in a seated position, gawking at the width of her hips and being mesmerized by the size and volume. After all that foreplay, I was already breathing deeply one minute into her heavenly blow job. I thrust my hips and



reached for her head. "A bit quicker," I mumbled.

She bobbed her head till I curled my toes and released a guttural groan. I emptied myself inside her mouth. "Jeeze," I said as she kept sucking my cock even after I reached the peak.

She came off with a pop and spilled some cum on her chest. "After your two weeks anniversary ... let's finally tear that wall down."

"I can't wait," I said as I watched my pearlescent cum adorning her oily, beautiful breasts.

## Chapter 5

Two weeks flew by quicker than expected as I spent most of my time with Ella. All of a sudden, we were holding hands, going to see movies and shopping together. She'd even introduced me to her friends, who all seemed to be jealous of her.

Standing by the beach, we held each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes. We'd spent most of our day swimming and playing volleyball, and we were now about to say goodbye.

"Uhm ... Maybe we can have a sleepover," she suggested.

"How about the day after tomorrow?" I delayed it a day since I wanted to lose my virginity to my stepmother.

"Sure," Ella said. A smile tugged at the corners of her lips. She wore her red hair loose and it cascaded over her sun-kissed body. The sunset in the background painted the sky pink and purple. It was a breathtaking spectacle, but it felt so much better when you had someone to share it with.

I drew her close, and our lips met in a passionate kiss. I cupped her ass with both of my hands to deepen the kiss and snaked my tongue inside her youthful mouth. Breaking the kiss, we looked each other in the eyes before parting. She glowed like rubies, and she was all mine. "Goodbye for now," I said.

“Goodbye,” she replied.

\* \* \*

I returned home. My stepmom had already set the table and prepared some broiled chicken and rice for me. “Time flies when you’re having fun,” she said with a hand on her hip.

“Yeah,” I said and took a bite of the tender chicken. She’d already eaten, so she just kept me company. She couldn’t stand someone eating alone. “She asked if we could have a sleepover tomorrow, so I postponed it a day.”

“I see ... Still hard from the beach?” she asked and waggled her eyebrows.

“Yeah ... she must have noticed.”

“She sure did,” she said. “That’s why she asked for a sleepover. She wants that cock more than anything.”

“I’m glad you and I can do it tomorrow,” I said. “So, at least I don’t do anything stupid with Ella.”

“To let go is all you need,” she said and put both elbows on the table. “I have some plans too ... I thought it would be great if we perhaps could go to my sister’s yoga class and after that, we could perhaps go into the forest together.”

“In the forest?” I said in disbelief.

She nodded while her eyes twinkled. “I love having sex outdoors ... It’s something you will do with Ella too.”

Just sitting here and listening to how she was planning our intimate moment tomorrow, made me harder than ever. My cock bonked up against the table, but she reached it and gently stroked my bulge. “Let’s leave this topic for tomorrow. I don’t want to blueball you any further.”

“Sure,” I said and knew already it would be difficult to wait.

\* \* \*

Upon waking up, I saw my morning wood pitching a massive tent, so big I couldn't even see my window. I was harder than ever before, and I couldn't wait to finally have my stepmother take care of my massive shaft.

I swung my feet off the side of the bed. I reached for one of my baggy boxers and put them on. I also put on my shirt. "Dan," Mom called from downstairs. "Are you awake?"

"I'm coming." We would just eat something light and then we would head right for Aunt Isabella's hot yoga class.

I made my way down the stairs and took a seat. Mom had already prepared turkey sandwiches for us. Two slices of perfectly toasted bread enclosed with thinly sliced, roasted turkey breast. The turkey was tender and juicy, lightly seasoned with a hint of herbs and salt. On top of the turkey was lettuce, slices of tomato and some creamy sauce. I sank my teeth into the delicious sandwich and licked the sauce from my lips.

"I can't lie ... I'm excited for this," my stepmom said and devoured hers equally as quickly as I did. She wore a pair of form-fitting yoga shorts that hugged her hips and thighs and a tank top that hugged her torso and well-defined waist. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail. Although I preferred it when she wore her hair loose.

"So am I," I said.

After we'd eaten, we hopped into the car. I wasn't as nervous as I thought I'd be. I looked a lot better, and I had gotten a lot more social skills. I had asked a girl out, so I had absolutely nothing to fear. "Will there be any other guys there?" I questioned.

"None at all," she said. "It will be your harem," she joked and

placed her right hand on my thigh, stroking me affectionately.

We drove for about half an hour and reached the entrance of a meadow. There were already several other cars parked there, and I recognized Isabella's car. My stepmom killed the engine, and we stepped out of the car. Opening the trunk, she handed me a yoga mat. "Come let's go," she said, happier than usual.

I walked a little bit behind her, and her heart-shaped ass got all of my attention. The rustling sounds of leaves and twittering birds lowered my heart rate. I let my thoughts loose, and my eyes trailed all over my stepmom's body, drinking in her beauty. I had to stop looking when I saw the other yogis there, including Aunt Isabella who smiled wider than usual to see me. I had no idea if my stepmom had told her about the glory hole, so I tried to be discreet. "Finally, you're here," Isabella said. She also wore her golden hair in a ponytail. She had a similar hourglass shape to my stepmother, but she was slightly shorter. She had just turned twenty-eight, but that was on paper. She looked no different than an eighteen-year-old teen with her flawless skin and gravity-defying breasts.

"It was long overdue," I said. She'd also tried encouraging me to start doing yoga, but unfortunately, I'd just given her the cold shoulder. She opened up her arms and pulled me in a breast-mashing hug. She started touching my back and arms and broke the hug to look at me.

"You look ... different," she said and bit her bottom lip. "You look really good."

"He's been making some progress," Mom said and proudly patted my shoulder.

"You weren't kidding," she said and drank me in. I'd always found Aunt Isabella gorgeous, and it was an honor when she looked and complimented me.

"Hopefully I'll look better after some yoga," I said.

"The first time is always the most special. It's like the first step of an exciting journey ... like reliving your youth."

Isabella's words immediately brightened my mood. "Yeah, I guess that's one way of looking at it."

"There are so many perspectives and so many ways you can look at something. Look around you and see all these colors ... and good-looking women which I know you enjoy." She ended her sentence with a wink.

"Sure thing," I said as a light blush crept on my cheeks.

Isabella took a moment to touch my bicep again, and I picked up the same sweet scent as when I'd licked my stepmom. "I will be in the front guiding you," Isabella said. "But you have your mom right next to you if you need help."

"Sure," I said as she let go of me and went to the front. "Does she know?" I asked my stepmother in a lowered voice.

"Not for now," she said cryptically and a grin spread on her face. "But she has a thing for you too."

I tried not to think of Mom's reward at the end. I really didn't want to pitch a massive tent during a yoga session, but my stepmother didn't make it easy for me.

Isabella started instructing, which I barely paid much attention to. I just watched how she moved her body which I hadn't even seen in my wildest imagination, turning her ass right to me and arching her back with a passionate moan. She stood on one foot, taking her right foot and stretching it out. Descending onto the grass, she spread her legs wide open and almost sat with her pussy against the ground. She lay flat on her back, bringing her knees against her breasts and again flashing her wide ass right at my face. All those hot scenes were just served right in front of me. I was barely even concentrating and my

poses didn't even resemble what she was doing.

Mom just smiled at me. "You are doing more than well," she reassured me, and I questioned whether she was joking or not.

"I must be looking like an idiot," I said and laughed.

"You look happier than ever and that's what counts. Do what feels good."

And I did ... mostly watching my hot aunt and Mom. They flowed into the cobra pose, their bodies arching. I glanced to the left and had a perfect view of my stepmother's cleavage. It gave me some motivation to arch my back as well, so I could see her a bit better.

When we were finished, I was exhausted. I lay on my back and just stared up at the sky. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and sighed in relief. "Did he survive?" Isabella asked my stepmom after the class was dismissed.

"How was this compared to the gym?" Mom asked me and shook my shoulder.

"I underestimated this ... It's way harder than it looks."

Isabella chuckled. "I hope this won't be your last lesson ... Maybe your mom and I could arrange some private lessons for you."

I gave my stepmother a look. She'd always been sincere to me, but I questioned whether Isabella had figured it out or not. "Sure," I said.

"There's enough Dan for both of us," Mom said with a laugh. She untied her ponytail and let her hair cascade over her gorgeous body.

"Do you have any plans for today?" Isabella asked Mom.

"Thought to spend some quality time with my son in the forest."

"I won't disturb you two then. A kiss before we part?" They

kissed each other on the lips, and I caught something in both of their smiles. Isabella then extended her hand to me and helped me up to my feet. "I won't leave before I've kissed you too." She pressed her lips to mine. It was a brief yet powerful touch. She'd never kissed me on the lips before though. "Goodbye, Dan."

"Goodbye." I watched her hips sway as she made her way to her car. "What was that all about?" I asked my stepmom in a lowered voice.

"Dan ... I haven't told her about the glory hole, but my sister can be a bit lewd at times. It's just how she talks."

"Do you think she would like to ..."

"Have sex with you?" She finished my sentence for me. "Of course. If I want you then she wants you too." When she drove away, my stepmom threw her arms around my neck, pushing her breasts up to my face. "So ... are you ready to lose your V-card?"

"I am."

I felt her hot breath against my face, and then her hand reaching for my bulge. "You did well to conceal it."

I let her massage the head with her hand, warming me up for our intimate moment. "It was difficult while being surrounded by women."

"Touch me, Dan," she said, biting her lower lip while giving me her seductive, horny look.

I fulfilled her wish and reached under her yoga shorts. I touched the partly-shaven mound and then moved to her drenched slit. I melted a little inside. "It's all wet, warm and ready for you."

"You know how to arouse me."

"You deserve it. Now come, I can't keep my legs crossed any



longer.” She took my hand and led me deeper into the forest. We went off the trail, and it became a bit difficult to navigate through the bushes, damp earth and trees. “We’re almost there,” she said.

We climbed up a slope and reached the top that overlooked the rest of the forest. I tugged at my collar. It was roasting, but it was hotter as I knew very well what we were about to do.

“Don’t worry about the sweat,” she said with a grin, dumping the yoga mat on the grass. “It will be a lot more.” She fixed her eyes on me while moving closer, her ragged, horny breath flowing against my face. She placed her right hand on my butt and left on my back. We left cultural norms and what was considered normal aside, and pressed our lips to each other.

I swirled my tongue around hers until we were breathless, and I slipped my hand behind her back. She broke the kiss, biting her bottom lip and said, “A second.” She pulled the top over her head, and her two, busty breasts just dropped free. I pulled off my shirt and threw it over my shoulders. She surrendered to my arms, and I pressed myself against her breasts. My cock hardened to concrete as her heat radiated to me.

“Lie down,” she said.

While I slowly lay down, she just pushed me lightly to the grass, wanting to get my body down as quickly as possible. I leaned back on my hands, watching my horny mother unbuckling my belt and pulling it off the loops. She quickly pulled down my shorts and rolled down my underwear, freeing my cock which could finally breathe. Her eyes lit up at the sight of my cock, and her head gravitated toward the crown till she finally opened her mouth and wrapped her sweet lips around the head. I closed my eyes for a second and then opened them. This was actually happening. It wasn’t a dream. She moaned

with pleasure as she kept my cock entrenched in her wet mouth. Beads of her sweet saliva ran down my cock as her lips slid up and down on my shaft. I curled my toes and reached for her head. She flicked her eyes up to me, looking at me proudly as she bobbed her head. She did this for me. She did this because she loved me. It warmed my core, and she brought my shaft to the back of her throat, squeezing the head with her throat muscles, making sure I would receive as much pleasure as possible.

I threw my head back and kept holding onto her. "Oh, Mom, that's amazing," I moaned.

She came off and ran her tongue up and down the sides of my shaft. "I'm doing this for you ... So, you can fully forgive me."

"You're amazing," I told her.

She opened up again and swallowed up my cock, her saliva trickling down and pooling around the base.

Moaning with pleasure, I was afraid she was moving too quickly. "Can you sit on my face for a moment?"

She came off with a smack. "Were you almost at the peak?" she questioned and carefully stroked my shaft.

"Yeah."

"Don't worry. You can lick me for a little," she said and beamed. She pulled down her tight yoga shorts, and her wide, tanned, smooth thighs had never looked as great as they did at that moment. She rolled down her wet panties to her ankles. She turned around, so the back of her ass faced me and straddled my legs. She moved farther up on her knees, so her ass neared my face, and finally, as her full moon covered the sun, she sat down, her warm flesh against my face. "Can you lick me from there?"

"Yeah," I said, raising my voice since her enormous cheeks

muffled my words. Cupping her ass, I spread her cheeks apart and pressed my tongue flat against her drenched pussy. I licked her and flicked my tongue from side to side.

She tossed her long blonde hair over her shoulder and moved her fingers further down my waist till she touched my cock. I planted a wet kiss right in the center of her pussy, making her moan. "It's getting difficult to suck you when you are licking me like that," she said happily and tried to reach my cock with her lips. Eventually, after a few ragged breaths and groaning, she engulfed my cock, and she took me deep down her throat, stretching her lips around my thick girth.

She swiveled her hips on top of my face, and I wanted to stab my cock inside her slit so badly. She came off and hurriedly licked the sides of my cock. "Oh, my son, I want this inside me so badly."

I came off her pussy with a kiss. "So do I."

She swung her legs off my face and went back to straddling my hips instead. She aligned her soaked pussy perfectly above my cock, and I grabbed her thighs as I braced myself. She flicked her eyes up to me. "Are you ready?"

"Mom ... don't tease me," I said. "I'm just as horny as you are."

"Okay," she said and chuckled, "here goes." She lowered her pelvis until my swollen head touched her labia, and I watched, wide-eyed, as my cock slowly disappeared into her warm center.

"Gosh, you are tight."

"It's you who's big." She threw her arms around my neck as her pussy swallowed up half of my cock. "Tell me how it feels?"

"I think I'm in heaven," I said while stroking her legs. "Can you take me all the way down?"

She planted several kisses on my neck. "Because you made your mommy proud, I will." She fulfilled my wish as her pussy

gobbled up the last couple of inches, and my cock bottomed out against her. Her face was riddled with pleasure with no hints of pain as my thick girth filled her, making her squeal in delight.

"Oh gosh," I moaned and marveled at the intense sensation.

"Better?" she asked and her walls clamped down on my cock.

"Hmm, yeah."

She started riding me while she kept her arms locked around my neck. I felt her intimate breath against my face, and my heart rate accelerated. I cupped her ass and slid my hands through her crack as her pussy kept stroking me with the slick heat.

My desire rising, I started thrusting her, my cock sliding in and out of her tight walls. "Oh, Mom."

She pressed her lips to my neck. "Are you okay?" she asked me, slowing down.

"Yeah ... don't slow down."

I helped her and thrust my hips, timing it with her movements. After a couple of seconds, we were in sync and the pleasure filling me was intensifying. I felt the tingling sensation and her ragged breathing.

"I'm almost there, Mom," I said as sweat ran down the sides of my head.

"It's okay, son," she said in her ragged voice as she continuously rode my cock.

I threw my head back and reached the peak. My body shook from the intensity as I bottomed out and fired right into her deepest parts. I felt several ropes of cum being blasted out from my cock, drenching her vagina in my cum. I released a guttural groan. The entire outside world faded, making us feel isolated in this moment of love and lust.

I opened my eyes to the sight of her milking my cock with her pussy, slowly riding me so the last drops of cum fell into

her womanhood.

I lay there, speechless and numb, and I'd never experienced such a powerful silence and such deep joy. My heart felt as light as a feather, and I just watched the clouds pass by without thinking.

"How did it feel to lose your virginity?" she eventually asked.

"Good," was all I could say which was the only word I had on my mind. I wasn't worried that I'd cum too quickly; everything just felt great. Slowly, I started thinking again, but my thoughts were all sweet and colorful. I had pumped my seed into her, and the thrill made my chest tingle. "I hope you enjoyed this too."

"I can promise you that I did, but this moment was for you and not me. It was your reward."

"It was more than I could dream of. You still deserve some pleasure in return."

"And to see you succeed, thrive and be healthy and happy, has been the greatest pleasure in my life," she said. She hugged my erect cock with her walls, refusing to come off me. "Do you forgive me?"

I thought it was a silly question and gave her a look. "I do ... But I never blamed you to begin with."

"As a mother, I see more than you think," she said. "I don't think you would have become so isolated if it hadn't been for our divorce."

"But you can't blame yourself for the way my father treated you."

"I don't but I could've handled it differently."

I yielded. "I forgive you." I laid my hand over my chest. "I'm grateful for everything you've done for me."

Her eyes welled up in tears. "I'm glad," she said. The tears

leaked from her eyes and landed on my chest. "I'm so proud of you."

It touched my heart when she was crying with happiness. It was the complete opposite of seeing her cry when she was in pain. It hurt me more than anything when I'd seen her that way, but now I felt relief and joy unlike no other. I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her toward me, lending her my shoulder as I let her cry. She clawed on my shoulders, and her pussy continuously gushed juices around my cock that were slowly hardening inside her. "Sorry, I get emotional now and then."

"It's okay, Mom, let it out. You've always been there when I've cried."

"Thank you," she said and let her tears out, guilt-free. It was an emotional moment for both of us, and I felt a love and affection for her I'd never felt before. She reached out for me whenever I felt lost and hopeless, and I'd been there for her with tissue papers in my hands when she'd been cheated on. We were there for each other, and we would continue to be so for the rest of our lives. It bonded us ... deeper than a typical mother-and-son relationship.

She sniveled and broke the hug to look into my eyes. She watched me differently, shrinking a little under my gaze. I was a man now. I was no longer a bedroom hermit. I had a job, a girlfriend, a nice body and a proud mother. I couldn't ask for anything more.

"What will we do after this?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?" she asked and dried her eyes with her finger.

"I mean, you admitted before you didn't want a man."

Her lips slid up into a smile. "I don't want a pig ... I want

a man just like any other woman. And you're big and strong enough to satisfy all my needs."

"We have to be discreet then," I said and looked forward to this open relationship with my stepmother.

She rolled her eyes and chuckled. "Sure," she said. "But I'm yours ... Whenever you want to have your way with me, I'll spread my legs for you."

"Mom," I said while stroking her back, "I love you."

"I love you too, Dan."

My cock hardened inside her, and it was just at the right moment when her walls lubricated even more. My eyes flitted from her massive chest to her gorgeous face. "I want you again," I said as my cock twitched inside her.

Her lips slid up to a grin. She came off me, my cock slipping out from her drenched pussy. I watched the sweet cream pie as my cum trickled out from her pink slit. My shaft was drenched, glistening with her juice and my cum. She spread her legs and crooked her finger. "You'll be on top this time ... Mommy is waiting."

I grinned and rolled on top of her, aiming my throbbing cock at her pink hole. With a thrust, I pushed myself inside her and groaned as I fucked her again.

**The end.**

**Thank you so much for reading and for your support!** If you have any questions or would like to reach out to me, feel free to send an email to **author@tommysilver.com**.

If you enjoyed *Stepmom's Glory Hole* and are interested in the incest version, you can visit <https://juliusincestus.com/> and

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**Best regards,**

Tommy Silver





