

TABLE MANNERS



Table Manners

By Klrxo

Arty couldn't meet his mother's eyes. He slid into his chair at the breakfast table, face burning hot, acutely aware of the erection pressing against his jeans. Every swish of fabric as he sat sent a jolt through his hard, teenage cock.

He'd been iron-hard since he woke up, his mind replaying what his mom had seen on his laptop screen—the video titled "Mom's Secret Dessert" showing a woman under a dinner table, her mouth wrapped around her son's dick while the family ate above, oblivious.

Julie breezed in from the kitchen, carrying a stack of pancakes. Her massive tits strained against a low-cut blouse, the fabric stretching to contain her heavy breasts.

She wore a tight jean skirt that hugged her wide hips and curvy ass, and black stilettos that clicked sharply against the tile floor with each step.

Her auburn hair fell in soft waves past her shoulders, and her full lips curved into a knowing smile as her eyes found her son.

"Good morning, everyone," Julie said, her voice warm and sweet. She set the pancakes on the table, her gaze lingering on Arty's flushed face. "Sleep well, honey?"

"Y-yeah," Arty mumbled, staring at his empty plate. He couldn't stop thinking about her walking into his room yesterday, about

the way her eyes had widened at the video on his screen before she'd quietly backed out.

They hadn't spoken about it. She hadn't told his dad. The silence was worse than any lecture.

His father looked up from his coffee, smiling. "Arty, you okay? You're bright red."

"Just hot," Arty said. His voice cracked.

His sister Maya laughed from across the table, scrolling through her phone. "The AC's on, doofus. Maybe you're getting sick."

"Maybe," Arty managed.

He shifted in his chair, trying to adjust his hard-on without being obvious. His mom's eyes tracked the movement, and her smile widened. Something dark flickered in her expression—something hungry.

Julie took her seat at the head of the table, directly across from Arty. She crossed her sexy legs slowly, her stiletto heel bobbing from her painted toes.

Her massive chest pressed against the table's edge as she leaned forward to serve herself pancakes. The cleavage on display made Arty's mouth go dry.

"These look delicious, honey," his dad said, digging in. "You outdid yourself."

"Thank you, darling." Julie's pretty, blue-green eyes never left Arty's face. She bit her lower lip, then released it slowly. "I try to keep my family... satisfied."

Arty nearly choked on his orange juice.

Maya giggled. "Mom, you're being weird."

"Just happy," Julie said smoothly.

She picked up her fork and slowly, deliberately, slid a piece of pancake between her lips. Her tongue darted out to catch a drop of syrup, and Arty's cock jerked so hard he gasped.

His dad didn't notice. He was already talking about his golf game, rambling about handicaps and tee times.

Maya had gone back to her phone. But Julie kept watching her son, her gaze dropping under the table where the long tablecloth hung to the floor.

Arty's mind raced with filthy images. He pictured his mom under this very table, crawling between his legs, her warm, wet mouth wrapping around the aching meat of his cock while his family ate breakfast inches away.

He imagined her fingers undoing his zipper, her wet tongue licking up his shaft, her big, squishy tits pressing against his thighs as she sucked him deep.

The fantasy was so vivid he could almost feel her hot breath on his dick.

Julie's foot moved under the table, slipping from her heel.

Arty froze. Her bare foot traced up his calf, slow and deliberate. He stared at her, wide-eyed, his heart pounding against his ribs.

She just smiled and took another bite of pancake, chewing slowly while her foot continued its journey up his leg.

"Arty, you're not eating," Julie said innocently. Her foot reached his inner thigh. "Is something wrong?"

"N-no," he stammered. His cock leaked pre-cum into his briefs.
"Nothing's wrong."

"Good." Her foot pressed higher, her heel digging into the flesh just below his balls. She wiggled her toes against his stiff, veiny shaft through his jeans. "Eat up. You need your strength."

His dad laughed. "Listen to your mother. Growing boy needs his breakfast."

Maya snorted without looking up from her phone.

Arty couldn't breathe. His mom's foot was rubbing his cock under the table, massaging his hard length through his pants while his family sat right there.

The tablecloth hid everything, but the danger made his head spin. If his dad looked down, if Maya dropped her napkin...

Julie's smile turned wicked. She pressed harder with her foot, stroking him in slow movements while she calmly ate her breakfast.

Her fat nipples were visibly hard against her blouse, her heavy tits rising and falling with each breath.

"So," Julie said conversationally, her foot still working her son's cock, "anyone have plans today?"

Her husband shrugged. "Golf at noon. Back by five."

"Shopping with friends," Maya added. "Leaving in like ten minutes."

"Wonderful," Julie whispered, eyes locked onto Arty's, gleaming with mischief.

Her foot pressed down hard on his throbbing cock, grinding against the tubular slab. "Arty? What about you, sweetheart? Staying home today?"

He nodded jerkily, unable to speak.

"Perfect," Julie purred.

Her painted toes slid along his meat with agonizing slowness, and she felt him twitch violently against her touch.

"Eight inches. Maybe more," Julie thought as she traced the outline of his cock through the denim, her toes mapping every ridge and vein.

The shaft ran thick and hard along his thigh, packed with blood so tight she could feel the pulse throbbing beneath her touch. Her son's dick was magnificent—meatier than she'd imagined, the girth substantial enough that her toes had to spread to encompass its width.

Arty gripped the edge of the table, knuckles white. A tiny, strangled whimper escaped his throat before he could swallow it down.

His cock jerked against his mom's exploring foot, pre-cum leaking steadily into his briefs.

"You okay there, sport?" his dad asked, looking up from his pancakes. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"F-fine," Arty managed. His voice came out thin and breathy. "Just... tired."

Julie pressed her big toe into the thick vein running along the underside of his shaft. She could feel it clearly through the

fabric—a powerful ridge of blood and sinew, throbbing with teenage vitality.

Her son's cock was rock-hard, every inch of it straining against his jeans like a caged animal desperate to break free. She traced the vein from root to tip, feeling it pulse against her touch.

"I was thinking about joining the club tournament next month," his dad continued, oblivious. "My handicap's finally under twelve. Could actually place this time."

"That's wonderful, darling," Julie said, her voice smooth and maternal. Her toes never stopped their exploration.

She dragged her big toe up to the head of Arty's cock, feeling the swollen plum-shaped knob through his jeans. The flare of the coronal rim was distinct—a thick ridge that her toe could trace in lazy circles.

Arty's hips jerked instinctively under the table. His mom's toe was rubbing directly over his frenulum, the sensitive strip of skin just below the head. She pressed into it with practiced pressure, small circular motions that made his balls draw up tight against his body.

"The key is the short game," her husband continued, sawing into his pancakes. "Anyone can drive. It's the putting that separates the men from the boys."

"Mm, absolutely," Julie agreed, "technique is everything."

Her toe found Arty's piss-slit and pressed, rubbing the damp spot where his pre-cum had soaked through his boxers. She could feel

the wet warmth leaking through his jeans, marking him as desperately aroused.

Arty's breath came in short, shallow pants. Sweat beaded on his forehead. His cock felt like it was going to explode—his mom's toes were everywhere, rubbing and tracing and pressing in ways that made his vision blur.

She knew exactly where to touch, how to stroke, which spots made him twitch and gasp.

"You want more pancakes, Maya?" Julie asked sweetly, reaching across to serve her daughter. Her foot never stopped moving under the table.

"Nah, I'm good." Maya finally looked up from her phone. "Mom, you're being super attentive today. Everything okay?"

"Just happy," Julie said again. Her toes wrapped around the head of Arty's cock, squeezing gently. "My family's together. Everyone's eating well. What more could a mother want?"

Arty bit his lip. His mom's toes were milking his cock head, pulling and squeezing in rhythm. The friction through his jeans was maddening—not enough to make him come, but more than enough to drive him insane.

His balls ached. His dick leaked. And his dad kept talking about fucking golf.

"Bro, you sure you're okay?" Maya asked, frowning at him. "You look like you're about to pass out."

"I'm fine," he choked out. "Just... bathroom. Excuse me."

He started to push back from the table, but Julie's foot pressed down hard, pinning his cock against his thigh. Her eyes met his across the table, sharp and commanding.

"Stay and eat," she said firmly. "You need your breakfast." Her tone left no room for argument.

Arty sank back into his chair, his entire body trembling. Julie's toes resumed their exploration, tracing the thick length of his shaft, rubbing the sensitive head, pressing into the leaking slit. She was measuring him, learning him, claiming him with every touch.

His father leaned back in his chair, pulling out his phone with a casual grunt. "Hey, sport, check this out. Mickelson's bunker shot at the Masters last year. Perfect form."

The phone screen tilted toward Arty, showing a golf ball arcing through the air in slow motion.

Arty nodded dumbly, his eyes unfocused, his brain still reeling from the skillful stroke of his mom's foot. He mumbled something that might have been agreement.

Julie turned to her husband, her voice light and playful. "You know, honey, maybe Arty has some videos he'd like to share too."

She caught her son's eye and winked.

Arty's stomach dropped. His face burned hot, panic flooding his chest. The video. The taboo porn he'd watched last night—the one where a mother sucked her son off under the table at family dinner.

"I... uh..." Arty stammered, his voice cracking.

"What kind of videos?" his sister Maya asked absently, thumbs flying across her phone screen.

"Nothing interesting," Arty choked out.

Julie's smile widened. "Just some things boys his age like to watch. Isn't that right, Arty?"

His father chuckled, eyes glued to his phone. "Boy stuff. I get it." He turned the volume up, the golf commentator's voice filling the kitchen.

Maya scrolled through TikTok, headphones in, completely checked out.

Julie's hand moved to her lap, fingers smoothing her napkin. Then it slipped—deliberately, perfectly—falling off the edge of the table and disappearing beneath the tablecloth.

"Oops," she said, her voice dripping with false innocence.

"Clumsy me."

She pushed her chair back and ducked under the table

Arty's heart stopped. His hands gripped the table edge, knuckles white. He watched the tablecloth ripple as his mother crawled beneath, her bare feet padding softly as she repositioned.

He felt her hands on his ankles first—warm, confident fingers hooking into the cuffs of his jeans. A sharp tug. His jeans slid down his thighs, catching briefly at his knees before she yanked them to his ankles.

His briefs followed, the elastic waistband snapping against his skin as she pulled them down in one fluid motion.

Cool air rushed over his exposed cock and balls. Arty sucked in a breath, his hips shifting involuntarily.

He felt her hands on his knees, pushing his legs apart, spreading him wide. Her palms slid up his inner thighs, pressing, urging him forward until his ass hung off the edge of the chair.

"You see the trajectory there?" his father said, pointing at his phone. "That's how you get out of a sand trap."

"Mm-hmm," Arty managed, his voice strangled.

Under the table, Julie positioned herself between her son's spread legs. She could see his boner jutting upward, thick and veined, the head flushed dark with arousal. A beautiful specimen of teenage cock-flesh.

His balls hung heavy below, tight and smooth.

She leaned in, her breath warm against his sensitive flesh. Her tongue pressed flat against his asshole.

Arty's entire body jerked. A shudder raced through him, his spine arching, his cock bobbing. Her tongue was wet and hot, swirling in slow circles around the tight ring of muscle.

She licked again, harder this time, the tip of her tongue probing gently. She planted kisses and more licks, practically making out with the winking ring of his ass.

"You okay, sport?" his father asked without looking up. "You look pale."

"F-fine," Arty gasped. "Just... tired."

Julie's tongue dragged upward. She licked a long, wet stripe from his asshole, across the smooth skin of his taint, feeling him tremble beneath her.

Her tongue flattened against his perineum, tasting the musky heat of his arousal before sliding higher.

She reached his balls, her tongue tracing the seam between them. She licked upward along that sensitive line, her lips brushing the wrinkled skin, feeling his sac tighten with her pass.

Arty's thighs shook against her shoulders. Higher. Her tongue dragged up the length of his shaft, following the thick vein that pulsed along the underside.

She tasted the pre-cum that had leaked down his cock, salty and bitter on her tongue. She licked slowly, deliberately, mapping every ridge and sinew of his eight inches.

When Julie reached the tip, her long tongue swirled around the glans. She flicked it across the sensitive head, dancing over the slit, lapping up the steady bead of pre-nut that oozed from him.

Her lips parted, and she pressed a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the crown, her tongue never stopping its teasing dance.

Arty's breath shivered out of him. His hands clawed at the table, his fingernails scraping the wood. Every muscle in his body tensed, fighting to stay still, to stay silent.

His cock throbbed against her tongue, desperate for more.

Julie pulled back just enough to blow a stream of cool air across his wet, overheated flesh. Then she licked him again, another

long stripe from base to tip, her tongue broad and flat and devastatingly slow.

"I think I found something," Julie called out from beneath the table, her voice muffled by the tablecloth. "Someone stuck gum under here. Honestly, who does that?"

Her husband didn't look up from his phone. "Wasn't me. Maybe Maya did it."

Maya didn't even hear, lost in whatever video played on her screen, one earbud in, the other dangling against her shoulder.

Julie's fingers wrapped around the base of Arty's cock, holding his beast steady. Her lips pressed against the smooth skin of his scrotum, her tongue tracing lazy circles over the hairless flesh.

She breathed in deep, filling her lungs with the musky scent of his arousal—sweat and pre-cum and something uniquely him.

Arty's jaw clenched so hard his teeth ached. He couldn't help it—he tilted his head, peeking down past the edge of the tablecloth.

His mother knelt between his spread thighs, her dark hair cascading over her shoulders, her face buried in his crotch. Her lips moved against his sack, kissing and nibbling, her tongue darting out to taste every inch of his nut-filled scrotum.

Her cleavage spilled from the low neckline of her blouse, the creamy swell of her breasts swaying with each motion. Her giant tits bobbed and bounced as she worked, the fabric straining to contain them.

Arty watched a bead of sweat roll down the hollow of her throat, disappearing into the deep valley of her cleavage.

"You getting them gum off?" his father asked, still not looking.

"Getting there," Julie replied, her voice vibrating against Arty's balls.

She sucked one testicle into her mouth, rolling it across her tongue, feeling its cum-bloated weight. Her cheeks hollowed as she pulled back, stretching the skin before releasing it with a wet pop.

Arty's hands fisted beneath the table. His cock twitched against his stomach, leaking a steady stream of pre-cum that pooled in his navel. Every nerve ending fired at once—the wet heat of her mouth, the cool air on his slick flesh, the obscene sounds of her sucking echoing in his ears.

Julie shifted closer. Her fist tightened around his shaft, pumping slowly from base to tip. She pressed her face into the junction where his balls met his body, her nose buried in the crease of his thigh.

Her tongue found the root of his cock—the thick bulb of tissue that anchored his organ deep within his pelvis. She licked there, slow and deliberate, her tongue probing the sensitive flesh that most women ignored.

The crura—those hidden legs of erectile tissue that ran along his pelvic bone—responded to her touch, sending jolts of pleasure shooting through his core.

She sucked the skin above the root, her lips pulling at the base where shaft met body, creating sensations Arty had never experienced.

"Oh fuck," he whispered, barely audible.

"What was that, sport?" his father glanced up.

"Nothing," Arty choked out, his voice cracking. "Just... thinking about the golf thing."

His father turned back to his phone. "Mickelson's form is something else. You should really watch this."

Julie's teeth grazed the underside of her son's cock. She nibbled along the shaft, her lips catching folds of skin, tugging gently.

Her tongue traced the thick vein that pulsed with his heartbeat, tasting the salt of his skin mixed with her own saliva.

She chewed softly at the loose flesh of his sack, her teeth barely grazing the tender meat beneath, sending sharp sparks of sensation through his groin.

Arty's thighs trembled against her shoulders. His breath came in short, shallow gasps. He watched her head bob between his legs, her mouth working tirelessly, her fist pumping his length in slow, torturous strokes.

The wet sounds of her mouth on his flesh filled the space beneath the table, obscenely loud in his ears.

She pulled back, pressing her lips to the head of his cock. Her tongue swirled around the ridge, collecting the goo that leaked from his slit.

Then she descended, taking him deep, her throat opening to accommodate his girth. She held him there, her nose pressed against his pelvis, her throat muscles working around his tip.

“Getting it, honey?” her husband asked.

"Almost got it," she murmured, pulling off with a gasp. Her lips glistened with spit and Arty's fuck-oils. "Stubborn piece of gum."

"Take your time," her husband said, completely oblivious.

"Breakfast isn't going anywhere."

Julie's tongue swirled around the head of Arty's cock, showing her cock-licking skill, tracing the sensitive ridge where his foreskin had once been.

She worked in slow, deliberate circles, coating every inch of his flesh with her saliva. Her lips sealed tight around his shaft as she descended, taking him deeper into the wet heat of her mouth.

Her throat constricted around his tip, muscles rippling as she swallowed against his girth.

Arty's hand shot under the table, gripping the edge of his seat. His knuckles went white. Every stroke of her tongue sent electricity racing up his spine, pooling in his lower belly, building pressure behind his balls.

Julie pulled back until only the head remained between her lips. Her tongue drilled into his slit, lapping up the pre-cum that flowed freely now.

Then she sank down again, burying her nose in the trimmed hair at his base. Her throat worked around him, swallowing rhythmically, massaging his cock with her esophagus.

Her right hand slipped beneath his thigh, fingers tracing the crease where leg met body. She cupped his sack, weighing his balls in her palm, rolling them gently.

Then her fingers traveled further back, finding the tight pucker of his asshole.

Arty's entire body went rigid. Her middle finger circled the wrinkled flesh, pressing lightly, testing. The pad of her finger rubbed in slow circles over the sensitive opening. She traced the rim, spreading the moisture from her mouth down toward his hole, wetting the skin.

"You okay, sport?" His father glanced up. "You look tense."

"Fine," Arty managed. His voice came out strangled. "Just... hungry."

"Then you should eat, nerd," Maya said absently, still scrolling through her phone.

Julie's finger pushed against his asshole, applying steady pressure. The tight ring of muscle resisted at first, then began to yield.

Her finger slipped inside, just to the first knuckle, and Arty's cock jumped in her mouth. She felt him twitch against her tongue, felt his thighs clamp tighter around her shoulders.

She worked her finger deeper, twisting as she went. The walls of his ass clenched around her digit, hot and impossibly tight. She

curled her finger, searching, until she found the firm bump of his prostate.

Arty's hips bucked involuntarily. His cock slammed against the back of her throat, and she gagged softly, swallowing him down.

Her finger rubbed the sensitive gland in small circles, matching the rhythm of her tongue on his shaft.

"Fuck," he breathed. The word slipped out before he could stop it.

"Language," his father said mildly, not looking up from his phone.

"Sorry."

Julie pulled her mouth off his cock with a wet pop. She looked up at him from beneath the table, her beautiful eyes meeting his for a moment.

Her finger still worked inside him, massaging his prostate with expert pressure. Her other hand wrapped around his shaft, pumping slowly, spreading the mixture of spit and pre along his length.

She winked at him. Then she dove back down, taking him to the root. Her throat opened, relaxing to accept his full eight inches.

Her finger fucked his ass in earnest now, sliding in and out, curling to stroke his prostate with each thrust. The dual sensation—her mouth on his cock, her finger in his ass—threatened to shatter him completely.

His balls drew up tight against his body. The pressure built, a rising tide he couldn't hold back. His thighs shook against her shoulders.

His breath came in short, desperate pants through his nose, his jaw clenched so hard his molars ached.

Julie's eyes flicked toward the table's edge, toward where his father sat just feet away, completely unaware that his wife was deep-throating their son while finger-fucking his ass.

The danger of it, the sheer depravity, sent a surge of pleasure through her core.

She pulled back, gasping, strings of spit connecting her lips to his cock. Her finger buried itself deep, pressing hard against his prostate.

Her hand pumped his slick shaft faster now, twisting on the upstroke, her thumb rubbing the sensitive frenulum beneath the head.

"You're close," she mouthed, staring up at him. "I can feel it."

Arty couldn't answer. Couldn't think. Could only feel—the tight grip of her fist, the relentless pressure of her finger, the cool air on his wet cock as she held him there, poised on the edge.

His father laughed at something on his phone. "This guy's putting on a clinic."

Julie's mouth descended again. She took him deep, swallowing around his shaft, her finger working his prostate in rapid circles.

Her free hand cupped his balls, feeling them tighten further, feeling the telltale signs of his impending orgasm. She wanted

him to lose control. Wanted him to come right here, right now, with his family sitting around him, oblivious. The thought made her pussy clench with arousal, her own juices soaking through her panties.

Arty's hands gripped the tablecloth, knuckles white. His entire body coiled like a spring, every muscle tensed, every nerve firing.

He glanced at his father, at his sister's bowed head, at the mundane normalcy of the breakfast scene—while his mother's mouth and hands worked him toward the most intense orgasm of his life.

Julie felt his asshole clench around her finger. Felt his cock swell against her tongue. Felt his thighs begin to shake uncontrollably.

She pulled back just enough to speak, her lips brushing his spit-slick head. "Come for me," she breathed. "Right here. Right now."

Her mouth sank down again, taking him to the hilt, her lips spread lewdly against his cock-root. Her finger pressed hard against his prostate, rubbing in firm circles.

Her throat worked around his cock, swallowing, milking, demanding, making her son's vision go white at the edges.

Julie felt his cock swell impossibly thicker in her mouth, the veins pulsing against her tongue like steel cables under skin.

His balls clenched up tight in her fist, trying to pull toward his body, but she wouldn't let them. She tugged them outward hard,

stretching the spermatic cords in his scrotum, the skin pulling taut.

Her long, painted nails dug into the meat of his nuts, scraping lightly, massaging the cum boiling inside, urging it to erupt.

She carved her tongue along the underside of his glans, pressing flat and firm against the sensitive frenulum, sucking hard at the same time.

The friction was brutal, maximum stimulation ripping through him as her cheeks hollowed, lips locked airtight around his shaft.

Her finger still plunged in his asshole, grinding his prostate without mercy.

Arty's toes clenched hard in his sneakers, curling until they cramped. The surge of semen raged through his reproductive tract, a white-hot flood racing up from his balls.

The first thick rope blasted out his piss-slit, straight into his mother's mouth, splattering the back of her throat.

Inside Julie's mouth, it became a swamp of spurting, swirling boy-cum—thick, hot, and rich—cascading down into her stomach as she milked rope after rope from his spurting cock.

She swallowed greedily, throat muscles rippling around his head, pulling every drop deeper.

Her nails raked his scrotum harder, tugging his balls down to prolong the pulses, her tongue lashing the slit to coax more.

Arty bit his lip until he tasted blood, his body convulsing under the tablecloth. Cum jetted from him in heavy spurts, flooding her mouth faster than she could gulp.

He peeked down, catching glimpses of her huge tits heaving with each bob, cleavage spilling out of her top as she worked.

Her finger twisted in his ass, pressing his prostate like a trigger, forcing out another rope that made her hum around his cock, the vibration shooting straight to his core.

"This swing's textbook," his father said, oblivious, phone held up so he could see the golf video. "Arty, you gotta watch this later. Improve your game."

"Y-yeah," Arty choked out, voice cracking.

His hips jerked upward, shoving his cock deeper into his mom's throat. She gagged wetly but held, swallowing the next blast, her fist pumping the base of his shaft to squeeze out more.

Maya giggled at her phone. "God, that's so lame."

She would have never dreamed that her mother was relentlessly milking her brother's cock, lips sliding up and down the slick length, tongue swirling to catch any dribbles.

Cum overflowed the corners of Julie's mouth, dripping down her chin onto her tits, but she sucked harder, draining him dry.

Her finger fucked his asshole faster, curling to mash his prostate, extending the orgasm until his legs shook uncontrollably.

Arty's mind blanked, waves of pleasure crashing through him. He could hear the wet glurks of her throat working his cock, the

soft smacks of her lips, all masked by the clink of forks on plates and his father's commentary on the video.

The taboo of it—his mom gulping his load while Dad rambled about golf—made his balls churn out one final, weak spurt.

She pulled back slowly, nursing the head, tongue lapping his piss-slit clean.

Her finger slipped from his ass with a pop, leaving him gaping and empty.

Arty sagged in his chair, chest heaving, cock twitching in her hand as aftershocks rippled through him.

Julie emerged from under the tablecloth, napkin in hand, wiping her lips with a satisfied smirk. Her lipstick was smeared, cheeks flushed, but she played it cool.

"Finally got that gum off the table," she said casually, tossing it in the trash. "Sticky mess."

His husband chuckled. "Wasn't me. Must be Maya's."

"Hey!" Maya protested, still glued to her phone.

Julie slid back into her seat, her foot brushing Arty's ankle under the table—deliberate, teasing.

She licked her lips subtly, eyes locking on his. He could smell his cum on her breath when she leaned over to refill his orange juice, her huge tits brushing his arm.

Arty's cock stayed half-hard, slick with her spit. His heart hammered, panic mixing with bliss. What now?

She winked again, her painted toes tracing his calf, promising more.

"Pancakes any good, son?" his father asked, forking another bite.

"Best ever," Arty muttered, thighs still quivering.

Julie smiled wickedly, crossing her legs, her pussy throbbing from the thrill. The family chatter resumed, oblivious, but the air crackled with unspoken heat.