

Ten Days in the Bunker...with Mom

By Klrxo

"Honey, it's me. Drop what you're doing and turn on the TV!" Michael said to his wife on the phone as she worked in the kitchen.

Brook rushed into the living room and clicked on the television. The first thing to light up was an emergency news broadcast with the words "NUCLEAR CRISIS" in big bold letters across the bottom.

"Nuclear Crisis? Michael what's going on?"

"Apparently they're threatening to bomb us, in retaliation for that plane we shot down two days ago."

"Seriously?! So they're gonna try to blow up a bunch of innocent people because they lost a stupid airplane?"

"Nobody really knows what that lunatic leader of theirs is capable of," her husband answered. "As a precaution, I think you should take the kids down into the bunker...until this all clears up."

"The bunker?! Honey, do you really think it's THAT serious?"

"Yeah, I do. This is about as serious a bomb threat as we've ever had. Look, I'm sorry I'm a thousand miles away and can't be there, but unfortunately it's outside my control. They're shutting down air traffic along the entire East Coast right now."

"That's ok," she uttered. "I mean, it's not ok...I'd love to all be together right now, but Hunter and I can go through the checklist, just like you've showed us before."

"Good...and don't wait. Get the systems running and yourselves secured as quickly as you can."

"Ok...um, how long do we stay down there for?"

"You have a broadcast feed down there, so you'll be able to see how this plays out. Once it looks like it's getting resolved, which hopefully it will soon, you guys can come back up."

Brook gave her husband an emotional good-bye, then informed her son, Hunter, of what was going on. She scooped the baby from her crib and locked the house up. There were only a few items they brought along, since the bunker contained everything they needed. The family had a sprawling property, which you wouldn't even know had a bomb shelter if it weren't for the round door that protruded from the ground, some distance from the house.

The underground bunker was a giant steel culvert, outfitted with bulkheads, electrical system, ventilation system, and properly designed entrances. It was buried to a suitable depth to ensure proper earth arching and shielding. The walls of the cylinder were plenty thick, and the backfill performed to industry specifications. It was a structure that would endure a nuclear shock that would destroy all above ground buildings within a 5-mile radius of the blast.

After powering up the systems, they sealed themselves in and prepared to wait it out for as long as necessary.

Hunter plopped down onto the sofa, already bored out of his mind and he'd only been in the bunker for an hour. The small living space also comprised of an eating area and tiny kitchen. At the rear of the bunker, separated by a wall, was a small bunk room with a TV and desktop computer. This space had an adjoining bathroom, with toilet, sink and shower. It was certainly nothing fancy, but contained all the space and supplies they needed in such a crises.

"I never thought we'd actually have to come down here," Hunter stated, looking over at his mother as she cradled her newborn in her arms. The dark-haired 18-year-old Senior was lean and handsome, which made him popular among the girls at school.

"That makes two of us, honey. Unfortunately, there are crazy, power-hungry people in the world who make the rest of us live in fear."

"I just hope they don't drop any bombs. Is dad some place safe?"

"I'm sure your father's company is looking out for the safety of their employees," the mother assured him. "He told me not to worry so I'm not going to."

After eating something, they moved to the bunk room, sitting side by side on the bottom bunk as they watched a new broadcast for several hours. Unfortunately, that only made them feel even more uneasy so Brook finally turned the television off. "Enough of that nonsense," she blurted. "Let's focus on something else."

"Like what? There's no phone service or internet down here."

The comment made his mom laugh. "You know, people did survive and enjoy themselves BEFORE the internet, honey."

"I sure am glad I didn't grow up in those days."

"Oh, I know...you would've simply withered away with boredom," she teased, giving him a tickle.

Hunter loved being close to his mother. There were plenty of his friends who sure wouldn't mind being "close" to her either. It made him a little angry and protective every time they made a comment about her overly-large breasts or what a "MILF" they thought she was. Brook had radiant facial features and a short, but stylish hairdo. Her body was lush; on its way to being in shape again after having recently given birth to her second child seven weeks ago.

"Let's play a game," the mother suggested.

"What type of game?"

"It's called the Name Game. We pick a topic, then I say a word having to do with that topic. You take the last letter of that word and come up with a new word, then we keep it going until someone gets stumped."

"No offence, Mom, but that game sounds really boring."

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Well, do you have a better game for us to play then, brat!" she asked.

"No, but I could probably come up with something."

"Tell you what...let's play my game tonight and then we'll try one that you come up with tomorrow, deal?"

"I guess that sounds fair."

"Alright...so I'm gonna start. The first subject is of my 'Name Game' is animals. My word is Aardvark," Brook stated.

"OK, so just to clarify...I have to come up with an animal that starts with last letter of your word, which is K?" the teen asked.

"Correct!"

"All right. How about Kangaroo!"

"Good one! Um...Octopus."

"Snake," said Hunter.

"Elephant."

"Tiger."

"Hmm, R? Oh, I know...Rhinoceros," Brook shouted.

"I can't say one I've already said, right?" her son asked.

"Nope...it has to be original."

"Shoot...I can't think of another animal that starts with the letter s."

"Looks like a point for me then!" Brook smiled in victory. "Are you giving up?"

"Yeah, I can't think of one."

"My point then!" she smiled. "Oh, and, by the way...you could have said shark!" she taunted.

"Dang...how did I not think of that?!"

"Ohh, poor baby!" Brook teased, patting the back of his head as she gave him a tit-squashing hug, which Hunter wished had lasted longer.

"So, do I get to pick the next subject?" he asked.

"Nope, winner picks. So, let's see...how about 'food' this time. My first word is pizza."

For the longest time they played and laughed, each coming up with a food that started with the appropriate letter. For nearly twenty minutes they went back and forth on the subject of food, until Hunter became stumped again. "You have an unfair advantage with this topic, mom."

"How so?"

"You're the one who shops and cooks all the time," he pointed out.

"Stop making excuses and just accept your defeat," she giggled.

"Fine! Next subject."

"Hmm, how about body parts," she suggested.

"Body parts?"

"Yeah, parts of the body, inside or out. My first word is foot."

"Alright, um...toe."

"Ear," Brook blurted with a pretty smile.

"Rotator cuff."

"What?!" his mom scowled questioningly.

"You've never heard of a rotator cuff, mom?"

"No...but I'll trust that you know what you're talking about. So, that means my letter is f. That's easy...face."

"Elbow."

"Oh...damn...W?"

"Looks like I might finally get a point," Hunter eagerly expressed.

"Wiener!" Brook blurted, making her son burst out laughing.

"Wiener?"

"Yeah, you know, like a guy's wiener. His penis," she clarified, glancing down at her son's crotch.

"I know what you meant, but I'm pretty sure 'wiener' is a slang word, mom, which means it doesn't count."

"Fine, because I just thought of a better word. Waist."

"OK. How about, umm...tits."

"Hunter!"

"What? Tits is a body part...or parts."

"No. If I couldn't use wiener, you can't use tits."

"Why can't I use tits?"

She nudged against him playfully, brushing her squishy boobs against his arm. "You can USE tits all you want...just not in this game," she joked.

"Very funny," Hunter blushed. "I won't be 'using tits' at all while I'm stuck down here in this bunker, that's for sure."

This generated a laugh from his mom. "Well...if it's any consolation, your mom won't be using much 'wiener' either, since your father isn't here. And um, speaking of that. Maybe now's a good time for us to talk about a, um...schedule."

"Schedule?"

"Well, I'm sure we're both gonna be wanting to get some...sexual release, at least once a day, but being in this tiny living space might make that a bit awkward."

"True."

"So, I was thinking that whenever one of us needed some 'private time,' we could be in here, while the other is in the next room. Since there's no door separating the rooms, the person who's in with the baby could listen to some music on their headphones or something, to block out any awkward noises."

"Sounds like a pretty good plan to me," Hunter agreed. The thought of his pretty mom masturbating certainly made him feel all tingly inside. He knew there would be times when he'd need to get off, but hadn't really considered how that might happen down here until she brought it up.

"Ok good, we got that awkward discussion out of the way, now back to our game. You need a body part that starts with T."

"Well, since I can't use tits, how about if I use tongue?"

The mother's lips curled naughtily. "Don't expect a girl to EVER tell you that you can't use your tongue," she joked, then blushed. "Sorry, that was a naughty thing for a mother to say."

"I'll forgive you," Hunter smiled. "After all, I did say 'tits' in front of you."

"Yes, you did, and it hurt my wholesome ears," his mom teased.

"Yeah, right!"

"Looks like I'm back to the letter E again," Brook pointed out. "How about Eyeball."

"Leg," her son quickly retorted.

"Gut."

"Umm...tonsils?"

"Good one, honey," said Brook, then she thought about her answer a moment. "Shin."

"Dang! What body part starts with N?" Hunter asked himself out-loud.

"Nockers?"

His mom burst out laughing. "Wow, first tits and now knockers? Apparently we know someone's favorite body part," Brook observed, "but 'knockers' is spelled with a K, honey, and it's a slang word, just like wiener, so it doesn't count."

"Hey, you can't 'KNOCK' a guy for trying!" he joked.

"Boy, who would have known that I gave birth to such a comic genius," Brook teased, rolling her eyes.

They played a few more rounds and Hunter didn't win a single one. His mom didn't hesitate to rub it in his face. "I win...AGAIN!" she sang.

"Yep, looks like I'm one big loser today."

"I'm sure you'll get back at me with whatever game you have planned for us tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll definitely have to think of a good one."

Brook fed the baby, then prepared her and her son a couple of freeze-dried meals. Her husband had the shelter stocked with such food, so it would stay good for years until it was needed. "Well, it wasn't exactly a home cooked meal, but it still wasn't bad," the mother pointed out, once they were finished.

"I'm not sure if we'll be saying that a few days from now, when we're still eating it and craving a fat, juicy cheeseburger."

"Good point. Shall we check the news again and make sure we're not engaged in nuclear war yet?" the mother asked.

They moved back to the bunk room to watch the broadcast. The clips of people across the country scrambling for goods was horrifying as the threat of a missile strike continued. "I can't believe this is really happening," Hunter expressed. "I always thought dad was crazy for building this shelter, now I'm starting to think it was the smartest thing he ever did."

"Excuse me?!" his mother blurted with a playful nudge. "The smartest thing he ever did, huh?"

"After marrying you, of course."

"That's better," the mother giggled. "You're right though. Your dad's doomsday attitude used to drive me mad, but now I sure am glad he took it to the extreme by having this bunker built."

"Even still, let's hope for a peaceful resolution, especially for all those people who don't have a bunker like ours."

"I agree, honey," Brook added, clicking off the TV, then peeking over at him awkwardly. "There's a lot of families out there who aren't as lucky as we are."

There was silence between them for a moment as the mother felt an itch between her legs. "So, um...before we go to bed...do you mind if I get a little...personal time?" she asked.

"Oh, um...no, not at all. I can grab the baby and go into the next room," her son answered, climbing out of the bunk.

"Thanks, and uh...don't forget your headphones."

"Oh, right...got 'em!" he replied, snatching his earbuds off the TV stand.

Hunter cradled his baby sister in his arms and took her to the next room. After sitting on the sofa he popped his ear buds in, just as his mom suggested, so his music would drown out any 'noises' coming from the bunk room. Several minutes passed, and the boy simply couldn't believe he was sitting there, while his mom was masturbating just beyond the wall, no more than twenty-feet away.

The curious teen would have given anything to peek in and get a quick glimpse of his beautiful mom pleasuring herself. He pictured her sexy legs splayed in the air while she rubbed her clit frantically. It wasn't something he'd fantasized about seeing until just recently. However, he wasn't quite ballsy enough to try anything, and knew she'd probably lose it if she caught him peeping. What he did have the courage to do though was turn off his music and slip one ear bud out to see if he could hear anything. The noises that came from the bunk room reminded him of what a truly confined space they were in. Even though divided by a thinly-framed wall, he could clearly hear his mom GASPING in pleasure, along with the dull BUZZ of her vibrator.

"Holy shit!" he gasped, under his breath, placing his ear bud back in and starting his music again, for fear of being caught.

Brook was on the bottom bunk and her toes were clenched. Her knees were drawn back, her thick thighs bowed wide opened. A vibrating wand growled as she held it against her shaved snatch. She imagined a much

younger man, not her husband, fucking her savagely. The hot juice of her ejaculation began to burble from her cunt-slit, splattering down onto the towel she had laid down beneath her. Her entire mommy-body convulsed delightfully, her meaty, naked tits jostling around on her chest. Masturbation was a daily routine for the mother, usually once, but sometimes twice a day.

Hunter was tapping his foot to the beat of a song when Brook emerged from the bunk room, wearing nothing but a big t-shirt. Hunter could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her heavy breasts trembled beneath the fabric. "Your turn, honey," she said softly, reaching down to take the baby.

He took a moment to study her face, which seemed flushed, as though she'd just experienced a tremendous orgasm. "I'm OK I think," Hunter stated, feeling a bit awkward taking his turn.

"Hunter, honey...let's not be all shy about this, ok? We're both adults and have needs, so just...go do what you need to do to take care of yourself. We agreed to this arrangement, remember, for as long as we're down here."

"Alright," the teen nodded. "I'll just be a few minutes."

"Take as much time as you need."

He went into the next room, which was mostly dark. He had eaten pussy before so he knew the smell that lingered. Before he could climb up onto the top bunk to relieve himself, his foot struck an item of clothing on the floor. He leaned down and picked up his mom's bra, clicking on the flashlight on his phone to get a good look at it. Brook's bra was white and the cups had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. He studied the thick cross-straps and the four clasps that held it around her breasts. The curious teen illuminated the tag, which read: 40H. He was no expert on bra size, but he knew that was pretty damn big.

"Wait a second..." he suddenly thought. "If her bra was on the floor, maybe her panties are too."

When the beam of his light struck the floor, sure enough, his mom's panties were laying there at his feet. He nervously reached down and picked them up. Never in his life had he had the guts to sneak a smell of his mom's panties, but now that they were being presented on a silver platter, this was his chance. Hunter suddenly felt dizzy with desire as he brought the gusset to his nose, inhaling his mom's delightful cuntal aroma.

The teen couldn't climb up onto his bunk fast enough, taking his new discovery with him. He fished his erect cock from his shorts, then had the greatest stroke-session of his life. It was, of course, fueled by the intoxicating scent of the pussy that had birthed him. After capturing his cum-load in a small towel, he stashed the jizz-rag in his backpack, then placed the panties just as he'd found them on the floor.

"Feel better?" his mom asked with a curious smile as he returned to the next room.

"Yeah, thanks."

"I fed your sister so she's out like a light now. I think I'll get some rest before she wakes up again."

"I guess I might as well too."

They went back into the next room and crawled into their bunks. Brook took the lower bed, since she'd most likely be up a couple times to tend to the baby. It would be the first time either of them had ever slept inside the bunker. It was an eerie, yet secure feeling as they lay there in the pitch darkness listening to the subtle hum of the ventilation system.

"Goodnight, honey," Hunter heard his mom soft voice say.

"Goodnight, mom. I hope there's still a world out there when we wake up."

"Me too."

"Have you come up with a good game for me to beat you at, like I did the last one?" Brook asked her son as they lounged in the main living space the next day.

"As a matter of fact, I do have a good one," Hunter replied. There was a game he had played at a party with his friends that would be a blast to play with his mom, but it could get extremely risqué so he did hesitate to bring up the idea of playing it with her. "You're OK with an 'adult themed' game, right?"

"Well, we are both adults...and the game we played yesterday did get a little naughty after awhile. Why don't we just try it and see how it goes. What's this game called?" she asked.

"Dirty charades. I have it downloaded on my phone."

"Dirty charades?" the mother chuckled. "Who in the world have you been playing dirty charades with?"

"No one recently. We just played it at a party once, so I decided to download it."

Brook shifted awkwardly on the couch. Today, she wore skimpy cotton shorts and a form fitting tank top that left some creamy cleavage exposed. "I've played charades plenty of times...but never 'dirty charades.' I'm assuming the same rules apply?"

"Yep, one person acts out the word or phrase and the other has to guess what it is, but in this version, you have to use another person...as a prop somehow."

"A prop?"

"Yeah, you know...you have to use the other person to act out whatever the word is."

"Alright then...let's give it a try. You go first...acting the word out I mean," she anxiously requested.

Hunter stood from the couch, then brought up the first word on his phone app. He motioned for his mom to come over, then quickly forced her to turn around and brought her wrists together, crisscrossing them.

"Handcuffs!" his mom blurted.

"Correct," her son answered, letting her go. "That was kind of an easy one."

Brook brought up the next word on the app as she stood next to him, then started giggling. "Oh God, this game is gonna get us both in trouble," she stated.

"How?"

"Because we're both gonna be acting out things with each other that we shouldn't, that's how."

"Hey, you were the one who said we could try it."

"I know," Brook said, then looked over at the sofa. "You have to sit down for this one."

Hunter sat as she requested, then his beautiful mom awkwardly rested on his lap, facing forward. The boy's eyes widened. His mom's rounded ass felt amazing and even better as she began bouncing on his lap, making her big breasts jostle beneath her tank top. She went from bouncing to gyrating in a sexy manner, grinding against his rapidly hardening cock. "Sex?" the boy guessed.

"Nope," she answered, then moved in a dry-humping motion. She threw her arms up and began moving them as if she were dancing to music.

"Oh...lap dancing?" he guessed.

"You got it," his mom answered, quickly raising off his lap. "I certainly hope these words don't get much more awkward than that one."

"Well, we're both adults, like you said, right? We know it's just a game...all in good fun."

"I suppose, but even so...you better not tell anyone we played dirty charades together, understand?"

"Don't worry, mom, I won't. What happens in the bunker stays in the bunker," her son assured her.

"Good. So, the score is one to one. Let's do the next one."

Hunter brought up the next word. "Oh boy...um, ok," he uttered nervously, then began acting as though he was texting on his phone. "So, for this one, you have to imagine that you're holding your phone too," he shared, then reached under his shirt, rubbing his chest slowly.

"What in the world are you doing?" Brook asked, getting a kick out of watching him act this way. Hunter pretended as if he was typing again, then began slipping his hand down his pants. "That's what you have to figure out, mom," he reminded her.

Oh, wait...Sexting!" Brook shouted.

"Correct," her boy answered.

"Yay...two for two!" she cheered. "It's a good thing I guessed it when I did though. I might have gotten an eyeful."

"True, that was pretty awkward. Your turn," said Hunter, handing her the phone.

When she saw her word, she shook her head and glared over at him. "This game is horrible," she stated, trying to control her smirk.

"You can pass on your turn, but according to the rules, I would get a point."

"I'm not passing on my turn, so don't get your hopes up," she replied, then knelt down beside him. "Don't move."

Hunter looked down and watched his mother place her forearm near his crotch, then suddenly she made it spring upward at an angle, so her fist pointed towards the ceiling. After seeing her son looked stumped, she rolled her eyes and did the same motion, once again, with her forearm.

"Oh, um...an erection?" Hunter answered.

"It took you long enough," she snickered, then peered at his crotch a moment, noticing how it was tenting out. "Maybe I should have just pulled your pants down and made it easy on myself."

"Sorry," the boy blushed, doing his best to conceal it. "I think that lap dance demonstration you did kinda got to me."

"I can see that. Do you wanna continue the game or do you need a, um...break?"

"No, I can continue," he replied, then looked at his phone to get his next word. An expression of shock filled his face. "Maybe I SHOULDN'T do this one right now though."

"Fine, I'll take the point," his mother smirked.

"I mean, I'll do it...I just probably shouldn't in the state I'm in right now."

"The rules don't say anything about saving a word until later in the game, honey. Either do it now or I get a point. Those are the rules," Brook reminded him.

"What the heck...I'll do it then," he bravely blurted. "You have to lay down on the floor though...on your back."

"On my back, huh? Great!" his mom sarcastically uttered, then sprawled out on the area rug. Hunter began climbing down on top of her and she fed him a apprehensive look. "Are you about to do what I think you're about to do?" she nervously asked.

"Probably."

"Ok, um...do I need to...spread my legs or anything?"

"Sure, that would help."

Brook opened her thighs and drew her knees back, watching her teen sprawl flat on top of her. It seemed so naughty and surreal as he brought his full weight down against her, nuzzling his face into her neck.

"I, uh...guess I can see now why you wanted to wait on this one," Brook stated as she felt her son's boner press against her crotch.

Hunter gulped nervously, then began to dry hump against his mom, digging his rigid fuck-muscle against her heated crotch.

"Oh my God, Hunter...Really?!" she giggled, surprised by what her son was doing.

"Just doing what the word said, mom."

"Hmm, I wonder what this could be? Sex maybe?"

"Nope, you seriously don't know what it is?" Hunter asked, reveling in the feel of his mom's squishy tits crushed against him.

"Maybe...but I'm gonna give it a little longer, just to make sure."

She held on to her son's shoulders, peering down his back and watching Hunter's young ass bob up and down in a steady fuck-motion. "That's pretty good form you have there, kiddo," she proudly stated, then peeked down into his eyes teasingly. "Done this a few times, have you?"

"More than a few times, but thanks."

Brook let out an inadvertent sigh, feeling her son's rock hard boner dig at her cunt-slit beneath their clothing. "I know this is a personal question, but...do you always keep that rhythm when you're doing it?"

"Yeah, I have to, otherwise I'd finish way too quickly."

"If you went faster, you mean?"

"Yes."

"How long do you last...going at THIS pace?" the mother brazenly asked.

"Usually about an hour."

"Shut up...I'm serious!"

"So am I."

"You last a whole hour inside a girl...going at this tempo?" she skeptically confirmed.

"Yes...why, is that so unusual?" he asked, continuing to pump against her.

"Um...yeah, going this speed it is," she answered, then slithered her legs up around his frame, high on his back, crossing her ankles. "Most guys couldn't keep this pace for more than five or ten minutes," she informed him, then scratched her nails down his back through his t-shirt and subtly humped her lovely ass from the floor, dry-humping him back in counterpoint.

"What are you doing, mom?" he asked, surprised to see her giving it back to him.

"Just making sure this is what I think it is before I give you my answer," she replied, her breath huffing with every thrust. "What the problem? Are you not used to girls doing it this way?"

"No."

"Then clearly they're doing it wrong," the mother stated, grinding her cunt against the bulge of his erection.

"Well...if you're so concerned about doing it right, shouldn't you be kissing me?" her son asked. He expected his mom to laugh off his request, but her response surprised him.

"How am I suppose to kiss you if your lips are down there?"

Hunter brought his face up above his mother's and they stared lustfully into each other's eyes, their bodies still writhing in a steady dry-humping rhythm. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Your lips aren't attached to mine yet, so no, it's not."

Hunter lowered his lips and they shared a few sensual closed-lipped kisses. Brook finally came to the realization of how ridiculously inappropriate this was. "We should probably stop, honey," the mother breathlessly suggested.

"I would have by now, but you still haven't guessed what it is."

"Well, no one said anything about any time limits on guessing, now did they?"

"Maybe if I went faster, would it would suddenly come to you," he suggested, staring into her eyes.

"Yes, maybe," she answered without thinking.

Hunter began to hump with everything he had. His busty mother reciprocated, twisted her lovely legs down his back, then grasping his ass with both hands, bucking beneath him. They rocked violently on the floor, both of them gasping in fuck-lust as the boy's muscled cock threatened to saw right through their clothing. Brook's big fatty tits rippled between them and she HISSED in ecstasy. Then, she suddenly came to her senses and tapped on his shoulder. "The missionary position! It's the missionary position, right?" she blurted.

"Yes," her son breathed, slowing down and then stopping completely, but remaining on top of her. "You guessed it."

"All right, we should, um...probably get up and take a break, honey."

"Yeah, uh...ok."

Brook had a hard time tearing her eyes from her son's cock as he stood up. She could see the form of his fat knob pushing his shorts out. The fascinated mother inadvertently licked her lips, staring at the big wet spot where his pre-cum had soaked through.

"Why don't you go first today," she suggested.

"Go first?"

"Yeah, well...I assume after what just happened that you could use a 'bunk-break,' right?"

"Oh, yeah...right," the teen answered, looking in the direction of the bunk room.

"I'll just take my break when you're finished," the mother stated, looking sexually frazzled as she sat down on the couch.

Just as they had the day prior, Brook and her son took turns masturbating. The only regret that Hunter had, from going first this time, was that he didn't get to use his mom's panties. That was OK though, with his

adrenaline still pumping from the earlier dry-hump, his ejaculation was extremely satisfying.

This time, while he held his sister, instead of wearing headphones, like they had agreed on, Hunter listened to his mom get herself off the whole time. His heart raced excitedly as he heard his own hot mother pant and squeal from the bunk room. Her vibrator let out a series of lewd, wet growls, like it was grinding against wet flesh. Her actual orgasm went on for a good two minutes. It seemed easily twice as hard as the one she had yesterday.

It wasn't until after Brook had taken her turn and rubbed her clit to orgasm with her vibrator that she began to feel guilty about what had happened earlier. Also, the fact that she had just given the young man in her masturbatory fantasy a face; her son's face. *"No more dirty charades! Hunter and I definitely crossed the line today!"* she shamefully told herself.

Over the next few days, neither Brook or her son brought up the incident that happened during their game of charades. They busied themselves with other things; mostly keeping an eye on the TV to monitor the crises.

Lounging on the lower bunk, while his mom showered, Hunter found a few stations on the TV that weren't talking about the latest drama. One channel was playing old episodes of a TV show that he grew up on, so he decided to watch, while playing with his baby sister.

"I can't wait until we get out of here so I can have a hot shower that lasts longer than two minutes," Brook complained as she stepped from the bathroom in one of Hunter's white t-shirts.

The boy could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her meaty tits shifted beneath the fabric as she walked. Brook paused by the bunk and rubbed a towel through her short hair to dry it. This made the swell of her knockers jostle around wonderfully beneath the fabric, causing Hunter's eyes to widen.

"How's my baby girl doing?" the mother asked in a cute voice as she plopped down next to her son and stroked her daughter's cheek. "Is she getting tired?"

"I know I am," Hunter replied. "Although I shouldn't be, since I've done nothing today."

"That makes two of us," said Brook as she snuggled up next to her son. "I think I'll set up the treadmill tomorrow, so I can get some exercise."

"Maybe I'll spend an hour on it too. I was working out after school every day, now all of the sudden, nothing."

"Speaking of an hour...we could also do one of those fun floor workouts together, like we did during dirty charades the other day," his mom giggled, giving him a teasing wing.

"That would definitely burn some calories," Hunter agreed. He watched his mom drape one of her sexy legs across his lap. He could feel her squishy tits prodding against the side of his chest as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"Wow, I've almost forgot what it's like to have a man in my bed," she stated.

"I can go back up to my bunk, once you put the baby in her crib."

"Or not!" his mom whispered.

"Or not?"

"I mean, you can if you want...or you could stay down here and snuggle with ME tonight."

"You mean...sleep in the same bunk together?"

"Sure...as long as you don't hog all the blankets. Let me rock the baby to sleep, then I'll be back."

Hunter watched his mom crawl off the bunk and scoop his sister up. Brook stood in the lighted doorway, so her voluptuous body was silhouetted wonderfully for her son to admire. The t-shirt fell just below her rounded

ass, allowing Hunter to stare at his mom's sculpted legs. As she rocked the baby in her arms, Brook peeked back at her teen, catching him staring at her. The mother's tummy tingled with excitement, knowing she'd have a strong, handsome teenager to share her bunk with tonight. *"There's nothing wrong with some innocent snuggling,"* she told herself.

After getting the baby to sleep, Brook laid her down in her crib, then shut off the lights in the main living area. "Did you fall asleep on me?" she asked her son as she padded back into the bunk room.

"Nope, I'm still awake."

"Why's your t-shirt on? I know you don't wear that to bed," Brook pointed out.

"Oh, true," Hunter replied, then shucked off his t-shirt. He let out a subtle gasp as he saw his mom stop beside the bunk and quickly peel her panties off. The anxious teen stripped out of his shorts, so only his briefs remained on.

Brook turned off the TV, shrouding them in pitch blackness. "It's crazy how dark it gets in here at night. It's like being in a cave," she pointed out as she crawled beneath the covers and joined her son.

"Well, I guess we are in a cave...just a man made one."

"Are you sure you don't mind cuddling?" Brook asked.

"No, um...do you want me to just lay on my back?"

"Why don't we try the 'honeymoon hug' position?" Brook suggested as she sprawled out beside him.

"What's that?"

"We lay on our sides, belly to belly, holding each other, so our bodies are fully entwined. It's how two people cuddle if they wanna be as close to each other as physically possible."

"Well, that's not true. I'm sure there are ways for two people to be closer than that," Hunter stated half-jokingly.

His mom laughed. "Being INSIDE someone doesn't count, honey. That's sex, not cuddling."

"True, I guess."

Brook nuzzled in against her son, draping her arms around his neck and flattening her braless tits against his chest, so that only her thin t-shirt separated their flesh. Hunter shuddered with the thrill of being this intimately close to his beautiful mom. Her sweet perfume was intoxicating and her tits felt so huge and squishy against his chest, with her hardened teats prodding into him. Her leg was between his, pushed right up against his hardening prick. "Now THIS is the type of cuddling that I love," the mother sighed, as content as could be.

"Do you and dad snuggle this way?"

"Hardly ever anymore."

"Really...why?"

"It's just the way marriage usually goes, honey. The longer two people are together, the less they do intimate things like this."

"That sucks, but you guys do still have sex though, right?"

Brook giggled. "If you wanna call it that, yeah."

"What's that mean?"

"Your father and I DO have sex, yes, but it's certainly not the type of sex that you were describing the other day," Brook replied.

"When was I describing sex?"

"You remember...during our game of dirty charades, when you put on your little missionary-position demonstration."

"Oh yeah, that."

"That pace you were going at....I'd be lucky to get five minutes of that type of sex with your father."

"I mean, it does feel good that way, and I can understand why guys get off quickly, but when I'm doing it, I never wanted it to be over with, so I guess I just sort of taught myself to go for longer," the boy explained.

"That's pretty remarkable. What's the longest you've ever had sex?" the mother inquired.

"I've gone five hours before."

"Five hours?! With one ejaculation?"

"No, I got off three times."

"Oh, yeah...well that makes sense. Boys your age have short refractory periods. Still though, five hours...that's pretty impressive, honey."

"You and dad never did it for that long?"

"Well, yeah...in our early years together, before you were conceived. I haven't had that type of sex for a long time though."

There was an awkward silence before Brook spoke up again. "So, the girls that you sleep with...they must be pretty satisfied with your performance."

"Yeah, it's pretty crazy how hard they get off sometimes."

Brook giggled. "That must be a major ego boost for you...knowing you can make a girl orgasm like that," she stated.

"Yeah, it makes me feel good to know that I'm pleasing them."

"Well, that's a good trait in a lover...someone who puts their partners pleasure first. I'm surprised you don't have more girls doting over you."

There was a pause in the conversation as they adjusted their position and Hunter felt his mom's upper thigh press against his rigid cock. Brook's soft, sweet voice broke the silence. "Can I ask you sort of an awkward question?"

"Sure."

"Do you get hard sometimes...when you're around me?" she asked.

"Like now you mean? Yes."

"Why do I...get you hard?"

"Because you're pretty, and extremely sexy," he admitted. "I'm just being honest."

"And I appreciate your honesty. I AM your mom though. You don't think that's weird...that I get you all 'stiff' like that?"

"Maybe it is, but it's not like I can control how my body reacts, you know...when I get aroused."

"Yes, well...I know that feeling," the mother added.

"You do?"

"Uh-huh. Since we're being honest with each other...the other day, after we played dirty charades together, I had to change my panties, because the ones I had on were soaking wet."

"Wet from...being aroused?"

"Well, I certainly didn't pee myself, honey," she laughed.

"Wow, so you were really turned on?" Hunter asked, in disbelief that his mom was actually sharing that with him.

"Yes, but it's just like you having a hard penis around me. That's just how women's bodies react when they're aroused," Brook expressed.

"Oh...so I, um..."

"Yes, you turned me on, honey," she giggled. "I wanna tell you something, Hunter, but you have to promise that you won't think any less of me?"

"Of course I won't."

"The past two days, all I've been able to think about...is what it would be like to get that hour with you on top of me."

"An hour?" Hunter stupidly asked, even though he had a pretty good idea what she meant.

"Yes, an hour in the missionary position, with you going at the pace you were the other day. You said you could keep that rhythm for an hour. Were you being honest about that?"

"Of course."

"Just the thought of having a penis so young, hard and full of exuberance pummeling through me for an hour is extremely thrilling to me," she confessed.

Hunter could hardly believe his ears. It was a confession he never expected his own mom to make. "Are you saying that you wanna—"

"Yes," she replied, cutting him off. "I'm sorry...I know I'm a horrible mother for even suggesting we do such a thing together."

"Then I'm a horrible son too, I guess," Hunter admitted. "because I think about it all the time. Doing it with you, I mean."

"Just since we got in the bunker...or before then?"

"Just over the past year," he replied.

After an awkward silence, Brook spoke up. "You know...WE ARE all alone, sealed inside this bunker. We could...seriously go at it right now and no one would ever know," she whispered.

"Would you, um...be serious about doing that, mom?" the teen asked, finding it hard to breath he was so intrigued by what she was suggesting.

"I don't know," Brook reluctantly replied. "I WOULD be cheating on your father if I had sex with you, but you would never say anything, right?"

"Of course not, and if I never said anything about it, how else would dad ever find out?"

"True, he wouldn't."

"Exactly."

"Are you sure you wouldn't regret it and hate me tomorrow?" Brook asked him.

"I wouldn't regret a thing, and I would certainly never hate you, mom."

"We couldn't let this become a regular thing, Hunter," Brook warned. "We could only do it for an hour, like you talked about being able to do, and I'll be satisfied with that. Tomorrow morning, we wake up and act like nothing happened, understood?"

"Deal," her boy replied.

Brook fed him a tender peck on the lips. "Are you sure you want this?" she whispered, as the realization of what was about to happen sunk in. "You REALLY wanna have sex with your mother?"

"Yeah...I'm ready."

"I noticed," his mother giggled, nudging against his rigid pecker. "Can I feel you...with my hand?"

"Of course you can," his anxious voice replied.

Hunter felt his mom slide her hand onto his cock and fondle it through his briefs. He let out a delightful sigh from being touched from someone besides himself. The fact that the 'someone' was his own mother was an added thrill.

"Oh, honey...you're really big!" Brook expressed, letting her fingers clench up his thick stalk. She certainly wasn't over-exaggerating by telling him this. Hunter's erection felt much longer and fatter than her husband's. It was capped by a bulbous crown that she knew would feel divine plunging through her neglected cunt. "It's so HARD!"

"I told you it was ready," he replied.

She brought her lips close to his, still fondling his erection. "I'm ready too. Wanna feel?" Brook whispered.

"You mean...touch you...down there?"

"Sure, but get your briefs off first."

The teen quickly shucked his underwear off and his mom's hand went back to his naked cock. She wrapped her fist around the shaft, feeling it's girth.

"Oh my God...what a dick!" she excitedly gasped. "Touch me, honey."

Hunter reached down between his mom's legs and felt her shaved cunt. It felt so soft and smooth. He shuddered excitedly as his finger slipped between her puffy flanges, feeling her juicy coral slit. "Oh wow...you ARE wet, mom!" he breathed.

Brook giggled wickedly. "A hard penis and wet vagina are the two ingredients to satisfying sex. Can you give that to me for an hour, Hunter? Satisfying sex?" she asked.

"Absolutely!"

"And wake up in the morning and forget all about it?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

Brook suddenly rolled onto her back, pulling her son on top of her. Hunter felt his mom's warm thighs splay open widely beneath him. "Get inside me!" she wantonly hissed, rubbing their genitals together so her son could gain entry.

Hunter's heart was about beating out of his chest with excitement. He could hardly believe he was about to fuck his own beautiful mom. He knew from the dry hump they had shared during charades that this would be the most incredible sex for him to date, and he hoped it would be for her also.

His fat, leaky knob prodded against her outer labium, then found her slightly unfurled fissure and sunk into her vestibule. A mutual gasp filled the bunk room as his throbbing crown slipped inside the tube of her vagina in delightful penetration. It sliced through her collapsed cuntal walls, her secretions smearing on his pink boner as it crammed inside her.

"Oh, damn!" the boy whimpered, spearing his cock all the way in and holding it there. He was certainly used to bottoming out inside a girl; feeling the ring of her cervical head kiss his knob, but experiencing it with his own mom was altogether different. Brook's ectocervix was well-pronounced, from having had children, and was like a set of round, puckered lips smothering her son's peter-tip. Her birthing tube was

intensely snug and lined with rows of bulging ridges that clung tightly to her son's cock-meat. The heat that radiated from her lining was unlike that of any girl the boy had ever been with.

Hunter slowly withdrew, until only his knob remained inside her, then again he drilled back up the clasping flesh of his mom's cunt, feeling it mold wetly to the outline of his prick.

Brook tightened her fuck-muscles, giving her boy a taste of what he was in for. She was anxious to be pounded hard, but knew that a short introductory-period was necessary, so that they could get a feel for being joined together for the first time. "Oh God, you feel good, honey!" she assured him.

"You feel incredible too!" the boy replied, mashing the root of his cock right up against her vestibule, making his long rigid cock-muscle stretch her uteri.

The lusty mother swiveled her hips beneath him, setting them in motion. "Fuck me, Hunter!" she gasped.

The teen began to drill his thick tool into his mom at a faster tempo, making his her huff from the power of each thrust. "Yes! Like that!" she squealed as her son found that same wonderful rhythm he'd dry-fucked her in during their charades game.

Hunter's prick began making slippery, meaty sounds as it thundered through her vaginal socket. He certainly didn't expect that he'd make his mom cum so soon, but she began making squeals of delight, humping beneath him in counterpoint. Brook's cuntal walls began quivering and spewing around him. "OH, GOD, HONEY...I'M CUMMING!" she loudly announcing, clinging to her humping teen.

"OH, WOW!" the boy moaned, feeling the muscles in her spasming vagina ripple up and down the pumping cylinder of his cock.

True to his word, Hunter continued fucking her. He couldn't believe how heavenly her body felt beneath his. The t-shirt still covered his mom's fat tits, but he could feel them sloshing around between them as he pumped into her in the pitch darkness.

As her son fucked her, Brook was taken back to her High School days, where boys cocks were big and rigid. She could feel the thick, rounded projecting border of her son's corona slipping along her corrugated walls, sending ripples of pleasure up and down her squeezing twat. She felt his cock-shaft flex powerfully, making the big veins running along his stalk bulge obscenely. "Oh, fuck...this is so perfect!" her sexy voice whimpered, feeling herself build towards a second climax.

She clasped her bucking boy tighter in her arms, amazed by his sexual energy as he drilled through her pussy with consistent vigor. His deep, womb-crushing thrusts were unlike any she'd ever experienced.

As a juicy climax rose quickly towards its peak, she began wildly bucking and churning her hips beneath him, responding to the primitive passion that had overtaken both of them. "Cuuuummmmmiiiiinnngg!!" she squealed, her pretty face twisting in ecstasy.

Hunter arched his head back, snarling and clenching his teeth together in a pleasure-grimace. The hot, slick walls of his mom's pussy expanded and contracted around the meaty thickness of his boner, making it feel as though her spongy walls were chewing on his peter-meat wonderfully.

On and on they fucked, his balls slapping wetly against his mom's fleshy ass. They were nearing a half-hour since they'd started, and the blankets were now thrown off their sweat-sheened bodies. Brook's silky mommy-legs were now harnessed up around her boy, high on his back. She used them to pull at him, pumping her ass from the mattress, so she could tirelessly meet her son's every thrust.

"Kiss me, honey!" the mother's gasping voice urged.

Hunter obliged, engaging his mom in tender smooching that became more and more passionate the longer it went on. Soon, their lips were fused in open ovals and their tongues were dueling wildly inside Hunter's mouth.

At this point, the well-fucked mother was in awe of her son's sexual abilities. Not only did he clearly have the stamina he bragged about, but his big dick was perfectly suited for her needy cunt. She could feel every ridge and sinew of his jutting prick plowing deliciously along the tingling

nerves that lined her cuntal walls. The mixture of her juices and her boy's pre-ejaculate had created a bubbly froth that coated his erection, making the perfect cocktail that lubricated the heated engagement of their pink genital flesh.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!" the mother panted between kisses. Her boy had already made the sex she'd had with her husband lately seem laughable.

Hunter grasped the outsides of his mom's thick thighs and slightly changed his angle of attack. He beat his boner hard through the tube of her vagina, feeling her splayed outer-flanges SMACK sloppily against his cock-base. It didn't take him long to find the spot inside her that he was searching for. It was on his mom's frontal wall and seemed slightly rougher than the rest of her vaginal canal. The skilled cunt-fucker was repositioned just right so his angry knob could dig right past it, stimulating his mother's G-spot.

To say that Brook was impressed by his sudden adjustment was an understatement. Her boy clearly had a knowledge of female anatomy and where to provide a woman with the greatest pleasure. She could feel her son's powerful cock stimulating the interior root of her clitoris, making her clench her toes from an impending climax.

Hunter suddenly thrust forward, burying his cock to the hilt and letting it soak in the warmth and moisture of his mom's deliciously-tight cunt. "HHHUUHHFFF!" the teen's voice trembled, feeling her strong fuck-muscles clamp down on him. Brook was patient, knowing he was only pausing to let his orgasm subside so he could keep pounding the shit out of her.

"OOOOHHHH!" she squealed, and a wonderful shudder shook her heavy-titted body as her boy began fucking again, laying into her savagely.

Her silky legs twisted down his back as she felt a series of rhythmic contractions in her uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. She convulsed in pleasure, clinging frantically to her cunt-pumping teen. Their sweaty bodies rocked and humped in such a violent fuck that they nearly bounced off the bed.

"FUUUUCK!" Hunter grunted, feeling his mother's clinging limbs tremble around him. She dug her long nails into his ass, pulling her knees back so her splayed thighs formed a wide V. She pulled her boy against her crotch with all her strength, making him stab his prick in to its base. Then, Brook let out a piercing scream and Hunter heard her cunt SQUELCH around his cock-base as his fully-sheathed prick was bathed in hot female ejaculate.

This type of pleasure was unlike anything the boy had ever experienced, and even though he was just shy of the hour he'd promised, the sensations on his cock were just too tremendous.

Brook was still reeling in her own climax, clinging to her boy as he continued fucking his swollen dong into her with greater intensity. His hard, womb-crushing thrusts were making her sexy body bounce all over the bunk and she loved it! She worked her twat on his pounding piston, knowing he was close to cumming. "Yes, honey...pour it into me!!" she cried out encouragingly.

Hunter suddenly jerked and grunted, as long, fat jets of cum began erupting from his piss-slit, painting his mom's quivering pink walls with his goo. For several body-quivering minutes the two of them panted and writhed in sexual delight before finally going still and drifting off to sleep.

"How was your rest?" Brook asked her son as he emerged from the bunk room the next morning.

"I slept like a rock," he replied as he moved up beside her. She was busy preparing breakfast for them.

"Me too."

"Did THAT, um...really happen last night?" Hunter asked. "Or was I dreaming it?"

His mom looked at him and smiled. "You mean did we have sex?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Yes, we did...and I know we agreed not to talk about it, but I think we should," she stated.

"Oh, are you, um...feeling guilty?"

"No-no, nothing like that, honey. I just meant we should talk about how it was for us, since we both kind of passed out after we were finished."

"What did you think about it?" Hunter asked.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. "I thought it was pretty damn amazing."

"I agree," he replied. His heart swelled with pride. Knowing that he had pleased a mature woman like his mother was a major confidence booster.

"There...we both said it, and now that we've gotten that out of the way, we'll just...move on and forget all about it, ok?"

"Sure, mom."

For the most part they were successful in not talking about it for the rest of the day, although not actually thinking about it was quite another story. They tried to busy themselves as best they could, but every time their eyes met it was clear that they were still dwelling on that wonderfully hour. Brook spent a lot of time playing with the baby, but as the end of the day approached and bedtime came, events of the prior night were on the forefront of both their minds.

"You don't feel guilty at all, right?" the mother asked as they lay in the darkness, each on their own bunk.

"No...do you?"

"No, I mean...I probably should. I've betrayed my marriage in the worst way possibly, but I think because it was with you, it just doesn't seem like much of a transgression to me."

"It was pretty incredible. I've never had sex like THAT before...ever!" the teen confessed.

"You may not believe me, but I haven't either, honey. I mean, I've had some great sex before, don't get me wrong, but what you and I did last night was on a whole other level."

It was music to Hunter's ears. "Based on how many orgasms you had, mom, I can definitely believe that."

Brook giggled. "Oh my God, I lost count after six."

"If we had gone that full hour I could have given you more. Sorry."

"It was VERY close to an hour, honey. Besides, you have nothing to apologize about. You were screwing me at an incredible pace for that long. Not many guys can do that."

"Well, that's the hardest position to last that long in. In other positions I can last longer."

"Really?" his mom asked, her interest suddenly piqued.

"Yeah, depending on the position."

Brook didn't wanna ask it, but couldn't help herself, since it was her favorite sexual position. "How long can you last on your back...with a girl on top of you?"

"Probably two to three hours."

The room grew silent for a good minute, then Hunter continued to speak.

"Are you ok down there, mom?"

"Yes...so much for us not talking about last night, huh? We should probably sleep now. Goodnight, honey."

"Goodnight."

The next morning, Hunter woke up to his mom crawling over him beneath the blanket. She wore a thin top and her breasts spread across his chest as she lowered onto him, staring into his eyes intently. "You're wrong about what you said last night," she told him.

"Which part."

"The part where you said you'd last three hours. You wouldn't last nearly that long, with ME on top of you."

"No, I'm pretty sure I could," her son confidently replied.

The mother giggled doubtfully. "Honey, there's a big difference between how a High School girl would ride you and how a mom like me would ride you," she informed him. "With someone with my experience on top of you, you wouldn't last as long as you think you would."

"I don't know...the girls I've been with have been pretty good at it, mom."

"I don't care how good they were, I guarantee you wouldn't last half as long with me."

"Is that a challenge?" the boy bravely asked.

"No...we agreed to not have sex again, remember? I'm just saying..."

"Well, I guess we'll have to agree to disagree on this one then."

With her knees astride his him, the mother nudged her panty clad cunt against his boner. "It certainly didn't take you long to get hard. I just got up here," she giggled.

"It's morning wood. I probably had it before you arrived."

"No, I would have noticed."

"Well, maybe I did just get hard, but what do you expect, mom? Look at the way you're laying on me."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said with a cute pouty face, then sat upright so she was straddling him.

Hunter gasped and his eyes widened. His mom was wearing a snug tank top and clearly no bra. Her huge tits jutted outward, stretching the thin top and looming over him. He could clearly see her rubbery nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric. "Is that better?" Brook asked with a teasing smile, peeking down over the swell of her knockers.

"Not hardly," the boy replied.

"What's wrong, honey...you look a little embarrassed? Are you not used to seeing a girl with boobs this big on top of you?" she teased.

"I'm not embarrassed."

"Uh-huh. Just so you know....these..." said Brook, rocking her shoulders and making her tits wobble, "these are one of the reasons I don't think you'd last as long as you say you can."

"Your boobs?"

"Yep, especially if you and I were having sex and I had my top off."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, I guarantee none of the girls you've been with have anything like these," Brook answered, thrusting her chest out.

"I won't argue there. Nothing even close."

"And the things these big ol' boobs would do, if I was vigorously working you from the top...well, I'll just let you use your own imagination on that one, honey."

"I get that you wouldn't think I'd last as long with someone like you, but an opinion is all it'll every be, mom, unless I have the chance to prove myself," he expressed, peering down at her bare vulva hugging his tubular bulge.

"I see what you're trying to do."

"What?"

"Force my hand so I'll have sex with you again."

"Hey, I was still sleeping. You were the one who came up here."

"Just to set you straight, Mr. Confident!"

"Well, apparently that didn't work, because I'm just as confident as I was last night," Hunter boasted.

"So...I'm gonna have to ride your dick to make my point, is that what you're saying?"

"That sounds about like the only way we'll settle this."

She looked into his eyes lustfully and smiled. "ONE MORE TIME...and then we're done, got it?" she stated.

"Got it!" her boy nodded, even though he was beginning to doubt her resolve.

Brook suddenly grasped the bottom of her tank top, then peeled it off over her head. Her boy's eyes doubled in size as her huge, fat tits bobbed free of the garment. "Damn, mom!" he muttered out-loud.

"Looks like you won't have to imagine what these tits do when I fuck after all, honey," Brook smiled, climbing off him for a moment. "Get those briefs off!"

Hunter quickly shed his underwear, studying his mom's oversized tits. Her areolas were twice as wide as those of any girl he'd ever fucked, and thickly textured. Jutting from their centers were protuberant teats that begged to be sucked on.

Brook threw her leg back across him, mounting his young loins. One big thing that made today different than the last time they'd fucked was the Hunter could see everything. He watched in excited wonder as his mom grasped his steely cock with her hand and fit its tapered tip to the folds of her vulva. The sight of his own erection sinking into his mother's pussy was extremely thrilling.

Brook's enormous tits began to jump around on her chest as she humped her ass up and down, fucking her son's cock deep into her heated pleasure-hole. The satisfying stiffness of his long teenage cock made her tremble with excitement.

The boy grasped his mom's wide hips, feeling his erection jab to her cervix on every thrust. His lusty eyes traveled her upper half, starting at the shave cunt that was splayed around his meaty cock. The engorged hood of her clitoris was slightly retracted, so he could see the fat nubbin of her clit. He marveled at how his cock already glistened with fuck-oil as it squeezed in and out of her honeyed hole. The teen's gaze drifted up her tapered belly to the tremendous breasts bouncing and rippling on her chest.

"Oh, God you feel good, honey!" the humping mother gasped, her thick ass-cheeks jiggling as she feverishly fucked her horny vagina along the length of his jutting boner.

She leaned forward, gripping her son's shoulders as she rhythmically fucked his cock. Now her dangling milkers were swinging up and back in unison to the motion of her body, just above her boy's ogling eyes.

"Damn, you were right, mom. It is pretty amazing the way your tits move around when you do this," Hunter expressed.

"Your suddenly not feeling so confident in your sexual abilities, are you, hotshot?"

"I'm still just as sure as ever that I can go for a long time."

"We'll see about that," said the mother as she went from humping to grinding, swiveling her lush mommy-hips up and back, stirring her boy's horny peter around inside her sex chamber.

Hunter couldn't keep his eyes off her huge tits. The way they bounced and wobbled around to her every rhythmic movement absolutely mesmerized him. He finally got the nerve to grab her arm and pull her down, so his face sunk into her jiggling cleavage while they fucked. The boob-obsessed teen kissed her inner slopes, marveling at their creamy contours. Because Brook had recently given birth, her blue mammary veins were clearly visible through the skin and Hunter traced one with his tongue, traveling deep into the canyon that separated her wobbling wonders.

"So big!" he sighed, kissing his way back up along one of them until he reached the nipple.

Brooks eyes fluttered back in their sockets as she felt her son latch to her swollen teat. He suctioned it into his lusty mouth, sealing his lips around the fringe of her areola.

Even though his mom wasn't nursing his newborn sister, that didn't mean she wasn't producing milk. Warm, tasty nectar seeped from her mammy-ducts, flowing down his throat. The taste excited Hunter immensely, making his cock flex in full hardness. "Mmnngfff," the teen whimpered,

feeling his tender glans slice up through the wet, spongy heat of his mom's cunt tube, while he rolled his tongue sloppily all over her rubbery tit-cap.

Brook's heavy breathing slowly built to a tremendous orgasm. "OH, GOD, I'M CUMMING, HUNTER!" she finally cried out as she pounded her cunt on the dreamy hardness of his shaft.

She shook in ecstasy as the spasms of a feverish cum swept through her mature body. The way her boy was gorged on the peak of her tit, tugging on her nipple and lashing it with his tongue made her climax even more earthshattering.

Nearly an hour later they were still fucking their asses off; their heated bodies coated in a glistening sheen of sweat. Their wet, sticky crotches smacked together lewdly as Hunter thrust his ass from the bunk, pistoning his blood-engorged organ up through his mom's clasping tunnel of love.

Brook's rounded mommy-ass sprung up and down, meeting her teen's frantic humps with ones of her own. The fatty flesh of her perspiration-sheened butt-meat rippled deliciously as their bellies beat together in feverish intercourse.

They kissed with wild, uninhibited passion, their tongues wrestling like two pink snakes in a mating ball.

For nearly an hour-and-a-half, Hunter had been able to fuck his mom without cumming and his cock retained its full rock-hardness. It traveled up through the tube of his mother's vagina in a steady tempo, squeezing fluidly along her wet, corrugated walls. His meaty stalk was coated in frothy cream as a result of his mother's numerous female ejaculations. The puffy ring of Brook's cervical head had become smeared with sticky pre-goo and hot, vaginal mucus as the engorged tip of her boy's spear smashed against it on every powerful thrust.

The sexually flushed mother paused fucking him for a moment as she heard the baby whimper from the next room. "Shoot...your sister's starting to cry. I probably woke her up with that last orgasm," Brook stated.

"Yeah, you were screaming pretty loud on that one, mom."

"It's YOUR fault!" she teased. "If you weren't such a sexual Superman I wouldn't have cum so hard."

"Do you really want me to apologize for that?" Hunter asked, watching his mom sit upright, so her jugs ballooned obscenely over him. Her fat nipples were red and distended from all the sucking he'd been doing.

"Don't you dare apologize," his mom smiled, then clenched her fuck-muscles around his fully embedded cock. "As soon as I get her fed, we're gonna pick up where we left off."

Brook climbed off him and Hunter marvel at how soaking wet his erection was as it flopped back against his abdomen. He sat up on the top bunk and watched his mom pad away to tend to the baby, licking his lips as he watched her meaty bare buttock undulate atop her sexy legs. "Nice ass, lady!" he complimented.

His mother stopped in the doorway and fed him a flattered gaze. "Thanks," she replied, then gave her rounded derriere a teasing wag.

Hunter decided that since she was walking through the bunker naked that he would too. After climbing down off his bunk, he wandered into the main living space. His mom had stopped the baby from crying, but was preparing her a bottle. She saw her son enter the room and her eyes immediately drifted down to his jutting boner. "Well...hello there!" she giggled.

"I figured you might need some company."

"You did, huh?" Brook smiled. She closed the baby's bottle and shook it vigorously, mixing in the formula. This caused her ballooning udders to bobble around wonderfully for her boy.

"Damn, mom," Hunter uttered, reaching down to grasp his aching cock.

"Are you ok, honey?" she giggled, stepping up to him. It delighted her that she was turning him on with her naked body.

"You're just...so sexy!"

Her pretty eyes drifted down his chiseled torso and back up. "So are you," she whispered as they shared a passionate gaze for a moment.

"Wanna fuck me from behind for a few minutes...before I feed your sister?" Brook boldly asked.

Her son gulped excitedly, his hardon flexing upward in response. "Sure!"

Brook set the bottle down on the table, then bent over, leaning against the edge of it and pointed her thick, rounded ass back at her boy. Below her buns were the puffy outer lips of her shaved pudenda, divided by the dark cleft of her cunt-slit. She peeked back over her shoulder and smiled. "Are you gonna stand there staring, honey...or are you gonna come take another trip to pound town," Brook asked, wagging her puffy twat invitingly.

Hunter stepped over and mounted his mom's haunches. He loved the way she gasped as he speared his muscled cock up into her heated birthing tube. The excited teen grasped her wide hips and began fucking her from behind with rapid thrusts. "There you go, baby...hit it just like that!" Brook encouraged.

"Oh, yeah!" the teen gleefully sighed as he pumped his cock into her, watching her fatty ass-cheeks ripple as they beat against his midsection.

Brook pumped her cunt back onto her son's rigid shaft with equal vigor. Her tits hung down off her chest like big, milk-engorged udders, swinging pendulously to their fuck-rhythm.

"Slap my ass, Hunter!" she gasped lustfully.

Her boy complied, giving her a sharp strike to her humping buttocks.

"Again! Slap me fucking harder!"

Hunter loved that his mom was being so nasty. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her meaty rump again, harder this time, making her butt-flesh ripple wonderfully. He got a huge rush out of watching his thick, vein-encrusted shaft plunge in and out, soaked with his mom's secretions. He could see the pink tissue surrounding her vaginal opening cling to his

cock each time he slid it out. Then, he socked his prick home again, cramming her pussy full of big teenage cock-flesh.

The heavy-breasted mother brought herself upright, with her back against Hunter's chest, but continued thrusting her cunt back on his pleasure-pole. She took her boy's hands in hers and brought them to her bobbling tits. Hunter caught on, sinking his fingers into her fatty orbs, groping them while they fucked.

"You like pounding your own mom from behind like this, you naughty boy?" she asked, her voice quivering from the impact of their humping bodies.

"I love it!"

"You think your man enough to hold me up and fuck me like a rag doll?"

"How do you mean?"

Brook quickly moved forward, slipping her boy's prick from her socket. She turned and licked her lips lasciviously, watching his glistening, steely erection wag like a tree branch in the wind. She stepped forward, then sprung from the floor gracefully, wrapping her luscious legs around him and her arms snugly around his neck. "This way!" she answered.

Hunter grasped her thighs to hold onto her as he felt Brook reach down and feed his cock back inside her hungry cunt. He quickly backed her against the wall and resumed pounding into her. "Mmmnn," Brook whimpered, while frantically sharing a deep French kiss with her teen. She had always dreamed about being fucked this way, but could never count on it from her husband.

The humping teenager snarled with fuck-passion, feeling his mom's cuntal muscles contract, compressing the spongy tube of her organ grinder around his burrowing prick. The squishy softness of her fat tits smothered his young chest, sandwiched between them. Her turgid teats prodded at his flesh, smearing him with the sticky tit-nectar that seeped from her ducts.

"Oh God, yes...you're gonna make me cum!" Brook squealed, clawing at his back and gyrating her pelvis, bucking against every penetrating thrust.

Hunter panted like a performing athlete, watching in awe as his mom arched her beautiful body back, separating their chests, but hanging onto his shoulders. Her pretty face contorted with pleasure, letting out the most wonderful orgasmic scream he'd ever heard. He socked his prick in even harder, making her king-sized mammaries leap up and down wildly.

"AHHH SHIT!" the boy hissed, feeling her tight cunt-tunnel chew at his cock-meat. Brook's urethral meatus bulged along the top of her son's driving cock-shaft, then exploded with a surge of female ejaculate, making her hot orgasmic juices splatter between their hammering crotches.

Hunter felt a wonderful tingle, deep in his prostate that began to swell outward into his dick and balls. "OH, DAMN, MOM...I'M GONNA CUM!!" he announced.

"Yess! Cum inside meeee!" Brook shouted, still reeling in her own climax. She felt her son's boner swell up even fatter, his knob mushrooming as it knocked against her back wall. Then, her boy let out a guttural grunt and she felt thick, potent ropes of baby-batter begin filling her unprotected pussy.

Hunter felt like he was pumping a gallon of jizz into his mom as he thrust against the warm, silky saddle of her circled thighs. He shuddered in ecstasy, stabbing his long, muscled love-organ in as deep as he could and holding it there, so his mom labial lips formed a tight seal right down around his cock-root. His boner gave off another powerful pulsation, spitting more cock-cream out his piss-slit and splattering it against the gate to the womb that once held him.

"Hunter, we should, um...talk," his mom said later, joining him on the couch.

"We got carried away, didn't we?" he asked, fully expecting to have this conversation with her. They hadn't talked much about their sexual episode all day.

"I guess you could say that, but I'm not blaming you. I'm just as guilty as you are for initiating what happened earlier today."

"So, let me guess...you want it to stop?"

"I think...at this point, that's an unrealistic goal for us," she answered.

"You do?"

"Yes, I mean...we keep saying we won't have sex and then we do. We clearly enjoy fucking each other. It can't go on for ever, I think we both know that. However, as long as we're down here in the bunker, and we don't have anyone else to meet our sexual needs, I don't see any issue with us going on like we have been."

Hunter's face lit up with a smile. "Really?"

"Yes, but the second we're out of here it has to stop, ok?"

"Of course."

"Your father would be crushed if he knew about the amount of cum that you've already pumped inside me."

"Well, don't expect that to change...now that you've given me the green light, mom."

"I don't expect it to change, but we may have a problem."

"A problem?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure I'm starting my ovulation cycle today, which means there's a chance I could get pregnant."

"Even after you just had a baby?"

Brook giggled. "Yes, honey. Your sister is seven weeks old. My body is more than capable of getting pregnant right now."

"Oh, well, uh...sorry, mom...I didn't bring any condoms down here with me."

"It doesn't matter. Even if you had I wouldn't want you wearing them. I despise condoms."

"So, how do you propose we keep you from getting pregnant? Should I pull out?" Hunter asked.

"God no...don't pull out!" Brook blurted adamantly. "I guess the reason I brought it up wasn't to figure out a solution, but rather just to ask you if you'd be horrified if YOU DID get me pregnant."

"Oh."

"So...would you?"

"No, of course not. That would be extremely hot actually!"

Brook giggled. "Knocking your mom up would be 'extremely hot,' huh?"

"Yeah, I mean...to know the baby was a result of all those hot body fluids that we've been sharing."

"We would make a cute baby, you and I," the mother stated.

"Yeah we would. The only sucky part would be..."

"What?" Brook asked.

"Never mind."

"Let me guess..." she said, then straddled her boy on the sofa, nuzzling their horny crotches together. "You'd be sad because you couldn't fuck your pregnant mom?"

"Exactly."

"You couldn't lay in bed and be smothered by a big, round belly and huge, milky tits, while you feel a tight, pregnant pussy slide up and down your cock," she seductively teased.

"Damn, mom...are you trying to get me all worked up right now?"

"Well...I just put the baby down, so maybe I am," she whispered, then slowly licked his cheek. "Maybe I'm trying to get a piece of that big, yummy dick."

"I'll gladly give you a piece."

"Anywhere I want it?"

"Sure."

She stared into his eyes lustfully. "Even in my ass?" she whispered.

"Anal?"

"I used to love anal sex in High School, but your dad is not a fan of it. I would love to have a big, strong cock pounding through my asshole again. It's been so long."

"Your wish is my command," her son offered.

"Do you have any naughty wishes that you want ME to grant?" Brook asked.

"Will you suck my dick?"

"Ewe, no!"

"Really?!" Hunter asked, his heart sinking.

"I'm kidding," his mother giggled. "Of course I'll suck your dick."

She slithered down between his legs, onto the floor and started undoing his pant. "Right now in fact," she stated in a sultry tone.

She wrapped her hand around her son's stalk, pointing it upward so she could attack his glans with his tongue. Hunter sighed in delight as he watched his mom's long licker whip all over his fat crown. "You like that?" Brook whispered.

"Heck yes," he replied, then watched his mom kiss her way down his cock and back up.

She opened her mouth and slipped his dick in, sucking it like a juicy popsicle. Slowly, she began to bob her head, sucking a good portion of his rock-hard shaft. The slurping, gulping sounds of a good blowjob filled the main living area as Brook sucked her boy's delicious cock with gusto.

"Ohh damn, mom," Hunter sighed, watching her pretty head go up and down on his dick. He winced in delight as she sunk her lips to his cock-base, burying all his meat in her warm, clasp mouth and throat.

She came up for air and gazed at him with her watery eyes. "Do you like the way mom sucks your dick?" she whispered teasingly around his saliva-coated cockhead. Then, she popped the spongy crown back into her mouth and resumed sucking.

The experienced cock-sucking mother wrapped her fist around the base of his prick and beat it into her mouth while she sucked. Her throat gurgled obscenely and she tugged hard and fast as if she was intent on pulling the meat of Hunter's prick out of its root.

The teen began to breath heavily from the pleasure of a good dick-sucking. He could feel the tip of his mom's tongue plowing across the elastic band that connected his foreskin to his glans. *"Holy shit! Mom can REALLY suck dick!"* he deliriously thought.

Brook could feel her boy's prick swell in her mouth. Giving amazing blowjobs was always something she prided herself in. She just never imagined that she be sucking her own son's boner. Hunter had a delicious dick. The pre-jizz that seeped from his piss-slit was thick and sweet, sizzling wonderfully on the mother's taste buds.

"You know you wanna pour that hot pecker-cream down mommy's throat," Brook teased, then resumed gorging herself on his erection.

"Ahh, here it comes, mom!" the boy gasped.

The first spurt of jism pumped out so hard that Brook never had a chance to taste it. It made her gag as it sailed straight down her throat. Then, as more cream flooded her mouth, she moaned in satisfaction, swirling her tongue through a growing pool of spunk. She gulped down a big mouthful to make room for more, sucking and stroking on the spewing slab of dick.

Even after Hunter's orgasm stopped the mother lovingly licked and kissed his swollen knob, refusing to let a drop of his sperm escape her tongue.

"How was that for a blowjob?" she asked her breathless boy.

"Best I've ever had, mom...and I'm not just saying that."

"You're still hard, honey," she gleefully observed, giving his cock a few rejuvenating strokes. "A you ready to make MY wish come true now?"

"Sure."

"Go wait for me in the bunk room. I have something sexy I wanna try on for you."

Hunter went into the next room and waited anxious for his mom to arrive. It didn't take Brook long to appear, wearing a skimpy, pink sheer nighty. "What do you think?" she asked, striking a sexy pose in the doorway.

Hunter's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he gawked at her voluptuous body. He could see her oversized milkers and shaved pussy almost as clearly as if they were naked. "What do I think?" he repeated. "I think I wanna have sex with you all night!"

"That can be arranged," his mom giggled, then came over and sat on the edge of the bunk. She pulled down his boxer briefs, releasing his huge, erect dong. "Good grief, Hunter...can that beautiful thing get any more erect?!" she sarcastically asked.

"I doubt it," the teen smiled, looking down at his jutting prick proudly. He loved the way his mom was sitting there dotting over it. "If I recall...you have somewhere special you wanted it tonight, right?"

His mom's lips curled mischievously. "I do, but this hole doesn't self-lubricate, like my other one does, so I'm gonna slicken your cock up with saliva."

"OK by me," Hunter replied, then watched his mom let trickles of spit drool from her mouth, onto his boner. It was certainly a surreal sight; one he thought he'd never see.

"There...that should be good. Ready to pound that big thing through mom's asshole?" she asked with an anxious smile.

"Ready when you are."

Brook got on all-fours on the bottom bunk, sticking her lovely ass off the side. Her son's heart skipped a beat when he saw the crinkled ring of her pink butthole, peeking out from between her rounded buns. "Come on, baby...come fill my ass with that fat dick," his mom urged, wagging her naked rump.

Hunter eagerly stepped forward, then squeezed his knob through his mom's puckered, rubbery asshole lips. He didn't need to thrust. Brook was so anxious to have her bowels packed with boy-cock that she pushed her ass back on him burying nearly his entire shaft.

"Oh, wow!" the teen sighed, feeling her warm, smooth ass-walls grip his peter-meat.

"Is this your first piece of ass, honey?"

"UU-huh," he muttered, staring at the way his mom's sphincter stretched around his thick stalk, with only a few inches left to push inside her.

"Well...I'm honored to be your first. Push it all the way in," she urged.

Hunter grasped her hips, then sunk his steely prick in to its hilt. "Ahh!" he sighed, feeling his sensitive knob carve through her rectum, pushing deep into her bowels.

Once her son started fucking and she adjusted to the thickness of his cock, the mother's body shuddered from the wonderful anal friction. "Fuck my ass harder!" she urged, pushing back to meet his thrusts.

Hunter complied, fucking his cock through the hot, rubbery sheath of her ass-tract at a faster tempo. The pressure of her clasp butt-tunnel and the tight ring of her asshole was incredible, creating the type of friction that made the teen's balls clench up in their sack.

Brook reached between her legs and shamelessly stroked her fat clit, feeling her boy's perfect dick glide through her shit-tube. "Oh, God...this feels so good, baby!" she whimpered.

Hunter decided to do something bold that he knew his mom would like. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her meaty ass. "Come on, mom...fuck that ass back on my cock!" he demanded, then gave her another hard slap to the buttocks, making her fatty flesh ripple.

The mother gazed back with the lustiest look the boy had ever seen. "Oh, yes...you know what your mom likes, don't you, you fucking dreamboat?"

"I sure do!" he replied, smacking her ass again. He flexed his boner, feeling the constant pressure of her rectal muscles squeeze her anal cavity around the pummeling pink cylinder of his dick.

"I'm cuuuminggg!" Brook squealed, gnashing her pretty teeth together as she felt her anal-insides throb and spasm around her boy's dong.

After squealing and humping her way through a satisfying climax, Brook pulled her butt-socket from her boy's prick, making her asshole clench closed.

Her big boobies bobbed heavily beneath the gown as she grabbed her boy's hand and pulled him onto the bottom bunk with her. "On your back," she demanded.

Hunter complied and watched his sexy mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. Brook leaned forward, resting on extended arms and there was plenty of room inside her flimsy nighty for her son to slither inside and rub his face between her big, dangling jugs. He kissed his way up the side of one of her squishy melons, feeling her grasp his throbbing prick and squeeze it back inside her ass. "AHHH!!" they both gasped in unison as Hunter's penile flesh sunk deep into the tight grip of her bowels.

The cock-hungry mother bounced on his young prick, fucking it with her sexy ass. Her lovely, rounded mommy-rump rose and fell in a fervent rhythm, making her boy's cock thunder stiffly through her ass-tract. She thought about how special it was that her son's first go at anal sex was with her.

Hunter sucked his mom's juicy nipples, going from one swinging breast to the other, gorging himself on her leaky tit-caps. He had the type of stamina that provided his mom with the best anal reaming of her life, making her cum twice more before his cum-load splattered deep inside her rectum, filling her ass with hot goo.

Two days later, Hunter and Brook were on the carpeted floor in the main living area fucking their asses off. The mother's lovely legs were scissored open widely, her dainty bare feet pointed in opposite directions. Her

teenage son was on top, fucking savagely, his hairless balls smacking loudly against her upturned ass. Their naked bodies were dripping with sweat, like they'd been at it for several heated hours.

Brook cried out suddenly, arching her back in ecstasy as she was struck with a powerful climax. She'd had too many to count the past two days.

The teen lifted himself off her, looking down and watching his mom's pretty face become masked in pleasure. He loved watching the tears of ecstasy run from eyes as he brought more pleasure than she'd ever experienced with anyone.

"Damn!" he sighed under his breath, watching her heavy, milk-swollen mammarys roll up and down her chest, like fleshy waves to the rhythm of his fuck-thrusts. For endless hours he'd explored every inch of them, taking quite a liking to kissing and sucking on the soft rounded undersides. Several times he'd nearly passed out from a lack of oxygen, with his face buried beneath one of her tits, sucking like a starving infant at her nipple.

Hunter had pumped out so much hot cum in his mom's pussy and ass the past two day that his balls were almost sore. Yet after each time, he couldn't wait to fuck her again.

He dropped back against her, snarling as he fucked as hard as he could, making his mother's splayed legs shudder in the air each time their crotches collided. Brook was going out of her mind with fuck-lust. She brought her legs down, clutching them to his wildly-humping frame, clawing her nails down his back as she was fucked mercilessly.

"FUUUUCCCKKK MEEEEEEEE!!" she screamed, feeling another earthshattering climax sweep through her well-fucked body.

They both suddenly paused as they heard a dull BUZZING sound. "What was that?!" Hunter breathlessly asked.

"BZZZZZZ!"

"There it is again," he pointed out, rising up off his mother. "Is that the door buzzer?"

They both got up, flush from having just fucked so incredibly long and hard, and rushed over to the monitor. It was a camera feed coming from just outside the bunker door. Hunter's father had installed it, along with an intercom system. They were both horrified as they saw Michael, Hunter's father, in the monitor.

"Oh my God, it's your father," Brook exclaimed, looking at her son in horror. She clicked on the intercom and spoke into it. "Michael...um, hi!"

"Hey, guys...I'm home," he waved, "and good news...I think this crises is on its way to getting resolved. You can come out."

"Dang," Hunter uttered, looking at his mom, "I sure am glad this bunker locks from the inside."

"Me too."

There was silence for a moment before Brook peered back over at her son. "I'm not ready to leave the bunker," she whispered to Hunter.

"I'm not either. I'm having too much fun in here."

His mother fed him a mischievous smile. "I am too."

"He's home though, and said the crises is over. What are we gonna do?"

"Leave this to me, baby," she answered, then turned her ass towards him, bumping against his naked erection. "While I talk to him...why don't you make yourself useful."

Outside the bunker, Michael waited for his wife to answer him back. Finally, she came back over the intercom. "Honey, we've had a bout of the stomach flu down here, the last thing I want is for you to catch it. I think we should stay down here in the bunker for another day or two, to quarantine, until this passes."

Michael noticed that there was a noise in the background as his wife spoke that sounded an awful lot like flesh smacking against flesh. "Well...uh, ok, babe...whatever you think is best. Do you guys need anything?" he asked.

"No...we have everything we need. Don't worry about us. I know I said a day or two, but it might actually be three or four days, if we can't kick this bug right away."

Michael scratched his head, wondering what that strange SMACKING sound was that was coming from their end. "Babe, what's that noise I'm hearing. It sounds like a striking sound?" he asked.

Back down in the Bunker, Hunter was fucking his mom from behind as she spoke to his dad. His crotch beat against her meaty behind as he pumped his cock through her smoldering cunt-tube.

Brook answered her husband back. "We don't hear anything, honey. It must be some interference or something," she told him.

She stood upright, turning her head and kissing her new love-interest passionately as he continued to feed his erection into her needy cunt.

"Yeah, it must be," Michael answered. "I'll have to have a look at that when you guys come out, maybe have it replaced. Have you and Hunter been getting along OK? I know that being with another person in such a confined space for so long can be tough."

Brook gazed into her son's eyes dreamily. "We've gotten along REALLY well. In fact, being down here has brought us closer together than ever," she answered, then gave her son a sensual Fresh kiss."

"That's great to hear. Are you sure you guys don't need anything from the house?"

Hunter reached up and grasped his mom's boobs while they kissed, taking two great-big handfuls of tit-meat . He felt wonderfully wicked, with his dad in the monitor, while he jabbed his stiff peter through his mom's clutching vagina and felt her tongue flutter with his.

"Are you guys still with me?" Michael asked.

Brook broke the kiss with her son, seeming slightly annoyed with her husband. "Michael, we need to go...Hunter's feeling sick. Please, do me a favor and don't ring the buzzer again, ok? It might wake the baby if she

happens to be sleeping. We'll be fine down here for a few more days...you don't need to worry about us."

"All right. You guys get well. I love you."

"We love you too," his wife answered with a wicked smirk.

"Bye, dad," Hunter blurted, squeezing his mom's tits hard and making milk seep out between his fingers.

"Bye, son. Look after your mother down there, alright?"

"Oh, you can count on that," Hunter answered, making his deeply-embedded cock flex inside his mom's tightly-clasping vagina.

"Bye, hon," Brook said to her husband, then clicked the monitor off. Hunter's cock slipped from her pussy as she turned towards him. She took one step forward, draping her arms over his shoulders and squashing her fat, juicy jugs against his chest. "That was fun," she giggled.

"What, that dad was oblivious that I was fucking his wife down here?"

"Yes," she laughed, then got a serious expression. "I didn't lie to him about one thing though."

"What's that?"

"Being down here HAS brought you and I closer than ever."

"I agree," Hunter added, then he and his mom began to kiss like lovers. Brook finally paused a moment. "Wanna go back over on the floor and fuck your mom doggy-style?" she naughtily asked.

"What do you think?"

The bare naked mother took her boy by the dick and led him away. Her ballooning tits were still sheened with sweat and jiggled with every graceful step. "We definitely need to get a few more cum-loads inside me today," she stated, then peeked back at him with her sultry eyes. "You're suppose to be getting me pregnant, remember?"

Hunter smiled, his boner flexing excitedly in his mom's hand. "Oh yeah...that's right," he answered.