

## The 10-minute drill

“That's it! You're doing it, pumpkin!” Howie's mom exclaimed encouragingly, sitting on the sofa next to him, and pumping his cock up and down with her circled fist.

Jodie had recently purchased the BSTC at-home program. A series of videos and drills to help her son learn about sex and build his sexual stamina. Today's drill was called the 10-minute challenge. A boy was to use the techniques covered in the training material to keep from cumming, while his mom vigorously stroked his erection for 10 minutes, nonstop.

“Wow!” the teen gasped, throwing his head back in delight. “It feels so good!”

“I know it does, pumpkin!” Jodie cooed, looking at her watch. “You've gone five minutes! You're half way there.”

“I'm not sure if I can make it!” he gasped as he felt his throbbing pink boner tingle in her tight stroking grip.

“Yes you can! I promise...if you can do this, you'll have girls cumming like crazy all over your penis,” the mother said in a confident tone.

“Really?”

“Absolutely!” Jodie replied. “Girl's love big dicks like yours, but with lots of stamina.”

Howie peered over and watched his mom's sweater-meat jiggle beneath her top, from the steady motion of the handjob she was giving him. Jodie had huge fat tits that always looked like they were ready to burst from her bra.

“OHH WOW!” the boy's voice trembled, feeling his glans sizzle against his mom's circled hand.

“Flex your PC muscle! Keep those cummies in your balls, Howie. You're doing it!” the pretty mom exclaimed, amazed at how incredibly hard her boy's erection was. Her husband struggled with erectile dysfunction, so to have her hand around penile meat this thick, long and rigid was absolutely exhilarating.

Despite his moaning and squirming, the determined mother didn't let up one bit. She continued jacking him off with skilled corkscrew strokes, and leaned over to let a string of saliva fall from her lovely bee-stung lips, and pour over her boy's swollen bell tip. This provided just the right amount of lubricant, so her fist felt a tight wet pussy plunging over the rigid length of his boner.

“Mom will keep you lubricated,” Jodie said. “She'll keep your boner nice n slick, pumpkin...just like the inside of a woman's pink weenie warmer.”

It was all Howie could do to keep the cum from racing up his urethra, as he tightened the muscles in his pelvis, just as the instructional video had taught him to do.

The sight of his mom's silky legs didn't help any. Jodie's skirt had crept up nearly to her crotch, leaving her clean-shaven mommy legs on display for her teen. Since they were at home and she was barefoot,

he could even see her dainty feet with her sexy pink painted toenails, that matched the long well-manicured fingernails that circled his throbbing dong.

“OHH!” the boy whimpered in ecstasy, his eyes rolling back in their sockets.

The cock-stroking mother looked at her watch again. “Two more minutes, Howie! You got this!” she said in a confident tone.

The married, stay-at-home mom adjusted her gooey grip, so she could slip her thumb wetly back and forth against the band of her son's frenulum. These last couple of minutes, she wanted to really put his will-power to the test, by working what she knew was his most sensitive spot.

“Oh, man, mom! Whatever you’re doing...that feels way too good!” the boy exclaimed, squirming around on the couch.

“I know it does, Howie, but you’re almost there. You’re on the home-stretch.”

Whipping her fist tirelessly on her boy's prick, Jodie adjusted herself some, so she faced her teen from the side, bringing the knee of one leg up on the cushion. The pretty brunette bit her bottom lip, as her wondrous eyes darted from her boy's pleasure-filled face, to the fat purple knob slipping up through her hand. Secretly, she couldn't wait for the part of the training program where she'd feel that thick slab of boy-meat thundering through her cuntal sleeve, and his flaring knob knocking wetly at the womb that once held him.

“Thirty seconds, pumpkin!” she announced, glancing at her watch.

Howie's eyes looked back at her jiggling boobies, but something else caught his attention. The way his mom was sitting, with her skirt crept almost all the way up, gave him a clear view of her panty-cover pubis. The silky cloth was stretched taut around the vulva, making her thick, hairless outer lips bulge out the sides of the embroidered hems. This, along with a deep cuntal wedgie, gave her the perfect camel toe.

Howie imagined himself locked between those smooth luscious thighs, pounding away at that mommy-mound, so her pussy could squeeze him just like her hand was. Just the thought of it, while feeling his mom pump his boner from balls to tip was too much.

“HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH!” He gasped, thrusting his hips from the mattress, meeting his mom's slippery strokes.

“Times up! You did it, pumpkin! Cum hard!” she shouted, staring right at his bell tip, anxiously waiting for the geyser to come shooting out.

She didn't have to wait long. With a deep, animal-like grunt, her boy blasted a long fat rope of creamy ball-juice into the air.

His mom let out an excited girly-squeal, watching his powerful pelvic muscles launch more juicy cords into air. She didn't bother trying to capture any of it. She decided to let him cum all over the place. He earned it.

“Ohhh, look at all those cute cummies!” the mother mewled in a sexy voice, watching the thick pearlescent seed spit from her boy's meatus. She gave her son's cock long milking strokes, extracting all the gooey pleasure pudding from the throbbing pink meat of his organ.

“Ohhh!” the teen moaned, experiencing divine pleasure from Jodie's well-practiced mommy-hands. She massaged the pinkish-purple gourd of his knob with her fingertips, making more cock-cream bubble from his piss-slit. “Mm, let's make sure we pull out every little drop of that hot semen,” she said in a sultry tone.

“Wow! I really did it.” The boy said breathlessly.

“You certainly did...which means you're developing excellent staying power,” Jodie said proudly, removing her cum-drenched hands from his cock. “You're gonna need that for some of the more intense training drills we'll be doing this week.”

“More intense than what we just did?” he asked anxiously.

“Oh, pumpkin, yes...those were just my hands,” she said. “Later in the week we'll be moving on to blowjobs, vaginal and anal intercourse...things that are REALLY gonna put your stamina to the test.”

“Oh wow!” he muttered with a smile, feeling like the luckiest boy on earth.

“Now, let's get you cleaned up,” she said, then noticed all the ribbons of spunk plastered across the swell of her big round mommy-melons. “Actually, let's get us BOTH cleaned up. It looks like a spooge bomb went off in here,” she joked, making them both laugh.

To be continued....