

The House of Holes

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

Chapter 1: Swimming Hole

"Your mom is so fucking hot!" Mitch told his friend Hal as they sat by the swimming pool.

Becca, Hal's brunette-haired mother was lounging poolside on a reclining chair, wearing a skimpy red bikini that barely contained her voluptuous curves. Her ample breasts threatened to spill out of the triangular top as she shifted to get more comfortable. Becca's toned legs glistened with tanning oil in the hot summer sun.

"Dude, shut up," Hal snapped, punching Mitch in the arm. But he couldn't deny that his 38-year-old mother was incredibly sexy. Seeing her lying there in that revealing swimsuit made his teenage cock stiffen in his trunks.

Becca lifted her sunglasses and glanced over at the two 18-year-old boys, giving them a mischievous smile. "You boys behaving over there? Not getting into any trouble I hope."

Her sultry voice sent a shiver through Mitch. He always fantasized about his best friend's hot mom, stroking his dick while imagining her naked body. She reminded him of the porn actress, Ava Addams, but with tits were even larger,

and an ass that was even more succulent. "No trouble at all, Mrs. C. We're perfect angels," Mitch called back with a grin.

Becca smirked and lowered her shades back down. "Mm-hmm, I'm sure. Well, let me know if you need anything. Sunscreen...snacks...a cold drink..." She uncrossed and recrossed her long legs, showcasing the delightful camel toe that was visible through the snug, thin fabric of her bikini bottoms.

Mitch's mouth went dry as he ogled the tantalizing sight, his erection throbbing insistently. "Dude, I think your mom is flirting with us. She totally wants it, man."

"You're crazy," Hal scoffed, but he noticed the seductive way his mother was splayed out, as if inviting their hungry gazes.

The truth was, Hal had been itching to see his hot mom naked since he hit puberty. He'd tried unsuccessfully to peek at her in the shower and rummaged through her underwear drawer, sniffing her lacy panties and H-cup bras while feverishly masturbating. But never in his wildest dreams did Hal think something might actually happen between them.

"I dare you to go over there and offer to rub lotion on her back," Mitch challenged with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"What?! No way," Hal hesitated, his heart pounding at the scandalous suggestion.

"Pussy! Fine, I'll do it then," said Mitch as he began to get up.

"Wait!" Hal blurted, his raging hormones and the enticing sight of his mother's nearly-naked body spurring him on. "Fine, I'll do it. But you owe me big time."

Taking a deep breath, Hal grabbed the suntan oil and walked over to Becca's lounge chair on shaky legs. "Hey Mom, uh, want me to get your back?"

Becca looked up at her nervous son and smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "Well aren't you sweet! I'd love that, baby."

She sat up and reached behind to untie her bikini top. The flimsy triangles began to fall away, but she captured them with her hands just before they could spring off her colossal tits.

"Holy shit," Hal breathed, drinking in the glorious sight of his mother's exposed tit-flesh. It seemed like everything but the peaks of her jugs were now exposed for his viewing pleasure and his cock instantly grew rock hard, straining against the front of his swim trunks.

Becca lay down on her stomach, pillowing her head on her folded arms. "Okay honey, I'm ready. Make sure you rub it in real good."

Hal could scarcely believe this was really happening as he knelt beside her and squirted the warm oil onto his palm. He tentatively placed his trembling hands on Becca's naked back and began caressing her velvety skin, working the slick lotion in.

"Mmmm, that feels nice," she purred, arching like a cat.
"Don't be shy, baby. Rub it all over."

Emboldened, Hal let his slippery hands roam further down, massaging her sides and ribcage. His fingers brushed the soft, bulging sides of her heavy breasts, making Becca moan softly.

Mitch watched the erotic scene, absently palming his own stiff prick through his trunks. He could hardly believe his dorky friend was actually feeling up his ridiculously hot mom. It was like a porno come to life.

Hal moved lower, sliding his oiled hands over the small of Becca's back. He paused at the string of her thong bottoms, his heart threatening to pound out of his chest. Becca had a perfectly rounded bubble butt that was ninety-percent exposed. The only fabric was the thin red thong wedged between her meaty ass-cheeks.

"Hal, sweetie," Becca said huskily, looking back over her shoulder at him. "Mommy needs you to rub lotion on her ass too. Can you do that for me, baby?"

Hal swallowed hard, his hands trembling as they hovered over his mother's glistening, barely-covered ass. "S-sure Mom, whatever you need," he managed to say, his voice cracking slightly.

He squirted a generous amount of oil onto her rounded cheeks and began to massage the slippery liquid into her smooth, succulent flesh. Becca let out a breathy moan as

Hal's strong hands kneaded her plump ass, his fingers dipping dangerously close to her most intimate areas.

"That's it baby, get in there deep," she purred, subtly spreading her thighs apart to give him better access. "Don't neglect Mommy's thighs either."

Hal slid his slick hands down to her upper thighs, caressing the sensitive skin where her legs met the swell of her ass. His fingers brushed against the damp fabric of her thong, feeling the heat radiating from her core. He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to bury his face between those gorgeous legs and feast on the fragrant folds and juicy slit of her most secret place.

Becca gasped and arched her back, grinding her slippery cheeks against Hal's hands. "Oh yes, just like that," she encouraged breathlessly, doing her best to hide how turned on she was.

"Anywhere else?" Hal asked, staring at her glossy derriere.

Becca glanced over at Mitch, who was watching them intently with a very visible bulge in his swim trunks. She couldn't let things go too far with her son's friend right there.

"I think you got everywhere, sweetie. Thank you," she said, reaching back to retie her bikini top before slowly sitting up. Becca made sure to keep her arms crossed over her enormous tits so the boys got a tantalizing glimpse of side boob as the triangular patches barely contained her.

Hal's eyes were glued to his mother's cleavage, his dick throbbing almost painfully now. He longed to yank the top off and bury his face between those giant, pillowy jugs.

Becca noticed her son's blatant staring and smirked. It was good to know she could still drive men wild, even a horny teenager like Hal.

Her heart-rate intensified at the sight of his jutting cock-bulge, his bulbous crown clearly defined as it threatened to burst through his trunks. Hot, slippery fuck-oil that had leaked from his cum-slit had easily soaked through, creating a large wet spot on the fabric.

Feeling naughty, Becca pretended to stretch, arching her back and thrusting out her ponderous boobs. The bikini top struggled to hold them in, the stitching in the fabric nearly splitting apart from the enormous outthrust of her tits.

"Whoopsie! I think this top shrank in the wash. My girls barely fit anymore," Becca giggled, jiggling her heavy melons. "What do you boys think? Too small?"

"No way, it's perfect!" Mitch blurted out, openly ogling her heaving rack. A wet spot was forming on his trunks where the tip of his cock was leaking.

"Dude, that's my mom!" Hal complained, giving his friend a half-playful shove. But secretly he agreed. He loved how his mother's swimsuit looked at least two sizes too small, ready to burst off her buxom body at any moment.

"I'm just teasing," Becca laughed, enjoying their reactions and the way their trunks were tenting obscenely. She gazed at Hal with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "But maybe later you can help mom pick out a new bikini. I'd love a teenage boy's opinion on what looks sexy on me."

Hal gulped at the implication, his mind reeling with forbidden fantasies. "Uh, sure Mom. Whatever you need," he said hoarsely, adjusting his straining erection.

"Lucky dog," Mitch grumbled jealously.

Becca smiled, pleased at how flustered she was making her son. It was so wrong to entice him like this but she couldn't help herself. He had grown into such a handsome young man with a cock that was clearly large and eager for pussy. Having his strong hands all over her body felt amazing, even if it was innocent...for now.

"Well, I'm gonna take a dip to cool off," she announced, standing up from the lounge chair. The boys gawked at Becca's voluptuous figure as she sauntered over to the pool, her round ass swaying hypnotically atop her glossy tan legs. She could feel their eyes burning into her exposed cheeks.

With a coy smile over her shoulder, Becca dove gracefully into the cool blue water.

She surfaced and slicked her wet hair back, rivulets of water cascading over her ample curves. The wet bikini clung to her like a second skin, the fabric going nearly transparent. The

darkened rings of her areola and her nipples were clearly visible, poking against the soaked top like hard little pebbles.

"Well, aren't you boys gonna to join me?" Becca called out invitingly, doing a slow backstroke that made her breasts jut up out of the water. "The water's perfect!"

Hal and Mitch exchanged disbelieving looks, their teenage cocks straining painfully against their swim trunks. It was like Becca was teasing them on purpose, flaunting her sexy, mature body. They both scrambled to their feet and raced to the pool, diving in with eager splashes.

Becca laughed as the boys surfaced on either side of her, shaking the water from their hair. She could practically feel the sexual tension crackling between the three of them. These poor horny teens didn't stand a chance against her womanly wiles.

"I just love taking a dip on a hot day like this," Becca purred, running her hands sensually over her wet curves. Her fingers brushed the undersides of her heavy breasts, making them bounce enticingly in the water. "Don't you agree, boys?"

"Definitely, Mrs. C," Mitch said, his eyes glued to her jiggling cleavage. "Best way to cool down."

Hal nodded mutely, not trusting himself to speak. He was painfully hard beneath the water, his cock aching to be touched and sheathed in the tight grip of his mom's cougar-cunt. Seeing his mother like this, glistening wet and practically naked, was driving him wild with forbidden lust.

Becca smirked and swam closer to her cute son, until her slippery body was brushing against his beneath the water. "You've gotten so big and strong, sweetie," she cooed, running a hand over his muscular chest. "Mommy's so proud of what a man you've grown into."

Hal shivered at her touch, his breath catching. He could feel the swell of her squishy breasts grazing his arm, her hard nipples poking him through the thin fabric. "T-thanks Mom," he stuttered.

Becca's hand drifted lower, skimming over Hal's abs and dipping even further down until her fingers brushed the tip of his rigid cock, making him gasp.

"Well, I suppose I should go finish some laundry before your father gets home," Becca stated, acting as if she didn't just "accidentally" touch her son's boner.

Becca slowly climbed up the pool steps, water streaming down her glistening suntanned body. The wet bikini clung to her every curve, the thin fabric molding to her oversized breasts, taut stomach and rounded ass-meat.

She bent over to grab her towel off the lounge chair, deliberately giving the boys a perfect view of her barely-covered rear. The thong had ridden up between her plump cheeks, exposing even more of her ripe buttocks. Even the thick flanges of her outer labia peeked out from beneath the thin, flimsy gusset of her bikini bottoms.

Hal and Mitch watched transfixed, their cocks throbbing urgently, as Becca slowly dried herself off. She took her time patting the fluffy towel over her chest, squeezing her giant tits together, making them balloon outward. Then she bent over deeply to dry her lovely legs, her long, cavernous cleavage nearly spilling out of the skimpy top as her boobies dangled down heavily.

"Hal honey, could you bring Mommy her cover up please?" Becca asked sweetly, peering at her son over the top of her sunglasses.

"Sure Mom," Hal choked out, stumbling out of the pool. He grabbed the small, semi-sheer sarong from beside her lounge chair and brought it over, trying desperately to hide his raging hard-on.

"Such a good boy," Becca purred, taking it from him, her eyes lingering on the tubular-shaped protrusion in his trunks. She held the flimsy fabric up, preparing to slip it on over her head. "Oopsie, clumsy me!"

As if by accident, Becca's wet bikini top suddenly slipped free, falling to the ground. Her enormous, tan breasts burst into view, capped by large, dusky-pink areolas and thimble-sized nipples.

Hal's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he gaped at his mother's exposed tits. They were magnificent, so much larger and heavier-looking than he'd imagined. His cock jerked in his trunks, dribbling pre-cum.

"Oh my!" Becca gasped in fake surprise, making no move to cover herself. She stood there topless, letting her son drink in the sight of her ballooning, naked jugs. "I'm so sorry baby, I didn't mean to flash you like that! How embarrassing!"

"I-it's okay, Mom," Hal said hoarsely, unable to tear his eyes away from her jiggling chest.

Becca smirked to herself, loving how flustered her son was as he took in the enormity of her charms. She slowly pulled the sheer cover-up over her head, the material stretching obscenely over her bountiful bust and hard nipples. It barely reached the tops of her thighs.

"There, that's better," she said breezily, as if she hadn't just given him an eyeful of her goods. Becca turned and sauntered towards the house, her round ass cheeks peeking out from under the short sarong and swaying with each step.

"You boys have a good swim," her pretty voice said as she made her way inside.

Hal jumped back into the pool and him and Mitch were still reeling from the erotic display Becca had just put on, their teenage cocks rigid and throbbing with need. The image of Hal's mom's spectacular naked breasts was seared into their brains.

"Dude, seriously," Mitch said, adjusting his bulging swim trunks. "You've gotta find a way to spy on your mom

changing and stuff. She's so fucking hot, I bet she looks incredible naked."

Hal flushed, his mind racing with forbidden possibilities. He had to admit, the idea of secretly peeping on his sexy, busty mother was incredibly tempting, especially after the way she'd been teasing him lately. His cock ached to be touched, sucked and fucked as he pictured his mother's voluptuous nude body.

"I don't know, man. What if I get caught?" Hal asked nervously, palming his erection through the damp fabric of his trunks.

"You won't, if you're careful," Mitch assured him. "Just drill a small hole somewhere she won't notice. Trust me, it'll be so worth it."

Hal bit his lip, desire warring with his better judgement. He was normally such a good kid but his beautiful mother had him so fucking horny and crazy with lust, he felt like he would do anything to see more of her.

"Okay, I'll do it," Hal decided, his heart pounding wildly. "Tonight, after my parents go to bed. I'll drill a hole into their bedroom wall."

Mitch grinned and clapped him on the back. "Atta boy! You'll have to tell me everything you see."

Hal nodded absently, his mind already conjuring up vivid fantasies of spying on his mom undressing, maybe even playing with herself. His balls drew up tight just imagining

her fingers furiously stroking her clit, her giant tits rippling atop her ribcage as she screamed in climax.

Chapter 2: Hole in the Wall

That night, after waiting for the house to go quiet, Hal snuck out of bed and grabbed his dad's power drill from the garage. His palms were sweaty and his heart raced as he crept down the hall to his parent's room.

He carefully placed the drill bit against the wall that separated his room from theirs, saying a silent prayer that the noise wouldn't wake them. Hal held his breath and squeezed the trigger, the drill whirring as it bored through the drywall. He made quick work of it, not wanting to push his luck.

Once the hole was complete, Hal brushed away the excess dust and debris. Then he pressed his eye to the small opening, peering into his parent's darkened bedroom.

A shaft of moonlight illuminated the king sized bed and Hal had to stifle a gasp. He could see his mother's sleeping form beneath the covers, the thin sheet draped over her lush curves.

Hal's cock sprang to full hardness as he took in the enticing sight. He wondered if she was wearing anything while she slept, but he knew he'd have to wait until morning to figure out the answer to that question.

The eager teen could hardly sleep that night he was so anxious. When he heard his father head out the door early the next morning he raced to the hole and peered through, knowing his mom was usually up to see his dad off to work.

Hal's pulse quickened as his eye adjusted to the sunlight filtering in from the bedroom window. He could make out the king-sized bed where his parents slept. The sheets were rumpled but the bed was empty.

Just then, the bathroom door opened and his mother walked out, humming softly to herself. Hal nearly gasped out loud at the sight of her. Becca was completely naked, her bountiful curves on full display.

She moved over to the full length mirror and studied her reflection, running her hands over her bare skin appraisingly. Hal followed the sensual path of her fingers as they skimmed along her collarbone, down between the fleshy valley of her heavy, pendulous breasts.

Becca cupped the weighty globes, lifting them as if testing their substantial heft. Her dusky pink nipples were stiff between her fingers as she rolled and pinched them. Hal licked his lips, imagining the taste and texture of the thick, rubbery nubs if he could suck them into his eager mouth.

Becca's hands roamed lower, over her slightly rounded tummy, to the plump, smooth mound of her exposed sex. Her legs parted as she leaned back against the dresser, one hand delving between her thighs.

Hal watched in awe as his mother's fingers stroked over the puffy lips of her bare pussy, dipping inside her wetness. Becca let out a soft moan, her digits moving faster, feverishly circling her clit. Her massive tits jiggled and swayed with the motion of her arm, the jiggling boobies exaggeratedly by their sheer size and weight.

Hal gripped his painfully hard cock through his boxers, so aroused it was difficult to breathe. He couldn't believe what he was seeing - his own mother wantonly playing with herself, looking like the world's hottest porn star.

Becca's stroking intensified, her fingers flying over her engorged clit as her juices flowed freely, coating her hand and inner thighs. She spread her legs wider, bracing herself against the dresser as she furiously fingered her wet cunt, her giant breasts bouncing wildly.

"Oh fuck yes!" Becca panted, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Mmmm...just like that! Don't stop!"

Hal had to bite his fist to keep from groaning out loud, his cock pulsing and leaking pre-cum. He was sure he'd never been this turned on in his entire life. The forbidden sight of his mother's voluptuous nude body writhing in pleasure was almost too much to handle.

Becca's climax hit her hard, her curvaceous frame shaking as she came on her fingers with a breathy cry. "Ooooh yesss! Fuuuuck!"

Hal couldn't hold back any longer. He yanked his straining erection out of his boxers and began stroking furiously, his fist flying over his thick shaft as he watched his mother's incredible body shudder and convulse with the force of her orgasm.

Becca's fingers were drenched in her feminine juices as she came down from her high, her massive tits still heaving with each ragged breath. She brought her slick digits to her mouth, sucking them clean one by one, humming in pleasure at her own musky taste.

Hal felt his balls tighten, ready to explode at the erotic sight. He pumped his cock harder, his hand a blur on his throbbing meat. With one of his frantic cock-yanks his fist accidentally hit the wall.

Suddenly, Becca turned and looked directly at the hole Hal was peeping through. A slow, wicked smile spread across her beautiful face.

She sauntered towards him, her colossal jugs swaying hypnotically with each step.

Hal froze, terrified and insanely aroused all at once. Did she see the hole and know he was watching her?

Hal stepped back from the hole and with a strangled groan, he exploded like a geyser, huge spurts of thick cum splattering against the wall as he imagined painting his mother's heaving rack with his jizz.

Fearful that his hole had been discovered on its very first use, Hal quickly shoved his softening cock back into his boxers and raced out of his room. His heart pounded as he heard his mother's footsteps approaching in the hallway.

Hal ducked into the bathroom, locking the door behind him just as Becca called out. "Sweetie, is that you? I thought I heard something."

"Yeah Mom, just had to pee real quick!" Hal replied, trying to sound casual even as his pulse raced. He turned on the faucet and pretended to wash his hands.

"Okay honey," Becca's lilting voice came through the door. "I'm gonna take a shower now. Breakfast will be ready soon."

Hal squeezed his eyes shut, images of his naked mother soaping up her spectacular body in the shower assailing his mind. His spent cock gave a feeble twitch in his sticky boxers. "Sounds good, Mom," he choked out.

He waited until he heard the shower turn on before venturing out of the bathroom. Hal crept back to his room and quickly cleaned up the cum splattered on the wall. His mind raced as he wondered if his sexy mother had seen the hole after all. The knowing smile she gave still burned in his memory.

Hal tried to act normal at breakfast, shoveling pancakes into his mouth as Becca pattered around the kitchen in a silky robe that barely contained her plump cleavage. He kept

sneaking glances at her, unable to forget the incredible sight of her nude body and the way she touched herself to climax.

"You're awfully quiet this morning," Becca remarked, leaning over to refill Hal's orange juice. Her robe gaped open, giving him a perfect view down her deep cleavage. "Something on your mind, sweetie?"

Hal nearly choked on his food, coughing and sputtering. "No, uh, just tired I guess," he mumbled, feeling his face flush.

Becca smirked and ruffled his hair affectionately. "You're so cute when you get all flustered," she teased. Then she bent down to whisper in his ear, her warm, spongy breasts pressing against his arm through the thin robe. "If you're so tired, maybe Mommy will have to tuck you in for a nap later, after you get home from school."

Hal shivered at the sultry promise in her voice, his cock stiffening traitorously beneath the table. Did she know what kind of effect she had on him? Was she really flirting and teasing him on purpose?

He gulped down his juice, not trusting himself to speak. Becca just smiled and sashayed out of the kitchen, her round ass swaying in the clinging robe. Hal couldn't tear his eyes away, his mind reeling with forbidden fantasies.

Chapter 3: Cum-Hole

One of Hal's naughty fantasies came true later that day when his mom showed up to pick him up after school.

"Hey, mom...what are you doing here?" he asked, opening the passenger side door.

"Remember you said you'd help me pick out a new bikini?" she asked, then smiled mischievously. "We're going bikini shopping. Get in."

Hal climbed into the passenger seat, his heart racing with excitement and nerves. He couldn't believe his mom was actually taking him bikini shopping with her. It felt like one of his dirty fantasies come to life.

Becca smiled at him as she pulled out of the school parking lot. She was wearing a low-cut sundress that displayed her ample cleavage. Hal tried not to stare at the tantalizing view of his mother's bountiful breasts, but it was impossible not to sneak glances, especially when they trembled from every bump in the road.

"I'm so glad you agreed to help me pick out a new swimsuit, sweetie," Becca said, reaching over to pat his thigh. Her hand lingered, squeezing gently. "I really value your opinion."

Hal swallowed hard, his cock already stiffening in his jeans at her touch. "Of course, Mom. I'm happy to help," he said, his voice slightly strained.

They arrived at the mall and headed straight for the bikini section of a trendy boutique. Becca began browsing the racks, pulling out skimpy suits and holding them up to her curvaceous body.

"What do you think of this one?" she asked, showing Hal a tiny white string bikini.

His eyes widened as he pictured his mother's barely-contained tits and ass in the minuscule triangles of fabric. "It's...it's really hot, Mom," he said hoarsely.

Becca grinned and added it to her pile. She continued picking out more revealing suits, asking for Hal's input on each one. He nodded and stammered his approval, growing increasingly flustered and aroused by the second.

Finally, Becca gathered up an armful of bikinis and headed for the fitting room. She paused and looked back at Hal over her shoulder. "I might need your help deciding which ones to get. Why don't you come back with me and I'll model them for you?"

Hal's mouth went dry at the suggestion. Going into the fitting room with his mom while she tried on skimpy bikinis? It was like something out of a porno.

He glanced around the store nervously, but the salesgirl was busy with another customer. "O-okay Mom," he agreed, following her into the large changing room.

Becca hung up the suits and then turned to face Hal with a mischievous smile. "You don't mind if I change in front of you, right sweetie? We're family after all."

Before he could respond, she reached behind her neck and untied her sundress, letting it pool at her feet. Hal's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the sight of his mother standing there in nothing but a sheer lace bra and panty set.

Her massive tits strained against the flimsy cups, the dusky pink of her nipples and areola clearly visible through the transparent fabric.

The matching lace panties were tiny and low-cut, displaying her smooth, plump mound and the delectable curves of her hips and ass. Hal's cock surged to full attention, throbbing insistently against his fly as he drank in the incredible view of his mother's nearly naked body.

"Wow Mom, you look... amazing," he breathed, unable to tear his eyes away from her spectacular figure.

Becca smirked, pleased by her son's reaction. She turned to the side, jutting out her shelf-like ass. "You like Mommy's underwear, baby? Maybe we can find a bikini that you like just as much."

Hal gulped, his eyes glued to her bodacious rear as she reached back and unhooked her bra. The scrap of lace fell away, unleashing her massive breasts. They wobbled heavily

as she faced him once more, putting her hands on her childbearing hips.

"Well? What do you think?" Becca asked, her voice a sultry purr.

Hal's mouth had gone completely dry, rendering him speechless. Even though he'd seen her boobs already, it was like they were being exposed to him for the first time. Her tits were magnificent - so much larger than he'd even imagined, capped with broad tit-caps and thick, rubbery nipples that pointed straight at him. He longed to touch and taste them.

Becca giggled at his slack-jawed expression. Her eyes drifted down to the huge bulge tenting his jeans obscenely.

"Mmmm, looks like someone is happy to see Mommy's big titties," she purred, cupping the heavy globes and bouncing them in her palms.

Hal made a strangled sound as she played with her jubbies right in front of him. Pre-cum was soaking through his underwear, his cock painfully hard and throbbing at the erotic sight.

"Let's try on some bikinis now, shall we?" Becca said with a wink. "You can help me adjust them."

"Adjust them?" Hal repeated.

"Yeah, you know, if they don't fit quite right."

With that, she slipped her thumbs into the sides of her dainty panties and shimmied them down over her wide hips, baring her naked pussy to Hal's hungry gaze. Her mound was smooth and plump, with just a little tuft of neatly-trimmed hair above the puffy, glistening lips of her slit.

Hal fought the overwhelming urge to drop to his knees and bury his face between his mother's thighs to lap at her sweet honey pot. His cock jerked in his pants, the head pulsing against his zipper, desperate for relief.

Becca stepped out of her panties and picked up one of the tiny bikini bottoms. The thong back disappeared between the rounded globes of her ass as she pulled them on. Then she tied the minuscule triangular top around her neck and back, her enormous breasts spilling out obscenely. The flimsy fabric barely covered her protruding nipples.

"How's this one, baby?" she asked

Hal could only gawk at the erotic sight of his mother stuffed into the skimpy bikini, her voluptuous body barely contained. "It's...it's perfect, Mom," he croaked, palming his straining erection through his jeans. "You look incredible."

Becca did a little twirl, making her giant jugs bounce and sway dangerously in the tiny top. "I don't know, I think it might be a bit small," she mused, cupping her breasts and adjusting them. The thin triangles struggled to cover her areolas.

She turned her back to Hal. "Sweetie, can you help Mommy tie the bottoms a little tighter? I want to make sure they don't fall off."

Hal approached her on shaky legs, his heart pounding wildly. He took the strings of the thong bikini bottoms in his trembling fingers, his knuckles grazing the silky smooth skin of her ass. Becca pushed her bodacious rear back into his hands as he fumbled to tie the strings.

"Mmmm, your hands feel so good baby," she purred, boldly grinding her barely-covered ass against his crotch.

Hal groaned as he felt the heat of her body through the thin fabric. His cock throbbed urgently, the bulbous head poking against her rounded cheeks. "M-Mom..." he gasped, desperately trying to control himself.

Becca looked back at him coyly over her shoulder. "Yes, sweetie?"

Hal bucked his hips involuntarily, humping against her jiggling rear, plowing his blood-engorged knob across the ring of her asshole. He couldn't believe this was happening - his sexy mother was actually grinding on him in a changing room!

"Well, clearly you're a fan of this bikini, but maybe I should try on a different style, you know, so we can compare," Becca suggested huskily, feeling her son's impressive hardness rutting urgently between her ass cheeks. She was getting so aroused teasing her horny boy like this.

With great reluctance, Hal stepped back, letting his mother turn around to face him. His eyes were immediately drawn to the wet spot darkening the crotch of her bikini bottoms, evidence of her desire. Becca smirked when she noticed where he was staring so intently.

"See something you like, baby?" she purred, trailing a finger over the damp fabric clinging to her puffy slit.

Hal nodded dumbly, rendered mute by lust, his cock throbbing in time with his racing heart. He watched transfixed as Becca untied the bikini top, her heavy tits spilling free. Then she pushed the bottoms down, revealing her bare, glistening pussy to his hungry gaze once more.

"Mmm, that's better," Becca sighed, stepping out of the bikini entirely. She stood naked and unashamed before her son, letting him look his fill. "Help Mommy with this next one?"

She handed Hal another skimpy bikini, this one a metallic gold that looked at least two sizes too small. He gulped as she turned her back to him expectantly. With shaking hands, he looped the top around her ribcage, his fingers brushing the sides of her enormous breasts as he tied it. The flimsy triangles barely covered her jutting nipples.

Next were the bottoms, an equally tiny thong that disappeared between the rounded globes of her succulent ass. Hal grabbed the strings with trembling fingers, his knuckles grazing her silky skin as he tied them at her hips.

The small patch of fabric in front molded to her plump mound obscenely.

Becca turned around, putting her nearly-naked body on lewd display. Hal drank in the mouthwatering sight of his mother's spectacular figure packed into the miniscule metallic bikini. Her colossal tits swelled over the top, the stubby nubbins of her nipples clearly defined. Below, the thong bottoms were wedged between her plump pussy lips, the shiny material darkening with her arousal.

"How do I look?" Becca asked, doing a slow turn to show off all her assets. Her voice was a sultry purr, eyes smoldering with barely restrained lust for her horny son.

"You look amazing, Mom," Hal croaked, his throat dry as he devoured her with his eyes. "That bikini is so hot on you."

Becca smirked, loving how worked up she was getting her boy. "Hmm, I don't know. It feels a little snug," she pouted, jiggling her massive jugs. The shiny fabric clung to her huge nipples, making them protrude obscenely. "What do you think, sweetie? Too small?"

"No way, it's perfect," Hal assured her, his eyes glued to her bountiful rack as it threatened to spill out entirely.

"If you say so," Becca giggled. "But maybe you should check to make sure it fits properly. We wouldn't want any wardrobe malfunctions at the pool."

"Check?" her son repeated with a confused look.

"Yeah, you know, move my breasts around some, just to make sure they don't fall out."

Heart pounding, Hal reached out and tentatively cupped his mother's giant tits, feeling their incredible weight and softness.

Becca bit her lip and arched into his touch wantonly. "Mmmm baby, that feels so good," she purred. "Play with Mommy's big titties, you know, just to make sure they stay inside the bikini."

Emboldened, Hal fondled and squeezed her huge boobs more firmly, loving how they overflowed his groping hands. He brushed his thumbs over the rubbery points of her nipples, making Becca gasp and shudder.

"Oh yes, just like that," she encouraged breathlessly, covering his hands with hers and helping him maul her heavy jugs. "So far so good. They're not falling out."

With his hands on the peaks of her tits, Hal rolled and tugged on the engorged nubs of her nipples until Becca was panting with need, her pussy creaming through the flimsy thong. "Fuuuck honey, you're gonna make me cum in my bikini if you keep that up," she admitted.

Hal grinned, loving that he could affect his sexy mother this way. Growing bolder, Becca guided one of his hand down her body and cupped her drenched mound.

Becca's eyes flashed with heat. "Check the bottoms too, sweetheart. Make sure they don't slip off too easily," she purred, guiding Hal's hand firmly against her warm crotch.

Hal groaned as his fingers made contact with his mom's puffy labial folds through her thin bikini bottoms. Even though it wasn't her bare pussy, just feeling the damp heat and plumpness of her most intimate area was mind-blowing.

"How does that feel, baby?" Becca purred, rubbing herself wantonly against his hand. "Are they snug enough to stay on while Mommy's swimming?"

"I...I think so," Hal stammered, his fingers tracing the outline of her puffy slit through the clinging fabric. He couldn't believe he was actually touching his mother's pussy, even if it was covered. His cock throbbed urgently in his jeans.

Becca smirked and boldly reached down to cup her son's rigid bulge, making him gasp. "And what about you, sweetie? Are your swim trunks gonna hide this big hard thing very well?" she teased, squeezing his erection.

"M-Mom," Hal choked out as she continued to fondle him. "I can't...I'm gonna..."

He could feel his orgasm building rapidly from his sexy mother's touch, his balls drawing up tight. Becca sensed her boy was close to the edge. An wicked idea popped into her head.

"Uh-oh, these bottoms are just too tight after all," she announced. Abruptly, Becca yanked the bikini to the side, exposing her bare, glistening pussy.

"I need you to make sure you can't see anything naughty if Mommy's suit accidentally shifts," she purred, grabbing Hal's hand and pressing it against her naked, slick folds.

Hal cried out as his fingers made direct contact with his mother's hot, wet cunt, her fleshy clitoral hood bulging out between his fingers. He couldn't hold back any longer. Bucking into her grip, he exploded in his jeans with a strangled groan, coming hard as he felt her slippery slit hump against his hand.

Becca moaned as she felt her son's oversized cock-bulge pulse and throb in her hand, his warm seed blasting out his cum-hole and soaking through the denim. "Don't be embarrassed, baby...these things happen," she encouraged, rubbing him through his spurting climax. Her own pussy clenched and flooded with arousal.

Finally, Hal slumped back against the fitting room wall, spent and panting. He stared at his mother's exposed crotch in awe, her puffy pink lips glistening with cream. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

Becca noticed his slack-jawed expression and giggled. "Oopsie, looks like Mommy's bikini isn't very good at containing things after all," she said with faux-innocence, snapping the bottoms back into place over her wet mound. "Guess I'll have to keep looking for the perfect suit."

Chapter 4: Hungry Holes

Later that evening, Becca was eager to put on another naughty show for Hal through the hole in the wall, knowing he would likely be watching. She just needed to find a way to get her husband out of the bedroom first.

After dinner, Becca turned to her husband with a pouty expression. "Honey, we're all out of my favorite wine. Would you mind running to the store to grab a bottle? I'd really appreciate it." She batted her lashes and pressed her ample bosom against his arm persuasively.

Her husband sighed but nodded. "Sure, I can make a quick trip. Need anything else while I'm out?"

"No, just the wine," Becca said, kissing his cheek. "You're the best."

As soon as he left, Becca hurried to the bedroom, a wicked gleam in her eye. She stripped out of her clothes and put on a sheer purple babydoll negligee that was more revealing than concealing. The lacy cups barely contained her heavy breasts and the hemline just skimmed the curves of her ass.

Becca checked her reflection in the mirror, fluffing her hair and applying some glossy lipstick. She wanted to look irresistible for her son's viewing pleasure. Glancing at the clock, she estimated she had a good twenty minutes before her husband returned.

Smirking to herself, Becca sauntered over to the bed and plopped down on it, directly in line with the peephole. She spread her legs wide, giving Hal an unobstructed view of her skimpy lace panties barely covering her plump, smooth pussy mound.

"Mmmm, I'm so horny," Becca purred loudly, trailing a hand down her body. She cupped her heavy tits, tweaking the stiff nipples through the gauzy fabric. "I wish I had a big hard cock to play with right now."

Becca continued fondling her breasts, arching her back to make them jiggle and sway. Then she slid a hand into her panties, her fingers stroking along her puffy slit. She made sure to exaggerate her movements so Hal could clearly see what she was doing.

"Oooh yes, that feels good," she moaned, rubbing her clit in rapid circles. "But I need something bigger inside me."

With her other hand, Becca reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out a large, realistic dildo. She held it up, stroking the veiny shaft and licking the bulbous head suggestively.

"Mmmm, so big and thick," Becca purred, trailing the dildo down her body. She pulled her panties aside, revealing her glistening pink folds to her son's eager eyes. "Watch Mommy fuck her naughty pussy."

Becca rubbed the head of the dildo along her slit, coating it in her slick arousal. She teased herself with it, circling her

engorged clit and dipping just the tip inside her eager channel.

"Ohhh fuck," she moaned loudly, knowing Hal was watching her every move. "Mommy needs this fat cock stuffed inside her hungry holes."

With that, Becca plunged the thick dildo into her weeping pussy, burying it to the hilt. She cried out in pleasure as it stretched her open, its girth deliciously filling. Slowly at first, she began to pump it in and out, fucking herself for her son's viewing pleasure.

Becca's huge tits bounced and swayed with each thrust, nearly spilling out of the skimpy top. The bed creaked rhythmically as she pounded the dildo faster and harder into her sloppy, squishing hole. Wet, obscene sounds filled the room.

"Yes, yes, fuck me!" Becca wailed, her head thrashing on the pillow. "Unnh fuck Mommy's pussy so deep! Ruin it with that huge fucking cock!"

She pictured Hal on the other side of the wall, watching her with his pants around his ankles, frantically stroking his throbbing erection to the dirty sight of his mother pleasuring herself. It only spurred Becca on more, wanting to put on the naughtiest show for her horny boy.

Becca rolled onto her hands and knees, presenting her bodacious ass to the peephole. She reached back to spank

herself, the purplish head of the dildo peeking out between her glistening labia with each smack to her jiggling cheeks.

"Mmmm baby, do you like watching Mommy's ass bounce while she fucks herself silly? You wanna stuff Mommy's tight little asshole too?" Becca panted, her voice dripping with lust.

She pulled the dildo out with a wet pop, her pussy cream dripping down her thighs. Becca brought the slick toy to her puckered back entrance and began to work it inside, moaning at the tight stretch.

"Ohhh it's so big! Mommy's asshole is being split open!" she cried, looking back over her shoulder with a wanton expression as she violated her own rear hole. "Unnngh your cock would feel so much better, baby. Mommy needs her ass fucked hard by her hung son!"

The dildo plunged rapidly in and out of Becca's tightly gripping anus now as she rocked back to meet each thrust. She snaked a hand between her legs to furiously diddle her engorged clit, her climax building fast.

"Oh fuck-oh fuck-oh FUUUUUCK!!!" Becca wailed as her intense climax crashed through her. Her voluptuous body convulsed with pleasure, the dildo buried deep in her spasming asshole. Clear squirt gushed from her clenching cunt, soaking the bedsheets beneath her.

Becca collapsed onto the mattress, boneless and panting as the last tremors of her orgasm rippled through her. She

slowly pulled the slick toy from her stretched anus with a soft moan. Her pussy continued to twitch and leak cream.

On the other side of the wall, Hal was in a similar state - slumped on the floor, his softening cock coated in his own release. He had practically ripped his zipper in his haste to free his straining erection, stroking himself in time to his sexy mother's wild fucking. When she came screaming about needing her ass pounded by his hung cock, Hal exploded like a geyser, painting the wall with his hot boy-seed.

He sat there in a daze, scarcely able to believe what he'd just witnessed. His mind reeled, replaying the incredibly dirty things Becca had said, as if she knew he was there watching. Did she somehow realize he had drilled that hole to spy on her? Was his mother actually putting on that naughty show just for him?

The rational part of Hal told him it was crazy, that there was no way his sweet, loving mom would ever purposely seduce him like that. But after the way she had been teasing him mercilessly lately - grinding on him in skimpy bikinis, "accidentally" exposing her naked body, making blatant innuendos - Hal wasn't so sure anymore. It was like Becca wanted him to lust after her.

And God, did he ever lust for her. Hal's spent cock twitched valiantly, trying to rally for another round as he pictured his mother's spectacular ass bouncing while she fucked herself with that huge dildo. He would give anything to be the one stretching her holes wide and making her scream in ecstasy.

Chapter 5: Gooley Wall- Hole

Becca lay sprawled out on the bed, basking in the afterglow of her bone-rattling climax. She wondered if Hal had enjoyed the show as much as she had enjoyed performing it. From the frantic sounds of his fist slapping against his cock that she'd heard through the wall, she was pretty sure he had.

Smirking wickedly, Becca slid off the bed and sauntered over to the full length mirror. She admired her reflection - tousled hair, flushed cheeks, heavy tits nearly spilling out of her skimpy negligee. Her pussy was still engorged and puffy, cream dripping down her inner thighs.

Becca traced a finger through her slick slit, bringing it to her mouth to suck off her tangy juices. She moaned softly at the taste, imagining Hal licking her to a screaming orgasm with his eager young tongue.

She cupped her heavy breasts, tweaking the stiff nipples until they poked against the lacy fabric. Becca couldn't wait to have her son's hands and mouth on her tits, sucking and squeezing the huge globes. And his nice big cock sliding between them, fucking her cleavage until he exploded all over her face and chest.

Becca shivered with arousal at the naughty thoughts. She was getting herself worked up again already. Glancing at the clock, she realized her husband would be home any minute.

Reluctantly, Becca slipped out of the negligee and pulled on a silk robe instead, tying the sash around her trim waist.

She had just enough time to change the cum-soaked sheets and spray some air freshener before she heard the front door open. Becca scurried out to the living room to greet her husband, hoping her post-orgasmic glow wasn't too obvious.

"I'm home," he called out, holding up a bottle of wine. "Got your favorite Chardonnay."

"You're the best, honey," Becca purred, pressing a kiss to his cheek. She took the wine from him. "I'm going to have a glass and take a nice hot bath to unwind."

Her husband nodded, oblivious to any debauchery that had taken place in his absence. "Sounds good. I'll lock up down here and head to bed early. Gotta be up at 6 am for my flight tomorrow."

Becca had forgotten he was leaving on a business trip in the morning. She hid a smile, her mind already spinning with the naughty possibilities of having the house to herself with Hal for a few days. The opportunities to seduce her sexy son would be endless.

"Sleep well, darling," she said sweetly. "I'll be to bed later, after my bath."

Becca waited until her husband was upstairs before tiptoeing over to Hal's room. She could hear the shower running and bit her lip, knowing he was likely cleaning up after their little peepshow. The thought of his youthful, athlete's body

glistening wet and naked behind the thin door made her pussy clench with need.

Unable to resist, Becca quietly opened the unlocked door slightly and peeked inside the steamy bathroom. Through the glass shower door, she could see Hal's blurry form, soaping up his chest and abs. His semi-hard cock bobbed between his legs, making her mouth water.

"Mommies like to peep too," she whispered, licking her lips lustfully as she imagined his delicious-looking fuck-stick in her mouth, his knob plowing into her hot, snug throat.

Becca snuck into Hal's room, her unfettered tits bobbling heavily against her ribcage, the silk robe fluttering behind her. She went straight to the wall that separated his bedroom from the master, her eyes searching for the peephole.

There, partially hidden behind a poster, was the small opening her son had drilled to spy on her. Becca's pulse quickened as she knelt down to examine it more closely. She pressed a finger to the hole, feeling the slightly rough edges.

Her finger came away wet and sticky. Becca brought it to her nose, inhaling the musky scent of her son's release. He had clearly exploded his sticky goo all over the wall while watching her lewd performance. The thought made her pussy clench and cream.

Unable to resist, Becca leaned in and placed her lips against the goeey wall-hole, her tongue darting out to lap at the

drying cum. She moaned softly at the taste of him, savoring every salty-sweet drop. It only made her crave the real thing even more. "Oh Hal, I need you to pour your fucking boy-cum down my throat," she whispered wishfully.

Becca heard the shower shut off and quickly stood up, not wanting Hal to catch her in the act. She moved to sit on the edge of his bed, crossing her tanned, freshly-shaved legs so the robe fell open to reveal a tantalizing peek of thigh.

A minute later, Hal emerged from the bathroom with a towel slung low around his hips. He froze when he saw his mother perched on his bed, looking like a total smoke-show in her short silk robe.

"M-Mom! What are you doing in here?" Hal stammered, clutching the towel tightly. His eyes roamed over her scantily clad body, lingering on her abundant cleavage.

"I just wanted to say goodnight, sweetie," Becca purred, uncrossing and re-crossing her legs slowly. The robe gaped open, giving him a glimpse of her bare pussy. "And to let you know that your father is leaving early in the morning for a business trip. Since your sister will be at cheerleading camp, it will be just the two of us for the next few days."

Hal audibly gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing. The news that he would be alone with his seductive mother made his cock twitch beneath the towel. "Oh, uh, okay," he said weakly.

Becca smiled and stood up, the robe molding to her every curve. She walked towards him with an extra sway to her

hips. Hal could tell she was braless by the way her boobs shifted and her plump nipples protruded from beneath the fabric. "I have a feeling we're gonna have a lot of fun together, just you and me," she breathed, trailing a finger down his damp chest.

Hal shivered at her touch, his muscles jumping. "What kind of fun?" he asked hoarsely, hardly daring to breathe.

Becca's smile turned wicked as her hand drifted lower, brushing against the tent forming in his towel. "Oh, I'm sure we'll think of something," she purred suggestively. "Get a good night's sleep, baby. You never know when you'll need your energy."

With that loaded promise, Becca leaned in and placed a lingering kiss at the corner of Hal's mouth. Her lips brushed his ever so slightly, making him ache for more. She let her warm, heavy tits press against his naked chest, nipples teasing his skin for a moment before pulling away.

"Sweet dreams," Becca breathed, giving him a saucy wink.

Then she sauntered out of his room, her silk robe clinging to the mouthwatering curves of her bodacious ass. Hal stared after her, his heart pounding and cock throbbing urgently. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

Did his mother really just hint at seducing him while his dad was away? The way she touched him, the dirty promises in her voice, that almost-kiss... Hal's head spun with the implications.

Chapter 6: Tight, Wet Hole

Hal looked down at his straining erection tenting the towel obscenely. There was no way he was going to be able to sleep now, not with those naughty images of his mom running through his fevered brain.

The horny teen dropped the towel and fisted his huge, aching cock, groaning at the contact his fist made as it squeezed along the long, vein-encrusted column of erectile flesh. He stumbled over to the peephole, hoping to catch another glimpse of his mother's spectacular body to fuel his fantasies.

Pressing his eye to the opening, Hal peered into his parents' bedroom. He could see Becca perched at her vanity brushing her long dark hair. The silk robe was untied, hanging off her shoulders to reveal the smooth expanse of her back.

As Hal watched, Becca stood up and let the robe slither to the floor, baring her buxom body completely. His cock jumped in his pumping fist at the glorious sight of her bountiful breasts swaying heavily, dark nipples puckered, the plump peachy globes of her ass flexing as she moved.

"Fuck!" he gasped, fisting his prick hard and fast from knob to root. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, she's sexy!"

Becca walked over to the bed, her hips rolling seductively. She picked up the discarded negligee from earlier and held it

up, rubbing the sheer lacy material against her huge, pendulous breasts.

"Mmmm, I wonder if Hal liked Mommy's little show earlier," she mused out loud, as if thinking to herself. But her eyes cut over to the peephole knowingly, a smirk playing at her glossy lips. "I bet he'd like it even more if he was here to fuck me properly instead of just a dildo."

Hal choked back a moan, his fist flying over his throbbing shaft as he watched his mother fondle herself and talk dirty. He couldn't believe she was putting on this naughty show again, saying such filthy things, as if she knew he was watching and wanted to drive him wild with lust.

"Ungh, Mommy needs her son's big fat cock stretching her open," Becca panted, tweaking her nipples until they were stiff peaks. She rubbed the lacy negligee over the swollen lips of her pussy, the fabric darkening with her arousal.

"Mmmm yes, fuck me so deep, baby. Pound Mommy's tight wet hole and fill it with your hot cum!"

Hal pictured himself doing exactly that - pinning his busty mother to the bed and ramming his aching erection into her hungry, creaming fuck hole over and over until she screamed in ecstasy. His hand worked faster, twisting and pumping his steel-hard meat, the spongy head leaking a steady stream of pre-cum.

Becca tossed the negligee aside and climbed onto the bed, positioning herself on all fours. She reached back and gripped her plump ass cheeks, pulling them apart to expose

her puckered pink asshole and glistening slit to the peephole.

"Oooh Hal, don't you wanna bury your face between Mommy's cheeks and tongue fuck her dirty holes?" she moaned wantonly, circling her tight anus with a finger. "Get me all sloppy and open for your huge cock."

"Fuck yes," Hal panted, imagining motor-boating her succulent ass, lapping at her musky holes until she gushed on his face. He was so close, his balls drawn up tight and ready to explode.

Becca plunged two fingers into her soaked cunt, pumping them rapidly. Her other hand continued to play with her sensitive rim, dipping inside to the first knuckle.

"Unngh so good...but I need more," she whined desperately. "I need my son's big dick pounding my ass until I can't walk straight! Ruin all my holes, baby! Make Mommy your personal fuck-toy!"

That sent Hal over the edge. With a strangled cry, he erupted like a geyser, his cock pulsing powerfully as it fired off thick ropes of cum. The milky seed splattered against the wall, coating the peephole as he spent himself to the erotic sight of his mother finger fucking her holes and begging for his cock.

Through the haze of his intense orgasm, Hal dimly registered Becca's answering cries of pleasure as she came on her plunging fingers, her voluptuous body shaking and

undulating. Her glistening pussy clenched and squelched obscenely as she gushed her sweet nectar all over the sheets.

Hal slumped against the wall, his spent cock twitching as he tried to catch his breath. He could hardly believe what he'd just witnessed - his sexy mother masturbating with wild abandon while calling out his name and begging for his cock. There was no denying it now. Becca definitely knew about the peephole and was purposely giving him these naughty shows to seduce him.

The thought made Hal's softening member start to plump up again already. He knew it was so wrong to lust after his own mother this way, but she was making it impossible to resist. The way she flaunted her spectacular body, teased him mercilessly, talked so dirty... Becca was awakening a primal, taboo hunger in Hal that couldn't be suppressed any longer.

As he watched, Becca rolled onto her back, still panting from her intense climax. She trailed a hand down her sweat-sheened body, cupping and squeezing her huge, heaving tits. Hal licked his lips, imagining doing the same, filling his palms with her overflowing titty-meat and sucking on her thick, protruding nipples until she mewled.

Becca's fingers drifted lower, sliding through the slick, matted curls of her mound to her puffy, well-pleasured cunt. "Mmm, so messy," she cooed, gathering her creamy essence and bringing it to her mouth to lick off with relish. "Hal baby,

don't you want to clean up Mommy's juicy pussy with your tongue? Lap up every drop then fill me with your hot cum?"

Hal groaned, fisting his re-hardened cock as he pictured burying his face between his mother's splayed thighs and devouring her pink, weeping slit. Eating her to another gushing orgasm before mounting and pounding her eager cunt into submission. Pumping her full of his potent seed until it overflowed her stuffed channel.

"Soon, baby boy," Becca purred, as if reading his dirty thoughts. She sucked her fingers clean with a hum of satisfaction. "Mommy's going to make all your naughtiest fantasies come true. Just be patient a little longer."

With a flirty blown kiss towards the peephole, Becca slid off the bed and sauntered to the bathroom, her phenomenal ass jiggling with each step. Hal stayed rooted to the spot, staring slack-jawed at her retreating figure until she disappeared from view.

Chapter 7: Squirting Honey-Hole

The next day, Becca's voice was low and suggestive as she leaned against the kitchen counter, watching her son bite into his after school snack. "Are you an ass man or a tit man, sweetheart?" she asked with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Hal nearly choked on his food at her bold question. "What's that supposed to mean?" he sputtered, caught off guard by his mother's provocative line of questioning.

But Becca didn't seem phased by his reaction, rather, she continued with a knowing grin. "When you stroke your boner," she clarified, gesturing towards the noticeable bulge in his pants. "Do you visualize a woman's ass or her tits?" Hal's cheeks flushed red as he fumbled for an answer. "You mean when I...masturbate?" he stammered, feeling awkward and embarrassed discussing such topics with his mother.

"Yes, sweetheart," Becca giggled, her gaze lingering on his now fully erect member. "Masturbating and stroking off are the same thing, you know." She winked playfully at him before adding, "So which is it for you? Tits or ass? And don't say either because I know guys your age like to either think about sucking tits or watching a girl's ass beat against them while they fuck her doggy style."

Hal's heart raced at his mother's blunt words. He felt both uncomfortable and aroused at the same time. "I guess it would have to be a girl's ass," he admitted bashfully. "Why do you ask?"

Becca moved on with a seductive sway of her hips towards the stairs. "I was just curious," she purred over her shoulder as she ascended the steps. "Can't a mom be curious?"

Once she got to her bedroom and knew her son was watching, Becca slowly unbuttoned her jeans, then

shimmied them down her curvy hips and thick thighs, bending over provocatively to pull them off completely. She could practically feel Hal's hungry gaze devouring her barely-covered ass as she stood back up, clad only in a lacy black thong.

Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor and exposing her heavy, dangling breasts. Her dusky nipples were rock hard, aching to be touched and sucked. Becca cupped and hefted her tits, bouncing them in her hands, imagining Hal drooling at the sight.

Unable to resist any longer, she slipped a hand into her panties, stroking her already slick folds. "Mmmm Hal baby, are you watching Mommy?" she moaned softly, knowing he couldn't hear her through the wall. "Look how wet Mommy's pussy is. All for you, sweetheart."

Becca plunged two fingers deep inside herself, her hips undulating as she fingered her dripping cunt. Her other hand remained on her tits, pinching and rolling her stiff nipples. Overcome with lust, she sank down onto the bed, spreading her legs wide.

"Hal honey, I bet you're stroking this sexy cock so hard right now," she softly purred, pumping her fingers faster.

"Mommy wants to see it. I want to watch you cum for me. Will you come to Mom's room and show me that big hard dick?"

She continued frigging herself frantically, desperate to see her son's young cock in the flesh, spurting hot ropes of jizz

all over her nude body. "Please baby," Becca whimpered louder this time, knowing her son could hear her, "come fuck Mommy's brains out with that fat boy cock..."

On the other side of the wall, Hal stroked himself feverishly, his eyes glued to the tantalizing sight of his mother's nude, curvaceous body writhing wantonly on the bed. He couldn't believe what he was seeing and hearing - his own mom fingering her wet pussy and begging for his cock!

Hal's hand was a blur on his rigid shaft as he watched Becca's voluptuous tits bounce and sway with her increasingly frantic movements. Her lewd moans and naughty words spurred him on, pushing him closer to the edge.

"Fuck Mom, your body is so hot," Hal grunted, twisting his wrist on the upstroke just how he liked it. "I wanna cover your huge tits in my cum so bad!"

Becca arched her back as she drilled her cunt with three fingers now, her copious juices making obscene wet sounds that Hal could hear through the peephole.

"Ooooh yes Hal, jerk that big fat cock for Mommy!" she wailed, pinching her nipples almost painfully hard. "I need your hot cum all over me baby! Please give it to me!"

That was all it took to make Hal erupt like a geyser. Thick spurts of spunk shot from the slit of his twitching cockhead as he groaned out his release. He milked his shaft until

every last drop was drained, shuddering and panting from the intensity of his climax.

On her bed, Becca was coming undone, thrashing and bucking as her orgasm crashed through her. She shamelessly screamed out in hopes that her son could hear her. "FUCK YES HAAAAL! Unghhh Mommy's cumming so hard for you baby!"

Becca's pussy clenched and spasmed around her fingers as she squirted clear fluid out her honey-hole and onto the sheets. Her giant, stiff-nippled titties heaved and jiggled wildly as she came apart, her entire body trembling from the force of her intense orgasm.

"Oh god baby, yesssss!" she screamed, not caring who heard. The thought of Hal stroking his young cock while watching and listening to her only prolonged her pleasure.

Finally, the waves of ecstasy subsided, leaving Becca limp and panting on the soaked sheets. She withdrew her drenched fingers from her twitching cunt and brought them to her mouth, moaning at her own tangy flavor. If only it was Hal's thick creamy spunk she was savoring instead...

Gasping for breath, they both collapsed in sweaty, satisfied heaps, their forbidden lust temporarily sated. But Hal knew he couldn't stay away from his mom's alluring body for long. He craved more, to touch and taste her, to sink his aching cock into her slick heat.

And from the delirious grin on Becca's flushed face, her thoughts seemed to be running along the same sinfully incestuous track.

"Hal, come in here for a minute, sweetie," his mom called from the living room once he finally emerged from his bedroom, having cleaned himself up and changed clothes. His heart raced as he made his way downstairs, wondering what she wanted. Did she somehow know he had been spying and jerking off to her?

He found Becca lounging on the couch in a tight tank top and tiny booty shorts that left little to the imagination. Her fat nipples visibly poked against the thin fabric and the shorts rode up high on her thighs, exposing all of her silky mommy-legs. She patted the cushion next to her.

"Have a seat, honey. I think it's time for a little mother-son chat."

Hal gulped nervously but did as she asked. He tried not to stare at her braless tits and long, smooth legs. His cock was already starting to stiffen again in his pants.

Becca placed a hand on his thigh, rubbing it slowly. "I know what you've been up to, peeking at Mommy through that little hole in the wall. You like watching me undress, don't you baby?"

Hal's mouth went dry. He didn't know what to say.

"I...uh...I'm really sorry, Mom! I shouldn't have...it was

wrong to spy on you like that." He hung his head in shame, face burning.

But Becca just chuckled softly and moved her hand higher up his leg, dangerously close to his crotch. "Shhhh, it's okay sweetheart. I'm not mad. In fact, I think it's perfectly natural for a boy your age to be curious about the female body. Especially your own mom's voluptuous figure. I mean, we moms do have the biggest tits and the roundest asses. Who can blame a boy for being curious."

"You mean...it's okay that I drilled a hole in your wall, to watch you undress?" Hal asked with a look of disbelief on his face.

Becca smiled indulgently at her flustered son, giving his thigh a reassuring squeeze. "Of course it's okay, baby. I'm actually flattered that you find your old mom's body so irresistible that you just had to sneak a peek."

She leaned in closer, her ample cleavage threatening to spill out of her low-cut tank top. Hal tried not to stare at the tantalizing display of tit-flesh, but it was impossible to look away. His rapidly hardening cock strained against his zipper.

"In fact," Becca purred, her lips brushing his ear, "I put on quite a naughty show for you earlier, didn't I? Fingering my wet pussy, playing with my big mommy titties, moaning like a slut for my own son..."

Hal gulped audibly, his brain short-circuiting at her lewd words. "Y-you knew I was watching? The whole time?" he

stammered, palming his throbbing erection through his jeans.

"Mmm-hmm," Becca hummed, eyeing the prominent bulge hungrily. "And I heard you too, grunting and groaning while you stroked this big fat cock." She cupped his package possessively, making Hal gasp. "Jerking off to your own mother like a dirty boy. I bet you shot such a huge, messy load watching me, didn't you baby?"

Hal could only nod dumbly, rendered speechless by his mom's bold fondling of his dick. Becca licked her lips, giving him a seductive squeeze.

She leaned in closer, her gaping cleavage directly in his line of sight. "I got so hot and bothered knowing you were watching me, stroking this big hard cock." Her fingers brushed over the thick bulge in his pants. "I fingered my wet pussy imagining it was your cock buried to its base inside me instead."

Hal's eyes widened at her filthy words. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. "R-really? You liked me watching?" he stammered in shock.

"Mmm-hmm, it made me cum so hard," Becca purred, now openly groping his erection through his jeans. "But, here's the problem, honey..."

"I know...you're my mom and I shouldn't be having those thoughts about you, right?"

"No baby, that's not the problem at all," Becca cooed, continuing to boldly massage Hal's straining erection, feeling it flex harder and harder in her hand. "The problem is that I'm married to your father and if he or your nosy sister were to discover that naughty hole of yours like I did, there would be hell to pay."

"I guess I didn't think about that," Hal admitted.

"Of course you didn't," she giggled. "That's because you were too busy beating this big, juicy cock while staring at Mommy's naked ass and titties, weren't you?" Becca traced a finger along the rigid length of Hal's shaft, eliciting a tortured groan from him.

She leaned in even closer, her lips nearly brushing Hal's ear as she spoke in a low, sultry tone. "We have to be very, very careful if we're going to keep exploring these...desires between us. It has to remain our dirty little secret."

Hal nodded eagerly, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He couldn't believe this was really happening. "I won't tell anyone Mom, I swear! I'll do anything to keep fucking you with my eyes...and maybe more?" He gazed at her with hopeful, lust-filled eyes.

"Anything, huh?" Becca arched a perfectly plucked eyebrow, a mischievous smirk playing at her glossy lips. Her fingers deftly unfastened Hal's jeans and slipped inside his boxers to wrap around his throbbing bare cock. "Well, for starters, you can pull that big fat dick out and let mom get a good look at it."

Hal hastily complied, shoving his pants and underwear down to his ankles. His raging hard-on sprang free, nearly ten-inches of tubular flesh slapping against his stomach before Becca's soft hand encircled it again.

"Oh fuck baby, it's even more glorious than I imagined," she purred appreciatively, slowly stroking his velvety steel shaft from root to tip. Beads of pre-cum oozed from the swollen purple head. "Mommy needs a taste..."

Maintaining intense eye contact, Becca leaned down and extended her long, pink tongue, lapping at the pearly drops leaking from her son's cock. She swirled her licker around the engorged crown before parting her lips and sucking the glans into her hot wet mouth.

"Oh my god Mom, yessss," Hal groaned, tangling his fingers in her silky hair as she began bobbing up and down his rigid pole. The incredible sensation of his mother's expert mouth gliding along his shaft was better than anything he had ever felt. "Suck my dick, it feels so fucking good!"

Becca moaned around Hal's thick cock stretching her lips, taking him deeper into her avid throat. She loved the salty tang of his teenage pre-cum and the musky scent of his pubic hair tickling her nose. Knowing it was her own son's young virile cock throbbing on her tongue made her pussy flood with arousal.

She slurped and suckled his meat hungrily, stroking what wouldn't fit in her mouth. Her tongue swirled and lashed at

the sensitive underside while she hollowed her cheeks, increasing the friction.

Suddenly, they were both startled by the sound of the front door opening. "I'm home!" Hal's father called out. "Where is everyone?"

Becca quickly released Hal's slick cock from her mouth with a soft pop. "Shit, your dad's home early from his trip!" she whispered urgently, hastily wiping her lips. "Quick, pull your pants up before he sees us!"

Heart pounding, Hal clumsily stuffed his still-hard dick back into his jeans just as his dad walked into the living room. "There you are," he said, smiling at Hal and Becca. "What have you two been up to?"

"Oh, just having a little mother-son chat," Becca replied with forced casualness, hoping her husband wouldn't notice her flushed cheeks or Hal's telltale bulge. "How was your trip, honey?"

As Hal's father started talking about business trip, Hal snuck a glance at his mother. She met his gaze and gave him a subtle wink, a silent promise that their naughty activities were far from over. They would just need to be even more discreet now.

Chapter 8: Out the Fly-Hole

Dinner was a bit awkward that evening, with Hal and Becca exchanging furtive, heated glances across the table under the unsuspecting noses of Hal's father and little sister.

Hal squirmed in his seat at the dinner table, unable to keep his eyes off the tantalizing curves of his mother's body. The low-cut blouse she wore displayed her ample cleavage, and Hal found himself fantasizing about burying his face between those luscious tits. Under the table, his cock stirred to attention, straining against the confines of his jeans.

Becca noticed her son's discomfort and arousal, a sly smirk playing at the corners of her lips. She made sure to lean forward often, giving Hal an eyeful of her deep, inviting cleavage. Her foot found his leg under the table, slowly trailing up his calf and inner thigh until she brushed against his rock-hard bulge.

Hal nearly choked on his food at the sudden contact, his wide eyes flying to his mother's face. Becca just smiled innocently and took a sip of her wine, acting as if she wasn't fondling her son's cock with her foot just under the unsuspecting noses of the whole family.

"You okay there, champ?" Hal's dad asked, noticing his son's flustered state.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine," Hal stammered, subtly adjusting himself under the table. "Just went down the wrong pipe."

Becca had to stifle a giggle, pressing her foot more firmly against Hal's erection. The poor boy was barely holding it together. She could only imagine how badly he wanted to bend her over the table and fuck her senseless in front of everyone.

After dinner, Becca volunteered to clean up while the rest of the family retired to the living room. As she bent over to load the dishwasher, she made sure to angle her ass directly in Hal's line of sight, the thin fabric of her sundress clinging to her round, juicy cheeks.

Becca looked over her shoulder at Hal, who was lingering in the kitchen doorway, his eyes glued to her ass. "Sweetheart, would you mind helping Mommy with these dishes?" she asked innocently, wiggling her hips. "I could really use an extra pair of hands."

Hal nodded eagerly, practically tripping over himself in his haste to join Becca in the kitchen. She smirked at his enthusiasm, loving the effect she had on her hormonal teenage son.

When Hal got close to his mother, he could smell her sweet perfume and feel the heat radiating off her curvaceous body. His hands trembled slightly as he reached for a plate, hyperaware of Becca's tantalizing proximity.

"Here baby, let me help you with that," Becca purred, pressing her voluptuous chest against Hal's back as she reached around him to grab the dish soap. Her hardened

nipples poked into him through the thin fabric of her dress and bra.

Hal inhaled sharply, almost dropping the plate. He could feel his mother's warm breath on his neck, making all the blood in his body rush southward to his already painfully erect cock.

"You're so tense, sweetie," Becca cooed, her manicured nails dragging lightly down Hal's arms. "Do you need Mommy to help relieve some of that tension?" Her hand drifted lower, brazenly cupping the bulge of her son's erection through his jeans.

"Fuck, Mom-" Hal groaned, thrusting into her palm. He couldn't believe this was happening, that his own mother was groping him in their kitchen.

"Shhh, we need to be quiet," Becca reminded him, giving his cock a firm squeeze. "We don't want your dad or sister to catch Mommy playing with this big, hard dick, do we?"

Becca deftly unbuttoned Hal's fly-hole with one hand, slipping her fingers inside his boxers to wrap around his throbbing shaft. Hal bit back a moan as she began to stroke him, her warm hand gliding smoothly over his engorged flesh.

"Your cock feels so good in Mommy's hand, baby," Becca purred sultrily in his ear. "So big and thick, so ready to fuck Mommy's brains out. You'd like that, wouldn't you

sweetheart? To bend me over and shove this fat dick deep in Mommy's wet pussy?"

"Oh god yes," Hal panted, his hips automatically rocking into her fist.

"Is that what you think about when you peer through your naughty little peephole?" she whispered hotly, her hand steadily pumping his rigid cock. "Plowing into my tight, pink pussy until I scream?"

"Yes, fuck, all the time," Hal admitted breathlessly, lost in a haze of taboo lust. "I want you so bad, Mom. I can't stop thinking about your sexy body."

"Mmmm, I get so wet knowing you're watching me, stroking this yummy cock and imagining all the naughty things you wanna do to Mommy." Becca licked the shell of his ear, sending shivers down Hal's spine. "I fingered my pussy so hard yesterday, wishing it was your big fat dick pounding into me."

Becca's grip tightened around Hal's throbbing shaft as she jerked him faster, twisting her wrist the way she knew men liked. Hal was leaking copious amounts of pre-cum now, allowing her hand to glide effortlessly over his engorged cock.

"Fuck Mom, if you keep doing that I'm gonna cum," Hal warned through clenched teeth, his balls already tightening in preparation for release.

"That's it baby, cum for Mommy," Becca urged breathlessly, her huge tits pressing and rippling into his back with each stroke. "I wanna feel your hot seed spurting all over my hand. Give Mommy that sweet boy cream."

Hal muffled his cry of ecstasy against his sleeve as he exploded, painting his mother's pumping fist with thick ropes of cum. Becca milked him through it, whispering filthy encouragements until Hal was completely spent.

Lifting her hand to her mouth, Becca maintained intense eye contact with her son as she licked his gooey release from her fingers. "Mmmm, yummy. Mommy loves how you taste, sweetheart."

Hal groaned at the incredibly erotic sight, his cock twitching with renewed interest. He wanted nothing more than to hoist his mom onto the counter and bury his face between her thick thighs, to lap up her juices until she screamed.

Just then, the sound of approaching footsteps broke the spell. "Becca honey, do you need any help in there?" Hal's dad called from the living room.

"No, I've got it under control!" she replied sweetly. "Hal is giving me a hand. We'll be done soon!"

Becca winked salaciously at her son, giving his softening cock a final squeeze before tucking him back into his pants. Hal's head was spinning, overwhelmed by what had just transpired between him and his mother.

"Why don't you go upstairs and get your homework done now, sweetie," Becca suggested. "I can finish up here."

"Alright," Hal nodded, his knees still weak from his ejaculation.

"Before you go though," Becca said, her voice low and seductive, "give Mommy a kiss." She tapped her cheek expectantly, a mischievous glint in her eye.

Hal hesitated for a moment before leaning in to place a chaste peck on his mother's face. But at the last second, Becca turned her head, capturing his lips with her own in a searing, forbidden kiss. Hal's eyes widened in shock as his mother's tongue brazenly invaded his mouth, tangling with his own.

Becca kissed her son deeply, passionately, mashing her soft tits against him and pouring all her incestuous lust into the illicit embrace. She nipped at his bottom lip as she pulled away, smirking at Hal's dazed expression.

"There's something else I'd like to give you before you disappear upstairs," she murmured sultrily, reaching under her skirt. With a shimmy of her hips, Becca slid her lacy panties down her thick thighs and stepped out of them.

Dangling the damp scrap of fabric from one finger, she brought it to Hal's face, tracing his parted lips with the crotch. "These are for you, baby. So you have Mommy's scent while you do your... homework." She winked salaciously.

Hal inhaled deeply, the enticing aroma of his mother's arousal making his head swim. He opened his mouth to accept the offering, sucking the soaked fabric between his lips. The tangy flavor burst across his tongue, making his spent cock twitch with renewed interest.

"There's plenty more where that came from," Becca purred, trailing a finger down Hal's chest. "Now run along and be a good boy. Mommy has a special reward for you tomorrow morning if you finish all your schoolwork."

Nodding eagerly, Hal turned and bounded up the stairs to his room, his mother's panties still dangling obscenely from his mouth. Becca chuckled to herself as she watched his cute ass flex with each step. Her son was turning into such a horny, obedient young man.

Chapter 9: Identical Holes

Hal's brain was still foggy with post-orgasmic bliss and shock at his mother's bold actions. He stumbled out of the kitchen and up the stairs in a daze, hardly believing that the last ten minutes had actually happened.

He flopped onto his bed, staring up at the ceiling as he replayed the incredible scene over and over in his head. His own mother, his beautiful, sexy mother, had just given him a handjob mere feet away from his dad and sister. And the dirty things she had whispered in his ear... fuck. His spent cock gave a feeble twitch at the memory.

Hal's hand drifted down to palm himself through his jeans, still slightly damp with his cum. He wondered what other naughty things his mom would be willing to do with him as he sniffed and tasted her fragrant, delicious panties. He thought about bending her over the kitchen table and fucking her from behind, just like she'd said, watching her huge tits sway below her as he pounded into her wet heat.

Hal unbuttoned his pants, shoving them down to his knees along with his boxers. He fisted his hardening cock, biting his lip to stifle a groan. Images of his mother's voluptuous body flashed through his mind - her perfect ass in that sundress, her pretty pink lips wrapped around his cock, her massive breasts bouncing as she rode him. It didn't take long before Hal was fully erect again, leaking clear fluid onto his stomach as he jerked himself off to taboo fantasies of his own mom.

"You stroked him off?" Becca's twin sister Kendra asked as they spoke by phone a short time later.

Becca shut the laundry room door behind her, lowering her voice as she responded to Kendra's scandalous question. "I couldn't help myself," she confessed in a whisper. "Seeing him ogling my tits and ass all through dinner, knowing how badly he wanted me... I just had to touch his yummy cock."

Kendra gasped on the other end of the line. "You are so bad, Becks! Jerking off your own son in the middle of the

kitchen? With David and Kylie in the next room? That's a whole new level of kinky."

"You don't know the half of it," Becca giggled naughtily. "I kissed him too, with tongue. And I gave him my wet panties."

"Holy shit," Kendra breathed, sounding both shocked and aroused. "What did he do with them?"

"He's upstairs sniffing and tasting them like a good boy while he does his homework," Becca replied smugly. "Or at least, that's what he's supposed to be doing. I wouldn't be surprised if the little horn-dog is stroking his fat cock with them wrapped around his shaft right now."

Kendra moaned softly, and Becca could hear a subtle wet sound through the phone. Her sister was touching herself, she realized with a shiver of excitement. "Are you gonna fuck him, Becks?" Kendra asked breathlessly. "Are you gonna let him shove that teenage cock in your tight MILF cunt and pound the fuck outta you?"

"Mmmm, you know I am...eventually," Becca purred, slipping a hand under her dress to tease her bare, slick folds. "I'm gonna let my son do all sorts of dirty things to me. Suck on Mommy's big boobies, eat my pussy, cum in all my fucking holes..."

The sisters masturbated their engorged clits together as they continued their filthy conversation, getting off to the

idea of Becca seducing and defiling her own son. "I bet his cock is so fucking rigid," Kendra panted.

"Yes, with all those fat, throbbing cock-veins," Becca agreed breathlessly, rubbing her love-button faster. "I can't wait to trace them with my tongue before I swallow his big dick down my throat."

Kendra whimpered, plunging three fingers into her dripping cunt. "Lucky bitch. I wish I had a hung teenage stud to play with. You better give me all the dirty details after you fuck his brains out."

"Mmmm, I'll do you one better, sis," Becca panted, rapidly approaching climax. "Next time you visit, we can seduce him together. Share that fat young cock between us like the filthy whore twins we are."

"Oh fuck yes! Twincest!" Kendra giggled, the obscene wet sounds of her pussy-frigging filling Becca's ears. "I want his cum so bad. Squirt it all over our faces and our huge tits. Paint us like the incestuous cum-sluts we are!"

Picturing her son's hard cock erupting, splattering both her and her twin with his hot seed, sent Becca hurtling over the edge. "Shit, I'm gonna cum!" she gasped, grinding against her hand. "Hal, baby, fuck Mommy's cunt!"

The sisters cried out in unison as intense orgasms overtook them, their desperate moans and panted curses intermingling, sounding exactly the same over the line. They fingered their identical holes through the aftershocks, both

imagining Hal's thick young cock pumping them full of spunk.

Finally, Becca slumped against the washing machine, exhausted and immensely satisfied. She just hoped her cries hadn't gotten the attention of her husband who was across the house watching a baseball game. She brought her cream-coated fingers to her mouth, lewdly slurping her tangy juices. "Mmmm, I came so fucking hard," she sighed. "I soaked my damn hand."

"Me too," Kendra replied dreamily. "I can't wait to make that fantasy a reality. My pussy is fucking drooling for that hung, teen dick."

"Soon," Becca promised, already counting down the days until their next sisterly visit. "But for now, I need to get cleaned up before David notices how drenched my thighs are and starts asking questions."

The twins giggled wickedly and said their goodbyes, both buzzing with excitement over their deliciously taboo plans for Hal's cock.

Becca straightened her dress and checked her appearance in the laundry room mirror, grinning at her freshly-fucked look. Her son had no idea what kind of debauched delights his dear mother and aunt had in store for him.

Chapter 10: Set of Holes

Even though she planned on rewarding him for doing his homework in the morning, Becca wanted to make sure her son had another hard, ball-clenching ejaculation before he drifted off to sleep. With a devious smirk, she crept quietly up the stairs, careful not to alert her husband or daughter.

First, she went into her bedroom to change into something more enticing. She slipped on a sheer black babydoll negligee that barely contained her voluptuous curves. The delicate lace cups strained against her heavy tits, her wide, dusky areolas and stiff nipples clearly visible through the flimsy fabric. A matching lace thong disappeared between the round globes of her ass.

Becca examined herself in the mirror, pleased with what she saw. Hal's cock would be throbbing at first sight of her barely-dressed body. She dabbed some perfume between her breasts and on her inner thighs before heading to her son's room.

As she approached Hal's bedroom, Becca could already hear the telltale sounds of her son's self-pleasure - the slick slide of his fist over his cock, his muffled grunts and moans, the creaking of his mattress as he thrust into his hand. Her pussy clenched with desire, soaking her inner thighs.

Becca turned the knob slowly, peeking into the room. The sight that greeted her made her breath catch. Hal was splayed out on his bed completely nude, his impressive young cock jutting proudly from his fist. Her panties were

stretched taut around his shaft as he stroked himself vigorously, the lace damp with his copious pre-cum.

"Oh fuck Mom," Hal groaned quietly, clearly lost in a vivid fantasy of her. "Your pussy feels so good around my cock. Gonna fill you with my cum..."

Biting her lip to stifle a moan, Becca stepped into the room and closed the door silently behind her. She tiptoed to his bed, drinking in the gloriously obscene sight of her son pleasuring himself to thoughts of her. When she reached the edge of the mattress, she couldn't resist any longer.

"Need a hand with that, baby?" Becca purred sultrily.

Hal's eyes flew open in shock, his fist freezing mid-stroke.

"M-mom! I was just - I mean, I didn't -"

"Shhh, it's okay sweetheart," she soothed, crawling onto the bed and settling between his spread thighs. "Mommy's here now. Let me take care of this big, hard problem for you."

Hal watched in awe, his cock throbbing and twitching, as Becca unwrapped her panties from his shaft like a present. Reverently, she pressed the fragrant, damp fabric to her face, inhaling deeply. "Mmmm, Mommy's scent got you so worked up, didn't it baby?" she cooed, rubbing the panties over his swollen cockhead to gather his leaking pre-cum.

"Fuck yes," Hal panted, arching into her touch as he stared at her jutting straining against the sheer fabric. "I love how your pussy smells, Mom. It makes me so fucking hard."

"I can see that," Becca purred, wrapping her fingers around his thick base. "Such an eager boy, so desperate to cum for Mommy again. Don't worry angel, I'll drain these swollen balls for you and we won't be interrupted this time."

Maintaining intense eye contact, Becca parted her full, glossy lips and extended her tongue. With deliberate slowness, she dragged the flat of it from Hal's heavy balls all the way to the tip of his cock. Hal shuddered and groaned in bliss, his hands fisting in the sheets to keep from grabbing his mother's head.

Becca smiled at his restraint. "Good boy," she praised, swirling her tongue around his leaking slit. "Your cock tastes so good, baby. Mommy could lick it all night long."

"Please Mom," Hal begged, his voice strained with need. "Please suck it. I want to feel your mouth around me so bad."

Never one to deny her son, Becca wrapped her plump lips around Hal's swollen tip and suckled gently. She moaned at the salty-sweet flavor of his pre-cum flooding her mouth. Slowly, she began to bob her head, taking more of his thick cock into her hot, wet mouth with each downward pass.

"Oh fuck, Mom, yes!" Hal gasped, fighting the urge to thrust up into the tight sheath of her throat. "Your mouth feels so fucking good!"

Becca hummed around his shaft in response, sending delicious vibrations through his body. She squeezed the base

of his cock as she sucked him, her other hand cradling and massaging his heavy balls.

"Oh God, they're so full of teenage cum!" Becca thought deliriously as she squeezed his nuts and worshipped her son's cock with her experienced mouth. She couldn't wait to feel Hal's hot seed spurting down her throat, filling her belly with his potent young spunk.

Becca took him deeper on every down-stroke, relaxing her throat to accommodate his impressive girth. Soon, her nose was nestled in his musky pubes with every bob, his thick shaft completely engulfed in the tight, wet heaven of her mouth.

She could feel his swollen glans nudging the back of her throat with each thrust now. Becca moaned wantonly around her son's throbbing meat, the obscene slurping and gagging noises only spurring Hal closer to the edge.

Hal looked down at the incredibly erotic sight of his gorgeous mother worshipping his dick, her ruby lips stretched obscenely around his girth, her cheeks hollowed with suction. Her humongous boobs had spilled out of the skimpy negligee, jiggling and swaying hypnotically with each bob of her head.

"Holy shit Mom, your tits!" Hal groaned, reaching down to palm the heavy globes. He pinched and rolled her stiff nipples between his fingers, making Becca moan around his cock.

She popped off his spit-slick shaft with a gasp, panting heavily. "That's it baby, play with Mommy's big jiggle-jugs while she sucks this fat dick," Becca encouraged breathlessly, squeezing her massive rack around his throbbing erection.

Hal thrust between the soft, pillowy mounds, groaning at the sensation of her hot cleavage engulfing him. "Fuck yeah, gonna tit-fuck you so hard," he grunted, pistoning his hips up to fuck her tits.

Becca held her breasts tight around his shaft, licking and sucking on the tip every time it poked through her squishy cleavage. She loved having her son use her body for his pleasure, treating her like his personal fuck-toy.

"Mommy's your cock-sleeve, isn't she baby?" Becca purred filthily, rubbing her hard nipples against his shaft. "Just a set of holes for you to fuck and fill with cum whenever you want."

"Ungh fuck yes, all mine!" Hal snarled possessively, slamming his cock harder between her tits. The dirty talk was rapidly pushing him to the brink.

Sensing her son was close, Becca released her breasts and swallowed him down to the root again. She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks and working her tongue along the throbbing vein on the underside of his cock.

"Mom, I'm gonna cum," he warned breathlessly, tangling his fingers in her silky hair. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum so hard down your throat!"

Becca doubled her efforts, sucking him faster and deeper, hungry for her son's seed. She took him all the way to the root until his pubic hair tickled her nose, swallowing around his cockhead lodged in her throat.

That pushed Hal over the edge. With a guttural groan, he exploded, flooding his mother's greedy mouth with spurt after spurt of his hot, thick cum. Becca moaned in delight as she gulped it down, savoring the salty-sweet taste of her boy's cream.

She continued suckling him gently through the aftershocks, making sure to milk every last drop. Finally, she let his softening cock slip from her lips with a obscenely wet pop and grinned up at him, licking her lips.

"Mmmm, that was so yummy, sweetheart," Becca purred, crawling up Hal's body to give him a sloppy, cummy kiss. "Did you like shooting your load down Mommy's throat?"

"Fuck yes, Mom," Hal panted, tasting himself on her tongue as they kissed messily. "That was incredible. You suck cock like a pro."

Becca giggled, nuzzling his neck. "Well, I've had a lot of practice, baby. But I have to say, your cock is the most delicious one I've ever had the pleasure of sucking."

Hal grinned proudly, running his hands over her voluptuous curves possessively. "Yeah? Even better than Dad's?"

"Mmmm, so much better," Becca assured him, grinding her drenched, lace-covered pussy against his thigh. "Bigger, harder, and way more cum. Mommy's found her new favorite cock."

"Does that mean we're gonna fuck sometime, you and I?" Hal boldly asked.

As much as Becca craved his hot, young dick inside her, she wanted to save that special moment for just the right time. "Oh we will baby, I promise you," she purred, tracing his lips with a finger. "But Mommy wants to make your first time absolutely perfect. I'm gonna worship this gorgeous cock with my mouth and tits until you're begging me to sit on it."

Hal groaned, his spent shaft twitching valiantly at her words. "I'm already begging, Mom. I wanna fuck your brains out so bad."

Becca giggled, her birthing tube tingling as she kissed him tenderly. "I know you do, sweetheart. And you will, very soon. But trust me, the anticipation will make it so much better. I'm gonna tease you and please you and get you so riled up, that when you finally slide into Mommy's tight, wet cunt...it'll be the most mind-blowing experience of your life."

She emphasized her point by reaching down and grasping his semi-hard cock, giving it a firm squeeze. Hal bucked into her hand with a gasp, already craving more of her touch.

"Fuck Mom, I love when you talk dirty to me," he panted, thrusting shallowly into her fist. "Keep telling me what you're gonna do to me. I'm gonna cum again already."

Becca grinned, loving how insatiable her horny son was. "Mmmm, you wanna hear more about how I'm going to drain these big teenage balls? How I'm gonna suck your cock morning, noon and night? Swallow every drop of cum you give me?"

She started pumping him faster, feeling him swell and lengthen in her grip, his pre-ejaculate splattering onto her jiggling boobies. "Or maybe you wanna hear about how I'm gonna tit-fuck you with my huge boobs every day? Wrap them around this fat cock and let you fuck them until you paint me in jizz?"

"Oh shit yes," Hal grunted, now fully hard and leaking steadily. His tip was an angry purple, engorged with blood. "What else, Mom? Tell me what else you'll do to me!"

"I'm gonna let you fuck my face," Becca promised breathily, working his cock faster, twisting skillfully on the upstroke. "Shove your big dick down my throat and use it like your personal cock-sleeve. You'd like that, wouldn't you baby? To face-fuck Mommy like a dirty slut?"

"Fuck YES! I'm gonna cum Mom!" Hal practically sobbed, his cock jerking wildly in her tight, stroking fist. "Here it comes, fuck, fuuuuuck!"

Becca aimed his erupting cock at her huge tits, moaning as thick ropes of her son's baby-batter painted her jiggling flesh.

She milked his shaft steadily, coaxing out every last drop until Hal was completely spent, whimpering and twitching from overstimulation. His pearly essence dripped obscenely down her tit-melons and pooled in her cavernous cleavage.

"Mmmm, so much cum from my virile young boy," Becca purred, scooping some of his seed onto her fingers and bringing it to her lips. She sucked them clean one by one, humming in delight at the flavor. "Mommy's gonna be so well-fed with this big cock around."

Hal watched slack-jawed as his mother lewdly lapped up his spunk, his softening cock dribbling a final weak spurt onto his stomach. "Holy shit Mom, that was so fucking hot," he panted, brushing sweaty hair off his forehead. "You're gonna kill me if you keep milking my dick like that."

Becca giggled, leaning down to lick the last bit of cum from his belly button. "Don't worry sweetie, I'll make sure to give you some recovery time. Can't have this perfect cock falling off from overuse before it even gets a chance to fuck Mommy properly."

She placed a final soft kiss to the tip before crawling up to snuggle against Hal's side, uncaring of the sticky mess smeared across her cushy chest. Hal wrapped an arm around her, pulling her close and nuzzling her hair.

"I love you so much, Mom," he murmured sleepily, the multiple intense orgasms finally catching up to him. "You're the best."

"I love you too, baby boy. More than anything," Becca whispered back, stroking his cheek. "Now get some rest. Mommy will be expecting that morning wood at full attention for your homework reward tomorrow."

Hal grinned sleepily as he watched his mother slip out of his bed and saunter towards the door, her curvy hips swaying seductively, her ass-globes undulating beneath the sheer gown. He admired the pearly globs of his cum glistening on her huge tits and the damp spot darkening the crotch of her panties. Just before exiting, Becca glanced over her shoulder and blew him a kiss, a promise of more illicit delights to come.

As she stepped into the hallway and pulled his door shut, Becca almost ran smack into her husband David. "Whoops! You startled me, honey," she giggled nervously, subtly adjusting her negligee to better conceal the evidence of her son's release. "I was just checking on Hal. He seemed stressed about a big test tomorrow."

David's brow furrowed as he took in her skimpy attire and flushed complexion. "Uh huh... and you had to wear that to give him a pep talk?" he asked skeptically.

"Oh this old thing?" Becca deflected airily, running her hands over the diaphanous fabric. "I was feeling a little frisky and

thought I'd surprise you in bed. But if you're not in the mood..."

She made to brush past him, but David caught her upper arm, pulling her curvy body flush against him. "Now hold on a second," he growled, desire sparking in his eyes as he fondled her barely-covered ass. "I didn't say that."

Becca hid her smirk in his shoulder, pleased that her feminine wiles still had such an effect on her husband. It looks like both her boys would be sleeping well tonight after she took care of their needs.

"Well then, why don't you take me to bed and fuck me, darling?" she purred, nipping at his ear. "I'm absolutely aching for your cock."

In truth, she was aching for Hal's much larger, younger cock, still horny as hell from their forbidden activities. But her husband's dick would have to suffice until she could feel her son splitting her open. She just hoped David wouldn't notice the copious amounts of another man's seed splattered across her tits as he fucked her.

Meanwhile in Hal's room, the teen struggled to fall asleep, his mind too full of the filthy things he'd done with his mother. He couldn't believe how eagerly she'd sucked his cock and let him tit-fuck her. And the way she'd dirty talked him to two explosive orgasms... his own mom was a total nympho slut, and he fucking loved it.

Hal's cock started to swell again as he recalled the erotic sight of Becca licking his cum off her fingers and huge tits. He couldn't wait to glaze her face and fill her pussy with his seed. To make her his in every way.

Chapter 11: Mom's Aching Cunt-Hole

The next morning, Hal woke up with a raging hard-on, as usual. But instead of immediately fisting his morning wood like he typically did, he laid back and grinned up at the ceiling, recalling the mind-blowing events of the previous night. Had it all been an incredibly vivid wet dream? The lingering scent of his mother's perfume on his pillowcase told him otherwise.

Hal's cock throbbed insistently, eager for the "reward" Becca had promised him. He gave it a few slow strokes, shivering in delight as he imagined his mom's lush body and all the dirty things she was going to do to him. Fuck, he'd never been this horny in his life.

After taking a quick shower (resisting the urge to jerk off, wanting to save his cum for his mother) Hal practically bounded downstairs to the kitchen. The rest of the family was already seated around the table, digging into the big breakfast Becca had prepared.

"Morning," Hal said, trying to sound casual as he slid into his chair. His eyes immediately went to his mom, hungrily drinking in her dangerous curves barely contained by a thin

robe. When Becca noticed his gaze, she smiled and gave him a subtle wink.

"Good morning, sweetheart," she chirped brightly, moving to refill his glass of orange juice. As she leaned over him, Becca let her robe gape open, giving Hal a perfect view of her massive, bare breasts swaying heavily beneath the flimsy fabric.

Hal inhaled sharply, his dick jumping to full attention in his sweatpants. "Thanks Mom," he croaked, shifting in his seat to conceal his massive erection. He couldn't believe his mother was flashing him her nearly naked tits right in front of his dad and sister.

Becca smirked at his flustered state, eyeing the obscene bulge tenting his pants. She "accidentally" brushed it with her hand as she pulled away, making Hal bite back a groan. God, she was going to be the death of him.

Throughout breakfast, Becca continued her covert teasing - "accidentally" grazing Hal's groin with her ass as she passed by, licking syrup seductively off her fingers while holding his gaze, letting her robe slip off one creamy shoulder, exposing the gentle slope of one breast. By the end of the meal, Hal was practically vibrating with pent-up lust, his cock leaking a steady stream of pre-cum.

"Well, I have an early tee time on the golf course with the guys at work," David announced, getting up from the table.

"And I'm meeting Jen at the mall, we're gonna catch a movie after," Kylie added, already texting on her phone as she headed towards the front door.

Hal's heart raced as he realized he and his mother would have the house to themselves all morning. The heated looks Becca kept shooting him told him she was just as eager to continue their illicit activities without interruption.

As soon as David's car pulled out of the driveway and Kylie was down the street on her bicycle, Becca sauntered over to where Hal was loading the breakfast dishes into the dishwasher. She pressed her voluptuous body flush against his back, her hard nipples boring into him through the thin robe.

"Mmmm, alone at last," she purred in his ear, her hand snaking around to boldly cup his erection through his sweats. "Is this big hard cock ready for Mommy's reward?"

Hal groaned, thrusting into her palm. "Fuck yes, Mom. I'm so fucking horny for you. Please..."

Becca chuckled, giving him a squeeze before stepping back. "Uh-uh- uh, not so fast, young man. I believe I said this reward was for finishing your homework like a good boy. So let's go take a look, shall we?"

She crooked a finger at him and sashayed towards the stairs, her robe riding up to expose the lower curves of her rounded ass. Hal eagerly followed, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing jiggle of her barely-covered cheeks.

Once in his room, Hal quickly rifled through his backpack and presented his mom with the completed assignments, praying he hadn't made any careless mistakes in his lust-addled state last night. Becca perched on the edge of his bed and crossed her sexy legs, letting her robe fall open completely. Hal's mouth went dry as miles of smooth, creamy skin and swells of her huge tits were revealed to his hungry gaze.

Becca took her time looking over Hal's work, letting the anticipation build. Her boy was squirming impatiently, his cock straining obscenely against his sweats, a damp spot forming at the tip. Finally, she set the papers aside and smiled up at him.

"Very good, sweetheart," she praised sultrily. "You did such a thorough job. I think you've more than earned your reward. Come here and let Mommy take care of that big throbbing problem for you."

Hal scrambled eagerly onto the bed next to her, his heart hammering as Becca immediately tugged his sweats and boxers down, freeing his aching erection. It slapped up against his stomach, thick and flushed a deep red, the swollen head shiny with pre-cum.

"Oh baby, look how hard you are for me already," Becca cooed, wrapping her fingers around Hal's throbbing shaft, stroking him slowly from root to tip.

"Mmmm, so thick and veiny. Mommy loves your big, fat, teenage cock, baby," she purred, smearing the bubbling pre-goo around his engorged head with her thumb.

Hal groaned, his hips rocking into her touch. "Fuck Mom, that feels so good," he panted, his heavy balls already drawing up tight. "I'm not gonna last long if you keep doing that."

"Awww, is my sweet boy about to cum already?" Becca giggled, giving him a teasing squeeze. "We can't have that, not before Mommy has a chance to properly worship this gorgeous cock."

With that, she sank gracefully to her knees between Hal's spread legs. She nuzzled his crotch, breathing in the musky scent of his arousal before licking a slow, teasing stripe up the underside of his shaft from balls to tip. Hal shuddered and fisted his hands in the sheets, fighting the urge to buck up into the wet heat of his mother's mouth.

Becca kitten-licked around his swollen glans, lapping up the steady trickle of pre-spunk that leaked from his meatus. "Mmmm, yummy," she hummed, smacking her lips. "My baby boy tastes so good." Then without warning, she opened her mouth wide and engulfed him down to the root.

"Holy shit!" Hal cried out as velvety heat surrounded his aching flesh. He looked down to see his mom's plump lips stretched obscenely around his girth, her nose buried in his wiry pubes. He could feel the fluttering muscles of her throat

working around his sensitive tip as she swallowed him to the hilt.

Becca held him there for a long moment, breathing through her nose and letting copious saliva build up to provide extra lubrication. Then she slowly pulled off until just the head remained between her lips. She suckled gently on his tip, her tongue teasing his slit, circling his crown and flickering against the band of skin separating his glans from his foreskin, before plunging back down and burying him balls deep once more.

She set up a steady rhythm, her head bobbing as she fucked her face on Hal's thick cock. The wet, slurping, gagging sounds of his shaft violating her throat filled the room. Drool dripped down her chin and gathered in the hollow of her neck as she let him use her mouth like a slick fuck-hole.

"Fuck Mom, your mouth feels so fucking good," Hal grunted, his hands finding their way into her hair. He tugged lightly on the silky strands, guiding her pace. "Take that fucking cock, swallow it all like a good slut."

Becca moaned around his pummeling cock, loving her son's filthy encouragement. She worked him harder and faster, her head now a blur as she sucked him with wet, sloppy abandon. Hal's fingers tightened in her hair as he began thrusting up to meet her bobbing mouth, fucking her face in earnest.

"Oh god Mom, just like that," he groaned, watching his thick shaft disappear between her stretched lips over and over.

Hal's eyes drifted to his mother's massive tits, which had spilled out of her robe and were swinging pendulously with each thrust of his cock down her throat. He reached down and cupped the heavy globes, marveling at how they overflowed his palms. Becca's nipples were stiff peaks against his hands, just begging to be pinched and tugged. "Gonna cum soon, fuck! Want you to swallow it all this time."

Becca whimpered in eager agreement, taking him even deeper, her throat bulging obscenely with the shape of his cock. She reached up to fondle his heavy, cum-filled balls, rolling them in her palm. With her other hand, she furiously friggd her dripping cunt, plunging three fingers knuckle-deep into her aching hole.

The added stimulation proved too much for Hal. With a strangled shout, he slammed his mother's head down and held her in place as his cock jerked and throbbed, pumping thick streams of cum directly into her gullet. Becca swallowed frantically, massaging his shaft with her throat muscles to milk out every drop.

The feeling of her son's hot seed hitting her stomach triggered Becca's own release. She came hard around her pistoning fingers, gushing female cum all over her hand as she screamed around Hal's spurting cock. Her entire body shook and spasmed with the force of her orgasm, her boobs rippling against Hal's groping hands.

Finally, the boy released his grip on her hair and Becca slowly pulled off his softening shaft. A few pearly drops clung to her lips, which she lewdly licked away. "Mmmm, breakfast of champions," she purred, grinning up at him with a glazed, well-fucked expression. "Was that a satisfactory reward, sweetheart?"

"Fuck yes," Hal panted, flopping back on the bed as he tried to catch his breath. "Best homework prize ever. Definitely gonna motivate me to keep my grades up."

Becca laughed huskily, climbing up his body to straddle his hips. She leaned down and captured his lips in a sloppy, cummy kiss, letting him taste himself on her long, lively tongue. Hal groaned into her mouth, his spent cock giving a valiant twitch where it was trapped between their bodies.

Breaking the kiss, Becca sat up and slowly untied her robe, letting it slither off her shoulders to pool around her curved hips. Hal's eyes widened as his mother's spectacular nude body was fully revealed to him in the light of day. Her massive tits jutted proudly from her chest, topped with wide areolas and turgid nipples that begged to be sucked. Her slightly rounded belly led to a neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair, glistening with her arousal.

"Feel free to sit on my cock now," Hal said with a mischievous grin.

Becca grinned wickedly down at her son, grinding her slick pussy lips along his hardening shaft. "Mmmm, it's so tempting baby. Mommy would love to sink down on this big

fat cock and ride you until we both explode. Trust me, my cunt-hole is aching for a deep, hard fuck."

She reached between their bodies to grasp Hal's erection, notching the swollen head at her dripping entrance. Slowly, teasingly, she circled her hips, coating his tip with her slick juices and rubbing their engorged sex-bulbs together, stimulating their sexual nerve-endings. Hal groaned, his hands flying to her wide hips, trying to pull her down onto his steely cock.

But Becca resisted, maintaining her sensual torture. "I want your first time inside Mommy's pussy to be extra special though," she purred, rubbing herself along his throbbing length. "I want you absolutely wild with lust for me, so desperate to cum that you fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked before."

"I'm already there, Mom," Hal panted, his hips bucking urgently to slide his cock between her slick folds. "Please, I need to be inside you. I'll fuck you so good, I swear."

"I know you will, sweetie," Becca soothed, leaning down to kiss him tenderly. "And you will have me, every inch of me. But I have a few more surprises in store for you first. Naughty things to drive you absolutely crazy with desire."

Becca sat up and crawled off him, standing beside the bed. "Go ahead and get dressed baby. Then meet me in my bedroom in five minutes. And no touching this cock!" she instructed firmly, giving his straining erection a playful swat. "I want you good and horny for what's next."

With that, she sauntered out of the room, her lush ass swaying hypnotically. Hal flopped back on the bed with a frustrated groan, his balls already aching with a fresh load. Whatever his mom had planned, it was sure to test the limits of his willpower. But he was more than ready to prove he could be her perfect, obedient fuck-toy.

After throwing on a t-shirt and gym shorts, Hal practically sprinted to his parents' bedroom.

He found his mom sprawled naked on her king-sized bed, her shapely legs spread wide open in the air so that her sexy bare feet pointed to opposite ends of the room.

He had a perfect view of her glistening pink folds, and she was lazily circling her clit with one manicured finger, her massive, round tits heaving as she pleased herself.

"There's my good boy," Becca purred when she spotted Hal frozen in the doorway, staring at her with unabashed lust. "Come join Mommy on the bed, sweetheart."

As if in a trance, Hal stumbled towards his mom and dad's marital bed, his eyes glued to the erotic sight of his mother shamelessly playing with herself. He crawled up the mattress to kneel between her spread thighs, inhaling the sweet aroma of her hot pussy.

"Take off your clothes, baby," Becca instructed breathily, pumping two fingers in and out of her dripping cunt. "I want you naked too."

Hal hastily stripped off his t-shirt and shorts, freeing his painfully hard erection. It slapped up against his belly, thick, blue veins bulging obscenely beneath the taught, pink skin of his shaft.

Becca eyed it hungrily, licking her lips as the pre-jizz dribbled from his sperm-slit. She couldn't help but imagine that long, teenage rod carving through the slippery, pink cavern of her cunt, setting their bodies ablaze from the friction of their sex organs violently pounding together.

"Look how hard Mommy's sweet pussy makes you," Becca cooed, reaching out to loosely fist his throbbing shaft. "Don't you wish you could shove this fat cock deep inside me and fuck me senseless?"

"Fuck yes," Hal groaned, rocking into her grip. "I'd pound this pussy so hard Mom, make you scream on my dick."

"Mmmm, soon baby, I promise," Becca purred, releasing him. "But first, I wanna watch you stroke this gorgeous cock for me. I want you to show Mommy how you jerk off while thinking about fucking her."

Hal swallowed hard, his hand drifting to his straining erection. He wrapped his fingers around the thick root and gave it a slow pump, shuddering at the sensation. Becca spread her legs wider, giving him an unobstructed view of her pink, puffy lips and winking asshole as she frigged herself faster.

"That's it, sweetheart, stroke that big dick," she encouraged, matching his rhythm with her fingers plunging into her soaked cunt. "Look how wet you're making Mommy's greedy fuck hole. I can't wait to let you shove that fat cock in here and stretch me out so good."

Hal groaned, fisting himself faster as he watched his mom's fingers disappear into her clapping pussy over and over. Her other hand was tugging roughly at her stiff nipples, pulling the fat nubs away from her heaving tits. He'd never seen anything so erotic in his life.

"Would you like to hear about what it's gonna be like when you finally get to fuck Mommy?" Becca panted, slamming three fingers into her squelching cunt. "How good your huge cock is gonna feel splitting me open?"

"Oh fuck yes, tell me Mom," Hal begged, his hand flying over his throbbing shaft. Pre-cum oozed steadily from his slit, providing extra lubrication. "I wanna hear every filthy detail."

"Mmmm, well first I'm going to get this big dick nice and slippery with my mouth," Becca began, her voice husky with lust. "Suck you until you're leaking down my throat. Then I'm gonna straddle you just like this and rub my dripping pussy all over your fat cockhead."

Hal whimpered, squeezing the base of his cock to stave off his impending orgasm. He was so close already, just from his mom's dirty talk and the obscene wet sounds of her frigging her cunt.

"I'll tease you like that for a while, making you beg for it," Becca continued, circling her engorged clit. "Until you can't take it anymore and you grab my hips and yank me down, spearing me on your huge, teenage fuck-pole."

"Oh God yes," Hal panted, his boner pulsing in his fist as he imagined sinking into his mother's tight heat. "Then what? What will you do when I'm finally buried in your pussy?"

"Then I'm going to ride you like a bucking bronco," Becca moaned, pinching her nipples almost painfully. "Bounce on your cock so fucking hard my tits slap you in the face. You'll pound up into me, fucking me deeper than I've ever been fucked before."

Hal was barely hanging on, his balls drawn up tight to his body. "I'm so close Mom, fuck! Are you gonna cum on my cock? Squeeze it with your pussy?"

"Yes baby, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard on you," Becca keened, hammering her cunt with four fingers now. "Milk your cock with my cunt until you explode deep inside me, fill me with your hot, baby-making seed!"

"Shit, I'm cumming!" Hal roared, aiming his erupting cock at his mother's spread cunt. Thick ropes of pearly jizz shot from his slit, splattering Becca's pumping fingers and puffy lips. A few spurts even landed directly on her flexing asshole, painting it white.

The feeling of her son's hot cum raining down on her sensitive flesh triggered Becca's own intense climax. "Fuck

YES! I'm cumming on your cock!" she screamed, gushing clear fluid around her pistoning fingers.

Becca's cunt clenched and fluttered wildly, hungry for the thick cock that had just marked her so thoroughly with its seed. Her entire body shook and spasmed, her jutting jugs rippling wildly as her orgasm crashed through her, wave after wave of ecstasy radiating out from her convulsing core.

Hal groaned at the erotic sight of his mother cumming so intensely, his spent cock dribbling a few final weak spurts onto her quivering mound. He'd never seen anything so hot in his life, and he knew he would forever be addicted to giving his mom earth-shattering pleasure.

As Becca came down from her high, she scooped up some of the cum coating her pussy and brought it to her mouth, lewdly sucking her fingers clean. "Mmmm, so yummy baby," she purred, smacking her lips. "I can't wait to feel you pump it directly into my cum-hungry womb."

Hal collapsed next to her on the bed, his chest heaving as he caught his breath. "Jesus Mom, that was so fucking intense," he panted. "I don't know how I'm gonna survive actually fucking you if just dirty talk makes me cum that hard."

Becca giggled and rolled onto her side to face him, pressing her huge, sweaty tits against his arm. "Oh, we'll work on your stamina, sweetie. Mommy will train this big cock to fuck for hours and hours," she promised, walking her fingers down his chest and belly to playfully tickle his softening shaft.

Hal twitched and groaned, already feeling the first stirrings of renewed arousal. His mother's insatiable lust was going to be the death of him, but what a way to go!

Just then, they heard the front door open and Kylie's voice call out, "Mom? Hal? I'm home!"

"Shit, is it that late already?" Becca swore, glancing at the clock. She'd completely lost track of time in the throes of passion with her son.

Reluctantly, she rolled out of bed and grabbed her robe, hastily belting it around her curvy body. Hal admired the way it clung to her rounded ass and barely contained her massive, wobbling rack.

Even freshly fucked and covered in cum, his mom was the hottest woman on the planet.

"Coming, sweetie!" Becca called back to her daughter, hurrying to the bathroom to clean up and make herself presentable. "Start on your chores please, Mommy will be down in a minute!"

She turned back to Hal and blew him a kiss as she began wiping the cum from between her thighs. "To be continued, baby," she promised with a wink, before sauntering into the bathroom and closing the door.

Hal flopped back onto the bed with a blissful grin, feeling like the luckiest SOB in the world.

Chapter 12: Attic Hole

"Sweetheart, I have a delightful surprise for you today, but it's going to require you to venture up into the attic," Becca announced to her son as he sat munching on his breakfast.

"The attic?" Hal inquired with raised eyebrows.

Becca's husband interjected from the door, ready to head outside and tackle the lawn. "What possible interest could there be for Hal in the attic?" he scoffed. "It's nothing but a cluttered collection of old decor and dusty boxes."

Becca bit back a smile, choosing not to reveal that she was sending their son up there to find a box containing nude photos of herself. She could already imagine the shock and embarrassment on her husband's face if he knew what treasures were hidden away in that dark, forgotten space above their heads.

"It's for a school project," Becca covered smoothly, giving her husband an innocent smile. "Hal needs to find some old family mementos for a heritage assignment."

David just shrugged, clearly uninterested. "Alright, well have fun with that, son. I'll be outside if you need me." He grabbed a water bottle and headed out the back door.

As soon as he was gone, Becca turned to Hal with a mischievous grin. "Okay baby, here's what you're really looking for up there..." She leaned in close, her breasts brushing his arm as she whispered conspiratorially. "When you get to the attic, look for a shoebox labeled 'College

Memories.' Inside, you'll find a very special surprise from Mommy's wild past."

Hal gulped, his cock already stirring to life in his jeans at the heated promise in his mother's voice. "Wh-what kind of surprise?" he asked, licking his suddenly dry lips.

Becca smirked and straightened up, the swell of her humongous tits looming over his cute face as she patted his cheek. "You'll see. Just make sure you're alone when you open it. And feel free to...enjoy yourself with the contents. You can even keep your favorite one if you'd like," She winked salaciously before sauntering out of the kitchen, putting an extra sway in her hips.

Heart pounding with anticipation, Hal scarfed down the rest of his cereal and bounded up the stairs to the second floor. He pulled down the attic ladder and climbed up, flicking on the bare bulb to illuminate the cramped, dusty space.

The eager teenager rummaged through the stacks of boxes, searching for the one his mom had described. Finally, in the very back corner, he spotted it - a battered Nike shoebox with "College Memories" scrawled across the lid in faded marker. He carefully extracted it from the pile and carried it over to an old steamer trunk to examine the contents.

Hands trembling slightly with excitement, Hal removed the lid. Inside, he found a stack of old Polaroids rubber-banded together. He slipped off the band and started flipping through the photos, his eyes widening and cock hardening with each new image revealed.

The pictures were of his mother, twenty years younger but no less stunning. And she was completely, gloriously naked in every single shot. Young Becca posed provocatively for the camera, proudly displaying her massive, phenomenal breasts and thick, juicy ass. Her pussy was bare and glistening, as if already aroused. Her sexy face wore expressions of mock shyness, playful flirtation, and wanton lust.

In some photos, Becca was pleasuring herself, plunging fingers or dildos into her soaked cunt and puckered asshole. In others, she had a hard cock in her mouth or between her huge tits, or spurting cum all over her smiling face and heaving rack.

Hal's head swam as he flipped through the treasure trove of erotic photos, hardly believing what he was seeing. His sweet, respectable mother had apparently been an insatiable nympho in college, taking part in all manner of depraved sexual acts. And she had saved the evidence all these years, hidden away like a dirty secret.

But now she was sharing that secret with him, her own son. Encouraging him to jerk off to images of her younger self in the throes of lust and depravity. It was so wrong, so taboo. And so incredibly fucking hot.

Unable to resist any longer, Hal fumbled open his jeans and pulled out his painfully-hard cock. The thick shaft was flushed a deep red, the network of bulging veins pulsing

with need, the swollen head already dripping pre-cum from its slit.

He fisted himself roughly, eyes glued to a picture of his naked mother sprawled out on a bed with her lovely legs spread, pink folds glistening and winking at the camera.

"Fuck, Mom," Hal groaned, pumping his cock faster as he imagined burying his face between those juicy thighs and feasting on her sweet cunt until she screamed. He had never been so turned on in his life. The forbidden nature of his desire only fueled the flames higher.

As Hal panted and stroked himself to the brink of release, he suddenly became aware of a soft moaning sound coming from somewhere nearby. At first he thought it was just his own desperate noises echoing in the enclosed space. But as he listened closer, he realized it was distinctly feminine.

Slowly, still gripping his throbbing erection, Hal followed the sound to the attic air vent in the floor. He knelt down and peered through the slats. What he saw nearly made him cum on the spot.

There on the bed directly below, was his mother, naked and spread eagle. Three of her fingers were buried knuckle-deep in her dripping pussy while her other hand roughly kneaded her huge, jostling tits. Her eyes were closed and her plump lips parted as she lost herself in pleasure.

Hal swallowed hard, his hand moving faster on his cock as he watched his mom pleasure herself, apparently while thinking about him looking at her nude photos.

He felt a rush of masculine pride knowing he could affect her this way, that she was just as desperate for him as he was for her.

"Mmmm fuck, Hal baby," Becca moaned, louder now as if sensing his presence. "Stroke that big dick for Mommy. I'm so fucking wet imagining you cumming all over my slutty college pics."

Hal bit back a groan, his balls drawing up tight at her filthy words. He wanted nothing more than to bust through the vent, pounce on his mother's gorgeous body, and make every one of her obscene fantasies come true. But he forced himself to wait, instinctively knowing the anticipation would make their inevitable coupling that much sweeter.

Below, Becca continued fingering herself with increasing desperation, her voluptuous body writhing on the bed. "Ungh Hal, I need your cock so bad!" she keened, slamming three fingers into her squelching cunt. "I wanna feel you stretch my pussy open and pound me into the mattress!"

Hal panted harshly, his fist flying over his throbbing erection as he watched his mother bring herself closer to orgasm. He could see her thick, cream-drenched fingers plunging in and out of her pink hole, her puffy inner lips clinging to the invading digits. Her grape-sized clit was swollen and peeking out from under its hood, begging to be licked and sucked.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum," Hal gritted out, feeling his climax building at the base of his spine. He aimed his purple cockhead at one of the photos featuring his mother's smiling, cum-splattered face, imagining adding his own load to the pearly mess.

"Yes baby, cum for me!" Becca cried out, pinching and tugging on her engorged nipples, her boobs rippling atop her ribcage like waves in the sea. "I'm so fucking close! Soak those dirty pics with your hot jizz!"

With a strangled grunt, Hal obeyed, his cock pulsing powerfully in his stroking fist. Thick ropes of cum erupted from his cock-slit, splattering all over the Polaroid images of his slutty mother in the throes of depravity. He coated her massive tits and splayed pussy in his release, groaning as he spent himself completely.

At the same time, Becca let out a guttural moan as her body seized up in climax. Her cunt clenched rhythmically around her pumping fingers, gushing her sweet ejaculatory juices all over her probing hand.

She rolled her hips like only a mother could and rode out the waves of pleasure, gasping her son's name over and over again.

Hal continued fisting his cock through the aftershocks, milking out every last drop of ball-cream as he watched his mother recover from her intense orgasm. She looked even more beautiful in the hazy aftermath of passion, her skin glowing and breasts heaving with exertion.

After a few blissful moments, Becca's eyes fluttered open and she glanced up at the air vent with a sated, knowing smirk before moving to the bathroom to freshen up.

Hal remembered what his mom had said about "keeping his favorite one," so he went through the pictures again, his softening cock twitching with renewed interest as he studied each deliciously obscene image. It was so hard to choose just one when they were all masterpieces of eroticism starring his sexy, insatiable mother.

But eventually, one stood out as particularly enticing. In it, a young Becca knelt naked on a bed, her massive tits hanging heavy and inviting, nearly touching the mattress, the nipples were stiff peaks begging to be sucked. One hand cupped and hefted her left breast towards the camera while the other was buried between her spread thighs, clearly playing with her dripping pussy. Her beautiful face wore an expression of wanton lust and beckoning invitation, the plush lips parted in a silent moan of ecstasy.

Hal's spent cock immediately started to swell again as he imagined accepting that invitation, crawling between his mother's thick thighs to lap up her sweet juices before replacing her fingers with his aching shaft. He envisioned himself pounding into her tight, wet heat while she moaned and thrashed beneath him, her huge tits bouncing wildly against his body with each powerful thrust.

With a groan, Hal carefully separated the prized photo from the rest, folding it and tucking it into his back pocket. He

would definitely be revisiting that particular image often, especially late at night in the privacy of his bedroom.

After putting his half-erect cock away and doing his best to clean up the cum-splattered pictures, Hal placed the stack back in the shoebox and returned it to its hiding spot. He then climbed back down the ladder, his legs still slightly shaky from his explosive orgasm.

Chapter 13: Tasty Hole

As Hal pushed the ladder back up into the ceiling, he heard his mom call from the bottom of the stairs, "Hal honey, can you come here please?" Her voice had a slight breathless quality to it that made Hal's cock twitch in his jeans.

Swallowing hard, he made his way downstairs and found Becca waiting for him in the living room. She had changed into a short, black, silky robe that clung to her every mouthwatering curve and left little to the imagination since it was semi-sheer. The juncture of her thighs glistened with residual moisture.

"There's my sweet boy," Becca purred, her eyes immediately zeroing in on the telling bulge in Hal's pants. "Did you enjoy your little surprise? I heard some very interesting noises coming from up there..."

Hal flushed, rubbing the back of his neck as he avoided her knowing gaze. "Uh yeah, it was great Mom. Really...inspiring."

Becca chuckled lowly and crooked a finger at him. "Come here, baby. Let Mommy see if you made a mess of yourself looking at her naughty pictures."

Hal gulped and stepped closer to his mother, his heart pounding as she reached out and began undoing his jeans. "M-Mom, what are you doing?" he stammered, even as his cock strained towards her touch.

"Shhh, your father's still outside. Just let Mommy see," Becca soothed, tugging his pants and boxers down in one smooth motion.

Hal's erection sprang free, bobbing stiffly before her face. The meaty, teenage stalk, nearly ten-inches long, and the plumb-sized knob that crowned it, never failed to take her breath away. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip.

"My-my, looks like someone made quite the mess," Becca purred, eyeing the residual slime smeared on his shaft approvingly. "Mommy's dirty college pics really got you worked up, didn't they baby?"

Hal could only nod and whimper as Becca wrapped her fingers around his pulsing cock-shaft, smearing the leftover jizz up and down his thick length.

She pumped him slowly, teasingly, her thumb rubbing circles over his sensitive, pinkish-purple cockhead. She teased the leaky slit, the stretched frenulum, the flaring coronal ridge - every sensitive part of his penile glans.

"Which one did you like best, hmm?" she asked, continuing her maddeningly slow strokes. "Which slutty picture of Mommy made you cum the hardest? Was it me playing with my pussy? Sucking cock? Getting my huge tits glazed in spunk?"

"All of them," Hal groaned, thrusting shallowly into her fist. "You looked so fucking hot, Mom. I couldn't help imagining doing all those things to you."

"Mmmm, I'd love that baby," Becca moaned, licking her lips. "You could use me like your own personal fuck-toy, just like those college boys did. Pound my tight cunt and paint me with your hot cum. Mark me as yours."

With that, she leaned forward and ran her tongue up the underside of Hal's straining erection, tracing the thick vein before swirling around the leaking crown.

Hal gasped and fisted his hands at his sides, fighting the urge to grab her head and force his cock down her throat.

"Please Mom," he begged, looking down at her with desperation. "Suck my dick. I need your mouth so fucking bad."

"I'm sure you do, baby boy," she giggled, slowly parting her naked thighs, "but I have something else in mind this morning that I'd bet you'll enjoy just as much. Get down on your knees."

Hal eagerly complied, sinking to his knees between his mother's sexy spread legs. The musky scent of her soaking-

wet folds filled his nostrils, making his mouth water and cock throb. He gazed hungrily at her glistening cunny, crown by a neatly trimmed patch of pubic fuzz. The thick dome of her prepuce protruded from her swollen outer lips, shrouding her delicate pink pearl.

"Bury your face in Mommy's pussy, sweetheart," Becca urged breathlessly, tangling her fingers in Hal's hair. "Lick me until I cum all over your tongue."

Needing no further encouragement, Hal dove in, swiping his long, flat tongue through her dripping slit from bottom to top, groaning from the sweet, pungent smell and warm, flavorful juices that secreted from her pleasure-pit.

Becca mewled in bliss, her thighs clenching around his head as he began to eagerly lap at her cunt.

"Oh yes, baby! Just like that!" she cried out, grinding her soaked pussy against his face. "Suck on Mommy's clit! Make me cum!"

Hal groaned against her slick folds, intoxicated by the taste of her arousal coating his lips and chin. He focused his efforts on her swollen bud, licking and sucking it between his lips as he fucked two fingers into her tight channel.

Becca's moans grew louder and higher pitched as Hal worked her sex with single-minded determination. Her hips undulated frantically, riding his face with wild abandon.

"Fuck Hal, your mouth feels so good!" she panted harshly.

"Don't stop, I'm gonna cum!"

Hal doubled his efforts, sucking hard on her swollen love-button as he pistoned three fingers into her clenching cunt. With his other hand, he reached up to roughly palm her huge, wobbling tits, pinching and tugging the stiff nipples.

"Oh god, OH FUCK!" Becca wailed as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her pussy spasmed around Hal's plunging fingers, gushing her sweet nectar into his eager mouth.

The cunt-feasting teen continued to lap at her folds, prolonging her pleasure, until she finally collapsed back against the couch, spent and panting.

"Good boy," she praised breathlessly, stroking Hal's hair as he rested his cheek against her quivering thigh. "Such a talented tongue. Mommy's gonna want that every morning from now on."

Hal grinned up at her, his face slick with her cunt-juices. "I'd be happy to oblige. You taste amazing, Mom."

Becca smiled and tugged him up for a deep, filthy kiss, moaning as she sampled herself on his lips and tongue.

"Mmm, I do taste good, don't I? But you know what would taste even better right now?"

She wrapped her hand around Hal's painfully hard cock, giving it a firm squeeze. "Feeding Mommy a nice, big load of cum straight from your big, teenage balls, while you have a conversation with your father out the window."

Hal's eyes widened at his mother's filthy suggestion. "What? You want me to talk to Dad while you...suck me off?" he asked incredulously, even as his cock pulsed eagerly in her stroking hand.

"Mmm-hmm," Becca purred, flicking her thumb over his weeping slit. "I want you to carry on a nice, normal conversation with your father while Mommy worships this fat dick with her mouth. Let's see how long you can last before shooting your hot, fucking boy-load down my throat."

Hal groaned as she pumped him faster, the perverse scenario she described already pushing him closer to the edge. "Fuck Mom, that's so wrong. What if he catches us?"

"That's what makes it so hot, baby," Becca giggled wickedly. "The thrill of getting caught, of doing something so dirty and forbidden right under your father's nose. Now be a good boy and go chat with your dad. Mommy's hungry for cum."

Trembling with lust and nerves, Hal approached the open window overlooking the backyard where his dad was mowing the lawn. Thankfully, from the outside, he couldn't believe seen from the waist down. He cleared his throat and called out, "H-hey Dad, how's the yard work going?"

David looked up, wiping sweat from his brow. "Not too bad, son. Finally getting around to trimming those hedges your mom has been nagging me about. What have you been up to?"

Just then, Hal felt his mother's hot mouth engulf his straining erection as she knelt in front of him. He gripped the window sill tightly as she began to bob her head, slurping lewdly on his thick, rigid shaft.

"Oh you know, just uh, helping Mom with some stuff around the house," Hal replied shakily, fighting to keep his composure as Becca took him deeper into her tight, wet throat.

"Good man," David praised, nodding approvingly. "I'm sure your mom appreciates the help. She works hard to keep things running smoothly around here."

"She sure does," Hal agreed, biting back a moan as his mother fondled his cum-filled balls. If only his dad knew just how hard Becca was working right now, sucking her own son's cock like a common whore.

Becca pulled off Hal's throbbing dick with a wet pop, gasping for air. She pumped him in her fist as she caught her breath, the obscene slick sounds of cock-stroking barely muffled.

"Mmm, your cock tastes so good, baby," she purred quietly, lapping at his leaking slit. "I can't wait for you to feed me that hot, salty load."

Hal whimpered as she swallowed him back down to the root, increasing her speed. She hummed around his thickness, sending delicious vibrations up his shaft. He could feel his balls tightening, his climax building at the root.

"You alright there, son?" David asked, frowning slightly.
"You look a little flushed."

"Y-yeah, I'm fine," Hal stammered, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the window sill. "Just a bit overheated from, uh, all the chores."

Becca chose that moment to take him to the hilt again, burying her nose in his wiry pubes as she deep-throated his cock.

Hal's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the exquisite sensation of his cockhead nudging the back of her clutching throat.

"Well, make sure you drink plenty of water," David advised.
"It's hot out today. Don't want you getting dehydrated."

"Will do, Dad," Hal gritted out, his hips making aborted little thrusts as he fucked his mom's face like a pussy, unable to keep still. "I was just about to take a break anyway. Go guzzle some fluids, you know?" He nearly laughed at his own double entendre.

Below, Becca was slurping and gagging on his shaft, strings of saliva and pre-goo dripping down her chin and onto her huge, heaving tits. She fondled his balls, coaxing the cum they contained, desperate to swallow his seed.

"Sounds good, bud. I'll just finish up this last section and then probably do the same. Maybe grab a beer to cool off."

Becca moaned around Hal's cock at the mention of David coming inside soon. The vibrations, combined with the filthy depravity of the situation, sent Hal hurtling over the edge.

"Hnnngh, yeah, you deserve a cold one!" Hal grunted, barely coherent as his cock began to pulse in his mother's sucking mouth.

His balls drew up tight and then he was coming hard, flooding Becca's throat with spurt after spurt of his hot, pearly-colored semen.

Becca swallowed frantically like only a skilled, cock-sucking mother could, gulping down every drop of her son's precious nut-nectar.

She nursed on him through the aftershocks, thrashing her lively tongue all over his shiny-skinned crown, making sure to milk him completely dry before releasing him from her mouth with a satisfied gasp.

"Fuck, that was intense," Hal panted, his softening cock slipping from his mom's lips. He glanced down to see her grinning up at him, her chin and tits splattered with his semen.

"Mmmm, you fed Mommy so well, baby boy," Becca purred, scooping his spunk into her mouth with her fingers. "Such a big, tasty load. I can't wait for the next one."

Just then, they heard the hedge trimmer shut off outside.

"Shit, your dad's coming!" Becca whispered urgently, quickly

wiping her face and adjusting her robe. "Go clean yourself up, baby. I need to get dressed."

Hal quickly stuffed his spent cock back into his jeans and zipped up, still reeling from the mind-blowing ejaculation his mother had just sucked out of him, right under his father's nose. He hurried upstairs to the bathroom to freshen up.

As he splashed cold water on his face and neck, trying to calm his racing heart, Hal grinned at his handsome reflection in the mirror. He couldn't believe the filthy, risky things his gorgeous mom was willing to do with him. The taboo thrill was intoxicating. He craved more, wanted to see just how far they could push their sordid affair without getting caught.

Chapter 14: Dry-Humping Hole

After changing into fresh clothes and willing his satisfied dick to behave, Hal headed back downstairs, trying to act casual.

He found his parents in the kitchen, his mom now dressed demurely in a sundress that still hugged her voluptuous curves. She was pouring a glass of lemonade for his sweaty, dirt-streaked father.

"There you are, honey," Becca said brightly, as if she hadn't just had her son's cock down her throat minutes ago.

"Have you gotten enough to drink today, honey?" David asked. "It is pretty hot out."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Oh yeah, I just filled my belly full," Becca replied, fighting a smirk. "Totally quenched my thirst."

Hal shared a naughty grin with his mom, accepting a glass of lemonade from her, their fingers brushing.

"Although I can still taste the liquid on my lips," Becca cooed, swiping the salty cum-residue off her lips as her tongue glided across them. "Mmmm, makes me wanna drink lots, lots more."

"Glad you guys are staying hydrated," David said, chugging his own drink. "Yard's all done. I'm gonna grab a shower. What's the plan for the rest of the day?"

Becca smiled and squeezed her husband's arm. "Well, I was thinking since you worked so hard this morning, I'd take Hal grocery shopping with me this time. Give you a chance to relax."

David returned her smile, patting her hip affectionately. "Sounds perfect, dear. You two have fun." He lumbered off to get cleaned up.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Becca turned to Hal with a wicked grin. "Mmmm, I don't know about you baby, but Mommy could go for a nice long "park-n-ride" after we grocery shop. What do you think?"

"Park-n-ride?" he repeated with an anxious gulp. "You mean, uh...sex, in your car?"

Becca giggled at his cute eagerness to fuck.

"Well, not the kind of sex where your dick gets wet, you know, not full intercourse. But mommy could still dry hump you. Do you know what that is?"

Hal shook his head, his eyes wide and eager. "No, what is that?"

Becca smiled sultrily and stepped closer to her son, trailing a finger down his chest. "It's when Mommy grinds her pussy against your big, hard cock through our clothes until we both cum. No penetration, but still so very naughty and fun. I'd ride you like a bucking bronco right there in the car."

Hal groaned, his spent cock already starting to swell again at the mental image. "Fuck yes, Mom. I'm so down for that. You can dry hump me anytime."

"Good boy," Becca purred, giving his crotch a teasing squeeze. "Now let's get going before I jump your bones right here in the kitchen."

They quickly gathered their things and headed out to the car, both buzzing with anticipation for the kinky fun to come. Becca insisted Hal sit up front with her, wanting easy access to her handsome son and his tempting body.

As she drove to the store, Becca rested her hand high on Hal's thigh, rubbing small circles with her thumb. Higher and higher she crept until she was boldly cupping his bulge, feeling him harden and strain against his zipper.

"Mmm, already so big and excited," she hummed approvingly, giving him a firm squeeze. "I bet you're just aching to be inside Mommy's hot, tight pussy, aren't you baby?"

"God yes," Hal panted, subtly pressing into her palm. "I can't stop thinking about sinking my cock into you, fucking you so deep and hard."

"Oh we would fuck hard, wouldn't we, sweet baby?" she purred, the moist, corrugated walls her birthing tube clenching together tightly. "We'll probably break the bed from pounding our pissers together so intensely."

"Uh-huh," Hal nodded, his cock-bulge flexing with blood in his mother's tender grip.

"Soon, my love. Very soon," Becca promised breathily. "But for now, Mommy's gonna grind this juicy cunt all over your fat dick and make a sticky mess in her panties. Won't that be hot?"

Hal could only whimper and nod eagerly in response, too turned on to form words.

He practically vibrated with need the rest of the drive to the grocery store, barely resisting the urge to take himself out and stroke off right there in the passenger seat.

Finally, they arrived and hurried inside to grab the essentials, the sexual tension crackling between them.

Becca made sure to brush against Hal every chance she got, pressing her huge, spongy-soft tits into his arm and grazing his cock "accidentally" with her hand.

Hal swallowed hard as his mother selected a large summer sausage from the deli case, eyeing it hungrily before placing it in their cart. "This thick sausage reminds me of something else I'm craving," she purred suggestively, giving Hal's crotch a meaningful look. "I can't wait to wrap my lips around it later."

Hal had to adjust himself discreetly, his erection now straining almost painfully against his jeans. The way his mom was blatantly undressing him with her eyes and finding every opportunity to touch him was driving him wild with lust. He didn't know how much longer he could wait to have her voluptuous body grinding on top of him.

They rushed through the rest of the shopping, barely paying attention to what they were tossing in the cart. All Hal could focus on was the tantalizing bounce and sway of his mother's huge breasts and the luscious sway of her bubble butt as she walked ahead of him. He wanted nothing more than to grab those flaring hips and rut against her like an animal in heat.

As soon as they had the groceries loaded in the car, Becca turned to her son with pure hunger in her eyes. "Let's find somewhere nice and secluded, shall we?" she suggested huskily. "Mommy needs to ride her baby boy's big cock right fucking now."

Hal nodded eagerly, his heart pounding wildly in anticipation. Becca sped out of the parking lot, heading for the outskirts of town. She knew a perfect spot - a hidden grove off a dirt road where horny teenagers often went to fool around. The irony of taking her own horny teen son there to dry hump him was deliciously filthy.

In no time at all, Becca was turning down the bumpy dirt path, her heavy tits bobbing beneath her sundress from the rough terrain.

She pulled into a small clearing surrounded by trees. As soon as she put the car in park, she unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed over the center console into Hal's lap, crushing her lips to his in a desperate, sloppy kiss.

Hal groaned into his mother's mouth, her tongue like a wild, pink serpent flailing around his own. His hands immediately came up to grope her massive tits through her sundress. He'd been dying to get his hands on them all day, his fingers sinking against their dough-like flesh through her clothing.

Becca mewled in encouragement, arching into his touch, her knees planted firmly on the seat astride his hips as she began to grind her soaked, panty-covered cunt against the rock hard bulge straining his fly.

"Ungh fuck, you feel so good Mom," Hal panted between kisses, kneading her pillowy tit-flesh and feeling her nipples stiffen under his palms. He bucked his hips up to meet her grinding pussy, the damp heat scorching his erectile meat even through two layers of fabric.

"Mmmm, you like that baby?" Becca gasped, riding him harder, her sundress rucking up around her wide hips.

Hal could only groan and nod desperately as his mother humped against him with increasing fervor, the car creaking and rocking with their wild fuck-movements.

He slid his hands down to grip her undulating ass cheeks, squeezing the plush globes and using the leverage to grind his aching cock against her pussy even harder.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that!" Becca cried out, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she felt the power of his huge, muscled dick pushing at her tender vulva. "Hump Mommy's cunt, baby! I'm gonna cream my panties all over your big fat dick!"

The wet squelching of her soaked pussy rubbing against his straining erection was obscenely loud in the confined space.

Hal could feel her drenched folds even through her panties and his jeans, painting his bulge with her slick arousal. He was leaking a steady stream of pre-cum, making a sticky mess of his boxers. The smoldering fluids created a virtual sauna around his pink, vein-encrusted cock as it was smothered in his mom's heatedly-humping pussy.

"Shit Mom, this is so fucking hot," Hal panted harshly, his fingers digging into her wildly bucking hips. "I can't believe we're dry humping like a couple of horny teens. I'm not gonna last much longer!"

"Me neither, baby!" Becca keened, her huge tits bouncing almost hypnotically, nearly free of her bra, as she rode him with increasing desperation. "I'm so fucking close! Cum with me, Hal! Cum in your pants for Mommy!"

Their hips moved together frantically, the car groaning in protest, the sound of denim rubbing against silk intermingling with their harsh breaths and wanton moans.

Hal could feel his cock throbbing, his balls drawing up tight in their sack, the telltale tingling starting at the base of his spine.

"Now, baby! Cum now!" Becca demanded breathlessly, slamming her cunt against him with urgency. "Soak your jeans with cum for Mommy! Ungh fuck, I'm cumming!"

Hal let out a hoarse groan as his cock exploded in his pants, spraying the inside of his boxers with spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum. At the same time, Becca threw her head back and wailed, her pussy spasming and gushing, soaking her panties and his bulge with her release.

Hal could feel her ejaculatory juices soaking through his jeans and boxers, running over the pulsating shaft of his hot dick and down the sides of his nuts.

"Ahhh fuck!" his voice quivering, his cock-root flexing, jerking his rod forward and causing another jet of sticky semen to erupt from his piss-slit.

They clung to each other, grinding and thrusting through the aftershocks, drawing out every last bit of sexual body fluids

and pleasure. Finally, Becca collapsed against Hal's chest, both of them panting and trembling in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Holy shit, that was intense," Hal said shakily, running his hands up and down his mom's back. He could feel the wetness in his pants starting to cool and turn sticky, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Not when he had a lapful of satisfied, sexy mother.

"Mmmm, it was, wasn't it?" Becca purred, nuzzling against his neck, applying sweet, tender kisses.

Becca's tits were nearly spilling out of her dress and bra and Hal couldn't help but stare into the gaping abyss between her tits.

"Can I suck your tits, mom?" he boldly asked, realizing that he had yet been given a chance to really work them over.

Becca glanced down at her heaving cleavage and grinned. "Mmmm, how could I deny my baby boy these big mommy milkers?" she cooed. "Suck on Mommy's titties, sweetie. Get a nice mouthful."

She reached up and pulled one cup of her bra down, exposing a huge, heavy breast topped with a dusky pink nipple and areola.

Hal groaned in appreciation and immediately latched onto the stiff peak, suckling greedily like a newborn.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that," Becca gasped, cradling his head against her squishy chest, causing his face to sink against

her meaty melon. "Nurse on Mommy's big tits. They're all yours, baby."

Hal grabbed handfuls of her soft flesh, squeezing and kneading as he licked and sucked, making loud slurping noises. He rolled the nipple between his teeth, flicking it rapidly with his tongue, before switching to lave the same attention on its twin.

Becca mewled and sighed, arching into his hungry mouth. Her pussy clenched with renewed arousal, more cream soaking her already drenched panties. She couldn't wait to feel her son's talented tongue on her aching cunt.

Hal felt like he had died and gone to heaven with his face buried between his mother's massive, pillowy breasts. He motor-boated the soft, fragrant flesh, making Becca giggle and moan as his nose, lips and tongue explored every inch of her deep cleavage.

He sucked and nibbled and licked for nearly twenty, blissful minutes, until her nipples were red and throbbing, her areolas puckered taut.

"Mmmm, such an eager titty baby," Becca purred, running her fingers through Hal's hair as he feasted on her bountiful mounds. "You can suck on Mommy's big boobies anytime you want, sweetheart. They're all yours now."

Hal groaned around a mouthful of tit, the thought of having unlimited access to his mother's glorious rack making his spent cock twitch valiantly in his cum-soaked pants. He gave

the nipple between his lips one last hard suck before releasing it with a wet pop and smiling up at Becca.

"Thanks Mom," he said, his voice husky with lust and adoration. "Your tits are so fucking huge and perfect. I could play with them for hours."

Becca grinned wickedly. "Well, you'll have plenty of opportunities from now on. Mommy will let you nurse on her big milkers anytime you want. But for now, we should probably head home before your father starts wondering where we are."

She gave him one last deep, soulful kiss before climbing off his lap and back into the driver's seat.

They quickly adjusted their ruffled, cum-stained clothes as best they could. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the car.

As Becca pulled back onto the main road, she reached over and gave Hal's softening cock a possessive squeeze through his sticky jeans. "Don't think we're done for the day, mister," she said with a salacious wink. "Mommy still needs to feel your tongue in her pussy. I expect to be in your bed tonight after you dad falls asleep for a long, thorough cunt licking. Understand?"

Hal nodded eagerly, his cock already starting to swell again at the promise of tasting his mother's sweet nectar straight from the source.

"Yes Mom, I'll definitely be waiting," he said hoarsely. "I can't wait to bury my face in your pussy and make you cum all over my tongue."

Becca shuddered and squeezed her thighs together, feeling more arousal gush into her already soaked panties. "Mmm, keep talking like that and Mommy might just have to pull over for a quickie," she purred, palming his bulge. "Such a naughty boy, getting me all worked up again."

"You started it," Hal pointed out with a mischievous snicker. "Humping me in broad daylight like a bitch in heat. I don't think I'll ever look at this car the same way again."

Becca laughed huskily. "That was the idea, baby. Now every time we go for a drive, all you'll be able to think about is Mommy grinding on your big fat cock. Getting the seats all wet with her cum."

Hal groaned, shifting his hips as his erection strained against his zipper. The sticky mess in his pants was growing uncomfortable but it was so worth it. He loved being marked by his mother's juices, tangible proof of her desire for him.

"God Mom, you can't just say stuff like that," he complained breathily. "Unless you want me to whip it out and start jerking off right here."

"Ooh, now there's an idea," Becca hummed, licking her lips. "Give Mommy a nice show while she's driving. Stroke that big cock until you spurt that hot fucking nut all over the dashboard."

Hal's hand drifted to his bulge, cupping and squeezing himself through his jeans. He was seriously tempted to unzip and pull out his throbbing dick, neighbors and passing cars be damned. His exhibitionist mother was corrupting him so beautifully.

But before he could follow through, they were turning onto their street and pulling into the driveway. Hal reluctantly removed his hand, not wanting to greet his father with a raging hard-on tenting his pants. Though it would be kind of amusing to see his reaction.

"To be continued," Becca sing-songed, throwing Hal a heated look as she put the car in park and killed the engine. "Remember, your bed, tonight. Don't you dare touch this cock before then, understood? I want you good and pent up when you're feasting on my pussy."

"Yes ma'am," Hal agreed quickly, secretly loving when his mom bossed him around. He carefully adjusted himself before stepping out of the car, willing his stubborn erection to subside before facing his dad.

Chapter 15: Gliding Along the Gates of Mom's Treasured Hole

"Hey you two, how was the shopping trip?" David asked, helping them carry in the grocery bags.

"Oh, it was very...productive," Becca replied with a secret smile, glancing at Hal. "We found everything on the list and then some."

Hal ducked his head to hide his blush, busying himself with putting away the groceries. He could still feel the sticky wetness in his pants from their parking tryst. The memory of his mom grinding on his cock until they both soaked the crotch of their clothes with cum made arousal simmer low in his gut.

"Hal was such a good helper," Becca continued, patting her son's arm. "So strong and eager. He reached all the high shelves for me." Her fingernails lightly scratched his bicep and Hal shivered.

"That's my boy," David said proudly, ruffling Hal's hair. "Always taking good care of his mom."

"You have no idea," Hal muttered under his breath, making Becca bite back a giggle.

They finished putting everything away and then Becca began pulling items out to start on dinner. "Why don't you boys go relax in front of the TV for a bit," she suggested. "I'll get supper going."

"You sure you don't need any more help?" Hal asked, not-so-subtly adjusting himself. The thought of being alone with his dad while his balls were full and cock still semi-hard was not appealing.

"I've got it handled, sweetie," Becca assured him, shoo-ing them out of the kitchen. "Go on, take a load off. You've earned it." She threw her son a wink over her shoulder.

Hal reluctantly followed his father into the living room, doing his best to conceal his aroused state. They settled on opposite ends of the couch and David turned on a baseball game.

Hal tried to focus on the screen but his mind kept drifting to the promised activities later that night. His mother's lush body spread out before him, her succulent cunt wet and open for his tongue.

"You alright there, champ?" David asked, glancing over at Hal who was shifting restlessly and discreetly adjusting himself. "You seem a little antsy."

"Huh? Oh yeah, I'm fine," Hal said quickly, forcing himself to sit still. "Just uh, really into the game, you know?"

David looked at him quizzically. "It's just the pre-game commentary, son. The first inning isn't for another ten minutes."

"Right, I knew that," Hal laughed awkwardly. "I'm just excited for it to start already."

Hal spent the next few hours in an agony of anticipation, barely able to concentrate on anything but the thought of burying his face between his mother's lush thighs later that night.

Dinner was pure torture, with Becca "accidentally" grazing his hypersensitive crotch with her hand under the table every time she passed him a dish.

Becca made a show of eating her sausage, running her tongue up the curved length before taking it deep into her mouth, her plush lips stretching around the girth, just like they had Hal's cock. She bobbed her head, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked, all while making heated eye contact with her son across the table.

Hal squirmed in his seat, his cock straining against his zipper as he watched his mother fellate her food in the filthiest way possible. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from groaning aloud.

"Mmmm, so juicy and flavorful," Becca purred after swallowing a mouthful, licking a stray drop from the corner of her mouth. "I just love sausages like this. They really fill me up." She threw Hal a salacious wink.

"Uh yeah, they're great Mom," Hal croaked, shifting his napkin over his lap to conceal his bulge.

David remained oblivious to the charged looks passing between his wife and son, too engrossed in his own plate. "Very tasty, dear," he complimented, shoveling in another forkful. "Compliments to the chef."

Becca simpered at her husband. "Why thank you, darling. I'm so glad you're enjoying the sausage."

She subtly fondled her boy's prick-bulge under the table. "I know I'm enjoying mine."

The rest of the meal passed in a similar fashion, with Becca teasing and tormenting Hal with dirty innuendos and fleeting touches while David remained blissfully unaware.

By the time they finished dessert, Hal was practically vibrating out of his skin with pent-up lust. His balls ached and his cock throbbed incessantly, weeping pre-cum in his underwear.

"Well, I'm stuffed," David announced, patting his stomach as he pushed back from the table. "I think I'll head up and read for a bit before turning in early."

"You go ahead, hon. I'll be up after I do a little cleaning up," Becca replied breezily, standing to clear the plates. She made sure to brush her huge, cushiony rack against Hal's arm as she reached across him.

David nodded and lumbered upstairs, completely unaware that his wife planned on joining their son in bed and not him.

Becca smiled wickedly at Hal, sauntering over and boldly cupping his straining bulge. "Mmmm, feels like someone wants more dessert," she purred, giving him a firm squeeze. "Why don't you head up to bed, baby? I'll be along shortly to tuck you in...and have my pussy thoroughly eaten."

Hal groaned, thrusting shallowly into his mother's groping hand. "Fuck Mom, I don't know if I can wait much longer,"

he panted desperately. "I'm so fucking horny for you. I might explode before you even get there."

"Ah-ah-ah, none of that," Becca tutted, releasing his crotch. "You're gonna be a good boy and save all that yummy cum for me, understand? No touching this cock until my pussy is riding your face."

Hal whimpered but nodded obediently. "Yes ma'am. I'll be good, I promise."

"That's my boy," Becca cooed approvingly. "Now run along and get naked for me. I'll join you as soon as your father starts snoring."

She punctuated her words with a sharp smack to Hal's jean-clad ass, making him yelp and scurry out of the kitchen.

Becca chuckled to herself as she watched his cute butt jiggle. She couldn't wait to have that of his tongue buried deep in her folds.

The heavy-breasted mother took her time cleaning up from dinner, wanting to make sure both David and her daughter were good and asleep before she snuck into Hal's room. She wiped down the counters and table, put away the leftovers, and started the dishwasher.

Then, with a final glance to make sure everything was in order, she slipped out of her clothes right there in the kitchen, leaving them in a crumpled heap on the tile.

Completely bare, Becca tiptoed silently up the stairs, her massive tits swaying with each step, her nipples aroused. She peeked in on Kylie to confirm that her daughter was sleeping and could hear her husband's soft snores coming from their bedroom.

"Perfect timing," she thought with a mischievous grin.

Becca quietly pushed open the door to Hal's bedroom and had to stifle a moan at the sight that greeted her. Her lean, handsome boy was sprawled out on his bed, naked as the day he was born, his huge, teenage cock standing straight up from his groin. The swollen head was flushed a deep purple, leaking copious amounts of pre-cum that dribbled down the thick shaft.

"Starting without me, naughty boy?" Becca purred as she closed and locked the door behind her.

Hal's eyes flew open and his boner wagged as scrambled to sit up, drinking in the vision of his mother's curvy, nude body. "N-no, I was just laying here, waiting for you," he stammered breathlessly, his cock twitching in anticipation

"I've been aching for this all day," Becca purred as she slinked towards the bed, wide hips swaying seductively.

"Mommy needs her pussy eaten so bad, baby."

Hal groaned, his eyes glued to the tantalizing bounce and ripple of her massive breasts.

Clear fluid leaked from the tip of his cock like hot glue from a glue gun, making it glisten in the low light. "God Mom,

you're so fucking sexy," he breathed reverently. "I can't believe I get to lick your pussy. I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

Becca grinned as she crawled onto the bed, straddling Hal's chest. The musky scent of her arousal filled his nostrils, making his mouth water with anticipation. "Mmmm, you certainly are, sweetheart. And you're about to get even luckier," Becca said, peering down over the swell of her giant udders.

With that, the mother shimmied up his body until her dripping-wet pussy hovered right over Hal's face.

He could see how swollen and glistening her puffy outer lips were. Her engorged clit stood out proudly from its hood, just begging for attention.

Hal wrapped his hands around his mother's plush thighs and pulled her down onto his eager mouth. They both moaned at the first swipe of his tongue through her soaked folds, savoring her tangy-sweet essence. He lapped at her like a man starved, bathing her pussy in wet, sloppy kisses and long, broad licks from clit to taint.

"Oh fuck yessss," Becca hissed, grinding her cunt against her son's face. "Eat Mommy's pussy, baby! Shove your tongue in deep!"

Hal obeyed with enthusiasm, pushing his face up deep into her vestibule, fucking his tongue as deep as it would go into

his mother's tight, clasping channel. She was so wet, her cream coating his lips and chin.

He swirled his tongue around, exploring her silky walls and flickering over the spongy patch of her G-spot, grumbling like a hungry dog.

"Ungh Hal, right there!" Becca cried out when he found that magic spot inside her.

She fisted both hands in his hair and rode his face harder, like a cowgirl to a saddle, her bouncing tits ballooning out between her forearms as she smeared her essence all over him. "Suck on Mommy's clit! Make me cum!"

Hal zeroed in on her throbbing bud, sealing his lips around it and suckling for all he was worth. At the same time, he shoved two fingers into her squelching cunt, pumping them furiously. His other hand reached up to maul one of her huge swaying tits, pinching and tugging at the stiff nipple.

"Oh god, oh fuck, oh shit, I'm cumming!" Becca wailed.

The mother's thighs clamped around Hal's head like a vise as her orgasm crashed over her. She bucked and writhed against his face, shamelessly grinding her contracting cunt onto his lips and tongue. "Yesssss, drink Mommy's cum!" she sobbed in ecstasy. "Don't stop, don't fucking stop!"

Hal groaned into her pulsing flesh, lapping frantically at the gush of her warm, salty release as it overflowed his mouth.

He kept working his fingers inside the tightly ribbed tube of her vagina, prolonging her pleasure as he swallowed every drop of sweet nectar she gave him. His own aching cock throbbed and jerked against his belly, smearing pre-cum on his well-defined abs.

Finally, Becca collapsed forward, bracing her hands on the mattress as she panted harshly. Hal gentled his ministrations, lightly circling her sensitive clit and placing soft kisses on her mound as she came down from her high.

After a few moments, Becca lifted herself off Hal's face and slid down his body until she was straddling his thighs. Her saturated pussy left a wet trail on his skin.

She grinned down at him, taking in his dazed, blissful expression and slick, swollen lips.

"Mmmm, that was amazing baby," she purred, swiping a thumb through the creamy mess on his chin and pushing it between his lips. Hal eagerly sucked her fuck-juices off her finger. "You ate Mommy's pussy so good. Such a talented mouth."

"Thanks Mom," Hal rasped, his voice fucked-out and raw. "You taste incredible. I could lick your cunt for hours."

Becca's eyes flashed with heat. "Be careful what you wish for. I plan on keeping this face buried between my legs as often as possible from now on." She punctuated her words by rocking her hips, sliding her slick folds along his straining shaft.

Hal gasped and clutched at her waist, his hips bucking up involuntarily to grind his cock through her wet heat. "Shit Mom, I'm already so fucking close," he gritted out. "You keep doing that and I'm gonna explode."

"I guess I better jerk you right off with my cunt-lips then," she giggled.

Becca grinned wickedly and lifted her hips, positioning Hal's swollen cockhead at her soaked entrance. She rubbed the tip teasingly through her slick folds, coating it in her arousal. "Mmmm, you'd like that, wouldn't you baby? For Mommy to get you off with just her puffy pussy lips and creamy wetness?"

"Oh fuck yes," Hal panted, the muscles in his abdomen quivering as he fought the urge to thrust up into her welcoming heat. "Please Mom, I need it so bad. Make me cum!"

Slowly, torturously, Becca planted her knees astride his young hips and began to slide her slick labia up and down Hal's throbbing shaft, not taking him inside, but ensconcing his entire length in her sloppy folds.

She undulated her hips skillfully, stroking him from base to tip with her engorged, velvety petals.

Hal threw his head back with a guttural moan, his fingers digging into the plush flesh of his mother's ass. The sensation of her soaked, silky cunt lips gliding along his

aching cock was absolutely maddening. His balls drew up tight to his body as she worked him over with her pussy.

"That's it, let Mommy's cunt milk this fat cock," Becca purred sultrily, circling her hips and picking up speed. Her huge tits wobbled in unison hypnotically with her movements. "Gonna make you pop so hard, baby. Drown my pussy in your hot cum."

"Ungh Mom, fuck!" Hal gasped, his abs clenching as he felt his climax building at the base of his spine. He started thrusting his hips in counterpoint to her strokes, fucking his oversized cock-muscle through her drenched folds. The wet, obscene sounds of her cunt schlicking along his shaft filled the room.

"Yes, that's it! Fuck Mommy's pussy lips!" Becca encouraged breathlessly, grinding down harder. "Push it against me like you're trying to reach up into my cervix and burst out a hot load."

"Ahh shit, yess!" the boy gasped, imagining his boner engulfed in his mother's core.

"Gimme that cum, baby boy! Paint my cunt with it!"

Hal let out a hoarse cry as his orgasm overtook him, his cock pulsing and throbbing against Becca's slick, simmering flesh as he erupted.

Thick, pearly ropes of jizz spurted from the slit of his crown, coating his mother's pussy and inner thighs with his release. He bucked and shuddered through the intense pleasure,

spurt after sticky, salty spurt of virile semen shooting out of him.

"Oh yesssss, so much cum from my good boy!" Becca moaned, working her well-practiced mommy-hips to milk him through it, her cunt clenching hungrily. "Mommy's pussy is filthy with it, fuck!"

Finally, Hal collapsed back against the mattress, boneless and spent. Becca slowed her movements and carefully lowered her upper half down onto him, squashing her fat tits between them, making them bulge out obscenely between their sweaty bodies.

She brought her lips to his and kissed him deeply, their tongues tangling in a slow, sensual dance as they came down from their intense mutual high.

"Mmmm, that was incredible, baby," Becca purred against Hal's lips before pulling back to gaze at him adoringly. "You made Mommy feel so good."

"It was incredible," Hal replied dreamily, his softening cock still twitching between their messy bodies. "That was way better than any jerk off session."

Becca giggled and rolled off of him, curling into his side. "And just think, it will be even more amazing when you finally get to shove this big cock inside my tight, wet cunt," she whispered hotly, trailing her fingers down his chest and belly to teasingly circle his sensitive tip.

Hal shuddered and groaned. "Fuck, I can't wait. I'm gonna pound your pussy so hard and deep, Mom. Really give it to you like you deserve."

"Mmmm, promises, promises," Becca hummed, giving his semi-hard shaft a squeeze before reluctantly pulling her hand away. "But we should probably get cleaned up before your father wakes up and wonders why I haven't come to bed yet."

They took turns sneaking to the bathroom to wipe themselves down with a washcloth, grinning at each other like co-conspirators. Once relatively clean, Becca gave Hal one last deep, soulful kiss before tiptoeing back to her bedroom to slip into bed next to her snoring husband.

As Hal laid in his own bed, body still tingling with aftershocks of pleasure, he couldn't keep the satisfied smile off his face. He replayed every moment of the forbidden encounter with his mother - the taste of her sweet cunt on his tongue, the filthy words spilling from her lips, the sensation of her pussy-flanges stroking him to climax. It was better than anything he had ever experienced or imagined.

And the best part was, it was only the beginning. Becca had promised there would be so much more to come. Hal's cock gave an eager twitch at the thought, already starting to plump up again. He knew he would be dreaming of sinking into his mother's tight heat, pounding her into the mattress until they both screamed in ecstasy.

With a deep, contented sigh, Hal rolled over and closed his eyes, eagerly anticipating what other illicit delights his insatiable mother had in store for him. He fell asleep with a smile on his face, his body sated and his heart full.

To be continued...