

THE MOM CLUB



The Mom Club

Chapter 1 – Breakfast & Daydreams

The smell of coffee hit Cory the moment he stepped into the kitchen. Sunlight spilled through the sheer curtains, casting soft golden lines across the floor. His hair was damp from the shower, gym bag still slung over one shoulder, white t-shirt clinging to the lines of his chest.

He found her there.

His Mom, Stacey stood at the counter, back turned, one hip cocked slightly to the side. Her robe hung open just enough to reveal the silky nightgown underneath — pale, almost translucent, the hem teasing the tops of her thighs. Her red hair was loosely tied up, a few curls falling down her neck. It was casual. Domestic. But Cory stopped walking.

He swallowed once, hard.

“Morning, Baby” she said without turning, pouring coffee into a tall ceramic mug. “You’re up early.”

“Class,” Cory said. His voice was hoarse. He cleared it. “I’ve got chem at ten.”

She turned now, smiled — slow, sleepy, warm. “You want eggs?”

He nodded, setting his bag down at the kitchen island, eyes trying to behave. Trying. He’d seen her in all kinds of outfits — bikinis, dresses, even skimpy pyjamas. But something about this morning felt different. Or maybe he did.

Stacey walked to the fridge, barefoot, hips swaying under the silk. She leaned down to grab the carton of eggs from the bottom drawer — and the nightgown rose, just enough to make Cory’s breath hitch. He shifted on his stool, adjusting his gym shorts quickly.

Don’t stare. Don’t. He thought.

But he looked. Just a second too long.

When she turned back, her eyes met his. She paused.

Cory blinked. He gave a small smile, tried to play it cool. But there was a flicker in her eyes — not shock, not anger. Something else.

She set the eggs down, brushing a curl behind her ear. “You, okay Baby?” she asked, almost too casual.

“Yeah, Mom” he said. His voice came out a bit too fast. “Just tired. Long run this morning.”

She cracked an egg into the pan with a soft tap. “Well, fuel up. You’re gonna need your strength for the day.”

The way she said it hung in the air for a beat longer than it should’ve. He looked at her again the way the silk clung to her waist, the outline of her tits under the fabric. She felt it too. He could tell. She didn’t look away this time.

But then, like a curtain falling, she turned back to the stove. “I’ll add cheese. I know how you like it.”

Cory exhaled, quietly.

His heart was still racing, but his face stayed calm. That’s what he’d learned — control the eyes, the tone, the body language. Don’t show too much.

But he’d seen it. Just for a second — the look in her eyes when she caught him watching.

She’d felt it too.

Later that day

Cory leaned back in his seat, pen dangling from his fingers, eyes unfocused.

The chemistry lecture droned on — isotopes, molar ratios, something about atomic weights. Professor Klein’s voice might as well have been underwater. Next to him, His best fiend, Dillon scribbled notes furiously, lip curled, headphones still dangling around his neck from earlier.

“You get this shit?” Dillon whispered.

Cory barely turned. “What?”

Dillon raised an eyebrow. “You’re spacing hard today, man.”

Cory smirked, shook his head. “Didn’t sleep much.”

“Right,” Dillon grinned. “Were you *studying*... or *studying your mom*?”

Cory didn’t answer.

He glanced back at the whiteboard, eyes skimming over the equations without taking in a single one. His mom’s face filled his mind like a photo blooming in a darkroom — her mouth slightly parted, eyes holding his just a second too long, the nightgown barely hiding the sway of her tits as she moved around the kitchen.

She hadn’t worn a bra. He was sure of it.

His cock tensed.

Cory shifted in his chair, jaw tight, letting the professor's voice fade completely. He closed his eyes for a blink too long — and when they reopened, he wasn't in the lecture hall anymore.

He was back in the kitchen.

Except this time, he didn't look away when she bent down.

This time, she turned her head and *smiled* at him over her shoulder — not shy, not flustered. Inviting.

"You've been watching me all morning," she said.

He stepped closer. She didn't stop him.

The silk clung to her curves, barely reaching mid-thigh. He reached out, slowly, brushing a hand along her waist, feeling the warm ripple of her skin underneath. She arched into his touch like she'd been starving for it.

"You shouldn't be dressed like this," he murmured against her ear.

"And yet here I am," she breathed, lips parted.

His fingers slipped under the hem of her nightgown — her skin hot, soft, thighs parting just slightly. No panties. She *wanted* him to find that.

Cory gripped her hips, pulled her back into him — hard — letting her feel exactly how much he wanted her. She gasped, head falling back against his shoulder, one hand reaching behind to touch him. Explore him. Claim him.

He pushed the dishes aside on the counter. Lifted her effortlessly.

The nightgown slid up. Her legs wrapped around his waist.

"Cory," she moaned. "Fuck—"

"Cory!"

He jolted, head snapping toward Dillon, who was now nudging him with his elbow and grinning like an idiot.

"You gonna nut right here in chem class, bro?" Dillon whispered.

Cory blinked. His heart was pounding. He looked down at the notebook in front of him — blank.

"No idea what Klein just said," Dillon added, glancing forward. "But it sounded like *you* were learning anatomy."

Cory gave him a look. "Shut up."

Dillon laughed under his breath. "Hey man, I'm just saying you are not alone — I dream about my mom's tits in every class too."

Cory didn't respond.

He just looked forward again, jaw clenched, hands under the desk.

The thought hadn't left him.

She hadn't worn panties.

He knew it now.

The student union was buzzing with noon energy — trays clattered, music thumped faintly from someone's Bluetooth speaker, and every table was packed. Cory spotted them near the back, where the noise dipped just enough for conversation.

Dillon was walking with him, mid-rant about their chem professor.

"Man's 200 years old and allergic to enthusiasm," he said, pushing his glasses up his nose. He wore a Star Wars tee under an open flannel, curly hair slightly flattened from his headphones.

"You should have ignored him, just like I did." Cory said as he dropped into the seat beside him.

Dillon rolled his eyes. "Yeah, well, you were mentally dry-humping aunt Stacey, so—"

Before he could finish, Dale dropped into the seat across from them with a loud *thud*.

"I heard that, but the question is if you fondled her tits in the daydream or not" Dale said, smirking.

Blonde, broad-shouldered, and cocky as hell, Dale looked like he'd walked off a varsity poster. Tight black athletic tee, gym bag slung across his back, his arm muscles practically flexed just sitting there.

"Jesus, man, how many curls do you do before breakfast?" Dillon asked.

"Enough to make your mom wet," Dale grinned, then turned to Cory. "You gonna tell him, or should I?"

"Tell me what?" Dillon asked, looking back and forth.

Cory didn't answer. Just smirked.

Dale leaned in, confidentially. "Aunt Stacey was out running errands yesterday. I may have spotted her bending into the backseat of her car. Sundress. No bra."

Dillon groaned. “Dude. That’s *his* mom.”

“Do you think I care?” Dale shot back.

Cory didn’t rise to it. He just popped open his energy drink and stared Dale down for a second too long.

Across the table, Frank joined them quietly, tray in hand. “Hey,” he mumbled.

Frank was the opposite of Dale in every way — lean, soft-eyed, hair combed neat. Button-down shirt, smooth skin, barely said more than three words unless asked. He sat beside Dale and began unwrapping a sandwich with almost shy precision.

“Frank,” Dillon said, “You look like you just came from church.”

Frank smiled faintly. “Just ethics class.”

Cory raised an eyebrow. “That still a thing?”

Frank nodded, cheeks a little pink. “It’s... interesting.”

Dale rolled his eyes. “Let me guess, all about respecting women and not jerking off?”

Frank shrugged. “Something like that.”

Dillon leaned in dramatically. “What about not thinking filthy thoughts about your own mom? Because if that’s a rule, I think we’re all going to hell.”

Everyone laughed — except Frank, who just smiled nervously and looked down at his tray.

Cory had grown up with these guys — Dale, Dillon, Frank — ever since elementary school. Block parties, backyard sleepovers, shared birthday cakes, and summer league sports had stitched them together like brothers. They knew each other’s tells, each other’s tempers, and more than a few secrets. Even now, in college, they stuck close — teasing, competing, watching each other’s backs. But lately, something had shifted. The jokes were sharper. The silences longer. And Cory could feel it — beneath the laughter, the bond was fraying. Not over money or girls or grades. But something far more dangerous: desire.

Then Dale, eyes gleaming, upped the ante. “Be honest. You’ve all thought about it. Your Mom, someone else’s, whatever. Dillon, don’t even lie. Your mom walks around like a goddamn porn star.”

“Yeah,” Dillon said without shame. “And thank God for it.”

They all cracked up.

Cory leaned back, sipping slowly. He didn’t speak. Just listened.

“And Frank’s got her own little Latina hottie,” Dale added with a wink. “Aunt Sofia, I saw her picking you up — dressed like she’s about to walk a red carpet.”

Frank stiffened. “She’s just... expressive.”

Dillon nearly choked on his drink. “Expressive is one word. Aunt Sofia really is a blessing though.”

Dale kept going, cocky and relentless. “And of course there’s My mom, Queen Judith. Tight dress. Fuck-me heels. Dominates every PTA meeting.”

Cory smirked. “You sound like you’ve been thinking about this a lot.”

Dale shrugged, unfazed. “You’re just mad I said what you were too scared to admit.”

Cory didn’t flinch. “I’ve got nothing to prove.”

There was a pause.

Just long enough to feel the air change.

Then Dillon jumped in. “All I’m saying is — if there *were* a mom class, I’d pay tuition to get in.”

Frank chuckled, finally loosening up. “You think that’s what they do on their girls’ nights?”

Dale scoffed. “Wine, gossip, probably talk about how useless we are.”

Dillon grinned. “Or maybe they play truth or dare and show each other nudes.”

“I’m picturing your mom with a riding crop,” Dale said.

“Stop,” Frank muttered, but he was laughing now too.

Cory just watched them — his so-called friends — joking about what none of them realized they were dangerously close to discovering. The real club. The real nights.

And his mom in that nightgown. The way she looked back at him.

Tonight, they’d gather again.

And none of the boys knew what their mothers would be doing in Judith’s basement after dark.

Chapter 2 – Wine, Secrets, & The Pact

Judith lit the last candle and stepped back to admire the room.

Her lounge — the heart of The Mom Club as they call it — was bathed in soft amber light. The walls were painted a deep plum, nearly black under low lighting, and the plush sectional

couch wrapped around the room like a velvet nest. At the centre sat the low glass table, polished and waiting, a tray of wine bottles and crystal glasses already arranged. The air smelled faintly of vanilla, red wine, and something more decadent — the scent of secrets kept.

This was their place. Their sanctuary. No husbands. No kids. No masks.

Just the women. Just themselves.

The door at the top of the stairs opened, and heels clicked down, slow and confident.

Stacey entered first, draped in a satin robe the colour of champagne, cinched just enough to accentuate the impossible hourglass underneath. Her red hair fell in loose waves around her shoulders, skin pale and freckled, glowing in the dim light. Her body was unreal — exaggerated curves, a massive bust barely restrained by the fabric, hips that swayed naturally with every step. She looked like something out of a 1950s pin-up — only better, more dangerous.

“God, I needed this,” she said, already toeing off her heels as she crossed the room. “If I had to pretend to be interested in another HOA meeting with Dave, I’d start drinking at noon.”

Judith smirked, handing her a glass. “So start now.”

Judith herself was the picture of elegance — tall, commanding, blonde. Her long robe was deep wine-red silk, parted slightly to reveal long, toned legs and a matching lace camisole beneath. Every movement she made felt intentional. She had presence, not just beauty — the kind of woman who didn’t ask for attention but took it anyway. Her curves were more statuesque than exaggerated, all strength and control. She poured herself a generous glass and joined Stacey on the couch.

Next came laughter — light, musical, slightly too loud.

Harper descended the stairs in a leopard-print slip dress and no robe at all, curls bouncing, full lips already curved in amusement. Her skin was deep and glowing, and her figure was lush and playful — a body made to be touched and worshipped. She wore confidence like perfume.

“Y’all started without me?” she teased, snatching a glass before she sat cross-legged on the couch, cleavage unapologetically on display.

“You’re late, so not our fault.” Judith said smoothly.

“I was moisturizing,” Harper replied with a wink. “Gotta keep it soft if we’re gonna talk dirty.”

They laughed, the sound filling the lounge with heat.

Sofia followed Harper, careful on the stairs in too-high heels and a silk robe that strained across her chest. Voluptuous didn’t begin to describe her. Her body poured out of the robe,

hips wide, breasts full and heavy, skin golden and glowing. Her dark hair was styled in loose curls, framing her heart-shaped face and wide, expressive eyes. She looked dressed for a date — lip gloss, earrings, perfume that trailed behind her.

“I brought the good wine,” she announced, holding up a bottle of Spanish red. “And I need it.”

Stacey scooted over to make room. “Rough week?”

Sofia sighed dramatically, dropping into the cushions. “I don’t want to talk about my husband tonight.”

Judith raised her glass. “Then let’s not. To us.”

They clinked.

Four beautiful women — sensual, smart, unsatisfied — leaned into the couch, shoes off, legs tucked under robes, glasses in hand. Music played low. The lounge felt smaller now, warmer, closer.

They always started like this. Light. Easy. Just friends catching up.

But the night was young. And the wine was already doing its work.

The second bottle was already half empty.

Judith leaned back into the corner of the couch, legs stretched out, the stem of her glass dangling between her fingers. Her robe had slipped slightly, exposing one smooth, pale shoulder. The music had faded into the background. Conversation slowed, then stalled.

That’s how it always went — laughter first, then quiet.

The kind of quiet that made truth possible.

Judith broke it.

“I haven’t been touched in... years,” she said.

The other women stilled.

She didn’t say it for pity — her tone was flat, almost analytical. “Not really touched. Not where it mattered. Not by someone who knew how to want me.”

Stacey set her glass down, watching her.

Judith’s eyes stayed on the ceiling. “Since Thomas died, it’s been silence. My body’s still alive, but it’s like no one remembers I exist below the neck.”

“You’ve never even tried to date?” Sofia asked softly.

“I’ve tried.” Judith gave a bitter smile. “They want a widow, not a woman. I’m either too intimidating or too needy. Either way, they leave or I throw them out.”

The room was quiet again — heavier this time.

Harper broke it with a dramatic sigh. “Well, I’m married and still not getting laid.”

They laughed, a little too loud.

Harper rolled her eyes. “Seriously. The last time Ron went down on me was... God, was Obama still in office?”

“Stop,” Stacey said, giggling.

“I’m not even mad,” Harper continued, swirling her wine. “I just... miss feeling *wanted*. Not ‘I put the trash out’ wanted. I mean *thrown on the bed* wanted. Bitten. Pinned. *Used*.”

Sofia let out a breath, cheeks pink. “You’re so blunt.”

“And you love it,” Harper winked.

Sofia bit her lip, looked down into her lap. “It’s not so funny for me.”

They turned toward her.

“My husband is kind. Sweet. But we barely talk anymore. He goes to bed early. Watches golf. Kisses my cheek like I’m his sister.” Her voice trembled slightly. “I dress up. I hint. I even tried sending a naughty picture once.”

She smiled, but it broke halfway. “He thought I sent it by mistake.”

“Shit,” Harper whispered.

Sofia’s eyes shimmered. “I miss being kissed like it *meant* something. I miss feeling like someone couldn’t keep their hands off me.”

They all sat with that a moment.

Then Stacey spoke, quiet but clear. “My body’s starving too.”

Three heads turned.

She wasn’t dramatic like Harper, or raw like Sofia. Her voice was calm. Steady. But the heat in her eyes was unmistakable.

“I touch myself. Constantly,” Stacey said, not flinching. “It’s the only thing that gets me through the day. I work, I get back home, I smile, I cook, I clean — then I lock the bathroom door and take care of what no one else will.”

No one spoke.

She sipped her wine.

“I’m tired of pretending I’m okay. I’m not. My body aches. My skin feels cold no matter how hot the shower is. I need more than I’m getting, and I think we all do.”

Her voice didn’t rise, didn’t crack. But it landed hard.

Judith looked at each of them — Harper’s teasing smile faded, Sofia’s eyes still wet, Stacey’s gaze unwavering.

Four women. Four secrets, now spoken aloud.

The wine didn’t taste the same after that.

There was a stillness to the room now — a heavy, humid quiet. The kind that came *after* truth. Their glasses were never empty, but no one was really drinking anymore. They just held the stems, fingertips warm against the glass.

Then Harper smiled.

Slow. Dangerous.

“I swear,” she said, running a finger around the rim of her glass, “if I were ten years younger, I’d be *on* Dillon.”

Sofia choked on a laugh. “Harper!”

“What?” Harper shrugged, unapologetic. “He’s legal. And kind of adorable when he blushes.”

“He still plays with action figures,” Stacey muttered, half-laughing.

Harper grinned wider. “I bet he plays with *something* else, too.”

Judith raised an eyebrow, amused.

“Come on,” Harper continued. “Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed. Frank? That boy is *precious*. Like, too pure for this world — which somehow makes it hotter.”

Sofia covered her face with her hands, but she was laughing now, cheeks burning. “I *can’t* hear this!”

“Yes, you can,” Judith said smoothly. “You’re just too afraid to say it yourself.”

Sofia peeked out from between her fingers. “Fine. Dale’s... confident.”

Harper rolled her eyes. “That’s a polite way of saying that he’s a dick.”

“He *is* a dick,” Judith said. “But he’s got his father’s jawline and those football thighs. It’s not like I haven’t noticed.”

The room froze for a moment.

Then Stacey said, very quietly: "Cory's not a boy anymore."

Judith turned to Stacey looking curiously at her friend.

Stacey's legs were tucked under her on the couch, robe slightly parted at the knee. Her voice was steady, but her wineglass trembled just a little as she lifted it.

"He looks at me differently now," she said. "Not just as his mom. It's... sharper. Hungrier."

No one dared interrupt.

"I told myself I imagined it," she went on. "But this morning... something shifted."

Her eyes lifted.

"I bent down to grab something, and when I turned around, he was staring. Not like a boy caught in the act. Like a man daring me to say something."

Harper exhaled slowly. "Okay, *damn*."

Judith leaned forward, her voice like velvet. "And what did you do?"

"I looked away," Stacey said. "But I didn't want to."

They all sat there, breathing a little heavier now, the wine making their skin warm, their thoughts louder.

"I keep thinking," Harper said softly, "why *not* them?"

Sofia blinked. "What?"

"We keep waiting for men who won't see us. We ache, we cry, we touch ourselves in the dark — for what? So, we can stay proper?" She leaned forward. "The boys already look at us like they'd worship us."

"They're our sons," Sofia said, but it came out more as reflex than argument.

"They're our *sons* yes, but so what, we can reap what we have sowed" Judith added.

A silence fell again — heavier than before.

Judith's voice dropped. Low. Direct. Measured.

"What if we brought them here?" she said.

The words hit the table like a spell.

No one answered.

"Not to babysit. Not to 'bond.'" Her eyes held theirs, one by one. "We bring them *here* — to this room. As men. We let them look. Touch. Taste. If they dare."

Harper bit her lip. Sofia held her breath. Stacey's glass was frozen halfway to her lips.

Judith's voice never wavered.

"We've created this space. For ourselves. For our pleasure. Why not share it... even if just once?"

It wasn't a joke anymore.

The laughter didn't come back.

The fantasy had been spoken aloud.

And it could never be unsaid.

No one spoke at first.

The silence sat thick and charged in the dim room, like the moment before lightning hits. Judith had leaned back again, glass at her lips, legs crossed, waiting — not pushing. Just watching the idea settle.

Sofia was the first to exhale. "You're serious."

Judith's gaze didn't flicker. "I am."

"But it's insane," Sofia said, voice barely a whisper. "They're our sons—"

"Sons, and you know they want us" Judith said again, softly but firmly.

Stacey set her glass down.

"But if we truly gave in," Sofia continued, "what does it make us?"

"Hungry," Harper said.

Three heads turned.

Harper just shrugged. "Let's stop pretending we're saints. We're not talking about chasing boys. We're talking about being wanted. Ravished. *Seen.*"

"We could be throwing everything away," Sofia said.

"We already have nothing left to lose," Judith replied.

Stacey hadn't moved. Her robe had slipped lower on one shoulder, and her gaze was far off — almost dreamlike.

"They're not boys anymore," she said quietly. "Not really."

"They're grown. Curious. Eager," Harper said, letting the words drip slowly. "And if we don't guide them... someone else will."

There was a long pause.

Then Judith leaned forward and placed her glass deliberately on the table.

“Here’s the rule,” she said. “One night. One gathering. One chance to act on what we *all* feel. Then we will figure out from there.”

Sofia opened her mouth, but Judith held up a finger.

“There will be boundaries,” she said. “No guilt. No judgment. No jealousy.”

Harper grinned. “Oh, come on. There will *definitely* be jealousy.”

Judith ignored her. “They’re invited next week. We’ll set the stage — wine, candles, music, the same as always. If they accept... we open the door.”

“To what?” Sofia asked.

“Whatever they want,” Judith said. “Whatever *we* want.”

The idea hung again — less heavy now, more electric.

Stacey finally looked up.

“If I say yes,” she said slowly, “I need to know I’m not the only one walking into this.”

“You won’t be,” Harper said.

Judith nodded once. “We do this together.”

Sofia hesitated. Bit her lip. Then, with trembling fingers, raised her glass.

“To the club,” she said.

Harper raised hers next. “To no regrets.”

Judith smiled. “To pleasure.”

They turned to Stacey. She stared at the candlelight for a long moment, then took her glass and clinked it softly against the others.

“To our boys.”

The pact was sealed.

Next week, the Mom Club would open its doors to more than just secrets.

Chapter 3 – The Revelation

The eggs sizzled in the pan, but Stacey barely heard them.

She stood at the stove in a fitted grey tank top and soft cotton shorts, barefoot, her red hair tied up messily. The morning sun poured through the kitchen windows, painting the counters in gold. Cory sat at the dining table, shirtless, eating cereal with his usual calm focus, scrolling something on his phone.

She glanced at him — then quickly away.

His back was perfect. Broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist, muscles cut and hard-earned. A thin line of dark hair trailed from his chest down into the waistband of his sweats, which hung just low enough to be criminal.

He caught her looking.

She turned back to the stove, cheeks hot. *God, Stacey get it together.*

Six days since the pact. Six days of imagining what it would be like — him, in that lounge, with the others. With her. The thought made her thighs clench without warning.

She flipped the eggs, trying to keep her voice steady.

“So,” she said, “Judith’s having another girls’ night this week.”

Cory didn’t look up. “Cool.”

“This one’s... different.”

He raised an eyebrow, chewing. “How different?”

Stacey slid the eggs onto a plate and walked it over, setting it gently in front of him. She leaned forward just slightly, watching his face.

“You’ve been invited.”

He blinked. “What?”

“To the girls’ night,” she said, voice softer now. “You’re... welcome to join us.”

He stared at her, spoon paused mid-air. “Me?”

She smiled, sitting down across from him. “Judith and the others agreed. It’s something... new. A game, kind of. But not just a game.”

Cory’s brow furrowed, but she could see it — the spark behind his eyes, the understanding forming just beneath the surface.

“I can’t tell you the exact details,” she added. “Not yet. But it’ll be fun. And if you say yes...”

Her voice dipped.

“...we’ll both get something we want.”

The words hung there. She didn't blink. Neither did he.

She stood up, too restless to sit still, and moved to rinse the pan. Her hands shook slightly under the warm water. Behind her, Cory's chair scraped against the tile.

He didn't say yes. He didn't have to. She felt it already.

Stacey didn't turn around right away.

She rinsed the pan slowly, deliberately, letting the warm water run over her fingers. She needed something to ground her — something to keep her from spinning out over what she'd just said.

We'll both get something we want.

She heard his footsteps before she saw him. Soft. Hesitant. Then closer.

"You're serious Mom?" Cory's voice was behind her now, low and careful.

She turned, drying her hands on a towel. He stood only a few feet away, still shirtless and impossibly solid, staring at her with something between disbelief and wonder.

"You want me there," he said.

She nodded once. "Yes."

He stepped forward, almost without thinking, and wrapped her in a hug.

It caught her off guard — warm, strong, real. His arms locked around her waist, and for a moment she froze.

Then... she melted into it.

Her cheek pressed lightly against his chest, and she inhaled without meaning to — his skin smelled like soap and heat and something masculine underneath.

"Thank you," he murmured.

She didn't answer.

And then he lifted her.

Just a few inches, playful and easy, like he'd done a hundred times when he was younger. She gave a surprised laugh, clutching his shoulders for balance. His strength was effortless, his grip secure.

But then—

Her body pressed flush against his.

And she felt it.

Hard. Thick. Pressed against her hip like it had a mind of its own.

The laugh died in her throat.

Cory went still. His hands gripped tighter, then quickly loosened as he set her down — gently, carefully, like she was made of glass.

They stood inches apart now. Breathing hard. Not touching.

Stacey looked up at him.

Cory's face was red, his jaw tense, eyes flicking away.

"I—sorry," he muttered. "I didn't mean—"

"It's okay, Baby." she said quickly, too quickly.

They both looked anywhere but at each other.

He stepped back first. Picked up his phone. Cleared his throat.

"I should, uh... get going."

She nodded, arms folded tightly over her chest. "Yeah. Class."

He paused at the doorway.

"Mom?"

She looked up.

"I'll be there."

Then he left.

And Stacey stood alone in the kitchen, heart hammering, legs weak.

She'd crossed the line.

And there was no going back now.

On the way to college

The sun was too bright.

Cory squinted as he walked across campus, earbuds in but nothing playing. His playlist was paused — just like his thoughts, stuck in an endless loop of the morning.

He could still feel her.

The way her body had fit into his. The way her breath had caught. The softness of her waist under his hands. The fullness of her tits against his bare skin. And then — *fuck* — the moment she froze.

He hadn't meant to let it happen. Hadn't even realized how turned on he was until it was *there*, obvious and undeniable, his cock pressed against her hip like a confession.

And she hadn't pulled away. Not right away.

That's what killed him.

She froze. But she didn't move.

He kept seeing the look in her eyes — half-shock, half... something else. Like she was remembering something forbidden and thrilling.

Was this what she meant?

When she said *we'll both get something we want?*

His chest tightened.

Whatever this club thing was — this invitation — it wasn't a joke. His mom wanted him there. Not as her polite, obedient son. Not even as just a man.

As *him*.

And if she wanted this... what else was on the table?

What else were they ready to give?

He wasn't sure what next week would look like. But he knew one thing with absolute certainty:

He was going to find out.

Back in Kitchen

The eggs were cold on the plate. The sink was empty. The kitchen was quiet.

Stacey stood at the counter, staring at nothing, hands braced on the edge.

Her skin still tingled.

It had been innocent. *Should* have been innocent. Just a hug. A thank you. A moment. But then he'd lifted her — so easily — and her body had betrayed her. She'd melted into him like she belonged there.

And when she felt her son's cock — thick, hard, undeniable — she hadn't flinched. She hadn't gasped. She hadn't pulled away.

She'd frozen... because part of her didn't want to move.

That's what haunted her now.

She'd told herself this was about freedom. About desire. About claiming something for herself again. The club was supposed to be safe — playful. Even if the boys came, even if they crossed the line... she was in control.

But with Cory?

She was never in control. Not really. He had her. The way he looked at her. The way he didn't apologize for wanting her. The way his body *felt* against hers — not just hard, but *hungry*.

She touched her own wrist, the spot where his fingers had pressed. Her pulse jumped beneath her fingertips.

It was just a hug.

It was everything.

And she was no longer sure who she was trying to protect — him, or herself.

Chapter 4 – Anticipation & Confirmation

The courtyard was alive with sunlight and noise — students eating, laughing, stretching out on the grass. Cory sat at the usual table with his tray untouched, eyes hidden behind dark shades. He sipped water slowly, listening more than talking.

Dillon dropped into the seat across from him, half a sandwich already stuffed in his mouth.

"You're quiet," he said with a full mouth. "Thinking about the game, or aunt Stacey's ass again?"

Cory didn't answer. Just smirked.

Dillon laughed. "Yeah, thought so."

A minute later, Dale showed up — backpack slung over one shoulder, sunglasses on, athletic tank showing off his biceps like a walking Instagram thirst trap.

He sat down, took a long swig from his protein shake, and said, "So. Weirdest thing happened last night."

Cory raised an eyebrow. Dillon leaned in.

Dale looked between them, then said it flat-out:

“My mom told me I’m invited to their *girls’ night* this week.”

Dillon blinked. “Wait—*what?*”

“Yeah.” Dale shrugged like it was no big deal, but his eyes betrayed something else — interest, maybe even nerves. “Said it’d be fun. Something different.”

Dillon let out a slow whistle. “Okay. This is gonna sound crazy... but my mom said the same thing.”

Cory’s mouth twitched.

Dillon turned to him. “Don’t tell me—”

Cory nodded once. “Mom asked me earlier today.”

“No way.” Dillon looked around dramatically. “Okay, so this isn’t a fluke. It’s a *thing*.”

Dale leaned back in his chair, watching the fountain at the far end of the courtyard. “What the hell kind of girls’ night needs *us* there?”

Before anyone could answer, Frank arrived — backpack slung over one shoulder, moving quietly as always.

“Hey,” he said, sitting down.

Dillon turned to him instantly. “Frank. Please, for the love of God, tell me your mom invited you to some mysterious wine night thing.”

Frank looked surprised. “She... yeah. How did you know?”

They all looked at each other.

Four boys.

Four invitations.

Dillon let out a low laugh, nervous and excited. “Okay, this is officially nuts.”

“What do you think it is?” Frank asked softly.

Dale grinned. “I mean, I *hope* it’s what I think it is.”

Dillon wagged his eyebrows. “Maybe they’re playing Strip Poker. Moms edition.”

Frank flushed instantly, looking down at his tray.

Dale laughed. “Or Truth or Dare. My mom pulls out a bottle of wine and a blindfold and says, ‘Let’s see who’s man enough.’”

Cory didn’t laugh. He just listened.

“What about you?” Dillon nudged him. “Any hints from Aunt Stacey?”

Cory gave a non-answer: “She said I’d enjoy it.”

The table went quiet.

It wasn’t what he said. It was *how* he said it. Calm. Certain. Like he already knew what was coming, and the rest of them were still guessing.

Dale narrowed his eyes. “You know more than you’re letting on.”

Cory smiled behind his water bottle. “Maybe.”

Frank pushed food around his tray. “It’s probably just wine and awkward jokes.”

“Speak for yourself,” Dillon said. “I’m showing up showered, shaved, and with clean underwear. Just in case.”

That made everyone laugh.

But underneath it — none of them were laughing.

They were buzzing. Nervous. Curious. Hardwired with questions no one wanted to ask out loud.

Something was coming. Something big.

And none of them — not even Cory — were ready for what that night would really be.

Sofia lay stretched across her bed, one leg still crossed neatly at the ankle, her silk robe slipping dangerously off one shoulder. The lights were dim. Her phone was pressed against her ear.

“Frank said yes,” she whispered. “He didn’t even hesitate.”

On the other end of the line, Harper laughed — light and unfiltered. “Did he blush?”

“Like a tomato,” Sofia said, smiling despite herself. “He looked at me like I was handing him the keys to heaven.”

“Adorable,” Harper sighed dramatically. “Dillon acted like it was no big deal, but I swear to God, I saw his hands shake.”

From her own bathroom, Harper stood in front of the mirror in nothing but a towel, applying lotion with slow, deliberate strokes. Her phone was on speaker beside the sink, wine glass in hand.

“I told him it’d be ‘a special kind of game night.’ His ears turned red immediately.”

“You’re evil,” Sofia said, giggling now.

Harper raised her glass. “And proud of it.”

Another click joined the call. Judith’s voice came through, low and calm.

“Well?” she asked. “Are we all confirmed?”

“All four,” Harper said. “They’re coming.”

“Frank seemed sweet,” Sofia added.

Judith made a small sound — amusement or warning, it was hard to tell. “Sweet doesn’t mean harmless.”

“I know,” Sofia said softly.

Judith sat in her armchair, legs crossed, hair wrapped in a towel. Her glass of scotch, not wine, rested on the table beside her. She looked out the window into the dark — but she wasn’t seeing anything.

“Dale didn’t ask questions,” she said. “Just smirked and said, ‘Should I bring wine or condoms?’”

Sofia gasped. Harper cackled.

“I told him to bring manners,” Judith added flatly.

Then came a quiet pause.

And Stacey’s voice finally broke through — soft, low, uncertain.

“Cory said yes too.”

The others went quiet.

“I told him it would be fun. That it was a chance for us both to... explore.”

“And?” Harper asked gently.

“He hugged me.”

Stacey stood by her window in the dark, one hand on the glass, robe tied tight, her heart beating somewhere too high in her chest.

“But it wasn’t just a hug,” she said. “He... held me. Lifted me. I laughed, and then...”

She trailed off.

Judith didn’t speak. Sofia held her breath. Harper, for once, said nothing.

“I felt him,” Stacey whispered.

Silence.

“I didn’t pull away fast enough.”

More silence.

Judith’s voice, when it came, was careful. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“It didn’t feel wrong,” Stacey said. “That’s the part that scares me.”

Harper took a deep sip from her glass. “We’ve all felt it. That heat. That look. We’re not imagining it.”

Sofia asked the question no one else wanted to:

“Are we really doing this?”

Judith answered without pause. “Yes.”

Harper chimed in: “One night.”

Sofia tried to steady her voice. “Just for fun.”

Then Stacey — voice barely audible — said, “No one gets hurt.”

It was a promise. A prayer. A lie they needed to believe.

For now.

Chapter 5 – The First Gathering

From the street, the house looked the same as always — tall hedges, manicured lawn, warm lights glowing behind the windows. Normal. Respectable. A house that had never raised suspicion.

But inside, everything was different.

The boys arrived together, clustered on the porch like they were about to break into a secret. Dillon cracked a nervous joke. Frank rubbed the back of his neck. Dale stood cocky and tall, hiding his nerves under a smirk. Cory said nothing — but the tension in his jaw betrayed him. All their moms have disappeared earlier today from their homes leaving the boys more excited for the evening.

The door opened and Judith stood framed in the entryway.

She was breathtaking. A floor-length gown of midnight blue hugged every curve of her statuesque body, slit high up one leg. Her blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders,

makeup flawless, lips painted red. She didn't look like a mother, or even like a widow. She looked like power dressed in silk.

"Right on time, Boys." she said smoothly, stepping aside. "Come in."

They followed her in silence, sneakers scuffing against polished wood floors. She led them down the wide staircase into the basement lounge.

The air changed the moment they entered.

The lounge glowed in amber candlelight, shadows flickering on deep plum walls. The low glass table gleamed under crystal decanters of wine and rows of half-filled glasses. A slow, pulsing rhythm of music filled the background, soft enough to tease. The air was heavy with perfume — floral, musky, intoxicating.

And then they saw the women.

Harper lounged casually on one end of the sectional, wearing a glittering gold slip dress that barely reached mid-thigh. Her dark skin gleamed under the candlelight, legs crossed, one high heel dangling lazily from her toes. The neckline plunged low, cleavage spilling without apology. She smiled at the boys like they were prey she'd been waiting to toy with.

Sofia sat beside her, a glass of red wine in hand, lips glossed and full. Her black gown clung to her curves like liquid, her tits pushed high, the dress dipping low enough to make Frank stumble in place. Her long dark hair framed her face in curls, and her eyes sparkled with mischief — or maybe hunger.

Stacey was impossible to miss. Crimson fabric hugged her hourglass frame like it had been sewn onto her skin. Her neckline dipped so low it threatened to reveal more than it covered, her heavy breasts straining against the fabric, the curve of her hips exaggerated by the cut of the dress. Her red hair shimmered in the dim light, her pale freckled skin glowing. She adjusted the strap casually, as if she hadn't just stolen every boy's breath.

The boys froze.

Dillon let out a low whistle before he could stop himself. "Holy..."

Frank's cheeks flamed bright red, his eyes darting away immediately, though they couldn't help flicking back to his mom every other second.

Dale smirked, trying to hide the way his throat tightened. "Guess it's not book club after all."

Cory stayed silent — but his dark eyes swept the room slowly, deliberately, drinking them in. And when they again landed on his mom, he didn't look away.

Judith gestured gracefully toward the couches. "Make yourselves comfortable, boys."

None of them moved at first. They just stared, caught between awe and disbelief, adrenaline buzzing through their veins.

This wasn't their mothers' night.

This was something else entirely.

The boys eased down into the sectional, still stealing glances, still not quite believing this was real. Judith moved with quiet authority, gliding to the low table where bottles gleamed in the candlelight.

"You've all had wine before," she said smoothly, "but tonight..." She lifted a brown bottle from the ice bucket and popped the cap with a twist. "You'll have beer. You all would need some courage tonight."

One by one, she handed them out — Dale first, then Dillon, then Frank, and finally Cory. Her eyes lingered on each boy just long enough to make them squirm.

Cory didn't squirm.

She sat then, crossing her long legs, her gown slipping high on her thigh. "Before we begin, you need to understand something."

The boys leaned in unconsciously.

"This space," Judith said, gesturing to the lounge around them, "is sacred. What happens here, stays here. Do you understand?"

They all nodded quickly, muttering agreements.

She smiled faintly, but her tone stayed cool. "Nothing is off limits. But consent is everything. That goes for us, and for you. If someone doesn't want something, it doesn't happen. Clear?"

"Yes," Frank said softly.

"Yes, ma'am," Dillon added, half-grinning nervously.

"Crystal," Dale said with a cocky smirk, leaning back into the couch.

Cory just took a sip of his beer, eyes locked on Judith's, and said, "Clear."

Judith's smile curved higher at that.

She continued: "Tonight, you're not boys. You're not our sons. You're men. And we..." Her eyes slid deliberately across the four women, then back to the boys. "...we are women. Nothing more. Nothing less."

The air thickened.

Harper chuckled, breaking the silence. "Translation: no holding back, babies. We're here to play."

Sofia's hand trembled slightly on her glass. "Just... remember, this is fun. That's all."

"Fun," Judith repeated. But there was steel under the word, as if daring anyone to disagree.

Stacey hadn't spoken yet. She sat close to Cory, her crimson dress cutting sharp against his white t-shirt and jeans. Her glass was untouched. She only glanced at him once, and that was enough.

Dillon raised his beer. "So... do we toast to this or something?"

Judith inclined her head. "Yes."

They all lifted their drinks.

"To the Club," Judith said.

"To the night," Harper added with a wink.

"To fun," Sofia whispered.

The boys clinked bottles together, their nerves sparking into excitement.

Cory took a long pull from his beer, never taking his eyes off his mom.

The beers were half-empty now, laughter buzzing louder than the music. The boys had relaxed — or at least pretended to. Their legs sprawled across the cushions, shoulders brushed against the women's, voices dropped into a more intimate register.

It started with Harper. Of course it did.

She leaned into Dillon, her gold slip brushing his arm, the curve of her breast grazing his shoulder. "You're blushing already, Baby boy" she teased, her voice playful.

"I'm not," Dillon protested, already turning redder.

"Liar." She plucked the bottle from his hand, set it on the table, and swung a leg over his lap. He froze as she straddled him, her smile wide and wicked. "Now you really are Blushing."

The others laughed, but the air had shifted.

Frank glanced nervously at his own mother, who reached out and took his hand. Her fingers were warm, nails painted deep red. She tilted her head, curls spilling down her shoulder.

"Relax, cariño," she whispered. "It's just us."

He swallowed hard. "I am relaxed."

"Look at you, You're shaking." She slid closer, her lips brushing his cheek. "Don't be scared of mommy."

Judith watched them all with that cool, assessing gaze. Dale leaned toward her, smirk cocky, confidence masking nerves. “So what now?” he asked.

Judith set her glass down, shifted closer, and let her hand rest deliberately on his thigh. “Now,” she said, “we stop pretending.”

She kissed him then, deep and certain, fingers curling into his silver blonde hair. Dale groaned against her mouth, his hand sliding up her side, greed winning over arrogance.

And then there was Cory.

Stacey sat beside him, close but not close enough. Her dress clung tight, her chest rising and falling too fast. She’d said almost nothing all night, but her eyes betrayed her — wide, hungry, trembling between fear and want.

Cory didn’t wait.

He reached over, slid a hand around her waist, and pulled her firmly into his lap.

She gasped softly, her hands bracing on his shoulders. “Cory—”

But then his mouth was on hers.

Not tentative. Not hesitant. He kissed her like he owned her, tongue sliding against hers, his grip strong on her hip. She moaned into him, her body melting, her chest pressing full against his. Her hands clutched his shirt like she’d been starving for this.

The other pairs were fumbling, tentative, letting the moms lead. But Cory — Cory took control.

He kissed his mother harder, his hand sliding lower, gripping the curve of her thigh, pulling her closer still. Stacey broke away just long enough to breathe, eyes glazed, lips swollen, then dove back in, kissing him with equal hunger.

Cory wasn’t just playing the game.

He was already planning on winning it.

The room was thick with heat now — lips swollen, breaths uneven, perfume mixing with sweat and beer. Every pair was tangled, but Cory and Stacey... they were something else.

Dillon kissed his mother clumsily, his hands hovering nervously at her waist until she grabbed them and placed them firmly on her ass. She laughed against his mouth, always teasing, always in control.

Frank kissed his mother gently, reverent, his hands trembling as he stroked her cheek. She leaned into it, moaning softly, her body far more eager than his, trying to coax him into bolder touch.

Dale kissed Judith with force, teeth grazing, his hand gripping her thigh. But Judith remained measured, allowing it, guiding it, *controlling* it. Letting him know that He wasn't leading her, he was being allowed to play.

And then there was Cory.

His mother was straddling him now, her crimson dress riding high, her curves spilling into his hands. He gripped her firmly, his fingers digging into her hips, controlling her movements as she ground against his lap. His kiss was hard, unrelenting, his tongue claiming hers with raw hunger.

She moaned openly, no restraint, her nails clawing lightly at his shoulders. Every part of her said it- she wasn't leading like she was supposed to. She was *surrendering*.

The others noticed.

Harper broke her kiss with Dillon, tilting her head just enough to watch. A slow smile spread across her lips. "Mmm... look at Cory go," she murmured.

Judith, still pressed against Dale, glanced sideways. Her brow arched — not disapproving, not amused. Intrigued.

Even Sofia, lost in Frank's shy kisses, peeked over. Her breath caught. "Dios mío," she whispered under her breath.

Dale noticed them too.

He tore his mouth from his mother's, eyes narrowing as he watched Cory gripping aunt Stacey's waist, kissing her with pure dominance. Heat rose in his chest — not just jealousy, but rage. Cory wasn't fumbling, wasn't tentative. He was commanding. And his mom wasn't resisting. She was *loving* it.

Judith placed a hand on Dale's cheek, forcing his gaze back to her. "Eyes here," she said softly, coolly. But the damage was done.

Across the room, Cory pulled back from his mother just enough to look at her — really look at her. Her lipstick was smeared, her hair wild, her tits heaving against her dress.

She met his gaze, lips parted, eyes dark with need.

"Mine," he whispered, low enough for only her to hear.

Her body shivered. She kissed him again, harder, as if to seal the claim.

The other boys didn't hear it. The women didn't hear it.

But Stacey did.

And she knew, deep in her bones, that Cory wasn't just playing tonight.

He was claiming her.

Chapter 6 – A Kiss That Lingers

The drive home was quiet.

Cory sat in the passenger seat, looking out the window, shadows sliding across his sharp jawline under the streetlights. He didn't say a word, and Stacey didn't trust herself to break the silence. Her hands stayed fixed at ten and two on the wheel, knuckles white against the leather.

Her body still buzzed. Her lips still tingled. Even now, she could taste him — the beer on his tongue, the hunger in his kiss, the way his hands had gripped her hips like she belonged to him.

Stop. She shook her head slightly, as though she could fling the thoughts away. *It was just the game. Just one night. Nothing more.*

But her thighs clenched tighter.

By the time she pulled into the driveway, her pulse was still racing. Dave's car was there, sitting neatly where it always did. The porch light glowed warm and familiar, like nothing had changed at all.

She turned off the engine. The silence was deafening.

Cory finally looked at her. Just one glance. It was enough. Her chest tightened, heat flashing low in her belly.

Neither of them spoke.

Inside, the house was dark except for the faint glow of the hallway lamp. Stacey slipped off her heels by the door, her bare feet sinking into the carpet. The air smelled faintly of laundry detergent and the lemon cleaner she'd used that morning. Safe. Ordinary.

Cory's father was upstairs, asleep. His snores echoed faintly down the staircase, steady and oblivious.

Stacey hung her coat on the hook, her fingers fumbling with the fabric. She tried to breathe evenly, to remind herself that nothing had really happened. Just kissing. Just hands on hips and thighs. Judith had called it off before things went too far, before anyone lost control. That was all. A reckless taste, but still safe. Still deniable.

But her body knew better. Her lips were swollen, her skin tingled everywhere Cory had touched her, and her thighs ached with a heat that hadn't cooled since he'd pulled her into his lap. She told herself it had been the wine, the atmosphere, the game Judith had orchestrated. Yet no matter how she tried to frame it, the truth pressed hard in her chest: it hadn't felt like play. It had felt real. Too real. And now, standing in the quiet of her own hallway, she wasn't sure she could pretend otherwise.

But when she turned, Cory was still watching her. Silent. Steady. Dark eyes that didn't blink, didn't look away.

And Stacey's breath caught, because in that look, she saw the truth- The night wasn't over yet.

Stacey turned toward the stairs, ready to escape, ready to slip upstairs and bury herself in the safety of sheets beside her sleeping husband.

But Cory was there, only a few steps behind her.

She forced a smile, her voice hushed. "Goodnight."

She leaned in to kiss his cheek, quick and harmless. But at the last second, he turned his head. Their mouths met instead.

It should have been nothing. A peck. A slip.

But neither of them pulled away.

The kiss lingered.

Her lips parted, just slightly, and his pressed harder. Heat flared instantly, curling low in her belly, spreading through her chest. She made a soft sound — a whimper she hadn't meant to let slip — and Cory responded like a man starving, sliding his hand to her waist, pulling her against him.

She gasped, broke the kiss — but his eyes held hers, dark and fierce.

And then he lifted her.

Her breath caught as her feet left the ground, his strength effortless as he carried her to the couch. She clutched his shoulders instinctively, whispering, "Cory—" half warning, half surrender.

He set her down, but didn't give her a chance to protest. His mouth crashed onto hers again, hotter, deeper, his tongue sliding against hers. She moaned into him, her hands tangling in his hair, pulling him closer.

His body pressed heavy against hers, pinning her to the cushions. His hands explored — sliding over her waist, up the swell of her breasts, down the curve of her thighs. Never under her clothes, never crossing that last line, but firm enough to make her arch into him.

She was trembling. Shaking with the force of her own need. Every nerve screamed yes, every muscle ached to let him take more.

And yet—

“Stop,” she gasped, pressing a hand against his chest. Her voice was ragged, her lips still wet from his kiss. “We... we can’t.”

Cory froze above her, his breath hot against her cheek, his eyes blazing.

For a moment, she thought he would argue. Take anyway. Claim what he already considered his.

But instead, he pulled back just enough, his jaw tight, his body trembling with restraint.

The silence between them was louder than any moan.

Stacey pushed him back with trembling hands, her chest heaving. “Goodnight,” she whispered, her voice so breathless it sounded like a moan.

Before he could answer, she slipped out from under him and darted for the stairs, her bare feet light on the carpet. She didn’t dare look back. If she did, she wasn’t sure she’d be able to climb the steps at all.

Her body still buzzed, lips swollen, dress clinging to her damp skin. By the time she reached the bedroom, she was shaking.

Dave stirred when she slid under the covers, rolling over with a sleepy grunt. He draped an arm lazily across her waist, already sinking back into his snores. Stacey lay stiff beside him, staring at the ceiling, her pulse hammering so hard she thought it might wake him.

Cory’s taste was still in her mouth. Cory’s hands were still on her skin. Cory’s cock was still pressed against her body.

She bit her lip, eyes burning with guilt — but her thighs pressed together all the same.

Downstairs, Cory sat slumped on the couch, chest rising and falling in sharp bursts. His lips tingled. His cock throbbed painfully against his jeans. He scrubbed a hand over his face, half in disbelief, half in frustration.

She hadn’t stopped him until the very end. She’d kissed him back, moaned for him, clung to him. That wasn’t his imagination. That was real.

He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, staring into the dark.

He could still hear her voice, soft and trembling: *We can't.*

But every part of him screamed: *We already have.*

Chapter 7 – Teasing and Longing

The kettle clicked off, and steam curled into the kitchen air. Stacey poured hot water into her mug, watching the swirl as the tea bag bled colour. Her hands still trembled faintly, though she told herself it was just the lack of sleep.

Her phone buzzed on the counter. *Harper.*

She hesitated a beat, then answered.

“Well, well,” Harper’s voice purred through the speaker. “If it isn’t Mrs. Cherry-Red herself. How’s the hangover?”

Stacey rolled her eyes, though her lips betrayed a smile. “Fine. Little tired.”

“Mm-hmm.” Harper’s laugh was rich, knowing. “So tell me. Did Cory behave himself on the ride home?”

Stacey froze, fingers tightening around the mug. “...We just drove.”

“Just drove?” Harper teased. “Honey, Dillon blushed all the way home. Like, tomato red. Couldn’t even look me in the eye. But his pants? *Different story.*” She cackled. “Boy had a hard-on the size of Texas.”

“Harper!”

“What? I’m proud!” Harper said, delighted. “First time I’ve seen him act like a man instead of a nervous little puppy.”

Stacey shook her head, heat rushing to her cheeks. She lowered her voice, even though the house was empty. “...Something happened.”

“Ooooh,” Harper crooned. “Spill.”

Stacey bit her lip. The words were hot in her throat. “We kissed again. When we got home. In the hallway.”

Harper gasped dramatically. “You naughty bitch.”

“It wasn’t like that,” Stacey rushed. “I was just saying goodnight. But it... lingered. And then he—” Her voice faltered. “He carried me to the couch.”

There was a beat of silence. Then Harper laughs wickedly:

“Pls tell me you didn’t stopped him”

There was silence from Stacey’s side, so Harper laughed again and said “Honey, you’re insane. If Dillon had kissed me like that, I’d still be riding him right now.”

Stacey pressed a hand to her forehead. “I *had* to. Dave was upstairs. It was too much.”

“No, no, no,” Harper said, laughing wickedly. “The only thing too much is the way you’re torturing yourself. You shouldn’t have stopped him.”

Stacey swallowed, cheeks burning hotter. “Harper...”

“Don’t Harper me. We all saw it last night. That boy’s not a boy. He’s a man, and he wants you bad.” Harper’s tone softened slightly, teasing but pointed. “And you want him back. Don’t bother denying it.”

Stacey’s silence was answer enough.

Harper chuckled. “Mark my words, darling. Next time? You won’t stop him. And you won’t *want* to.”

The call ended with Harper still laughing, her voice fading into the kitchen air.

Stacey set the phone down, her tea untouched. She leaned against the counter, her pulse racing all over again, the phantom weight of Cory’s body pressing her into the couch.

She hated how much she wanted it back.

The campus courtyard hummed with midday chatter, trays clattering, sunlight bouncing off glass windows. At their usual table, the boys gathered, though today the air was different. Heavier.

Dale was the first to break it.

“I’ll say it plain,” he announced, leaning back with his arms stretched across the bench like a king. “Once you all were gone, My mom couldn’t keep her hands off me last night.”

Dillon snorted into his soda. “Oh please.”

“No, seriously,” Dale pressed on, smirking. “She was clawing at me. If she didn’t call it off when she did, I swear—” He cut himself short, letting the implication hang with a grin.

Frank shifted uncomfortably, poking at his sandwich. “Aunt Judith called it off for everyone,” he said quietly. “Not just you.”

Dillon chuckled. "Yeah, man, none of us were exactly going home with a trophy. My mom practically sat on my cock, but she was laughing the whole time. Like she was watching me squirm."

He rolled his eyes, grinning. "Don't get me wrong, it was amazing. But, uh, not exactly porn-star levels of confidence on my part."

Dale waved him off. "Nah, you're underselling yourself. But me? My mom *wanted* it." He tapped his chest. "She was mine last night."

Cory finally looked up from his tray. He hadn't said a word yet, eating slowly, gaze calm behind dark lashes.

"You sure about that?" he asked.

The table went quiet for a second.

Dale narrowed his eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Cory just smirked, leaned back in his seat, and took a sip from his water bottle. "Nothing."

Dillon grinned, sensing blood. "Ohhhh, Dale doesn't like the mystery."

"Shut up," Dale snapped.

Frank tried to ease it. "It's not a competition—"

"Of course it is," Dale cut him off, sharp. His gaze darted back to Cory. "Unless you're scared to admit anything happened with Aunt Stacey after you returned home."

Cory's smirk deepened. He didn't rise, didn't flinch, just set his bottle down and looked straight at Dale.

"Some things don't need bragging about."

Dillon burst out laughing, clutching his chest. "Oh my God. That's *so much worse* than bragging."

Even Frank cracked a nervous smile, though his eyes darted between them, uneasy.

Dale clenched his jaw, muttering under his breath, but said nothing more.

Cory leaned back again, calm as ever. His mind wasn't on the table. Wasn't on Dale.

It was on his mother.

Her lips. Her trembling moans. The way she'd whispered *Goodnight* as though it meant anything other than *not yet*.

The others could keep bragging. Keep fumbling.

Cory had already tasted more than they could imagine.

Chapter 8 – Poolside Temptations

The afternoon sun was merciless, baking the tiles around the pool until they shimmered. Stacey lay back on the lounge chair, sunglasses shading her eyes, a tall glass of iced tea sweating on the little side table. Her bikini was barely there — a deep red two-piece, the kind she used to save for vacations without Cory, never for the backyard.

But Dave was golfing. The house was empty. And Cory...

The sliding door opened, and there he was.

Shirtless, towel around his neck, black swim shorts hanging low on his hips. His skin glowed bronze under the sun, damp from the quick rinse he'd taken inside. He looked like every woman's summer fantasy — tall, lean, muscles carved from years of discipline.

Stacey adjusted her sunglasses, pretending not to stare.

"You're not swimming mom?" he asked, nodding toward the water.

"Later," she said. "I'm sunbathing first."

He smirked. "Don't burn."

Her lips curled before she could stop them. "That's why I need you."

His brow arched. "Need me?"

"To do my back." She held up the bottle of sunscreen, feigning casual. "Be useful."

He walked over, slow, deliberate, taking the bottle from her hand. "You're sure?"

She swallowed. "Yes."

Cory knelt behind her chair, squeezing lotion into his palms. The scent of coconut filled the air. His hands spread the cool cream across her shoulders, firm and steady.

At first, it was innocent. Necessary. Practical.

Then his hands slowed.

They lingered at her sides, brushing the edge of her bikini. Sliding lower, smoothing the lotion down her ribs, her waist. She shifted, breath shallow, heat prickling her skin that had nothing to do with the sun.

"Cory..." she whispered.

“Relax, Mom” he murmured.

He untied the knot of her bikini top with a single tug. The fabric fell loose, her bare skin meeting his slick hands. He rubbed across her back, then over her sides, sliding up to cup her massive tits in both hands.

Stacey gasped, arching back against him.

“Tell me to stop,” he said, his voice low and rough.

She didn’t. Couldn’t.

Her sunglasses slipped down her nose as she exhaled, trembling. She pushed her bottoms down her thighs, stripping the last barrier away, laying naked in the sun.

He turned her around and looked properly at her then His hands slid lower, rubbing lotion down her stomach, then between her legs. Fingers dipped into her pussy, slick and deliberate.

“Oh, God,” she moaned, clutching the chair.

Cory’s mouth brushed her ear. “You like this, Mom.”

She gasped, nodding, her body bucking against his hand as his fingers slid inside, stroking, curling into her pussy, driving her higher. Her moans echoed against the backyard walls, too loud, too dangerous.

Just as she was about to shatter, the sharp *ding-dong* of the doorbell rang from the front of the house.

Stacey’s eyes flew open. Panic cut through the haze.

“Go,” she hissed, scrambling for her robe.

Cory pulled back, his fingers glistening by her pussy juices, his cock straining hard against his shorts. He stood, breathing hard, and without a word, strode inside to answer the door.

Cory yanked the door open, still flushed, chest bare, his cock straining obscenely against his swim shorts. He hadn’t bothered to hide it. Couldn’t have if he tried.

On the porch stood Harper and Sofia, both in breezy summer dresses and sunglasses, holding bags that clinked with bottles of wine.

For a beat, nobody spoke.

Then Harper’s lips curled into a slow, wicked grin. Her gaze dipped once, bold and deliberate, before meeting his eyes again. “Well, well,” she purred. “Big boy.”

Sofia gasped softly, her eyes darting down, then away, then down again, her cheeks flushing crimson beneath her sunglasses. She pressed her lips together, as if to smother a laugh — or a moan.

Cory didn't flinch. Didn't cover himself. He leaned casually against the doorframe, arms crossed over his chest, smirk tugging at his mouth.

"Careful, Aunt Harper" he drawled. "Staring's rude. Unless, of course, you plan on doing something about it."

Harper barked a laugh, rich and delighted. "Ohhh, Stacey's in trouble."

Sofia swatted at Harper's arm, but her giggle betrayed her. She looked at Cory again, slower this time, her eyes lingering before she caught herself.

"Let us in before the neighbours faint," Harper teased, brushing past him. The scent of her perfume — bright and sharp — curled around him as she passed.

Sofia followed more carefully, clutching her bag of wine, but not before giving Cory one last glance. Her eyes lingered on the bulge in his shorts just long enough to make her stumble on the threshold.

Cory chuckled under his breath and shut the door.

For the first time, it wasn't just Stacey. Harper and Sofia had seen it too — and neither of them would forget.

Chapter 9 – Heat Under the Table

The late-afternoon sun glazed the backyard in gold. The pool shimmered, its surface breaking in perfect ripples as Cory cut through the water. Each stroke was clean, powerful, his muscles flexing under the light, water sliding down his shoulders, dripping off his jaw.

On the lounge chairs, the women pretended to relax.

Stacey reclined in her red bikini, a wineglass at her side, her sunglasses pushed halfway down her nose. She wasn't pretending at all. Her eyes tracked her son with every movement, locked to him like a magnet.

Beside her, Harper sprawled in a leopard-print bikini, laughing at nothing, sipping wine as though she were at a comedy show. She tipped her glasses down, eyes shamelessly trailing over Cory's glistening body.

“Good God,” Harper said. “That boy’s carved like a statue. Stacey, you lucky bitch.”

“Harper!” Stacey hissed, but her voice was weak, her gaze still fixed on Cory as he turned, his broad back slicing the water.

On the other side, Sofia rested her chin in her hand, her curves poured into a plunging white bikini. She smiled softly, dreamily, her eyes full of warmth. “He’s so beautiful. Look at the way he moves. It’s... different.”

Harper cackled, nudging Stacey with her foot. “Hear that? Even Sofia’s smitten. You better hold tight, honey.”

Stacey’s lips parted, but she didn’t answer. Cory reached the edge of the pool, pulled himself up in one clean motion — water streaming down his chest, shorts clinging to his thighs.

Stacey’s thighs pressed together. Heat rushed between them.

She shifted in her chair, pretending to adjust her bottoms. But her fingers lingered. Slipped beneath the fabric. Just a touch, a stolen stroke on her clit.

Harper’s laugh cut sharp. “Oh my *God*. She’s doing it.”

Sofia’s eyes widened, her cheeks flushing deep. “Stacey...” she whispered.

But Stacey couldn’t stop. Her breath hitched, her gaze locked on Cory as he grabbed his towel, water dripping down the ridges of his abs. Her fingers moved in slow, desperate circles, hidden under the thin strip of red fabric.

Cory shook his head like a dog, droplets flying in the sunlight. Stacey bit her lip, trembling, her hips shifting almost imperceptibly.

Harper leaned toward Sofia, whispering just loud enough for Stacey to hear: “She’s gone. Totally, completely gone.”

Sofia didn’t answer. She only watched Stacey with wide, conflicted eyes — torn between shock, envy, and something softer.

Stacey’s hand stilled suddenly, panic breaking through the haze. She ripped her sunglasses off and sat up straighter, adjusting her bikini with shaking fingers. “I—I should check the iced tea,” she stammered, grabbing her glass and fleeing toward the house.

Behind her, Harper and Sofia exchanged a look.

Harper grinned wickedly. “Told you. She’s lost to him.”

Sofia whispered, almost to herself: “*Maybe we all will be.*”

The clink of cutlery was the only sound in the room, aside from the low hum of the television drifting in from the living room. Dave sat at the head of the table, his plate half-finished, his eyes glued to the muted golf highlights.

Stacey sat next to Cory, pushing green beans around her plate. Her robe from earlier had been replaced with a modest sundress, but her skin still buzzed from the backyard — from her own trembling hand, from Harper’s laughter, from Sofia’s wide, knowing eyes.

And from Cory. Always from Cory.

She risked a glance at him. He was calm, chewing slowly, his posture relaxed. But when his dark eyes lifted and caught hers, her breath caught.

A slow smirk curved his mouth.

Under the table, something brushed her calf. She stiffened.

His foot.

Stacey shifted, but Cory only pushed further — his toes sliding up her bare leg. Her fork trembled in her hand, the scrape of metal against porcelain louder than it should’ve been.

“Everything alright, hon?” Dave asked without looking away from the screen.

“Yes,” Stacey said too quickly. “Just—yes.”

Cory leaned back in his chair, one hand casually resting on the table, the other slipping beneath it. A moment later, warm fingers slid onto her thigh.

Stacey nearly dropped her fork.

His touch crept higher, pushing the hem of her dress up inch by inch until his hand was at the edge of her panties. Stacey’s heart hammered, her face burning, every nerve screaming at her to stop him — but her body stayed frozen, desperate.

He rubbed her pussy through the fabric, slow circles, deliberate and unrelenting.

She bit her lip, trying to keep her breathing steady.

“Stace?” Dave asked absently, eyes still on the screen. “Did we get any more iced tea in the fridge?”

She swallowed hard. “I—I think so.”

Her voice cracked on the last word.

Cory’s fingers pressed harder, slipping under the thin lace, stroking bare pussy now. Stacey’s thighs clenched, but it only trapped his hand against her.

Her body betrayed her with a sharp jolt — pleasure spiking so hard she nearly gasped aloud.

She pressed her napkin to her lips, forcing the sound into silence.

The orgasm hit fast, shuddering through her as Cory's fingers worked on her pussy mercilessly under the table. Her toes curled in her sandals, her body trembling with every pulse.

Next to her, Cory's gaze never left hers. He smirked faintly, calm as though nothing was happening, while her entire body unravelled in silence.

By the time it ebbed, Stacey was breathless, trembling, her panties damp, her face flushed.

Dave changed the channel on the TV, muttering about bad swings, oblivious.

Cory pulled his hand back, wiped it lazily on his lips, and returned to his meal with a smirk on his face.

Stacey stared down at her plate, unable to lift her eyes.

He was fearless now.

And she was his.

Chapter 10 – Growing Confidence

The quad buzzed with midday chatter — students sprawled on the grass, groups clustering around picnic tables, the smell of coffee and food trucks thick in the air.

Frank sat alone at the edge of a bench, hunched over his notebook, scribbling aimlessly. His dark hair fell into his eyes, and he kept his gaze low, hoping to be invisible.

He wasn't.

Dale's shadow fell across the page.

"Well, if it isn't little Frankie," Dale drawled, dropping his gym bag onto the bench with a heavy thud. He loomed tall, arms folded across his chest, muscles flexing under his t-shirt. "Writing love letters to Mommy?"

Frank stiffened, closing his notebook. "Leave me alone, Dale."

Dale smirked, leaning closer. "What's the matter? Aunt Sofia didn't kiss you like My mom kissed me? You sit there all shy while Mommy treats you like a kid, while real men..." He tapped his own chest. "...take what they want."

Frank's cheeks burned red. "You don't know what you're talking about."

“Oh, I know,” Dale said, lowering his voice. “My mom was all over me. Clawing. Begging. Meanwhile, your mommy’s probably still waiting for you to grow a pair.”

Frank’s hands balled into fists in his lap, but he didn’t move. His throat worked as he swallowed hard.

“Problem, Dale?”

The voice was calm, but it cut through the tension like a blade.

Cory walked up, Dillon at his side. Cory’s stride was easy, confident, his dark eyes steady. Dillon trailed slightly behind, biting into a sandwich, but his grin already said he was ready to stir trouble.

Dale straightened, masking his flinch with a scoff. “Just having a chat with Frankie here.”

“Looked more like bullying,” Dillon said around a mouthful of bread. He swallowed and smirked. “Classic Dale move. Flex, brag, compensate.”

“Shut up, Dillon,” Dale snapped.

Cory didn’t raise his voice, didn’t sneer. He just stepped closer, placing a hand on Frank’s shoulder, grounding him. “You don’t talk to him like that,” Cory said evenly.

For a moment, Dale’s jaw worked, his glare sharp. But Cory’s steady gaze didn’t waver. The silence stretched, taut as wire.

Finally, Dale grabbed his bag, slinging it over his shoulder. “Whatever.” He muttered something under his breath and stalked off across the quad.

Frank exhaled shakily, staring at the ground.

“You okay?” Cory asked.

Frank nodded, though his face was still red. “Yeah. Thanks.”

“Forget him,” Dillon said, plopping down beside Frank. “Guy’s just pissed he peaked in high school. And, y’know, that Aunt Judith probably faked it.”

Frank laughed weakly despite himself.

Cory squeezed his shoulder once, then let go. “You’re with us,” he said simply.

Frank looked up, surprised.

Dillon grinned. “Yeah, man. Brothers in crime. And whatever the hell this thing is.”

For the first time all day, Frank smiled — small, tentative, but real.

Behind them, Dale’s eyes burned from across the lawn, his fists clenched.

Cory hadn’t just defended Frank. He’d taken him. Pulled him into his circle.

And Dale wasn't about to forgive it.

The café was quiet in the mid-afternoon lull, sunlight slanting through tall windows, catching the steam rising from mugs and the glint of silver spoons. Stacey sat at a corner table, both hands wrapped tightly around her cup as though the heat could steady her.

Judith arrived in a sweep of perfume and confidence, her blonde hair gleaming, her dress fitted perfectly as if she'd stepped out of a magazine instead of a suburban driveway. She slid into the seat across from Stacey, her eyes sharp and amused.

"Well," Judith said, stirring her coffee slowly. "You look flushed."

Stacey forced a smile. "I didn't sleep well."

"Mm." Judith's smirk said she didn't believe her. "Or maybe you slept too well."

Stacey glanced down, cheeks heating. "He's... different," she admitted in a rush, as though saying it quickly would make it easier. "Cory. He's bolder than the others. I thought it was just the game, the wine, but... it isn't. He doesn't stop."

Judith leaned back, one brow arching. "And do you want him to stop?"

Stacey's throat tightened. "I... I don't know."

"Yes, you do." Judith sipped her coffee, her lipstick staining the rim. "You want him. We all saw it. And more importantly—he wants you. Not like the others want their mothers. Cory sees you as a woman. That's why he doesn't flinch."

Stacey shook her head, fingers gripping her mug. "It's too much. He—he's fearless. He touched me at dinner last night. With Dave right there."

Judith's lips curved into a sly, knowing smile. "And you came for him anyway, didn't you?"

Stacey's breath caught. She said nothing.

Judith leaned forward, her voice dropping low, silken and certain. "Don't stop him, Stacey. You'll only tear yourself apart. Guide him instead. Better to be the woman who teaches him than the one who denies him."

The words landed heavy, burrowing deep.

Stacey stared down at her hands, her pulse pounding. She wanted to protest, to insist it was wrong, too dangerous — but the truth was lodged in her chest. Judith was right.

Part of her wanted to stop him.

But more of her wanted to let him keep going.

The house was quiet, wrapped in the kind of silence that only came after midnight. Dave was asleep beside her, snoring faintly, the glow from the alarm clock casting numbers onto the ceiling.

Stacey lay awake, restless. Judith's words from earlier repeated in her head, looping endlessly: *Don't stop him. Guide him.*

Finally, she slipped from bed, pulling her robe around her body. She padded down the hall, intending to check on Cory the way she had a thousand times before, to whisper a simple goodnight like nothing had changed.

But everything had.

His door was ajar. She hesitated, then pushed gently.

And froze.

Cory lay sprawled in bed, shirtless, his sheets shoved low. His hand gripped his cock, stroking slow, deliberate. His chest rose and fell, muscles taut, jaw tight. The sound of his breath filled the room.

Stacey's pulse roared in her ears. She knew she should turn, should retreat immediately — but her feet stayed planted, her hand tightening on the doorframe.

Then his eyes opened.

They locked on hers instantly.

She gasped, about to stammer an apology — but Cory didn't stop. He didn't even flinch. His hand kept working up and down his shaft, slick and steady, his gaze holding hers like a challenge.

Her throat went dry. Heat flooded her face, her chest, her thighs. She couldn't move. Couldn't breathe.

His lips parted, a faint smirk ghosting across them. His pace quickened, his body tightening, every stroke bolder than the last. He wanted her to see. He wanted her to watch.

"Cory..." she whispered, but it came out weak, trembling.

He didn't answer. He didn't need to.

Her whole body shuddered with conflicting urges — shame burning in her chest, arousal pooling low in her belly. She should leave. She *had* to leave.

But she stayed. For one unbearable, electric moment, she stayed.

Finally, with a sharp breath, she tore herself away, retreating into the hall. She closed his door softly, pressing her back against the wall, her chest heaving, her skin aflame.

She stumbled into her bedroom, sliding under the sheets beside Dave, who never stirred.

Eyes wide in the dark, she pressed her thighs together, her body aching, her mind echoing with the image of Cory's eyes, his hand, his fearless smirk.

She had seen him. And he had wanted her to.

Chapter 11 – Second Club Night

Judith's lounge glowed like a temple again, but tonight it felt different. The candles burned lower, the music pulsed slower, and the air was thick with perfume and expectation.

The women had come dressed to be seen.

Judith wore black satin, the neckline plunging deep, the slit on her thigh high enough to flash skin with every step. Her blonde hair framed her face like a halo, her presence commanding even when she sat still.

Harper was pure sparkle — a silver mini-dress that hugged her curves and barely skimmed her thighs. Every time she laughed, it shimmered against her ass, threatening to ride higher.

Sofia glowed in red silk, a wrap dress that clung to her breasts and waist before spilling over her hips. Her curls bounced when she moved, her warm smile disguising the hunger flickering in her eyes.

And Stacey — crimson again, but this time the dress was tighter, shorter, barer. The neckline dipped scandalously low, her pale skin luminous in the dim light. Her red hair spilled loose over her shoulders, untamed.

The boys arrived together, but their nervousness of the first night was gone.

Dale strutted in first, smug as ever, though his eyes betrayed a flash of awe at his mother's outfit. Dillon grinned nervously, tugging at his shirt, cracking a joke about "walking into a Victoria's Secret ad." Frank trailed behind, already blushing, his shy smile barely concealing how hard he stared at his mom's curves.

And Cory... Cory strolled in with quiet calm, jeans fitted, t-shirt stretched across his chest, eyes sweeping the room like he owned it.

They didn't hesitate this time.

Dale sat close to Judith, draping an arm casually over the couch behind her. Dillon slid right next to his own mother, who instantly leaned into him, smirking. Frank settled beside Sofia, his hands fumbling until she reached over and gently covered them with hers.

And Cory — he went straight to Stacey. Sat close enough that their thighs touched, his arm resting casually across the back of the couch. She shivered, but didn't move away.

Wine was poured. Beers cracked open.

Laughter came quicker now, touches lingered longer. Hands slid over thighs, arms wrapped around waists, lips brushed cheeks that should've been safe but weren't.

They weren't pretending anymore.

The pact was in motion.

Wine glasses clinked, laughter hummed low, but the air was hotter than the last time. The touches were bolder, the glances heavier. Everyone knew they hadn't come here just to tease.

Judith sat forward, resting her glass on the low table. Her voice cut through the noise, cool and certain.

"Last time," she said, eyes sweeping the circle, "we kept it soft. Safe. Tonight, I think it's time we move further."

The boys stilled. Dillon stopped mid-joke, Frank swallowed nervously, and Dale's grin spread wider.

He leaned forward, smug. "Handjobs, then?" His voice was cocky, like he was calling the next round of a game he thought he was winning. "Seems like the obvious next step."

Harper chuckled, rolling her eyes. Sofia blushed, sipping her wine too quickly.

But before Judith could respond, Cory's voice slipped in, smooth and low.

"We can do that ourselves."

The words hung in the air. Everyone turned to him.

Cory leaned back, one arm stretched across the back of the couch behind his mom, his beer dangling from the other hand. Calm. Unbothered.

"If we're going to do something special," he continued, eyes glinting, "why not this—" He paused, just long enough to make them lean in. "Titfuck."

The room froze.

Dillon choked on his drink. "Jesus Christ."

Frank's face went crimson, his eyes wide.

Harper burst out laughing, clapping her hands together. "Ohhh, bold boy! I *like* it."

Sofia hid her face behind her glass, but her shoulders shook with nervous laughter. "Madre de Dios..."

Judith arched a brow, her lips curving into something between amusement and intrigue. She studied Cory, letting the silence stretch. He didn't fidget. He didn't blush. He just looked back at her, steady and sure.

Finally, Judith spoke. "Interesting."

Her gaze flicked to the other women. Stacey's cheeks were flushed, but her eyes betrayed no resistance. Harper was already nodding eagerly, her grin wicked. Sofia looked nervous, but after a moment, she gave a tiny nod too.

Judith smiled faintly, lifting her glass again. "Then it's settled."

The boys exchanged glances, excitement flashing in their eyes — but none dared to speak. Only Cory sat there calmly, like he'd known all along he'd win.

Judith set her glass down with a soft clink. Her voice was smooth, firm, unyielding.

"Then let's not waste time," she said. "Clothes off."

The words hit the room like a spark.

Dale grinned instantly, tugging his shirt over his head in one quick motion. He flexed his abs as though he were posing for a photo, cocky as ever. "Like what you see ladies?" he teased, his hands already on his belt buckle.

Harper snorted. "Typical."

Dillon laughed nervously, tugging at his collar. "Guess modesty's dead." He fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, cheeks flushed, muttering jokes under his breath. "Great. Nothing like public nudity with your mom and her best friends."

Frank swallowed hard, his hands trembling as he pulled off his hoodie. He hesitated, caught between shame and longing, until Sofia reached out and touched his wrist gently and started helping him.

"It's okay, cariño," she whispered. "You're beautiful."

He exhaled shakily, and kept going.

And then Cory stood.

He didn't rush. He didn't smirk or crack jokes. He just peeled his shirt off slowly, his muscles rippling under the candlelight. His jeans came next, unbuckled with calm precision, sliding down his thighs.

When his cock sprang free, thick and heavy, the air shifted.

The women stared.

Harper let out a low whistle and clapped her hands. "Oh, *damn*. Stacey, you've been holding out on us."

Sofia's hand flew to her mouth, her cheeks flushing crimson — but her eyes stayed fixed on him, wide and unblinking.

Judith tilted her head, her cool smile never faltering, but the arch of her brow betrayed intrigue.

And Stacey... Stacey couldn't breathe. Her eyes devoured him openly, no attempt at disguise. Heat crawled over her skin, her thighs pressing together under her crimson dress.

The boys noticed too.

Dale sneered, flexing his chest harder, as if trying to compete, but his eyes betrayed the crack in his confidence. Dillon chuckled awkwardly, looking anywhere but Cory, his blush deepening. Frank's gaze flicked down, then away, shame and awe warring in his face.

Cory didn't compare. Didn't look.

He just stood there, owning the room.

And in that moment, everyone — boys and women alike — understood: Cory was already playing a different game.

Judith's smile lingered as she rose from the couch. "We've seen enough of them," she said smoothly. "It's only fair they see us."

The boys' laughter stilled. Every eye followed as she reached behind her neck, fingers tugging the clasp of her satin gown. With a slow pull, the dress slid down, pooling at her feet in a whisper of fabric. Black lace hugged her tall, statuesque frame, stockings gartered high, her boobs full and commanding. She stood regal, daring anyone to look away. Dale didn't even try—his smirk faltered into raw hunger.

"Always the queen," Harper teased, rising next. Her silver mini-dress shimmered as she tugged it down her hips. She wiggled deliberately, laughing as the sequins caught the candlelight. Beneath, sheer mesh lingerie clung to her curves, glittering straps framing her breasts. "Ta-da." She twirled once, playful, her dark skin glowing. Dillon covered his face, groaning. "Jesus, Mom—" But his fingers parted, and his cock betrayed him, stiff against his thigh. Harper cackled, pleased.

Sofia hesitated, hands trembling at her waist. Harper gave her a wink, Judith gave her a nod. She untied the wrap of her red silk dress, and it slipped open. Lace the same shade of red cradled her overflowing curves, her body soft and generous, her warmth radiant. Frank's mouth fell open. He didn't blink, didn't breathe. His shy hands twisted in his lap, but his gaze stayed fixed on her, reverent. "Mamá..." he whispered, so low she almost missed it.

And then Stacey.

Her hands shook as she stood. Her crimson dress clung tight, and for a moment she froze, glancing at Cory. His eyes locked on hers, dark and steady. No smile. No words. Just expectation.

She slid the straps from her shoulders, the fabric falling slowly. When it pooled at her feet, she was bare. No lingerie. No cover. Pale skin glowing, tits full and heavy, her red hair spilling wild over her shoulders.

The room held its breath.

Cory didn't flinch. Didn't flick his gaze around the room like the other boys. His eyes stayed locked on his mother, devouring her. His cock hardened further, thick and insistent, straining upward. Stacey flushed under his stare, trembling, but she didn't cover herself.

The four women stood in the candlelight, stripped, exposed, unashamed. The four boys sat naked, their cocks betraying every thought.

Judith's voice cut through the silence, smooth and commanding:

"Now. Let's begin."

The low table glistened with candlelight, shadows wrapping the room close. Judith's command still hung in the air.

The moms moved first, sinking to their knees before their sons. Dresses pooled around them, lingerie clinging to skin, perfume rising heavy.

Dale leaned back smugly, spreading his legs wide as his mom's blonde head lowered between his thighs. She pressed her tits around his cock, her hands guiding the movement, sleek and steady. Dale groaned loud, gripping her hair like he was winning.

But his body betrayed him — quick, twitching, needy. Within minutes he gasped, spilling fast across her cleavage. He grinned cockily, panting. "You look good covered in my cum, Mom."

Judith wiped her chin with a tissue, her lips curling faintly. She didn't look impressed.

Harper giggled as she squeezed her tits around Dillon's cock, exaggerating the motion like a performance. "Like this, baby? Mmm, look how shy you are."

Dillon laughed nervously, his glasses slipping down his nose. "This is insane mom—holy shit." His cock twitched, straining, but his nerves kept him teetering.

Harper teased him mercilessly, blowing kisses, shaking her breasts. Finally, she leaned forward, tongue darting to his cock's tip while she squeezed him tight. He groaned, eyes rolling back, and finished with a messy cry, Harper laughing the whole time.

"See? Not so nerdy after all," she teased, wiping her chest.

Sofia's hands trembled as she pressed her tits around Frank's cock, her eyes never leaving his face. "Mi amor, just relax. Let me take care of you."

Frank gasped softly, hands hovering awkwardly at his sides, unsure whether to touch her. He whispered, "You're so beautiful, Mom" over and over, his face burning red.

Sofia cooed encouragement, slow and gentle, her movements tender. Frank shuddered, overwhelmed, finishing with an embarrassed moan as she kissed his cheek lovingly.

The room hushed for her when Stacey lowered herself.

Cory leaned back, his body relaxed but his eyes sharp, never leaving hers. She pressed her tits around his cock, pale flesh swallowing his thickness. He groaned low, his hand instantly in her hair, guiding her pace.

Unlike the others, he didn't let her lead. He set the rhythm, steady, unyielding. His cock slid between her tits, the tip brushing her chin, smearing precum across her skin. His mom moaned softly, her breath hot against him.

Cory tightened his grip in her red hair, pulling her closer. "Faster," he murmured, his voice rough, commanding.

She obeyed, trembling, her boobs squeezing tight around his cock, her lips parting to lick his tip each time it rose to her mouth. The wet sound filled the room, obscene and hypnotic.

Stacey whimpered, lost in it, her body arching with every thrust. Cory lasted longer than the others, his control ironclad. His jaw clenched, his abs tight, but he held back, riding the edge.

The women glanced over — Harper biting her lip, Sofia flushed and wide-eyed, Judith arching her brow with intrigue. Even Dale, sulking, couldn't look away.

Finally, Cory growled low, thrusting hard, his cock sliding between Stacey's boobs as he spilled across her chest, her neck, her lips. Stacey moaned at the heat, licking him instinctively, her eyes glazed with desire.

The room was silent except for their breathing.

And in that silence, everyone understood: Cory wasn't fumbling, wasn't nervous, wasn't just a boy. He was in control.

And Stacey wasn't resisting. She was ready to be his.

The lounge was heavy with the scent of sex and cum— musk, sweat, perfume, candle wax.

The boys slumped back against the couches, flushed and panting, their cocks softening against their thighs. Dale wiped his chest with the back of his hand, pretending satisfaction. Dillon leaned his head back, glasses askew, muttering, "Holy shit, that was awesome." under his breath. Frank sat trembling, cheeks red, his shy smile dazed and overwhelmed.

The Moms rose, murmuring softly as they reached for tissues and wipes, cleaning themselves, straightening straps of their dresses, adjusting hair. Judith was calm and composed, Harper still giggling, Sofia tenderly patting Frank's cheek.

And Cory.

Cory wasn't slumped like the others. His chest still rose steady, his jaw tight, his cock glistening across Stacey's pale skin. He sat forward, reaching for tissues, and helped his mother to clean herself — slow, careful, his eyes never leaving her face. Stacey let him, her lips parted, trembling under his touch.

The room stilled, watching.

Judith raised one sculpted brow, swirling her wine glass. Harper whistled softly, amused. Sofia bit her lip, her eyes flicking between Stacey and Cory with something like longing.

The other boys noticed too. Dale's jaw clenched, his fists tightening on his thighs. Dillon blinked, sitting up straighter, realizing Cory wasn't just acting different — he *was* different. Frank looked away, too shy to watch.

When Stacey leaned in, her red hair spilling over her bare shoulders, and kissed Cory — it was no peck. It was hungry. Her lips pressed to his, wet and messy, her moan low and needy.

The kiss deepened, Stacey clutching his jaw, Cory gripping her waist. It wasn't playful, wasn't part of the pact. It was raw, shameless, real.

The room was silent, every breath caught.

Judith's lips curved faintly, hiding a smirk behind her glass. Harper's grin widened, muttering, "Oh, damn." Sofia's eyes shone, wide and aching.

When Cory finally pulled back, Stacey's lipstick was smeared across his mouth. She was breathless, trembling, her eyes glazed.

Chapter 12 – Sofia’s Gratitude

The sun was already high, the air warm with the promise of summer. Cory walked the quiet suburban street with his duffel slung over his shoulder, fresh from his football practice. His shirt clung to his chest, damp with sweat, his stride easy and unhurried.

A sleek black SUV slowed beside him. The tinted window slid down, and Sofia’s familiar voice spilled into the air.

“Cory! Get in, cariño.”

He paused, turning toward her. Sofia leaned across the console, sunglasses perched in her curls, lipstick perfect, her smile as wide as always. Even in the middle of the day, she looked like she’d just stepped out of a photoshoot — silk blouse, gold jewellery flashing in the sun, perfume drifting even from the car.

Cory smirked faintly. “What’s this, a kidnapping?”

“Sí,” she said, laughing. “I’m stealing you. Come, I’ll buy you coffee. I owe you.”

He arched a brow. “Owe me?”

“For Frank,” she said, her voice softening. “He told me what you did. Standing up to Dale. My boy admires you so much, and... I wanted to say thank you. Properly.”

Cory studied her a moment, his eyes dark and unreadable. Then he shrugged, tugged the strap of his duffel higher, and pulled open the door.

“If you insist.”

He slid into the passenger seat, his body filling the space, the car suddenly smaller, warmer. Sofia’s pulse jumped as she pulled back onto the road. She chattered lightly about the diner nearby, her eyes flicking toward him more than the street.

Cory leaned back, stretching one arm across the console, smirking to himself. He said little. He didn’t have to.

The diner was quiet, the kind of place with chrome edges on the tables and faded menus tucked behind salt shakers. Cory slid into the booth like he owned it, stretching his arm across the backrest, his black t-shirt still clinging faintly from practice.

Sofia sat across from him, glowing. Her blouse was low-cut, her curls spilling around her shoulders, her red nails tapping nervously against the coffee mug the waitress had just left. She hadn’t stopped smiling since they’d walked in.

“You don’t understand,” she gushed, her accent rolling with warmth. “Frank came home so happy. He told me how you stepped in, how you told Dale to back off. He said—” Her voice wavered, proud. “He said you made him feel like he belonged.”

Cory’s dark eyes stayed on her, unblinking. He leaned back, his lips twitching at the corner. “It wasn’t much.”

“It was everything,” Sofia insisted, leaning forward, her breasts pressing against the table edge. “You don’t know how long Frank has felt small, like he isn’t enough. But you—you gave him confidence. You’re a good man, Cory. I will always be grateful.”

He raised a brow, the smirk deepening. He let her words hang, offered nothing back but silence.

Sofia flushed, realizing how much she’d said. She sipped her coffee, her hands trembling slightly. But her eyes kept darting back to him, soft and hungry, like she couldn’t help herself.

When he finally moved, it was sudden. Cory stood, slid out of the booth, and held out his hand to her.

“Let’s go.”

Sofia blinked, startled. “Where?”

He didn’t answer. He didn’t need to. His hand stayed out, steady, commanding.

Her breath hitched. Slowly, she placed her fingers in his.

Minutes later, he was behind the wheel of her SUV, one hand on the steering wheel, the other resting casually on the console between them. Sofia sat in the passenger seat, heart pounding, her pulse racing as he drove with calm precision.

“Cory—” she began, her voice a tremble.

“Relax, Aunt Sofia.” he said, his tone low, absolute.

The road wound upward, out of town, to a quiet hilltop overlooking the valley. He parked, killed the engine. Silence swallowed them, broken only by the faint rush of wind.

Cory turned toward her then, eyes dark and steady.

And Sofia realized coffee had never been the point.

The car was quiet, the windows fogging faintly in the warm evening air. Sofia’s chest rose and fell too fast, her hands twisting in her lap as Cory leaned back in the driver’s seat, his dark eyes steady on her.

Then he unzipped.

The sound was sharp in the silence, and then his cock was out, thick and hard, standing eight inches tall between them.

His voice was calm, low, undeniable.

“Now you can thank me properly.”

Sofia’s lips parted. A gasp, soft and helpless, slipped out. Her thighs pressed together, her body betraying her even as her mind spun.

“Cory...” she whispered.

“Be a good girl, Aunt Sofia.” he said, his hand resting casually on the back of her neck. Not a push. Just a guide. A command disguised as a touch.

Her body obeyed before her thoughts could catch up. She slid down, the leather creaking under her as she leaned across the console. Her curls brushed his thighs as she took him in hand, her breath shuddering.

The first taste of his cock stole her breath. His cock filled her mouth, stretching her lips, her tongue straining under his weight. She moaned around his cock, the sound vibrating down his shaft.

“Good girl,” Cory murmured, his voice rougher now. He sank back into the seat, one hand gripping her hair, the other sliding to her tits.

Sofia gasped when his palm closed over her boobs through the thin silk of her blouse, squeezing firmly. He tugged the fabric aside, freeing her soft, full curves. Her nipples were already stiff, aching. Cory’s fingers pinched one, rolling it as his cock slid deeper into her throat.

Her moan was muffled, desperate, sending shivers through him.

He pressed her head lower, guiding her pace, his cock slick with her saliva. She gagged softly, tears springing to her eyes, but she didn’t pull back. She wanted it. Needed it. Her hands clutched his thighs, nails digging, as he filled her mouth again and again.

Cory’s thumb brushed her nipple, harder this time, making her whole body jolt. She whined around his cock, the sound making him groan low in his chest.

“Look at me,” he ordered.

Her eyes lifted, watery but burning, her lips stretched wide around him. The sight nearly undid him.

He tightened his grip in her curls, thrusting once, twice — then spilled his hot and heavy cum into her mouth.

Sofia moaned, swallowing desperately, the taste of his cum was thick and overwhelming. She didn't spill a drop. When he finally released her hair, she pulled back, gasping, her lipstick smeared, her tits heaving, his cum glistening on her lips before she licked them clean.

"Dios mío..." she whispered, dazed, her eyes wide with awe and lust.

Cory smirked faintly, tucking himself back into his jeans, as calm as if nothing had happened.

Sofia sat trembling, her blouse hanging loose, her boobs still bare where he'd played with them. She touched her lips, her whole body still buzzing.

For the first time in years, she felt truly wanted.

But it wasn't enough for her.

Before Cory could shift, Sofia moved. She climbed across the console in a rustle of silk and perfume, her curves pressing into him as she straddled his lap. Her thighs wrapped around his hips, her boobs heavy against his chest, still bare where he'd tugged her blouse aside.

She kissed him hungrily, her mouth still tasting of him, her tongue sliding against his. Her hips rolled instinctively, grinding against the hard outline of his cock even as it softened, desperate for more of his body, more of his heat.

Cory let her move, one hand gripping her waist, the other tangled in her hair as he kissed her back with steady, unhurried dominance. She moaned into his mouth, clutching at him like she could melt into him, her whole body trembling with need.

For a fleeting moment, it felt like Sofia was taking charge, devouring him with her passion. But Cory's calm hand on her waist reminded her of the truth: she wasn't leading him. She was allowed to climb into his lap because he wanted her there.

Their kiss broke only when Sofia pulled back, breathless, her curls wild, her blouse slipping fully off one shoulder. She stared into his eyes, her voice barely a whisper.

"Gracias, Cory."

He smirked faintly, brushing his thumb over her swollen lower lip. "You are such a good sucker, A good girl indeed."

Sofia shivered.

The drive back was quiet, but the air between them throbbed with what had just happened. Sofia's hands clutched the wheel, her fingers still trembling, her chest rising and falling too fast. Her curls were a little wild, her blouse askew, one button was missing where Cory's hand had slipped inside.

She kept sneaking glances at him. He sat calm in the passenger seat, one arm resting against the door, his expression unreadable except for the faint smirk tugging at his mouth.

Sofia's lips still tingled from his kiss. Her throat still ached from the stretch of him. She had never felt so wicked, so alive.

When they pulled into Stacey's driveway, her pulse spiked. The house stood quiet, curtains drawn against the late afternoon sun. But the front door opened as they rolled to a stop.

Stacey stood there.

Her robe was tied tightly around her waist, her red hair loose over her shoulders. She leaned against the frame, arms crossed, her eyes sharp and unreadable.

Sofia's breath caught. She fumbled with the gearshift, forcing a bright smile. "Gracias again, Cory," she said, her voice too soft, too warm.

Cory opened the door, sliding out with his duffel. He didn't look rattled. Didn't look guilty. He only glanced back at Sofia, then up at Stacey on the porch. His smirk deepened.

"Anytime, Aunt Sofia."

Sofia's blush spread hot across her cheeks. She pulled away too quickly, her tires crunching against the pavement as she sped off.

Stacey didn't move as Cory approached. She didn't speak.

But her eyes said everything.

She knew something has happened.

Chapter 13 – Jealous Fire

Stacey paced her bedroom, the carpet soft under her bare feet. The lamp on her nightstand threw warm light across the walls, but nothing in the room felt steady. Her pulse was too fast, her breath too shallow.

She'd seen them.

Sofia's car pulling away, Cory's calm strides up the driveway. She hadn't asked, hadn't dared — but she knew.

Finally, with trembling fingers, she snatched her phone off the dresser and dialed.

Sofia picked up on the second ring, her voice warm and sing-song. “Stacey! I was just going to call you.”

“Don’t,” Stacey snapped. “Tell me what happened.”

A pause. Then Sofia’s tone softened, dreamy, as if recalling a secret pleasure. “He is... incredible.”

Stacey’s grip on the phone tightened. “What did you do?”

Sofia didn’t hesitate. “I thanked him. The way he deserved. I sucked him off in my car. He was so calm, so sure... I’ve never felt that way before. Not even with—” She cut herself off, then laughed breathlessly. “I couldn’t help it, Stacey. Cory is... different.”

The words sliced through her. Stacey’s throat tightened, her stomach knotted, and yet beneath the fury, her skin flushed hot. Her jealousy was sharp, but tangled with arousal she couldn’t fight.

“You—” Her voice cracked. She swallowed hard, forcing it steady. “You shouldn’t have.”

“He wanted it,” Sofia said simply. “And so did I.”

Stacey’s vision blurred with heat. She ended the call without another word, tossing the phone onto the bed.

In the mirror across the room, her reflection stared back — cheeks flushed, lips trembling, eyes blazing.

Furious. Eaten alive. Aching.

The phone landed on the bed with a dull thud. Stacey stood frozen, her chest heaving, her hands curled into fists at her sides.

She thanked him. The way he deserved.

Sofia’s voice replayed in her head like a curse. Calm, soft, glowing with afterglow. Stacey pressed her palms against her thighs, but it didn’t stop the shiver crawling through her.

Jealousy burned in her chest, but lower... lower, heat pooled hot and unbearable.

Her mind tried to rage — *she had no right, he’s mine, mine* — but every image her jealousy conjured made her thighs press together. Sofia’s lips wrapped around her son’s cock. Sofia’s hand gripping his cock. Sofia swallowing what Stacey wanted for herself.

She stumbled toward the mirror, staring at her reflection. Her red hair was loose and wild, her robe slipping open at the chest. Her cheeks glowed, her lips looked swollen, her skin flushed like she’d just been fucked.

Her hand lifted without thought, sliding down the dip of her waist, brushing the soft curve of her tits. Her nipples stiffened instantly under her touch. She gasped, squeezing her thighs tighter, shame and need tangling until she couldn't separate them anymore.

She had him. But I need him. I need to show him that he's mine.

Her eyes narrowed, burning hot as she straightened.

If Sofia thought she could claim Cory with gratitude, Stacey would show her — and everyone else — what possession really looked like.

She tied her robe tighter, her hands shaking, her arousal dripping into her fury. And then, with a reckless determination, she left the room.

She knew exactly where Cory was.

Cory's room was lit only by the glow of laptops and the TV screen playing in the background. Pizza boxes and soda cans cluttered the floor. Cory sat cross-legged on the carpet with Dillon and Frank, their heads bent over notebooks, laughter spilling between them as they teased each other about a group assignment.

The door banged open.

Stacey stood in the doorway, her robe still knotted tight, her hair loose around her flushed face. Her boobs heaved, her eyes blazing. The laughter died instantly. Dillon's mouth froze mid-joke. Frank blinked, startled.

"Mom—" Cory started, but she cut him off with a look.

She crossed the room without a word, her steps sharp, her eyes locked on him like a predator. She grabbed the waistband of his gym shorts and yanked them down in one swift motion.

His cock sprang free, thick and hard, already half-aroused from her presence.

Dillon's jaw dropped. Frank's breath caught audibly.

Before either could speak, Stacey dropped to her knees.

Her red hair spilled forward as she took Cory's cock into her mouth, swallowing him deep. The wet sound filled the room, obscene and shocking.

"God Damn, Auntie Stacey" Dillon whispered, frozen.

Frank's eyes were wide, his face flushed crimson, his hands twisting in his lap as he stared helplessly.

Cory leaned back on his palms, grinning faintly, his gaze shifting between his stunned friends. “Don’t be shy,” he drawled, his voice smooth, unbothered. “You wanted to know how are things between me and my mom.”

Stacey moaned around him, her lips sliding up and down his thick cock, her tongue flicking, her cheeks hollowing. She wasn’t just sucking him — she was devouring him, fury and hunger driving every motion.

Her nails dug into his thighs as she bobbed faster, her eyes glaring up at him like she wanted to punish and worship him all at once. Spit ran down her chin, dripping onto her robe as she worked him harder, needier, her jealousy spilling out in every frantic stroke.

Cory groaned, his head tilting back, his abs tightening. His cock pulsed hot against her tongue. A few more desperate strokes, and he spilled into her mouth.

Stacey swallowed it all. Every drop of his cum.

She pulled back, licking her lips clean, her tits heaving. Then she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, turned her head toward Dillon and Frank, and gave them a sly, satisfied smirk.

Neither spoke. Dillon’s glasses slid down his nose as he gawked, mouth open. Frank’s face burned scarlet, his eyes wide and glassy.

Stacey rose without a word, her robe slipping slightly off one shoulder, and walked out of the room with her head high, her hips swaying.

The door clicked shut behind her.

For a long moment, silence.

Then Cory chuckled low, pulling his shorts back up. He looked at the two boys, their stunned faces, and smirked.

“Told you.”

Chapter 14 – Gossip & Shifts

The house was dark, but Stacey’s lamp glowed warm beside her bed. She lay back against the pillows, phone pressed to her ear, heart thudding as the group call connected.

Judith’s voice came first, smooth and commanding. “Alright. Everyone here?”

“Sí, I’m here,” Sofia said quickly, her tone soft, almost bubbling.

Harper’s laugh followed, rich and teasing. “Wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

Stacey swallowed. “Yes. I’m here.”

For a moment, only the sound of breath on the line. Then Sofia exhaled. “I need to say something. I know I crossed the line with Cory. But—” Her voice broke into a small, helpless laugh. “I couldn’t stop myself. He is... irresistible. The way he looks at you, the way he takes control... Dios mío, it’s been years since a man made me feel like that.”

Stacey’s stomach twisted. She dug her nails into her sheets, but she said nothing.

Harper let out a wicked chuckle. “Oh, honey. You don’t have to apologize to Stacey. Trust me, She *get* it.” She paused, then added, gleefully: “Speaking of which—Stacey, you naughty little thing. That show you put on last night? Word travels. Dillon came home red as a beet, begging me for a blowjob after watching you on your knees. Can you believe that?”

Heat rushed to Stacey’s face. “I—I wasn’t putting on a show—”

“Mm-hm,” Harper purred, clearly delighted.

Judith’s voice cut through, calm and cool, silencing the chatter. “Enough. We’re dancing around the truth. We’ve already broken the rules. The line is gone. If we’re doing this, we have to commit.”

Her pause was deliberate, heavy.

“The next Club night,” Judith said firmly, “goes further. No more half-steps.”

Sofia whispered, breathless, “Further...”

Harper laughed softly. “Now you’re speaking my language.”

Stacey closed her eyes, her chest rising and falling too fast. She should object, should demand limits. But when the silence stretched, she didn’t speak.

One by one, they murmured their agreement.

And just like that, the next night was sealed.

The campus courtyard buzzed with chatter, sunlight spilling across the tables where students sprawled with trays of food.

Cory sat with Dillon and Frank, the three of them leaning in close around a pile of greasy pizza slices and half-drained soda cups. Dillon gestured wildly as he told a story, his glasses sliding down his nose, Frank laughing so hard he nearly spilled his drink.

Cory smirked, leaning back, letting them have their fun. His calm presence anchored them, the way it always did. Every so often, Dillon or Frank glanced at him, their laughter softening into something like admiration before the jokes started again.

Not far away, Dale sat alone.

He stabbed at his fries without tasting them, his jaw tight, his eyes fixed on the trio. Something had shifted. Dillon and Frank had always been easy to sway, to tease, to push around. But now they clung to Cory like he was the sun, their little circle revolving around him.

And Cory... Cory looked different. Too confident. Too calm.

Dale narrowed his eyes, suspicion gnawing. This wasn't about classes or football or even their long years as friends. Something else was binding them now — something Dale wasn't part of.

He clenched his fist around his fork. *It has to be the moms.*

The thought made his blood run hot. He could feel it — something was happening behind closed doors, and Cory was at the centre of it.

Dale tossed the fork onto his tray, his glare locked on Cory's smirk.

I'll find out. And when I do, I'll prove I'm better.

Next Morning-

Morning light poured through the kitchen window, casting everything in a soft gold. The smell of coffee and toast filled the air.

Dave sat at the head of the table, newspaper folded beside his mug, mumbling distractedly about work while scrolling through his phone.

Stacey moved quietly between counter and table, her robe tied tight but straining against her body. The swell of her boobs — impossibly full, heavy, round — shifted with every step, the fabric pulled taut around them. She tried to keep her movements calm, but her skin buzzed, her mind still haunted by the phone call the night before.

Cory walked in shirtless, his sweatpants slung low, his cock print thick against the fabric. He didn't glance at his dad. His eyes went straight to his mom.

He sat next to her, close enough that his thigh brushed hers under the table.

"Morning, Mom" he said casually, his smirk tugging at his lips.

Stacey swallowed. "M-Morning."

Dave grunted something about the weather, flipping a page.

Then Cory leaned sideways, his hand tugging lightly at the edge of her robe. Before she could stop him, his mouth closed over her left boob, sucking her nipple through the fabric.

Stacey gasped, her hand flying to the table edge. Her enormous tits strained against the robe, the fabric darkening as his tongue flicked and sucked, pulling her peak into a stiff point.

She bit down on her lip, her eyes darting to Dave — but he didn't look up, muttering about his golf buddy's text.

Cory sucked harder, his hand sliding under the robe to grip the weight of her right boob, kneading the soft flesh, his thumb rolling her nipple as his mouth worked the other.

Her breath shuddered out in a quiet moan. She tried to mask it with a cough, her cheeks burning, but her body trembled under his tongue.

Dave cleared his throat, sipping his coffee, oblivious.

Cory finally pulled back, his lips glistening, his smirk sharp. He licked his mouth slowly, deliberately, before leaning back in his chair like nothing had happened.

Stacey sat frozen, her chest heaving, her massive tits still straining against the loosened robe, nipples stiff and damp.

Dave folded his newspaper. "We need more sugar," he muttered, standing to check the pantry.

Stacey's hands shook as she tied the robe tighter, but Cory's smirk told her everything.

He could do whatever he wanted.

And she couldn't stop him.

Chapter 15 – Hunger in the Eyes

The church bells rang out, their chime echoing through the high rafters as sunlight spilled in through stained glass. Hymns rose from the choir loft, voices weaving into reverence.

Stacey sat neatly in the pew, her hands folded over the hymnal. She'd dressed modestly — a pale blouse buttoned high, a skirt falling to her knees — but nothing could tame the swell of her boobs. They strained against the fabric with every breath, heavy and impossible to hide.

On one side of her, her husband Dave hummed off-key, tapping the page lazily as his eyes drifted toward the bulletin.

On her other side sat her son.

He didn't look at the altar. Didn't look at the choir. His dark eyes were fixed on her.

Stacey turned her head just slightly, pretending to scan the hymnbook, and their gazes locked.

Heat surged through her chest. His eyes burned — steady, unblinking, filled not with prayer but hunger.

Her lips parted. Her throat tightened. The choir sang of salvation, but all she felt was sin.

Stacey's fingers trembled on the page. She tried to breathe, to focus on the notes, but her body betrayed her — her thighs pressed together, her boobs rising higher with each shaky breath.

Cory's gaze flicked down to her tits, lingered, then returned to her eyes. He didn't smirk. He didn't blink. He just looked at her like he was already undressing her.

Her cheeks flushed hot. She bit her lip, shifting in her seat.

Dave glanced up briefly, distracted. "You okay, hon?"

"Yes," Stacey whispered quickly, her voice too sharp, too thin. She forced a smile toward him — then looked back at Cory.

The hymn swelled. Sunlight painted their faces in colour.

And in that holy space, Stacey knew — Cory wanted her. Badly. And she wanted him even worse.

As the congregation bowed their heads for prayer, Stacey folded her hands in her lap. Her eyes squeezed shut, lips moving silently with the pastor's words.

Then she felt it — Cory's hand sliding across the pew, brushing hers. His fingers didn't pull away. They curled, strong and deliberate, lacing with hers under the hymnal.

Stacey's breath caught, her heart hammering. She dared not open her eyes, but her body burned as his thumb traced slow circles over her palm, a secret touch in a holy place.

Dave shifted beside them, muttering "*Amen*" under his breath, completely oblivious.

Stacey whispered it too, but her voice trembled — not from devotion, but from the sinful fire racing through her veins.

The hymn still echoed in Stacey's ears as they filed out of the church, sunlight washing over the parking lot. Dave walked ahead, checking his phone, mumbling something about

deadlines. Cory trailed beside his mother, his arm brushing hers with every step, his gaze never leaving her.

They slid into the car — Dave in the front, Stacey and Cory in the back. The drive was quiet at first, just the hum of the engine and Dave rattling off his plans for the week.

Then his phone buzzed. He cursed softly. “Shit — I’ve got to stop by the office. Drop me there, won’t you?”

Minutes later, they pulled up outside his building. Dave kissed Stacey’s cheek distractedly, clapped Cory on the shoulder, and hopped out with his briefcase. “Don’t wait up for me tonight.”

The door shut.

Silence fell.

And then Cory moved.

He slid to the backseat, his hand clamping firmly onto his mom’s thigh, pushing her skirt up until his fingers brushed bare skin. Stacey gasped, her head tilting back against the headrest.

“Cory—” she whispered, her voice already trembling.

His mouth crushed against hers before she could say more. Their lips collided in a messy, desperate kiss — all tongue, heat, hunger. His hand climbed higher, cupping the soft curve of her ass, dragging her closer across the leather seat.

Stacey moaned into his mouth, her hands clutching his shirt. Then one hand dropped lower, straight to the thick bulge straining against his jeans. She rubbed hard, her palm working his cock through the denim.

Cory groaned, biting her lip, grinding into her hand. His other hand tugged her blouse open, buttons popping, baring her massive tits. They spilled heavy into his palms, her nipples stiff against the cool air.

Stacey whimpered, arching into him, her boobs squeezed together as his mouth moved down to suck one hard, then the other. Her fingers worked his zipper open, freeing the thick length of him, slick with precum already.

“God, Cory,” she gasped, clutching his head against her chest. “I need you—”

His teeth scraped her nipple, making her cry out. His cock throbbed under her hand as she stroked him, her tits bouncing with every ragged breath.

The car windows fogged, their moans filling the enclosed space. Stacey’s thighs rubbed together, soaked and desperate, while Cory’s hand pressed between them, finding her heat even through her panties.

“Fuck, you’re dripping, Mom” he growled into her ear, his fingers pushing the damp fabric aside, sliding over her wet folds.

Stacey nearly sobbed with want, her hips grinding shamelessly into his hand. Her eyes squeezed shut, her nails digging into his back.

It was wild, frantic, a storm of kisses, gropes, and gasps. They weren’t making love — they were devouring each other, barely contained, one heartbeat away from losing all restraint.

Only the thin walls of the car, and the faint memory of the street outside, kept them from going further.

Cory broke the kiss with a growl, his forehead pressed to Stacey’s, both of them panting, sweat slick on their skin. His fingers were still buried against her soaked panties, her hand still wrapped around his cock, but his voice came low, rough, and steady: “Too public. We’ll finish this at home.”

Stacey nodded frantically, her chest heaving, her massive tits spilling from her blouse. She kissed him once more, desperate and quick, before forcing herself to pull her robe closed. Their hands lingered on each other as Cory zipped up, their eyes locked in a silent vow — the moment the door shut behind them, nothing would stop what was coming.

The door had barely clicked shut behind them before Cory grabbed his mother.

Her back slammed against the wall, her gasp swallowed by his mouth. Their kiss was savage, teeth and tongue, his hands tearing at the knot of her blouse. Buttons scattered across the hardwood as her massive tits spilled free, bouncing heavy into his palms. He groaned against her lips, squeezing them, rolling her nipples between his fingers until she cried out.

Stacey clutched at his shirt, pulling it over his head, her hands roaming his chest, his arms, the hard ridges of his abs. “Cory,” she moaned, desperate, trembling.

He didn’t answer. He spun her, lifting her with a grunt, setting her down on the dining table with dishes rattling. The wood creaked under her weight as he yanked her skirt up and shoved her panties aside.

Her thighs fell open, her pussy glistening, already dripping from the car.

Cory dropped to his knees.

His mouth buried into her pussy, his tongue sliding deep, strong and relentless. Stacey cried out, clutching the table’s edge with white-knuckled fingers. Her head tipped back, her red hair spilling wild as her enormous breasts bounced with every shudder.

“Oh—God—Cory!” she sobbed, her hips grinding against his face. He gripped her thighs hard, pinning her in place as his tongue flicked, circled, plunged, ruthless in its rhythm.

Her body convulsed, her voice breaking into gasps and cries, the sound echoing off the walls. Her orgasm ripped through her, hard and unstoppable, leaving her trembling and soaked, her thighs quivering against his shoulders.

Cory rose slowly, his lips slick, his eyes burning as he unzipped his jeans. His cock sprang free, thick and heavy, throbbing with need. He pressed it against her entrance, teasing, spreading her wetness along his length. Stacey moaned, her body arching, begging.

Then his tip pushed inside — just enough for her to feel the stretch, the promise.

Her eyes flew open, wild and glazed. She pressed her palm to his chest, breathless, shaking her head. “Wait—wait. Something special is planned tomorrow.”

Cory froze, his cock poised, his jaw clenched. His breath came ragged as he leaned close, his lips brushing her ear.

“Next time,” he growled, deep and certain, “I won’t stop.”

Stacey shuddered, her body still spasming from her orgasm, her pussy aching from the tease. She knew he meant it. And God help her, she wanted it.

Chapter 16 – The Special Night

Later that evening-

The hallway outside Judith’s lounge was dim, lit only by the faint glow seeping under the door. The boys stood shoulder to shoulder, restless, their voices low.

Dale cracked his knuckles, trying to look unfazed. Dillon fiddled with his phone, grinning nervously. Frank rocked on his heels, red already creeping into his cheeks. Cory leaned against the wall, calm, unreadable, his hands tucked in his pockets.

Laughter and soft voices floated from behind the heavy door, muffled but tantalizing. The boys exchanged looks, their nerves electric.

Then the lock clicked.

The door swung open to reveal Harper’s head, her grin wicked. “Well, don’t just stand there, boys. Come in.”

They filed inside — and froze.

The lounge had been transformed. Candles glowed from every surface, casting the room in gold and shadow. The scent of perfume and wine clung to the air, thick and intoxicating.

And at the centre, the four moms stood together — naked.

Judith towered like a queen, her long silver blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, her boobs standing full and proud, her curves statuesque in the flickering light. Harper, dark-skinned and radiant, stood beside her, her hips cocked playfully, her heavy tits lifted as though daring them to stare. Sofia's body was voluptuous, lush and generous, her curls wild, her boobs overflowing, her warmth glowing like fire. And Stacey — pale, red-haired, with boobs so impossibly full they seemed to defy gravity — her figure soft and devastating, her eyes locked only on Cory.

They didn't cover themselves. They posed like goddesses in a temple, unashamed, powerful.

Judith's voice rang out, low and commanding. "Tonight is your special night. No more games. Tonight, you are our men."

The words struck like thunder.

The boys stared, stunned, their cocks straining against their jeans. Dillon let out a shaky laugh. Frank swallowed hard, his blush spreading to his chest. Dale licked his lips, smirking as though he'd already won.

Cory didn't move. His eyes swept over them once, then fixed on his mother, his smirk faint but certain.

Then, almost as one, the boys stripped. Shirts hit the floor, belts unbuckled, jeans peeled away. Their nerves only fuelled their urgency, desperate to prove themselves worthy of what had just been promised.

The moms stood, watching, their gazes heavy, their hunger undisguised.

The night had begun.

The air thickened as clothes pooled on the floor, candlelight painting bare skin in gold. For a heartbeat, no one moved — just four naked moms and four naked sons staring, breathing, wanting.

Then Judith, as always, took the lead. She sank gracefully onto the couch, spreading her thighs with regal certainty. Dale was on his mom instantly, gripping her hips, his cock already hard and pulsing. He shoved into her roughly, groaning loud, pounding like he had something to prove. Judith smirked up at him, amused by his eagerness even as his thrusts rattled her body. *Too fast*, she thought, but she let him finish, her queenly composure never breaking.

Across the room, Harper straddled Dillon on the rug, her laughter spilling as her tits bounced wildly. “Oh, you’ve been dying for this, haven’t you baby?” she teased, lowering herself onto his cock. Dillon gasped, his hands clutching her wide hips, his glasses sliding crooked as he tried to keep up. Harper rode him shamelessly, grinding and moaning theatrically. His body jerked within minutes, release rushing through him before he could stop it. She cackled, kissing his nose. “So quick, baby. Don’t worry — practice makes a man perfect and we are going to do a lot of practice from now on.”

Sofia guided Frank gently onto the cushions, her voice a lull of Spanish murmurs. She climbed atop him slowly, her lush curves enveloping him, her tits spilling over his chest as she kissed him tenderly. Frank’s hands trembled on her waist, his eyes glassy with awe. She rocked against him gently, whispering, “Mi amor, mi niño,” as if cradling him even while he was inside her. His body tensed, his moan broke free, and he finished too soon, collapsing against her with a blush of shame. Sofia only stroked his hair, kissing his cheek, cooing, “Perfect. Always perfect.”

And then — Cory and Stacey.

He pressed her back onto the low table, her red hair fanning out like fire against the wood. Her enormous breasts spilled free as he kissed down her neck, his hands gripping her soft thighs, spreading her wide. Stacey moaned, arching her back, pulling him closer, desperate.

When he entered her, the sound tore from her throat — raw, guttural.

“Cory!”

He moved slowly at first, savouring the stretch, the heat, her pussy clutching him tight. His lips closed around her nipples, sucking hard, his hips rolling deeper. Stacey’s cries filled the lounge, her nails clawing down his back.

While the others fumbled, Cory commanded. His pace was steady, powerful, every thrust making Stacey tremble. She wrapped her legs around him, dragging him deeper, sobbing his name again and again.

“God, yes — Cory! My Cory!”

The room shifted. Judith’s smirk faltered. Harper paused mid-laugh. Sofia clutched Frank tighter, her eyes locked on the pair at the table.

Because Cory and Stacey weren’t fumbling. They weren’t rushing. They were making love — carnal, consuming, lost in each other’s bodies and voices.

Sweat slicked their skin. Candlelight glistened over Stacey’s tits as they bounced with every thrust, Cory’s mouth trailing wet kisses over them before claiming her lips again. Their tongues tangled, their moans merging, their rhythm unbroken.

They didn’t see the others watching. They didn’t care.

It was just them.

The lounge had descended into soft chaos — bodies tangled, breaths ragged, skin damp with sweat and release.

Dale collapsed beside Judith, chest heaving, his smirk weakened by exhaustion. She stroked his pale hair idly, but her cool gaze flicked elsewhere.

Harper sprawled across Dillon, laughing, teasing him for how fast he'd finished, planting sloppy kisses on his flushed cheeks. He chuckled nervously, still catching his breath, glasses fogged with steam.

Sofia curled around Frank, whispering tender Spanish words as she kissed his temple, her generous boobs pressing into his trembling chest. Frank clung to her like a lifeline, eyes still wide from everything he'd seen.

The air should have been settling, the fire cooling into afterglow.

But it wasn't quiet.

Because at the centre of the room, Cory and Stacey were still going.

She was spread on the table, red hair damp with sweat, her boobs bouncing with every relentless thrust. Her cries were louder now, sharp and unrestrained, echoing against the walls.

"Cory—oh God, Cory—don't stop!"

Her legs locked tight around his waist, her nails raking down his back as he drove into her, faster, harder, unyielding. His jaw clenched, his muscles taut, sweat dripping down his chest as he bent to kiss her, devour her, breathe her in.

The others watched, helpless.

Judith's cool mask faltered, her lips parting, her breath caught. Harper bit her lip, her grin gone, replaced by raw hunger. Sofia clutched Frank tighter, whispering to him even as her eyes shone with longing.

No one spoke. No one moved.

Only Stacey's cries filled the air, her body shaking under Cory's, her orgasm tearing through her with a scream of his name.

"CORY!"

And then, with a guttural groan, he spilled his cum into her, thrusting deep, his whole body shuddering as he came hard.

They clung to each other, trembling, collapsing in a tangle of limbs and sweat and desperate kisses.

The room was silent, save for their ragged breathing.

And in that silence, everyone understood:

This wasn't just sex. This wasn't just the pact.

Cory and Stacey were the centre now. The Club revolved around them.

Chapter 17 – Claiming His Place

The lounge smelled of sweat, perfume, and candle wax. The air was thick with afterglow, the kind that pressed heavy on skin.

Everyone had settled onto the couches, bodies still bare, glasses in hand. Judith poured wine like a hostess at some decadent salon, her long legs stretched over the rug. Even the boys had their own glasses, though they sipped cautiously, flushed from the night.

Dale tipped his drink back with a cocky grin. "Honestly? I could've gone all night." His voice rang too loud in the dim, brittle with false confidence.

Judith's smirk cut sharp as glass. "Mm. Pity reality didn't agree." She raised her glass and drank, her tone making him flush dark, his jaw clenching.

On the other side of the room, Harper perched sideways in Dillon's lap, her bare boobs pressed against his chest. Dillon adjusted his glasses nervously, his ears red, but his grin was boyish, eager. He whispered something that made Harper throw her head back in a laugh, kissing his cheek before teasing: "Careful, baby. You don't want to finish again just from talking."

Frank lay stretched across the cushions, his head pillowed on his mother's lap. She stroked his hair tenderly, her long curls falling over him as she murmured soft Spanish, her wine forgotten on the table. Frank stared up at her tits with wide, dreamy eyes, his hand resting timidly on her thigh like he was afraid to lose her warmth.

But Cory and Stacey weren't part of the banter.

She sat curled in his lap, her skin glowing with sweat, her massive boobs still bare and heavy against his chest. One of Cory's hands cupped her hip, steady, possessive, while her fingers traced over his jawline, stroking his face as though memorizing him.

Her gaze never strayed from him. His never left her.

It wasn't just afterglow. It wasn't just sex.

The others laughed, teased, whispered — but Cory and Stacey existed in their own world, a gravity all its own.

And everyone could feel it.

The laughter had softened, the wine running low, the air heavy with heat and exhaustion.

Cory drained the last of his glass in one slow swallow, then set it down with a deliberate *clink*. Stacey shifted on his lap, ready to stroke his cheek again — but he caught her wrist, steady, commanding.

“Get dressed, Mom” he said quietly, but his voice carried.

The room stilled. Stacey blinked, surprised, but something in his eyes left no room for question. She slipped off his lap without a word, gathering her dress from the floor, sliding it back over her glowing skin.

Harper smirked, breaking the silence. “Done already, Cory?” she teased, her dark eyes playful. “Didn't take you for a quitter.”

Cory rose to his feet, tall, broad, his cock still hanging heavy before he tugged his jeans back up. His smirk was calm, assured.

“I'm not quitting,” he said smoothly. “If I'm going to fuck my mom all night, I'll do it in my own bed. You're welcome to come watch — if you dare.”

The words struck like lightning.

Sofia gasped softly, her hand flying to her mouth. Frank flushed crimson against her lap. Dillon stared, wide-eyed, speechless. Harper let out a low whistle, her grin faltering into something closer to awe.

Judith's brow arched high, her lips parting ever so slightly. Her eyes narrowed, not with disapproval, but with calculation.

And Dale — Dale's smirk shattered. His jaw tightened, fists clenching on his knees, fury burning in his glare.

Cory slid his arm around his mom's waist as though sealing his claim. She leaned into him without hesitation, her eyes shining, her boobs still heaving beneath her dress.

He led her toward the door.

For a moment, no one spoke.

Then Harper let out a shaky laugh. “Well, fuck.”

The door closed with a heavy *thud*, leaving silence in its wake. For a moment, no one moved — the room felt emptier without Cory and Stacey's presence, as though the air itself had followed them out.

Judith swirled her wine glass slowly, her eyes lingering on the door. "Bold," she murmured, her voice smooth, unreadable. "Very bold."

Harper let out a throaty laugh, leaning back on the couch, her tits bouncing with the motion. "God, I almost want to take him up on that offer." She grinned at Dillon, tugging at his arm. "But I've got my own toy right here, don't I?"

Dillon blushed, his glasses crooked, but he smiled, eager. Harper pulled him down into a sloppy kiss, her laughter melting into moans as his hands began fumbling over her curves.

Across the room, Sofia shifted, her thighs pressing together, her large tits rising with shallow breaths. Frank looked up at her with wide, uncertain eyes. She stroked his hair and whispered, "Mi amor... do you want to try again?"

His face turned scarlet, but he nodded eagerly. Sofia's smile was soft and hungry all at once as she drew him back between her thighs.

And Judith, still calm, still poised, finally set her glass aside. She turned to Dale, her smirk sharp. "Well? You bragged you could go all night. Prove it."

Dale bristled, humiliated but fuelled by her challenge. With a grunt, he pushed his mother back onto the cushions, determined to reclaim what Cory had stolen from him.

Within moments, the lounge was alive again — moans, laughter, kisses, the slap of skin against skin filling the candlelit room. But underneath it all, every woman and every boy felt the same thing:

They weren't doing this to compete with Cory.

They were doing it because he had lit the fire, and none of them could stand the thought of letting it die

Sunlight spilled through the curtains, painting the bedroom in soft gold. The sheets were tangled, the air heavy with the scent of sweat and sex.

Cory stirred, muscles sore, his cock still tender from the night's endless hunger. He exhaled slowly, blinking against the light — and felt her.

His mother lay across his chest, her red hair a wild halo against his skin. One arm draped over him, her full boobs pressed warmly against his ribs, her breath deep and steady in sleep.

For a long moment, Cory just looked at her. His hand lifted to stroke her hair, fingers sliding through the fiery strands. She shifted slightly, nuzzling against him like she belonged there, a soft sigh escaping her lips.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered, eyes still closed, voice rough from sleep.

Cory smiled faintly, brushing his thumb along her cheek.

Her lips parted again, softer this time, barely a whisper. “I love you, Cory.”

The words hit him harder than any orgasm. His chest tightened, his throat thick.

He bent and kissed her hair, murmuring back, “I love you too Mom.”

Her eyes fluttered open then, glassy and vulnerable. She reached up, cupping his face, pulling him into a kiss that was nothing like last night’s frenzy. Slow. Tender. Certain.

And then he rolled over her, sliding between her thighs.

This time there was no rush, no desperate clawing. He moved slowly, kissing her neck, her boobs, savouring every curve, every gasp. Stacey moaned softly, her nails tracing down his back as he slid into her, filling her pussy with steady, deep strokes.

Their bodies moved together in rhythm, a slow dance, her breasts swaying with each gentle thrust, his lips pressing against her skin in reverence.

No frantic cries, no loud declarations. Just whispered moans, soft kisses, the creak of the bed as love finally overtook lust.

When release came, it was quiet — her body shuddering under him, his warm cum spilling deep inside her. They held each other through it, clinging, kissing, their breaths mingling.

For the first time, it wasn’t about the Club. It wasn’t about dominance or jealousy.

It was just them.

Chapter 18 – Lovers in Truth

The Saturday sun blazed down on the college field, heat shimmering off the turf. The stands were packed, voices rising in waves of cheers and chatter.

Cory jogged onto the pitch, his dark hair slicked back, his jersey hugging the hard lines of his chest. The crowd roared — his name already on their lips.

Up in the stands, Dillon and Frank shouted loudest of all, standing on the benches, waving their arms. Harper laughed beside them, clapping until her bracelets jingled. Sofia cupped

her hands around her mouth, her voice carrying above the din: “¡Vamos, Cory!” Aunt Judith sat back with a queen’s poise, her smile faint but proud, while his own mom leaned forward, her eyes shining, her boobs pressed against the railing as though she could reach him from there.

The whistle blew.

From the first touch, Cory dominated. He moved like the ball belonged to him, cutting through defenders with ruthless ease. Dale tried to keep pace, snarling, pushing, shoving — but Cory brushed him off, his focus unshakable.

Midway through the first half, Cory struck. A clean, sharp shot that buried into the net, the crowd erupting.

Second half — another, this time weaving through three defenders before blasting it past the keeper.

And near the final whistle, his hat trick: a soaring header that crashed into the net with such force the whole stadium seemed to quake.

“CORY! CORY! CORY!” the crowd chanted, a tide of voices, stamping feet.

Cory lifted his arms, sweat dripping down his jaw, his smirk calm, almost casual, as though this glory was nothing new.

Dale’s chest heaved, his face red, every cheer like a knife.

When the final whistle blew, Cory jogged toward him, hand outstretched. “Good game,” he said, his voice steady.

But Dale shoved him, hard, chest to chest. The crowd gasped.

“You think you’re better than me?” Dale hissed, his voice cracking with rage.

Cory didn’t stumble. Didn’t even flinch. He just looked at Dale, smirked faintly, and shook his head as if the shove meant nothing.

The boos rained down on Dale. He shoved past and stormed off the field, humiliated.

And Cory stood tall in the sun, the chant of his name still echoing across the stands.

The final whistle still echoed when the women rushed from the stands. The crowd spilled onto the track, voices buzzing with Cory’s name.

Stacey reached him first, throwing her arms around him. Her massive boobs pressed against his sweat-soaked jersey, her lips brushing his cheek as she whispered, “I’m so proud of you, Baby.” Her eyes glowed with hunger she barely contained.

Aunt Harper was right behind her, wrapping her arms around his waist, kissing his other cheek. “Our star,” she laughed, her playful tone hiding a tremble of desire.

Then Aunt Sofia, flushed and glowing, pressed a long kiss to his damp jaw. “Mi campeón,” she whispered, her hand lingering against his chest.

Cory grinned, the smirk spreading slow and wicked. With the people round her watching, he slid his hand down Aunt Sofia’s back and squeezed her ass, firm and deliberate.

Sofia squealed, half in shock, half in delight, swatting at his chest. “Cory!” But she didn’t move away — if anything, she leaned closer, blushing like a schoolgirl caught.

Harper smirked, her eyes glittering. “You deserve a special reward,” she teased, running her tongue over her lips.

Cory tilted his head, his smirk deepening. “If it’s you, I’d take it gladly.”

For once, Harper’s laugh faltered, colour rising in her cheeks. Dillon burst out laughing behind her, clutching his stomach. “Oh my God, Mom, you’re actually blushing!”

Harper shoved him playfully, but her eyes stayed on Cory, heat flickering there.

Aunt Judith approached last, regal even in the chaos, her blonde hair shining in the sun. She placed a hand on Cory’s shoulder, her grip steady. “Don’t mind Dale,” she said quietly. “I’ll handle him.”

Cory met her gaze, smirk unbroken. “I already did.”

Judith’s lips parted faintly, her composure slipping for just a second. Then she smiled — slow, sharp, assessing.

Around them, the chant rose again: “CORY! CORY!”

And Cory stood tall, his mom’s hand clinging to his arm, the other women orbiting him like moths to flame.

The crowd’s chant still thundered as Dillon and Frank stood near, grinning wide. Dillon slapped Cory’s back, his laugh bubbling over. “Three goals, man? You’re ridiculous. They should rename the team after you.”

Frank’s smile was softer, almost shy, but no less sincere. “It was... amazing. I’ve never seen anyone move like that out there.”

Cory ruffled Frank’s hair, making him duck his head, cheeks pink. “Stick close, you’ll learn,” Cory said, his tone easy but threaded with authority.

Then he slung an arm around Dillon’s shoulders, dragging him in. “And you—” his smirk widened, “try not to trip over your own feet when Aunt Harper’s watching. She already knows you’re hopeless.”

Dillon's eyes went wide. "Hey! That's—" He sputtered, glancing at his mom, who was still flushed from Cory's earlier tease. She burst out laughing, shaking her head. "He's not wrong, baby."

Frank chuckled nervously, the sound warm, while Dillon groaned and muttered, "Unfair. Totally unfair."

Cory grinned, his dark eyes sweeping over them all — the boys, the moms, the cheering crowd. His voice came calm, steady, but it carried weight:

"Don't worry. We will win the intercollege cup for you."

The boys fell quiet, nodding, admiration plain on their faces. Even Dillon, who tried to roll his eyes, couldn't hide his grin.

The truth was undeniable: Cory wasn't just their friend anymore. He was their centre.

The house was quiet that night, the only light the silver wash of moon through the curtains. Cory lay back on his bed, muscles still sore from the match, his body humming with the memory of victory.

The door creaked open.

His mom stepped inside, her hair loose, her robe barely tied. She didn't speak. She just climbed onto the bed, straddling him slowly, her soft thighs settling against his hips.

Cory's breath caught as the robe slipped apart, her massive boobs spilling free in the moonlight. They hung heavy, full, swaying as she leaned down to kiss him. Her lips were soft, her tongue tasting faintly of wine.

"Harper told you," She whispered between kisses, her voice rough with need. "You need a special reward."

Cory knowing her intentions pulled down his shorts and his cock sprang out.

Her hands guided his cock inside her, slow and steady, the stretch making her moan into his mouth. She sank down fully, shivering, her tits pressing against his chest.

Cory groaned, his hands gripping her waist as she began to move. Her rhythm was slow at first, rolling her hips in long, hungry circles, her hair brushing his face. She arched back, her boobs bouncing in the moonlight, her head thrown back in pleasure.

"I am yours," she gasped, riding him harder, her nails digging into his shoulders. Her body trembled with each thrust, her voice breaking into a cry. "And you are mine."

Her words hit him deeper than her body ever could. Cory's hands slid up her back, one gripping her hair, the other cupping her swaying tits, squeezing, worshiping.

She moaned louder, grinding down harder, their sweat mingling, their hunger endless.

Cory thrust up to meet her, his cock filling her with every deep stroke, his eyes locked on hers. Her body rippled around him, her pussy clenching as orgasm built, her moans echoing in the dark.

When it hit, Stacey collapsed onto him, her boobs crushed against his chest again, sobbing his name into his neck. He held her tight, groaning as he spilled inside her, their bodies shaking together.

They clung to each other, panting, kissing slow and soft.

In the quiet that followed, Stacey traced her fingers along his jaw, whispering, “I love you, My son.”

Cory kissed her deeply, tasting her breath, her soul. “I love you too.”

And this time, it wasn't just hunger.

It was truth.

Chapter 19 – The Proposal

The house was too quiet without Stacey.

Cory sprawled on the couch in sweatpants, the glow of the TV washing over him. A half-finished soda sat on the table, the football highlights rolling, but his mind wasn't on the game. His hand absently traced the curve of the cushion where his mom usually sat, her perfume still faint in the fabric. He closed his eyes and saw her — red hair spilling over her boobs, her lips parted as she whispered his name, her body clinging to him like it was made for him.

He smirked to himself, his cock twitching under the loose fabric of his sweats. Even with her gone for one night — gone with his father of all people — she was everywhere in him.

The doorbell rang.

Cory blinked, frowning. He wasn't expecting anyone. He padded to the door barefoot, tugging his sweats a little higher on his hips, and swung it open.

Aunt Harper stood there, her smile wicked, her curves poured into a tight dress that left little to the imagination. Her dark eyes sparkled, already amused.

Beside her, Dillon shifted nervously, his hoodie zipped up despite the warm evening, his eyes darting anywhere but at Cory.

Cory raised an eyebrow. "Didn't expect visitors."

Harper breezed past him without waiting for an invite, her perfume flooding the entryway. Dillon trailed after, still avoiding Cory's gaze, red creeping up his cheeks.

Cory shut the door, smirk tugging at his lips. Whatever this was, Aunt Harper was clearly in charge — and Dillon looked like he'd been dragged into it.

"Alright," Cory said, his voice low, amused. "What's this about?"

Harper's smile widened. "Oh, you'll see."

They settled in the living room, the TV still humming in the background. Cory leaned against the arm of the couch, arms folded across his chest, watching them both with cool amusement. Dillon sat stiffly on the edge of the cushion, his knees pressed together, fiddling with the zipper of his hoodie.

Aunt Harper sprawled out across from Cory, crossing her legs slowly, deliberately. Her dress rode up high on her thighs, smooth dark skin gleaming in the dim light. She leaned back, letting one strap slip off her shoulder, the swell of her massive boobs pressing against the low neckline.

Cory's eyes flicked down, just for a second. Harper caught it, her smirk widening.

"I am sure that you're wondering why we're here," she said, her tone playful but sharp.

Cory shrugged, his smirk tugging at one corner of his mouth. "Figured you'd tell me eventually. You've never been shy."

Dillon snorted under his breath, then immediately turned scarlet, looking away.

Harper leaned forward now, her elbows pressing together to make her tits rise higher, straining against the fabric. She tilted her head, eyes locked on Cory's. "We came because Dillon and I want to try something new."

Cory raised an eyebrow. "New," he repeated, voice flat but curious.

"Mm-hm." Harper licked her bottom lip slowly, dragging it between her teeth. "Double penetration. A threesome if you will call it."

The words dropped heavy into the room.

Cory's eyes narrowed. He turned his head, staring at Dillon, who looked like he wanted to disappear into the couch. His hoodie zipper trembled in his grip.

"You're on board with this?" Cory asked, his tone halfway between disbelief and command.

Dillon swallowed hard, his face flaming. His voice was a mumble, barely audible. "If it's... you."

Cory leaned back, chuckling darkly, running a hand over his jaw. Aunt Harper's grin widened at his reaction, her fingers sliding up her thigh until the hem of her dress bunched dangerously high.

"Don't worry," she purred. "Stacey gave her blessing. Think of it as... an experiment."

Cory's smirk returned, slow and dangerous. His eyes flicked from Dillon's red face to Harper's teasing curves.

"An experiment, huh?" he said softly. "Careful what you ask for."

Cory led the way to his room, the air thick with tension. Aunt Harper strolled in like she owned the place, her heels clicking on the hardwood, her eyes flicking back to Cory with every step. Dillon trailed behind, his hoodie still zipped, his blush glowing like a warning light.

Aunt Harper turned at the foot of the bed and, without hesitation, peeled her dress down. It slid over her hips and puddled on the floor, leaving her bare and radiant in the low light. Her boobs bounced free, heavy and perfect, her nipples already stiff. She smiled wickedly, her hands gliding down her waist as if she were showing off for the both of them.

"Your turn," she said.

Cory didn't need telling twice. He stripped off his shirt, the muscles of his chest and arms flexing under the lamp's glow. His sweatpants hit the floor, his cock already thick and rising.

Harper's eyes glittered. She closed the distance, her hands roaming over his chest, down his abs, until she wrapped her fingers around his cock. She moaned softly, stroking it, before glancing back at Dillon.

"See, baby?" she teased. "This is what a real man looks like."

Dillon's throat bobbed. His hand moved under his hoodie, tugging at his cock through his jeans, torn between shame and awe.

Cory grabbed Aunt Harper by the waist, spun her, and pushed her down onto the bed. She laughed, breathless, her tits bouncing as she landed.

Then Cory was on her — his mouth closing over her nipples, sucking hard, his hands gripping her thighs to spread them wide. Harper moaned loudly, arching under him.

"Fuck, Cory," she gasped, dragging her nails across his back. "That's it. That's what I wanted."

Dillon froze in place, stroking himself desperately as he watched his mom being devoured, her laughter spilling into raw cries of pleasure.

Cory entered her pussy with one hard thrust, making her scream. He set a punishing rhythm, fucking her hard, Harper's moans filling the room as her tits bounced wildly, her laughter turning into broken gasps.

Dillon panted, his eyes locked on the scene, jerking himself furiously.

Cory glanced at him, his voice sharp, commanding. "Join in."

Dillon blinked, trembling. "M-me?"

"Yes, you," Cory snapped. "Now."

Shaking, Dillon stripped clumsily, his cock hard, leaking. He moved behind his mother, his hands unsure as he positioned himself. Harper glanced back over her shoulder, grinning breathlessly. "Don't be shy, baby. I can take it."

With Cory thrusting deep inside her, Dillon pressed at her other entrance. Harper cried out, her body arching, caught between them.

Then they were both inside her — Cory driving her from the front, Dillon from behind, her pussy stretched, filled, her cries echoing.

"Fuck yes!" Harper screamed, sweat dripping from her body, her voice wild with ecstasy. "Both of you—yes, harder!"

Dillon gasped, overwhelmed, finishing quickly, collapsing beside them in a panting heap.

But Cory didn't stop.

He pulled Harper onto her back, lifting her legs high, fucking her harder, relentless. Harper sobbed with pleasure, her body shaking as orgasm ripped through her, clinging to Cory with everything she had.

Only when he groaned and spilled inside her, his cock still thick and throbbing, did he finally ease.

Harper lay sprawled on the bed, glowing with sweat and satisfaction, stroking Dillon's damp hair with one hand and Cory's chest with the other.

Dillon looked dazed, exhausted, awestruck.

Cory just smirked, calm, his body still humming with power.

He'd proven it again — even when shared, Harper truly belonged to him.

Harper's body glistened, her chest rising and falling as she basked in her orgasm. Dillon lay collapsed beside her, panting, spent. Cory pulled out, his cock still slick and rock-hard, his smirk unbroken.

But Harper wasn't finished.

She pushed herself up on her elbows, her tits swaying, her eyes wild and hungry. "No," she gasped, her grin wicked. "Not yet. Tonight's special. Tonight, I want *everything*."

Cory arched a brow, amused. "Everything?"

Harper licked her lips, her gaze flicking between him and Dillon. "Spitroast me. Stretch me. I want to remember this night every time I close my eyes."

Dillon choked, his face red. "M-Mom—"

Cory cut him off with a sharp look. "You heard your mom." His voice was iron. "Get up."

Shaking his head but with a faint smile on his face, Dillon obeyed.

Cory shoved Harper onto her knees, her ass high, her tits hanging heavy. He slid behind her, gripping her hips, his cock driving back into her wet pussy with a hard thrust. Harper moaned, her body jolting forward — straight into Dillon's lap.

"Open your mouth for your son." Cory growled.

Harper obeyed instantly, wrapping her lips around Dillon's cock. Dillon gasped, his hands flying to her hair as she bobbed, her moans vibrating around him while Cory pounded her from behind.

The room was filled with obscene sounds — the wet slap of Cory's thrusts, Harper's muffled moans, Dillon's stuttered cries. She was used like a toy between them, filled front and back, her body shaking with pleasure.

Cory's grip was bruising on her hips, his dominance absolute. Dillon, overwhelmed with his mother's talented mouth, lasted only minutes again, spilling into her throat with a groan. Harper swallowed greedily, gasping when he slipped out.

But Cory didn't let up.

He pulled Harper flat on her back, her legs thrown over his shoulders, her tits bouncing wildly as he fucked her mercilessly. Harper screamed his name, clawing at his arms, her body quaking with another orgasm.

"Yes, Cory—fuck, yes!" she cried, sweat dripping down her face, her voice breaking. "You're unreal!"

Cory leaned down, his mouth closing around her nipple, sucking hard as he thrust deeper. Her entire body arched, shaking violently as another climax ripped through her, leaving her sobbing with pleasure.

Dillon could only stare, exhausted and trembling, watching Cory dominate his mom long after he himself was finished.

Finally, with a guttural groan, Cory came again, spilling into her, his cock twitching as he buried himself deep.

Harper collapsed beneath him, glowing, her body trembling with aftershocks. She smiled faintly, dazed, utterly satisfied.

“That,” she panted, brushing sweaty hair from her face, “was special.”

Cory smirked, pulling back to sit on the edge of the bed, his cock still thick and glistening. “That was just me. Don’t forget it.”

Dillon lay flat on the mattress, chest heaving, staring at Cory like he wasn’t even human.

Harper laughed weakly, her hand trailing down Cory’s chest. “God help Stacey. She’ll never keep you to herself.”

Chapter 20 – The Invitation

The diner was noisy, plates clattering, a jukebox humming faintly in the corner. Grease and coffee scented the air. Cory, Dillon, and Frank had claimed a booth by the window, fries scattered across the table, sodas sweating in their glasses.

Dillon leaned in, voice low but animated, his glasses sliding down his nose. His grin was sheepish, but his tone carried pride. “So... last night was... different.”

Frank glanced up, curious. “Different how?”

Dillon flushed, laughing nervously. “Me and my mom showed up at Cory’s place.” He paused dramatically, pushing his glasses up. “And she had both of us.”

Frank nearly choked on his soda. “What? Both—? You’re joking.”

“I swear,” Dillon said quickly, shaking his head. “She stripped right there. And Cory—” his voice dropped in reverence, “—he just took control. Pushed her down, worshipped her tits like a king. She was moaning his name so loud I thought the neighbours would call the cops.”

Frank’s mouth fell open. “Holy shit.”

Dillon's grin widened, his embarrassment fading as he relived it. "And then—she told me to join. A fucking spitroast, man. Cory pounding her from behind while I—" He broke off, his ears blazing. "I couldn't last long. Not with her screaming like that. I came, like, embarrassingly fast. But Cory? He just kept going. Like he had no end."

Frank's cheeks turned scarlet, his eyes wide. "You... both... with Aunt Harper? Jesus Christ."

"Yeah," Dillon said, almost dazed, his grin softening into awe. "Her tits bouncing, her voice breaking, begging for more... I'll never forget it." He shook his head. "But Cory..." His eyes flicked at his friend across the table. "Cory was on another level. My mom was glowing when it was over. Like he'd ruined her for anyone else."

Cory smirked faintly, picking at a fry, saying nothing. The silence itself was confirmation.

Frank shifted in his seat, flustered but clearly aroused, his hand rubbing at the back of his neck. "That's... unreal. You're living my fantasy, Dillon."

Dillon laughed, but his eyes were still shining, still turned toward Cory. "It wasn't me, man. I was just along for the ride."

Dillon's grin grew wider, his voice dropping as though confessing a secret. "And the crazy part? I was still so turned on, even after we were done. When we finally got back to our place..." He laughed, shaking his head. "I fucked her twice more. Couldn't help it. She just kept pulling me in, man. Like she didn't want the night to end."

Frank's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "You're kidding."

"Nope." Dillon smirked, puffing up a little. "My mom is insatiable. But..." He glanced at Cory, awe softening his grin. "Even then, it was nothing compared to what she got from him."

The bell over the diner door jingled.

Dale walked in, a girl from their class on his arm, laughing at something he muttered. His eyes scanned the diner, landed on the booth. His grin faltered.

There they were: Cory, Dillon, Frank. Together. Laughing, close, bonded.

Cory didn't even glance up. He bit into a fry, smirking at something Frank said, while Dale's jaw tightened.

The girl tugged his arm toward a booth on the far side. Dale followed, his glare burning a hole through Cory's back.

Later as the boys spilled out of the diner into the afternoon sun, laughter still trailing behind them. Dillon was animated, telling Frank some half-censored detail about his mom that made Frank's ears glow red. Cory walked a step ahead, smirking quietly, hands in his pockets.

His phone buzzed.

He slid it out, glancing at the screen. A single message glowed there.

Judith: *Coffee? Just us.*

Cory's brow arched. Aunt Judith never phrased things like requests — always commands. But this one carried weight. Curiosity stirred in his chest.

He typed back, two words. *Name the place.*

By the time Dillon and Frank noticed he'd slowed, Cory had already pocketed the phone.

"What's up?" Dillon asked, grinning.

"Nothing," Cory said, his smirk faint but sure. "Just someone who wants my time."

The café smelled of roasted beans and warm pastries, its soft jazz a cover for quiet conversations. A place for professionals, not students. Cory walked in wearing jeans and a fitted black tee, casual but sharp, his confidence drawing eyes as easily as his presence on the field.

And there she was.

Aunt Judith sat near the window, a queen even here. Her black dress clung to her tall frame, every curve sculpted beneath the fabric. A string of pearls rested at her throat, her blonde hair falling in sleek waves over her shoulders. She looked up when he entered, her lips curving into a smile — cool, but her eyes lingered on him a fraction too long.

"Cory," she said smoothly as he slid into the seat across from her. "Thank you for coming."

"You didn't really give me a choice," he smirked, leaning back in his chair.

Judith's smile sharpened. "You're learning." She lifted her coffee, sipping slowly, her gaze never leaving his.

For a moment, they simply sat, the air between them tight.

Then she said, "I wanted to talk about Dale."

Cory raised a brow. "What about him?"

"His jealousy is growing," Judith said, her voice low, steady. "He was already competitive. But now? After the games, after the Club, after seeing how the women look at you..." She trailed off, her eyes narrowing. "It's dangerous. He'll lash out if it's not managed."

Cory stirred his drink with a spoon, calm. "He already shoved me on the field."

“I saw that,” Judith replied, her lips curving faintly. “But you handled it well. But it won’t stop there.”

Their eyes locked. Judith leaned forward, crossing her legs slowly beneath the table, the movement deliberate. “You’re... special, Cory. Different. And not just your mom sees it. The others feel it too.”

Her words hung heavy, an admission cloaked as a warning.

Cory smirked faintly. “You’re saying I should smooth things over with Dale?”

Judith exhaled, her shoulders rising, her pearls glinting in the sun. “I’m saying... be careful. Lead carefully. If you’re going to be at the centre, you’ll need to know when to fight — and when to guide.”

Her words were poised, measured. But her body betrayed her: the way she tucked her hair behind her ear, the way her eyes flicked to his mouth before catching herself, the way her voice dipped softer on “special.”

Cory sipped his coffee slowly, letting the silence stretch until she shifted in her seat. His smirk deepened.

“You sound tempted, Aunt Judith,” he said finally.

For the first time in years, Judith faltered. Just for a heartbeat. Her breath hitched, her eyes flashing before she regained composure. She lifted her chin, smiling coolly.

“Be careful, Cory,” she murmured. “Temptation runs both ways.”

Chapter 21 – The Return of Jealousy

The house was dark when they returned. Dave muttered about his meetings, dropped his suitcase by the door, and trudged upstairs without a second glance. Stacey kissed his cheek absently, her mind already elsewhere.

She waited. Waited until she heard the bathroom faucet, the creak of the mattress, and finally the slow rhythm of Dave’s snores. Only then did she move.

Her heels clicked softly down the hall to Cory’s room. Her heart hammered as she opened his door, slipping inside, closing it with a quiet click.

Cory sat up instantly, as if he’d been waiting. His bare chest caught the glow of the streetlight leaking through the blinds, his smirk already there.

“Missed me Mom?” he teased, voice low, rough.

Stacey's answer was wordless. She crossed the room in three strides, climbing onto the bed, crashing her lips against his. The kiss was desperate, hungry, her hands fisting in his hair as though she'd die if she let go.

Cory groaned, pulling her into his lap. His hands slid up her travel blouse, finding her boobs, heavy and aching after days without his touch. She moaned into his mouth as he squeezed, rolling her nipples through the thin fabric.

"I thought about you every night," she whispered against his lips, her breath hot, her eyes shining. "Every second."

Cory grinned, tugging her blouse open, pushing her bra down so her massive tits spilled free. He buried his face between them, sucking one nipple into his mouth, hard and greedy. Stacey gasped, arching, grinding her hips over his hard cock through his shorts.

"Show me," he growled, his voice vibrating against her skin. "Show me how much you missed me, Mom."

She stripped for him in frantic motions, shedding clothes until she straddled him naked, her red hair wild, her pale skin glowing in the dim light. His cock slid inside her in one slow thrust that made her moan loud enough to clap a hand over her mouth.

"Fuck, Cory," she whimpered, bouncing on him, her tits shaking with each rise and fall. "Yes—yes, I needed this—"

Cory gripped her hips, thrusting up to meet her rhythm, his jaw clenched as he watched her ride him like a woman starved. Their bodies slapped together, sweat slicking their skin, her nails raking down his chest.

She collapsed against him, their mouths locked, tongues tangling, gasps and groans swallowed as they devoured each other.

The bed creaked under them, her thighs trembling as orgasm tore through her, her moan breaking against his lips. Cory followed, groaning "Mom" as he filled her, holding her tight as though anchoring her to him.

They clung together, still joined, their breaths ragged, hearts racing.

Stacey buried her face against his neck, whispering through the aftershocks: "I'll never survive being away from you again."

Cory stroked her back slowly, his smirk softening into something gentler.

"You won't have to," he murmured.

The room was quiet again, the only sound their slowing breaths and the faint hum of a car passing outside. Stacey lay sprawled across her son's chest, her hair damp against his skin,

her boobs heavy and warm where they pressed into him. His arm wrapped around her back, stroking lazily, as if he could never get enough of touching her.

But her body, though soft against him, felt tense.

She traced idle patterns on his chest with her fingertip, her voice hushed. "I can't lie to you, Cory." She swallowed, her throat tight. "I hate sharing you."

Cory's brow arched. "Sharing?"

Her eyes flicked up to his, shimmering in the dim light. "Judith. Harper. Sofia. They all want you. They... take you. And I sit there smiling like I'm fine. But I'm not. You're mine. And every time they touch you, I feel like I'm losing a piece of us."

Her words tumbled out, a flood she could no longer hold back. She pressed her face against his chest, her voice breaking. "I can't stand the thought of losing you, Cory. Not to them. Not to anyone."

For a moment, silence stretched.

Then Cory tilted her chin up, forcing her eyes to meet his. His gaze was steady, fierce.

"You're not losing me, Mom."

She tried to look away, but his hand held her there.

"You're my special one, and you always will be special." he said firmly, his voice deep, unshakable. "No one can replace you. Not Aunt Harper, not Aunt Judith, not Aunt Sofia. They don't matter when it comes to choosing between them and you. You do."

Stacey's breath caught. Tears blurred her vision, though her lips trembled with a smile.

"Cory..." she whispered.

He kissed her then, slow and deep, sealing the promise with his mouth. His tongue slid against hers, unhurried, claiming. She melted into him, her body softening, her arms wrapping tight around his shoulders.

When they finally broke apart, she rested her forehead against his, her voice a whisper. "I love you so much it scares me."

Cory smirked faintly, brushing her hair back. "Good. Let it scare you. That's how you know it's real."

She laughed softly through her tears, kissing him again, holding him as if she'd never let go.

And for that night, her jealousy quieted — soothed by the weight of his words and the heat of his kiss.

The smell of coffee drifted through the house. Stacey padded into the kitchen in her robe, her hair loose, her lips still tender from Cory's kisses. She poured herself a cup, humming softly, the glow of last night still warming her from the inside out.

"Morning, lovergirl."

Stacey nearly spilled her mug. Harper leaned casually against the counter, already dressed in tight jeans and a low-cut top, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

"Harper?" Stacey blinked. "What are you doing here this early?"

"Craving caffeine," Harper said breezily, lifting her own mug. "And maybe a little gossip. You look... satisfied." Her eyes sparkled as they flicked over Stacey's flushed cheeks and loose robe.

Stacey laughed, rolling her eyes. "And you look nosy."

"Please," Harper teased, stepping closer. "You're glowing. Don't tell me your stud son had nothing to do with that."

Stacey sipped her coffee slowly, smirking over the rim. "Maybe he did. Maybe he didn't."

Harper's grin widened. "Oh, he did. I can smell it on you."

Stacey arched a brow, leaning back against the counter. "Jealous?"

"Always," Harper admitted shamelessly, taking another sip. "But not mad. Sharing a man like Cory isn't a loss. It's... community service."

They both laughed, the sound easy, the tension gone. For the first time, Stacey felt no sting, no fear — just the thrill of being desired, chosen, and still free enough to tease her friend about it.

Harper bumped her shoulder lightly as she passed. "Just don't hog him, okay?"

Stacey smirked into her cup. "No promises."

Chapter 22 – Sofia's Impulse

The locker room echoed with the sounds of slamming lockers, shouted jokes, and the hiss of showers. Teammates trickled out in groups, their voices fading until only the hum of the fluorescent lights remained.

Cory stood at his locker, towelling his hair dry, his skin still damp from the shower. He moved with unhurried ease — pulling on his jeans, tugging a fitted tee over his chest, sliding his watch back onto his wrist. Another good match, another victory. To him, it felt routine now.

The place grew still, the last footsteps fading down the corridor. Cory slung his duffel over his shoulder, pushing through the double doors into the cool night air.

The parking lot was mostly empty, rows of empty parking spaces glinting under the lamps. His sneakers scuffed the pavement, the sound loud in the quiet. He breathed deep, the night crisp on his lungs.

Then — footsteps.

He turned.

Aunt Sofia emerged from the shadows, her heels clicking against the asphalt. She was dressed like she belonged at a cocktail party, not a deserted campus lot — a fitted black dress hugging every curve, her hair loose and glossy, her lips painted deep red. The faint cloud of her perfume carried even before she reached him, sweet and overwhelming.

Cory raised an eyebrow. “Aunt Sofia?”

She didn’t answer.

Instead, she crossed the last few steps quickly, pressing her body against his, her massive boobs soft against his chest, her fingers clutching his shirt. And before he could say another word, she kissed him — hot, needy, desperate, her tongue sliding against his with reckless hunger.

Cory’s bag slipped from his shoulder, hitting the ground with a dull thud. His hands gripped her waist automatically, steadying her, pulling her tighter. Her kiss was wild, a fire burning through her restraint.

When she finally pulled back for breath, her eyes were shining, frantic.

“I couldn’t wait,” she whispered, her voice breaking. “Not another night. Not after hearing what you did to Harper.”

Her lips crashed back onto his, her kiss tasting of wine and impulse.

The night air was cool, but Sofia burned against him. Her kisses grew wilder, her hands clawing at his chest, tugging at his waistband like she couldn’t get close enough.

“Fuck, Cory,” she gasped, her lips swollen. “I need you now.”

Before he could answer, she dropped to her knees on the asphalt, her glamorous dress pooling around her. The parking lot was wide open, lamps buzzing overhead, but Sofia didn't care.

Her hands yanked at his jeans, tugging them down just enough to free his cock. She moaned at the sight, her red lips parting hungrily. "God... so big."

Then her mouth was on him — hot, wet, sloppy.

She gagged herself on his length without hesitation, spit dribbling down her chin, smearing her lipstick in a messy red stain. Her tongue swirled wildly, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked, her moans vibrating around him.

Cory hissed, his hand tangling in her glossy hair, guiding her pace. Her mascara streaked as her eyes watered, but she kept going, faster, wetter, drool stringing down to her cleavage. Every sound echoed in the empty lot — the wet slurp of her lips, the gagging choke, the ragged gasps she let out between thrusts.

"Fuck, Aunt Sofia," Cory groaned, his jaw tight as he watched her worship him. "You're a mess."

She only moaned louder, sucking harder, bobbing frantically, like being messy was the point. Her hands pumped what her lips couldn't take, spit slicking his shaft, the sloppy rhythm making his abs clench.

It didn't take long. With a guttural groan, Cory came hard, spilling deep into her throat. Sofia gagged, swallowed, then let the rest dribble over her lips, licking it up greedily.

When she finally pulled back, her chin was wet, her lipstick smeared, her breathing ragged. She looked up at him with wild eyes, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Still not enough," she whispered hoarsely. "I need more. Please."

Cory smirked, pulling her up by the chin, kissing her roughly, tasting himself on her lips.

"Then follow me," he growled.

She nodded eagerly, breathless, and without another word, they climbed into his car, the engine rumbling as they tore off into the night.

A few rows away, a familiar car idled in the shadows.

Dale leaned forward over the steering wheel, eyes locked on the scene unfolding under the parking lot lights. His chest heaved, his jaw clenched so tight it ached.

Cory.

And Aunt Sofia.

On her knees in the middle of the asphalt, her dress hiked up, her mouth stretched wide around his cock, spit gleaming down her chin.

The sound carried even at a distance — wet, sloppy, obscene. Cory's groans cut through the night, the kind of sounds Dale had never heard come from his own encounters with women.

Rage twisted in Dale's gut, hot and ugly. He'd been fighting to keep his ground, struggling to prove he wasn't beneath Cory. And here was more proof — Aunt Sofia, the glamorous, voluptuous goddess, throwing herself at *him* like a slut in heat.

But beneath the anger was something worse.

Dale shifted in his seat, groaning quietly as his cock hardened against his jeans. His hand moved instinctively, palming himself as he watched Aunt Sofia gag on Cory's cock, swallowing him whole.

When Cory came, gripping her hair, making her take it all, Dale's cock throbbed painfully. Seeing her lick her lips, moaning for more — it broke something inside him.

Disgust at himself, fury at Cory, and raw arousal tangled together until he had to look away, pounding the steering wheel once with a growl.

As Cory pulled aunt Sofia up and led her to his car, Dale started his own engine, his face pale, his erection straining in shameful defiance.

He drove off without a word, chest tight, head spinning.

But one thought burned hotter than all the rest:

Cory was taking everything. Even the women Dale dreamed about.

Chapter 23 – The Submission

The drive was quiet, except for Sofia's ragged breathing. Her lipstick was smeared across her chin, her mascara streaked faintly under her eyes. Her glossy hair was mussed from Cory's fist, and her swollen lips glistened as she licked them absently, tasting what was left of him.

Cory's hands rested loose on the wheel, calm, steady, as if he'd just left practice instead of being serviced in the middle of a parking lot. He pulled out his phone. He glanced down, typed quick.

Won't be home tonight. With Aunt Sofia.

A pause. Then his mom's reply lit the screen.

Be safe. Enjoy.

Cory smirked faintly, slipping the phone back into his pocket.

They pulled into the motel lot — a low building washed in neon, its sign flickering against the night. A few cars were scattered across the cracked pavement. Sofia clung to his arm as they climbed the steps to the office, her heels clicking, her dress riding high on her thighs.

Inside, the air smelled faintly of cigarettes and stale coffee. The desk clerk, a grizzled man with a greasy mustache, looked up from his paper. His eyes swept once over Aunt Sofia — her ruined makeup, her flushed cheeks, her heaving tits — then flicked to Cory, tall, calm, unbothered.

The man's mouth tugged into a smirk.

"Checking in for the night?" he asked, his tone dripping with knowing.

Cory pulled his wallet free, slid a card across the counter. "Yeah."

The clerk tapped a key against the ledger, scribbled a number, and pushed it forward. "Room twelve. Enjoy yourselves."

Sofia's face flamed, but Cory just smirked right back, wrapping an arm around her waist as he led her upstairs.

The moment the key turned in the lock, Sofia shoved him against the door, her mouth crashing against his.

The lock had barely clicked shut before Sofia launched herself at him.

Her lips crashed into his, sloppy and hungry, her lipstick already ruined, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth as though she were starving. She clawed at his shirt, dragging it up over his chest, her nails raking across his skin.

Cory grabbed her by the waist, spun her, and shoved her against the door so hard it rattled. She moaned, arching into him, her massive tits crushing against his chest, her thighs trembling with need.

"Animal," she gasped against his mouth. "You make me feel like an animal."

"Good," he growled, ripping the straps of her dress down. The fabric fell in a heap at her feet, leaving her in nothing but lacy panties, her massive tits spilling free, nipples hard and aching.

Cory bent, sucking one nipple into his mouth, biting until she screamed. His hands gripped her ass, lifting her easily. Sofia wrapped her legs around him, grinding her soaked panties against his cock through his jeans, her cries desperate.

“Please, Cory,” she begged, her voice raw. “I need you inside me. Now.”

He carried her to the bed, threw her down onto the creaking mattress. She lay sprawled, hair wild, chest heaving, her panties already dark with wetness. Cory stripped in one smooth motion, his cock standing hard and heavy, glistening with the remnants of her messy blowjob.

Sofia moaned at the sight, spreading her thighs wide, her fingers tugging her panties aside. “Take me. Take all of me.”

He climbed over her, pressing her wrists into the sheets, pinning her beneath his weight. Then, without hesitation, he slammed into her slick pussy in one hard thrust.

Sofia screamed, her back arching, her nails clawing at the mattress.

“Yes—fuck, yes!” she cried, her voice breaking. “Harder! Please, harder!”

Cory pounded her mercilessly, each thrust driving her deeper into the bed. Her tits bounced wildly with every slam, sweat slicking her skin. He kissed her roughly, biting her lip until she whimpered, his dominance total.

She writhed under him, begging, sobbing his name, her orgasms tearing through her in waves. He flipped her onto her stomach, yanked her ass up, and drove into her again, his hand gripping her hair, forcing her to arch.

“Say it,” he growled into her ear, fucking her harder. “Say who you belong to.”

“You!” she screamed, her voice breaking. “I’m yours, Cory—I’m only yours!”

Her body convulsed, shattering around him, but he didn’t stop. He took her again and again, until she collapsed boneless beneath him, trembling, worshipping every brutal thrust.

When he finally spilled inside her, groaning her name, she sobbed with release, clinging to him desperately.

For Sofia, it wasn’t just sex. It was surrender.

The room became their world.

Cory fucked Sofia like time didn’t exist, like his stamina had no limits. She lost track of how many times he had taken her, how many positions he had forced her into, how many times her body had shattered around him.

On her back, her legs wrapped around his shoulders, his cock drilling deep until she screamed herself hoarse.

On her knees, his fist tangled in her hair, her face pressed into the mattress as he pounded her from behind.

On top of him, riding him until her thighs shook uncontrollably, her massive tits bouncing in his face as he groaned and bit at them, before he flipped her and took back control.

Each time she thought she had nothing left to give, Cory demanded more — and she gave it, begging, sobbing, worshipping every brutal thrust.

Her mascara had long since smeared into dark streaks down her cheeks, her lipstick gone, her body slick with sweat. The sheets were ruined, twisted, soaked through. Her thighs were trembling, her pussy raw, but still she opened herself for him, desperate for every inch.

“Cory,” she gasped, her voice ragged, broken. “I can’t... I can’t anymore.”

“Yes, you can, Aunt Sofia” he growled, pinning her wrists and slamming into her harder, his cock relentless. “You’ll take it until I’m finished.”

And she did.

Over and over, through the long night, until her body convulsed on reflex, orgasms tearing through her even when she thought she had none left. Her cries turned into whispers, her whispers into sobs, her sobs into moans of pure surrender.

By the time dawn light began to spill through the thin motel curtains, Sofia was a trembling mess beneath him. Her hair was tangled, her body coated in sweat and cum, her voice a faint rasp. She clung to him weakly, her legs barely able to stay open, her chest rising in shuddering gasps.

And still, Cory came again — deep inside her, groaning low as he emptied himself one final time.

Sofia shuddered, her eyes rolling back, her body giving out completely. She collapsed into the ruined sheets, her cheek pressed to his chest, whispering with the last of her strength:

“You... you’ve taken everything. I’m yours. All yours.”

Her words trembled, but her smile was blissful, dazed.

For Sofia, it wasn’t just sex anymore. It was worship.

The curtains glowed with the first light of morning, pale gold spilling across the wreck of the room. The sheets were damp and tangled, the air heavy with the musk of sweat and sex.

Cory lay on his back, one arm folded under his head, his chest still rising steady, unbothered, as though the night had been nothing to him.

Beside him, Sofia lay curled against his side, her body trembling from exhaustion. Her makeup was ruined, her hair tangled, but her face wore the soft glow of complete satisfaction. She stroked his chest absently, her nails tracing lazy patterns over his skin, as if grounding herself in him.

Her voice broke the silence, hushed, but certain.

“I have to tell you something, Cory.”

He turned his head, watching her with those calm, unreadable eyes.

“I love Frank,” she whispered, her throat tight. “I love him with everything I have. He’s... my baby. My sweet boy. I’d give my life for him.” Her fingers clenched faintly against his chest. “But I can’t lie. I also need you. When I’m with you, it’s like something inside me wakes up, something I can’t ignore. It’s not just sex. It’s... more.”

Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears. She swallowed hard, her voice trembling. “I don’t want to choose. I can’t. But Cory—” she lifted her face, meeting his gaze, raw and exposed. “I’m falling for you. I think I already have. It feels like I want to give myself to you completely.”

For a long moment, silence hung heavy.

Then Cory cupped her face, leaned down, and kissed her.

It wasn’t frantic like the night before, not carnal or punishing. It was slow, deliberate, his tongue sliding against hers with steady possession.

He didn’t answer with words. He didn’t have to.

The kiss told her everything — that he accepted her submission, her need, her divided heart.

Sofia melted into him, tears slipping down her cheeks, her lips trembling against his. She whispered against his mouth, barely audible:

“Thank you... for completing me.”

Cory only smirked faintly, pulling her closer, letting her fall asleep against his chest as the sun rose higher.

Chapter 24 – Dale Breaks

The lounge glowed warm under candles amber lights, the air thick with perfume and the heady tang of wine. But the energy tonight was different — heavier, hungrier. The games and nerves of those first nights were gone. What remained was boldness, confidence, intimacy sharpened by repetition.

Stacey sat curled in her son’s lap like it was her throne, her red hair spilling over her shoulders, her cleavage spilling from the neckline of a tight black dress. Cory’s hand rested on her bare thigh, sliding up now and then to squeeze her ass possessively. Every time he leaned in to murmur something against her ear, she laughed low and sultry, her hand

cupping his jaw before kissing him with slow, deliberate hunger — as though daring the others to watch.

Across from them, Sofia reclined into the couch, her tits heavy in a plunging blouse, Frank's hands clumsy but eager as he fondled her. She guided him with a tender smile, stroking his cheek, whispering encouragements that made his blush deepen. He was bolder now — kissing her neck openly, his hands wandering beneath her blouse, Sofia cooing with affection.

At Harper's side, Dillon knelt on the carpet, her bare feet in his lap. He massaged them nervously at first, but Harper's teasing grin emboldened him. "Harder, baby," she purred, swirling her wine while stretching her legs further across him. Dillon obeyed, his glasses slipping as he rubbed, his cock obvious under his jeans. When Harper arched her toes against his chest with a laugh, his groan earned another smirk. "Good boy," she teased, and he nearly melted.

Judith sat tall at the head of the circle, a vision in a white silk blouse and tight skirt. She sipped her wine with measured grace, eyes sweeping over her friends and their sons. She looked every inch the queen, but there was something sharp in her gaze — a flicker of tension as she watched Cory's hand disappear higher under Stacey's dress, Stacey moaning faintly against his lips.

And then there was Dale.

He sat hunched in the far corner of the couch, a glass of wine untouched in his hand. His eyes burned with fury as they darted from Frank nuzzling Aunt Sofia's breasts, to Dillon flushed with Aunt Harper's teasing, to Cory and Aunt Stacey locked together like nothing else existed. His jaw worked, teeth grinding, his knuckles white against the stem of his glass.

The others laughed, moaned, teased, touched — free now, bold and certain of what they wanted.

But Dale? He sat in silence, drowning in the realization that he was no longer part of their world at all.

The laughter and soft moans filled the lounge, wineglasses catching the low light. Judith rose slightly, her glass in hand, her voice smooth as ever.

"So," Judith said, smiling faintly, "what shall we do tonight?"

The room shifted — Harper's grin widened, Sofia giggled into Frank's neck, Stacey licked her lips, ready to answer.

But before anyone could speak, Dale's glass slammed onto the table with a sharp crack.

“Are you fucking serious?” he snapped, his voice raw, loud enough to cut through the warmth.

The room went still.

Dale shot to his feet, eyes blazing, his face red with fury. “Look at you. All of you. Sitting here like sluts and losers, worshipping him—” he jabbed a finger at Cory, who didn’t move an inch, still lounging with Stacey in his lap — “like he’s some kind of god.”

“Dale—” Judith began, her voice warning.

“No Mom!” he barked. “Shut up. I’m done pretending. Frank—” he sneered at the shy boy, who shrank against Sofia — “you’re pathetic. You let your mom drool all over him right in front of you.”

Frank’s face crumpled, but Sofia’s gasp was sharp, protective.

“And you—” Dale’s eyes cut to Dillon, who froze, Harper’s foot still pressed against his chest. “You think she actually wants you? You’re a fucking joke. Everyone knows she only plays with you because Cory is not there to fuck her.”

Dillon flushed crimson, his lips parting, but no words came. Harper’s teasing smile faltered into a glare.

Then Dale’s gaze landed on Stacey. His lips twisted cruelly. “And you... you’re the biggest whore of them all. Throwing yourself at your own son like it’s the only way you can get laid.”

Stacey stiffened, her nails digging into Cory’s arm. The room held its breath.

But Dale wasn’t done. His voice cracked, louder now, his chest heaving as he spat the final blow.

“I saw it. In the parking lot. Aunt Sofia, on her knees. Sloppy, choking, swallowing him like a whore in heat.” His eyes cut to Sofia, venomous. “Don’t even bother denying it. I saw every second.”

Sofia’s face drained of colour, her lips parting in shock. Frank blinked rapidly, hurt flickering across his sweet features, his hands sliding away from Sofia’s body.

The room erupted in gasps, murmurs, tension so sharp it was a knife.

Through it all, Cory remained still, his hand stroking his mom’s thigh as if nothing had been said. His smirk lingered, calm, unbothered, while the others shook with fury, shame, or shock.

Dale’s breath came ragged, his chest rising and falling like a cornered animal. His glare swept the room one last time before he snarled, “Fuck all of you,” and stormed out, the slam of the lounge door echoing in the silence he left behind.

The echo of the slammed door still hung in the air, sharp and jagged.

Sofia sat frozen, her face pale, Frank staring at her with wide, wounded eyes. Dillon's hands twisted in his lap, his glasses slipping down his nose as Harper rubbed his shoulder protectively. Stacey clung tighter to Cory, her nails biting into his arm.

No one spoke.

Judith rose smoothly from her seat, setting her wineglass down with deliberate care. Her posture was regal, her face composed, though the sharp glint in her eyes betrayed the weight of the moment.

"Enjoy yourselves," she said, her voice calm, firm. "I'll talk to him."

It wasn't a suggestion. It was an order.

She adjusted her blouse, squared her shoulders, and walked to the door. The click of her heels echoed against the floor, steady, commanding, each step a reminder of her control.

At the door, she paused, glancing back once. Her gaze swept the group — over Dillon's shame, Frank's heartbreak, Sofia's trembling guilt, Stacey's jealous defiance... and Cory's calm, unreadable smirk.

Her eyes lingered on him, just for a heartbeat, before she turned and climbed the stairs, disappearing into the house above.

The lounge was silent again, all eyes flicking instinctively toward Cory, as though waiting for him to speak.

The silence pressed heavy after Judith's heels faded upstairs. No one moved. The wine sat half-finished, the low lights flickering over shaken faces.

Then Cory shifted.

He leaned back into the couch, his smirk cool, one hand sliding higher up Stacey's thigh until she gasped softly. His voice cut through the tension like a blade, calm but commanding.

"Our hostess said to enjoy ourselves," he drawled. "Let's not disappoint her."

A beat passed — and then Aunt Harper laughed, loud and sharp, breaking the stillness. "He's right. Come on, babies. Let's have some fun."

The room exhaled. Nervous chuckles, awkward glances, then movement. Dillon leaned into his mom's lap, kissing her thigh shyly as she pulled his glasses off and tossed them aside with a grin. "There's my good boy," she purred, spreading her legs wider.

Sofia grabbed Frank's trembling hands, pressing them back against her tits. "Don't listen to him," she whispered fiercely, her eyes glassy. "Touch me. Love me." Frank swallowed hard,

his lips closing over her nipple through the fabric, his innocence drowned in her desperate need.

And Cory? He pulled his mother into a kiss that silenced every other sound in the room.

It wasn't gentle. It was devouring, tongues clashing, her moan spilling into his mouth as his hands roamed boldly over her curves. She straddled him, grinding against his cock through his jeans, her hair spilling wild around them. When he yanked her dress down to free her tits, she gasped but didn't hesitate, arching proudly as he sucked one nipple into his mouth, biting until she cried out.

"Cory—" she moaned, clutching his shoulders, her hips rocking harder, desperate to feel him inside her.

The lounge filled with wet sounds and gasps — Dillon's muffled moans under Harper's teasing grip, Sofia crying out Frank's name, Stacey whimpering as Cory's hand slid beneath her dress.

But even in the chaos, Cory and Stacey eclipsed them all.

Every kiss between them was hungrier than the last. Every touch was possessive, defiant, loud in its claim. They weren't just fucking, they were *showing*. Showing Dale, even in his absence. Showing Judith, wherever she was. Showing everyone else in the room.

When Stacey came undone on Cory's fingers, screaming into his mouth.

The lounge had descended into heat and noise — Stacey riding Cory's hand, Harper tugging Dillon's hair between her thighs, Sofia clutching Frank's head to her chest. But Cory's voice cut through again, low, steady, impossible to ignore.

"On the table," he said.

The women stilled. Their eyes flicked to him — then to each other.

Sofia bit her lip, Harper smirked, Stacey shivered. Judith wasn't there to give orders. Cory was.

One by one, they rose, moving to the low table at the centre of the room. Dresses were pulled down or stripped away, panties discarded, boobs bared. They climbed up together, their bodies glowing in the amber light, and knelt in a circle.

Harper grinned wickedly, reaching out. "Hands, ladies."

Sofia giggled breathlessly, Stacey hesitated just a beat, then they all linked fingers, three stunning Moms forming a ring of curves and confidence, tits heaving, thighs spread.

"Good," Cory murmured, his smirk carved in satisfaction.

The sons moved in at once, each to his own. Dillon slid between his mom's thighs again, his tongue eager and sloppy, Harper laughing and tugging his hair as she moaned. Frank kissed his mother's pussy tenderly at first, then bolder as her moans urged him on, her hips rolling against his mouth.

Stacey cried out as her son dropped to his knees in front of her, gripping her thighs, burying his tongue into her soaked heat. She trembled, holding Judith's empty place in the circle, her cries the loudest of all.

The lounge filled with the symphony of wet mouths and gasps, the table creaking under their weight, their linked hands tightening each time one of them cried out. It wasn't just sex anymore — it was ritual, communion, worship of their sons who served them... and above all, of Cory, whose lead they all followed.

Stacey came first, screaming Cory's name, her grip crushing Harper's and Sofia's hands. Then Sofia, sobbing into Frank's hair. Then Harper, laughing through her orgasm, Dillon still latched against her pussy.

And when it was over, when they collapsed together in a shuddering heap, hands still linked, Cory alone was still steady, his mouth glistening, his smirk unshaken.

He rose, kissed his mother hard, and let the others see her moan against him.

No one needed to say it. They all felt it.

Cory wasn't just part of the Club anymore.

He *was* becoming the leader of this club.

Chapter 25 – The Confession

The sun hung low, painting the empty basketball court in gold. The shouts from other games drifted faintly from the far end of campus, but here it was quiet, just the creak of the nets swaying in the breeze.

Cory leaned against the hoop post, bag slung over one shoulder, his calm eyes fixed on Frank. Dillon had caught the hint when Frank cleared his throat and asked for a word, with a small nod, he'd peeled away, giving them space.

Frank lingered in the middle of the court, fidgeting with the hem of his hoodie, his head bowed. His sneakers scuffed nervously against the painted lines.

Cory waited, arms crossed, his voice even. "Go ahead."

Frank swallowed hard, his throat tight. "I know," he whispered.

Cory's brow lifted. "Know what?"

Frank's dark eyes lifted, meeting his. "About you. And My Mom. I knew it the day she came to you."

The words hung in the air, sharp and heavy.

Cory didn't move, didn't flinch, though every muscle coiled tight inside. He expected anger, betrayal, a demand.

But Frank's next words came soft, trembling but certain. "I love her. She's my whole world. And yeah, it hurt, at first, realizing she wanted... more. But then I saw her face. How happy she looks since being with you. I can't remember the last time she smiled like that."

He took a shaky breath. "So if it's you that gives her that... if it's you that makes her feel alive again... then I can share her. For her sake. Because I just want her happy."

Cory exhaled slowly, the tightness easing from his chest. He studied Frank for a moment — the boy's hunched shoulders, the honesty burning raw in his voice.

Stepping forward, Cory placed a firm hand on Frank's shoulder. "You're stronger than you think," he said, his voice steady. "Takes guts to admit that. And it makes you more of a man than Dale will ever be."

Frank blinked, his lips twitching into a small, relieved smile. "Thanks."

For the first time, he stood a little straighter, as though Cory's words had shifted something inside him.

The golden court stretched quiet around them, the moment etched between them — not rivalry, but respect.

Harper's kitchen was warm with the smell of wine and roasted garlic, candles flickering lazily along the counter. The four women sprawled around the table like queens after a feast, their laughter sharp and loud, glasses in hand, heels kicked off.

"You know what I realized?" Harper said, tipping back her glass, her voice rich with mischief. "I haven't felt this alive in years. Dillon may blush like a virgin, but when that boy eats me out? God. He's insatiable. The way he looks at me—like I'm the only woman in the world."

She laughed, tossing her hair back. "And I am more than happy to let him worship."

Sofia sighed dreamily, her chin in her hand. "Frank is so sweet. So tender. He touches me like I'm fragile, then surprises me with how much hunger he has. He's learning fast. And he makes me feel loved, not just wanted." Her smile softened, glowing. "I forgot what that felt like."

Stacey twirled her wineglass, a smirk playing on her lips. “Cory isn’t learning,” she said, her voice low, husky. “He already knows. The way he takes me... the way he claims me. Every night, I feel like I’m coming apart in his hands. I can’t stop craving him.”

Her cheeks flushed even as she smiled, pride and possessiveness mixing in her voice.

“Mm,” Harper teased, raising a brow. “No wonder you’re glowing every time I see you. You’re practically walking bowlegged.”

The women erupted in laughter, Stacey swatting at her playfully, though her blush deepened.

Even Judith chuckled, though she hadn’t spoken much yet. She swirled her wine, her sharp eyes flicking over each of them in turn. “It’s clear,” she said finally. “We’ve all been liberated. Freed. Our sons have stepped up. Each of you is satisfied—more than satisfied. And that is how it should be.”

Sofia raised her glass. “To the Club. To never holding back again.”

Glasses clinked, laughter rippled, the air thick with shared indulgence and confidence.

But when the sound faded, Judith’s expression sobered.

“There is one who is not satisfied,” she said calmly.

The others fell quiet, their smiles dimming.

“Dale,” Judith continued, her voice low, measured. “He resents. He rages. He poisons the air around him. And if left unchecked, he will tear this apart.”

Harper rolled her eyes. “He’s nothing but tantrums. Let him sulk.”

Stacey’s eyes sharpened. “No. He won’t just sulk. He’ll fight until he’s broken. And if we don’t break him, he’ll destroy what we’ve built.”

A silence hung, heavy. The women glanced at each other, unease flickering beneath their confidence.

Judith set her glass down with deliberate force. “Leave him to me,” she said, her voice absolute. “I know how to break him.”

The words sat in the air like a vow, unshakable.

And though the others said nothing, none of them doubted she meant every word.

The house was quiet that evening. Dave was expected home late from work, and Stacey had wasted no time tugging Cory into the laundry room, shutting the door with a click.

Her back pressed against the vibrating dryer, her dress bunched at her waist, her panties already dangling from one ankle. Cory's hips slammed into hers, each thrust deep, hard, urgent. The hum of the machines masked the sound of skin on skin, but her muffled moans still spilled against his mouth as he devoured her lips.

"Fuck me harder," she whispered, clawing at his back. "God, Cory, don't stop."

He gripped her thighs, spreading them wider, lifting her onto the dryer so he could pound deeper. She cried out, her tits spilling from her dress, bouncing with every thrust. Sweat beaded at her temples, the forbidden thrill making her pussy clamp tight around him.

Then—

The front door creaked.

"Stacey?" Dave's voice echoed through the hall. "I'm home!"

Stacey froze, nails digging into Cory's shoulders. Cory only smirked, thrusting harder, his cock slamming into her, her cry strangled into his chest.

"Answer him," Cory growled in her ear.

She shook her head, biting her lip, her body trembling. "No—just... fuck, don't stop."

Dave's footsteps thudded across the hardwood. "Stacey? You here?"

Cory clamped a hand over Stacey's mouth, pounding her mercilessly as her muffled screams vibrated against his palm. She came hard, her thighs quivering, her body convulsing around him. He followed with a groan, spilling inside her as her eyes rolled back.

The footsteps paused in the hall. A beat of silence. Then Dave muttered something about mail and walked toward the kitchen.

Cory pulled out, cum dripping down her thighs onto the tile. Stacey slid off the dryer, wobbling, her dress clinging to her sweaty skin.

"Pull it together, Mom" Cory whispered, smirking as he tucked himself back into his jeans.

Stacey grabbed a towel, swiped at her thighs quickly, then slipped out into the hall, her face flushed but her smile calm. Dave turned as she appeared, still holding his jacket.

"Long day?" she asked sweetly, kissing his cheek.

He smiled faintly, distracted, hanging his coat. As he walked away, Stacey leaned against the wall, her tits still heaving, the faint trail of cum glistening on the laundry floor behind her.

Chapter 26 – The Cheering Up at Home

The house hummed with chatter and clinking glasses. The smell of roasted meats and perfume mingled in the air, laughter spilling across the living room where neighbours and coworkers mingled in their best weekend clothes.

At the centre of it all was Stacey.

She glowed, radiant in a form-hugging emerald dress, her red hair curled loose over her shoulders. Her laughter rang bright as she stood at Dave's side, her hand resting lightly on his chest while he told some story that made their guests chuckle. To everyone watching, they were the perfect couple — husband and wife hosting together, warm and magnetic.

Cory sat in the back of the room, half-slouched in an armchair, a drink sweating in his hand. His eyes never left his mom. Every smile she gave his dad, every brush of her fingers against his sleeve, gnawed at him. His jaw flexed, his chest tight, restless heat simmering under his calm façade.

"You're sulking," a playful voice teased.

He turned to find Aunt Harper standing beside him, draped in a silky gold top that left little to the imagination, her boobs spilling as she leaned closer. Her smile was wicked, her eyes knowing.

"You look like a sulky little king on his throne," she added, sipping from her glass.

Aunt Sofia slid in on his other side, her blouse cut dangerously low, her curves practically spilling free. She touched his knee lightly, her accent warm, her tone teasing. "Ay, Cory... you're too serious. Tonight is supposed to be fun."

Dillon trailed behind them, hands stuffed in his pockets, smirking nervously. "They're right, man. You're staring at Aunt Stacey like you're about to tackle your dad in front of the whole room."

Frank followed quietly, but even he cracked a shy grin. "Yeah... you look jealous."

Cory arched a brow, his lips twitching faintly. "Maybe I am."

Harper leaned closer, her breath warm at his ear. "Good. That makes you dangerous. And I like you dangerous."

Sofia giggled, pressing her curves closer against his side, while Dillon and Frank exchanged glances, their faces flushed but amused.

For the first time that evening, Cory's smirk sharpened, his restlessness easing just enough under their teasing warmth. The tension simmered still — but now it had somewhere to go.

The teasing had only sharpened the hunger in Cory's chest. His gaze drifted again to his mom across the room, radiant on his dad's arm, and his grip tightened on his glass.

Harper noticed. She leaned down, lips brushing the shell of his ear. "I know how to cheer you up," she whispered, her voice sultry.

Cory's smirk curved, sharp and knowing. He didn't answer — he didn't have to.

"Upstairs," Harper purred, tugging lightly at his wrist. Sofia's giggle followed, bright and conspiratorial. "Sí, let's steal him away," she said, her eyes sparkling as she tugged Frank with her.

They slipped from the living room in a hushed current, weaving past distracted guests. Dillon glanced nervously back once, then grinned when his mom reached back and grabbed his hand, pulling him along. By the time they reached the hallway, their stifled laughter buzzed like static.

Cory's bedroom door clicked shut behind them, sealing them off from the party noise.

The mood shifted instantly.

Harper didn't waste a second — she peeled her silky top over her head, her full tits bouncing free as she tossed the garment aside. She strutted toward Cory, hips swaying, her grin wicked. "Better?"

Sofia laughed and followed, tugging her blouse open, buttons scattering as her tits spilled out, heavy and full. She cupped them in her hands, moaning dramatically. "Mmm, Cory, do you like them? Look at my poor Frank — he can't take his eyes off."

Frank didn't deny it. His eyes were locked on her curves, his lips parting as he stripped out of his suit in a rush. Dillon, emboldened by his mother's display, yanked his suit off too, his cock straining already against his jeans as he stepped closer.

The moms giggled and taunted them, but this time the boys didn't shy away. Frank slid behind his mother, hands bold on her waist, kissing the back of her neck while she purred. Dillon dropped to his knees in front of his mom, hands on her thighs, his blush hidden by the eager hunger in his eyes.

Cory stood still for a moment, watching, amused. Then he stripped — slow, deliberate. His cock sprang free, thick and heavy, and the room's energy snapped like a whip.

Both women gasped. Harper licked her lips. Sofia moaned softly, pressing her ass back into Frank just to steady herself.

Cory smirked, his voice low and commanding. "Get on the bed."

The boys and the moms obeyed without hesitation, climbing onto the mattress in a rush of bare skin and eager hands. The laughter turned to moans, the teasing to groans of anticipation, as they tangled together in the charged air of his room.

The game was over. The indulgence had begun.

The bed groaned under the weight of five bodies, sheets tangling, breath hot in the air. Clothes were tossed to the floor in a messy trail, the room buzzing with laughter and gasps as hands found skin and lips collided hungrily.

Harper straddled Cory first, her tits bouncing as she lowered herself onto his cock with a sharp moan. "God, yes," she gasped, riding him hard, her nails scratching down his chest. Cory gripped her hips tight, fucking up into her with powerful thrusts, his eyes locked on hers, his dominance making her giggle breathlessly even as her moans grew louder.

Sofia climbed behind him on her knees, pressing her tits into his face, her moans throaty as his tongue flicked over her nipples between thrusts. "So strong, Cory... so big," she gasped, arching into his mouth, her hand tangled in his hair as he devoured her nipple.

On the other side of the bed, Dillon finally stopped blushing and buried his face between Harper's thighs the moment she leaned back, her pussy now open for his eager tongue as Cory continued to pound her from below. Harper's laugh rang out, wild and sharp. "Mmm, my boys... spoiled by two cocks and still greedy for my tongue!"

Frank, emboldened, fucked his mom deeply, his hands bold on her tits, squeezing, kneading, sucking at her neck as he thrust into her from behind. Sofia moaned louder, her voice trembling between Frank's tender kisses and brutal rhythm.

The room turned into a storm of moans and slaps of skin. Bodies tangled, swapped, shifted — Dillon grunting as his mom pulled him onto the bed to fuck her mouth, Frank trembling as his mom guided his cock into her ass while Cory fucked her pussy, filling her with double heat that made her scream.

Cory moved through it all like a king — commanding, steady, untouchable. He fucked Harper until she collapsed in a sweaty heap, then bent Sofia over the edge of the bed, pounding her until her cries filled the room. When Dillon fumbled, Cory corrected him with a growl, guiding his hands on Harper's hips until she moaned. When Frank hesitated, Cory shoved him forward, forcing him deeper into Sofia's embrace, until Frank found his rhythm and fucked her with a boldness that made her eyes flutter.

By the time the chaos stilled, Harper and Sofia were sprawled across the sheets, bodies trembling, lips swollen from too many kisses, thighs slick with cum. Dillon collapsed against his mom's side, panting, his face glowing with pride. Frank lay against his mom's boobs, his shy smile softened into something more confident, his arms tight around her waist.

And Cory?

Cory sat back against the headboard, still hard, still steady, with Stacey's absence burning in his mind but his dominance undeniable. His hand rested on Harper's hair, the other stroking Sofia's hip, while the boys looked at him with quiet admiration.

He smirked, calm and satisfied, the room heavy with the scent of sex and sweat.

This wasn't just release.

It was proof.

Later the room was heavy with sweat and heat, the first wave of passion leaving bodies sprawled, lips swollen, and thighs trembling. But the fire wasn't out — it was only catching deeper.

Harper pushed Dillon back with a grin, climbing onto his lap. "You're not done, baby," she teased, guiding his cock inside her pussy. Dillon gasped, his hands bold now, gripping her ass as he thrust up into her. "Good boy," Harper moaned, bouncing harder, her laughter turning to ragged cries.

Beside them, Sofia straddled Frank, lowering herself slowly onto his cock with a shudder. "Mmm, my sweet boy," she whispered, her nails dragging down his chest. Frank groaned, his shyness gone, his hips thrusting up to meet hers, his hands clutching her thick hips with surprising strength. Sofia cried out, riding him with wild abandon, her tits bouncing against his chest.

Cory leaned back, watching with a smirk. His friends were finally fucking like men.

But he wasn't about to stay on the sidelines.

He moved between them, his cock glistening, and gripped Aunt Harper's hair, pulling her off Dillon's lips. He shoved his cock into her mouth, making her choke on him as she moaned around his length. Dillon groaned, fucking his mom harder from below as her throat convulsed around Cory.

Then he switched, guiding Aunt Sofia's face down, sliding into her mouth while Frank fucked her from beneath. She gagged, drool spilling down her chin as Frank thrust up into her pussy and Cory down her throat, her body trembling between the two cocks.

They swapped, shifted, tangled — Dillon pounding his mother's pussy while Cory held her throat open for him to watch, Frank fucking his hard while Cory claimed Aunt Harper's mouth. At times, Cory pulled out, jerking his cock across their faces, smearing spit and cum, only to slide back into whichever mouth he wanted.

The room filled with wet gags, muffled moans, and the slapping rhythm of flesh. Harper's mascara ran in black streaks, Sofia's lipstick smeared to nothing — both Moms

overwhelmed, worshipping, surrendering, their bodies trembling as their sons and Cory used them without hesitation.

When Dillon and Frank finally came, groaning hard, filling their Moms with hot streams, Cory didn't relent. He finished last, spilling across both their faces as they gasped and licked, his cum dripping down their chins while the boys panted beside them, glowing with pride.

The moms collapsed together, cum-smearred and satisfied, their hands still clasped as if to anchor themselves.

Cory stood over them, cock still half-hard, his smirk carved into dominance. He had let Dillon and Frank prove themselves, but he had also reminded everyone that he was the centre of it all.

Chapter 27 – Judith's Summons

The room was still heavy with the warmth of their bodies. The sheets clung damp to their skin, the faint scent of sweat and sex drifting in the air. His mom lay sprawled against Cory's chest, her red hair a fiery curtain across his shoulder, her lips parted in a small, satisfied smile.

Her fingers traced slow, lazy circles on his stomach, her breathing deep and even. Cory stroked her hair absentmindedly, his other hand resting possessively at the curve of her hip. For once, there was no urgency, no chaos — just the quiet hum of her body against his, a rare stillness that felt almost sacred.

The buzz of his phone on the nightstand shattered it.

Cory reached over without thinking, his thumb unlocking the screen. A single message lit the display.

Tomorrow. 6pm. My place.

— Aunt Judith

Cory stared at the words, his jaw tightening slightly. No explanation, no greeting. Just a command.

For a moment, curiosity burned sharp — Aunt Judith's timing, her confidence, the weight of her words. He knew she was up to something. He always knew.

Stacey stirred against him, murmuring softly, pressing her lips against his chest. "Mmm. Ignore it."

He looked down at her, her pale skin glowing in the low lamplight, her body curled trustingly into his side. The message was still open in his hand.

Slowly, he locked the screen and set the phone back on the nightstand. Then he pulled his mother tighter, pressing a kiss into her hair.

Whatever Judith wanted could wait. Tonight, His mom was his.

Cory walked up to the door and he was about to ring the doorbell when the front door swung open at exactly six.

Aunt Judith didn't greet him with words. She didn't need to.

She stood framed in the doorway, wrapped in a sheer black negligee that clung to her tall, statuesque body like smoke. Every curve was outlined in the light — the swell of her tits, the taut line of her stomach, the long, sculpted thighs that seemed to go on forever. Her blonde hair spilled loose over her shoulders, her lips painted a deep crimson that seemed designed to tempt him.

She turned without a word, her heels clicking against the polished wood as she led him inside. The sway of her hips was deliberate, measured, each step a command.

Cory followed, his eyes sharp, curious.

She stopped at the threshold of her bedroom. The door loomed open, shadows spilling into the hall. As Cory reached for the handle, Judith's hand shot out, cool and firm against his wrist.

"Leave it open," she said. Her voice was low, velvet smooth, but there was no room for argument.

Cory's brow furrowed, but he smirked faintly, releasing the door. "As you wish."

"Good boy," Judith purred, and the words sent a flicker of heat through the air.

She gestured to the chair at the foot of her bed. "Sit."

Cory lowered himself into it, stretching out, his arms relaxed on the rests, his cock already stirring with anticipation. He wasn't used to being placed — but he was intrigued enough to indulge her game.

Aunt Judith began to move.

Her fingers slid down the straps of her negligee, peeling the fabric from her shoulders inch by inch. She let it fall in a whisper of silk, her body revealed in deliberate stages — the swell of her boobs cupped by black lace, the curve of her hips, the glistening promise between her thighs.

Her eyes never left his.

She prowled toward him slowly, hips swaying, every movement a striptease designed to set him aflame. When she reached him, she straddled his lap, pressing her tits into his face, her perfume thick and heady.

“Take them,” she whispered, pressing his head closer. “Suck them.”

Cory’s hands closed over her waist, his mouth wrapping around one stiff nipple through the lace. He bit, hard enough to make her gasp, his tongue flicking in circles until she moaned.

“Good,” Judith purred, arching into him. “Take more.”

Cory obeyed for a moment, sucking, biting, teasing. But soon his grip tightened, his dominance pushing through. He grabbed her ass, grinding her against his cock, his teeth marking her skin as she threw her head back and cried out — louder than necessary, her voice carrying down the hall.

Cory’s smirk curved against her right boob. He knew. She was putting on a show.

But he didn’t stop. He wouldn’t give her the satisfaction of hesitation.

Judith’s eyes glittered with triumph as she pulled back, her lipstick smeared, her breathing ragged. She slid from his lap, tugging him toward the bed with one final command on her lips.

“Now,” she whispered, her voice hoarse with lust. “Show me what you do when you stop holding back.”

Judith dragged him onto the bed with surprising force, her body gleaming in the low light. She shoved him back against the pillows, straddling his waist, her blonde hair spilling wild around her face, her tits bouncing as she ground her soaked pussy against his cock.

Her breath came ragged, her eyes sharp. She leaned down, her lips brushing his ear, her whisper trembling with hunger and intent.

“Fuck me,” she commanded. “As hard as you can.”

Cory’s eyes narrowed. For a moment, suspicion flickered — the open door, her exaggerated moans, the way her voice carried down the hall. She wanted to be heard. She wanted this performance loud.

But hesitation lasted only a beat.

He grabbed her hips, flipped her onto her back with a growl, and slammed his cock into her pussy in one brutal thrust. Aunt Judith screamed — not delicate, not restrained, but loud and sharp, her cry echoing off the walls and out the open doorway.

“Yes!” she howled, arching under him, her nails raking his back. “Harder, Cory! Harder!”

He obliged, pounding her into the mattress with relentless force, his cock driving deep, his grip bruising on her thighs. Sweat slicked their bodies, the bed creaking beneath them. Every thrust was punctuated by her screams, her voice carrying far beyond the room, louder than any of the others had ever dared.

Cory’s jaw tightened as realization sank in: this wasn’t just sex. Judith was staging this. Broadcasting it. Testing him.

But he didn’t stop. If she wanted a show, he’d give her one.

His hips slammed harder, faster, the sound of flesh on flesh mingling with her cries. Judith’s legs wrapped around him, pulling him deeper, her eyes rolling back as she screamed his name over and over, deliberately, shamelessly.

The rhythm built, feral and merciless, their bodies colliding in a frenzy that shook the bed. Cory’s teeth bared, his focus razor-sharp, his dominance undeniable.

And Judith — triumphant even in surrender — cried louder still, her voice spilling into the hall like a siren.

The air thick with sweat, sex, and the sound of Judith’s orchestrated ecstasy.

Chapter 28 – The Breaking Point

The bed hammered against the wall with every thrust, Judith’s screams echoing down the hall. Her nails carved angry red trails down Cory’s back, her blonde hair fanned across the pillows, her body writhing in ecstasy as he pounded her harder, faster, deeper.

Her cries weren’t restrained. They were wild, purposeful, pitched high to be heard.

“Cory! Harder—yes! Oh god, don’t stop!”

Cory’s jaw clenched, sweat slicking his chest as he drove his cock into her pussy with relentless rhythm. He knew what she was doing. He could feel it in the sharp way her hips bucked, in the way her voice carried like a siren. This wasn’t just sex — it was a stage.

And then, in the corner of his vision, the trap revealed itself.

A figure in the doorway.

Dale.

Frozen. His eyes wide, his chest rising and falling in ragged bursts. Fury lit his face, but his body betrayed him — the rigid line of his jaw, the twitch in his fists, the unmistakable bulge straining in his jeans.

Cory didn't falter. He didn't slow.

Instead, he went harder.

His hands gripped aunt Judith's thighs, spreading her wider, his cock slamming into her with brutal force. Her back arched high off the bed, her tits bouncing, her scream tearing through the air like a victory cry.

Cory locked eyes with Dale across the room, his smirk sharp, deliberate. Every thrust was a challenge, every moan dragged out of aunt Judith a declaration: *this is mine. This is me. You can't touch this.*

Aunt Judith's voice shattered into sobs of pleasure, her nails clawing at the sheets. "Yes, Cory! Fuck me—yes, everyone should hear how good you are!"

Dale stood in the doorway, paralyzed. His fury trembled, caught between rage and the undeniable pull of what he was seeing. His breath came harsh, his knuckles white — but he couldn't look away.

Cory's dominance filled the room, the rhythm of flesh on flesh echoing like a drumbeat of conquest. Judith screamed louder, Cory smirked darker, and Dale's world cracked.

Dale's body was rigid in the doorway, his fists clenched so tight his knuckles blanched white. His teeth ground together, his eyes burning as he watched Cory hammer his mother into the mattress.

At first it was fury — pure, undiluted rage.

But his mom's cries of passion cut through him like a knife.

Her voice was wild, unrestrained, filled with a pleasure so raw it made his chest tighten. Her tits bounced with every brutal thrust, her nails ripped at the sheets, her head tossed back as she screamed Cory's name like it was the only word she knew.

Cory's muscles flexed with each thrust, sweat dripping down his chest, his jaw tight, his dominance absolute. He was in control, not just of his mother's body, but of the entire room — of Dale himself.

And Dale felt it.

His anger wavered. His breath hitched, his pulse pounding hot in his ears.

Judith's ecstasy wasn't a lie. It wasn't forced. It was real, raw, overwhelming. She was revelling in it — in Cory — and for the first time Dale couldn't deny it.

His glare faltered. His jaw slackened.

And his cock throbbed, painfully hard in his jeans.

He stepped forward, slow, unsteady, drawn like a moth to flame. His chest heaved, his eyes locked on the savage rhythm of Cory's hips slamming into his mom, the slick sounds of flesh filling the air.

She turned her head, eyes catching Dale's, her lips curling into a moan that was half-smirk, half-invitation. "Dale... don't just stand there..."

His breath shuddered.

The fury was gone. In its place was awe. Hunger. Need.

Dale crossed the threshold.

Dale stepped into the room, each stride heavier than the last. His chest rose and fell with ragged breaths, his eyes locked on the sight before him: his mother sprawled across the bed, her body shaking with ecstasy as Cory drove into her with merciless rhythm.

She turned her head toward Dale, her lips slick, her face glowing with sweat, and moaned shamelessly. "Come here, Dale... don't fight it anymore. Take me. Take what you've been wanting."

Dale's hands fumbled at his belt. His jeans hit the floor in seconds, his cock springing free, thick and straining, precum already glistening at the tip. His anger was gone — all that was left was hunger, raw and undeniable.

Cory smirked, not breaking his thrusts, his voice a low growl. "Well? Are you just going to stand there, or are you going to be a man?"

That did it.

Dale climbed onto the bed, his hands trembling as he reached for his mom's tits. She moaned, arching into him, pulling his mouth to one while Cory slammed into her from below.

"God, yes!" Judith screamed, her voice raw. "Both of you—give me everything!"

Cory pulled out, flipping Judith onto her stomach. He shoved her face into the mattress, spreading her ass wide. "Get in front," he ordered, his tone sharp. Dale obeyed, his cock sliding into her mouth, her moans muffled around him as she gagged on his thickness.

Cory didn't wait. He slammed into her from behind, his cock driving deep into her pussy, her body jolting between them as Dale thrust into her mouth. She was trapped between them, spit dripping down her chin, her body stretched, fucked from both ends.

The bed creaked violently, the air filled with wet slaps and Judith's muffled screams. Dale groaned, gripping her hair, his eyes meeting Cory's over her body. For the first time, there was no hatred in his gaze — only surrender, awe, and lust.

“Harder!” Judith wailed, her voice breaking free when Dale pulled out for air. “Don’t hold back — I can take it!”

Cory smirked, pulling Dale’s hand to join his on her hips. Together, they pounded into her — Cory from behind, Dale sliding back into her mouth, their rhythm syncing until Judith’s body shook violently between them.

Then came the breaking point.

Cory slowed, pulling out, his cock glistening with her juices. He shoved Dale back slightly, flipping Judith onto her back again, her body a mess of sweat and spit. He positioned himself at her pussy once more, his cock poised at her entrance.

“Lift her,” Cory commanded.

Dale obeyed, grabbing his mother’s thighs, spreading her wide.

“Now,” Cory growled. “Let’s break her together.”

Judith gasped, her eyes wild, as Cory slid into her pussy and Dale pressed against her ass. With one sharp thrust, they were both inside her — double-stuffing her, stretching her until she screamed, her nails clawing at the sheets, her tits bouncing wildly with every desperate convulsion.

Her cries turned into sobs of ecstasy. “Oh god! Both of you—yes! Yes!”

Cory’s pace was brutal, unrelenting, his thrusts pounding her deeper into the bed. Dale matched him, his face twisted with pleasure and awe as his mom’s body trembled violently between them. The bed rattled, the sound obscene, Judith’s moans carrying louder than ever.

They switched again, Cory pulling Judith onto his cock while Dale slid into her mouth. Then swapping, Cory fucking her ass while Dale pounded her pussy. Judith took it all, her body stretched, shaking, completely consumed by their shared assault.

She was their playground, their proof. And she loved it.

Her orgasm hit like a storm — her body arching, her scream tearing through the room as her juices spilled across Cory’s cock. Dale groaned, cumming hard inside her, his face twisted with relief and surrender. Cory followed seconds later, roaring as he emptied himself deep into her ass, grinding until her body convulsed helplessly.

Judith collapsed between them, her face flushed, her lips parted in a trembling smile. She was wrecked, spent — and triumphant.

For the first time, Dale lay beside Cory, panting, sweat dripping down his chest, no venom left in his eyes. Only awe. Only acceptance.

And Judith, drifting into sleep, whispered with her last breath: “Perfect... just perfect.”

The room smelled of sex — heavy, clinging, undeniable. The sheets were damp, tangled, the air still vibrating with the echoes of Judith’s screams. She lay sprawled between them, her body limp, her chest rising and falling in slow, satisfied rhythm, her lips curled in a faint smile even in sleep.

Cory leaned back against the headboard, sweat cooling on his skin, his cock finally soft, his breathing steadying. Dale lay on the other side of aunt Judith, one arm thrown across her waist, his face turned toward the ceiling. For the first time in weeks, his jaw wasn’t tight. His chest rose and fell slowly, like something heavy had been lifted.

The silence stretched.

Finally, Dale spoke, his voice hoarse, stripped of its usual arrogance. “I was a dick.”

Cory turned his head, one brow raised, his smirk faint.

Dale exhaled a shaky laugh, running a hand through his sweat-damp hair. “I fought you because I didn’t want to admit it. Didn’t want to admit you’re better. Stronger. That... she wanted you more.” He glanced at his mother’s sleeping form, then back at Cory. His voice dropped, rough with honesty. “But I see it now. You are. And I can’t fight that anymore.”

Cory’s smirk widened, slow and knowing. He didn’t gloat. He didn’t need to.

“Took you long enough,” he said dryly.

Dale let out a laugh — a real one this time, low and tired. “Guess you’re the king of this thing. Just don’t expect me to kiss your feet.”

Cory chuckled, leaning forward to clap him on the shoulder, firm but not mocking. “I don’t need your worship. Just try to not behave like a spoiled brat.”

For the first time, Dale met Cory’s eyes without hate, without venom. There was still pride there — but it was quieter now, tempered. Acceptance.

Judith stirred faintly between them, sighing in her sleep, her body curled against the warmth of both men.

And for the first time, Cory, Dale, and Judith lay together not as rivals and manipulator — but as something else entirely.

The Club was whole again.

Chapter 29 – Club United

Judith's lounge glowed in soft amber, the scent of wine and perfume thick in the air. The low table was littered with half-full glasses, an open bottle of red, and a scattering of clothes tossed carelessly aside.

Everyone was already naked.

The mood was light, relaxed, almost celebratory — the crackling tension that had once haunted the circle was gone. Laughter drifted between moans, the sound of intimacy woven seamlessly into the air.

Dale sat beside his mom on the couch, his hand cupping her heavy tits, thumb lazily brushing her stiff nipple. His posture was loose, calm, a stark contrast to the rigid, sulking boy he had been only nights before. Judith leaned into him, her statuesque frame glowing, her lips curved in a satisfied smirk. One hand stroked through Dale's blonde hair as though he were her prize — not broken, but remade.

Across the room, Harper sprawled across her son's lap, her tits pressed against his face as he kissed and licked eagerly, his glasses abandoned on the couch. She giggled, tugging his hair to guide him, while his hands kneaded her ass hungrily. His blush was gone, his confidence glowed in the way he devoured her.

Sofia sat curled against Frank, her thick thighs spread as she guided his fingers deeper inside her pussy. She moaned softly, her head resting on his shoulder, her full tits spilling as his shy lips pressed against her neck. Frank's cheeks were flushed, but his hand was firm, his eyes locked on her with tender devotion.

And in the centre, as always, Cory.

He lounged back into the couch, Stacey perched naked in his lap. Her tits pressed against his chest as she kissed him hungrily, her red hair spilling wild across her shoulders. His hand worked between her thighs, stroking her slowly, making her shiver against him. His other arm held her tight against him, possessive, as his eyes lingered on the others — calm, commanding, satisfied.

It was the same circle, the same club, but everything had shifted.

The bitterness was gone. The rivalry dissolved.

For the first time in weeks, they were whole again.

Wine glasses clinked, laughter bubbling through the sultry air. The lounge was alive with heat and play, but the mood was light, easy, the sharp edges of jealousy and rivalry smoothed into warmth.

Harper lifted her glass high, her tits bouncing as Dillon's mouth sucked noisily at her nipple. "Look at this!" she teased, her laugh sharp and musical. "My shy little nerd of a son turned into a wild animal. Who knew he had such a tongue on him?"

Dillon smirked up at her, his lips glistening. "Guess I just needed the right teacher." He licked slowly up her right tit, making her squeal and swat at his hair, even as her laughter melted into another moan.

Sofia giggled, stroking Frank's cheek as he blushed. "Ay, but look at my Frankie. So sweet, so gentle... and so strong." She kissed his lips tenderly, guiding his cock deeper into her with a moan. "He makes me feel like a queen."

Harper leaned over, her grin wicked. "Careful, Sofia. If you brag too much, I might steal him for myself."

Frank froze, eyes wide, but Sofia swatted Harper's thigh, laughing. "No, no, chica. He's mine." She pulled Frank closer, kissing him again until his nerves dissolved into hunger.

On the other side of the couch, Judith smirked over her glass, stroking Dale's hair lazily as he nuzzled at her tits. "And my golden boy," she purred. "Finally learned how to behave."

Dale chuckled against her skin, his voice lower, more relaxed than it had ever been. "Guess I just needed the right kind of lesson."

The group roared with laughter, the tension that once clung to Dale now replaced with ease. Even Harper reached over to pinch his cheek. "Who knew the spoiled prince could be tamed?"

Through it all, Cory sat back, his mother curled in his lap, her tits pressed to his chest as he kissed her slowly, possessively. His hand moved lazily between her thighs, stroking her to soft moans, but his smirk never faltered. He didn't need to boast, didn't need to tease — his calm presence was enough.

The others felt it.

Even as they laughed, even as they played, Cory was the anchor, the unspoken leader. No one said it out loud, but every glance, every gesture circled back to him.

The teasing bled into moans, laughter softening into sighs of hunger. Wine glasses clinked on the low table, then were forgotten as hands roamed, lips found lips, and bodies began to shift closer together.

It started with Harper.

She slid off her son's lap, her golden skin gleaming in the dim light as she dropped to her knees between his thighs. Her hand wrapped around his cock, stroking lazily as she looked

up with a wicked grin. “Show them how much you’ve learned, baby.” Then her mouth closed around his cock, sloppy and eager, her moans vibrating against his length. Dillon groaned, his head tipping back, his hand clutching her curls as if he couldn’t believe his luck.

Sofia giggled at the sight, her eyes sparkling as she guided Frank deeper into her. “See, mi amor? Don’t be shy. Give me everything.” She straddled him fully now, lowering onto his cock with a shuddering moan, her tits bouncing as she rode him slow and deep. Frank groaned, his hands finally gripping her hips with force, his shy hesitation melting into raw hunger.

On the far couch, Judith leaned back with regal poise, Dale kneeling between her legs. His hands spread her thighs wide as he licked her slowly, deliberately, his arrogance replaced with devotion. Judith’s moans were low, satisfied, one hand tangled in his blonde hair, the other lifting her wine glass to her lips as if savouring the power of being worshipped.

And at the centre — Cory and Stacey.

Stacey ground herself against him, his cock sliding easily into her soaked pussy as she clung to his shoulders. She rode him slow, her tits pressed to his chest, her lips devouring his in hungry kisses. Cory didn’t rush. He stroked her thighs, squeezed her ass, kissed her neck — steady, controlled, his dominance glowing in the way she melted against him.

The room filled with the symphony of sex: Harper’s sloppy sucking, Sofia’s high-pitched cries, Judith’s regal moans, Stacey’s breathless whispers of Cory’s name.

But the boundaries didn’t hold.

Harper crawled across the couch to kiss Sofia, their tits pressing together as their tongues tangled, while Dillon slid behind his mother to fuck her from behind. Sofia gasped into Harper’s mouth as Frank groaned, his cock still buried inside her.

Judith laughed huskily as Dale pulled her onto his lap, bouncing her on his cock while Cory leaned over to squeeze her tits, making her moan louder. Dale didn’t fight it — he welcomed it, his rhythm syncing with Cory’s touch, his smirk finally free of rivalry.

Stacey, ever possessive, tugged Cory’s mouth back to hers, kissing him desperately, riding him harder now as if to remind everyone she was his. Cory smirked against her lips, his cock slamming into her deeper, making her cry out in pleasure.

Soon the room was chaos — sweaty bodies tangled together, hands and mouths everywhere, partners swapping, teasing, tasting. Harper moaned with Dillon’s cock in her pussy and Cory’s fingers in her mouth. Sofia squealed as Frank fucked her hard while Judith kissed her boobs. Dale groaned as his mother rode him while Cory leaned down to whisper, “Keep up, or I’ll take her from you.”

It was indulgence, not competition. No jealousy, no bitterness — only hunger shared, passion celebrated, laughter echoing between cries of pleasure.

Hours later, they collapsed in a heap, limbs tangled, skin glowing with sweat. Harper giggled breathlessly, flopping against Dillon's chest. Sofia hummed softly, cradling Frank against her boobs. Judith sipped lazily at her wine, her lips curved in a satisfied smirk as Dale stroked her thigh.

And in the centre, Stacey curled into her son's chest, his arm wrapped tight around her, his smirk steady even as his eyes closed.

The circle was whole again. Naked, spent, but smiling.

For the first time, the Club wasn't defined by rivalry, but by indulgence — one body, one bond, one fire.

Chapter 30 – The Crown Claimed

The bedroom was dark, the only light a faint silver wash of moon spilling through the blinds. Dave lay on his side, his back to his wife, his breathing deep and steady. To anyone else, he would have looked asleep.

But when the mattress shifted and Stacey slid carefully from the bed, his eyes cracked open.

He watched her silhouette in the dim light — the slow, practiced way she pulled her robe on over her bare skin, the careful steps she took toward the door. She didn't glance back at him. She didn't have to.

The door clicked softly shut behind her.

Dave stared into the shadows, his jaw tight, his chest heavy. A bitter laugh caught in his throat before he whispered, almost too low to hear:

"She's going to him again... Wonder if they'll ever stop fucking."

His hand drifted down beneath the sheets. He told himself not to. He told himself he should just roll over, close his eyes, pretend. But then it came — the faintest sound from down the hall.

A moan.

Not polite, not restrained. Raw. His wife's voice, rising high and hungry, unmistakable.

Dave's cock hardened instantly. His breath stuttered as his hand wrapped around himself, stroking slow at first, then faster as the rhythm of his son and his wife fucking filled the quiet

house. Each sound — the creak of the bed, the slap of skin, Stacey's moans breaking into gasps — fed his strokes, shame and arousal twisting together until his hips bucked helplessly.

He came in silence, spilling his cum across his stomach, his teeth gritted, his eyes squeezed shut.

The sounds from Cory's room went on and on, Stacey's voice rising louder, more desperate, as if mocking him.

Dave rolled onto his back, breath ragged, the wetness cooling on his skin. His hand fell limp at his side, his eyes closing finally, heavy with exhaustion and something darker.

He drifted into an uneasy sleep to the echo of his wife's cries, the bitter truth settling deeper than ever: it was already out of his hands.

Sunlight spilled across Cory's room, pale and warm, cutting soft stripes through the blinds. The sheets were tangled, damp with sweat, the air heavy with the scent of sex.

Stacey lay curled against him, her red hair a wild halo across his chest, her body still glowing from the night. Cory's arm held her tight, his hand splayed over the curve of her hip as if he had no intention of ever letting go.

For a long while, they lay in silence, breathing in sync, the stillness of morning wrapping around them like another blanket. Stacey stirred first, her lips brushing against his chest before she whispered, her voice husky but worried.

"I should go before your dad wakes up."

She shifted, slipping one leg off the bed, her hand brushing across the sheets as if reaching for her robe.

But Cory caught her wrist and pulled her back down, hard enough that she gasped. His eyes burned into hers, steady and unflinching.

"No."

Her brows arched, startled. "Cory—"

"I don't want to do this sneaking anymore," he said, his voice low, unshakable. "I don't want to watch you slip out of my bed like it's something wrong. I don't want to wake up alone while you tiptoe back to him."

His hand tightened on her hip, his grip claiming. "I want you here mom. With me. Always."

Stacey's lips parted, her breath catching. She searched his face, saw the fierce certainty there — no hesitation, no doubt, only the demand of a man who knew what he wanted and would never give it up.

Her heart pounded, her body trembling, not with fear but with something deeper: the recognition that she wanted the same.

Slowly, she smiled. She pressed her lips to his, soft at first, then deeper, hungrier.

When she pulled back, her whisper shook with emotion. "Forever."

Cory's smirk curved, satisfied. His grip slid lower, pulling her tighter against his cock, already hard again beneath her.

And when she moved to straddle him, her red hair falling like fire around his face, Stacey knew she wasn't sneaking out anymore.

She was staying.

Stacey swung her leg over Cory, her body settling onto his hips, her tits heavy and bare in the morning light. His cock pressed against her entrance, thick and ready, and she sank down onto him with a shuddering moan that spilled into the room.

No hesitation. No restraint.

She rode him slow at first, her hands pressed to his chest, her head thrown back as his cock filled her to the hilt. Cory's grip locked tight on her hips, guiding her, owning every rise and fall of her body.

Her moans grew louder, shameless, echoing off the walls of the house.

Down the hall, Dave stirred awake again.

The sounds hit him like a hammer: Stacey's cries, raw and unfiltered, the rhythmic slap of skin, Cory's low grunts of dominance. He dragged himself to the doorway, bare feet heavy on the floor, and froze just outside his son's room.

Through the crack, he saw everything.

Stacey bouncing wildly in the sunlight, her tits jiggling with every thrust, her hair spilling around her flushed face. Cory gripping her hard, pounding up into her, his smirk sharp as he guided her body with complete control.

Dave's cock hardened instantly, shame and arousal twisting in his gut. He pressed his forehead to the doorframe, his hand sliding down, stroking himself in rough, desperate pulls as his wife screamed their own son's name.

Inside, Stacey moaned louder, riding her son harder, her voice breaking as she gasped, "Yes—fuck, yes, Cory!" She didn't care who heard. She wanted the whole house to shake with it.

Cory's eyes flicked once toward the door, sharp and knowing. He didn't stop. He thrust harder, making Stacey cry out again, louder, her nails digging into his chest.

Dave staggered back finally, humiliated and aroused, his cock aching. He stumbled into the kitchen, poured himself a glass of whiskey with trembling hands. The first sip burned down his throat, but he didn't grimace. He only stared blankly at the counter, the sound of his wife's moans still echoing through the walls.

He knew now. He accepted. He couldn't stop it — he never could.

Upstairs, Stacey clung to Cory, her cries spilling louder, shameless, like a declaration.

The sneaking was over. The crown was claimed.
