

THE MOMS ON PASSION STREET



BY KLRXO

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Part 1 of 2

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Barbara and her son Timmy stood awkwardly face-to-face in the cramped closet, barely able to move. Her massive breasts pressed firmly against his chest, the soft, bulging flesh of her tit-cleavage spilling out of her low-cut blouse.

Timmy blushed and tried to avert his eyes, but there was nowhere else to look in the tiny space.

"Sorry Mom," he mumbled, embarrassed by the intimate proximity to his mother's giant tits.

"It's okay sweetie, it was an accident," Barbara reassured him, though she too felt flustered by their predicament. While helping her fetch something off the tall shelf, her and her boy had become trapped in the tiny closet together, the lock to the door malfunctioning.

The mother's fat nipples stiffened, poking through the thin fabric of her bra and blouse to press against her son's chest. "I should've gotten your father to fix that darn lock ages ago," Barbara sighed, her warm breath tickling Timmy's ear in the tight confines of the closet. "Now look at the pickle we're in."

Barbara knew that such malfunctions were common in old historical homes. They had only lived in the stately colonial

on Passion Street for not quite a year, so were still getting used to its quirks.

She shifted slightly, trying to get more comfortable, but the movement only served to grind her squishy melons harder against Timmy's torso.

He suppressed a groan as he felt her erect nipples drilling into his chest through their clothing. An unavoidable bulge began to grow in his pants, tenting the front of his jeans.

After a few minutes, Barbara's eyes widened as she felt the rigid shape of her son's erect penis poking insistently against her thigh. "Oh my," she gasped, a scandalized blush rising to her cheeks. "Timmy, is that your...you know..."

Timmy wanted to die from mortification. He couldn't believe this was happening, trapped in a closet with his mom, sporting a massive hard-on. "I'm s-sorry!" he stammered. "I can't help it! It's these boobs - your boobs I mean! They're just so...so..."

"Big?" Barbara finished for him with an amused, slightly flattered smirk in spite of herself. She knew she should feel appalled, but her son's clear arousal, his youthful hardness pressing urgently against her...it ignited something forbidden inside her.

"Y-yes," the boy answered, staring into the creamy, cavernously-deep fissure between her colossal jugs.

His gaze traveled up to her pretty green eyes, her motherly face framed by a silky mane of long brown hair. They stared, transfixed, their faces mere inches apart in the cramped space.

The intoxicating scent of Barbara's aroused cunt mingled with Timmy's raging teenage hormones, surrounding them in a heady, lascivious fog of forbidden desire.

Unconsciously, as if drawn together by an irresistible magnetism, their lips gradually drifted closer and closer until they finally met in a feather-light kiss.

They both froze at the first electric contact, shocked by the taboo line they were crossing. But raw, primal need quickly overwhelmed any hesitation.

The smooch deepened, growing heavy and urgent as years of repressed, illicit yearning bubbled to the surface.

Barbara slid her hands up Timmy's chest to twine around his neck, pulling her teen harder against her lips. He wrapped his arms around her waist, clutching her soft, plush body desperately as her tongue plunged past his lips to twine with his.

They clung to each other, making out ravenously, feverishly, losing themselves in the forbidden heat as their tongues writhed and tangled.

Barbara moaned into her son's mouth, the vibration making his rigid cock twitch against her thigh. He thrust his hips

forward unconsciously, grinding himself against her, craving more contact, more friction.

"Oh God, Timmy, we shouldn't..." Barbara panted when they finally broke for air, but her protest was weak, drowned out by the thundering of her pulse, the aching emptiness between her thighs. "This is so wrong..."

Despite her hesitation, Barbara frantically reached down between their bodies, fumbling urgently with the button of Timmy's jeans. She finally got it open and yanked the zipper down with trembling fingers.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of his jeans and boxers, she shoved them down over his hips.

Unable to fully remove his pants in the cramped confines of the closet, Barbara lifted one shapely leg and used her bare foot to push the denim and cotton down Timmy's thighs until his massive erection sprang free, slapping lewdly against his stomach as it pointed upward in full, blood-engorged hardness.

Timmy groaned at the relieving loss of constriction around his aching cock. His knob flared, the pink membrane of skin pulled taut around the long, veiny stalk of his erection.

Pulling back slightly, Barbara quickly reached down and grabbed the hem of her sundress, pulling it up and off over her head in one smooth motion, leaving her in just a lacy white bra and panties. Her cleavage wobbled, her massive

breasts threatened to spill out over the embroidered cups of her bra with each panting breath.

Timmy drank in the forbidden sight of his mother's nearly naked body, his raging hard-on twitching and leaking with arousal.

Barbara hooked her thumbs under the dainty waistband of her panties and slid them down her thick thighs and calves. She stepped out of them and quickly kicked them aside.

Brazenly, the mother grabbed Timmy's wrists and placed his hands firmly on the plump globes of her ass. The feel of his strong fingers digging into the abundant flesh made her shiver with want.

"Lift me up, honey," she purred at his ear, her voice husky with forbidden lust. "Lift me up onto you."

Timmy gripped his mother's full, heavy buttocks and easily hoisted her up, using the wall of the closet for support.

Barbara wrapped her legs around his waist and reached between their bodies to grip his stiff cock. "Oh my God," she sighed, feeling how hot and thick her son's meat was.

She notched the swollen head at her slick, ready entrance, feeling the broad, spongy helmet squeeze tightly through her juice-slickened vestibule.

They both groaned as Timmy lowered her down, impaling his mother on his throbbing erection in one long, slow stroke.

Barbara clung to her teen's shoulders, her nails digging into his skin, savoring the incredible feeling of her son's hardness stretching her open and filling her up so completely. It was easily the biggest cock she'd ever had sleeved inside her cunt.

Timmy groaned and his eyes fluttered back as he felt his glans kiss the warm, soft ring guarding the entrance to her cervix, smearing it with his pre-nut.

Impaled on her son's throbbing cock, Barbara reached behind her back and deftly unhooked her lacy white bra with one hand. She shrugged the straps down her shoulders, letting the undergarment fall away to reveal her massive, heaving breasts in all their naked glory.

The heavy globes swayed and bounced, slapping lewdly against Timmy's face and neck as Barbara began to move, undulating her hips to ride him with wanton abandon.

Timmy buried his face between the jiggling mounds of flesh, motorboating his mother's tits as she rode his cock like a bucking bronco.

"Oh fuck yes baby, suck Mommy's big titties while you fuck her tight cunt with that big hard cock!" Barbara cried, threading her fingers through her son's hair to crush his face deeper into her rippling cleavage.

Timmy groaned around a mouthful of plump, jiggling breast, licking and suckling the pebbled nipples as he

moved his hips, frantically thrusting up into the slick, clasping heat of his mother's pussy.

His fingers dug into the abundant flesh of her ass, kneading and clawing as he bounced her on his oversized cock.

Barbara was in ecstasy, clutching the strong, virile body of her horny teenage son. His hard muscles flexed against her soft curves as he pounded into her, stretching her neglected cunt so deliciously.

The boy's face was engulfed in her cavernous cleavage, hot breath panting against her sensitive flesh as he licked and bit and sucked.

The wet, obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the tiny closet as mother and son rutted in wild, forbidden bliss. Barbara clung to Timmy desperately as the pleasure mounted, her nails clawing red lines down his back. She could feel herself hurtling toward the brink of the most explosive orgasm of her life.

Their entwined bodies writhed and thrashed like wild animals in the tiny closet, a flurry of sweat-slicked limbs and grinding flesh.

Barbara threw her head back with a feral howl of ecstasy as Timmy's relentless thrusts drove her over the edge, her pussy rippling almost violently around his pummeling cock.

"Yes baby, yes! Cum for Mommy!" she wailed, her massive tits bouncing and jiggling as she bucked and shuddered against him.

Timmy growled around a mouthful of plump nipple, his fingers sinking into the abundant flesh of his mom's ass as he slammed into her one last time before erupting deep inside her clenching cunt. His cock jerked and twitched as it disgorged thick ropes of hot cum directly into his mother's contracting womb.

Barbara clung to her teen desperately, hands scrabbling over his back, nails leaving raised red welts in their wake, as her climax crashed through her in searing waves. She sobbed with the intensity of it, her cunt milking her son's spurting cock for every last drop.

Their bodies convulsed together in the throes of shared orgasm, limbs flailing, flesh smacking against the walls of the cramped closet. The door rattled in its frame from the force of their violent rutting.

Barbara's full, heavy ass pummeled the wall with each powerful thrust of Timmy's hips. The boy grunted and groaned like a wild beast as he emptied his balls into his mother's rippling depths.

Thick rivulets of cum squelched out from where they were lewdly joined, dripping down the curves of Barbara's ass and thighs to splatter on the floor. The pungent musk of sex hung heavy in the air, mingling with their gasping breaths

and moans of forbidden rapture as the final tremors shook their sweat-drenched bodies.

Finally spent, they sagged against each other, Barbara still impaled on Timmy's softening cock, both of them panting and quivering in the aftermath.

Timmy's hot mom peppered his face with sated kisses as she unwrapped her legs from around his waist and lowered her feet unsteadily to the floor.

"Holy shit, Mom, that was..." Timmy trailed off, at a loss for words, his brain still short-circuited from the mind-blowing orgasm.

"I know, baby. I know," Barbara murmured, cupping his face tenderly, then pulled him in for a deep, languid kiss.

They made out lazily for a few moments, basking in the afterglow. Timmy's cock gave a valiant twitch where it was still nestled inside Barbara's cum-slicked pussy. She clenched her inner muscles around him in a way that promised this wouldn't be the last time he would feel her birthing tube gripping his giant cock.

With great reluctance, Barbara slowly eased herself off of Timmy's softening cock, both of them groaning at the loss of intimate contact. A fresh gush of cum dribbled out of her well-fucked pussy and trickled down her inner thighs as she bent to retrieve her panties from the floor.

Timmy watched, entranced, as his mother stepped into the lacy white panties and slowly slid them up her shapely legs, the fabric clinging to her slick, bald vulva. His spent cock gave a feeble twitch of renewed interest at the erotic sight.

Barbara reached for her bra next, shrugging it on and reaching behind her to fasten the hooks. She bent forward to scoop her heavy breasts into the lacy cups, providing Timmy with a tantalizing view of her ample cleavage. He licked his lips, already craving another taste.

As Barbara wriggled back into her sundress, Timmy hurriedly yanked up his boxers and jeans, tucking his sticky, cum-smearred cock away and zipping his fly. The cramped confines of the closet made getting dressed an awkward, fumbling affair, their bodies constantly brushing and pressing together in the tiny space.

Each fleeting touch reignited the embers of their forbidden lust, and they couldn't resist exchanging heated kisses as they struggled back into their clothes, tongues tangling and hands roaming greedily over freshly covered flesh.

Barbara had just finished smoothing down her sundress and finger-combing her mussed hair when they heard the front door open and close, signaling her husband's return home. Their eyes met in a moment of shared panic.

"Barb? Timmy? Where are you guys?" came the unsuspecting voice of Barbara's husband.

"In here, honey!" Barbara called, trying to keep her voice steady. "Timmy and I got trapped in the closet!"

Hurried footsteps approached, and then the doorknob rattled. "What the - are you two okay in there?" Barbara's husband, Carter, asked, concern and confusion in his voice.

"We're fine, just get us out!" Barbara replied, aiming for a tone of exasperation to mask her anxiety.

After a few moments of fiddling, the lock finally clicked open and the closet door swung wide, revealing the flushed and tousled figures of mother and son. Barbara stumbled out into her husband's arms, Timmy following close behind.

"Thank goodness!" Barbara exclaimed, hugging Carter tightly to disguise the tremble in her limbs. Over his shoulder, she met Timmy's eyes, silently willing him to play it cool.

As Barbara's clueless husband fussed over them, checking them for injury, the pungent aroma of sex still hung heavy in the air, wafting out of the closet to permeate the hallway.

Two months later, Barbara sat down at the kitchen table to have a conversation with her husband. She took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "Honey, I know this isn't easy to hear, but there are some things I think we need to discuss openly and honestly about our sex life and family. Please know that I still love you very much."

Carson fed her an odd look, having no idea where this conversation was going. "Is everything alright?" he uttered.

Barbara took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully as she faced her husband across the kitchen table. "Yes, but...well, there's something important I need to discuss with you. I want you to know that I still love you very much, but some things have developed recently that I think we need to talk about openly and honestly."

She reached out and took Carter's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. He looked at her with confusion and concern etched on his face. "What is it, Barb? You're starting to worry me."

"Well, it's about Timmy and I... and our relationship." Barbara paused, gathering her courage. "That day we got trapped in the closet together, something happened between us. Something intimate and sexual."

Her husband's eyes widened in shock. "What? What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that...Timmy and I had sex that day in the closet. And we've been having sex every day since then," Barbara confessed, deciding total honesty was the best approach, difficult as it was.

Barbara watched her husband's face crumple as the weight of her confession sank in. His stomach twisted into knots as his mind was assaulted by mental images of his beautiful

wife, his high school sweetheart, the mother of his children, writhing naked in carnal bliss with their teenage son.

Tears stung his eyes as he pictured them rutting wildly on the marital bed, their sweat-slicked bodies entwined in the very sheets where he slept with his wife every night. He imagined her voluptuous figure bouncing and undulating on top of Timmy, massive breasts swaying hypnotically, as she rode their son to explosive orgasm after orgasm, all while he was obliviously away at work.

"How... how could you?" he choked out, his voice cracking with anguish and disbelief. "With our son? In our bed? I don't understand... I thought you loved me..."

She paused, then continued gently. "I do love you, it's just that, well, lately I've found sex to be more fulfilling and exciting with Timmy. I think it's because he's so energetic and eager to please at his young age. His stamina is incredible. And experimenting with the taboo element adds an exhilarating spark. Of course, you'll always be my husband and Timmy could never replace you emotionally. But I've realized that right now, sexually, he satisfies me in ways that have been missing between you and I for a while. I hope you can understand. Maybe we can find a way to rekindle our passion and get back to how things used to be eventually. For now though, this arrangement seems to be what's best for me and for our family."

Barbara watched her husband's face, hoping her tactful words would ease the blow of this difficult revelation about

her incestuous affair with their son. She took a deep breath, bracing herself for her husband's reaction. "Honey, I don't wanna hurt your feelings, but I have to be honest," she continued. "One of the main reasons why my encounters with Timmy are more enjoyable is his... physicality," she said, blushing.

"Physicality?" Carter asked in confusion.

"I know it's shallow and some might find it gross to talk about our son like this, but he... he's just... blessed."

Barbara gestured vaguely at her nether regions, her cheeks on fire. "He's... well-endowed, and it's just that you've... you know... changed over the years."

She winced as soon as the words left her mouth, but there was no going back now. "It's not just the size either," she rushed to assure him. "It's how he uses it. He can reach spots inside me that I didn't even know existed, and he knows how to angle himself just right. I... I have mind-blowing orgasms with him."

Barbara let out a shaky sigh. "I'm sorry to be so graphic, but I want you to understand that it's not an emotional thing; it's strictly physical. And it happens so much more frequently with him than it ever did with us."

Carter groaned in disgust and Barbara took his hand, looking into his eyes with sympathy. "Honey, please know that this isn't easy for me to say and I don't wanna hurt

you. But I feel I owe you complete honesty about what's been happening."

She took a deep breath before continuing. "The truth is, Timmy is just so eager and enthusiastic when it comes to pleasing me sexually. He loves to suck and play with my breasts. I let him be as rough as he wants, squeezing and tugging on my nipples. The way he ravishes them with his mouth sends shockwaves through my body."

Barbara blushed, looking away momentarily. "And when he goes down on me, it's unlike anything I've ever experienced. He licks and sucks on my clit with so much energy and passion. He seems to instinctively know all the right spots that drive me wild. My body quivers and quakes in the most intense orgasms."

"Barbara, please..." Carter blurted, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I know this must be difficult to hear," she said gently. "But I felt you deserved the truth about why I find sex with our son more satisfying than our marital relations have been for quite some time. It's not that I don't love you. I do, with all my heart. But I've been craving the kind of vigorous, attentive oral sex that Timmy provides and it's hard to resist."

Barbara squeezed her husband's hand, watching him carefully to gauge his reaction to these intimate revelations about her sexual fulfillment with their own son. She hoped

he could find a way to understand, even if he could never approve of the illicit arrangement.

Carter looked at her with a pained expression. "Are you... are you performing oral sex on Timmy too?" he asked hesitantly, afraid of the answer.

Barbara bit her lip and nodded slowly. "I know oral has never really been my thing with you. But with Timmy, it's different somehow." She blushed, averting her eyes.

"His penis is just so... impressive for his age. Long and thick, especially when fully erect. And the way it throbs in my mouth..." She shuddered at the vivid memory. "I can barely fit it all in. But I love the challenge of trying to deep throat him."

Barbara looked back at her husband. "And his semen tastes amazing. So much better than I ever would have imagined. Sweet and addictive. I crave it now. I love licking up every last drop when he climaxes in my mouth."

She let out a shaky breath, her giant breasts heaving, face flushed. "Even more than that, I've discovered how much I enjoy lavishing attention on his testicles. Gently sucking each one, savoring the musky scent and taste of his teenage ball sack. It's incredibly arousing."

"I can't listen to this, Barbara," Carter sighed with anguish in his voice.

Barbara reached out to stroke her husband's face. "I'm sorry, honey. I know this is a lot to take in. But I needed you to understand the almost primal pleasure I get from orally servicing our son. It's like nothing I've experienced before. I just can't seem to get enough..."

She trailed off, watching her husband's pained reaction and hoping he could somehow come to accept the shocking new oral fixation that was now a central part of her forbidden sexual relationship with their own child.

"How often are you two doing these shorts of things?" Her hubby inquired, knowing he would regret asking.

Barbara looked down at her lap, ashamed of the frequency of her illicit encounters with their son. "I'm so sorry, but... we've been doing this every day, while you're at work," she confessed, her cheeks on fire. "Sometimes even before you leave for work or when you think I'm running errands. It's become... an addiction."

Her husband's jaw dropped in disbelief. "You mean to tell me that while I've been slaving away at work, you and Timmy have been carrying on like bunnies right under my nose?"

"I know, I know it's wrong. But it's just so hard to resist," Barbara whimpered. "And the positions... Timmy is so adventurous," she said, blushing even more. "He likes trying different positions that we've never even heard of."

We've done it in every room of the house, on every available surface."

She took a deep breath before divulging more details about their sordid sex life. "Last week, he bent me over the kitchen counter, and I mean, it was like he knew exactly how to angle himself to hit spots you never have."

Barbara winced as soon as the words left her mouth, but there was no going back now. "It felt like he had a map of my G-spot memorized. I came so hard I thought I was gonna pass out."

The cheating wife paused to collect herself, then continued, "And then there was the time we did it doggy-style on our bed... he pounded me so hard, honey... it was beyond anything I ever experienced with you. The headboard was banging against the wall so much I thought it would fall off."

Barbara's husband turned away from her, unable to look at her. His face was etched with deep lines of pain and betrayal.

Barbara felt a pang of guilt seeing how much this revelation was hurting him, but she steeled herself to continue. He deserved the full truth, no matter how devastating.

"Honey, please try to understand..." she pleaded, reaching for his hand. He pulled it away as if burned.

Barbara sighed heavily. "I know this is a huge shock. But you have to know, the kind of sex Timmy and I have... it's on a whole other level from anything you and I shared, even in our early days."

She bit her lip, knowing her next words would twist the knife further but unable to hold back. "With Timmy, it's just so intensely passionate and uninhibited. We make love for hours, our bodies intertwined, moving together in perfect sync. He has the stamina of a stallion. He makes me cum over and over until I'm a quivering, satisfied mess."

Barbara's breath quickened, her face flushed as she recalled their marathon sessions. "It's not just the positions or the frequency... it's the way he looks at me with such hunger, like he wants to devour me. The way he kisses and caresses every inch of my body. I've never felt so desired, so insatiable."

She heard her husband make a strangled noise, halfway between a sob and a scoff. Barbara reached out again to touch his arm. "I'm so sorry, I know this hurts to hear. But it's not that our marital sex was bad, honey. It's just that... with our son, it's transcendent. Electrifying. I'm addicted to how he makes me feel. I crave him constantly."

Barbara watched helplessly as her husband's shoulders shook, overwhelmed by the explicit details of her sexual obsession with their child. She knew her words were cutting him deeply, perhaps irrevocably damaging their marriage. But the awful truth was finally laid bare. For better or

worse, Barbara was completely consumed by her ravenous incestuous lust. Her sex life with Timmy eclipsed anything she had ever known, and now her poor husband was faced with that harsh reality.

She continued to describe the unbridled passion they'd shared just hours ago while her husband was none the wiser at work. "He fucked me for nearly 3 hours without stopping and I came so much. And then, after he finished inside me, he went down on me again until I came two more times."

Barbara fell silent, finally noticing her husband's stiff posture and clenched fists. She knew she'd gone too far, but the floodgates had been opened and there was no going back now.

The horrified expression on his face said it all - their marriage would never be the same after this confession of their son's seemingly insatiable appetite for perverse sexual acts that outshone their marital bedroom encounters.

Barbara moved closer to her retreating spouse, her voice soft and apologetic. "Honey, there's something else I need to tell you. Something that will be even more difficult to hear than everything I've already confessed."

She took a deep, shaky breath before continuing, "Because Timmy and I have been having so much unprotected sex lately, it seems that... well... I'm pregnant, honey. With his baby."

Her husband's head snapped up, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief. "You're WHAT? Pregnant? By our SON?"

Barbara nodded slowly, tears welling up. "I know this is a huge blow. I never meant for this to happen. We got carried away in the heat of passion, in our insatiable lust for each other. We weren't always as careful as we should have been."

She placed a tentative hand on her still-flat stomach. "But now this precious new life is growing inside me. A part of Timmy, created from our forbidden love."

Her husband recoiled as if she had slapped him. "I can't believe what I'm hearing! Not only have you been shamelessly fornicating with our teenage son for weeks, but now you're carrying his baby too?"

"I'm so sorry," Barbara whispered, tears now streaming down her face. "I never wanted to hurt you like this. But Timmy and I... what we share is powerful. Unstoppable. This baby is the product of our overwhelming desire for each other, as wrong as it may be."

She reached for his hand, her voice pleading. "I know this changes everything. And I'll understand if you can't bear to look at me, knowing I'm pregnant with our own grandchild. But I'm going to have this baby. It was conceived in love, even if that love is forbidden."

Barbara looked at her husband with sympathy in her eyes. "Honey, there's something else you need to know about this

pregnancy. Because of the hormonal changes in my body, my sex drive is gonna be even higher than it already has been lately with Timmy."

She bit her lip, choosing her words carefully. "The truth is, as my pregnancy progresses, I'm gonna need Timmy sexually more than ever before. The urges for sex will be so powerful, we'll probably end up making love multiple times a day, even more often than we have been."

Barbara reached out to stroke her husband's arm. "I know this is a lot for you to process. But I have to be honest about what my needs are going to be. For the health of the baby and my own sanity, it's crucial that Timmy is readily available to satisfy my constant cravings."

She took a deep breath before dropping the final bombshell. "Which is why I think it makes the most sense for Timmy to move into the master bedroom with me full-time. That way, he can be there for me throughout the night whenever the urges strike."

Barbara watched her husband's face crumple at the thought of being displaced from their marital bed by his own son. "You're kicking me out of my own bed, our bed?" he asked incessantly.

"I'm so sorry, honey. I know this isn't easy. But with the baby coming, my overwhelming need for Timmy is only going to intensify. Having him in bed with me every night is what's best for all of us."

She squeezed his hand, her eyes pleading for understanding. "I still love you, Carter, I do. And I want you to be a part of this baby's life, even if you're not the biological father. But I need you to accept that my sexual relationship with our son is permanent now. It's what my body and heart needs."

Barbara took a deep breath, choosing her words as carefully and gently as possible. "I still care for you deeply as my husband and the father of our children. But I need to be completely honest about where things stand with our sexual relationship."

Carter listened to his wife continue, even though he felt like running far away. "The truth is, I don't think you and I should continue being sexually intimate with each other," said Barbara. "It's not that the sex was bad necessarily, but compared to what I've experienced with Timmy, it just leaves me feeling...unfulfilled."

Barbara watched the hurt and shock register on her husband's face but pressed on, knowing she needed to lay it all out. "I think it would be best if you moved into Timmy's old bedroom permanently. That way, Timmy and I can have the privacy we need in the master bedroom as my pregnancy progresses and my desire for him only grows stronger."

She squeezed his hand, trying to offer some small comfort. "I know this is difficult to hear, but your sexual needs will have to be met through masturbation from now on. I can't

continue being physically intimate with you when my body and heart are so consumed by Timmy."

Barbara's eyes shone with unshed tears as she witnessed the devastation her words inflicted. "Please believe that I never wanted to hurt you like this. But I have to do what's right for me, for Timmy, and for the baby. I hope you can find a way to understand and accept our new reality, even if you can't condone it."

Barbara reached out again to take her husband's hand again, even as he recoiled from her touch. "Honey, there's one more thing I need you to understand about how things are gonna be from now on. I know this whole situation is painful and shocking for you, but we need to redefine your role and our family dynamics going forward."

She took a deep breath, steeling herself for his reaction. "The term for a husband whose wife is sexually unfaithful, often with his knowledge, is 'cuckold.' I know that sounds harsh, but it's the reality of our situation now. You'll be a cuckold husband to me, while Timmy takes over as my primary sexual partner and eventual father of my child, maybe even children, we haven't decided yet."

Barbara saw the word register on her husband's face, the heavy weight of its meaning sinking in as his eyes flashed with humiliation and despair.

"I need you to accept that you won't have an intimate, sexual role with me anymore," she continued gently but

firmly. "But you can still have a place in this new family structure, if you choose to accept it. You can be here to help care for the child, maintaining a fatherly role in that sense. And you can take care of household duties and provide financial stability for us."

She squeezed his hand, imploring him to understand. "I still care for you. And I want you here with us, even if things can never go back to how they were before. You'll need to get comfortable with Timmy and I being openly affectionate and sexual, carrying on our relationship as if we were the married couple now. That's why I used that word - cuckold. Because you'll be here but not as my lover. I know it's emasculating, but it's the new normal you'll have to adjust to if you want to stay and have a role in our lives still."

Barbara's heart ached as she watched a range of emotions play across her husband's face - shock, rage, disgust, misery. She knew her words were cutting him to his core, dismantling the very foundations of his identity as a husband and man. But she had to make him understand, for all their sakes.

"I'm so sorry it's come to this," she whispered. "But this is how it has to be now. Timmy is my love, my baby's father. Your purpose will be to accept a subordinate position, supporting us from the sidelines but never intervening in our relationship. A cuckold, not a traditional husband. I hope in time you can come to embrace this new reality, as painful as the transition may be."

Barbara held up her hand gently as her husband started to voice his concerns about their two other children. "I know you're worried about what Susie and Tommy will think of these new sleeping arrangements. But don't worry, I have that all figured out."

She gave him a reassuring smile, though her eyes were still filled with sympathy for the difficult position he was in. "We'll simply tell them that Daddy's snoring has gotten so bad lately, it's keeping Mommy up all night. So we decided it would be best for everyone if we switched bedrooms. Timmy will move in with me to keep me company, and you'll take his room."

Her husband opened his mouth as if to protest, but Barbara cut him off. "I know it's not ideal, but it's the most plausible explanation we can give them at their young age. They don't need to know the real reason for the change."

She reached out and patted his hand. "As for the noise issue, you don't have to worry about that either. I'll make sure to keep my voice down and muffle my orgasms when the kids are home, out of respect for their innocence. Timmy and I will be discreet in their presence."

Barbara's face took on a more serious expression as she continued. "However, when the children AREN'T home, I expect you'll have to endure hearing us make love. I won't censor my pleasure for your comfort when we have the house to ourselves. You'll simply have to get used to the

sounds of Timmy bringing me to climax, even if it's difficult for you."

She sighed, seeing the pain etched on her husband's face at the thought. "I know this isn't easy for you, and I'm sorry for that. But I need to be free to express my ecstasy with Timmy whenever the opportunity arises, without worrying about holding back for your sake. It's all part of your new role as the cuckold in this household."

Barbara's tone softened. "I promise we'll try to be understanding of your feelings during this transition. But I also need you to understand that my sexual relationship with our son is the priority now. You'll have to find a way to cope with the reality of that, even when it's thrown in your face."

She looked at him with a mix of sympathy and resolve, knowing this was a bitter pill for him to swallow but determined to make him accept his new place in their unconventional family dynamic. The sounds of her passionate lovemaking with their son would be an unavoidable part of that.

That night, Barbara rode Timmy's hard manhood on their new bed in the master bedroom. She marveled at the feel of him inside her, his thick shaft stretching her tight passage, the swollen head bumping against her cervix with each deep

thrust. She could feel every ridge and vein of his turgid member as it dug in and out, stroking her clenching walls.

Barbara threw her head back in ecstasy, grinding her hips to take him even deeper. Timmy's hands gripped her waist, holding her steady as he pounded up into her slick heat. The wet sounds of their coupling filled the room, punctuated by Barbara's wanton moans.

The mother looked back into a mirror across from the foot of her bed and watched in awe as Timmy's glistening shaft plunged into her slippery folds over and over, entranced by the raw carnal sight.

His erection was magnificent - long, thick and rock-hard, the skin stretched taut over the engorged tissues within.

The main vein running along the underside of his cock bulged obscenely, pulsing in time with his hammering thrusts. She could practically feel the blood surging through it, fueling his impressive rigidity as he plowed in and out of her clasping sheath.

With each forceful drive of his hips, the spongy erectile tissue inside the shaft compressed and flexed. Millions of tiny sponge-like chambers were flooded with blood, filling his penis to maximum capacity and then some. The outer sheath of connective tissue constrained the expansion, creating an almost painfully hard erection that showed no give, no yield.

It was like being speared by a flesh-covered steel rod, so much power coiled within the throbbing column of male flesh. The inflexible shaft spread her open, relentlessly seeking the depths of her core, not stopping until he was buried to the hilt.

Barbara reveled in the feel of him, so hot and heavy inside her, stretching her most intimate muscles to the limit. She rhythmically squeezed her inner walls around him, massaging the pulsating shaft as it sawed through her drenched, pink lips.

She was in awe of the physiological processes that conspired to make him so imposingly, deliciously rigid. The way his autonomic nervous system shunted blood flow from the rest of his body to concentrate in his groin. How the paired corpora cavernosa chambers became engorged, trapping the blood inside to maintain his steely hardness for as long as needed to satisfy her.

It was miraculous, really, the way a teenage boy's body could become this perfect instrument of pleasure, evolved over millennia for the sole purpose of mating. And all that primordial power was focused on possessing her, fucking her into blissful oblivion.

As Timmy's swollen cock head bumped against her cervix again and again, Barbara threw her head back and cried out in rapture, overwhelmed by the intensity of his unyielding maleness.

She silently thanked the biological imperative that had made her son so exquisitely hard, so ideal for stoking the flames of her unquenchable lust. His diamond-hard erection was irrefutable proof of nature's intentions - he was meant to be sheathed inside her, to pump her full of his potent seed.

"Oh god, baby, your cock feels so good," Barbara panted, rolling her hips to feel him hit new spots within her. "I love how hard you get for me. Love feeling you throb and pulse inside my pussy."

Timmy groaned, his fingers digging into her writhing flesh. "You're so tight and wet, Mom. Can't get enough of your perfect pussy wrapped around me."

Barbara whimpered as he hammered into her harder, the thick knob of his manhood ramming against the mouth of her womb with delicious force. She clenched down rhythmically, milking his rigid shaft with her soaked velvet walls.

"That's it, sweetheart, fuck Mommy just like that," she urged breathlessly, pushing herself down to meet his increasingly powerful thrusts. "Ruin me for anyone else. Make me yours."

Timmy let out an animalistic growl, gripping her hips hard enough to bruise as he rutted into her like a beast in heat. Barbara keened in rapture, relishing the feel of his steely hardness claiming her so forcefully, so thoroughly.

Nothing could ever compare to the carnal bliss of having her son's magnificent cock plowing through her most intimate flesh, conquering her completely.

She knew her husband could no doubt hear every obscene noise - the headboard slamming the wall, the crude slap of sweat-slicked skin colliding, her unrestrained cries of passion as their son defiled her. But she was too far gone in ecstasy to care. Let him suffer, knowing he could never satisfy her like this. Never make her scream and convulse with pleasure the way their virile boy could.

Barbara threw herself into the frenzied, taboo coupling with abandon, reveling in every sinful sensation as Timmy's engorged young cock ravaged her needy depths. She belonged to him now, body and soul.

Timmy pulled his mom down on top of him, burying his face between her soft, heavy breasts. He nuzzled into her creamy cleavage, reveling in the feel of her warm, pliant flesh enveloping him. Her swollen nipples brushed against his cheeks, and he captured one between his eager lips.

Barbara gasped as Timmy suckled hungrily, his mouth hot and insistent on the sensitive bud. He swirled his tongue around the pebbled areola before drawing the stiff peak in deep, hollowing his cheeks. Her back arched involuntarily, pushing more of her pillowy breast into his ravenous mouth.

"Oh, sweetheart, yes!" she panted, threading her fingers through his hair to hold him in place. "I love how you worship Mommy's big tits."

Timmy groaned around his mouthful, the vibrations sending electric tingles straight to Barbara's core. He palmed her other heavy globe, kneading the supple flesh until she was writhing against him. His thumb and forefinger found the neglected nipple, pinching and tugging just shy of too rough.

Barbara moaned wantonly at the exquisite mix of pleasure-pain, grinding her slick heat against his firm abdomen. Her son lavished attention on her heaving bosom like a man possessed, alternating between breasts, sucking and nipping until both engorged peaks were red and throbbing.

"Fuck, Mom, can't get enough of these," he rasped, his voice muffled as he buried his face in her cleavage again, motorboating her shamelessly. "Love how soft and heavy they are. Could suck on your perfect tits forever."

The wet, obscene sounds of his hungry mouthing filled the room, punctuated by Barbara's blissful whimpers. She clutched his head to her chest, undulating sinuously as he feasted on her abundant curves. No one had ever worshipped her breasts so ardently, so reverently. Her husband's lackluster suckling paled in comparison to the sheer enthusiasm Timmy lavished on her tingling globes.

"That's it, baby, suck Mommy's titties just like that," she urged breathlessly, losing herself to the forbidden ecstasy of her son's skilled oral attentions. "They belong to you now. All for you."

Timmy released her nipple with a lewd pop, looked up at her with adoring yet feral eyes. "Wanna fuck these gorgeous tits later, Mom. Slide my cock between them until I explode all over you."

Barbara shuddered at the filthy promise, her pussy clenching desperately around his thick length still buried inside. "Yes, sweetheart, anything you want," she vowed, delirious with need. "My body is yours. Use me however you desire."

Barbara felt a twinge of guilt as she rode Timmy's humongous teen boner, knowing her husband was just down the hall, no doubt hearing every moan and creak of the bed. She did still care for him, despite everything. Their marriage, while strained now, had provided many good years together.

But that flicker of sympathy was quickly overwhelmed by the intoxicating rush of her illicit union with their son. There was something so thrilling, so taboo about taking her oldest child as her fuck-buddy. Replacing her husband with the virile young man they had raised together. It felt so wrong but so incredibly right.

With each thrust of Timmy's thick cock deep inside her, Barbara felt more and more liberated from the confines of her wifely duties and traditional maternal role. She was free to be wanton, insatiable, without judgment. Free to indulge every debauched craving Timmy's youthful lust inspired in her.

The fact that it was a betrayal, that they were cuckolding her poor husband under his own roof, only heightened Barbara's shameful arousal. Each guttural moan torn from her throat was a twisted knife to his ego. Each ecstatic climax on their son's cock was a declaration that Timmy was the man of the house now.

"Oh god baby, you fuck me so good!" Barbara panted, grinding harder onto Timmy's jackhammering shaft. "So much better than your father ever could. You're the only one who can truly satisfy my body now."

Timmy growled possessively, gripping her gyrating hips as he hammered up into her tight heat. "You're mine, Mom. I'm the man you need, not him. Gonna fuck you so good you never even think about his tiny dick again."

"Yes, yes! Ruin me for him," Barbara urged wildly, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Make it so I can only cum on my son's big, perfect cock."

She knew her wanton words were damning, that her husband could no doubt hear her begging their child to erase him as her lover. But it only made her pussy clench

harder, cream more frantically around the thick rod splitting her open.

The headboard slammed the wall in a damning rhythm as mother and son rutted like animals, lost to their forbidden passion. Each obscene slap of flesh, each carnal moan, was a mocking reminder to her husband that he'd been replaced by his own offspring.

Timmy's hand came down hard on Barbara's bouncing ass, making her yelp in delight. "Fuck, Mom, I'm getting close. Gonna pump you full of my cum again. Breed this needy pussy while he listens, knowing I own you now."

"Oh god, yes! Cum in me, baby!" Barbara wailed, teetering on the edge of oblivion. "Fill Mommy up! I'm yours, only yours!"

Timmy's throbbing cock swelled even larger inside Barbara's clenching sheath, stretching her exquisitely as his climax approached. The feel of his son's monster cock pulsating so deep within her most intimate flesh pushed Barbara over the edge.

"Yes, sweetheart, give it to me!" she cried out as her walls began to spasm and flutter wildly around his pumping hardness. "Fill Mommy's pussy with your hot cum! Ahhh!"

Her back arched almost painfully as the intense pleasure crested, forcing guttural moans from her throat. Timmy let out an animalistic roar, slamming his hips up to bury himself to the hilt in her rippling heat.

Barbara felt his cock jerk and kick inside her as he exploded, painting her contracting walls with thick ropes of his potent boy-seed. Jet after jet of scalding fluid pumped into her, flooding her quivering channel. The sensation of her son's essence marking her innermost depths so thoroughly prolonged her own devastating climax.

Their bodies undulated together in ecstasy, lost to the primal rhythm of breeding. Barbara's greedy pussy milked Timmy's pulsing shaft for every drop, the excess seeping out around his girth to trickle down the crack of her ass.

Lewd squelching noises accompanied each euphoric clench, their combined fluids frothing at the place they were so intimately joined.

"That's it, Mom, milk my cock," Timmy growled, grinding up into her as spurt after spurt continued to erupt from his slit. "Gonna pump you so full of my cum. Breed this pussy over and over."

Barbara keened rapturously at the thought, her fluttering walls coaxing out every drop from his surging sack. The knowledge that her husband was bearing auditory witness to their son so thoroughly inseminating her, claiming her womb, only intensified the depravity of her bliss.

"Yes, baby, give me all your seed," she encouraged breathlessly, rolling her hips to milk him dry. "I can't wait to swell up with your baby."

Timmy groaned, crushing her against him as the last few spurts dribbled out, adding to the obscene amount of ejaculate now sloshing inside her. Barbara collapsed on top of him, both of them trembling and panting in the aftermath of their explosive mutual climax.

She could feel his cum seeping out to pool beneath her, soaking the sheets with evidence of their illicit coupling. The intoxicating musk of sex and semen hung heavy in the air, a carnal perfume that proclaimed her son's virility and conquest.

Barbara knew beyond a doubt that this was her fate now - to be bred over and over by her own big-dicked child, her body the eager receptacle for his lust and potency.

At the annual Passion Street summer cookout, Barbara pulled her two closest friends Cara and Bobby-Joe aside for some "girl talk." They settled into patio chairs, margaritas in hand, while their husbands manned the grill and the kids splashed in the pool.

"So, I have some big news," Barbara began, lowering her voice conspiratorially. "Things have really changed for me and Timmy recently, in ways I never could have imagined."

Cara leaned in, eyes wide with curiosity. "Ooh, do tell! I noticed Timmy's been looking at you differently lately. So much more...intense and possessive."

Barbara blushed, taking a long sip of her drink before confessing. "Well, the truth is, my son and I have become fuck-partners. We're having an affair."

Bobby-Joe gasped, nearly choking on her margarita. "You're sleeping with your son? Oh my god, Barb! That's so...scandalous! How did this happen?"

"It just kind of evolved naturally," Barbara explained, feeling a thrill at revealing her taboo romance. "And the fact that we were locked in a closet face to face for an hour helped break the ice. Timmy's so much more passionate and attentive than my husband. The way he touches me, kisses me, fucks me...it's on a whole other level. I've never felt so desired, so satisfied."

Cara fanned herself, looking flushed. "Damn, I'm getting hot just hearing about it! My husband's a good man, but he doesn't exactly rock my world in the bedroom anymore, you know?"

"Girl, I hear you," Bobby-Joe commiserated. "Ted's oral skills are just not cutting it these days. So, Barb, give us the dirty details! Is Timmy a good fuck? Is he really putting it down?"

Barbara grinned wickedly, leaning in closer. "Oh, he puts it down all right. That boy has the stamina of the Energizer Bunny and is hung like a porn star. He worships my body in ways my husband never has. The things he can do with his tongue alone, my god!"

Cara and Bobby-Joe squealed with scandalized delight, hanging on Barbara's every word. "You lucky bitch!" Cara laughed. "Damn, now you've got me eyeing my Joey differently. To have all that teenage energy and enthusiasm focused on your pleasure? Whew!"

"Right?" Barbara giggled naughtily. "Trust me, once you go young cock, you never go back! In fact, Timmy's pretty much replaced my husband completely in the bedroom. We made the switch right after I told Carter."

"Wait, what do you mean?" Bobby-Joe asked, brows furrowed.

Barbara took a deep breath. "Timmy moved into the master bedroom with me. He's taken over as man of the house, so to speak."

"That is so fucking hot!" Cara gushed.

Barbara took another sip of her margarita before dropping the next bombshell. "There's more, girls. It seemed that my son has been squirting so much hot, sticky seed inside me lately...well, he went and got me pregnant."

Cara and Bobby-Joe's jaws dropped in unison, their eyes wide as saucers. "Holy shit, Barb! You're having your son's baby?" Cara sputtered, looking equal parts shocked and envious.

Barbara nodded, placing a hand on her still-flat stomach. "I know it's crazy, but yes. Timmy's virility is just off the charts. He knocked me up without even trying."

Bobby-Joe shook her head in amazement. "Damn, that boy's cum must be potent as hell! I swear, there's nothing like a teenage cock. They can just go and go, cum buckets and still be ready for more."

"Right?" Cara chimed in eagerly. "Joey's the same way. I peeked at him in the shower the other day and nearly fainted. That kid is packing some serious heat! And the way he looks at me sometimes, like he wants to just bend me over the kitchen counter and rail me senseless..."

She fanned herself dramatically. "I'm telling you, it's a struggle not to just give in and let him have his fucking way with me. Especially now hearing about Barb and Timmy's scorching sex life!"

Barbara grinned wickedly, leaning in as if sharing a delicious secret. "Girls, you have no idea. The stamina, the pure carnal hunger... it's unreal. Timmy can fuck me for hours, make me cum so hard I nearly black out, and be raring to go again in minutes."

Bobby-Joe licked her lips, eyes glazing over with lust. "God, what I wouldn't give to be in your shoes, Barb! To be stuffed full of throbbing young cock day and night, bred like a bitch in heat by my own son... fuck!"

"I know, right?" Barbara purred, relishing her friends' obvious arousal and envy. "I swear, moms and horny teen boys are a perfect match. We're all just insatiable, needing it constantly. And the depravity of that incest taboo, oof! Makes it even hotter somehow."

Cara nodded eagerly, squirming in her seat. "Seriously, what is it about screwing your own kid that's so damn tempting? It's like, the ultimate forbidden fruit. Joey's big cock is all I can think about lately."

"I say go for it then," Barbara encouraged, feeling a surge of wicked glee. "Seduce those young studs! Let them ruin you for your husbands. There's nothing like the thrill of surrendering to your son's lusts, letting him claim and breed you. Trust me."

As the women whispered conspiratorially, stealing glances at their sons, the boys were also taking notice of their mothers. Timmy, Joey and Ted couldn't keep their eyes off the tantalizing display of feminine curves.

Barbara's exposed cleavage threatened to spill out of her low-cut sundress with each breath. The thin fabric clung to her full breasts, highlighting their giant rounded shape.

Cara's tank top was equally revealing, her fat nipples visibly poking against her bra and the stretched cotton fabric of her sundress as she leaned forward. And Bobby-Joe's cut-off shorts showcased her toned, tanned legs and hugged the ripe globes of her ass like a second skin.

The boys ogled their mothers shamelessly, their gazes lingering on the jiggling swells of tit flesh and the hypnotic sway of child-bearing hips.

Timmy licked his lips as he watched his mom cross and uncross her legs, her dress riding up to reveal an enticing peek of inner thigh.

Joey adjusted himself unobtrusively, his swelling package straining against his swim trunks as he imagined motorboating Cara's plush breasts. And Ted gulped audibly when Bobby-Joe bent over to set down her drink, her shorts riding up to showcase the mouthwatering curves of her heart-shaped ass. The sexual tension was palpable, the air thick with forbidden lust passing between mothers and sons.

Barbara smiled knowingly as she caught Timmy's eye, holding his hungry gaze while she slowly licked the salt from the rim of her glass. Her pink tongue swirled suggestively, a blatant reminder of the sinful things she could do with her mouth. Timmy groaned softly, shifting to conceal his growing erection.

Cara wet her lips as she watched Joey strut by, the impressive bulge of his package bouncing with each step. "Damn," she muttered under her breath, fanning herself. "The way his cock just swings like that, those heavy balls... he'd destroy me!"

Bobby-Joe (BJ) nodded in fervent agreement, her eyes glued to her own boy's crotch. "I bet he'd stretch me out so good, ruin my little pussy," she purred, clenching her thighs together. "What I wouldn't give to wrap my lips around that fat cock, let him use my face..."

The women shuddered collectively at the thought, their bodies responding with shameful arousal. They continued to eye-fuck their sons openly, undressing them with smoldering gazes. Hushed words of incestuous fantasies passed between them, each admission stoking the flames of their taboo desire higher.

As the margaritas flowed, the moms grew bolder in their forbidden lust, egging each other on. Barbara grinned mischievously and leaned in, her voice low and conspiratorial. "I have an idea, girls. Let's play a little game of Truth or Dare to really turn up the heat with our boys. We'll take turns challenging each other to do or say something naughty to our sons, subtle enough not to get caught but dirty enough to drive them wild."

Cara and BJ exchanged excited glances, their eyes sparkling with tipsy arousal. "Oh hell yes," Cara agreed eagerly. "Let's see how worked up we can get those horny fuckers. I bet we'll have them sporting major wood in no time!"

"Count me in," BJ chimed in, licking her lips. "God, just the thought of teasing Teddy, feeling his eyes all over me while I pretend to be an innocent mommy... fuck, my pussy is dripping already!"

Barbara smiled wickedly and took another sip of her drink. "Perfect. I'll start. Cara, I dare you to "accidentally" brush your tits against Joey's arm, make sure your hard nips drag across his skin. Bonus points if you moan a little like it turns you on."

"Mmm with pleasure," Cara purred, standing up and adjusting her tank top to make her gargantuan tits were even more pronounced. She sauntered over to where Joey was filling his plate at the buffet table. Pretending to reach for a burger bun, she pressed her soft body against his side, her stiff nipples raking over his bicep. "Ooh, sorry baby, is Mommy in your way?" she cooed, letting out a breathy little moan.

Joey froze, his eyes widening as he felt the unmistakable pebbled nubs poking into his arm. "Uh, n-no worries, Mom," he stammered, swallowing hard. His gaze darted down to her chest, taking in the mouth-watering tit-cleavage and the way her top molded to her bountiful tits.

Cara bit her lip and leaned in even closer, squishing her pillowy flesh against him for a long moment.

Joey shuddered as his mother's enormous breasts enveloped his chest, their immense weight and softness smothering him in warmth. He could feel every inch of her 36HHH cup tits through the thin fabric of her tank top, the delicate lace of her bra doing nothing to conceal the heavy globes. Her nipples were so thick and stiff, poking into his pecs like pencil erasers.

“Whoa,” his breath quivered as the sheer mass of her breasts flattened against him, overflowing his torso with their suppleness. It was like being engulfed in the world's most luxurious pillows, the silky skin radiating heat into him. He could even feel the individual bumps of her areolas rasping against his shirt as she shifted subtly, grinding into him.

Joey bit back a groan as he imagined those colossal tits naked, bouncing free as his mom rode his cock. They were so full and ripe, topped with perfect puffy nipples just begging to be sucked. Each mound had to weigh at least 10 pounds, and together they jutted out obscenely from her chest, defying gravity.

He knew if he slid his dick between those giant pillows, it would disappear completely, smothered in the warm, plush embrace.

His balls tightened at the thought of tit-fucking her, watching his swollen cock head emerge from her cavernous cleavage on each thrust, glistening with his pre-cum. He'd never seen breasts so huge in real life, and the fact that they belonged to his own mother made it even more painfully arousing.

The teen swallowed hard, trying desperately to control his body's reaction as his mom continued to press against him wantonly. But it was a losing battle. He could feel his cock thickening rapidly, the turgid meat swelling against the confines of his shorts.

In moments he was fully erect, his massive sausage throbbing insistently as it strained toward the tantalizing heat of his mother's body.

Cara made a soft noise of approval as she felt her son's impressive stalk swell against her stomach, the thick rod pulsing with need. She lingered a moment longer, relishing the raw proof of his forbidden arousal, before slowly pulling away with a coy smile.

"Whoops, clumsy me," she giggled, giving her heaving tits a little shimmy. "Didn't mean to get in your way, sweetie."

She sauntered back to the table, her thick, rounded booty swaying hypnotically, leaving Joey flushed and stunned, his painfully hard cock tenting his shorts obscenely.

Barbara and BJ burst into peals of delighted laughter as Cara plopped down triumphantly.

"Damn girl, you definitely got a rise out of him!" BJ cackled, fanning herself theatrically. "His dick was definitely chubbing up in those shorts. "Okay okay, my turn! Barb, I dare you to say something extremely naughty to your new boy-toy, right in front of your hubby," she challenged.

Barbara grinned wickedly at BJ dare, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Oh, you're on," she purred, downing the last of her margarita for liquid courage. She stood up, smoothing her sundress over her curves, and sauntered over to where Timmy and her husband were chatting by the grill.

Sliding up behind her boy, Barbara pressed her body flush against his back, her heavy breasts cushioning his shoulder blades. She reached around to lay a hand on his firm stomach, her red nails trailing dangerously close to the waistband of his shorts.

"Hey baby," she murmured huskily in his ear, loud enough for her husband to hear. "Feeling hungry? Because Mom's got an all-you-can-eat buffet right here for you. Bet you can't wait to bury your face between these thighs again and eat your fill, huh?"

Timmy tensed, his abs flexing under her palm as all the blood rushed south. He bit back a groan, hardly believing his mom would say something so filthy right in front of his dad. His cock throbbed urgently, aching to take her up on that sinful offer.

Barbara's husband gaped at them, sputtering in shock. "What the hell, Barb? You're really shouldn't-"

His wife cut him off with a laugh, low and sultry, squeezing Timmy's hip. "Oh honey, don't be so uptight. Timmy knows exactly how to satisfy his mom's cravings, don't you baby? In fact, the way you devoured my pussy last night, I'm surprised there's anything left!"

Carter looked apoplectic, his face turning a mottled red. Timmy gulped, his shorts now obscenely tented as his raging fucker strained toward his mother.

Barbara rubbed against him like a cat in heat, making sure her husband got an eyeful of her blatant desire for their son.

"Mmm, speaking of cravings, feeling that big cock get all swollen for me is making my mouth water," she purred, her hand dipping lower to cup Timmy's fat bulge. "Can't wait to wrap my lips around it again, let you fuck my face until you pump that nut-honey straight down my throat. You taste so good pulsing on my tongue."

Her husband made a strangled noise, looking seconds away from a stroke. "Barbara, for God's sake, stop it! This is sick! I won't stand here and listen to you talk about blowing our son!"

"Why not? Afraid you'll have to imagine Timmy's dick pounding into your wife's throat, making me gag and choke on it like a cock-sucking whore?" Barbara taunted.

When Barbara returned to the girls, she grinned wickedly at BJ. "Your turn, girl. I dare you to go rub that juicy ass of yours against Teddy's hard cock. Grind on him nice and slow, make sure that teen pussy-pleaser of his can feel every inch of that meaty tush."

BJ's eyes flashed with excited arousal. "Mmm with pleasure." She grabbed another margarita for courage and strutted over to where Teddy was standing alone, watching the other boys play cornhole.

Sidling up next to him, BJ pretended to point out something across the yard. "Hey sweetie, isn't that a new hammock the Smiths put up?"

As her son turned to look, Cara seized the opportunity to back her thick, rounded buttocks directly into his crotch. She bit her lip to stifle a moan as she felt the unmistakable bulge of his erection nestle between her cheeks, separated only by the thin fabric of her sundress.

Teddy went rigid, hardly daring to breathe as his mom's plush ass pressed against his straining cock. "U-uh yeah, looks new," he stammered, not trusting himself to say more lest a whimper escape.

BJ began subtly undulating her hips, grinding her backside in a slow figure-eight against the throbbing heat of his groin.

The mother swayed her hips from side to side, savoring the feel of her son's fuck-muscle nestled snugly in the valley of her plush bottom. She could discern every detail of his impressive manhood as it throbbed insistently against her.

The substantial length stretched across her entire ass crack, the thick girth parting her ample cheeks and making its presence undeniable. She imagined it must be at least 9 inches long, far bigger than her husband's modest equipment.

As BJ rotated her lush hips in sensual circles, she could feel the flared ridge of Teddy's swollen cock head catch and drag

deliciously against the ruched fabric covering her tight pucker. The way it pressed so intimately against her most taboo entrance sent illicit sparks of pleasure zinging up her spine.

She could picture her boy's engorged helmet in her mind - plump and bulbous like a ripe plum, with a wide flaring ridge and a weeping slit at the very tip. It felt so much more substantial than her husband's pencil dick. The perfect mushroom shape to scrape on the spongy pleats lining her vagina.

BJ shuddered, biting back a wanton moan as she imagined that fat crown breaching her forbidden back door, plundering the smooth, scorching tube ass.

She circled her hips harder against the mouth-watering bulge, letting Teddy's sturdy shaft slide up and down her crack.

Pre-cum leaked steadily from the spongy tip, dampening her sundress as she ground shamelessly on the throbbing pole. The horny mother could feel every pulsing vein and ridge along the shaft through the thin material, branding her intimate flesh with the shape of her son's sex.

"Feel good, baby?" she purred breathily, tossing a coy smile over her shoulder as she twerked on his cock. "Mommy's ass has got you all swollen and achy, doesn't it? Bet you wish this dress wasn't in the way..."

Teddy grunted, his fingers flexing at his sides with the herculean effort not to grab his mom's perfect peach and rut against it wildly. "Fuck, Mom..." he groaned through clenched teeth, hips stuttering helplessly to follow her movements.

BJ saw his throat bob as he swallowed convulsively, eyes glassy and cheeks flushed a deep red. She could only imagine how painfully aroused he must be, balls drawn up tight and shaft pulsing urgently as she teased him to the brink with her taboo ministrations.

"You know, Mom used to love lounging in hammocks when she was younger," she purred, rotating her ass in maddeningly slow circles. "The way they would hug my curves, wrapping me up so snugly. Mmm, it's a such a decadent feeling."

Teddy gulped audibly, his hands clenching into fists at his sides to keep from grabbing her hips and humping into her like a beast in rut. Pre-cum leaked steadily from his meatus, soaking through his shorts as his cock wept with desire for his mother's teasing backside.

"Too bad our yard doesn't have any good trees for a hammock," BJ lamented, now blatantly twerking her ass cheeks against her son's drill-bit hard erection.

She could feel the way his cock jerked and strained, aching for her, the heat of him searing her even through the layers of fabric.

"Although...I bet we could find other ways to simulate that snug, wrapped-up feeling, hmm?" she mused silkily, giving a particularly forceful backwards grind. "I'm sure if we put our heads together, we could come up with something just as heavenly."

Teddy made a tortured sound somewhere between a groan and a whimper, his hips giving an involuntary twitch, jabbing his boner into the yielding warmth of her ass. "Y-yeah, I'm sure we could," he gritted out, barely holding onto his load inside his balls.

After each mom had carried out their naughty dares, they reconvened at the table, flushed and giggling like schoolgirls. "Oh my god, did you see their faces?" Cara whispered gleefully. "I thought Joey's eyes were gonna pop out of his head when he felt my tits!"

"And the way Timmy's cock was straining in his shorts after I talked dirty to him, mmm!" Barbara added, fanning herself dramatically. "I could practically feel it throbbing against me."

"Don't even get me started on Teddy," BJ chimed in, squirming in her seat. "Grinding on that huge pink pickle of his, feeling it twitch between my ass cheeks... I'm surprised he didn't bust a nut right then and there!"

The moms dissolved into raucous laughter, riding the high of their taboo teasing. After a few minutes, Barbara's eyes lit up with a wicked idea. "Hey, why don't we really give the

boys a show while we eat? Let's sit across from them at the picnic and play up our assets."

Cara and BJ nodded eagerly, eyes sparkling with mischief. "Oh fuck yes," Cara agreed. "I'll 'accidentally' drop food on my tits, make a show of wiping it off. Give Joey an eyeful of my cleavage."

"And I'll shamelessly deep throat my hot dog," BJ added with a smirk. "Teddy won't be able to look away, imagining his own cock stuffed down my throat."

"Perfect," Barbara purred. "I'll hike my dress up, flash them some upper thigh. Maybe even 'forget' to keep my legs closed."

Snickering conspiratorially, the moms gathered their plates and headed over to the seating area where their sons were already eating. They made a show of sitting down right across from the boys, leaning forward to give them an eyeful of cleavage.

"Hey boys," Barbara greeted, her voice dripping with faux innocence. "Mind if we join you? It's so hot out, we thought we'd sit in the shade for a bit."

The boys mumbled their agreement, trying not to ogle their moms' chests too blatantly. But it was a losing battle. Joey's eyes were glued to Cara's massive melons, barely contained by her flimsy tank top.

Teddy zeroed in on BJ's juicy ass, the short sundress riding up to reveal the tantalizing curve of her cheeks. And Timmy couldn't tear his gaze away from Barbara's long, shapely legs, crossed just so to give a teasing glimpse of inner thigh.

His mother uncrossed and re-crossed her legs slowly, making sure to give her teenager a clear view up her sundress. The sheer white panties she wore left little to the imagination, molding to her womanly mound like a second skin.

As she shifted in her seat, the gusset of her panty-crotch pulled taut, giving Timmy an unobstructed view of her most intimate details. He gulped as he took in the pronounced camel-toe, her plump outer lips clearly defined, with her clitoral hood forming a mouth-watering rounded knot at the apex.

The flimsy fabric was already damp with her arousal, the moisture making it cling even more obscenely to her sex. Timmy could discern the darker inner petals of her labia peeking out from between her puffy outer lips, glistening with her dew. Her slit gaped slightly, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of the slick coral-pink flesh within.

Barbara's son's cock throbbed urgently in his shorts as he feasted his eyes on his mother's barely concealed pussy, mere feet away. He could see how engorged her lips were, swollen with desire, and the way her clit poked against its hood, practically begging to be sucked. A bead of nectar

seeped through the sheer gusset, betraying just how wet she was getting from teasing him.

Barbara smirked to herself as she watched Timmy squirm, his hungry gaze riveted between her legs. She parted her thighs a bit wider, letting the skirt of her sundress ride up until the drenched crotch of her panties was completely exposed to his view.

Then she slowly uncrossed and recrossed her legs again, giving him a mind-melting glimpse of her visibly throbbing slit.

Timmy bit back a tortured groan, his balls drawing up tight with the effort not to explode in his shorts. The way his mom's sodden panties molded to her mound, putting her puffy, pouting lips on obscene display, was almost too much to bear. He could practically smell her forbidden arousal, could almost taste the honeyed cream oozing from her pretty pink hole.

Barbara clenched her thighs together, subtly grinding her clit against the seam of her panties. The rough lace rasped deliciously over the sensitive bundle of nerves, making her suppress a shudder of pleasure. She was already embarrassingly wet, her underwear thoroughly soaked through.

As she shifted again, Timmy was treated to the erotic sight of the sticky strands of her arousal connecting her inner lips, clinging to her panties as she moved. His mouth

watered with the primal urge to bury his face between her thighs and lap up every drop of her sweet nectar straight from the source.

BJ made a show of selecting the biggest, juiciest sausage from the platter, holding it up and inspecting it with an appreciative eye. "Mmm, now this is a nice thick wiener," she purred, locking eyes with Teddy across the table. "So firm and meaty. Just how Mommy likes it."

Without breaking eye contact, BJ slowly wrapped her bright red lips around the tip of the sausage, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked it into her mouth. She pushed it in deep, letting it stretch her lips obscenely wide, until it nudged the back of her throat.

Teddy watched transfixed, his own cock throbbing in sympathy, as his mom deep-throated the sausage with sensual abandon. She bobbed her head, letting the glistening length slide in and out of her mouth, slurping and sucking noisily.

"Mmm, so good," BJ moaned around her mouthful, giving the sausage a few more passionate sucks before pulling off with a wet pop. She licked her lips, chasing the salty taste. "I just love having a nice big sausage stuffed in my mouth. Feels so satisfying."

Cara made a show of squirting a generous dollop of ketchup onto her plate, then "accidentally" tipping it so a thick glob landed right on the upper swell of her enormous left breast.

"Oopsie!" she exclaimed with exaggerated dismay. "Clumsy me, I got ketchup all over my boob."

Locking eyes with her son, Cara slowly reached up and hefted the massive tit in question, lifting it lewdly as if presenting it for his inspection.

Joey gulped audibly as he took in the obscene amount of creamy flesh spilling over her fingers, barely contained by the low-cut tank top.

The ketchup had landed right at the edge of her areola, the bright red condiment an obscene contrast against her pale skin. Cara traced one manicured nail through the glob, swiping up a fingerful and bringing it to her pouty lips.

"Mmm, wouldn't want to waste any, would we?" she purred sultrily, popping the digit into her mouth and sucking it clean with exaggerated relish. Releasing it with a wet pop, she moved on to the main event.

She took a quick look around to make sure no one else was watching, especially her husband. Cupping the heavy underside of her gigantic breast, Cara lifted it fully out of her top, baring the entire plush expanse to her son's boggled eyes. Her light pink nipple jutted out proudly from the center of her wide areola, visibly puckered with arousal.

Joey made a strangled sound as he watched his mother heft her exposed tit like an offering, the huge mound overflowing her hand. It had to weigh at least 15 pounds,

and was capped with a mouth-wateringly thick, crinkled nipple.

Holding his gaze boldly, Cara bent her head and extended her lengthy tongue, laving it over the ketchup-smear'd swell of her breast in a broad swipe. She moaned throatily as she licked up the mess, the tip of her tongue flicking out to tease her nipple on each upstroke.

"Ungh, so yummy," she breathed huskily, circling her stiff peak with the pointed tip before suckling on it greedily.

Joey just whimpered in response, adjusting himself subtly as his cock strained painfully against his fly. Cara smirked around her mouthful of tit, slurping and sucking on the thick nub, wetly tonguing her areola until it glistened with spit.

After thoroughly cleaning her breast of any trace of ketchup, Cara released her nipple and let it bounce back into place, still lewdly jutting against the obscenely stretched fabric of her tank top.

With their sons squirming and adjusting raging erections, the moms exchanged conspiratorial smirks, loving how worked up they were getting the horny teens. Barbara decided to take the teasing even further.

"You know boys, watching you strapping young things run around in your tight shorts, all hot and sweaty, reminds me so much of when we were your age," she purred silkily. "Back then, your moms were insatiable, always creaming our panties over some hard young cock or another."

Cara nodded in agreement, eyes glazed with reminiscence. "Mmm, yes, cookouts like this were the perfect opportunity to sneak off for a quick fuck. I remember ducking into the pool house to suck off the quarterback, or letting the camp counselor fuck me behind the woodshed."

"Ooh, and that time we tag-teamed the town stud, taking turns sitting on his face while the other rode him into oblivion," BJ chimed in with a giggle. "God, I miss that youthful stamina. Teenage boys can just pound the fuck outta pussy for hours."

Their sons gaped at the raunchy revelations, faces flushed and pupils blown with lust at the thought of their moms fucking and sucking with wild abandon.

Timmy couldn't help imagining his mom sandwiched between two muscular jocks, her holes stuffed full of hard cock. His own erection throbbed urgently at the visual.

"And the taste of young cum, fuck," Cara groaned, licking her lips. "So much sweeter and more potent than a grown man's. I used to crave it, sucking dick after dick just to get my fill, letting them paint my face and tits..."

"Remember when we snuck into the locker room after practice?" Barbara asked, voice dripping with nostalgia. "The whole football team lined up to take turns fucking our throats, our pretty faces glazed with so much jizz we looked like frosted donuts!"

The mental image made Joey, Teddy, and Timmy squirm with dangerous arousal, imagining their angelic mothers as cum-drunk cocksuckers, choking down shaft after shaft.

BJ noticed and smirked wickedly. "From the looks of those massive tents you're pitching, I'd say you boys are just as horny as we used to be," she teased, pointedly eyeing the obscene bulges straining their shorts. "Cocks hard and leaking, aching for some tight MILF cunt, hmm?"

The teens gulped and nodded jerkily, too far gone to deny it. Their moms' dirty talk had them seconds from busting fat loads in their pants like the pent-up youth they were.

"Poor babies," Cara cooed in mock sympathy. "Dicks swollen and heavy, throbbing for attention."

As the moms mercilessly teased their sons about the huge, obvious erections tenting their shorts, Barbara, Cara and BJ could feel their own arousal building to a fever pitch.

Their neglected pussies clenched desperately, the plush pink walls fluttering and rippling as they imagined those throbbing teenage sex-organs pounding into their empty channels. Thick, creamy arousal poured from their swollen folds, the musky scent of MILF cunt filling the air.

Barbara chewed on her plump bottom lip as she stared hungrily at the long, tubular bulge running along Timmy's thigh, the denim straining over his engorged cock. She could practically feel it stretching her open, the broad head spearing into her juicy depths.

Her clit throbbed in time with her racing heart as she pictured him mounting her, fucking into her from behind like a rutting animal. She imagined the delicious burn as his oversized cock forced her tight walls to expand, accommodating his girth.

Cara squeezed her thighs together, grinding her sopping wet slit against the seam of her shorts as she eye-fucked Joey's enormous tent pole. She fantasized about wrapping her lips around the bulbous tip, struggling to fit it in her mouth.

She'd worship his cock with her tongue, tracing every ridge and vein, until he was leaking salty pre-cum down her throat. Then she'd present her ass to him, spreading her cheeks in invitation. She shuddered as she imagined him notching the swollen head against her fluttering pink rosebud and pushing in, impaling her forbidden hole on his thick spike of flesh.

BJ had to suppress a wanton moan as she mentally undressed Teddy, his straining pecker so mouth-wateringly huge. She pictured him shoving her up against the fence and hiking up her sundress, his fingers discovering her shameful lack of panties.

He'd rub the broad head through her slippery folds, coating himself in her cream before slamming inside, stretching her clenching walls to the limit.

She'd wrap her legs around his waist as he fucked her standing up, his heavy sack slapping obscenely against her ass with each punishing thrust.

All three moms were panting now, faces flushed and chests heaving, brazenly eye-fucking their sons as they imagined those giant teenage dicks pounding into their aching cunts. Their clits pulsed urgently, swollen and throbbing, as their dripping pussies squelched and hungered to be filled.

The teens shifted uncomfortably, cocks flexing and leaking steadily in their shorts as their moms practically fucked them with their eyes. They could smell the thick, heady musk of mature arousal, could see the unmistakable flush of desire on their faces.

"Doing ok, boys?" BJ asked, her eyes moving from her son's face to his bulging crotch and back again.

"I'm fine," Teddy said, shifting to attempt to conceal his bugle. "Just trying to get comfortable in these chairs."

"Yeah, me too," said Timmy, glancing at the stiff nubs protruding out from the rounded peaks of the mothers' tits.

Cara noticed her son Joey squirming uncomfortably, trying to hide his raging baby maker. "What about you, sweetheart? You seem distracted. Has something...COME UP?" she asked with a snicker.

Blushing, he abruptly got up from his chair. "I'm gonna, uh...use the bathroom real quick," he mumbled, hurrying towards the house.

Seeing her opportunity, Cara waited a minute before standing up as well. "Be right back, girls," she said with a conspiratorial wink. "Gotta go check on my boy, make sure he's okay."

She sauntered towards the house, her voluptuous hips swaying hypnotically. Once inside, she crept down the hallway until she heard Joey in the bathroom, cursing under his breath as he tried to wrestle his straining cock into submission.

Cara knocked on the door softly. "Joey, honey? It's Mom. Can I come in?"

There was a pause, then a shaky reply. "Uh, just a minute, I'm not done yet..."

But Cara was already opening the door, slipping inside and locking it behind her. Joey gaped at her, hastily zipping up his shorts. "Mom! What are you doing?!"

Cara raked her gaze over the enormous tent in his shorts, licking her lips. "Oh baby, I can see how much you're suffering with that huge hard cock. Those nasty blue balls must ache so bad."

She stepped closer, backing him up against the wall until her massive tits pressed against his heaving chest. "Shh, it's okay. Mommy's here to help make it all better," she cooed.

Joey gulped, eyes glazed with lust and disbelief as his mom reached down to palm his bloated bulge. "M-Mom, wait, we can't..."

"Hush now," Cara purred, slowly grinding her chest against him. "Just relax and let Mommy take care of this big throbbing problem."

She grabbed his wrists and pinned his arms up over his head, trapping him against the wall with her soft curves. Then she began undulating her hips, rubbing the entire length of his cloth-covered erection with her pelvis.

"That's it, baby," Cara breathed, licking along the shell of his ear. "Doesn't that feel so good? Mom's body pressed against this swollen cock-muscle?"

Joey shuddered and groaned, head tipping back against the wall as his hips moved of their own volition, rutting against his mother's grinding sex. He could feel her hard nipples boring into his chest, her plush tits flattening deliciously against him.

Cara increased the pressure, utilizing her years of skill to work his throbbing teenage shaft with her undulating hips and pelvis. She rubbed herself along the rigid length, stimulating him through the thin barrier of his shorts.

Cara gyrated her pelvis against Joey's rigid manhood, lifting a foot from the floor and hooking a leg around him. The thin fabric of their clothing was the only barrier between their inflamed flesh.

His cock throbbed against her mound, the swollen shaft rubbing along her slit through the layers. She could feel every ridge and vein as it pulsed, straining towards her heat.

Joey gasped as his mother's soft pubic mound ground against his erectile flesh, her plump lips and stiff clit kissing his bulge. The folds of her labia parted around the head of his cock, cradling it. He bucked instinctively, seeking more of that delicious friction.

"Feel how wet Mommy is for you, baby?" Cara purred, humping harder. "Your big cock has me absolutely drenched. Soaking through my shorts."

Joey groaned as he felt the growing damp patch where her arousal seeped through the fabric, the slick heat beckoning him. His own pre-cum leaked steadily, the musky fluid mingling with hers to create a slippery glide.

Their hips undulated in sync, pubic bones kissing, genitals sliding and bumping urgently. Cara rocked the swollen pearl of her clit against the ridge of Joey's cockhead, shocks of electric pleasure shooting through her.

The fleshy hood pulled back as she ground on him, exposing the sensitive bundle of nerves to his rigid heat. The textured

fabric of his shorts rasped exquisitely over the tender bud, making her gasp and cream even more.

Joey flexed his hips, driving the throbbing length of his shaft through his mother's slick folds, the head notching against her hungry opening with each pass. Her puffy petals clung to him, trying to draw him inside.

"Christ, Mom, you're so wet," he panted, feeling her juices soak through his shorts. "Pussy so hot and slippery on my dick..."

"Mmm, you're leaking too, baby," Cara moaned, undulating faster. "I can feel you getting my shorts all sticky with pre-cum. That big fat cock is weeping for Mommy's cunt."

Their sexes grew increasingly swollen and sensitive as they stimulated each other to a frenzy. Joey's cock felt harder than steel as it strained against his fly, the engorged head an angry purple and dribbling constantly.

Cara's clit emerged from its hood completely, pulsing against Joey's shaft as if begging to be touched. Her thick cream flowed like honey, drenching her shorts and his, easing the slide of their fevered grinding.

Overwhelmed with feverish lust, Cara released Joey's wrists and grabbed the back of his head, forcing his face into her heaving cleavage. "Mmm, that's it baby, bury yourself in my big soft titties," she moaned wantonly, humping her soaked, swollen pussy against his throbbing bulge with wild abandon.

Joey groaned into her abundant flesh, motorboating her cleavage as he thrust back just as frantically. The frenzy of their dry humping reached a fever pitch, the filthy wet sounds of soaked fabric rubbing together filling the bathroom along with their desperate grunts and moans.

Cara used her grip on his head to grind his face deeper between her pillowy mounds, nearly smothering him in warm, pliant breast flesh. Her rock hard nipples poked into his cheeks as he panted into the valley of her cleavage, his hot breath creating damp condensation on her skin.

They rutted shamelessly in a dry-fuck, like animals in heat, the need to cum overriding any shred of propriety. The swollen head of Joey's cock caught on Cara's engorged clit with each pass, sending jolts of electric pleasure through her. Her hips circled and bucked uncontrollably, dripping pussy clenching rhythmically around a cock that wasn't there.

Joey's balls drew up tight to his body, churning with hot seed as he felt his climax fast approaching. He grabbed his mom's voluptuous ass, squeezing the plump cheeks and yanking her harder against him. His pelvis hammered into her mound, the ridge of his dick head grinding mercilessly over the exposed pearl of her clit.

"Fuck, gonna cum!" he grunted into her cleavage, muffled by the press of her flesh. "Can't hold it, gonna soak my shorts..."

"Yes, baby, cum for Mommy," Cara panted, her cunt quivering wildly, hovering on the edge. "Hump me through it, soak your shorts with jizz while you grind on Mommy's love-muffin."

Joey let out a strangled shout into her tits as the first blast of hot ejaculate erupted from his slit, his cock kicking and pulsing against Cara's mound as he emptied his balls into his underwear.

Cara threw her head back with a euphoric cry as she felt his shaft jerking, the warm wetness of his load soaking through to her inflamed sex.

Her pussy convulsed violently, a powerful orgasm crashing through her as Joey's cum spread between them. Her cream gushed into her panties as she came on his still spurting bulge, grinding mindlessly through the waves of ecstasy.

Joey's eyes rolled back in his head, fireworks exploding behind his lids as he shot spurt after spurt into his shorts.

As the waves of euphoric release subsided, Cara and Joey clung to each other, panting heavily. Joey lifted his head from her cleavage, his face flushed and eyes glazed with sated satisfaction.

Cara smiled down at him wickedly, then glanced at the massive wet spot darkening the front of his shorts.

"Mmm, looks like you made quite the mess in your undies, baby," she purred, reaching down to cup his softening

bulge, feeling the copious stickiness soaking through.
"Mom's just as drenched."

She stepped back and shamelessly hiked up her sundress, showing Joey the absolutely sodden crotch of her panties, clinging obscenely to her swollen pussy lips. "I think we both better get out of these soaked things before going back out there, don't you?"

Joey just nodded dumbly, still in a post-orgasmic daze. Cara smirked and shimmied out of her ruined panties, dangling them on one finger. "Give me yours too, sweetie. I'll put them in my bag to take home and wash."

He obediently shucked off his cum-drenched briefs, handing them over. Cara took a deep, appreciative inhale of the musky, spunk-soaked fabric, then stuffed both of their underwear into her purse.

"There now, that's better," she cooed, boldly eyeing his naked cock and balls before letting her sundress fall back into place. "Now you run along back outside and act natural. I'll be out in a few minutes."

Joey pulled his shorts back up commando-style and left the bathroom in a daze. As soon as the door clicked shut behind him, Cara dug his underwear back out of her purse with a lewd grin.

Lifting the cum-soaked fabric to her face, she inhaled deeply, shuddering in delight at the raunchy scent of her son's liquid lust. Unable to resist, she opened her mouth

and dragged her tongue along the biggest wet spot, moaning at the taste of his hot jizz flooding her taste buds.

"Oh fuck yes," Cara whimpered, lapping at the silky cream coating his briefs, savoring the salty-sweet flavor of teen goo. She sucked the fabric into her mouth, wringing out every drop of Joey's essence, swallowing it down greedily.

As she tongued her son's underwear clean, Cara snaked a hand between her legs, finding her pussy bare, swollen and slippery. She sank two fingers into the syrupy heat, pumping them in time with the filthy slurping sounds of her mouth on the cum-drenched cotton.

Cara's fingers plunged frantically into her soaked, throbbing pussy as she sucked the last traces of Joey's cum from his boxers. Her jaw worked the fabric, tongue swirling, imagining it was her son's pulsing cock pounding into her mouth instead.

Slick, obscene sounds of fingers squelching in overflowing arousal filled the bathroom as Cara finger-fucked herself into a frenzy, her digits slipping in the syrupy mess flooding her cunt. Her swollen walls rippled and clenched, aching for her son's thick young cock.

She imagined Joey bending her over the sink, hiking up her sundress and sinking his throbbing meat into her from behind in one hard thrust. Her greedy pussy would suck him in, clutching desperately at his plunging shaft.

"Ungh, fuck, yes! Harder baby!" Cara whimpered around the drool-soaked boxers, picturing Joey slamming into her, his heavy balls spanking her clit with each rough pump of his hips.

The fingers drilling her needy cunt became his engorged pole in her mind, stretching her open, making her take every steel-hard inch. She could practically feel his bulbous cockhead battering her cervix, his veiny shaft sawing through her gripping channel.

Cara's thumb mashed against her throbbing clit as she neared the edge, her pussy making filthy suctioning sounds as she worked herself over furiously. Her head thrashed side to side, Joey's cum-soaked underwear still crammed in her mouth, drool running down her chin.

She imagined her son gripping her hips bruisingly tight, pumping into her ravenous fuck-hole as she wailed in ecstasy. His cock would feel so huge and hard, pummeling her most intimate places, claiming her as his own personal fuck-toy.

"Mmm, yeah, right there! Pound Mommy's pussy!" Cara squealed, humping back on her own invading fingers while she pictured Joey's turgid young cock ruining her, conquering her hungry cunt. **"Fill me up, baby! Fucking breed me!"**

With a muffled shriek, Cara came violently, shaking and thrashing on the closed toilet seat. Her pussy squeezed and

released wildly around her pumping fingers, creaming uncontrollably. Her clit pulsed beneath her frantically circling thumb as shockwaves of ecstasy crashed through her.

The mother slumped bonelessly, shuddering through the aftershocks and sucking in huge gulps of air through her nose, her son's boxers still stuffed in her mouth. She had never cum so hard in her life. Just the thought of Joey's huge dick splitting her open had made her lose control like a bitch in heat.

Teddy nervously moved away from the crowded backyard, embarrassed by the huge bulge jutting out from his shorts. He couldn't help it - the way his mother had been shamelessly teasing him, rubbing her juicy ass against his aching hardon, had left him painfully aroused with no relief.

He wandered over to the deserted playground at the far end of the property, finding a secluded spot behind the equipment shed. The boy leaned against the rough wooden wall, trying to will his throbbing erection down before anyone noticed.

What he didn't realize was that BJ had been watching him like a hawk, focused on the mouth-watering outline of his swollen cock. Her pussy clenched and flooded as she recalled how huge and hard he had felt grinding between her ass cheeks. A damp spot grew on her sundress as she

imagined that thick meat pounding into her, stretching her hungry cunt...

Like a lioness stalking her prey, the mother followed after Teddy from a distance, her eyes glued to the tempting bulge bouncing in his shorts as he walked. She licked her lips hungrily, determined to get her hands (and mouth) on that straining young cock.

As Teddy stood with his eyes closed, trying to calm his raging lust, BJ silently crept up on him. She drew near until she was close enough to feel the heat radiating off his body, to smell the musky arousal emanating from his groin.

"Teddy," she purred huskily, making him jump and spin around. "Don't be embarrassed, baby. It's perfectly natural, what's happening to your body right now."

Teddy gulped, his face flushed bright red as he took in his mother's predatory expression, her eyes zeroed in on his crotch. "I...uh...Mom, what are you doing back here?"

BJ smiled wickedly, moving even closer until her big tits brushed against his chest. "I saw how worked up you were getting, sweetie. That great big cock of yours looking like it's about to bust right through your shorts..."

She boldly cupped his bulge, her fingers tracing the thick knotted outline of his erection. Teddy shuddered and bit back a groan, his hips involuntarily pushing into her palm. "Mom, wait, you shouldn't--"

"Shh, it's okay baby," BJ cooed, giving his throbbing package a squeeze that made his eyes roll back. "Mom knows just what you need. Let me help relieve some of this tension."

Teddy panted harshly as his mother started massaging his rigid fuck-meat through his shorts, rubbing up and down the straining length. He knew it was so wrong to let her touch him this way, but it felt too damn incredible to resist. His swollen cockhead leaked a spreading patch of pre-lube onto the fabric.

"Teddy, honey, have you ever gotten a blowjob before?" BJ asked huskily as she stroked his bulging shorts. Teddy's eyes widened and he shook his head mutely, too stunned to speak.

BJ licked her lips. "Oh baby, you don't know what you're missing. Having a warm, wet mouth wrapped around this big throbbing cock..." She traced a finger along the ridge of his swollen glans through the fabric, making him shudder. "Lips and tongue worshipping every thick inch, sucking on the head until you explode..."

Teddy made a choked sound, his dick flexing urgently in his mom's grip.

BJ grinned, loving how responsive he was to her dirty talk. "And I gotta say, sweetie - moms give the best head. We've got years of experience sucking cock. We know exactly how to tease this sensitive spot right here..."

She pressed her thumb into his weeping slit, rubbing circles over the damp cotton. Teddy whimpered, his hips jerking helplessly as more pre-cum surged out to soak through.

BJ could feel how engorged his cock-crown was, the spongy bell-shaped flesh swelling against her touch.

"Mom, fuck," Teddy panted desperately, eyes darting around. "Someone might see..."

"You're right, baby, we should take this somewhere more private," BJ agreed, reluctantly releasing his straining bulge. "I wanna be able to really take my time sucking this fat dick. Someplace I can get on my knees for you and swallow every thick inch..."

Teddy gulped at the mental image, his balls drawing up tight. BJ grabbed his hand and led him further into the wooded area behind the playground, her sundress swishing around her juicy thighs. She found a grassy clearing shielded from view and pulled Teddy into it.

"There, much better," BJ purred, backing him up against a tree. "Now Mommy can suck your cock nice and slow, get you ready to explode all over my face and tits..."

Teddy trembled with anticipation as his mom sank gracefully to her knees before him, never breaking eye contact. She nuzzled her face against his raging hard-on, inhaling the virile scent of his arousal. Her hands slid up his thighs to grip his ass, kneading the taut muscles.

"Mmm, I've been dreaming about getting my mouth on this big boy," BJ murmured, mouthing at his bulge through the straining fabric. "Gonna lick and suck this dick so good, baby. Drain these swollen balls dry."

Teddy groaned, fingers scrabbling at the rough bark behind him as he watched his mother rub her face all over his cloth-covered erection like a cat in heat.

BJ looked up at Teddy with a naughty glint in her eye as she rubbed her cheek along the throbbing outline of his penis. "Baby, I have to ask... just how big is this gorgeous cock of yours? It feels absolutely massive!"

Teddy blushed, a mix of pride and embarrassment coloring his face. "Uh, I'm not totally sure, but... from what I've seen in the locker room showers, I'm pretty certain I'm the biggest guy at school. By a lot."

BJ's pretty eyes lit up and she licked her lips hungrily. "Mmm, I have no doubt, stud. This beast has to be a good 10 inches, and so thick!" She traced a fingertip along the punishing ridge of his bulb through the fabric, feeling every contour. "The girls must go crazy over such a huge, virile young cock."

Teddy squirmed, his member flexing urgently against his mom's touch. "I wouldn't know, I've never... you know... done anything with a girl before."

"You're a virgin?" BJ gasped in delight, squeezing his bulge appreciatively. "Oh honey, that is so hot! Don't you worry,

moms absolutely love deflowering hung young studs like you. We can't resist all this throbbing, untouched meat!"

BJ couldn't wait a second longer. She needed to see Teddy's magnificent cock in the flesh. Impatiently, she tugged his shorts and boxers down in one swift motion, unleashing his enormous erection. It sprang free to slap obscenely against his abdomen, visibly pulsing in the sunlight.

"Holy fuck!" BJ breathed in awe, drinking in every mouth-watering detail of her son's love-organ. He had to be at least 10 inches long, possibly 11, and so girthy her fingers wouldn't nearly close around it. The shaft was thick and veiny, angry red with arousal and flecked with bulging blood vessels that made it look almost gnarled.

A dew drop of pre-cum gathered at the tip, oozing from the gaping slit crowning his engorged glans. The head was so swollen and purple it looked nearly painful, flaring out from the shaft like a shiny helmet. A pronounced ridge separated the head from the veiny length, the skin tightly drawn over the spongy tissues within.

Just under the glans, on the underside, was the thick band of his frenulum - the most sensitive spot. BJ longed to lave it with her tongue, to feel the skin twitch against her taste buds as she lapped up his leaking essence straight from the source.

Beneath the throbbing shaft hung the smoothest, fullest set of balls BJ had ever laid eyes on. They were easily the size of ripe plums, churning audibly with their heavy load.

The mother reached out reverently to cup Teddy's swollen testicles, amazed at their weight and heat. She rolled the hefty orbs in her palm, marveling at how they strained against the thin skin of his sack. "Mmm, baby, these balls are so full," she purred, giving them a gentle squeeze that made Teddy groan. "I can feel them churning with cum, so ready to explode!"

Keeping her eyes locked on to her boy, BJ extended her tongue and slowly licked a broad stripe up his shaft from root to tip, savoring the musky flavor of his skin.

She swirled her licker around the flared ridge of his glans, lapping up the bead of pre-cum gathered at the slit. "Ungh, you taste amazing," she moaned, smacking her lips. "I could lick this pretty cock for hours!"

BJ began bathing Teddy's immense erection with long, luxurious licks, worshipping every throbbing inch. She traced the thick vein on the underside with the pointed tip of her tongue, feeling his pulse hammering through the delicate tissues. Reaching his leaking slit again, she sealed her lips over it and sucked, coaxing out a fresh surge of pre-seminal fluid.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Teddy gasped, fingers tangling in her red hair as she nursed at his weeping tip. The wet suction of her

eager mouth on his overstimulated glans made him see stars. She suckled him greedily, tongue fluttering, drawing out spurt after spurt of salty-sweet pre-essence.

BJ reluctantly released his spit-slick head with a pop, letting it bob heavily before her eyes. Eyeing the quivering shaft hungrily, she fisted it at the root and angled it down, rubbing the bulbous tip all over her pretty face.

She nuzzled into it, smearing his copious leakage over her cheeks and nose, marking herself with the pungent proof of his arousal.

"Mmm, there's so much pre-cum," she purred, slurping up the sticky strands connecting his cockhead to her face.

"Your balls must be absolutely aching, baby. Don't worry, Mommy's gonna suck out every last drop!"

Opening her mouth obscenely wide, BJ pushed her head forward and engulfed Teddy's rock-hard cock, stretching her lips around the flared head.

The swollen glans bumped against her soft palate as she took him deeper, nearly gagging her. But she was determined to worship every inch of her son's glorious manhood.

Teddy made a strangled sound, hands fisting in his mom's hair as he watched himself disappear into her hot, clasping mouth. The sight of his own mother's luscious lips stretched obscenely around his girth, nose pressed to his hilt was surreal.

BJ moaned around her mouthful as she began to bob her head, fucking her face on Teddy's massive cock. Her lips formed a tight seal as she glided up and down his 11-incher, coating him in glistening spit. The inside of her cheeks hollowed with suction, applying delicious pressure to his aching stalk.

Teddy groaned gutturally as he felt his cockhead push into the tight ring of muscle at the back of BJ's throat. She took him even deeper, swallowing around the intrusion, her convulsing esophageal walls massaging the sensitive barbed flesh of glans.

His eyes rolled back at the exquisite sensation of being completely engulfed in slick, undulating heat of a woman's mouth and throat.

BJ's masterful tongue went to work, laving the thick vein underneath and tracing the rim of his glans. She lapped at his leaking slit, the rough texture of her taste buds making him shudder and leak anew.

Then she began swirling around and around the coronal ridge, flicking the frenulum in maddening circles.

"Holy shit, Mom!" Teddy panted harshly, struggling not to rut into the warm haven of her mouth. He'd never felt anything so mind-meltingly good. Her lips and tongue were working magic on his virgin cock, finding all his most sensitive spots and exploiting them mercilessly.

The talented mother pulled back to focus on his swollen crown, wrapping her lips tightly around the ridge and sucking hard. She jacked the base with one hand while the other deftly fondled his balls, rolling and tugging them.

Her tongue fluttered wildly all over his shiny-skinned glans, lashing the slit, making him leak like a sieve.

Pre-cum poured over her busy tongue as she slurped and nursed, the salty-sweet musk filling her senses. She coaxed out spurt after spurt of clear, lubricating oil, savoring the taste of her son's essence, greedy for more. Her throat worked as she swallowed around him, taking him to the hilt again and again.

Teddy's sturdy cock drove into his mother's gullet over and over, her nose smashed against his pelvis, buried in his musky pubes. He could feel every ripple and squeeze of her esophagus around his aching cockhead as she deep-throated him with wanton abandon.

With a groan, the powerful muscle and ligaments flexed at his cock-root, causing the veins and sinews in his boner to expand and his knob to mushroom even larger.

BJ skillfully suppressed her gag reflex, opening her throat to take Teddy's enormous cock as deep as possible. She swallowed frantically around the thick meat clogging her airway, drool seeping out the corners of her stretched mouth and running down her chin.

Her tongue never stopped moving, lashing along the sensitive underside of his shaft as it plunged in and out. She alternated between swirling around his glans and fluttering at the frenulum, teasing out more and more of his copious pre-cum.

Teddy felt his balls draw up tight, churning with an enormous load as his mother worshipped his cock with her ravenous mouth.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he blurted out in warning, fingers fisting in her hair. But BJ just moaned wantonly and doubled her efforts, slurping and sucking with abandon.

She plunged her head forward, burying Teddy's cock down her throat to the hilt just as the first spooge-blast erupted from his slit. The molten seed splashed directly into her esophagus, searing the tender tissues.

Teddy roared as his cock jerked and kicked, spewing shot after shot of thick, scalding nut-goo straight into BJ's gullet.

She gulped frantically, trying to swallow the massive load as it flooded her mouth and throat. But there was just too much - ropes of his salty essence leaked out the corners of her stretched lips, dribbling down her chin.

BJ kept her lips sealed tight around her son's wildly pulsing shaft, plunging it through the tight ring of her throat as it continued to erupt. She could feel every twitch and throb against her tongue as he emptied his balls into her greedy mouth.

Teddy's hips snapped involuntarily, fucking into the wet heat engulfing him, chasing the exquisite suction milking his cock. He groaned long and low as spurt after spurt of jizz pumped out of him in seemingly endless ropes. His mother's throat muscles rippled and squeezed the spurting head, wringing out every last drop.

BJ moaned blissfully as her boy's hot seed gushed into her mouth and slid down her throat. She relished the taste and texture of his teenage cum, so thick and creamy on her tongue. Each spurt was more copious than the last, flooding her cheeks and coating her tonsils. She swallowed convulsively around the erupting shaft, determined to nurse out every drop.

The force and volume of Teddy's orgasm was staggering, a veritable deluge of cum flooding BJ's mouth for nearly a full minute.

Tears streamed down her face as she struggled to breathe around the thick cock plunging down her throat, still twitching with aftershocks. Her own arousal gushed between her thighs, soaking her bare pussy as the depravity of the act sent her over the edge.

Finally, the spurts petered out into weak dribbles and Teddy slumped back against the tree, gasping for air. BJ carefully pulled off his softening cock, giving the supersensitive head one last loving suckle. A final surge of creamy seed flooded over her tongue and she swallowed greedily, savoring the salty-sweet musk.

Mmm, that was delicious, baby," she purred, giving his softening shaft an affectionate nuzzle. "I knew your cum would taste amazing. Mommy's gonna be addicted to this big dick and those sweet balls now. We'll have to do this all the time!"

Teddy just panted harshly, slumped against the tree, blown away by the intensity of his first oral experience. He couldn't believe his sexy mom had just sucked him off so enthusiastically and swallowed every drop of his cum. His cock twitched at the thought of her doing it again and again.

After their naughty encounters with their sons, the three moms met back up at the picnic table, grinning like cats who ate the canary. Cara and BJ had satisfied smirks on their faces, while Barbara just looked smugly superior.

"Mmm, I think I'll skip dessert," Cara said with an exaggerated wink. "I just had the most delicious cream pie."

BJ snickered. "Same here. My sweet boy filled me up good. Who needs cake when you can feast on hot young cum?"

Barbara laughed wickedly. "Sounds like you two got a mouthful of what I've been enjoying on the regular. Now you know why I've been walking around with a permanent smile lately."

"God, yes," Cara groaned. "Feeling Joey's huge cock throbbing in my hand, tasting his sweet pre-cum... I thought my panties were gonna melt off from how wet I got! You're so lucky you get to fuck Timmy whenever you want."

BJ nodded emphatically. "Seriously, Barb. Sucking my Teddy off was incredible, but it only made me crave more. I don't know how you can keep your hands off Timmy. If I had full access to my son's thick young meat, I'd be on my knees 24/7!"

"Oh believe me, I take full advantage," Barbara purred, licking her lips salaciously. "There's rarely a moment when I'm not full of Timmy's cock in one hole or another. He fucks me so good, I can barely walk straight half the time!"

Cara and BJ made identically envious noises, squirming in their seats as they imagined Barbara getting pounded within an inch of her life by Timmy's tireless teenage cock.

"The stamina of these boys alone, ugh!" Cara said dreamily. "I'd kill to have Joey rail me for hours, never losing hardness, cumming over and over deep in my needy cunt. You are one lucky bitch, Barb."

As they sat together sharing naughty details, the three moms couldn't help comparing notes about their sons' impressive endowments and sexual prowess.

"My Joey has to be at least 10 inches long," Cara bragged, holding her hands apart to demonstrate. "And so thick my

fingers barely close around it! When I was stroking him through his shorts, I could feel every ridge and vein. That boy is hung like a fucking bull!"

BJ licked her lips. "Mmm, Teddy is definitely in that range too. Possibly even bigger. The long muscular shaft with all those delicious veins, and the head, oh my god. It was so fat and swollen, like a ripe plum!"

"The ridge around the head is my favorite," Barbara chimed in dreamily. "When Timmy fucks me, I can feel it catch on my greedy little hole with every thrust, dragging over my G-spot. Drives me absolutely wild!"

Cara groaned in envy. "Ugh, what I wouldn't give to have Joey stretch out my neglected pussy like that. To feel all that teen cock splitting me open, pounding me into oblivion..."

"And the way their balls slap against your asshole when they really start hammering," BJ added with a shiver. "So heavy and full, brimming with hot seed. I could barely fit Teddy's nuts in my palm, they were so swollen!"

"God yes, the cum," Barbara moaned. "Timmy pumps me so full, it gushes out for hours after. He's so fucking virile. The taste, the texture, the sheer volume - like warm, salty cream flooding my mouth and pussy. I'm addicted!"

Cara whimpered needfully. "Joey leaked pre-cum like a faucet just from me rubbing on him a little. His ejaculation

was fierce. I bet that boy could paint a girl from head to toe in jizz!"

BJ grinned wickedly. "Teddy nearly drowned me with the amount he shot down my throat. Thick, endless ropes of the stuff. I was gulping like my life depended on it and still couldn't swallow it all! Fuck, teen spunk is delicious."

Barbara smiled smugly. "It really is a whole other level. Timmy's cum is so much richer and creamier than my husband's watery dribbles. The flavor is incredible - slightly sweet and extra musky. I'm ruined for anything else."

The three moms sighed dreamily in unison, lost in erotic memories of their sons' cocks and the heavenly seed they produced. They squirmed in their seats, hot and bothered, pussies clenching hungrily at the absence of those thick young shafts.

"Fuck, all this talk has me desperate for a ride on Timmy's hard cock," Barbara admitted.

Cara's husband Steve wandered over to the gossiping ladies, his curiosity piqued by their giggles and hushed tones. "What are you gals whispering about over here?" he asked jokingly, taking a swig of his beer.

Cara looked up at him with a mischievous glint in her eye. Emboldened by Barbara's juicy confessions and several margaritas, she decided to broach the subject they'd just been discussing. "Actually honey, we were just talking about

Barbara's new arrangement with Timmy. You know, how he's taken over as her main man in the bedroom."

Steve's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Wait, what? Barb, you're actually sleeping with your son?" He looked equal parts shocked and intrigued.

Barbara smiled slyly and nodded. "Guilty as charged. What can I say, Timmy knows how to satisfy a woman better than his old man these days."

"Huh," Steve said, processing this scandalous revelation. "Well damn, good for you, I guess. If you're both happy with the situation."

Cara seized the opportunity to test the waters with her husband. "It got me thinking, babe... what would you say if I wanted to spice things up like that with Joey? You know, let our boy show me what he can do between the sheets."

Steve choked on his beer, sputtering in disbelief. "Are you serious right now? You want to fuck our son?"

"Think about it," Cara purred persuasively, running a hand up his thigh. "You're always complaining that I'm too much woman for you, that you can't keep up with my sex drive. Well, Joey's young and virile, full of endless stamina. He could give me the non-stop screwing I need."

Barbara chimed in helpfully. "It's true, Steve. Teenage boys are insatiable, just like us moms. It's a perfect match, trust

me. Timmy keeps me satisfied in ways my husband just can't anymore."

Cara nodded eagerly. "See? And just imagine how hot it would be to watch sometimes. Your sexy wife being ravaged by your own son's big cock. You could stroke yourself while he shows you how it's done."

Steve swallowed hard, his pants suddenly feeling tighter at the obscenely arousing mental image. "Jesus, Cara. You really wanna cuckold me with our kid like that?"

"I think it could be so good for our marriage," Cara insisted, boldly cupping the growing bulge in her husband's shorts. "You'll be free from the pressure of trying to keep up with me. And we can both get off on the taboo thrill of Joey screwing me senseless. It's a win-win!"

Steve let out a shaky breath, his resolve crumbling under his wife's lusty gaze and filthy propositions.

As Cara continued trying to persuade Steve to let their son have his way with her, BJ pulled Barbara aside, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

"Barb, I have to confess, hearing about you and Timmy has me so fucking hot for Teddy. I want that teenager cock wrecking my pussy like yesterday," BJ admitted, her cheeks flushed with more than the summer heat and margaritas.

Barbara grinned wickedly. "I'm telling you, BJ, go get that young dick! Let Teddy ruin you for his father. There's

nothing hotter than surrendering to your son's raging hormones."

BJ bit her lip, glancing over at where Ted Sr. stood manning the grill with the other dads. "The thing is, I don't think Ted would be as open to it as Steve seems to be. He's always been kinda old-fashioned about sex stuff, you know?"

"So what are you gonna do?" Barbara asked, already having a sneaking suspicion of her friend's plan.

BJ eyes gleamed with illicit excitement. "Honestly? I think I'm just gonna seduce Teddy behind his dad's back. Cheat on my hubby with our own son. Is that awful of me?"

Barbara threw her head back and laughed. "Awful? More like deliciously dirty! I say go for it, babe. There's something so taboo and thrilling about cuckolding your man on the down low with your boy toy."

"Right? It's like the ultimate slap in the face to them as husbands and fathers. Getting off on betraying them so completely," BJ giggled naughtily.

"And just think how much more exciting the sex will be, knowing it's a forbidden secret between you and Teddy," Barbara encouraged. "Trust me, I was fucking Timmy's ass off long before his father knew, and that element of naughty secrecy takes everything to a whole new level of hot."

BJ fanned herself dramatically. "Fuck, I'm getting wet just thinking about it. My poor, clueless husband having no idea

that his sweet wifey is acting like a bitch in heat for their son's cock. Ungh!"

"You paint such a vivid picture, BJ," Barbara purred. "I can just imagine Teddy railing you on the sly, pumping a big creamy load in you while Ted Sr. watches TV downstairs, none the wiser."

"Oof, keep talking like that and I might just have to go change my panties," BJ joked.

Cara rejoined them, practically bouncing with excitement. "Okay, I think I finally wore Steve down about me and Joey. He's reluctantly agreed to let our son 'help out' with my needs," she reported with a triumphant grin.

Barbara and BJ turned to Cara eagerly. "Spill, girl! How'd you finally get Steve to agree to sharing you with Joey?" Barbara pressed.

Cara smirked, taking a sip of her drink before divulging her persuasion tactics. "Well, I just laid it out honestly. Told him that with his bad hip from that construction accident, he simply can't fuck me the way I need it anymore."

She leaned in closer, lowering her voice. "I painted a very vivid picture of all the ways I require a man to take me. Rough doggy-style, pounding me so hard the headboard cracks the wall. Bent over every piece of furniture. Picked up and drilled against the wall."

Cara shrugged, looking smug. "I told Steve that while he'll always be my loving husband, his injury means he can't possibly keep up with my sexual needs now. Not in all the positions and with the intensity I crave."

"Damn, you went for the jugular!" BJ cackled. "Telling a man he can't adequately screw his wife anymore? That's gotta sting!"

"Hey, just being real with him," Cara said. "I made it clear that I don't want to live like a nun or seek it elsewhere. So the perfect solution is Joey stepping up to satisfy his mama and keep her from straying."

Barbara nodded approvingly. "Appealing to his fear of you cheating was smart. No husband wants to risk losing his wife to another man's cock."

"Exactly," Cara agreed. "But I assured Steve this would strictly be about my sexual fulfillment, not emotions. Joey screwing me six ways from Sunday doesn't change our marriage. If anything, it takes the pressure off him to perform like he used to."

"And you really painted the picture of how much you need it, and how many ways," BJ said in awe. "Steve must've realized only a horny young buck like Joey could possibly keep up!"

"For sure," Cara said wickedly. "I was very detailed about the kind of marathon fuck-fests I expect. Pounded hard and

fast, then slow and deep. Made to cum over and over. Basically used like a fleshy sex doll."

Barbara fanned herself. "Whew! No wonder he caved! Your son's youthful stamina and strength are the only prayer of meeting those demands!"

"It was pretty much a done deal once I mentioned how wet it makes me to imagine being completely dominated by my boy. Manhandled and just taken." Cara's eyes flashed with wanton lust.

"Poor Steve knew he was outmatched. No choice but to accept his son as my new bull stud. He'll keep me happy at home by ruining my hungry pussy in all the ways my husband no longer can."

Barbara turned and called her own husband over with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Honey, I need the keys to the car," she said sweetly. "Timmy and I were thinking of slipping away for a little private time, if you know what I mean."

Carter's face fell, clearly understanding the implication. "Really, Barb? Here, in the middle of the neighborhood cookout? You wanna go screw our son in our car?"

Barbara just shrugged, unashamed. "What can I say, all this talk of hot young cock has me feeling frisky. I need Timmy to give me a nice, hard pounding in the backseat. Stretch me out on that thick teenage dick of his."

Cara and BJ perked up at that, looking at Barbara with undisguised envy and lust. "Damn, that's so naughty, Barb! Sneaking off to let your boy-toy service you at a family event," Cara said, fanning herself.

BJ nodded eagerly. "Seriously, I'm dripping just picturing you riding Timmy in the car, muffling your screams as he nails you deep." She turned to Barbara with a wicked gleam in her eye. "Hey, you think we could tag along? Maybe watch the action? I'm dying to see teen stud skills in person."

Barbara looked at her friends, then glanced over at where Timmy stood chatting with Joey and Teddy, all three young men so tall and fit, oozing raw sexual magnetism. Her pussy clenched at the idea of them witnessing just how thoroughly her son mastered her body.

Turning back to Cara and BJ, she grinned and nodded. "Sure, why not? I'll put on a little show for you gals, let you see exactly how Timmy fucks his mama into blissful oblivion. Maybe it'll inspire you to fuck your own horny young bucks later."

The ladies giggled and high-fived, thrilled at the prospect of some live incestuous porn.

Barbara's husband just shook his head in resignation, fishing the car keys from his pocket and handing them over. "Just be discreet, for God's sake," he muttered. "Don't need

the whole neighborhood knowing my wife is a panting slut for our kid."

"No promises," Barbara sing-songed as she palmed the keys and waved Timmy over. She couldn't wait to put on an exhibition for her friends, bouncing wantonly in her son's lap while he drilled her eager cunt.

The very thought had her nipples pebbling against her sundress and her thighs slicking with arousal. It was going to be one wild ride - in more ways than one.

Timmy grinned as Barbara, Cara and BJ eagerly ushered him towards the car, their intentions clear. His cock was already swelling in anticipation as he saw the hungry looks the three busty MILFs were giving him.

Once they reached the vehicle, they all piled into the spacious backseat, giggling as they pulled the doors shut and started shedding clothing with wild abandon.

Blouses were yanked over heads, buttons flying. Lacy bras unclasped, freeing heavy breasts that swayed and bounced. Panties shimmied down curvy hips and kicked aside, the smell of wet mommy-pussy sweeping through Timmy's nostrils.

In record time, the three gorgeous mothers were completely nude, their voluptuous bodies on full display. Timmy drank in the sight of all that smooth, naked flesh, his teenage hormones kicking into overdrive. So much supple skin, just

begging to be touched and tasted. His hands itched to grab and grope.

Barbara reached for him first, her eyes dark with lust. "C'mere, baby. Mommy needs to get these clothes off you," she purred, gripping the hem of his t-shirt. Cara and BJ joined in, practically ripping the garment up and over his head.

Timmy shivered as six eager hands roamed his muscular torso, stroking and squeezing appreciatively. He groaned when fingers found his sensitive nipples, pinching and tugging until they pebbled.

"Fuck, look at this body," Cara breathed, licking her lips. "So ripped and virile. Built to pleasure needy moms like us."

"Speaking of which," BJ said wickedly, "let's see the main attraction."

She boldly cupped the massive bulge in Timmy's shorts, making him hiss. Deftly, she undid his fly while Barbara and Cara each grabbed a side, yanking the fabric down his legs. Timmy lifted his hips to help, kicking the shorts away entirely.

The moms gasped in unison as his underwear was peeled off and his enormous erection sprang free, slapping against his abs with an audible thwack.

"Holy shit!" Cara whispered, eyes wide as she took in the sheer size and girth of Timmy's manhood. It jutted up

proudly, nearly 12 inches long and as hard as tempered steel, the thick shaft crisscrossed with bulging veins. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip, just begging to be licked off.

"Goddamn!" BJ said in awe. "It's like a fucking tree trunk! How do you even walk around with that monster between your legs, kid?"

"He doesn't," Barbara said smugly. "At least not when Mommy's around. This big boy stays either buried in my mouth, my ass or my pussy, right, baby?"

Timmy nodded eagerly at his mom's lewd words, his cock twitching with anticipation. Kneeling around him as they were, the three busty MILFs gave him a perfect view of their gorgeous mature bodies on display.

He drank in the sight of Barbara's enormous 40 FF-cup breasts, the wide, thickly textured areolae capping each globe. Her dusky nipples were engorged, jutting out nearly an inch, just begging to be sucked. Further down, her freshly waxed mound glistened with arousal. The plump outer lips were already parting slightly, revealing the deep pink inner folds.

Cara had the most mouthwatering curves, like an old-school pinup. Her creamy white tits seemed to defy gravity, round and high on her chest like over-inflated basketballs with 5-inch wide areolae. The pale pink nubs in the center were puckered tightly, signaling her intense need. Between her

thick thighs, a completely bald pussy winked at him. He could see how engorged her clit was, the fat nubbin poking out from under its hood.

BJ's body was sublime, a MILF wet dream come to life. She had the kind of massive J-cup jugs that made a man want to get lost in them for days. Wide, saucer-sized areolae tipped each heavy breast, capped by rubbery nipples the width of his thumb. Her mound was waxed smooth as glass, revealing a lush, puffy vulva practically weeping for attention. Her clit looked like a fleshy pearl peeking out, swollen and ready.

Timmy groaned at the vision of erotic perfection surrounding him. Three sexy, mature women all hot and bothered for his throbbing young cock. Their heavy breasts heaving with labored breaths. Succulent nipples straining towards him. Bald, juicy cunts visibly pulsing with need. It was almost too much to take.

"Fuck," he rasped, fisting his aching erection. "You moms are so goddamn hot."

As Cara and BJ watched Barbara's son Timmy with unrestrained hunger, they couldn't help but hope their own boys were just as ravenous for mature pussy. The very thought of Joey and Teddy being so consumed with lust for them, with the same feral need to rut and breed, made fresh arousal gush from their aching cunts.

"God, if Joey has even half the sexual appetite Timmy does, I'll be one well-satisfied mom," Cara panted, eyeing the teenager's raging hard-on with naked envy. "I can already picture him just taking what he wants, pounding me into the mattress for hours."

"Mmm, same with my Teddy," BJ chimed in breathlessly. "He's got those big quarterback hands, perfect for manhandling my fat tits while he rails me deep. Want him to use me like his personal fuck-doll."

Barbara grinned knowingly at her friends. "Trust me, ladies, your boys are just as horny and hung. I've seen the way they look at you, like starving animals ready to pounce. All you have to do is give them the green light and they'll be on you in a heartbeat, splitting you open on their fat cocks."

As if to punctuate her point, Barbara wrapped her fingers around the thick base of Timmy's shaft, jacking him slowly. "Isn't that right, baby? You'd fuck Mom anytime, anywhere, wouldn't you? Just take me hard and nasty, no matter who might see or hear?"

"Fuck yes," Timmy groaned, his hips flexing to push more of his length through her stroking fist. "Need your hot cunt squeezing me all the time. Wanna bang you in the ass, too. Shoot my load in every hole."

Cara and BJ moaned in unison at his crude promises. "Shit, I bet you make her cum so hard," Cara whimpered, joining

Barbara in pumping Timmy's cock. "Milk this huge dick with her greedy pussy until you flood her full of spunk, huh?"

BJ got in on the action, too, reaching down to cup and caress Timmy's heavy, sperm-filled balls. "Damn, kid, you're packing some serious baby batter," she purred, rolling the swollen orbs in her palm. "No wonder you knocked up your own mother. These fat nuts are potent as fuck."

Timmy just grunted and thrust into their combined touches, his cockhead flaring and drooling even more pre-cum. The three MILF hands worked him skillfully, stroking and squeezing the turgid flesh.

Timmy marveled at how expertly the three moms pleased his cock, their technique far surpassing any awkward fumbling from girls his own age. They clearly knew their way around a throbbing shaft, twisting their fists just right as they pumped him base to tip.

Barbara circled her thumb over his hypersensitive frenulum with each stroke, making him shudder and leak pre-cum.

Cara used her long, lacquered nails to lightly scratch along the pulsing veins, the sensation exquisite.

BJ tugged and rolled his cum-laden balls with a knowing touch, pulling on the coiled tubes of his vas deferens.

Timmy's eyes darted back and forth between their sensual handiwork and the erotic sight of three pairs of massive tits

jiggling with their motions. The ripe, heavy globes swayed mesmerizingly, making his mouth water. He ached to bury his face between those bountiful boobs.

"Ungh, fuck, you moms really know how to stroke a dick," he groaned, flexing into their combined grip. "Gonna make me bust so hard."

"Mmm, you have no idea, baby," Barbara purred, thumbing his leaking slit. "Pleasing hung studs like you is our specialty. We live to drain fat teenage nuts dry."

"It's almost a crime, keeping these virile young cocks from us cock-hungry moms," Cara added breathlessly, pumping him faster. "No one appreciates this kind of stamina and cum volume like we do."

"Damn right," BJ agreed, giving his balls a gentle tug. "Nothing gets me wetter than a potent boy-stud reaming me out and flooding my womb. The way y'all can just keep going and going... ungh!"

As the three mothers continued to praise the endless erotic virtues of teenage penis, Timmy felt his orgasm building fast, his swollen cock throbbing urgently in their stroking hands. The combined sensations, the filthy talk, the jiggling tits - it was almost too much to bear.

"Gonna cum!" he bit out through clenched teeth, his abs tensing. "Fuck, any second now. Milk it outta me!"

The moms eagerly accepted the warning, doubling their efforts. Barbara twisted her fist rapidly over his bulbous head while Cara and BJ squeezed his shaft and balls simultaneously. Their huge breasts bounced wildly with the vigorous movements.

"Give it to us, baby!" Barbara urged, aiming his cock outward. "Hose us down with that young spunk!"

"Mark these big mommy-tits!" Cara pleaded, pushing her chest out. "Glaze us like donuts!"

"Fuck yes, make it rain!" BJ demanded, shaking his balls. "Soak us good."

At the last second, Barbara had a better idea than letting her son make a huge mess by spraying his load all over the car interior.

"Wait! Don't let him pop yet, girls," she commanded. "I know just how to handle this."

With that, Barbara leaned down and wrapped her enormous, heavy breasts around Timmy's throbbing shaft, engulfing him in her warm, pillowy flesh.

Cara and BJ quickly caught on, pressing their own ample bosoms against Barbara's to form a tight, fleshy channel.

Timmy groaned at the exquisite sensation of being completely smothered by three pairs of the biggest, softest tits he'd ever seen. "Oh fuck yeah," he grunted,

immediately starting to thrust between the plush, jiggling mounds. "Gonna titty-fuck you moms so good."

The ladies moaned encouragingly as Timmy rocked his hips, sawing his engorged cock through the heavenly, marshmallowy embrace of their pressed-together breasts. The swollen head poked out the top on each stroke, spongy and purple and leaking pre-cum.

"That's it baby, fuck our big milkers," Barbara purred, undulating against him. "Use them however you need. They're all yours."

"God yes, rail us nasty with that fat rod," Cara panted, the hot flesh-on-flesh friction making her pussy weep with need.

"Paint our jugs with jizz, you virile little stud," BJ urged breathlessly, feeling his heavy balls drawing up tight with impending release.

Timmy could only groan and rut faster, the pliant breast-flesh molding around his aching shaft like a custom-made cock sleeve. He was in heaven, drilling balls deep into the yielding titty-tunnel, the plush boobs hot against his sensitive skin.

"Gonna bust!" he warned, his voice strained as the pressure mounted in his groin. "Fuck! Here it comes!"

The moms just pressed their slick, jiggling tits together even tighter and chanted in unison. "Give it to us! Splooge

all over our big mommy melons! Mark us with that potent spunk!"

With a hoarse cry, Timmy obeyed, slamming deep one last time before his swollen cock head flared and erupted. Thick, creamy ropes of semen geysered from his slit, splattering lewdly across the ladies' upper chests and necks.

Spurt after spurt of the rich, young seed coated their cleavage as Timmy groaned and jerked between their slippery boobs. It seemed to go on forever, his balls emptying what felt like a gallon of cum onto the three busty moms.

"Fuck yes, so much jizz!" Barbara exclaimed, still humping her boy's love organ with her pillow udders.

With Timmy's huge load dripping down their pressed-together breasts, Cara and BJ eagerly began lapping up the creamy spunk coating their cleavage. They licked and slurped noisily, making a show of savoring the salty-sweet essence of Timmy's virility splattered across their mature udders.

"Mmm, fuck yes, give me that young jizz," Cara moaned, scooping a thick rope of cum onto her fingers and sucking it off. "Tastes so fucking good."

"Ungh, I could drink this shit by the gallon," BJ agreed, rubbing the sticky seed into her huge, pebbled nipples. "Premium protein shot, straight from the source."

While her friends feasted on Timmy's prodigious load, Barbara leaned down and smashed her son's face into her massive cleavage, smothering him in the warm, pillowy embrace of her milky jugs.

"That's it, baby, bury your face in Mom's big titties," she cooed, undulating her chest to rub his features with her soft, pliant flesh. "Fucking motorboat me like you mean it."

Timmy groaned into the marshmallowy heaven engulfing him, his nose and mouth completely submerged between Barbara's humongous, slick breasts. He could smell traces of his own spunk mixed with her sweet, maternal scent. It was intoxicating.

Even as he struggled to breathe, Timmy felt his semi-hard cock already surging back to full mast, engorged and throbbing against his abs. Barbara noticed too, reaching back to grasp the renewed erection in her small fist.

"Mmm, there's my big boy," she purred, giving him an approving squeeze. "Already raring to go again. Mommy's perfect little stud."

Releasing his cock, Barbara shifted up to straddle Timmy's hips, poising her dripping snatch right above the flushed, bulbous head of his teenage meat. She reached down to grasp him firmly, rubbing the broad, spongy tip back and forth through her slippery, plump folds.

"Jesus, look at that," she panted in awe. "My clit is like a mini version of your cock head, baby. Like mother, like son."

Cara and BJ leaned in for a closer look and moaned at the sight. Barbara's clitoris protruded proudly from under its hood, flushed a deep, angry red and throbbing visibly. The shiny, swollen nub was remarkably similar in shape to the broad, velvety crown of her son's imposing erection.

"Rub them together," Cara suggested breathlessly, eyes riveted to the lewd display. "Clit to cock- head. Bump mommy and son buttons!"

Barbara grinned and did just that, circling her hips to grind her fat clit directly against Timmy's tip. They both cried out at the electric sensation, two hypersensitive organs sliding together, made slick by a combination of Barb's juices and Timmy's leaking pre-ejaculate.

"Oh fuck, that's so hot," BJ panted, frigging her own clit in sympathy. "Your clit is like a perfect little pussy dick. No wonder you're such a horny mommy, with an organ like that!"

The lewd sight was making Cara's pussy clench with need. "Fuck Barb, quit playing around and sheath that monster," she panted. "I wanna see you take every thick inch in your hot greedy hole."

Barbara grinned wickedly and positioned Timmy's broad crown at her slick, pulsing entrance. "You heard her, baby.

Mom's gonna ride this big boy until you flood me with cream."

With that, she began to sink down, her plump vulva spreading obscenely around Timmy's girth. The fat head pushed insistently against her opening, the pressure making her breath hitch.

"Oh god, yesss!" Barbara hissed as her birthing hole began to yield, the rim of her entrance stretching to accommodate her son's thickness. Slowly, her labia parted, clasping his tip in a tight, fleshy seal.

Cara and BJ watched in awe as inch after inch of teenage cock disappeared into Barbara's mature pussy. Her vivid pink inner lips clung to his veiny shaft, pulling inward as she descended. Strings of viscous arousal webbed between her splayed petals and his throbbing hardness.

Barbara's hymen remnants were long gone after birthing children, but it still felt like Timmy was deflowering her all over again, claiming her most intimate flesh in the most primal way.

She threw her head back and moaned long and low as she finally bottomed out, her son hilted to the root inside her rippling sheath.

"Fuck, you're in so deep," she whimpered, feeling him throb against her cervix. She was stuffed completely full, walls straining to contain his impressive size and steely rigidity.

Timmy groaned at the sensation of his mother's silken, scalding heat wrapped tight around him, her channel flexing and squeezing his aching cock. He could feel her muscles milking him, trying to coax out his seed. His balls drew up at the thought, already churning with another hefty load.

Slowly, Barbara began to ride him, rising up until just the swollen head remained inside before sinking back down to the hilt.

Cara and BJ panted as they watched Timmy's glistening shaft emerge and disappear, sawing in and out of his mom's slick, clinging folds.

On each down-stroke, Barbara's plump clit mashed against Timmy's pelvis, the sensitive bundle of nerves sparking with pleasure. Clear, musky secretions seeped out around his pumping cock, frothing lewdly as he stirred up her honey pot.

"Jesus, she's so wet," BJ marveled, transfixed by the erotic visual.

Timmy and Barbara moved together in perfect sync, their bodies gleaming with a sheen of sweat in the close confines of the car. The heavy musk of Barbara's arousal filled the air, the scent of her mature pussy enveloping Timmy's senses as she rode him hard and fast.

Her massive, pendulous breasts swung wildly with each thrust, smacking Timmy in the face. He eagerly captured

one jiggling globe, latching onto the thick, rubbery nipple and suckling greedily.

Barbara cried out as he used his teeth and tongue on the sensitive peak, worshipping the teat that once nourished him.

"That's it, baby, suck mommy's big titties while she fucks you," Barbara panted, threading her fingers through his hair to hold him in place.

Timmy groaned around his mouthful, the filthy depravity of nursing on the breast that fed him as an infant while his cock pumped in and out of the vagina that birthed him almost too much to bear.

He released her nipple to bury his face fully in her cavernous cleavage, licking and slurping at the sweat that collected in the valley of her heaving bosom.

He reveled in the ripe, womanly taste of his mother's skin as she used her huge, heavy jugs to smother him in marshmallowy ecstasy.

All the while, Barbara's tight, clasping sheath rippled along Timmy's thrusting cock, her muscles expertly milking him with each stroke. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the car as she raised and lowered herself on his turgid pole, taking him to the hilt every time.

"Fuck, I can't get over how hot your mom's pussy looks stretched around your huge dick," Cara panted to Timmy,

frigging her marble-sized clit furiously as she watched the incestuous coupling. "You're ruining her for anyone else, kid."

"Ungh, I bet she'll never be satisfied by a normal cock again after getting used to that monster," BJ agreed breathlessly, plunging three fingers into her own soaked channel. "Hung like a goddamn horse and barely even fully grown yet."

Barbara just moaned wantonly, too lost in the sensation of her son's perfect cock splitting her open, the head battering her cervix deliciously with each thrust. Nothing could compare to the illicit bliss of fucking her own flesh and blood, their bodies joined in the most forbidden way.

Barbara gradually picked up the pace, her lush hips rising and falling faster as she impaled herself on Timmy's rigid cock over and over. The wet slap of flesh on flesh grew louder, more frantic, as she chased her impending orgasm with single-minded focus.

"That's it Barb, ride that thick boy-dick!" Cara cheered, her voice tight with arousal as she watched her friend bounce wantonly in her son's lap. "Fuck him like you mean it, make that hung stud nut deep in mommy's cunt!"

"Drain those swollen balls dry, honey!" BJ urged, working her clit furiously. "Milk your baby boy's cock for all he's worth!"

Timmy grunted and flexed beneath Barbara, driving up into her harder with each powerful thrust of his hips. He gripped

her plump ass cheeks, spreading them wide to delve even deeper into her slick, clutching heat.

"Gonna make you cum so fucking hard on my cock, Mom," he growled, his pubic bone grinding against her protruding clit with each collision of their bodies. "Claim this pussy as mine, ruin you for all other dick."

The filthy words combined with the delicious pressure on her love button and the sensation of being so thoroughly skewered on her son's enormous phallus quickly pushed Barbara to the brink. Her inner muscles started to quiver and clench uncontrollably around his pile-driving girth as her climax approached.

"Oh god, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" she wailed suddenly, her back arching almost painfully as the dam burst. "Cumming so hard on my boy's big cock! Yesssss!"

Her pussy contracted violently, rippling up and down Timmy's shaft in fluttering waves as she gushed all over his blue-veined length. A clear, warm stream of ejaculate sprayed from her urethral slit, soaking her son's groin and dripping down to puddle on the car seat beneath them.

Barbara bucked and jerked through the intense orgasm, her juices splattering obscenely with each erratic undulation of her hips.

She ground down hard, trying to take Timmy impossibly deeper as spurt after spurt of her nectar coated his huge, pulsing cock and heavy, cum-laden balls.

"Holy shit, she's squirting everywhere!" BJ exclaimed, eyes wide with awe at the sheer volume of ejaculate Barbara was producing. "Drenching his teen dick in mommy-cum!"

**"He's making her pussy fucking geyser like a fountain!"
Cara laughed with glee, rubbing the errant spray that landed on her into her skin like it was precious moisturizer.
"Mark your territory, young buck! Show her cunt who it belongs to now."**

The feel of his mom's slick, ribbed pussy-walls rippling around his cock combined with the filthy encouragement from her friends quickly pushed Timmy over the edge. His heavy balls drew up tight to his body as his shaft swelled impossibly larger inside his mother's clasping sheath, thickening with each pulse.

"Fuck Mom, gonna nut so hard!" he grunted through clenched teeth, his abs flexing as he strained towards climax. "Gonna flood this cunt with cum, breed you so fucking deep!"

Barbara keened desperately, grinding down to take him to the hilt. "Yes baby, give it to me! Fill mommy's pussy with your seed, make me overflow with it!"

Timmy threw his head back with a hoarse shout as his cock erupted, the first thick spurt of semen rocketing from his slit to splash directly against Barbara's cervix.

The feel of her son's scalding essence coating her innermost barrier triggered another devastating orgasm, her sheath

clamping down rhythmically to milk him for all he was worth.

Jet after jet of potent, virile spunk pulsed into Barbara's rippling depths as Timmy groaned and jerked beneath her. The thick ropes just kept coming as his balls emptied their massive load, each spurt somehow more copious than the last.

Barbara could feel the heavy clotted cream filling her to capacity, painting her walls with its rich heat. Her womb accepted the offering greedily, the muscles of her cervix fluttering as if to usher the sperm deeper, pull it into her fertile center where it would surely take root if she wasn't pregnant already.

The wet squelch of Timmy's cock plunging through the abundant seed sounded obscene in the close confines of the car as he continued to rut into his mother's drenched cunt.

Gobs of the creamy spunk oozed out around his girth to trickle down his pulsing shaft and coat his swollen balls, the excess spattering onto the seats.

"Christ almighty, look at all that fucking splooge," BJ panted in awe, taking in the sheer volume pumping into and gushing out of Barbara's plugged hole. "He's hosing her down, stuffing her full to bursting."

"Goddamn, what I wouldn't give to have my Joey bust that hard and deep inside me," Cara whimpered, frigging herself

furiously as she watched the taboo cream pie in action. "No one blows loads like horny young studs."

Barbara could only moan and shudder as Timmy flooded her hungry cunt to overflowing with his abundant ball-nectar, his pubic bone grinding mercilessly against her throbbing clit to prolong her ecstasy. She felt dizzy with euphoria, drunk on the depravity of being so thoroughly bred by her teenage son in front of her two best friends.

The very next evening, Barbara's husband approached her hopefully. "Honey, I was thinking maybe you and I could go out for a nice dinner tonight, just the two of us. Try to rekindle some of the old romance. What do you say?"

Barbara looked at him sympathetically, hating to dash his hopes but knowing she had to be honest. "Oh sweetie, that's a lovely idea, but I'm afraid I have other plans tonight. Timmy and I were gonna stay in and have some special alone time, if you know what I mean." She gave him a meaningful look.

Her husband's face fell. "But Barb, we never go out anymore, just you and me. Couldn't you put off your, uh, activities with Timmy for one night so we could focus on us?"

Barbara reached out to stroke his arm soothingly. "I know this is hard for you to understand, but my time with Timmy is very important for my physical and emotional well-being

right now. The pregnancy hormones have my sex drive through the roof and he's the only one who can truly satisfy me."

She looked at him imploringly, willing him to see reason. "Honey, I really think this arrangement is ultimately what's best for our marriage too. If I'm not constantly on edge and frustrated, I'll be much more pleasant to be around. A happy wife makes for a happy life, right?" She attempted a small smile.

Her husband sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping in defeat. "I guess I can't argue with that. It's just hard, feeling like I've been replaced by our own son."

"Oh sweetie, no one could ever replace you in my heart," Barbara rushed to assure him. "You'll always be my husband and the father of my children. Well, um...most of them anyway. You have to accept though that Timmy is the father of this baby and my primary sexual partner now. It doesn't mean I love you any less."

She squeezed his hand. "In fact, I truly believe letting Timmy meet my needs will take pressure off you and allow our marriage to grow in other ways. We can focus on emotional intimacy while he handles my physical urges. It's unconventional, I know, but I really think it will work out best for all of us."

Her husband still looked pained but gave a reluctant nod. "If you really think this is what's best, I'll try to understand. I

just hope you can still make a little time for us now and then."

"Of course, honey," Barbara said soothingly. "Tell you what, why don't you take me out for a nice brunch this weekend? We can reconnect emotionally over mimosas while Timmy recovers from servicing me all night." She grinned impishly.

Her husband huffed a rueful laugh. "Guess that's the best I can hope for these days. Alright, it's a date."

As he walked away, Barbara felt a twinge of guilt but pushed it aside.

The next morning, she met up with Cara and BJ at their favorite cafe. Over lattes and scones, the conversation quickly turned to their marital situations and newfound lust for their teenage sons.

"I do still love Steve, I really do," Cara sighed, stirring her coffee. "He's a great husband and father. But god, the things I feel for Joey now... it's like this primal, all-consuming hunger. His cock is all I can think about, especially after dry-fucking him at the neighborhood cookout the other day."

BJ nodded emphatically. "I hear you, girl. Ted is my rock, but Teddy is my fantasy come to life. The way that boy looks at me, like he wants to absolutely devour me... whew!" She fanned herself dramatically.

Barbara smiled in understanding. "It's a delicate balance, isn't it? Honoring the love and commitment we have for our husbands while embracing this overwhelming need for our sons' young, virile bodies."

"Exactly," Cara agreed. "I mean, maybe this is just the natural progression of things. Like a phase of female sexual evolution or something."

"Totally," BJ chimed in. "Think about it - we're in our sexual prime, just hitting our dirty thirties and aching for a real man to satisfy us. And meanwhile, our sons are becoming men themselves, all that testosterone and stamina peaking..."

"It's like Mother Nature planned it this way," Barbara mused. "Pushing mature women and horny teen boys together to ensure the survival of the species or something."

Cara giggled. "Putting it that way makes me feel less guilty about wanting to fuck Joey six ways from Sunday. Like it's just biology at work."

"Right?" BJ grinned conspiratorially. "The husbands just need to accept it's the circle of life. You can't fight nature's plan."

Barbara nodded sagely. "Timmy fucking my brains out is practically my wifely duty at this point. I'm just embracing my role as a sexually evolved woman."

The three friends burst out laughing at that, but there was an undertone of real conviction beneath the giggly banter. They were all coming to see their illicit desire for their sons not as a perversion, but as an inevitable, natural drive.

"I think our men will come around in time," Barbara said confidently, rubbing her pregnant belly, which was just beginning to show. "How can they deny the perfection of this arrangement when the proof is growing right here?"

"Amen, sister," Cara declared, raising her mug in a toast. "Here's to mother-son love - the purest, most natural love of all!"

"Fuck societal taboos," BJ crowed, clinking her cup against Cara's. "Viva la teen cock revolution!"

"So Barb, as the resident expert, what gets these teen boys going? How can we moms really rev their engines and get those young cocks standing at attention?" Cara asked eagerly, leaning in.

Barbara grinned wickedly. "Well, they're visual creatures first and foremost. You wanna put your assets on display, really flaunt what the good Lord gave you."

"You mean like, wear revealing clothes around the house?" BJ clarified.

"Exactly," Barbara nodded. "Tight tank tops with no bra, let those big mommy-tits bounce and jiggle. Booty shorts or

yoga pants that hug your juicy ass. Make it impossible for them to look away."

Cara bit her lip, already imagining Joey's reaction. "Mmm, I like it. Tease the hell out of the horny little bastards until they're panting for it."

"Subtle touches, too," Barbara advised. "Brush up against them, let your hand linger on a shoulder or thigh. They'll be rock hard in no time."

"What about getting them alone? Engineering some privacy for seduction?" BJ asked.

"Catch them coming out of the shower in just a towel," Barbara suggested. "Or sneak into their room at night in flimsy lingerie. Make it very clear what you're after."

"God, I'm getting wet just picturing it," Cara groaned. "Crawling into Joey's bed, pressing my tits in his face as I grab that young dick..."

"Once you've got them alone, don't be shy," Barbara encouraged. "These boys are dying to fuck a sexy older woman. You've just got to present the opportunity."

"I want Joey's first blowjob to be unforgettable," Cara declared. "Any tips? You're the expert cocksucker, Barb."

"Worship his cock, girls. Marvel at the size, tell him how huge and thick he is. Lavish that dick with attention, all lips and tongue. Make him feel like a king."

Cara squirmed in her seat. "Fuck, I can't wait to get my mouth on Joey. Swallow down every inch of that fat teenage meat."

"Don't neglect the balls either," Barbara advised. "Caress them, suckle them. And when you're ready for him to blow..."

"Pop that cock down your throat and gulp it all down like a good mommy slut!" BJ finished with a giggle.

"So what about butt stuff?" Cara asked curiously. "I mean, anal was huge when we were in college. Do you think our boys would be into that?"

Barbara nodded enthusiastically. "Oh absolutely! What teenage guy doesn't fantasize about sticking his dick in a tight little asshole? Especially a hot MILF ass like ours."

"God, I used to love getting railed in the butt back in my sorority days," BJ reminisced dreamily. "There's just something so dirty and taboo about it."

"Right? And the full, stretching sensation, ungh!" Cara shivered. "I haven't had anything up my backdoor in ages. I bet Joey would go ape-shit for some mommy-ass."

"Totally," Barbara agreed. "And the great thing about anal is you can do it in pretty much any position. Doggy style, cowgirl, spooning... So many options to get that young cock buried deep in your shitter."

BJ leaned forward eagerly. "What's your favorite, Barb? How do you like Timmy to sodomize you best?"

Barbara thought for a moment. "Mmm, probably prone bone. Laying flat on my belly while he covers me from behind, sliding that fat cock slowly into my lubed up pucker. Feeling his heavy balls slap my cunt with each thrust. So deep and intimate."

"Fuck, that sounds amazing," Cara panted. "I think I'd want Joey to take me in doggy. Grabbing my hips while he pounds my asshole hard and fast. Using my shit-pipe like a cock-sleeve."

"Ooh, what about reverse cowgirl?" BJ suggested.

"Straddling Teddy facing away, sinking down on his huge dick inch by inch. Making him watch himself disappear into my tight sphincter."

"The possibilities are endless," Barbara grinned wickedly. "And trust me, there's nothing hotter than a virile teen stud grunting and shaking as he pumps your rear full of hot splooge. Feeling that gooey load filling you up back there, oof!"

Cara fanned herself. "Shit, I'm gonna need fresh panties after this conversation. You paint quite the vivid picture, Barb!"

"Just you wait, girls," Barbara promised. "Get those sweet boy butts in bed and give up the booty. They'll be anal-only mommy fuckers for life, trust."

"A whole new world of backdoor loving with our sexy sons," BJ sighed dreamily. "What more could an ass-hungry mom ask for?"

Flushed and squirming with arousal after their raunchy conversation, Cara and BJ could hardly wait to put Barbara's expert tips into action with their own strapping young sons. Their cunts were swollen and aching, desperate to be stuffed full of thick teenage cock.

"God, I'm so fucking wet," Cara panted, pressing her thighs together under the table. "Hearing you talk about Timmy splitting you open, Barb, it's got me dying for a taste of Joey's meat. I don't think I can wait another second to seduce him."

BJ nodded eagerly in agreement. "Same here. My pussy is on fire imagining Teddy burying that fat dick in my ass. I need that boy fucking me silly ASAP."

The two horny moms began excitedly discussing their plans to ensnare their sons as soon as they got home.

"I'm gonna 'accidentally' walk in on Joey in the shower," Cara revealed with a wicked grin. "Catch him soaping up that tight young body, cock all plump and swinging. Then offer to help him reach those hard to get places, if you know what I mean."

She mimed stroking a big invisible dick, tongue poking obscenely into her cheek. BJ and Barbara giggled naughtily.

"Ooh, sneaky! I love it," BJ approved. "As for me, I think I'll go the lingerie route. Sneak into Teddy's room after Ted Sr. falls asleep, let him wake up to Mommy crawling into bed in some skimpy lace teddy, tits about to spill out."

Barbara high-fived them both. "Fuck yes, those are surefire pussy-getting tactics! Your boys won't know what hit 'em. One look at Mommy's goodies and they'll be harder than Chinese algebra, putty in your hands."

"And mouths, cunts and asses," Cara added slyly. "By the time I'm done with Joey, his cock will be so familiar with my holes, he'll be able to find his way in by sense memory alone."

BJ cackled. "Same! I plan to map every inch of Teddy's anatomy with my lips and tongue. Suck and slobber on that teenage sausage until he forgets girls his own age even exist."

"Mmm, and don't forget their balls and taint," Barbara coached. "Get your face in there, really motorboat those sweaty teen nuts. Slurp on that fleshy patch behind their sack until their eyes roll back and they're leaking like a faucet."

"Nose in the ball musk, got it," Cara nodded, frantically jotting down notes on a napkin. "What positions are best for the shower? In case I wanna fuck Joey right there before dragging him to my bed. "

Barbara grinned wickedly. "In the shower, you definitely wanna take advantage of those slick soapy bodies pressed together. Have him sit on the built-in bench and straddle his lap facing him. Slide that big soapy cock right into your hot mommy- cunt as the spray beats down on you."

Cara moaned at the mental image. "Fuck yes, riding him like a dirty little cowgirl as I lather up his chest. Slamming my cunt down on his thick pole over and over..."

"And from that position, he has perfect access to maul your big tits too," Barbara pointed out. "He can grab two huge soapy handfuls, tweaking your nipples as you bounce on his cock."

"Ung, Joey motorboating my slippery jugs as I grind on him, yes please!" Cara panted. "Shit, I'm gonna be a sopping mess by the time I get home. These panties are ruined."

BJ laughed. "You and me both, babe. I'm practically leaving snail trails on this booth just thinking about surprising Teddy in bed. Crawling up his body, smothering him with my titties until he's wide awake and hard as steel..."

"Then you shove those panties aside and sink down on him," Barbara urged breathlessly, getting into it. "Impale your needy cunt on that boy-dick, give him a wake-up call he'll never forget!"

"Fuck yeah," BJ groaned. "Gonna ride him into the mattress, milk that morning wood dry. Let him wake up

balls deep with mom's hot, wet birthing tunnel already clenching and cumming on him!"

"You nasty slut," Cara giggled, high-fiving her. "That boy is gonna bust the biggest nut, waking up already buried in your cunny. Probably shoot enough fucking jizz in you to overflow a pussy pocket!"

"God I hope so," BJ said dreamily. "I wanna feel Teddy's cum sloshing in my womb, leaking out of me all day. The dirty little secret in my panties as I go about my chores."

BJ and Cara exchanged a meaningful look, both flushing with excitement at the idea that had just occurred to them. Leaning in conspiratorially, BJ voiced what they were both thinking.

"You know, Barb... maybe we should follow your lead in more ways than one," she said slyly, glancing down at Barbara's pregnant belly. "Since we're already planning to seduce our sons and let them fuck us silly... what if we let them knock us up too?"

Cara inhaled sharply, her pupils dilating with lust. "Oh my god, yes," she breathed. "I hadn't even considered that, but fuck... the idea of Joey's potent seed taking root in my womb, growing his baby in me... ungh!"

She rubbed her flat stomach almost reverently, imagining it soon swelling with evidence of her son's virility, just like Barbara's.

"Right?" BJ grinned wickedly. "I want Teddy to breed me so fucking deep. Pump me full of his cream over and over until I'm sure I'm carrying his bun in my oven."

Barbara smiled knowingly, caressing her own pregnant curve. "Girls, there is nothing hotter or more satisfying than letting your son impregnate you, trust me. Feeling his cum explode in your unprotected pussy, knowing he's painting your womb with his sperm, possibly creating new life in your body with each thrust... it's indescribably intimate and erotic."

Cara groaned, squeezing her thighs together as a mini orgasm zipped through her at the taboo visuals Barbara's words evoked. "I don't think I've ever wanted anything so badly in my life," she admitted breathlessly. "To have Joey's baby growing inside me, physical proof of our forbidden love... fuck!"

"And just imagine how much more eager the boys will be, knowing they can fuck us bare," BJ pointed out, eyes gleaming. "No condoms or pulling out, just slick naked cocks sinking in balls deep and flooding us with their seed every single time, no holds barred..."

"God, you're so right," Cara moaned. "Joey won't be able to resist once I tell him he can cum in Mommy as much as he wants, whenever he wants. He'll be so excited to slip that bare cock into my fertile cunt, the little stud."

Barbara nodded sagely. "It's true. There's something primal that awakens in a young man when he knows he can breed his woman. Timmy fucks me with renewed vigor every time, grunting about knocking me up good, making my tits swell with milk for his baby. It really gets him going."

Cara and BJ listened with rapt attention as Barbara described the carnal delights of pregnancy sex with her teenage son. Their cunts clenched and flooded as they imagined themselves in the same position - bellies growing heavy with new life while their boys pounded into their extra sensitive flesh.

"God, I've heard pregnant pussy is like a whole other world," Cara breathed in awe. "So much more swollen and juicy, the lips all puffy and engorged with blood. Like it was made to be stuffed full of cock."

Barbara grinned wickedly. "It really is. Everything down there gets super plumped up and tender, just begging to be touched. And the hormones make you so fucking horny all the time. I swear, since Timmy knocked me up, all I can think about is riding his dick."

"Fuck," BJ whimpered, squirming in her seat. "I can't wait to feel Teddy slide into my knocked up snatch, feel how tight and slick it is squeezing his big bare cock..."

"And your tits get huge!" Cara added excitedly. "I've always been busty, but the idea of my boobs swelling up even

more, getting all firm and heavy with milk for Joey's baby... ungh!"

She cupped her breasts, picturing them ballooning out a few cup sizes, the nipples thickening into juicy, suckable nubs.

"Mmm, yes," Barbara purred. "There's nothing like having your son latch onto your milk-laden tits, nursing from the same breasts he used to feed on as an infant, only now he's putting a baby in your belly at the same time... talk about coming full circle!"

Cara and BJ moaned in unison at the forbidden image.

"God, I can see it now," BJ panted, eyes glazing over.

"Straddling Teddy's lap, riding his cock hard while he suckles my dripping teats, milk streaming down his chin as he gluts himself on my body..."

"While his big set of teen balls slaps against your clit with every thrust, pumping you full of the same sperm that made the milk he's drinking," Barbara painted the dirty picture. "Proof of his virility plugged in both your holes, your body the vessel for his seed..."

"Fuuuuck," Cara drew the word out, clenching hard on nothing. "I need that in my life immediately. Need Joey to plant his baby in me and suck the tits that'll nourish it. The ultimate claiming."

"And their cocks will feel even bigger," Barbara promised, "what with all your tender bits swollen up and extra

sensitive. You'll be amazed how deep they can get when you're bred. Timmy fucks me so hard now, I swear I can feel him in throat."

Cara, Barbara, and BJ exchanged heated looks, their breath coming fast as the raunchy talk worked them into a fever pitch of arousal. The ache between their legs was becoming unbearable, demanding immediate attention. The problem was their boys were in school.

"Fuck, I'm so turned on I can barely stand it," Cara panted, squirming in her seat. "I feel like I might bust if I don't get some relief pronto."

"God, same," BJ agreed breathlessly. "My clit is throbbing like crazy. I'm dying to rub one out."

Barbara licked her lips, glancing around the busy cafe. "You know, there's a single stall bathroom in the back. Nice and private. What do you say we take a little break to...relieve some tension?"

Cara and BJ grinned wickedly, immediately catching her drift. "Fuck yes," Cara hissed. "I'm so down for a little circle jerk with my best bitches."

The three horny moms quickly gathered their things and made their way to the secluded restroom, giggling like naughty schoolgirls. As soon as they were safely locked inside, they began shedding clothes with desperate speed.

Blouses were shrugged off, bras unclasped to release heavy, milky tits. Skirts and pants puddled on the floor, panties kicked away to bare swollen, gleaming cunts. In record time, the three friends were nude from the waist down.

"Mmm, would you look at those pretty mommy pussies," Barbara purred approvingly, eyeing Cara and BJ plump, hairless mounds. "So puffy and pink, just begging to be played with."

Cara reached down to pull apart her slick, pouty lips, putting her throbbing clit on lewd display. "Ugh, I'm so fucking swollen and juicy. I need to cum so bad."

BJ was already swiping two fingers through her drenched slit, making the plump flesh glisten. "God, I'm dripping like a faucet. Thinking about Teddy's big cock does that to me."

The three horny moms huddled close together in the tight bathroom stall, their huge, heavy tits squishing and rubbing as they pressed their upper bodies flush. Six plump, juicy nipples poked into soft flesh, pebbled with arousal.

Hands roamed lower to eager cunts as they began frigging themselves in earnest, each lost in vivid fantasies of their hung, virile sons. Wet, obscene schlicking sounds filled the small space as fingers plunged into slippery channels and rubbed throbbing clits.

"Ungh, fuck yeah, get those mommy holes nice and creamy," Barbara panted, pumping two digits into her

pregnancy-swollen pussy. "Gonna be so ready for big teen dick later."

"God, I can't wait to feel Joey splitting me open on that huge cock," Cara whimpered, grinding her clit frantically. "Wanna be sloppy and squishy for him, just sucking that boy meat right in."

"Teddy's gonna plow me so deep," BJ grunted, pillowing her cheek on Barbara's shoulder as she worked herself over. "All the way to my fucking cervix. Rearrange my guts with that monster dick."

The three pussy-crazed moms hunched and writhed together as they each chased their rapidly building orgasms, tits jiggling and pressed tight. Hips humped into busy hands, fucking themselves on their own fingers like their sons' cocks.

"Close, so fucking close," Barbara keened, scissoring herself open to catch her g-spot on every thrust. "Gonna cream all over my hand thinking about Timmy hosing my mommy-cunt."

"Me too, fuck!" Cara gasped, circling her clit with blurring speed. "Gonna squirt so hard picturing Joey dumping his nut in me, fuck!"

"Shit, shit, cumming!" BJ yelled suddenly, her whole body going rigid as the intense pleasure crested. "Oh fuck, TEDDY!"

Thick milky girl cum began gushing from her frothy slit, splattering obscenely onto the tiled floor as she bucked and jerked. The filthy wet sound and pungent aroma of her spend set off a chain reaction in the other two.

"Oh god, me too, JOEYYYY!" Cara wailed, throwing her head back as her pussy clenched and exploded, squirting a pressurized stream of ejaculate across the room. It splashed against the far wall before raining down to mingle with BJ puddle.

"TIMMY, FUCK!" Barbara shrieked, her gravid mound rippling as she geysered all over her busy fingers. Her hips whipped side to side as she rode out the toe-curling ecstasy.

The girlfriends remained huddled close together in the tight bathroom stall as aftershocks zipped through their sensitized flesh. Their fingers continued to lazily stroke swollen, twitching lips and clits, coaxing out every last shivery pulse of pleasure.

The small tiled space was thick with the musky scent of mommy arousal, the floor slick with their combined spend. Strands of pearlescent girl cum webbed between trembling thighs as the three milf friends slowly came down from their intense orgasms.

"Fuck, that was so good," Cara panted, sagging against the wall. "I squirted buckets thinking about Joey pumping me full of baby batter."

"God yes," BJ agreed breathlessly. "Picturing Teddy splitting me open, seeding my unprotected womb... ungh! I creamed so fucking hard."

Barbara grinned, giving her tender pregnant mound a pat. "Mmm, just wait until it's real, girls. Nothing beats that moment when your son dumps his load deep and you know he just might have knocked you up. Talk about explosive orgasms."

Cara and BJ moaned in unison, already feeling fresh twinges of arousal at the thought. They couldn't wait to feel their own bellies grow heavy with their sons' babies, to have that tangible proof of the forbidden act.

Grabbing some paper towels, the three horny moms cleaned up as best they could, wiping their dripping cunts and thighs before shimmying back into their clothes. Luckily their pussy puddles were clear and watery, leaving no telltale stains.

Unlocking the door, they spilled out of the bathroom giggling and flushed, earning some knowing looks from the cafe patrons.

Barbara, Cara and BJ just grinned unrepentantly as they sauntered out, thoroughly satisfied for the moment but still buzzing with anticipation for what was to come.

TO BE CONTINUED:

