

The Nest

(Revised & Expanded)

by Klrxo

"Well, sweetie, welcome to our new home," Devon's mom said as she sashayed around the vehicle to his side.

"Wow! The pictures don't do it justice. It's amazing," the 18 year old said, marveling at the property. The old Victorian house was set on a hill overlooking the pristine lake behind it.

"Can you believe it's a hundred and fifty years old? Wait until you see the view out back. Come on," Lacey said, taking his hand.

The property was breathtaking, with a sprawling view of the lake and forested hills, yet as Devon and his mom stood near the water he found himself busy admiring a different type of view. His mother.

Lacey was a Goddess among women. She looked like a 39 year old Emily Blunt. She was built like a mother should be, with wide hips, long shapely legs and the biggest, softest-looking breasts a boy could ever imagine. Today she wore a mid-length skirt and a thin cotton top. Her dark brown mane cascaded down over her shoulders, framing her pretty face. "Just look at this view," the beauty said, gazing out at the hills.

After getting no response from her son, Lacey peered over at him and caught him staring at her titties. Devon didn't normally get hardons this quickly around her, but today was different. There was something in the air. She glanced at the protruding erection a moment.

"Sweetie," she said, shaking him from his trance.

"Yeah? Oh, sorry, mom...did you say something?"

"Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?" she teased with a gleaming white-teethed smile. Lacey wasn't sure what possessed her to say it. She'd never teased her son in a sexual way.

"Oh, no. Sorry," he said bashfully.

A breeze swept across the shore and seemed to mysteriously influence the mother's next move as she strolled towards her son. She had slipped out of her sandals and her cute little bare feet tapped lightly against the grass. She paused in front of him and looked up into his big blue eyes.

"I don't know why they stare so much. They must really like you," she said teasingly. Her eyes suddenly got big. "Oh God, did I really just say that?" she thought.

Devon laughed a little, trying to show some humor. His heart was beating like a bass drum and his hardon let out a mighty throb. It was weird, yet exciting to hear his mom teasing him this way.

The buxom brunette was suddenly struck with the overwhelming, yet forbidden urge to get her big tits against him. She blurted her next words before she could stop herself. "Maybe a big hug would help. What do you think?"

"Maybe," he muttered, secretly welcoming such intimate contact.

Stepping up to him, Lacey coiled her arms around her son's neck and pulled him in for a nice long tit-squasher. She smiled as she heard her son let out a little sigh. Strangely, the busty mother felt her areola thicken and her nipples harden up against her son's chest. "What has gotten into me?! Enough," she screamed inside her head.

She ended the hug and fed him a peculiar look as she gazed up into his eyes for what seemed like forever. "Wanna see the inside of the house?" she asked.

"Sure," Devon answered, trying his best to conceal his tubular bulge.

"Turn around," Lacey said playfully.

"Why?"

"Just turn around, goof-ball," she said with a giggle.

Devon obliged, facing the house. Lacey immediately jumped up onto his back and threw her strong legs around him for a piggy-back ride.

"Jesus, mom," Devon said, taken off guard. He'd never seen his mom so touchy-feely.

"Move it Boobie-boy," she shouted teasingly.

As Devon started up the hill towards the house he put his hands under his mom's curvy legs to support her. His cock twitched as he felt the strong smooth thighs. Her big mature breasts jiggled against his back. It made his already hard cock jump inside his shorts.

"Giddy up, you handsome stallion you," Lacey said playfully.

"Funny mom."

Once inside, Lacey unmounted her son and gave him a tour. The interior space was massive with lots of ornate period detail. They paused at one of the closed bedroom doors upstairs. Written across crudely, in black paint, were the words: HORNY LIVES HERE!!

"Damn it, I don't remember seeing that when we toured the house with the realtor. I wonder if some kids broke in," Lacey said.

"Looks that way."

"Shit! I hope they didn't do any damage. The place was locked up tight though. How would they have gotten in?" Lacey asked her son.

"A window maybe?"

"Let's check all the bedrooms again, make sure there are no broken windows."

After helping his mom check all the rooms of the huge home, Devon sat down on the only piece of furniture in the entire house, an old rickety wooden chair in the kitchen.

"Hey, honey, it's me...we made it," Lacey said as she walked into the kitchen with her cellphone.

"Great, how's the weather there," her husband Rob asked over speakerphone.

"The weather's perfect, although I heard we're supposed to get some rain this evening. "How are you guys coming along," she asked.

A sudden chill moved through the house. Lacey gasped a little as she felt her clitoris tingle mysteriously. Without thinking, she took a few steps forward, turned and plopped down on her son's lap as her husband answered her question. "Well, slowly but surely honey, it's a big

moving truck," Ron said.

Devon was a little surprised by his mom's behavior. She had always been a bit flirty, but never this much. Maybe it was because they were alone while his dad and sister drove the U-haul across the country. One thing he did know was her soft ass felt amazing and his dick was on the rise again.

"So what are you thinking, a couple days?" Lacey asked.

"At least, yeah. I'm hoping we pull in by Friday," Ron answered.

"Perfect! That'll give Devon and I plenty of time to get the place cleaned before you guys get here. I think there's about an inch of dust on everything."

"Not surprising. The realtor did say it's been years since someone lived in the house," Ron said.

Lacey glanced at her son. "Oh that reminds me, I think some kids might have broken into the house somehow. We found some graffiti on one of the doors upstairs."

"Oh wonderful! Any damage at all?"

"Not that we could find. And no broken window, so I don't know how the heck they got in"

"Well, hopefully there aren't any surprises for us to discover. What does Devon think of the house?" her husband asked.

Turning slightly, grinding her ass, Lacey gently brushed her son's hair off his face, giving him a little smile as she looked into his eyes. There was a naughty little sparkle in her eye, one Devon wasn't used to seeing.

"I like it. It's bigger than I thought it was gonna be," the teen answered.

"What about that lake out back? Tell me that's not gonna be a blast with the jetskis," his dad said.

"Definitely," Devon said, feeling a bit odd talking to his dad with his mom's ass pressed against his hard dick.

Lacey chimed in. "We both love it. We're just tired from the drive I think. We both need a hot shower and a little R&R tonight."

"Well, I'll let you go then. Jenna and I are gonna stop for some food," Ron said.

"Okay, hon, call me when you're on the road tomorrow. Tell Jenna I love her," Lacey said.

"I will. Love you and miss you."

Lacey's thumb seemed to move on its own, hanging up on the call before she could return an 'I love you.' She suddenly became aware of the large protrusion beneath her ass, digging into her buttcrack. Her mind told her to get up, but instead she gazed back at her boy.

"What is that I feel poking against my butt?" she asked teasingly.

They both knew exactly what it was. Devon gulped nervously. "Sorry, mom."

"I'm not one of your girlfriends that you can just go poking in the butt whenever that thing gets stiff, young man," she said. She lifted one leg over his lap while turning towards him, so that

she was now facing him, in the straddling position.

The teen was a bit surprised and overwhelmed by their new position. He glanced at his mom in the eyes, nervous, yet more aroused than he'd ever been. "I know," he muttered.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry, I forgot. You left all your butt-poking buddies back in California, didn't you? No wonder you're mom's big soft butt feels so good against your hard penis," she said, in a sexy little voice.

Lacey looked at her son and they both started giggling. "Oh my God, I'm sorry! I'm being bad. I think I'm just, um...overly tired," she said as she shook her head.

"That's ok, mom. It's no big deal, really."

The mother froze, oddly staring back at him. "So you um, don't mind me teasing you like that?"

"No...it's all in good fun."

The chill once again swept through the downstairs, making Lacey's clit tingle as it pressed against her son's hard erection.

"It is fun isn't it?" she smiled, bringing her bare feet off the floor and resting her heels on the back of the chair, staring into his eyes all the while, "And maybe just a little bit naughty."

The mother's legs were wrapped snugly around Devon's waist as she straddled him. The old chair beneath them CREAKED as the mother pressed her vagina down even harder against the swell of his erection.

"I hope this chair doesn't break on us though," Devon sighed, his heart beating hard and fast

from the thrill of such a beauty on his lap.

"That WOULD NOT be good," his mom smiled, leaning forward and mashing her tits on him.

"Nope," Devon smiled as his mom brushed the hair back from his eyes.

"When did you go and grow up on me?" she's said endearingly, her big sparkling brown eyes radiating pure love.

The chair CREAKED some more as Lacey tightened her strong legs around him, crushing her fat clit against the underside of the long tubular swell of his cockshaft.

Devon's heart raced with wicked excitement. He and his mom were all alone, he was sitting between her gorgeous legs and sparks were flying. He didn't know what was going on between them since they got there, but he sure liked it.

Lacey suddenly blinked twice, as if snapped from a trance. "Ugh, I need a shower. Will you be an angel and bring in our bags?"

"Sure mom, of course," he said.

Lacey put her little feet on the floor and rose from his lap. Oddly, as she stood, she felt her panties begin to slide off her hips. "He wants them," a strange voice in her head rang out.

"What?" she said out loud.

Devon fed her a confused look. "What??"

Lacy quickly adjusted her underwear. "Nothing, um. Will you bring the bags up to the master bedroom for me, sweetie."

"No problem, Mom."

"You've been such a big help on this trip. When you get upstairs...I'll have a little reward waiting for you, ok," she said with a cute mischievous smile.

Devon watched his mom sashay away towards the stairs, her buttocks swaying seductively.

"Reward?" he muttered, wondering what she meant.

Outside, Devon walked along the house. He couldn't believe the way his mom was acting and couldn't stop wondering what this reward was she was talking about. Suddenly, a strange voice startled him from the bushes. "Heyy!"

"What?! Who's there?" the teen asked, frozen in place.

The sun had just gone down and he couldn't see much. It was pretty creepy.

"Come closer," the voice said, which sounded squeaky, like some weird cartoon character.

"Why? Who are you?"

"My name's Horny. What's yours?"

"Devon," the teen said, staring at the darkened bushes. "Wait, your name's Horny? What kinda

name is that?"

"Best name ever!"

"Why are you in the bushes?" Devon asked.

"Are you gonna fuck her?" Horny asked.

"What??"

"Your mom. You should fuck her ass off!"

"Is this a joke? Come out of the bushes so I can see you... Hello?" Devon said, still frozen in place.

He took one step forward, trying to make out anyone in the brush. "Are you still there?"

"Fuck this," the teen muttered, rushing to the vehicle. After grabbing the bags from the minivan Devon raced back inside, locked the door, then rushed upstairs to the master bedroom. He could hear the shower running, but to his disappointment, the bathroom door was closed.

"I brought your bags up Mom," he said, loud enough that she could hear. He pictured her voluptuous body, wet and sudsy.

"Thank you honey," Lacey said from the shower. After a short pause, she continued. "I left the reward I promised there on the door handle."

Devon looked down and noticed a pair of pale-pink mesh bikini panties hanging from the door handle. His body went numb as he stared at them hanging there by their tiny waistband. "Wow, is mom really giving me her panties," he thought with wild excitement.

Her next words send the wow-factor to a whole other level. "Why don't you take them down to your room for a little personal time, sweetie."

Devon didn't have to be asked twice. He grabbed the panties and rushed down to his empty bedroom.

He sat down and slouched against the wall, then lifted the crotch to his nose and inhaled. The deep musky aroma of fresh pussy was absolutely intoxicating. He'd often stole panties from his mom's hamper and obviously she was aware, but the smell was never this ripe. The fact that she had given them to him willingly, as a reward, seemed unbelievable to him, yet here he was.

Devon unzipped his pants and fished his cock out. It was already brick-hard and stretched way out from his body. He licked two of his fingers, lathering them with his saliva, then began to twist his slippery fist around the top portion of his dick.

It wasn't long before he drifted into a land of euphoria, where nothing existed but the feel of mesh fabric on his face, the pungent aroma of his mother's femininity and the incredible stroking sensation around his glans.

His mom's sexy voice entered his fantasy land as he remembered her teasing from earlier. "Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?"

"No wonder your mom's big soft butt feels so good against your hard penis."

Through the euphoric fog Devon pictured his mom's strong, tan, naked legs tightening around his waist, making the chair beneath them creak. "I'll have a little reward waiting for you." He

heard her voice whisper in his head.

Suddenly, a voice from the shadows broke him from his fantasy. "Smells good, huh?"

It was the same squeaky voice from outside. "What the fuck," the startled teen said, hiding his cock best he could.

"You should thank me," Horny said.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Told you, my name's horny. I live in the room down the hall."

Devon suddenly remembered the writing he and his mom had found on the door. "Why can't I see you?" the teen asked.

"So are you gonna fuck her? You should fuck her! Tonight!"

"Why do you keep asking me that?" Devon said.

"You should really thank me."

"Thank you for what?"

"For making her so horny."

Devon suddenly noticed a shadow in the doorway. It moved closer, sweeping over him. "Honey, who are you talking to?" Lacey asked as she stepped inside his room. She was in a short black silk robe, her hair still damp and slicked back.

"Did you hear the voice too?" he asked.

"Well, I heard you talking to someone. Are you on your phone?" she asked, clicking on the overhead light.

Devon realized he was still half-exposed. He quickly tucked his dick into his pants. "Hold on a sec, mom."

Lacey turned away, slightly embarrassed. "Ohh, honey, I'm sorry."

After he was zipped the teen continued. "I heard a voice, a weird voice, first outside in the bushes, then just now. It sounded like it was in the room with me."

"Ohh my, so what did this voice say?" Lacey asked.

Devon was too embarrassed to tell her. He didn't want to alert her either, so he decided to just play it off for now. "Maybe I'm just tired and I'm..um, I'm just hearing things."

Lacey knelt down and reached for his hand. He noticed her large boobs bobbling heavily beneath the robe. "I'll be the first to admit, the house is kinda big, old and spooky. It's easy to let your imagination go wild. But I promise, once we have it cleaned up and all our things arrive, it'll seem more like home."

"Yeah, you're probably right."

"Why don't we um, get the beds pumped up and we can get some rest. It's been a long day," Lacey said.

"Sure has."

Devon used the electric pump to air up his mother's mattress, then his own. Despite being exhausted, sleep didn't come easy for the teen. The strange voice. The panties. His mother's flirtatious teasing. It was all so odd, yet in most ways wonderful.

He would hear the squeaky voice once more before he drifted off to sleep. "Pss, hey!! She's naked in there! You should fuck her! She's horny! She would fuck you!"

Devon plugged his ears, which seemed to help. Although it ruled out a voice in his head and if it wasn't his imagination, then who the hell was it, he thought.

He woke to bright sunlight streaming through his room. It seemed a lot less ominous now that the sun was up and there were no hidden shadows in his bedroom. He wandered downstairs, searching for Lacey. "Mom," he called.

"I'm in the kitchen, sweetie," she answered.

Devon went into the kitchen and stopped dead in his tracks. Lacey was standing on the creaky chair scrubbing the cupboards out. She was wearing a snug cami top and pale pink boy shorts. Lacey turned when she saw Devon gawking from the doorway. Despite wearing a bra, her big breasts bobbed heavily. The protruding nubs of her hard nipples were clearly visible.

"Good morning! How'd you sleep?"

"Pretty good once I fell asleep," Devon said.

"Any more crazy voices?"

"No um, not really."

The rickety chair seemed completely unstable beneath her weight. Devon watched her strong sexy legs flex as she arched the heels of her bare feet, standing on her tip-toes to reach the top cupboard.

"Would you be an angel and hold this chair for me? I'm so afraid that it's gonna break out from underneath me," she asked.

"O-ok." Devon held the chair and gazed up at his mom's body like a kid in a candy store. His eyes traveled up the backs of her smooth shapely legs and stared in awe at her big meaty buttocks. The shorts were so snug that her cheeks were literally oozing out from underneath the hems.

"Ohh damn," he thought, mesmerized by her charms.

As she spread her legs slightly Devon could see the cleft of her vulva and the thick swell of her outer lips as the fabric stretched tightly around it. He simply couldn't believe his eyes.

"Ugh! I can't believe how dirty these cupboards are," Lacey said, ripping more paper towels from the roll.

The mother glanced down at her silently gawking teen. "You're awfully quiet down there," she said.

"Oh, um, yeah, sorry," Devon muttered, his face slightly blushing.

Lacey climbed down off the chair and stepped up to him. "You seem uncomfortable. I should probably put something else on," she said, as if suddenly embarrassed by her skimpy attire.

"No, it's um...you don't have to, mom. I'm not uncomfortable at all," he said.

Lacey took his hand and gave it a tender squeeze. "Are you sure?"

"Of course. I like it," He bravely confessed.

His sudden approval brought a big smile to her face. "Yeah, well, that's kinda obvious, honey," she said, peering down at the bulge in his shorts with a naughty smile.

All Devon could do was giggle bashfully. "Sorry."

"Don't be. Your body's just um, doing what it does. There's no shame in that."

"I know, but, you're my mom and I um, probably shouldn't be getting those," Devon said, feeling a bit ashamed.

"Don't be sorry, ok. I like this," Lacey said, wrapping her arms around his neck comfortably.

"What?"

"I like that we're here alone for a couple days, just me and you, in this big house, way out in the country. It's like our own little nest. I can run around half-naked and you can run around with big boners sticking out under your shorts," she said with a quick giggle, "And we're both okay with that. At least I know I am," she said with a quirky grin.

"Well um, if you're ok with it, then I guess I am too." Devon said, still flabbergasted at his mom's candid behavior.

"That makes me happy. In a couple days your father and sister will be here and life's gonna get busy again, but until then, I say no schedule, no rules, just me and you," she said with a smile.

"Sounds good to me," Devon said, wondering exactly what she meant by 'no rules.'

Lacy felt a tingling in her clitoris. With his hand in hers, she pulled him out of the kitchen. "Come on, I wanna show you something," she said excitedly.

"What is it?"

"You'll see. It's the one room I didn't show you," she said as she led him upstairs.

The way his mom was dressed, Devon felt like a young groom being led upstairs to deflower his bride. Lacey was a voluptuous beauty and Devon marveled at her trembling curves. He wondered again what she meant by 'no rules.'

"Let me guess, there's a secret room full of old creepy dolls or something," Devon said.

"No, but definitely the coolest room in the house, you'll see."

She led him through a door and up a third floor stairway. At the top, they entered a small turret, turned on the light and swung the door closed.

"A round room. You're right, this is definitely cool," Devon said.

"Yup! I want you to take a guess at what this room's gonna be," she asked.

"Your sewing room?"

"Nope," she said.

"I don't know, give me a hint."

Lacey stepped over to one part of the circular room and as Devon watched her he was once again struck with the fact that save for a two pieces of form-fitting fabric, his mom was pretty much naked and perfectly comfortable with that.

"Over here will be a rocker," she said, then strolled along the wall. "And over here will be a crib."

"A crib? Mom, are you..."

"Pregnant? No, not yet," she said, letting the word "yet" linger in the air. "You're father and I decided that after we get all settled, we'd start to try to have another baby."

"Wow," Devon said. He never thought his mom had any interest in having another kid.

"Isn't that exciting?" she asked with a beaming smile.

"Yeah, that's uh," Devon started to answer, but then Lacey let out a high pitched SCREAM.

"SPIDER," she shrieked, then jumped up onto her son, throwing her arms around his neck and

her legs around his waist. Devon immediately grabbed her thighs to hold onto her as she crushed her big tits against his chest and looked down in the direction of the spider.

"Oh my God, I hate spiders," she said.

"Well I hate to say it, but there are probably plenty of them in this old house Mom."

"Yes, I know. Your father's gonna get an exterminator out here, first thing."

Devon snickered. "Mom, you're so funny."

"Don't make fun of me. You're the only man in my life for two days, you're supposed to protect me from these things," she said, keeping her strong naked thighs clamped around him.

"Fine," Devon said, then carried his mom over to the spider and quickly stomped on it.

"There, dead spider! Are you happy?" he said.

Lacey tightened her strong naked legs around her son. With her arms clutched around his neck she squashed her tits on his chest, then brought her face up cheek to cheek with his, looking towards the floor. "There's probably more," she said, in a pouty little girls voice.

"Do you want me to have a look around?" Devon asked.

Lacey buried her face in the crook of his neck, tightening her unmotherly embrace. "No, I want you to hold me," she said.

"I can do that," Devon said, his pecker now as hard as a rock. He never dreamed he'd be holding his mom this way. Essentially, they were clutched together in the standing missionary position.

"Your father never holds me this way when I'm scared. All I get is a quick hug and off he goes," Lacey complained.

"Well, dad doesn't have the best back either Mom. You're not fat, but it does take a little strength to hold a woman up like this," Devon said.

Lacey looked him in the eyes. "I know, but at least it's nice to know that for the next couple of days, I have someone around that can hold me the way I need to be held," she said softly.

Devon's heart beat hard and proud. In one way he was one-upping his father, at least in his mom's eyes. "I could hold you like this anytime, Mom. Anytime you need me to."

"Well, I'll tell you right now, if I see any more damn spiders I'm gonna be clutching onto you until your father gets here," she said.

"So what, the spiders are suddenly gonna move out once dad arrives?" Devon teased.

Lacey giggled. "No, smart ass. I just don't think you holding me this way is something your father would be too happy about seeing, do you?"

"No, probably not," Devon said. Since he was holding her in a standing fuck position, he knew his dad wouldn't approve at all.

"Not to mention the way your shorts keep tenting out every time we get touchy-feely like this," she teased.

"Sorry, but I um...can't really help that Mom," Devon said.

Lacey smiled. "Oh, sweetie I know. In fact the way I've been teasing you, if you weren't getting boners I'd be shocked."

"You do have a point."

She smiled mischievously. "Actually, I have two points. Two very hard fleshy ones. Can't you feel them?" she said, referring to her hard nipples.

"Yeah, I can," Devon blushed.

"Do you know what it means when a woman's nipples get hard?" Lacey asked candidly.

"That she's cold?" Devon said with a grin, knowing it wasn't the answer she was looking for.

Lacey giggled. "Well yes, but there is another reason."

"When she gets excited, right?" Devon muttered.

"Sexually excited, yes. It's also called being aroused."

"Kinda like when my friends say a girl's turned on."

"Exactly. All wet n worked up!" She said with a giggle.

"Jesus, Mom, I'm not used to hearing you talk like that."

"Sorry honey, the truth is, since we've gotten here, I just can't stop myself from flirting with you," Lacey continued with shaky passion in her voice. "I'm really liking it a lot. I'm turned on, as your friends would put it."

Devon shared her gaze. "Me too."

The more timid one, Devon looked away first, out the big bay window, which had a large cushioned window seat. "Looks like a storm is moving in," he said.

"We can do more cleaning later. Let's turn out the lights and sit and watch the rain," Lacey said.

Devon continued to hold her as he walked over and flipped off the light switch. As she held onto him, Lacey's eyes traveled across his broad shoulders and down his lean teenaged chest. She smiled and shook her head.

"What," Devon said.

"I just can't believe how much you've grown up. I mean, look at you, letting me hold onto you while you carry me around like this," she said, with an impressed gleam in her eye.

"Does it surprise you?" Devon asked.

"No, it impresses me," Lacey said, as her bare feet slipped to the floor, "And so does that thing," she said, eyeballing the tent in his shorts.

"Sorry," Devon said, starting to put his hands over it.

Lacey stopped him, staring at his package. "No, don't hide it. Oh my God, the way it's pushing your shorts way out like that. That's amazing," she said, her face a little flushed.

"Well, what's amazing about it, mom? Isn't that what they're supposed to do?"

"There's lots of things they're supposed to do, but I assume all those young California girls taught you all about that, right?" Lacey asked with a wink.

"Some, I guess, but I'm sure I have a lot more to learn."

"Yeah right, whatever Casanova."

"I'm serious. I mean, it's not like they teach you how to be good at it in sex ed, Mom," Devon said.

"Yeah I suppose not. So, you um, feel like you don't know enough?" Lacey asked with concern.

"Yeah. I mean, I'm sure I'll get better as time goes on," he said.

"Sit down here with me and let's get cozy and talk while we watch the rain," Lacey said, nudging her son down with her on the large window seat.

The door suddenly creaked open drawing their attention. "That's creepy," Devon said.

"Must be a draft here. It's ok, it can stay open. It's just us."

Devon stared at the doorway a moment, knowing it wasn't just them. He was sure it was their houseguest "Horny" that was joining them.

"Man, it's kinda warm up here," he said leaning back against the cushions.

"Yeah, this room has been closed up," Lacey said, then knelt in front of him and lifted his shirt "Take this off. It'll help cool you off. "

She lifted his shirt up and off. Without hesitation she unbuttoned his shorts and zipped them down. "Let's get these off too."

"That's okay, Mom, we don't have to --"

"Shush, lift up. Your erection can't be too comfortable pushing up against your shorts like that. Let's give him some room to move around a little," she said.

Devon lifted his ass and she shucked his trunks. His tent pole teetered back and forth for a second under his boxers, then popped out the fly hole.

Lacey giggled, looking down at the engorged crimson knob. "Ohh, oops, I think he wants to do more than move around a little," she teased.

The mother pulled the fly hole up, stretching the fabric and draping it over the big bell-shaped helmet of her son's cock. "There we go, much better."

All Devon could do was watch and marvel at what was happening between them.

Sitting at his side, Lacey threw her tan legs across her son's lap so that she faced the window and nuzzled in close to him. This put her face slightly above his, so she was able to look down into his eyes.

Devon took a second to appreciate the close proximity of her breasts and how soft they felt resting against the side of his bare chest.

"Mmm, how cozy. I like this," she said softly.

"Me too," he muttered, peering down at the deep canyon of cleavage pushing up against his mom's top.

"So how did you like your reward yesterday?" Lacey asked.

"Oh, um, the panties you mean?"

"Mmn-hmn."

"I liked it... a lot," Devon muttered.

"I figured you would. I've known about your fascination with my panties for a long time," she said, staring at him sweetly.

"You never got mad?"

"I did, yes, but it's strange... I planned on talking to you about it and telling you it was wrong, then we got here and I suddenly had a totally different perspective."

"Really? So now you don't think it's wrong?" Devon asked.

"No. No I don't. There's nothing wrong with a boy sniffing his mother's panties. It's perfectly natural to be curious," she said, "Can I ask you something though?"

"Sure."

"When I walked in on you last night, it looked like you'd been, um, masturbating. Do you pull on your penis while you sniff them? You can be honest, sweetie. I won't be mad."

After a short awkward pause, he answered. "Yeah, I do."

Lacey's eyes widened, glazed over with fascination. "And I would imagine you like to suck on the crotch too, right, so you can taste the juices that I've left there throughout the day?"

It wasn't easy, but Devon looked up into his Mom's eyes as she stared down at him inquisitively. He simply couldn't believe that she was asking him such intimate questions. "Uh-huh. Is that bad?"

Lacey brushed his hair back with her long nails. "Did it make you feel good?" she asked tenderly.

"Of course."

"Then how could it be bad?" she said.

"Well I don't know, because you're my mom I guess."

"Yes that's true, I did give birth to you and I did change your diapers...but I'm still just a woman," she said.

Devon watched her hand creep down between her legs. "And down here, between these legs is a pussy, just like all the pussies you had back in California, only with a lot more experience," she explained.

The kid was so mesmerized by her words he could hardly speak. "I um, well, sometimes I wish I had more experience," he said, still in disbelief that they were having this discussion at all.

"Oh don't you worry sweetie, with a penis like yours, you'll soon have the girls around here clawing to get at you."

"You think so?" he muttered.

"I know so, trust me. Mom was a horny young girl once and she knows how horny young girls think," she said with a wink.

They took a moment to stare out at the rain.

"I'm still that horny young girl, you know. I'm just a little older and more mature, but always horny," she said.

They listened as her soft voice mysteriously echoed through the house, only it sounded like Lacey and Horny's squeaky voice combined. "Hooornnyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyyy!"

"Oh my God, that was so weird," Lacey giggled, looking toward the doorway.

"See if it does it again."

"Hello," Lacey shouted, but this time it didn't echo.

"Horny," Devon said loudly, which again caused the echo. A combination of his voice the Horny's. "Hooornnyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyy!"

"How the hell?" Lacey said, clearly baffled. "Horny?! Hooornnyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyy!"

Lacey glared at her son. "Ok, doors opening on their own, now this. I'm starting to get freaked out."

"It's that word. Don't think I'm crazy, but yesterday I heard a voice in the bushes outside. He told me his name was Horny...and then, then the paint we saw on the door down the hallway. 'Horny lives here,' remember?"

Lacey laughed. "So are you suggesting that the house is haunted by a ghost named Horny?"

"Yeah, maybe. I don't know, it's just all so strange, don't you think?"

A draft swept through the room, causing the window to whistle eerily. A surge of arousal shot through the big titted mother's body. She crawled back onto her knees beside her son. "I'm not sure. Honestly, there's only one thing I've been able to think about since I've been in this house."

"What's that?"

Lacey brought her lips to his ear. "My incredibly sexy son," she whispered.

She brought her head back and looked into his eyes. "So what do you think about that?"

"I like it," he smiled.

Lacey sat back on her heels. Devon could see her huge breasts bobble around, pushing the cotton fabric outward. Her nipples poked out huge and engorged through her cami top. "Slide down onto your back," she said, glancing at the erection threatening to tear through his boxers.

Devon slouched down until he rested on his back against the cushion. Lacey candidly threw a leg across him and straddled his midsection. Then she dropped her chest, laying against him. The aroused teen watched in fascination as his mom's boobs rolled out like soft dough against his bare chest.

The lovely mother placed her elbows against his shoulders and propped her face against her palms, staring down at him dreamily. "Ok, let's pretend for a moment that our house isn't haunted and have a serious discussion."

Devon laughed. "Ok."

"So what is it about girls and sex that you still feel you need to learn about?" Lacey asked.

"Well I don't know. I um, think I know what to do, but I tend to get a little too excited when I'm with them and, well," he muttered.

"You feel like you ejaculate sooner than you should?" Lacey asked, straight faced.

"Yeah, I guess that's it. I do feel bad about it," Devon blushed.

"Oh sweetie, don't feel bad. Most boys go through this, some unfortunately never learn to

control it," Lacey explained.

"I wanna control it though," he answered, "I mean, I wanna be able to please the girls I'm with."

"And you will, but first you have to understand why," she said.

"Why what?"

"Why your penis reacts the way it does," Lacey said.

"Well I know the answer to that. It's cuz it feels amazing, Mom," Devon giggled.

"Of course it does, but do you understand why it feels amazing?"

Devon shrugged his shoulders.

"The head of your penis is what's called your glands. These glands contain some of the most sensitive nerve endings on your body. So once you put the glands somewhere warm, soft and wet, like the inside of a woman's pussy, they're gonna react," She explained.

"And when they react, I um..."

"Yes, you have an orgasm," she said.

"Well how do I keep them from reacting?" Devon asked.

"Well that's the million dollar question, isn't it?" Lacey smiled naughtily, "The one every guy wants the answer to."

"I guess so. Do you know the answer?" he asked.

"I do," Lacey said confidently, gazing into his eyes. "Do you want me to help you?"

"If you want to."

"Of course. Does a baby bird learn to spread its wings before it leaves the nest?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah, unless it wants a long hard fall."

"And who shows it how to spread its wings? How to keep it from falling?" Lacey asked.

"The mother bird."

"That's right, momma bird. I can help you, but in order to teach you to do it right, I have to see what you're doing wrong. Does that make sense?" she asked.

"Y-yeah, but how are we gonna do that?" Devon answered, his heart racing with the possibilities.

"Well, um, there are a few different ways, but maybe we should just start with something that you're already doing to yourself."

"You mean masturbate?"

"Well, yes, sort of. There's a bottle of baby-oil in one of my bags. I could use some to lubricate your penis and masturbate it for you, that way I can see how you react and how long it actually takes you to ejaculate," she said.

Devon felt his insides doing somersaults. "That sounds like a pretty good way I guess."

"Yes unless," Lacy said, her mind clearly racing.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you wanted to try another way?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Another way?"

"Yes, I could also, um...I could take you in my mouth, like your girlfriends do and suck on you until you orgasm," she said with a quirky little smile.

Devon could hardly speak. He took a big excited gulp, which made Lacey giggle just watching him.

"Maybe I shouldn't go on to the third way we could do this. Someone's looking a little pale," she said with a giggle.

"No, it's umm...it's okay. There's a third choice?" he muttered in disbelief.

"Well, yes honey, there is. I'm mean, it's a bit unconventional, but I could let you settle down between my legs and uh, slide in. We could see exactly what it is you're doing wrong," Lacey

said.

"You would do that?" Devon asked in shock.

"I wouldn't offer it as an option if I wasn't willing to do it."

Devon could hardly believe his ears. He felt like he'd just won the sexual megabucks. A chance to put his dick inside his hot-bodied Mom was nothing he thought he'd ever get to do. "What about dad?" He asked, feeling a little guilty.

"He's sleeping, in a hotel room, nine-hundred miles from here. That's all you and I need to know," she said in a serious tone, "besides, it wouldn't be like we were having hot sex like a couple of deprived animals. I'm helping you. It's different."

"Wow, all the choices sound great, but..." Devon said.

Lacey smiled and wrapped her arms up around his neck. "Roll me over," she said, knowing exactly which of the three choices her son wanted the most.

Devon rolled his mom over onto her back in the window seat. She propped her knees back and splayed her tan thighs, letting him get a good look at the saddle he was about to ride in.

Devon couldn't believe what he was looking at. His mom's naked legs were bowed wide open, her little bare feet with pointed toes hovering in the air. The skimpy pink shorts were snug against her mons, clearly showing the outline of her plump snatch. "Ohh man, mom," the teen said, gawking. His excitement level was through the roof and she reached out and took his hand.

"Honey, it's ok, don't be nervous! Here's the scenario. I'm one of your girlfriends and we've just gone down to your bedroom to have sex. I want you to show me what you do. I'm not gonna

stop you at all. I'm not gonna give you any pointers. You just do your thing and I'll go along with it, like one of your girlfriends would, okay?" Lacey said.

"Alright. Do you uh, do you want me to wear a condom? I have some in my bag," he said.

"Do you normally wear a condom with the girls you have sex with?" Lacey asked.

"Sometimes, but uh, to be honest, not usually," he said.

Lacey fed him a half-serious scowl. "Not usually huh?"

"No."

"Well, we can discuss the risks of that later, but if you usually go condomless, then I want you to be condomless," she said.

"But what if you get, um, you know..." Devon started.

"Pregnant?" Lacey asked, smiling at his timidity.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you do get me pregnant, I guess we'll be filling this nursery a little sooner than I thought. Lacey said with a smile.

"I suppose so."

"You ready?" Lacey asked, gazing up at him.

"Uh okay, but I'm kinda nervous, Mom," Devon blushed, remaining on his knees between her legs. His heart was about pounding out of his chest.

She gave him a puzzled look. "Mom?? Devon, my name's Lacey, I'm not your mom, and I hope she's not around anywhere. Sure would be awkward if she found you fucking me," Lacey said in a sweet innocent voice.

"Oh...um, no she's not here," Devon said, getting in on the role-play.

"Oh good, then would you do something for me?" she asked, biting her bottom lip.

"What's that?" Devon asked with a nervous gulp.

"Will you take off my shorts and panties and fuck the shit out of me?" Lacey said, gazing up at him.

Devon's heart was racing. He could hardly breathe. His cock was so fucking hard it felt like it was gonna blast off his balls like a rocketship. "Uh...sure," he muttered.

Devon awkwardly grabbed the elastic waistband of his mom's boy shorts and slid them down her hips. Then he did the same with her skimpy pink panties. Lacey had a tiny triangle of neatly trimmed pubic hair on her pubis and Devon could see and smell the deep furrow beneath it.

After pulling her panties off he clumsily shed his boxers. His long thick erection bobbed eagerly up and down as he took position between Lacey's splayed legs.

"Ohh Devon, you're so big," she sighed. The mother stared at his cock as she bowed her legs open even wider, making her pelvis rise higher for penetration. "Yess, stretch my hot little box," she said sexily.

Devon nervously pushed his cock down into his moms cleft, dragging past her engorged clitoris until he felt the resistance give way and his bell-shaped head sink into the hot slippery orifice.

Lacey gasped, arching her back and thrusting her tit-mounds skyward. "Yesss!"

The teen whimpered as he watched half his manhood disappear into her cunt. Lacey suddenly grasped him and pulled Devon down on top of her, wrapping her strong mommy-legs up around him. "Fuck me!" she cried desperately.

Lacey thrust her pelvis and pushed his ass with her heels making Devon's cock plunge all the way to his nutsack.

"Jesussss," the teen moaned.

"Ohh God, yesss!" the mother cried, bouncing her hips, urging him to start thrusting as she adjusted to his impressive size.

Devon's entire body tingled, both from the hot rush and the feeling of his mom's strong coital walls clamp tightly around the meat of his hard penis as he started to hump.

"O-h-h whoa!" his voice quivered.

Lacey clutched his ass with her long nails, pulling him deeper inside her. "Fuck yess! Soo big!" she whimpered, feeling him bottom-out against the head of her cervix.

Devon's cock slipped up and down the gripping birth canal, trying to get a rhythm going. The pink spongy ridges smothered the invading rod, coaxing the glans and clutching the strong veiny shaft. "O-h-h-h shit!" Devon said, as he felt the amazing sensations.

"Harder!" Lacey cried, her pink nails digging into his ass, aiding his thrusts.

"I gotta slow down," Devon gasped, feeling his scrotum tighten.

"No!!" Lacey shouted, her pelvis rocking up and down. "Fuck me harder!" she cried.

Devon felt the world around him swirl in wild euphoria. The experience was a thousand times better than he ever imagined it would be. A raging unstoppable load was racing up his cock. "Ugh!! Shit, I'M GONNA CUM!" he announced, his ass bobbing with greater intensity.

Huge ropes of spunk erupted from Devon's piss-hole, splashing thick white ribbons along the head of Lacey's cervix. The spitting rod flexed and lurched through the squeezing pocket of pink, rising up and back through a gooey froth of mother/son ejaculate.

Devon bucked for almost a full minute before he finally went still and let out a big satisfied sigh. "Ohh man, ohh mom, I'm sorry," He muttered breathlessly.

"Sweetie, stop," She said patiently, catching her own breath.

"You can be honest, it was pitiful, right?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"No, it wasn't pitiful. Pity is something you feel for someone who has no control over what they do. Being a better lover is something that's completely within your control, you just have to learn how," she said.

"Will you help me, learn how?" Devon asked, rising to his elbows and looking down at her.

"Of course, but I should probably call your father first. My guess is he's texted me a half-dozen times since we've been up here."

"Ok, I should probably get a shower." Devon said, getting up off his mom.

Lacey followed him up and slipped her panties back on. "Hmm, a shower huh? Are you trying to tempt me to skip calling your father right now?" she asked with a wink.

"Up to you."

"Tempting offer, but I'm probably in enough trouble as it is."

Devon watched his mom stride to the nursery door, her panty-covered ass undulating sexily. She stopped in the doorway and looked back salaciously. "But um, it'll be a quick phone call. Feel free and wait for me, if you want," she winked.

Just after she left he heard a squeaky voice of Horny behind him. "You should thank me!"

"What?!" Devon said, spinning around but finding no one there. "Who the fuck are you!"

"I made her horny! That's why she fucked you!"

"Fuck you! You're not real." Devon said quickly leaving the room. He went down to the second floor bathroom and was greeted by the same squeaky voice. "You should fuck her harder next time! Make her scream!"

"If you're so real, why don't you show yourself."

"I can make her want you. I can make her crave your cock forever." Horny said.

"Stop, ok. She's my Mom. She's with my dad. Her and I were just, um...fooling around and she was helping me."

After no response, Devon's eyes scanned the bathroom. "Understand?...Hello??"

Downstairs, Lacy was on the phone. "Hi honey, how's the trek coming along?" she asked as she sat in the rickety chair, naked legs crossed.

"Good, been on the road for a few hours. Just fueling up now. How's the cleaning going?" her husband asked.

A rush of air swept past, hardening Lacey's nipples. She stared into nowhere for a moment.

"Lace, you there?" hubby asked, snapping her from her trance.

"I'm here."

"Are you getting the place in shape?"

"No, um, not really. Not much yet I mean." she said, stumbling through her words.

"Well you two have been there a full day. Have you been resting on your laurels?" he asked with a chuckle.

"No, um, we've been busy. Devon and I, well, we've been busy in the nursery today."

"The nursery?? Come on, honey, that's the last room we should be worried about right now. We don't even have furniture for that room yet." her hubby said.

"No, but we should start thinking about it. I mean technically I could be pregnant already and we don't even know it." she said, feeling some of her son's sperm trickle out of her cunt-crack.

"Ha, doubt that. As busy as we've been with this move, we haven't really been on our regular sex schedule here lately."

"Oh, is that what it is to you, Ron? Something scheduled, like your stupid meetings at work." Lacy said in a pissed tone.

"Lace, come on, you know what I meant. All I was trying to say was I highly doubt you'd be pregnant right now."

"But we don't know that for sure. That's my point."

"All right, focus on the rooms you feel are important then. I gotta finish fueling up and get back on the road," he said.

"Ok, travel safe and give Jenna my love."

Devon started the shower and went over to the toilet to pee. As a steady stream of piss shot from his dangling dong, Lacey walked in completely naked.

Devon about peed on the seat as he watched her prance towards him, her big naked breasts bobbling heavily as she moved. "Geez, Mom, I'm peeing," he said.

"I can see that." she said, stopping at his side.

"And you're naked," he muttered, staring at her big mommy-boobs and the way they sloped down from the side.

"I'm sorry, was I supposed to get in the shower with you fully clothed?" she joked.

"No, I suppose not."

Lacey watched the piss flow from his penis. "Try something for me."

"What?" he asked, naturally feeling awkward.

"See if you can clench your ass cheeks together and make yourself stop peeing."

"Why?" Devon said with a giggle.

"Just do it. I'm trying to help you," she said, trying her best not to crack a grin.

"Fine," Devon said, tightening his ass and making the flow stop, "Happy now?"

Lacey flashed him a beaming smile. "Very."

"Why?" The teen asked.

"You'll see," she said, sashaying towards the shower, making her bare buttocks sway teasingly.

"Dang," the boy muttered, marveling at how absolutely sexy she was naked.

"Finish peeing and come get in the shower with me. I wanna try something," she said.

Devon let the rest of the piss trickle from his prick, then he joined his mom in the shower. He stood for a second and watched her rinse her body, marveling at how stunning she looked. The water cascaded down Lacey's huge dangling breasts. He knew from looking at her bras that they were a 48 triple d, but never realized just how big and heavy breasts that size really were.

"I can see someone's standing at attention again," Lacey said, checking out his hard cock.

Devon looked down at his penis, which was rock hard and sticking straight up. "Oh, yeah, I guess you're right," Devon blushed.

"Trade me spots so you can rinse off," Lacey said.

Devon rinsed himself and Lacey grabbed the bottle of body wash. As her son faced her she began to run her hands over his chest, lathering him up. She looked up into his eyes and gave him a reassuring smile. This was brand new territory for them.

She squirted another big gob on her hand and stepped up close to him. Devon watched as she grasped onto his boner and began to gently stroke it up and down.

"Ahh, man," he sighed, savoring the feel of his mother's grip.

Lacey smiled up at him. "Nope no 'man'...I'm all woman honey."

"A beautiful woman," Devon added, unable to peel his eyes away from naked tits.

"Well I would normally think you're just saying that to be nice, but based on how incredibly hard your dick is, I think you actually mean it," she said.

"Of course I do."

"Well, thank you," she said with a cute little blush.

Lacey squeezed hard on his meat. "The thing about the glans is, you want them to feel good during sex, but not too good, at least not for awhile," The mother explained as she slipped her tight fist up and down his boner.

"Well I hate to say this, but I'm feeling too good already," Devon sighed.

Lacey giggled. "The technique I wanna teach you is called edging. It's where you intentionally bring yourself to the brink of an orgasm, but you don't cum. Instead, you slow your thrusts slightly, tighten your ass and let the pleasurable feelings die down. During intercourse, you can repeat this process and give a woman dozens of orgasms in the process."

"So, um, you mean tighten my ass, just like I did to stop the peeing?"

"Exactly. Let's try it. I want you to tell me when you get close, okay?" she said, jacking his cock expertly.

"Alright."

Lacey increased her speed and tightened her grip, twisting her soapy fist along the massive column of meat.

Devon put his hand on his mom's shoulder, steadying himself as his knees went weak. "Oh wow, Mom, that feels really good," he whimpered, as he watched Lacey's shimmering breasts quiver and ripple as she stroked.

"I know it does, sweetie. Handjobs are a great way for a guy to get pleasure. Don't forget to tell me when you reach the edge," she said tenderly.

"Okay, I'm almost there," he said with a shaky voice. His eyes were zero'd on his mom's big wet tits as they trembled from her movements.

"Are your glans starting to tingle?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah."

"I'm gonna stroke a little slower and I want you to do what you did at the toilet. Squeeze your cheeks together to stop the flow of cum," she instructed.

"Alright I will," Devon said, rising to the edge of an intense cum, "Oohh man!" he trembled.

"Are you at the edge, sweetie?"

"Yesss!"

"Tighten! You can do it!"

Devon tightened his ass cheeks and found that by doing this he was able to stop his load before it rose from his balls. "It's working," he sighed confidently.

"You're doing it, sweetie. Keep tightening until you feel the tingling stop," Lacey said, as she continued pulling her slippery fist up and down his rigid pole. "Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," he sighed.

"Okay, we're gonna speed things up again sweetheart," she said, increasing her cock-milking tempo.

"Ohh damn, okay."

"Hey, look at me," his mom said softly.

Devon looked up from her tits. Her body glistened and her hair was wet and slicked back. Her big brown eyes gazed up into his, a tiny bit of mascara running from the corners as she savored his reaction.

"You're doing really well, but there's something else I need you to do for me," she said in a sexy mommy voice.

"Okay."

"You need to buck your hips, sweetheart. Push your cock up through my hand and meet my strokes, she instructed.

Devon rocked his hips, meeting Lacey's every down strokes and driving his cock through her slippery grip.

"That's it, that's my boy. You got this," she said proudly.

"Ohh wow, it feels soo good!"

"Keep thrusting, sweetheart. Fuck my hand like a pussy." Lacey said, beating his meat steadily.

"Gggnuhh! I'm feeling really good again!" Devon gasped.

"Let it get to the edge," Lacey said patiently, her jerking hand making a creamy fuck sound as his beat his cock.

"There!" he shouted, his body stiffening.

"Good, now slow your pace and squeeze it off," Lacey said calmly.

Devon's body jerked with pleasure. He had already passed the point of no return. Lacey held onto him, continuing a slow steady squeeze up and down his shaft. "Oh shit, too good! You gotta stop, mom!" Devon moaned.

"No sweetie, just drift along the edge. Focus on squeezing off the cum, but not the pleasure. Stopping Isn't an option," Lacey said.

Devon collapsed onto Lacey's shoulder, his knees buckling. "I can't hold it back!" he whimpered.

"Yes you can. You're doing awesome!" Lacey said encouragingly.

"Ohhnnshitt!!" he cried with a buck of his hips.

Lacey felt his cock flex in her hand and a warm oozing stream of prespunk began to trickle down her fingers. Realizing the dam was about to break, she sped up her stroking.

"OH GOD, MOM, I'M CUMMING!" Devon shouted as his body quivered with overwhelming arousal.

Lacey held him against her, hot wet tits bobbling against his chest as he groaned. She felt a sudden blasting of hot teenaged spunk splash against her tummy and her tits. "It's okay, let it go sweetheart. Spurt that hot load! That's my baby." Lacey said as she squeezed her fist expertly up and down the twitching erection.

It was a full minute of moaning and groaning before Lacey had milked every drop from her son's penis.

Devon kept his head laying against her shoulder. "I'm sorry, it just felt too good," he gasped.

She giggled. "Oh sweetie, it's supposed to feel good, but did you notice how much longer you lasted by squeezing it off?" she asked.

"Yeah, definitely."

"Look at me," she said and Devon complied.

"Becoming a better lover takes practice. It's not gonna happen all at once. Just remember though, girls will flock around the guys that can make them scream. You get good enough with this thing, you'll have them fighting over you, trust me," Lacey explained.

"Wow, how lucky am I to have a Mom this cool?"

"Hey, preparing our boys for the world is what we Moms do. Momma bird, remember?" she smiled, then gave him a quick peck on the lips.

Devon stayed in the shower a while replaying the incredible experience of being fucked, then jacked off by his own beautiful mom. He soaked for a long time in the hot spray.

As he shut off the water and dried off. He noticed his cellphone on the vanity and it was flashing a message. He picked it up and looked. The text message read:

HEY HANDSOME, STAY NAKED AND COME FIND ME! -MOM

"You should thank me!" Came Horny's squeaky voice from somewhere in the room.

"Yeah, you've said that already."

"You're gonna fuck! She's gonna let you fuck her again!" Horny sang.

Devon smiled and walked out of the master bedroom.

The upstairs hallway was quiet and dimly lit.

"Mom?" He called, but there was no answer. His voice seemed to echo through the empty house.

"She's horny! She's naked!" Horny's voice whispered.

Suddenly a door at the end of the hall creaked closed. Devon walked over to it, but found it locked. Seconds later, he got another text on his phone.

LAY DOWN NEXT TO THE DOOR AND STROKE YOUR COCK FOR ME. -MOM

Devon laughed. Obviously his mom was playing a naughty little game with him and he decided to go along with it. He lay down on the floor, with his head next to the door and started to massage his rising dick.

"She's so horny! You're gonna fuck all night!" Horny's voice said.

The door next to his head slowly creaked open, just a tad and Devon watched as a long naked tan leg extending out from the darkness. It looked so soft and baby-smooth, yet strong and matronly.

Lacey's sexy bare foot, with its pink painted toenails, came to rest on his abdomen, then slowly slithered around the base of his shaft and slid onto his large smooth scrotum. He felt her toes clench, massaging the meat of his nuts. "Ohhh wow," he muttered out loud.

He looked up into the crack in the doorway and could barely make out the shadow of his

mom's face and wet mane of hair as she stared down at him.

He felt her toes leave his balls and trail up his belly and chest. From this vantage point he could see the strong muscles in his mom's leg flex as it retracted over him. Her toes slowly...gently grazed across his cheek, then her leg disappeared back into the room.

The door was left open and Devon heard his mom trot across the room playfully. He turned on his side and looked into the room, just in time to see Lacey stop by another door at the far side of the room.

She gazed back at him. He could tell by her silhouetted body that she was completely naked. The form of her breasts jutted out from her chest, huge and ripe. Lacey was light and gracefully on her feet, like a barefoot high school cheerleader.

Devon heard her giggle teasingly as she hurried out the door.

"Hurry! Get her! Pin her down and split her twat!" Horny's voice said.

Devon quickly got up and followed after his mom, his now hardened cock bobbing up and down.

The light was on in the back circular stairway. Devon looked down from the top of the stairs just in time to see Lacey reach the first floor. She paused, flashed him a seductive look and rolled her tongue across her top lip. Devon's heart skipped a beat. Never in a million years did he think his own mother would give him this kind of look. If looks could speak, Lacey just screamed "COME FUCK ME!"

"I told you so, she wants to fuck hard," Horny said.

Lacey giggled and rushed away. Devon nearly stumbled descending the stairs after her. He got

to the bottom floor and saw that the back door was open in the kitchen. He looked outside and saw his mom's shadowy figure gracefully trotting down the hill towards the boathouse.

"Go get her! Go fuck her!" Horny urged.

Lacey stopped midway and looked back at her son in the doorway. Her nude body glistened in the night rain. With a playfully little giggle she continued towards the boathouse, her big breasts bouncing wildly.

"Go! She wants to fuck you in there." The voice behind him said.

Devon rushed down the hill after her, like a horny puppy excitedly following after the bitch in heat. He got to the boathouse and crept inside. It was dark and Devon could hear the water lapping against the docking area.

"Mom?" he called.

"Up here," he heard her softly whisper.

Devon turned to find a ladder leading up into a loft. He slowly climbed to the top and found a large bunk area and his mom's body spread out across it. Lacey was on her back, her legs bent at the knees, thighs splayed apart. Devon about lost his breath as he gazed at her wet naked curves shimmering in the moonlight.

"Hi," she said in a soft, sweet yet seductive voice.

"Hi," he muttered, his heart thumping wildly.

She reached her hand out for him. "Come here."

Devon crawled up and rested against the soft saddle between her legs. He could feel the heat of her genitals as his rigid shaft squashed against her outer lips.

He gazed into her glowing eyes. She pulled him down to her lips and after a few sensual kisses their tongues began to dance, their mouths fused together in an open oval.

Devon began to prod and poke, his brick-hard penis searching for her entrance. Finally he found it and his cockflesh sunk down into her hot wet love-pit.

The warm spongy ridges along Lacey's vaginal walls squeezed around the meat of her son's dick as it sunk all the way to her hot inner core. Packed completely full, she clutched down tight on the rod, smothering it in a grip that only an experienced mom could give. "Ugh, shit," Devon moaned in ecstasy.

"Fuck meee," she whispered.

His hips set in motion. Lacey prepared her body for the fuck, pivoting her hips so that her cunt was at a better angle for her son's assault. She slid her long shapely legs up around his back, their soft smooth-shaven skin still wet and slippery from the rain.

"Remember, tighten when it tingles. We should be able to go much longer this time," she said softly.

"Got it."

Devon's strong sturdy erection plowed steadily through the tight slippery tube of pink pussy. His large hairless scrotum made lewd slapping sounds as it struck the ring of Lacey's crinkled butthole, over and over.

As he bucked and groaned Devon lay his face against the crook of his mom's neck. He could feel her slippery tits sloshing around between them. Of course, it wasn't long before the sensations were just too much, but he tightened his ass like his mom had taught him and slowed the pace just a little.

"Ohh yess, honey, just like that," Lacy sighed.

"Ready to speed up again?" Devon asked confidently.

"Absolutely!" she exclaimed, her eyes wide with a beaming look of excitement.

The teen began to pound her cunt with long hard thrusts. "Yesss! Fuckmee!" she cried.

Lacey wasn't making it easy. She slammed her cunt up against his hard-on, over and over, trying to speed things up even faster. To make it even more challenging, she tightened her cunt muscles, making them ripple up and down the tender teenaged fuckpole.

"Ohh, Mom," Devon moaned in delight.

He sat up on his elbows, hoping the change in positioning would take the edge off. Lacey scissored her legs open, humping her ass off the mattress. This didn't help poor Devon's excitement level, especially when he looked down and saw her tits rolling up and down her chest like two overfilled water balloons.

"Daamn!" he groaned, trying with all his might to pinch off the rising cum-blast.

"Come on, squeeze it off, honey," Lacy panted, "I need you to keep fucking me."

Lacey could tell her son was fighting off the orgasm. Not only by his slowing pace and obvious

state of arousal, but also by the way his cock was pulsing and flexing inside her. She was proud that he was already making progress, but knew it would boost his ego even more if he could make her cum on his dick. "Yesss, make me cum! Come on!!" she cried out.

Devon found himself being guided back down onto his mom. This time her legs were thrown way back and rested on his strong shoulders. He sped up and found a nice steady rhythm.

They kissed and fucked and kissed some more. Lacey gazed up into Devon's eyes with wild lust, as if he were really beginning to scratch the itch inside her. "That's it, right there, don't stop," she said desperately, "Oh God, Devon don't you dare fucking stop!"

At this angle Devon's erection was literally plowing against Lacey's G-spot, stimulating the sensitive rubbery ridges along the top of her birth canal.

"Oohhghhyeessss!!" the busty mother screamed, clutching and humping, her strong sleek legs fastened so tightly around Devon's back it seemed as though she was trying to pull his entire body into her hot cunt.

Lacey humped in a frenzy of fuck-passion, pistoning her horny, throbbing pussy onto his cock. "Oh God, baby, please don't stop!" she cried out, teetering on the edge of a juicy cum.

Devon watched his mom continue to gasp, her mouth wide open. Her eyes began to roll back in her head, her pretty face contorting. The site was enough to make his balls boil over in a split-second. "Ohh Mom, OOH SHIT!! he groaned, his body shaking.

The walls of her cunt closed up like a clamp. Devon felt like his cock was being pushed out, but he realized she was only tightening up. His strong rigid boner pushed forward, persisting with ball-bumping thrusts.

"Ugghhnnfuuuck!!" Lacey's scream reverberated throughout the boathouse as her body began to tremble in orgasm.

Devon groaned as the dam broke and thick ropes of spunk erupted from his asshole, soaking the tight quivering walls of pink pussy.

Their wet sticky bodies clutched and writhed and humped together for a good five minutes, like two anacondas wrapped in throes of a mating ball.

Finally, they collapsed in a sticky heap.

"That was...amazing," Devon sighed, his head laying against his mom's soft chest.

"Very amazing," Lacey said breathlessly, running her fingers through his hair.

After finally catching his breath, Devon lifted his head and gazed down at her. "Did I make you cum?" he asked.

"Did you ever," she smiled, staring up into his eyes dreamily.

"Wow, I've never made a girl cum before," he said proudly.

"A pretty good boost of confidence huh?"

"Yeah, for sure," he said with a nod.

"You're using your skills, which means you're starting to last longer before you ejaculate. I'm so proud of you," she said.

"Thanks, Mom," he blushed, "thanks for helping me."

Lacey held her son's hand as they strolled naked back to the house. She locked the door behind them and turned out the lights downstairs.

As she led him up the stairs, Devon's heart was racing. He felt like the rest of the world had vanished and the only things that existed were him and his beautiful mother. There was pure magic in the air and somehow he knew he had a long night ahead of him.

"Grab your things and bring them down to our bedroom." Lacey said, as she let his hand go.

"Our bedroom?" Devon asked.

"Well, yeah. Is your dad living in this house right now?" she asked, placing her hands on her wide birthing hips.

"Well, no. He's on the road, so technically I guess not," Devon said.

"Well then 'technically' I guess that makes it our house then doesn't it. Our house...our rules and our bedroom. Now get your things," she smiled, turning and walking into the bedroom.

Devon stood there for a second like a love-struck puppy, watching his mom's bare buttocks undulate as she strode towards the master bathroom. "Holy shit, look at that ass! " he thought as he felt his cock rise.

"You should thank me," he heard Horny say.

Devon smiled. "You again?"

"You're gonna fuck again. She plans on letting you fuck her all night long," the voice said.

Devon rushed down to his room and collected his things. When he got down to the master bedroom his mom was still in the bathroom with the door closed. "Sweetie?" Lacey called from behind the door.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Get into bed, I'll be right out."

Devon saw her phone on the bed flashing and picked it up. "Hey mom, it looks like dad's called like eighty times."

"Ignore it. He can call eight-hundred times if he wants. We're busy. I'll call him in the morning."

Now Devon's phone lit up. "Shit, now he's calling my phone. Should I answer?"

"And tell him what, that you're about to fuck me again?"

Devon spun around just as Lacey emerged from the bathroom. She was wearing a crotchless nylon bodystocking and her hair was back in a pony. Devon's mouth hung open. She smiled, slowly stepping towards him, her massive boobs jiggling beneath the nylon fabric. "You okay?" she asked with a knowing giggle.

"Yeah, I'm just not used to seeing you in things like that."

"Well at least I'M wearing something, Tarzan," she joked, glancing down at the huge jutting

erection pointing at her.

"Sorry," he blushed.

"No you're not and that's ok, trust me, I'm not complaining," she said, smiling wantonly as she stared at his cunt-splitter.

Lacey's phone lit up. "God, he's so annoying! But I suppose I should answer, so he knows we're both still alive," she said, bringing her phone to her ear. "Hi honey," she said, trying to sound cheery.

"What the fuck, Lacey?! I've been trying to call you guys for the past three hours."

"I know, I know, I saw the missed calls."

"Oh and you didn't think to call me back?"

An invisible force swept through the room, hardening Lacey's nipples and making her engorged clitoris tingle with overwhelming need.

"Lacey?"

The mother was snapped from a temporary trance. "I'm here! What did you need?"

"What did I need? I told you earlier I was calling back this evening. What's going on with you, are you okay?"

"I'm great. Devon and I are just crawling into bed," she said, putting it on speaker and creeping down onto the mattress.

Devon gulped as he watched her crawl towards him like a prowling tiger. Even encased in nylon her big tits bulged out and wobbled heavily back and forth as she moved. She gazed at him hungrily as she closed in.

"Did Devon get his room set up?" her husband asked.

"No not really."

"So you guys are sharing an air mattress?"

"Yes, why? Is it such a sin for me to sleep in the same bed as my son. It's cold in this big house. We're gonna keep each other warm," she said, winking at her teen.

Lacey sprawled out on top of their son. Devon sighed as he felt her warm nylon-encased curves smother his young body.

"Well do me a favor and dress appropriately okay. I know your choice of nighttime attire and it's hardly anything your son needs to see."

She gazed down at Devon with a wise-ass smile. "Something appropriate. Hmm, does naked count?"

"Very funny Lacey. Wear something alright?"

Lacey snickered. "I am wearing something. Remember that black see-through bodystocking I bought a few months ago."

"You ARE NOT wearing that in front of him!"

"Ooops, you're about two minutes too late. He's already seen me in it."

Devon's mouth hung open. He couldn't believe what she was telling his father. The teen felt his engorged cock brush against his moms tiny patch of pubic fuzz. It slid down across her swollen clit, then between her legs. She ground her pelvis forward and his shaft glided across the moist groove of her heated pit.

"Take it off. Have you lost your mind? Why would you wear something like that around your son?" Ron asked, his temper rising.

"God, Ron, stop being such a fuddy-dud. He's already seen me naked. It's really not that big of a deal."

"When the hell did he see you naked?"

"Today. There were a couple different times he and I were naked together," Lacey said candidly.

"Holy shit, Mom. What are you doing?" Devon asked softly so his father couldn't hear.

"Naked why?!" Ron shouted dumbfoundedly.

"To have sex. Why else do a guy and girl get naked together," Lacey said, matter-of-factly.

"So wait, the two of you...? I certainly hope you're fucking with me right now, Lacey?"

Lacey gazed into her son's eyes as she spoke. Her enormous nylon-encased tits mashed against his chest. A good two to three inches of cock meat stuck out between her legs from behind, crowned by her big meaty buttocks. "We fucked in the nursery. We fucked in the boathouse. We'll probably fuck in every room in the house by the time you get here."

"Holy shit, Mom." Devon muttered in disbelief.

His father was fuming on the other end of the line. "Bullshit! I'm hanging up, but when I get there, it's clear that the three of us need to have a long chat."

Lacey dropped her lips and planted a series of long wet smacking kisses on her son for her husband to hear.

"Goodnight!" Ron said, then hung up.

"Jesus, Mom, Dad's gonna kill us." Devon exclaimed.

Lacey giggled. "No he won't."

"Did you not hear yourself? You told him we were having sex. Why would you do that?"

"I know I did. Maybe it'll make him try harder knowing he has some young competition," she said, then planted a few more smooches, followed by a deep french kiss.

"You gotta tell him you were just kidding."

"I will. Right after I tell him he's not nearly as horny and sexy as you are," she said.

"Funny, Mom. So how come guys dad's age stop getting horny anyway?" he asked after a few more deep kisses.

"It's just what men's bodies do as they get older, sweetheart. The desire becomes less. Erections aren't as strong. Their ability to really make a woman scream starts to dwindle."

"That's sad. I can't imagine being that way," he said, savoring the feel of her warm flesh.

"Well, that's because you're in your prime, sweetie. Boys your age wanna get laid, it's all they think about. Their erections are strong and sturdy," she said, squeezing her legs around his brick-hard meat, "their ability to bounce back after ejaculating is incredible. I guess they have what women my age crave."

"That explains a lot though, cuz I hear you and dad going at it sometimes and it doesn't seem to last very long," he said.

"I know, sad huh?"

"But you stay with him anyway?" Devon asked.

"Of course. I love your father. Other than his dwindling desire he's a wonderful husband. A great provider for you and your sister. He bought us this big beautiful home. didn't he?" she asked.

"Yeah, but he's likely to divorce you after what you just told him."

"Good, let him divorce me, I'll just find a nice strong cock to give me what I need."

Devon's cock flexed at her words, his pipe squeezing up between the soft slick folds of her outer labia. She smiled big, feeling it harden even more. "Ohhh, do I feel an erection down there volunteering for the job?" she giggled.

"I wouldn't mind."

"Well, you're certainly on your way to becoming quite the pussy-pleaser. Guess we'll have to see how much you can keep impressing me until your father and sister arrive," she smiled, staring intently into his eyes.

"I could impress you right now," Devon said confidently, his fingers sinking into the cheeks of her ass.

Lacey waved her finger "Uh uh uhhh! You can be a hot-shot and pound the hell out of me tomorrow. Tonight's all about learning. I'm not cutting any corners with you, sweetie. You need to know the difference between fucking and making love," she said.

"Ok, so um, what is the difference?" he asked.

"Well, fucking is like running a race, hard and intense. But the other, making love, is like a slow intricate dance. If done right, it can go on for hours and hours," she said.

"Wow," Devon muttered, his heart pounding with excitement at the way his mother had described it.

"We ran some good races tonight, did some pretty intense fucking, but now I wanna teach you how to dance," Lacey said, her eyes wild and dreamy.

"Okay."

Lacey gave a sensual peck on the lips. "I'm gonna light a candle. I want you to sit on the center of the bed Indian-style," she said.

"Indian-style? Um, okay," Devon said, then changed positions on the bed as Lacey turned out the lights and lit a candle.

The room was filled with a warm romantic ambiance. Devon sat Indian-style on the center of the air mattress and watched as Lacey crawled towards him. She sat on his lap facing him and wrapped her strong nylon-encased legs around his waist.

"This is a perfect lovemaking position," she said as she lifted her ass from his lap a little, just enough to let Devon's cock line up with her hot hovering hole. Then in one slow plunge she took every inch of him. "Ohhh yesss," she whimpered, "wow, you are so hard."

Devon sighed as he felt the warm spongy pink swallow his hard cock. Lacey's fleshy labia settled snugly against his pubis. His cock was now wrapped in a mother's embrace.

She coiled her arms around him for support, her face now slightly above his. "How does that feel?"

"Ah, Amazing," he muttered.

"Kiss me while we grind," she said softly.

They turned their heads slightly and began to kiss soft and slow. Lacey started a gradual, fluid rocking motion with her hips, grinding their genitals together.

Easily excited, Devon tried to force his tongue into Lacey's mouth. "Easy, sweetie, let me guide

you this first time," she said, "love making is less about intensity and more about long drawn-out passion."

"Okay," he muttered, his breath heavy with arousal.

"Soft, slow kisses," she said, planting little love pecks on his face, then on his lips.

Again and again their lips made wet smacking sounds as they gently made contact. Devon could feel her tight cunt stirring his cock around.

"Mmmmm," Lacey whined in a sexy tone, as she hungrily closed her big pouty lips around her sons over and over.

Pre-cum drooled from Devon's asshole and mixed with Lacey's slippery vaginal secretions, creating a nice creamy lubricant for his hardon to slither and lurch. Devon felt like he was stirring his cock in warm fleshy pudding.

"That's better. Now open your mouth and let's flutter our tongues together," she said.

Devon opened his mouth and peeked his tongue out.. Lacey started by closing her lips around it and sucking it like a cock, up and down a few times. Each time he disappeared into her mouth Devin felt his mom's tongue flailing wildly against his.

After she was done sucking, Lacy's long pink snake slithered from her mouth and began to lash against her sons. Devon licked back, but was amazed at the speed and strength of his mom's tongue.

Lacey had one of those long serpent-like tongues that could probably reach the tip of her nose. And although Devon was doing his best, he simply couldn't compete with the way her experienced snake was whirling and twisting around his. As the tips of their tongues played

together Devon opened his eyes and watched his mom work her magic. "Damn she's beautiful! Is this really happening? Maybe I'm just dreaming all of this," he thought.

Lacey's head was tilted, her eyes closed. Her mouth was fused to her son's in an open oval and her elongated tongue was mostly still now, except for the pointy tip, which danced against Devon's tongue with amazing speed.

For a moment their mouths parted. "Wow, your tongue's amazing mom," he muttered, gasping excitedly.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "Oh sweetheart, you haven't even begun to see how amazing it can be."

Staring into his eyes Lacey took a long wet lick across his cheek. She left a trail of hungry kisses across the sides of his face, then began to nibble at his ear.

"Ohh man," Devon muttered, his cock flexing inside her squeezing cunt.

"Do you like it baby?" she whispered naughtily, "do you like the way mommy is gripping onto that thick erection?"

Her warm vaginal grip tightened around his throbbing boner as she flexed her coital walls expertly. Devon's body reacted with an excited shiver. "Uh-huh," he whimpered.

He felt his mom's tongue snake against his ear...under it, around it, inside of it, probing and wiggling. "Mmm, this is lovemaking, sweetie. Isn't it wonderful?" she asked.

"Yess."

He hugged her body tighter, trying to flatten her tits even more against his chest. Sensing this, Lacey separated their chests for a second. She looked down at her huge tits, heaving against the stretchy transparent covering. "Rip it!" She said, gazing at her son.

Devon grabbed the fabric between her tits and tore it easily. Pounds of motherly breast-meat came spilling out. She threw them against him and buried her face in his neck. "Ohh God, I want you!"

"Holy shit," Devon sighed, aroused by his mom's sudden aggressiveness.

Lacey plowed her tongue against the tendons in her son's neck, her hips continued a constant fluid rocking up and back, up and back. Devon's big balls rose and fell again and again as they lay tucked between the pillowy cheeks of Lacey's buttocks. "Ohh my God!" the teen whimpered, aroused beyond belief.

Devon gazed down at his mom's wide child-bearing hips. They moved like a machine that was custom-made to glide this way while she grinded on cock.

The mother could tell just from the throb of his cock that he was rising towards a cum. "Tighten," she said between kisses. She spoke in a cute baby voice, "tell those cummies, stay in my balls cummies. We're not ready for you yet!"

Devon whimpered as rode the edge of his orgasm. He buried his face between her enormous jiggling tits and licked her cleavage. Then he latched on to one of her engorged nipples and sucked inasmuch tit meat as he could get in his mouth.

"Ohh yes, suck me," Lacey sighed.

The rain pelted the windows in the dark emptiness outside, reminding Devon of just how isolated he and his mom were from the rest of the world right now.

Between the hot slippery cunt-grinding and the way his mom's big boob was plastered around his face while he sucked, Devon's balls continued to boil.

He tightened his ass, tried to think of something else. "Ohh shit, ok, umm... I wonder how the fishing is in the lake? I bet it's the first thing dad does when he gets here," he thought.

Then he felt guilty for thinking of his dad at that moment. He knew the gorgeous woman on his lap was his dad's property and that he was trespassing. But he knew that when an owner's away and the property is willing, trespassing is inevitable.

Lacey's slobbery nipple popped from his mouth. "Maybe dad deserves this," he muttered out loud.

"What?" Lacey asked with a quirky smile.

"Maybe he deserves this, what we're doing. Any guy who has a woman like you, who can do this to them every day and does nothing about it, deserves to be cheated on."

Lacy ran her hand gently across his cheek. "You are a sweetheart, you know that?" Lacey said, looking as though she could cry.

"I'm your sweetheart," Devon said, flexing his rod.

"Yes you are. My young, handsome, big-dicked sweetheart," she said, gazing at him with fluttering lashes.

Lacey lowered herself onto her back, bringing Devon with her. Her legs still had a tight grasp on him, keeping him clamped between her thighs, tucked inside her soft saddle. They kissed passionately.

Devon was overcome with desire and began to really buck his hips and sock it to her. Lacey clutched onto his ass and broke this kiss for a moment. "Slow down, sweetie. Pace yourself," she whispered. "It's not a race tonight, remember?"

Devon slowed and found a nice steady unhurried rhythm. His long teenage love-pipe glided in and out of the warm clutching grip of his mom's hungry cunt. The gooey ridges along her inner walls smothered his meaty lance with every down stroke. "Oh Mom, this feels soooo good," he sighed, as he looked down into her gleaming eyes.

"I want you to let yourself go. Let your body do the work while you look into my eyes and our minds float away together into a cloud of pleasure," Lacey softly whispered.

"O-okay," Devon muttered.

Devon indeed felt as though he was falling into a trance as he was nose to nose with his mom, his eyes lost inside of hers. As if on auto-pilot his hips kept working, thrusting his peter up and down his mother's pleasure-pocket.

"Oh Dev...oh sweetie, this is beautiful," she sighed softly.

Thunder RUMBLED outside. Candlelight flickered. Hips rocked in unison. Huge tits sloshed as they lay plastered against the flesh of the teenager's chest. The heels of two tiny bare feet pushed against a driving ass. Eyes were fixed and glazed with lust. This was love making at its most intense.

"Ohhgghh!! Ohhhmygod, I'M GONNA CUM!" Lacey's voice quivered as she stared into her son's eyes.

Her body stiffened and Devon felt her clutching legs tremble around him. Lacey's eyes closed as her face became red and contorted.

"Holy shit, Mom," he muttered, in awe of the site beneath him. He pinched off his own orgasm and continued to sock it to her with long steady thrusts.

"Oohhgghhh!!" Lacey screamed in orgasm, her tits heaving, her naked body shaking violently, her cunt tightening like a fleshy bolt around long sturdy screw.

Mom and son rolled onto their sides as the desperate love making went on and on into the night. They were no longer two bodies, but one ball of twisting, pounding flesh. They rolled and fucked, their pelvises grinding and at times wetly slapping together with wild abandon.

Lacey took the top and rode her son's cock like a pornstar. Devon marveled at the way her huge tits swung around, like buoys on a rough sea.

"Ohhhshit!" he sighed, feeling the cum rising.

Lacey gazed down at him, her face marked with lust. "You wanna impress this girl?"

"Yeaah," he gasped.

"Then pinch off that fucking cum and impress this girl!"

Lacey rode him hard and her orgasm struck her out of nowhere. She raised her arms in the air and clenched her fist. "Ughhnnggfuuuck!!" she cried.

After nearly two hours of impressive pussy prodding Devon's body trembled as he blew his nuts for the third time deep inside the hot smothering throat of Lacey's love-canal.

Words went unspoken as they lay there in the candlelight kissing, caressing and gazing into each other's eyes.

Thunder RUMBLED outside shaking the old house.

Devon could feel their juices running down across his balls as his half-hard cock remained tucked in his mom's warm sheath. He sighed as she gave his peter a gentle squeezes with her strong coital muscles. Lacey felt her son's twitch and slowly hardened again. They both knew it would be a long sleepless night of intense pleasure.

After showering the next morning Lacey and her son decided to go into town for breakfast. After a short silence between them, Devon heard his mother sniffle and looked over to see her teary-eyed. "What wrong, Mom?"

"What have we done?" she asked softly.

"Um, what do you mean?"

"I've destroyed our family. Your father's never gonna forgive me. This is awful," she said, a tear running down her cheek.

"You could tell him you were joking, like you said. Just pulling a prank. He didn't actually see us doing anything."

"I've cheated on him. Oh my God, I'm a horrible wife. What would possess me to do those things with you?" she sobbed.

Devon wasn't sure what to say for a moment. After his mom's constant flirting and touching the past two days, he certainly wasn't prepared for this. "Yea, but you said it yourself, you were just helping me. To get better at it."

"Maybe at first, but then...then it became something else. It's like I lost complete control of myself."

Devon wasn't sure how to continue the conversation so they remained silent. Even at the cafe over breakfast things were completely uncomfortable. Lacey finally broke the silence as she picked at her food. "I'll try to patch things with your father. Hopefully he'll forgive me. We should sleep in separate rooms tonight. No more sex, no more touching or flirting, none of that."

Devon nodded, confused by the sudden change in her. "Ok," he muttered, as he found his own feelings of guilt begin to trickle in.

"Can I get anything else for you two?" the older gray-haired waitress asked.

"No, thank you, just the check please," Lacey said.

"Are you new in town, or just passing through?" the waitress asked as she finished writing the check out.

"We're new here. My husband and I bought the old Victorian up by the lake."

The waitress suddenly looked at Lacey like she'd just seen a ghost. "The old Akley's Victorian?"

"Yes, I think that's what I remember the realtor calling it," Lacey said.

"So many families have come and gone from that place I can hardly keep count," the waitress said.

Lacey and her son looked at each other, then at the waitress. "They don't stay? Why?" Lacey asked.

The waitress forced a smile. "I heard so many stories over the years, it's hard to know what's fact and what's just made up."

"What types of stories?" Devon asked.

"Well, I don't wanna alarm you folks, but most people think the place is possessed by some sorta sex demon," the waitress said with a weird look.

Lacey swallowed hard as her eyes got big. "Sex demon?"

"Sounds ridiculous, I know, but that's what they say. Of course, I'm not really the superstitious type, but one thing I do know, folks sure don't keep residence there very long."

On the ride back home Devon and his mom sat in silence for a bit, contemplating the old woman's words. Lacey's son finally broke the silence. "Do you think she's right?"

Lacey shook her head. "Honestly, I...I'm not really sure what to think."

"I told you I've been hearing a voice at the house. Sometimes it tells me that it's making you do things."

There was a short pause in conversation. Then Lacey spoke up. "Oh my God. On the way into town I asked you what would possess me to do such things. Maybe there is something in the house that's possessing us to..."

Devon didn't answer. He knew for a fact that he hadn't been possessed and made to do shit. The fact was, if his mom pulled the car over right now and asked for a hard fuck in back seat, he was more than willing to oblige. However, maybe his mom wasn't as flirty and naughty as he thought she was.

Lacey stopped in front of the house and gave her son a serious look. "We're both strong. If there is some truth to her story. If there's something in there that's trying to possess us and make us do the things we've been doing, then we just have to be strong. We have to be strong and resist it! We'll show this spirit or demon or whatever the hell it is that we're stronger and more determined than it thinks we are."

Devon gave her a resolved look, even though on the inside he was majorly bummed. The truth was, fucking his mom was the most thrilling and pleasurable thing he had ever experienced and he really wanted it to continue. "Sounds good, Mom. We can do this," he lied.

Once inside the house, there was another short awkward silence as they stood in the foyer. "Your father and sister will be here tomorrow. We really should focus on the cleaning today."

"Gotcha! I can um, handle the upstairs if you want?"

Lacey livened up a bit, steadfast in her resolve. "Good plan. I've already got a jump on the kitchen. I'll finish that, then start on the other downstairs rooms."

Devon grabbed the cleaning supplies then headed upstairs. He glanced into his parents bedroom. The ruffled blankets on the cum soaked air mattress reminded him of the events of the previous night. He felt a bit sad that he may never feel his mom gripping onto him while she squirts her love-juice on his dick again.

A voice from nearby startled him. "She's getting horny already. You should try to fuck her again." the squeaky voice said.

Devon decided to see how far he could get by playing along this time. "How long have you lived here?"

There was a short silence. "Hello?" the teen said.

"Don't waste time. You know you wanna fuck her."

"I will, but I want you to answer my question first. How long have you lived here?"

"You should give her a nice hard anal fuck. She loves it up the ass."

Devon was getting impatient. "Look, you obviously can't control me like you can her, so I'm just gonna ignore you AND I'm gonna ignore my mom's sexual advances, unless you answer my question."

After a short pause, the squeaky voice answered. "I'm older than this fucking house. I've been around since the beginning. Thousands have reaped the pleasure I've given them. They should all thank me."

"Are you a ghost? A demon? What?" Devon asked...

"I'm horny, that's who I am. You should be horny too. Maybe she'll suck your cock and lick your balls. You know you want her to."

"Yeah, it's true, I do, but Mom's not falling for your tricks anymore. I'm pretty sure she'll never be acting the way she did yesterday."

"Ha! You'll thank me." Horny said.

"So can you only stay in and around this house, or can you go anywhere?"

After a pause, a squeaky voice answered. "Ego vado usquam."

"What?"

"You should go fuck her. Her pussy is already getting wet," Horny said.

"Whatever! I gotta get to work," Devon said, walking off.

Devon cleaned his room and wasn't bothered by the voice again while he worked. He was cleaning another bedroom when he sensed a presence in the doorway. Startled, he turned to see Lacey leaning in the doorframe watching him. "Jesus, Mom, you scared me."

Lacey giggled. "Sorry sweetie. Did you think it was the evil sex demon stalking you?" she said, then laughed.

Devon did his best to stay off that subject. "I finished my room and just about have this one done, then I'll move on to your room if you want?"

Lacey slowly started towards him. "Yeah, I suppose I should strip the bedding. It looks like an orgasm bomb exploded in there," she said, making them both laugh.

"Yeah, probably a good idea before dad gets here."

"Ugh, your dad. Don't remind me," she muttered with a down look.

"Are you nervous to see him, because of the phone conversation you guys had?"

"No, not nervous, just sad."

"Sad because he might divorce you?" Devon joked.

"Ha no, sad because I'll have to go back to getting a mediocre dick," she said, looking her son in the eyes.

"Oh, um, sorry."

"You know, since our outing this morning, I've been thinking. Like you said, I was helping you yesterday, so um, we really didn't do anything wrong," Lacey said, stepping up to him.

"We didn't?"

She fumbled with his collar teasingly. "No. Educational sex isn't the same as real sex. It's different. So, I thought about that, and...well, I couldn't help but think about how there were some things that I didn't get a chance to show you. Things that I think would help you, you know, when you experience them with girls your own age."

Devon's chest began to tingle with excitement. Clearly Mr. Horny had been hard at work on his mom downstairs. "What kinds of things?"

Lacey looked him in the eyes as she slowly dropped to her knees. "The kinds of things I think you'll like a lot."

Devon watched as she undid his shorts and pulled them down, along with his briefs. Her nostrils flared excitedly from the delightful musky aroma that was rising from his loins. Gripping his cock around the root, her tongue came out and swiped wetly across his big plum colored prick-knob.

"Ohhh man," Devon whimpered, as he watched his mom's long pink tongue swirling around on the tip of his cock.

She tilted her head and began to lick up and down his thick, iron-hard prick. She rolled her tongue on his balls, then drew it all the way up to his pulsating cock-knob, fluttering it against the underside of that flaring wedge. She ducked down again and criss-crossed her tongue as she traced up the bulging ventral vein. "Ohh my God, Mom," Devon whimpered.

Lacey took his meat in her mouth and let it sink until it clogged her throat.

"Ohhhgghh," the boy whimpered, feeling her hot sucking mouth around his cock.

She retracted some, then sucked in even more meat, taking all of his prick into her mouth. Her chin jammed against his smooth nuts and her nose nestled in his wiry pubic hairs as she swallowed his prick to the hilt and held it there.

"Jeeeesus!" Devon's voice quivered as his knees buckled.

"Ggnunnnffhhh," Lacey's throat gurgled, keeping him there for as long as she could. Then she drew back up, the tight ring of her lips squeezing on his cockshaft as her tongue flew wildly against the throbbing rod and crown.

Then the willing mother went to work, her head bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob

fashion.

Devon watched wide-eyed as his mom's stretched lips traveled up and down his erection. She circled her fist around the root and beat his meat into her mouth while she sucked. Every little while, his cock popped from her lips and her strong thick tongue lashed as it circled his wet nob. "Are you liking this, sweetheart?" Lick, lick. "Do you like having your cock sucked like this?" she asked between more licks.

"Yess."

She sucked him deep and bobbed her head again, fucking his hard cock with her mouth and throat. She paused, but only long enough to speak. "Feed me your baby cream."

Lacey bobbed her head faster, fucking her face with her son's hard prick. Soon the slurping, gurgling sounds of a good blow-job filled the bedroom, as the big titted mother greedily sucked.

"I'm gonna cum, Mom!" Devon cried.

Lacey sucked the big cock as hard as she could, panting through her nose. Her left hand pushed between his thighs, squeezing his smooth nut-sac.

"It's gonna...Ohh, Mom!" Devon gasped. His face contorted as he experienced the incredible intensity of his mother's cock-sucking. "Uuuggghh!!"

The spunk shot onto the roof of Lacey's mouth, oozing down her throat. Devon whimpered as she eagerly sucked down his load.

"Ohh my God," Devon moaned as he felt his mom suck every drop of cum from his spurting rod.

The knob of his prick popped from Lacey's lips and she smiled up at him. "That was yummy," she said, catching her breath.

Devon watched his mother stand back up and shed her tank top. She reached around and unclasped her big white bra. Her king-sized jugs sprung from the cups, bobbling heavily as she tossed the bra aside.

The teen couldn't help but reach down and stroke his still-hard cock as Lacey pulled her shorts off.

The stripping mother watched her son's fist travel up and down the thick column of cockmeat. "Yes, keep it hard. I just saw a spider in here."

"You did?" Devon asked, not taking his eyes off her as she peeled her thong panties down her silky legs.

Lacey stepped out of her panties. Now completely naked, she stepped towards her teen. "Yes, I did and you know what that means, don't you?"

"What?"

Lacey placed her hands on his shoulders and gracefully sprung from the floor, wrapping her strong naked mommy-legs around his midsection. "I need you to hold me again," she said, pressing her tits on him as she tightened her embrace. "Hold me like you did before, only this time I want your cock inside me."

She reached down and guided his throbbing rod inside her creamy groove. "Uuhhgg," the boy sighed as his boner sunk all the way inside her cunt.

"Ohh yess, fuck meee," the hot mother whimpered, pivoting her hips so she could grind on her son's big cock.

Devon took big handfuls of meaty buttocks as he held mom in the standing fuck position. "Pin me against the wall and fuck me hard!" she gasped, planting wet kisses.

Devon obliged. Lacey's back smacked against the bedroom wall and Devon moaned in delight as he melted into the warm motherly curves folded around him. His cock throbbed and cut up through the tight hot pocket of pink pussy, kissing the back wall of her cunt with his cockhead on every thrust.

"Yesss!" the horny mother cried, clutching her teen, squeezing his lean frame with her smooth muscular legs. Her big tits heaved and jiggled, pancaked against his bare chest.

They kissed passionately, their tongues lashing in a wild frenzy. Devon thrust his hard cock with desperate intensity, feeling her use her strong cunt muscles to provide him with maximum pleasure.

The teen's knob tingled, sending an electric jolt to his balls. He slowed his thrusts a tad and tightened his ass, using his skills to prolong their hot sex.

"Oh my God, baby, that's it!" Lacey cried, proud of his progress. "Lift me up and down. Make me bounce and cum on your cock."

Devon stepped back from the wall with a firm grip on her ass with both hands. Lacey held tightly around his neck. Immediately she lifted her long legs high, wiggling her ass on him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick. "Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!" Her cunt beat wetly on his cock as he lifted her up and down, fucking with savage thrusts.

For a full minute they kept this fuck-pace, Devon skewering Lacey's cunt as it beat on his loins. "Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!"

"Unnnnggghhhh!" she cried out, her pussy turning to cream. Her body trembled. She tossed her legs around his back, scissoring her ankles together at his waist as she humped, pumping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Ohhh fuuck!" she moaned and shook, squirting more juice.

The couple suddenly heard another woman's moan echo through the house, then another woman and then another, screaming out in orgasm. Boys' voices began to join the chorus, moaning and whimpering. It was as if there were a dozen mother and son couples in various areas of the house engaged in a hot fuck, just as Devon and Lacey were.

Devon peered around as he listened, but Lacey continued kissing him, paying little attention to the ghostly cries, as if it was just background music. From what he had found out about the house, it all made sense to the teen. "It must be the voices of moms and sons who've occupied the house in the past. So many of them," he thought as he continued to dick his own mother's cunt.

Devon returned his focus to the task at hand. The jiggling curves and hot juicy cunt on his prick felt exquisite. Hard and fast his ass moved, fucking his jutting prick into her velvety pussy. Lacey gasped as she felt the rhythmic force of his fuck thrusts.

Pleasure shot through the boy's body. "Ohhh damn, Mom, here I cum!" he cried out.

Hot cum gushed up from his balls. Lacey sighed with pleasure as she felt the cock twitch, squirting into the tight grip of her pussy, bathing the inner walls.

Devon's whimpers joined those that were echoing through the house as big ropes of jizz shot out his pisshole and into Lacey's slick smothering cunt.

As the last of his cum oozed from his prick, Devon continued to hold his mom as she planted soft sensual kisses. "You okay?" she asked softly.

"More than ok," he gasped with a smile.

"You're still hard. Are you trying to tell me something?" Lacey said.

"Like what?"

She smiled naughtily. "Like you wanna carry me down to bed and fuck me all over again."

"I'm down with that," he said proudly.

"Well then get a move on, hot shot," she said, giving his ass a little kick with her heel.

Devon carried his clinging mother out the doorway and down to the master bedroom. For two more hours they fucked to near exhaustion, finally collapsing in a sweaty heap of naked flesh.

They kissed and stroked each other's bodies for what seemed like an eternity. Devon was sucking his mother's tits when a text went off on her phone. She reached over to look, then sat up in a panic. "Shit!"

"What?"

"It's your father, they're twenty minutes away," she said, hopping up and slipping on her panties.

Devon hurried to his feet and began getting dressed. "I thought they weren't gonna be here until tomorrow."

"They must have decided not to stop for the night."

In only her panties, Lacy reached over and fondled Devon's cock through his briefs. "This is so unfair. I need you inside me again."

"Yeah, but we can't. They'll be here before you know it."

"That's true, but what if we're not here," she said, clinging to him, rubbing her wobbling tits on his chest.

"Not here?"

"Yes, exactly. We didn't know they were so close. We went out for a drive. We went some distance. It might be awhile before we even get back," she said, formulating a plan.

"So we're leaving?" Devon asked, amused at his mom's attempt to get more time with him.

"Yess. I love to fuck in a car. We'll find a nice secluded spot. It'll be wild," she said with a thrill.

Devon laughed. Even in desperate times, he would never turn down a chance to fuck her.

"Whatever you want, Mom."

Minutes later, they were rushing to the car. They jumped in and Lacey started the engine. "Shit, what way will they be coming? We don't wanna pass them on the road."

Devon pointed. "That way. That's the way we came when we got here."

Lacey turned the car around and tore off in the opposite direction. As she drove, she reached over and fondled her son's cock through his shorts. "Oh baby, keep it hard. I need it hard," she said in an extremely horny tone.

"You keep doing that and it will stay hard forever," he sighed, feeling his mother's hand squeeze and pull.

Lacey suddenly froze, then put her wandering hand back on the steering wheel. "Oh my God, what am I doing?!"

"What? Ohh..." Devon muttered, suddenly remembering how she had drastically changed the last time they left the house. "She must be outside the horny demon's influence again! Fuck, here we go with the tears," he thought.

Lacey sniffled. "I've been absolutely awful."

"It hasn't been just you, Mom. I'm to blame too."

She brought the car to a quick stop. "No, I'm the mother. I should never have let those things happen between us."

"It wasn't you. I mean, it was, but it was mostly the demon that lives in the house. The sex demon that the lady at the diner told us about. It's been making you...um, us do things." Devon explained, not wanting his mom to believe that he was fooling around without supernatural influence.

"Yes, your right. We have to do something."

"Do what?"

"If we go back to that house it'll ruin us. It'll destroy my marriage. It will break apart our family. Things will be a mess."

"We have to go back though. Dad and Jenna are almost at the house."

Lacey took a second to regain her thoughts. "Even if I somehow convince your father to leave the house, to not live there, this demon, it'll keep trying to control whoever lives there. Who knows how many families it will break apart. We can't let that cycle continue."

"So, um, what are you suggesting, Mom?"

"We have to stop it and there may be only one way to do that." Lacey said as her and her son looked at one another, both knowing what had to be done.

Back inside the house, Lacey and Devon rushed through the kitchen. The teen pulled the stove away from the wall and he and his mom looked at the gas line. "Shit, do we have any tools to disconnect it?" Lacey asked.

Devon glanced around frantically. "I could check the basement."

"No time." The mother said, then tried to pull it apart, but to no avail. "Damnit!"

"Let me try, Mom!" Devon said, grabbing the gas line.

"Hey, what are you doing?!" Came a squeaky voice from across the kitchen. Both mother and son heard it and looked in that direction. "You guys should get in bed and fuck. You could be fucking your asses off right now."

"Don't listen." Lacey muttered, doing her best to focus on the task at hand.

"You both should thank me," Horny said.

Devon yanked on the line as Lacey continued to look in the direction of the voice. Suddenly the line popped free and gas fumes began to spew from the broken end. "Got it, Mom! Let's get outta here!"

"You know you wanna suck his dick. His big juicy dick," Horny said, capturing the mother's attention.

"Yess," she muttered as if in a sexual trance.

Devon choked on the gas fumes, which quickly filled the kitchen. "No! I got the matches. We have to go, Mom. Let's go!" he shouted, physically pulling her to the door.

"Wait, come back! Put his dick in your cunt again! Fuck! Suck!!" The demon's voice called out.

Rushing out the back door, Devon turned and lit a match. "Suck on this!" he shouted, then threw the match inside.

The kitchen's interior ignited in a giant ball of fire. Hand in hand, Mom and son rushed away from the house as the flames quickly spread.

A short time later, a large moving truck came up the wooded street. As Ron and his daughter looked out the window, a brilliant orange glow came into view. "Something's on fire," Jenna said.

"That 'something' is our house. Shit!" Ron said in panic and disbelief.

"Oh my God," his daughter muttered.

The house was fully engulfed. Lacey and Devon stood at the side of the street just out of harm's way. Ron stopped the truck, jumped out and quickly embraced his wife. "Are you guys ok?"

"We barely got out. I don't know what happened. We woke and...and there was smoke everywhere," she lied.

"It's gonna be ok," Ron muttered in disbelief as they watched their dream home go up in flames.

Lacey squeezed her husband tight. "Thank God you're here."

Devon smiled inside seeing his mom gladly back together with his father. There was a tinge of guilt knowing what they'd been up to, but also a bit of sadness and jealousy, realizing that it would never happen again.

TWO MONTHS LATER

The family was happily settled in a new home in a different town. It was a charming Cape on a big piece of land. Even though the burned up Victorian was uninsured, Ron hoped he would still be able to regain most of his investment by selling the lakefront parcel. Lacey prayed that whoever purchased it had no intention of building a home there.

Life soon got back to normal. Ron was busy at his new job. Jenna eagerly started school and made new friends. Devon was preparing for college and had secured part-time work locally.

Lacey returned to her life as a housewife. She had patched things up with her husband by convincing him that their phone conversation that night was just a joke pushed too far. The mother was eager to add a new addition to the family very soon. It was only a week ago that her doctor informed her that she was two months pregnant. The family was elated. Her and Devon hadn't discussed their sexual exploits, nor the fact that he was most likely the one who had gotten her pregnant.

Devon was in his bedroom scrolling through social media when he was startled by a familiar squeaky voice. "Did you miss me?" Horny asked.

"Oh shit," he muttered, staring across the room.

"You're alone in the house with her. Her pussy's wet. You should fuck her!" Horny said.

"How? How did you get here?"

After a pause, a squeaky voice answered. "Ego vado usquam."

"What?"

"I go anywhere."

"So how did you find us? When did you get here?" Devon asked, his heart tingling excitedly at the implications.

His door slowly swung open and Lacey appeared in the doorway. "Sweetie? Who are you talking to?"

Devon marveled at how incredibly sexy she looked standing there in shorts and a snug cami

top. Her belly was showing the beginnings of a baby-ball and her tits were already visibly bigger. "Nobody, Mom, just thinking out loud," he lied.

Lacey smiled at him. He was lying. She knew he was. "Why don't you come down to my bedroom. I um, I need you to help me with something," she said with a wicked sparkle in her eye.

"Oh um, ok. Be right there."

After she stepped out, Devon sat there a moment, his cock hardening in his shorts. "Maybe it's nothing. I shouldn't get my hopes up. She probably just needs help moving something. I know Horny found us, but she could have more resolve this time. She would probably never let things go that far again," he thought.

He walked out of his bedroom. On the hallway floor was a trail of clothing...tank top, bra and panties that his mom was just wearing, all leading to his parents bedroom. His heart skipped a beat, cock flexing in his briefs.

He heard Horny's voice behind him. "You should thank me."

Devon smiled. "Thank you," he said.

THE END