

# THE UNEXPECTED LESSON



SHORT STORY BY KLRXO

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Mila lounged against the headboard, her phone glowing in the dim lamplight of the bedroom. Her pale-pink nightgown clung to her curvy frame, the thin fabric stretching tight over her heavy, braless tits. Her nipples protruded lewdly from beneath the fabric – turgid, suckable teats at the centers of wide areola.

Beside her, her husband snored softly, oblivious as always, his arm draped loosely over the covers. She scrolled through Instagram, liking photos of beach vacations and fit moms in yoga pants, her mind wandering to the dull routine of their marriage. No spark, no heat—just this passive trust that left her aching for something raw.

Her phone buzzed sharply, shattering the quiet. Chester's name flashed on the screen. She answered quickly, pressing the phone to her ear. “Honey, is everything ok?” she asked in concern.

“Mom, I need help,” his voice came out in a frantic whisper.

“Slow down, honey. What's wrong?”

Mila sat up straighter, her fat tits shifting heavily under the gown, brushing against her arms.

“I'm on my date with Sarah, and... she just asked if I'd eat her out.”

Mila's cheeks turned pink and she shrugged her shoulders awkwardly. “Ok... well, that's a normal request a girl may make on a date, sweetheart,” she told him.

“I know, I just... I don't know how,” he confessed. “I've never done it. What do I do?”

Mila's breath caught, a forbidden thrill shooting straight to her core. Her son's innocent desperation stirred something deep, something she kept buried from her clueless husband.

She glanced sideways at him, his eyes still closed, chest rising and falling steadily. Heat flushed her cheeks as she imagined Chester's young face buried between female thighs, his tongue fumbling.

Her husband stirred, mumbling, “Everything okay, hon?”

“Yeah, everything's fine,” she said, forcing a casual tone, her voice steady despite the pulse throbbing between her legs. “Just Chester on his date... having trouble with his ATM card. I'll handle it.”

She slipped out of bed, her sexy bare feet padding softly on the carpet. Her nightgown rode up her thick thighs as she moved, the fabric whispering against her skin. She didn't bother adjusting it—let her meaty mommy-ass sway freely, heavy boobs bouncing with each step toward the door.

In the hallway, she quickened her pace to the study, heart pounding. The door clicked shut behind her, and she leaned against it, exhaling shakily.

The room was small, cluttered with books and a desk, a single desk lamp casting warm shadows. She locked the door, the sound echoing like a promise. Her pussy clenched at the thought of what she was about to do—teach her own son how to devour a woman.

“Chester? You still there?” she asked.

“Yeah, Mom. Can you help me? I don't wanna screw this up.” His voice trembled, so young and eager.

Mila pressed the phone tighter to her ear, her free hand drifting unconsciously to the hem of her nightgown, fingers brushing the soft skin of her thigh. She could feel her pussy lips swelling inside her Victoria's Secret panties, slick heat building as she pictured her son's mouth on some girl's wet slit—his tongue lapping eagerly.

“Okay, honey, listen close,” she whispered, her voice husky.

“First, you'll need to slide her panties off slow. Hook your fingers in the waistband, right at her hips, and tug them down her thighs.”

“Ok,” Chester answered. “That sounds easy enough.”

“Feel the fabric drag over her skin,” Mila continued, “exposing her hot, eager pussy inch by inch. If she's wet

already—and she will be, if you did the kissing right—you'll see her juices glistening on those pink folds.”

Chester's breath hitched on the line, a soft gasp that made Mila's clit throb. She leaned back against the desk, her thick ass pressing into the edge, legs parting slightly as arousal soaked through her own dainty thong.

“Next, you'll get between her legs,' she continued, her words spilling out raw and urgent. “Spread her thighs wide with your hands—grip those soft inner parts firm, but not too rough yet.”

“Got it,” her son gasped. “Then what?”

“Lower your face right to her pussy, smell that musky scent, all tangy and needy,” Mila instructed. “Start with your tongue flat, lick up from her asshole to her clit in one long, slow stroke. Taste her—salty-sweet, like she's dripping just for you.”

“Wow,” the boy whispered. “You make it sound s-so amazing.”

“It will be,” said his mother. “Circle her clit with the tip of your tongue, flick it light at first, then suck it into your mouth, gentle pulls while she squirms.”

She paused, her own hand slipping under the nightgown now, fingers grazing the damp silk gusset of her panties. Saying it out loud ignited her—visions of Chester's young

lips on his date, his inexperience making it all the more intoxicating. Her fat, rubbery nipples strained against the fabric, hard peaks begging for attention.

“Mom... uh, wait,' Chester stammered, his voice cracking with confusion. “Go back to the flat tongue part. I don't get it. Is it like licking an ice cream cone or something?”

“Well, yes, honey... you could imagine it that way.”

“What if I choke on her juices or bite her clit by accident?” he asked.

Mila bit her lip, a low moan nearly escaping as frustration mixed with her building lust. His fumbling words only fueled the taboo fire in her gut—her boy, so desperate, so close to understanding the raw pleasure of burying his face in cunt. But words weren't cutting it; she needed to show him, feel his breath on her skin, guide that eager tongue herself.

“Chester, honey, it's hard to teach this over the phone,” she admitted, her voice thick with desire. “Descriptions aren't enough—you gotta see it, feel it. How far away are you? Can you come home real quick?”

There was a pause, the sound of muffled voices in the background—his date, probably wondering what the hell was up. Mila's heart raced, her fingers pressing harder against her soaked panties, rubbing slow circles over her plump, aching clit through the fabric.

“Yeah, Mom, I... I think so,” Chester replied, his tone a mix of relief and nerves. “We’re just at the park, like ten minutes away. I can tell Sarah I gotta run home for something urgent—forgot my wallet or whatever. She’ll wait, I hope. Be there soon.”

“Good boy,” Mila breathed. “Come straight to the study—door’s locked, but I’ll let you in. I’ll be waiting right here.”

Mila paced the study, her bare feet sinking into the plush carpet, the nightgown’s thin fabric whispering against her thighs with every step. Her pussy throbbed, slick juices soaking her panties, the ache building as she imagined Chester’s arrival—his young, fumbling hands on her body, his mouth finally learning to devour a wet cunt.

The house was silent beyond the door, her younger children sleeping and her clueless husband snoring away in bed, oblivious to the taboo storm brewing.

She glanced at the clock; ten minutes felt like an eternity, her heavy tit-melons straining against the nightgown, nipples rock-hard and scraping the material.

A soft knock shattered the quiet. Mila’s heart slammed in her chest as she hurried to the door, twisting the knob and pulling it open just enough for Chester to slip inside.

He looked disheveled, cheeks flushed from the rush, his eyes wide and darting as he stepped into the dim lamplight. She shut the door behind him with a firm click, then reached

for the lock, the metallic snick echoing like a promise. No interruptions now—the outside world blocked out, just her and her boy in this forbidden space.



“Thanks so much for helping me,” Chester said as he stood there awkwardly, his gaze dropping to her chest where her huge tits wobbled beneath the clinging nightgown.

The motion made her nipples poke out sharper, and she saw him swallow hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. Fuck, he was so innocent, so ripe for her to corrupt.

“Come to the bed, sweetie,” Mila said as she took his hand in hers, pulling him toward the side of the room where the small study bed waited.

“Listen,’ she murmured, her voice low and commanding, “I want you to pretend I'm Sarah. Pretend this is your date, and I'm the one begging for your mouth on my pussy. You follow my instructions exactly—no thinking, just do it. Got it?”

Chester nodded jerkily, his eyes locked on her tits, breath coming in short bursts. “Y-yeah, Mom. I mean... okay.”

Mila guided his hands to the hem of her nightgown, pressing his fingers against the warm skin of her thigh. “Start here. Slide this off me slow. Grip the fabric and pull it up over my head.”

His fingers fumbled at first, hooking into the soft cotton, but then he tugged upward, the nightgown peeling away from her curves. It caught briefly on the large swell of her tits before releasing, and they bobbed free—full, pendulous orbs swaying heavily, pink nipples erect at the centers of her huge areolar caps, and begging for attention.

Chester's eyes bulged, staring openly at tits ten times larger than his date's teenage rack. He let out a shaky exhale, the nightgown dropping forgotten to the floor.

“Holy shit,’ he whispered, voice cracking. “Your... they're so big.”

Mila smirked, stepping out of the pooled fabric, her curvy body fully exposed except for the soaked panties hugging her hips. She could feel his gaze burning into her tits, tracing the soft, rounded undersides, the way they jiggled with her movements.

“My boobs are different from girls your age, honey,” she whispered. “They're swollen from motherhood.”

“I wish Sarah's were that size.”

“Eyes up here for now, honey,” she advised, staying on subject. “Pull my panties off now. Hook your thumbs in the sides, right at my hips, and peel them down.”

Chester's hands shook as he obeyed, thumbs sliding into the waistband, brushing her hip bones. He tugged downward carefully, the damp silk dragging over her skin, revealing the smooth, shaved mound of her pussy.

A string of her arousal clung to the fabric as it pulled away, snapping wetly when the panties cleared her thighs.

He knelt instinctively to help them off her ankles, his face inches from her crotch, and Mila spread her legs slightly, letting him inhale her scent—tangy, pungent, pure need.

“Good boy,” she purred, stepping free and kicking the panties aside.

Her shaved pussy lips glistened, swollen and parted just enough to show the pink inner folds dripping with juice. The dome of her prepuce protruded from the flanges, shrouding a juicy clit as plump as a ripe blueberry.

“It's beautiful,” he uttered.

“Thanks,” she blushed.

Mila took his hand again, leading him to the bed, and sat on the edge, then lay back, propping herself on her elbows. Her tits splayed out to the sides, heavy and inviting, as she parted her thighs wide and brought her knees back, exposing everything.

“Now get between my legs,” she whispered. “Kneel right here, face to my pussy. Spread my thighs with your hands—grip the insides firm.”

Chester dropped to his knees, his jeans tenting obviously with his hard cock, but he focused as she commanded, hands clamping onto her soft inner thighs, pushing them apart even.

Her pussy opened further, the slick lips blooming like a wet flower, fat clit peeking out hooded and throbbing. He leaned in close, nose almost brushing her folds, and marveled at the sight—the smooth shave making every detail stark, the fragrant heat wafting up, musky and intoxicating, her juices already beading at the entrance to her hole.

“Fuck, Mom... it's so... pretty. And wet,” he breathed, eyes wide, inhaling deeply. The smell hit him hard—salty-sweet arousal, making his mouth water.

Mila's breath hitched, her clit pulsing under his stare.

“That's right, honey. Now lick it. Start with your tongue flat—drag it from my asshole up to my clit, one long stroke. Taste me.”

He hesitated for a split second, then pressed his tongue out, flattening it against the puckered ring of her asshole. The rough texture sent a jolt through her, and she moaned low as he licked upward, the wet muscle gliding over her perineum, through her dripping folds, collecting her juices in a slick trail that ended with a flick over her swollen clit.

“Oh god, yes—just like that,” she gasped, her hand tangling in his hair, guiding him back down. “Again. Slower this time. Then circle my clit with the tip of your tongue.”

Chester dove in hungrily now, tongue lapping at her pussy with growing confidence, slurping up her tangy fluids as they leaked out. He traced her big clit in tentative circles,

the nub hardening further under his attention, and Mila's hips bucked, tits bouncing with the motion.



Her son's mouth on her forbidden cunt felt wrong and perfect, the taboo rush making her soak his chin. He sucked lightly on her bulb, pulling it between his lips, and she cried out, pussy clenching around nothing, desperate for more.

Mila's fingers tightened in her son's hair, pulling his face harder against her dripping pussy, the pressure making her swollen lips mash against his mouth.

“Suck my folds now, baby,” she commanded, voice husky and urgent. “Pull those fat lips into your mouth one by one—suck hard, like you're trying to drink my juices straight out. Then tease my clit with your tongue, flick it fast and light.”

Chester's licker darted out clumsily at first, catching the edge of her outer lip and sucking it between his lips with a wet slurp. The pull sent a sharp spark through her core, her pussy clenching as he tugged the soft flesh, releasing it with a pop that echoed in the quiet study.

He moved to the other side, his mouth sloppy, teeth grazing too rough, but the raw eagerness of it made her thighs quake.

“Easy on the teeth, honey—suck softer, roll your tongue around it,” she coached, her hips rolling up to feed more of her slick cunt into his face.

He adjusted, sucking her inner folds next, the tender pink meat dragging over his lips as he nursed on them, lapping up the tangy flood leaking from her hole.

“Fuck, yes—now the clit,” Mila gasped, her voice breaking as she watched his eyes flutter up to meet hers, full of nervous hunger.

His tongue tip found her throbbing nub, circling it tentatively, then flicking quick like she'd said. The thrashes were uneven, too slow at first, missing the rhythm, but each brush ignited her nerves, her clit swelling fatter under the assault.

She bucked against him, smearing her wetness across his cheeks, the taboo thrill of her own son's mouth devouring her forbidden pussy making her leak even more.

“Faster, Chester—flick it like you're desperate to make me cum. Suck it in and hum against it.”

He latched onto her clit, sucking the meaty bulb deep into his hot mouth, the vibration of his muffled hum buzzing straight to her core.

Mila's back arched off the bed, her heavy tits slapping together as she writhed, nipples aching to be licked and bitten. Chester's sucks grew sloppier, his tongue pressing too flat, rubbing instead of teasing, but she could feel him trying, his awkward strokes building a messy friction that had her pussy pulsing.

“Not like that—lighter circles now, tease it, don't mash it,” she instructed breathlessly, guiding his head with her hand,

angling his mouth so his tongue hit the underside of her clit perfectly.

He followed, circling with more precision, the wet smacks of his lips on her folds filling the room, her arousal dripping down his chin onto the sheets. The study air hung thick with the scent of her pussy—musky and sharp, mixed with his saliva as he slurped greedily.

Mila's mind raced with filthy thoughts: her boy learning to eat cunt on his mother's shaved slit, his clueless father snoring just down the hallway, the risk of getting caught only fueling her lust.

“Deeper now—stick your tongue in my hole, fuck me with it,” she ordered, spreading her thighs wider, her ass lifting off the bed to shove her dripping entrance against his face.

Chester's tongue probed awkwardly at first, the tip poking at her slick opening without thrusting, just wiggling uncertainly. She moaned, frustrated and turned on, reaching down to spread her pussy lips open with two fingers, exposing the tight, weeping hole.

“Like this—push it in deep, then pull out slow. Tongue-fuck my pussy, honey.”

He obeyed, licker spearing into her with a sudden thrust, the muscle stretching her walls just enough to make her gasp. It was clumsy, shallow at first, his nose bumping her clit as he tried to angle right, but the intrusion felt so fucking wrong

and hot—her son's tongue violating her cunt like a mini cock.

“Deeper—curl it up inside me,” she coached, her free hand fisting the sheets, tits bouncing as she rocked against his face.

Chester pushed harder, his tongue delving deeper, fucking in and out with growing rhythm, the wet squelches growing louder as her juices coated his mouth. She felt him gaining confidence, the thrusts speeding up, his lips sealed around her hole to suck while his tongue plunged.

“Oh shit, yes—add your fingers now,” Mila panted, her voice a raw whisper to keep it from carrying. “Slide one in beside your tongue, curl it against my g-spot—right there, fuck, just like that.”

Chester fumbled a hand up, his finger slicking through her folds before pushing into her tight pussy alongside his tongue. The stretch burned sweet, his digit crooked as she directed, rubbing that spongy spot inside her.

He pumped it awkwardly at first, too fast and shallow, but she moaned encouragement, “Slower, deeper—match your tongue, finger-fuck my sloppy hole while you lick.”

His movements synced, tongue and finger working her cunt in tandem, the dual penetration making her walls flutter, her clit throbbing untouched now but begging from the building pressure.

Chester's confidence surged; his tongue-fucking turned urgent, plunging fast and deep, slurping her pussy cream like he couldn't get enough.

Mila's hips bucked wildly, grinding her soaked cunt on his face, her heavy tits flopping side to side with each jerk. The taboo heat coiled tight in her belly—teaching her boy to make a woman squirt on his own mom's pussy lips.

“Don't stop—fuck me harder with that tongue,” she whimpered, biting her lip to stifle the cries, the bed creaking under her thrashing.

The orgasm hit like a freight train, ripping through her voluptuous mommy-bod without warning. Mila's pussy clamped down on his tongue and finger, rippling hard as waves of pleasure exploded from her core.

She squealed into the pillow she'd grabbed, muffling the raw, animal sounds—“Fuuuck, Chester!”—her body convulsing, tits heaving as she squirted.

Hot jets of sweet girl-honey gushed from her bulging urethral slit, spraying onto his lips and chin, drenching his mouth in her creamy release. He kept licking through it, tongue lapping the flood, the squirt soaking his shirt as she rode his face, hips grinding until the last tremors faded.

Panting, Mila released the pillow, her pussy still twitching against his soaked lips, the aftershocks making her clit pulse.

Chester pulled back slightly, face glistening with her cum, eyes wide and dazed, his cock straining painfully in his jeans. She reached down, stroking his wet cheek, the forbidden intimacy hanging heavy between them, her mind already racing to what she'd teach him next.

Chester pulled back from his mom's still-quivering pussy, his face a slick mess of her squirted cum, strings of her creamy girl-honey clinging to his chin and lips like glossy evidence of the taboo feast he'd just devoured.

His eyes locked on hers, wide with a mix of awe and triumph, and then a big, goofy smile spread across his cum-smearred mouth.

“Holy shit, Mom,” he said, voice rough and breathless, wiping a hand across his dripping chin. “Eating pussy is really cool. The way you tasted... and squirted all over me? That was insane.”

“I told you you'd like it,” Mila giggled, her heavy tits rising and falling as she caught her breath, the afterglow of her orgasm leaving her pussy lips puffy and sensitive, still leaking a trickle of her juices onto the sheets.

“Did I do ok?” he asked, wishing he could sink down between those thighs and fuck he hard and fast like a wild dog.

“You did amazing, honey,' she murmured, her voice thick with lingering desire, reaching out to cup his jaw, thumb tracing the path of her cum down his skin.

Mila propped herself up on one elbow, her curvy body shifting on the bed, nightgown long discarded and panties tossed aside, leaving her completely exposed—shaved pussy glistening, tits swaying freely with the movement.

“Do you feel more confident now?’ Mila asked, her tone teasing but probing, wanting to hear him admit how her pussy had schooled him better than any words could.

He nodded enthusiastically, that smile widening, his tongue darting out to lick a stray drop of her squirt from his lower lip. “Yeah, Mom—totally. I get it now. The sucking, the flicking, pushing my tongue in deep... I can picture doing it to Sarah. Making her buck like you did.”

His words sent a forbidden thrill through his mother, imagining him on his date, face buried between some girl's thighs, using the exact sloppy techniques he'd practiced on her dripping hole.

Mila sat up fully, her thick ass sliding on the wet spot they'd made, and grabbed a tissue from the nightstand. She leaned in close, the scent of her pussy heavy on him, and gently wiped his face—dabbing at his chin, his cheeks, pressing the tissue to his lips to clean the creamy residue of her release.

“Good boy,” she purred, her free hand trailing down his chest, feeling the rapid thump of his heart under her palm.

As she wiped, her eyes caught the massive bulge in his jeans, the fabric tented obscenely where his cock strained, a dark wet spot blooming at the tip from his leaking pre-cum.

“Look at you,” Mila said, fingers brushing over the hard ridge of his dick through the denim, making him hiss and jerk. “So fucking hard from eating Mommy's pussy. Bet that cock's throbbing, huh? Aching to cum.”

“Yes,” Chester groaned, shifting his hips toward her touch, his inexperience showing in the way he bit his lip, eyes glazing with need.

She squeezed lightly, feeling the heat and girth of his fuck-meat pulse under her hand, the taboo of groping her son's erection making her own pussy clench emptily.

“When you're done licking Sarah's cunt, you tell her to return the favor, do you understand?” Mila told him. “Make her give you a nice, sloppy blowjob—suck that fat cock down her throat, let her gag on it until you flood her mouth with your cum.”

Chester's breath hitched, his cock twitching under her palm as he nodded frantically, the image clearly firing him up.

“I will, Mom—for sure. I'll make her slurp my dick just like you said. Swallow every drop.”

His voice was eager, almost boyish, but laced with the raw hunger she'd awakened in him.

Mila's heart pounded with a twisted pride, her protective instincts warped into this filthy guidance, teaching her boy not just to please a girl, but to claim his own pleasure from her sloppy mouth.

She leaned in closer, the swell of her naked tits bumping his chest like warm bread-dough. She pressed a quick, secretive kiss to his lips—tasting her own tangy squirt on his tongue as it brushed hers briefly, the forbidden contact electric and brief.

“Go get her, tiger,” Mila whispered against his mouth, pulling back with a wink.

Chester stood on shaky legs, adjusting his raging hard-on in his jeans, the outline of his long cock still prominent as he grabbed his keys. He shot her one last dazed grin before slipping out of the study, the door clicking softly behind him.

The mother collapsed back onto the bed, her body humming with unsatisfied heat, fingers idly circling her still-sensitive clit as she replayed the night—her son's tongue fucking her hole, his finger stretching her alongside it, the squirt soaking his face.

The house was quiet again, her husband oblivious in the next room, but the secret burned between her thighs, promising more lessons to come.

The next morning, the kitchen buzzed with the usual chaos—her husband shuffling around in his business suit, pouring coffee with a yawn, the younger kids chattering over cereal bowls, spoons clinking against dishes.

Mila moved through the routine like always, flipping pancakes on the griddle, her curvy figure hugged by a simple robe that did little to hide the sway of her heavy tits or the subtle ache in her pussy from last night's ride on Chester's face.

She felt his eyes on her across the table, a silent pull amid the oblivious family din. Glancing up from plating the food, Mila caught Chester's gaze, her expression neutral for the others but loaded with inquiry—Did you do it? Did she suck you off after?

He met her look steadily, a secretive grin tugging at his lips, and discreetly flashed her a thumbs up.

Pride swelled in her chest, hot and taboo, imagining him last night: tongue buried in Sarah's pussy, mimicking the way he'd devoured hers, then her lips wrapped around his cock, slurping until he came down her throat.

Mila winked back at him, quick and conspiratorial, her pussy tingling at the shared secret as she set a plate in front of her husband, who mumbled a thanks without looking up from his phone.

The morning carried on, but under the surface, the forbidden bond pulsed—Chester's confidence blooming from her instruction, and Mila already wondering what other lessons her boy might need, her clit throbbing at the thought of guiding his hard cock next time.