A Futa Mom’s Punishment Pt.2

(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic story contains explicit Futa on male, incest and domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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A Futa Mom's Punishment pt.2

Jonathon idled through the park, not registering the glorious blue skies overhead or cool breeze rippling his hair.

Only two minutes from home.

A frisbee whizzed past his right ear, but he didn't stop to remonstrate the young kids who giggled as it spun away on the lush grass. His head wasn't remotely focused on the group project he had been given, or Sandy, the hot girl in the second row of his class that he usually perved on, being put in the same group. His mates had been so jealous that they couldn't understand how Jon had simply responded with a brisk 'sure,' when asked if he was excited.

That was because he was too busy daydreaming about Mom's dick.

Teenage hormones drove his emotions into overdrive as he pictured that fat veiny cock in his mouth again, and he realised with a start that he was making eye contact with a mature woman pushing a pram towards him. Shoulder-length brown hair and a hint of freckles.

Just like Mom.

His cock began to rise in his pants, and he whimpered as he realised she was staring back in confusion, brow furrowed, before locking her gaze ahead of her, and Jon's eyes went wide, keeping his head low as they passed in silence.

What was wrong with him?

Nothing in the real world was getting through because his brain was already sliding back to her warm embrace. He reflexively reached to his rear end and touched the spot where she had entered him, before snatching his hand away when he realised he was still in public and people might see him touching his asshole, stuttering past a group of other teens hanging out on the grass.

One who had a cigarette halfway out of his mouth eyed him with a morose stare.

'What if they can see that I'm thinking about my Mom fucking me in the ass…..'

He hurried onwards, gluing his eyes to the floor.

What had she done to him?

What was she *going* to do to him?

Mom hadn't touched Jon since that first, life-changing experience. When he had woken up being spooned by his naked Mom, her wet crotch nestled between his

buns like a hot dog…. So many emotions had flown through him in that second. Shock. Fear. Warmth…. Comfort?

Physically, things were opaque.

An aching asshole… with that thing wedged between his cheeks.

Her giant dick.

Crippling shame had grabbed hold of his throat and squeezed. After wiggling his ass and feeling the beast pulse softly against his skin, he eventually managed to prise his sticky globes free of her weapon, his hands lingering for a moment on the instrument of his second sexual awakening. The skin was tougher than he expected, and it took him a few moments to realise it was still hard, like an aggressive sausage between his fingers, the ridge helmet softer, and squishier.

He had squeezed it, run his hand up and down…… it was difficult let go.

After five minutes of thinking he was going to cry, and instead finding his brain screaming for his own Mother's filthy embrace again, Jonathon had scarpered as soon as he felt her potentially rousing from her slumber, creeping into the shower to wash his Mother's cum from his asshole, aching all over, before having the most humiliating wank in his entire life.

Breakfast didn't feel normal.

Usually he tried to get Mom to do it, but….

He didn't want to see her just yet.

After wolfing down some chocolate he had prepared to go up to his games console…. But realised his Mother was still in his room.

Instead he had simply sat there, pondering existence, before he heard heavy creaks on the staircase. When she eventually arrived his heart began to thump with excitement despite himself. She had changed into a quite ordinary pair of jeans and a long-sleeved striped shirt.

"Good morning, honey."

A sheepish expression was on her face, but it was the fullness of her figure, the proud curves that drew him in, the subtle bulge he could now spy that she had tried to tuck beneath her…

It was like seeing her in a whole different light.

"M… morning…"

His legs crossed tight together as she sidled over to him, bringing her lips close to his ear.

Everything seemed to accelerate, the heartbeat drumming in his chest loud enough for the neighbours to hear, he was sure of it.

"…. I feel wonderful this morning," she whispered, her lips grazing his ear lobe, "how are you?"

He squirmed at the warm breath so close to his face, staring down at the tiled floor.

Mom had giggled, lightly brushing his shoulder, before proceeding to make pancakes, occasionally pushing up on her tiptoes to reach the very highest shelf (which Jon could never reach) for longer than necessary, um-ing and ah-ing over ingredients. It pumped her glutes through the jeans as if she was modelling them for an advert.

He let out a soft whimper.

"Want a pancake honey?"

"Um… no thanks…. I uh… I gotta go…."

Jonathon scrabbled clear of the kitchen, marching upstairs to his room.

He took a few moments in his bedroom to try and calm his beating heart, wringing his shirt as he groped for the Xbox for comfort, for some sense of normality. The controller slipped easily into his palm, but then he remembered that the cable was on the floor and twisted beyond recognition, having been used to tie his hands last night.

Part of the old anger flared up.

"Stupid b-…"

The words caught in his throat.

He knew what it felt like on the receiving end of such words….

'And what it feels like to actually be a bitch….'

He slumped, looking over at the bed that his Mother had left unkempt, and the pieces of his PSP littering the floor.

The discarded clothes from yesterday.

The crumpled sheets.

He could still smell her tangy, ripe scent everywhere, the musk teasing the back of his throat.

Jon scrunched his eyes shut, rubbing his temple, and sagged to the floor for a moment.

'I got fucked in the ass by Mom…..'

He whimpered, but tears that he wished to come didn't appear.

It all replayed like a movie he couldn't switch off in his head - The look in her eyes as she had bent his legs over his head, his world on fire as she gurned in his face, heat exploding in his belly.

Some heat was returning to his groin.

"Ugh…."

He felt sick that a part of him was longing for more of his mother's heat against his insides.

A few minutes went by, until he picked his chin up.

'Just.. get rid of all this… Stop thinking about it.'

He picked up a dirty pillow, slightly yellowed where sweat had dried on it.

'I can't believe I'm cleaning when my mom should be doi-'

The thought caught in his brain.

'I…. shouldn't ask her to come in here… just do it yourself…'

He flipped over the pillow, pulling the sheets until they were neat and square, if not exactly clean. After ten minutes, the duvet was straight, the floor (relatively) clear, and he let out a little sigh of relief.

At least now it didn't look like a gangbang had taken place here.

He sniffed.

It was probably the first time he had ever tidied his own room without being forced to.

"Okay… okay just… just relax…"

He grabbed the cable and hopefully plugged it back into the Xbox, staring at the power light.

"C'mon… c'mon……"

After a few heart-stopping seconds… The light flashed.

"Yyyyyessss!!"

Just as he jumped back into his gaming chair, the sound of the bedroom door knocking froze his soul.

Knock-knock.

“Wh… who’s there?”

His mother’s voice was sweet and gentle.

“Me, silly. May I come in?”

His heart began to pound, electricity running through his body.

“U-um… I-I’m a little… busy…”

The voice paused.

“Oh okay honey… it’s just… I brought you pancakes with chocolate chips in… your favourite….”

Jon’s mouth started salivating automatically, despite the undertone of fear.

They *were* his favourite.

“Um… uh… o-okay….”

The door opened, and his Mother padded in, an apologetic smile on her face.

“Sorry…. Just thought you’d like it….”

She offered him the plate, bending over as she did so, and Jon’s eyes betrayed him with a flick to her cleavage, and the darkness within that meant he could see all the way between them and down to her plain white bra and beyond.

Her shadow loomed over him for a second.

“Uh… thanks….”

She made to leave, speaking over her shoulder as she did so.

“Playing your games?”

His face went pale.

“UHhhhh.. n-no!!! Just… just checking… I wasn’t playing!.....”

She turned from the door as he thrust the controller onto the table, and stopped him by placing a hand on his cheek, a worried look on her face.

“Honey!… it’s Sunday…. You can play *all the games you want* today, okay?”

He stared into her concerned eyes, seeing the beauty in her full cheeks, the lightest of wrinkles here and there adding comfort to her concern. Something in him untightened.

“O… okay….”

She nodded, stroking her thumb up and down before moving to the door and exiting, the door clicking quietly behind her.

He turned to his pancakes, perfectly arranged with a healthy (or rather unhealthy) portion of chocolate dolloped on top, and began to eat, his brain foggy, still enjoying the feeling of her hand lingering on his cheek.

'She didn't get aggressive…. She's doing nice things….It'll be just like before…..'

Once the pancakes were done, his belly full, he settled down back into his usual routine. Except his mind wandered, much more than it ever had playing games.

'What would I do if Mom asked me to suck her tits again?…'

"Hmmm…"

He gripped the controller tight, mashing the slash button as more hordes of enemies appeared in the darkness of the dungeon.

"Yeah…"

There were too many.

"Take… that!....."

He scythed down fifty, but a hundred more appeared.

In the back of his mind, the feeling of his Mother's helmet tickling his special place hidden deep inside his body made him lose concentration, and one of the monsters found an opening, his character going down in a splurge of blood.

"Uhhh….."

He moaned and pushed the thoughts aside, hunching forwards.

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At first, things went back to much the way they had. Jon played games for almost three hours straight.

Just as he was beginning to really get into it, an arrogant smirk settling on his face once more, a voice from far away froze him. His ears perked up, no longer listening to the huge purple demon monologuing at his character.

"AND I WILL DESTROY YO-"

"-ome snacks?..."

pause

"H… Huh??!"

He ripped his headphones off, the hairs on his neck rising, and Matilda's muffled voice floated up the stairs and through his door.

"I SAID did you want some snacks!?"

Snacks. She usually brought him naughty snacks every few hours…

He used to tell her to get out once she'd given them to him. This time there was no way he was risking her getting pissed.

"…. Yeah! Thanks Mom!"

'Maybe she really is going back to normal…'

Silence for a few moments.

"…. Well come down and get them then!"

He grumbled, but now he had said yes he traipsed down the stairs, his old sulky venire almost returned to him.

When he got there, his face fell further.

"Wh-…. erm… what's this?"

"Fruit," she said lightly, before busying herself cleaning up the counter.

"Oh…"

He tried to hide his disappointment.

"…Okay."

'Stupid b…. woman…'

He took the small plate of chopped apple and a sprinkling of blueberries and shuffled back to the stairs.

"Um excuse me?"

He couldn't help the groan as he turned back, before his heart started beating faster as he saw the look on her face.

"… Did you forget something?"

She leant forwards, and he was presented with her cleavage again, a questioning eyebrow raised.

'Does she want me to….?'

"Um…. Well I….."

"Aren't you going to say thank you?"

He let out an awkward chuckle.

"OH…. Th… thanks."

"Thanks who?"

"Thanks Mom."

"You're welcome," she said with a wink, turning to the lowest cupboard and bending over so Jonathon could see the fullness of her ass pointed straight at him, and the clear top of her underwear above the top of her jeans.

‘What? Surely she’s doing that on purpose… It’s pointed straight at me!...’

The underwear was lacy and purple, with small flower designs that hugged her curves.

He stayed on the bottom step for a while, glued to the scene. His mother seemed to take her time, even arching her back so that more of the panties were revealed, truly wedged between her cheeks in this position.

Only self-preservation jerked him out of his revery as he saw the monstrous bulge clearly growing between her legs.

Heat rushed to his centre, slight dizziness taking hold.

He crept away, escaping up the stairs and falling into his bedroom, hard as a rock.

“Fuck,” he murmured.

The moment he had realised he was going to masturbate to his Mom had taken place five minutes earlier.

He grabbed the tissues.

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As it turned out it wasn’t the only time he found himself staring, the day becoming a subtle but constant humiliation, mother keeping him taut like a bowstring, a friendly touch on the shoulder, a knowing smile, leaning back with her elbows touching behind her on the counter so her tits were almost exploding from her chest.

“Honey could you help with the dishes?”

“S-sure mom….

As he was putting away one of the pans, he felt something wedge him against his ass, forcing him against the floor cupboard. He knew what it was immediately as his mother shoved forwards like she was mounting him.

“H-hey!”

“Relax honey, just squeezing past,” she smirked, although the slight bump of her hips against his ass made him mewl.

“Frigid,” she added, making him bristle.

She was doing the barest of movements, and yet he had become a nervous wreck, almost wishing she would just grab a hold of his throat and fuck him up against the fridge instead of tease him with innocent nothings.

‘Wait, what am I thinking?!...’

Thank God for school.

School would sort his head out… except it didn’t.

He sat in silence the whole bus ride, barely responding even when someone hit him in the back of the head with a paper aeroplane.

It was like his head never left home; his imagination would substitute the faces of his teachers, seeing only the mirth in his Mother’s face as she bent over in front of him when he should have been focusing on Mrs Woods explaining Algebra.

“JONATHON, why are you not writing?!”

“Y-yes, yes, sorry Mrs Woods,” he stammered, hunching over his notebook and madly filling the blank page with whatever he could make out on the board.

A few days of churning his mind over and over had left his cock almost constantly erect, to the point that he had to escape to the school bathrooms to relieve himself during breaks, imagining it was his Mom staring at him with an angry expression instead of his history teacher muttering about bringing back the cane.

It didn’t get any easier by the end of the day, hands sliding to his crotch to stop anyone spotting his quaint bulge as he wriggled back onto the bus.

A few of his classmates eyed him on the way in, always alert for a moment of weakness from any of their peers, a chink in the armour.

He shuffled faster, trying to keep his erection quietly tucked away.

A single slip, and the whole school would know.

‘Just act natural…’

He sat down next to someone and tried to keep his legs crossed over.

“Hey.”

Jonathon nearly jumped out of his skin upon realising Sandy, the hot girl who he had been seated next to in history, was speaking to him. She was playing with a long lock of sunny-gold hair.

He hadn’t even noticed she was next to him.

“OH! Uh.. hey.”

“….. Good day?”

“Yeah… yeah fine…”

“Yeah… school is so boring,” she agreed, nodding.

“Yeah.”

"… you…. watch that show last night? Devil-Saints? Everyone is talking about it!"

"… Uh.. no, no I didn't…"

They lapsed into silence.

Sandy furrowed her brow for a moment.

"Well… have you been watching anything?"

He adjusted so his crotch was even more firmly hidden.

"No. Nothing."

Silence descended again, the rest of the bus laughing and cajoling with each other as the bus set off.

Jonathon didn't try to break it, too busy trying to get his Mom's body rubbing against him out of his mind. Sandy groused and looked out of the window, not used to the lack of attention.

Home was less than fifteen minutes away.

He wondered if Mom was still wearing the purple panties, or if she had a different colour today.

***

Jonathon trudged the last few metres down his road.

His brow furrowed as noises began to grow the closer he got to home, morphing into the sounds of laughter and hooting audible from the driveway.

"What the-?"

Cars were parked up around their quaint house.

He knew what this meant - Wine night.

"Uff."

He ground his heel into the sidewalk, as it usually meant that Mom and her friends proceeded to drink a bottle or two of cheap cleaning fluid whilst nattering and complimenting each other on their beautiful growing foals.

Today seemed a little more raucous… in fact they seemed to be *much* higher in volume, and upon realising the voices were coming from the back garden he slipped through the side gate and made his way to the patio where four women in their late thirties and early forties were gathered. They were all dressed semi-provocatively, in tight dresses which showed off their curved, mature bodies.

His eyebrows rose at the three empty wine bottles sitting at the end of the table, with a fourth halfway finished.

“OHHhhhh honnney!”

A beaming figure launched herself up from her chair, and Jonathon mewled as she almost fell on him, having to steady himself and keep her upright as the stench of his mom’s wine-sodden breath hit him.

“Oh Mom… how much did you…?”

She gave a childish duckface, pulling the end of her burgundy skirt so it didn’t ride too high up her thighs. Her white shirt was heavenly, allowing full ogling of her cleavage.

It almost felt nowadays like all her clothes were picked purely to torture him.

“Heeyyyyy I had a perfect amount, bare….barely a glassss…”

Her overbearing grin that followed had the other ladies falling about laughing.

“Ohhhh MATTIE you devil!”

“Haha oh I love the new you!….”

Jonathon couldn’t believe it. He’d never seen her like this.

She squeezed his side.

“Mom.. are you drunk?!...”

“Your son has grown SO much.. he’s an angel!” cooed Annie, one of the regulars that always made condescending remarks on him.

He nodded, his old haughtiness flaring for a second.

“Yeah well, if it’s alright with you all, I’m going upstairs to play games.”

The women seemed unaffected, all except his mother whose facial expression didn’t change, but her unblinking stare and the hand tightening around him almost made Jon pee himself.

“Honey… werrre you just… rude to my friends?”

His ego shrivelled up into a tiny corner of his palpitating heart.

“Um… S-sorry Mom… Ladies…. I’ll go… now!…”

He pulled out of his Mother’s hardening grip and hurried upstairs, shutting his door and wishing with all his might that he could lock it as laughter came up from below.

“You tell him Mattie!...”

“….ow, seems like you finally got him brought to heel!”

More nattering and shrieks of laughter, and Jonathon’s temple throbbed.

‘Ignore it… ignore it….’

He settled down with his console, but the constant thought of his mother's fingers closing on his wrist was haunting, and it took a long time to lose himself in the game.

shing

The swish of the blade carved through the huge monster, but it barely displayed any damage, swinging its spiked tongue in a wide arc that his character barely dodged.

RAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!

The roar made the controller rumble, and he sniffed as it slung a giant hooked claw towards him, having to jump above it and attack the weakness on the disgusting monstrosity's skull.

This should have been his favourite part of this game. The boss fights.

shing-shing-shing!

He couldn't stop thinking about how hot his Mom looked, the way the skirt rode up so high on her legs, revealing so much of her curvy, powerful thighs.

This time the monster staggered back, its eyes lighting up, before hissing and striking once more.

The door creaked open.

Jonathon didn't notice, too lost in his own head whilst mashing dodge as the monster harried him into a corner.

jump-dodge-swivel-

Two hands came around his chest

"Hey baby."

Jon jerked in his chair, his heart pounding as his mother's whisper came loud in his ear, far more sultry than usual.

The monster dove in and sank its claws into the front of the shining, armoured character, and tore a great wound in it, before roaring in victory.

Jon no longer had working fingers, as her hands spread across his chest, her weight coming down heavily on his shoulders.

"H-hi mom…"

She stroked his hair and snorted it, Jon able to feel the air ruffle the top of his head as her hands gripped a little tighter on his chest.

"We didn't gettto… to talk earlier….*Howwwwas school…?"*

Her slurred speech was a clear indicator that the fourth bottle was probably well underway.

"It was… good…. yeah….."

"Mmm…"

She slid down, and Jonathon's lips quivered as she wobbled around the chair, coming to her knees in front of him. The burgundy skirt now had a small stain on the front, and close up her white shirt had a round cut on the chest which made her breasts fit neatly into a half-circular box that he couldn't look away from.

Her expression was far-off, but laced with intent.

"…. Is there anything you need tonight darling…?"

Her hands came to his knees, and began to squeeze them.

"… Anything at all…?"

She spoke like a girl trying to flirt with her teacher for a better grade, a high-pitched whisper that Jonathon had never heard before.

Jonathon was speechless, heart pounding in his chest, his mouth not responding to any sort of commands. His legs were wide, and she pulled them a little wider and shuffled on her knees between them, almost at eye level with him despite being close the ground, lips smudged by a mixture of wine and lipstick

"N… no I'm… I'm okay…."

She looked into both his eyes as if searching desperately for a different answer, squeezing so tight for one heart-stopping second that he thought she was going to make him pay for every last syllable he had just spoken.

Instead, after a tiny nod, she stood up.

"Alright honey… Fine. You… have *sweet dreams*…."

Matilda removed herself from the room, shutting the door a little louder than was necessary.

THNK

Jonathon slumped in his chair, his erection pressing through his pants as he dropped his controller.

***

Jon's eyes snapped open.

It was still dark, and he blinked, groggy from being awoken so early.

He looked up to see what was going on.

Pitch black… he must have slept only a few hours.

Then he noticed… his door was sliding open.

Eeeeeigh

Quick as a flash he closed his eyes, keeping one peeled to try and see.

A shadowy figure.

Jon trembled, clinging tight to the duvet as the figure swayed slightly before making a staggered step inside.

The tang of wine was obvious, even from this distance. It seemed as if she had drunk even more after he had gone to sleep.

One of the floorboards near the bed creaked.

A finger brushed his shoulder.

'Oh God.'

He tried his best not to squeak as he heard more movement.

Not being able to see was terrifying.

A huge sniff took air away from his forehead, and he heard a womanly groan from right on top of him.

Jon had never been more scared in his life as he felt heavy breathing on his cheek… and then it moved away.

'It's her.'

Then he felt something large and slightly hairy touch his forehead. It felt rubbery, and as it began to slide heavily up and down on him, he realised that texture.

Her balls. She was rubbing his face with her huge, sweaty balls.

His nostrils fluttered as the sheer stench of his Mother's testicles invaded his sinuses, eyes watering as he kept them clamped shut, feeling the two fleshy baseballs with saggy skin dragging across his nose as she began to jerk herself whilst t-bagging her sleeping son.

'Fuck…'

The odours were incredible.

His mouth parted automatically, but he managed to seize control of his slutty instincts, jamming it shut again.

"Mmmh…."

The rumble of appreciation from his Mother's belly reverberated through his face, and after a few minutes of slow, perverted rubbing, he sensed her getting close.

Was she going to cum on him?

He felt her balls pulse on his face, and a whimper.

The staccato squelches of a cock spurting cum was clear as day in the silence, the blackness in Jon's vision filling with an imagined scene of his mother spraying cum onto herself.

A few grunts.

Then a number of specks hit his cheek, but he stayed silent, panicking as his breathing threatened to become heavier and give him away.

'Just stay quiet…'

The reek of semen became odious in the room, and his nose crinkled at the bitter tang that meant she must have blown her load as her balls dragged off his face. Maybe she had cum on herself… or done it over another part of his room.

Either way he stayed silent until he heard her sigh in relief, and then stagger to the door again, closing it with what she probably thought was a quiet 'click,' but ended up as more of a thud.

Thnk

He didn't move a muscle until the footsteps had left the landing, moving a finger up to touch the specks of liquid that she had left on his skin.

It wasn't much.

His Mother's seed.

He stared at it in the darkness. It glinted, and he put a nose to it and sniffed.

It was just as he remembered, the sharp, salty musk.

He looked over at the tissue box next to his bed. His mind already knew what it wanted.

He stared at the cum on his finger… and sucked it onto his tongue.

"Mmmh.."

He pulled down his sheets and unveiled his rock-hard cock, so strained and pulsing from his Mother's actions that it almost looked like it had gained another inch, before grabbing it and pounding it with one hand.

He found another speck on his check and sucked it into his mouth.

"Mmmmh-mhhm-mhhh-."

The orgasm came from the third speck, huffing as he spewed onto his belly, wiping his face for any more of his mother's testicle juice as he finished.

When he was done the fog cleared, and self-loathing began to creep into his head.

He grabbed the tissues, cleaned himself up, and fell into a fitful sleep.

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A snorting, fire-breathing dragon appeared in front of Jon, who did a double take, terrified, but then it was morphing into his mother, but she was breathing fire and her cock was spouting lava, and it was hitting his mouth. It tasted just like semen. Excitement began to fill him as he drank it. The lava spilled over the sides of his face, and he lapped it up, and his Mom was eager and groaning, and he was gonna cum, he was going to….

Jonathon's head jerked up from the pillow.

He groaned as he felt the wet warmth.

'Really? This?'

He hadn't had a wet dream in years.

A shiver ran up his spine as the taste of his mother's testicles came to him as if she had plopped them straight back into his mouth again.

He took a while getting dressed, distracted by events the previous night and this morning, wondering what awaited him today.

When he came downstairs, no tight jeans or sly smiles awaited.

'Okay…. probably sleeping.'

He made to grab the last chocolate that was left, but found only oat bars.

'She used up all the last chocolates!?'

"UGGHhhhhh."

He begrudgingly thrust a tough, unchewable bar of cemented oats between his teeth, and found them to be almost impossible to separate, the taste so bland he considered whether it would have been worth eating the packaging instead.

"Hn."

"H-hey.."

He whirled around to the sight of his Mom looking like she'd not slept in days, dark bags under her eyes and her hair unkempt like she'd been mauled by a bear.

‘A hangover….. My mom has a hangover.’

“Feeling okay?” he asked, watching her gingerly find her way to a chair, her pink nighty wrapped around her.

Her legs seemed to go on for days.

“.. I’m feeling rough today..”

“I wonder why.”

She paused, staring at him with a pointed look before settling herself down on the kitchen island whilst he detached another boulder of oats between his teeth.

‘Euch.’

Somehow he managed swallowing the dry lump whole, watching his mother as she clicked on the coffee machine.

“Did we… disturb you last night?” she managed awkwardly.

He said nothing, his heart pounding as he remembered the smell of her balls in his face.

Saliva entered his mouth.

Her face became tight, and Jon reckoned his lack of a response was making her nervous. A little adrenaline spiked, feeling like he was suddenly speeding towards a head-on collision even though he was sat stationary in their kitchen.

“It’s… I’m glad you had fun.”

Her face jerked up to eye him, the sleepiness on her face vanishing.

“You….. really?”

“Yeah… you seemed to have fun last night…. did you?”

She turned back to the coffee machine, fully alert, the play of a smile upon her lips.

“…. Yes...”

His heart slammed against his ribcage.

“….. Very much.”

She busied herself with the coffee, although Jonathon was certain her movements were a little surer of themselves, leaning over to expose a bit more of the tops of her thighs under her nighty, the stretch marks just below her ass teasing what lay above.

Suddenly the oat bar didn't taste so bad, and Jonathon found himself glancing at the clock, wishing it would go slower as his Mother let out a moan upon receiving the first sip of life-giving coffee, closing her eyes.

"Mm…"

Jonathon watched spellbound, the oat bar halfway-in his mouth as she looked up.

"….. Well, don't leave it halfway," she smirked.

He almost fell off his chair, before trying to chew slowly, whimpering as he nearly broke a tooth.

Eventually, with his 'healthy' breakfast consumed, Jonathon reluctantly stood up.

"I… I'm gonna be late for school…."

"Hmm, okay honey."

She leaned over the counter. Her breasts were almost slipping free of her top. She was definitely doing it on purpose.

He stopped, torn between the vision in front of him, and the door.

"Mom…"

"Mmmyes sweety?"

She cinched her tits a little more tightly together, never wavering with her eye contact.

He wavered a lot with his.

"Uh…"

The fear pulled him in one direction. His desire in the other.

She was just about to lean back.

"…Wait!"

He walked back, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Bye."

The smile on her face was like a sunflower blooming.

"Bye honey…."

The biting of her lip was most certainly not motherly.

"…. I'll be here waiting."

"Yeah…"

He walked away, suddenly a little scared of that look in her eye as he scooted to the bus before his erection got too noticeable.

All day he couldn't concentrate, he could only think about how his mother's cheek had felt as he'd kissed it, and the look she'd given him after.

'I bet her cock was so hard after I kissed her… I wonder if she masturbates whilst thinking about me…'

It lodged in his mind the whole day, and school simply washed over him. His friends asked him why he wasn't hanging out as much after school anymore, but Jonathon just told them his Mom wanted him at home.

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The kiss at the door became a regular routine, one which sent Jonathon skipping to the bus, and which made his mother smile so wide it could have generated its own sunlight. One time she even slapped his ass on the way out, and this gave him such a shock (and a day-long hard-on), that he barely registered what was going on around him even when people were speaking right at him.

"MR Andrews, *I said* would you like to answer?"

"Uh, Wha-?!"

He was jerked out of his daydream by the glare of a teacher.

"… Care to answer, seeing as you seem so enraptured?"

"Uh…."

He looked at the chemical symbols on the board.

Mo Ms Di Ck.

For a moment he wondered if he truly was going insane.

"… Nitrogen?"

Those who had been listening laughed. The rest who, like him, had zoned out completely, joined in a few beats later as they realised he had gotten it wrong. The teacher was far less pleased.

"Detention Mr Andrews, Thursday."

"What?! But I-"

"If you want to enjoy Friday as well, I can arrange it."

He snapped his lips shut and watched as Mr Andrews smugly went back to his monologue, the whole class forcing themselves to take in the information or risk the same unfortunate fate.

After class he was lost in his own thoughts when more when the world suddenly revolved, and he was pulled into an eager face with slight buck-teeth, but a sleek-enough hairstyle to cancel them out.

"DUDE, Mr Andrews is such an asshole huh?" said Chris, clapping him on the back.

"Hn!….. Yeah."

"Yeah?"

Chris had olive skin, a short stature, and probably would have been considered nerdy if he wasn't so toned body because he loved MMA. He leaned forwards and punched Jonathon in the side.

"OOF, what the hell man?!"

He grinned as Jon felt what was probably a bruise appearing.

"That's it? Just a *yeah*?!"

"YEAH, what about it?"

Chris let out a loud yipping laugh.

"BRO, like…. you not gonna talk shit about him?! I swear, you got possessed by an angel or something these last few days… or did those prayers at the start of pre-school finally kick in huh?"

'Yeah, I got dogged by an angel with a cock, and its my mom.'

He had to concentrate hard on Chris's face to keep his heartbeat low.

"Would you…. shut up?"

His friend threw his arms up in exasperation.

"Mannnnnn you need to wakey wakey…. Hey, why don't we do some gaming tonight, my place?"

Jon paused.

"Well… I suppose…. Mom told me it was wine night though…. she might need me…"

"PERFECT!" he exclaimed, "you can come over while she's doing that! You never needed an excuse before, right?!....."

Jon let out an exasperated smile. It had been a while since he'd done anything but ogle his Mom and play Xbox….

"… Okay, I guess…. but I'm not playing that stupid MMA game! You always beat me."

Chris gave an innocent smile.

“No worries bro, I would never do that.”

***

Annie proffered the wine bottle, pretty face creasing into wrinkles that she hadn’t possessed before her two children. She liked to joke she would still look like a model if it wasn’t for them, although Matilda knew she still turned heads (just as she herself did).

“Another top-up?”

“Of course, keep it coming!”

A splash of deep red liquid swirled into her glass.

“Goodness Mattie I’m impressed… and a little scared!…. What happened to Mrs squeaky clean?.. not that I’m complaining of course.”

Matilda threw back a healthy dose of Rosé, the liquid tangy enough to make her feel light-headed, before placing her glass down on where she reckoned the coaster had been about an hour before.

“Um…. Well I guess I… oh I don’t know….”

She grabbed it again and swilled it, before enjoying another mouthful.

“… I guess I got tired…. Of doing it all the way I’m supposed to… be well behaved… someone that takes all the shit.”

Annie gasped, impressed.

“My God, my sweet, innocent Mattie is swearing!? What have your impending forties done to you!”

Matilda chuckled.

“Well… for starters I got tired of my son being a little shi… “

She stopped, guiltily.

“..well…..”

Annie nodded sympathetically.

“It’s alright… mine drive me up the wall, make no mistake.”

Matilda sighed.

“Yeah…. But… I might have overreacted a little last time….”

‘By fucking the bells off him.’

She rippled and crossed her legs, swilling the wine loosely.

“…..He reminded me of his Moth-… f-father, I mean…. *He* was a…. bitch.”

Annie let out a squawking chuckle.

“Huhhuh, well that’s fair.”

‘Tight pussy too.’

“What?”

Matilda’s eyes widened.

“Oh.. nothing. Just… the wine, sorry.”

The two women sipped their glasses, leaning back in the deck chairs, looking out over the well-kept lawn, atmospheric lights dotted around forming long shadows behind pretty, now ghoulish-looking roses and tulips. Matilda creased her brow, noticing a few small weeds were beginning to show through, the flowers not quite as perky as they had been a week earlier.

‘Since I stopped tending to them,’ she thought wistfully.

Guilt bubbled within her as she was reminded that her frequent wanking on the other hand had increased to almost ten per day.

Even now her womanhood stood at half-mast, waiting expectantly for its favourite muse to return from school.

DING-DONG

“Oh, that’ll be the delivery!”

Annie creased her eyebrows as Matilda rushed away, returning with a package.

She ripped a little open and peaked inside.

The smile on her face told a story.

“What’s that?” grinned Annie.

“Never you mind,” said Matilda, marching upstairs to deposit the contents on her bed for later, a hint of PVC showing, before returning, unable to keep the corners of her mouth creased upwards.

“Honestly… you seem so full of VIGOUR Mattie....”

“Well… I’ve been focusing on myself a little bit more lately!”

“Ohhh wish I could say that…”

Annie would probably reach the point soon where she would start to dance uncontrollably, smiling lazily, arms beginning to act of their own accord. It always ended up with her dragging Matilda up for a spin if she wasn’t careful.

“You’re a diamond Mattie. Maybe all you need is to get yourself a man that satisfies your ah….. urges….”

She giggled, and Matilda joined her, although her own giggle was amplified by the fact that Annie had no idea how far her urges really went.

"…..you know, take your mind off things…"

Matilda grinned, sipping her wine with a little more gusto.

"Can you elaborate madame?"

Annie leaned forward with a glint in her eye.

"Why don't you find a fat cock to fuck?"

Matilda laughed, throwing herself back in her chair whilst squeezing her leg tighter over the other unconsciously.

"Haha!.. *perhaps* but…"

"But what?!"

"Oh… nothing."

She sat back, taking another sip of her wine, licking her lips.

Annie's eyes narrowed, leaning forwards with a smile creeping onto her features.

"Waiiiit….. a second…"

Matilda gave her a curious look, feeling heat blossom on her face.

"What?"

"There's something you're not telling me, isn't there?"

Matilda tried to wave her away with a laugh, but Annie knew her too well, and she couldn't stop her cheeks fully reddening.

"MATTIE! YOU'RE SEEING SOMEONE AREN'T YOU!! TELL ME RIGHT NOW young lady, how DARE you withhold this from me…."

Matilda squirmed, warmth rushing to her lower areas.

"Well… there is… this one guy…"

"OF COURSE there is, spill it!"

Jonathon's pretty features snapped to the centre of her head.

"He's….. cute."

"Thank God."

"…..Hot."

"Love it."

"I feel… like I've known him my whole life? He just… I feel like I want him as much as he wants me…"

"Oooh they're the best…. Where did you meet?!"

"Ahhm…"

Her mouth scrambled for an answer her brain didn't possess.

"…. Just… gas station?" she managed, lamely.

"… Gas station….?"

They stared at each other awkwardly.

Eventually Annie's features unfurled… into a fit of laughter.

"OHHHhhha Mattie you are a diamond…. I hope you didn't make a joke about touching his pump."

"… Well I suppose technically he touched mine," she muttered.

Annie snorted, Matilda feeling her cheeks burning up, shifting uncomfortably.

They sipped more, and Matilda looked down in surprise to find her glass was empty. She blinked, and reached for the bottle and missed.

"Hmm….. stupid… *thing*….."

Annie leaned over to help her, and knocked the bottle over.

"OOPS!"

"Oh fucking hell Annie!" Matilda snapped as the remaining liquid poured onto the patio table, reaching out to pick it up, and missing.

"OHHHH did you just swear again?!?! *who are you devil woman!* You can't be my Mattie!" she responded cheerily, reaching out and knocking the bottle over again, this time to the floor, the bottle somehow clonking on the concrete without breaking, although her chest fell into the puddle of wine on the table, dress absorbing a healthy amount of wine. "Oh bugger I've added a bit of colour to my dress….."

"Stop helping!" laughed Matilda, getting up and realising the world wasn't as straight as it had been when she'd sat down. Also her body felt quite warm, even though the breeze was cool on her skin.

"Don't worry, I've got a solution!"

Matilda looked round and then moaned in exasperation as Annie was already preparing to uncork the next wine.

"Oh for goodness' sake, Jon will be home soon!"

Annie concentrated, grousing as the cork came free with a *pop*.

"Then we'll have to be quick won't we!" said Annie, attempting to pour out half a bottle into her glass, spilling everywhere. "I'll see you inside, it's getting cold!"

“No don’t-“

But Annie was already tottering into the dining room, the bottle and glass in her hands, filled to the brim.

Matilda rubbed her head, woozily making her way indoors after her.

‘Now would probably be a good time to ask her to leave..’

Apart from already being drunk, she longed to open her goody-bag for tonight.

Jonathon was going to love it…..

Heat flowed to her crotch.

‘Shit…. save it for later.’

***

The two men poured with sweat, each intent on pulverising the other.

One missed.

The other countered and connected, sending his opponent staggering back.

The crowd roared for blood.

Jon jabbed the punch button again and was rewarded with a satisfying *smack* as his fighter caught the other flush on the chin once more.

He grinned over at Chris.

“Hey, I’m kinda starting to like this game!”

The boy gave him a snarl.

“Aw hell no!”

Fingers slammed against plastic symbols, health bars flying down in a hail of bops, smacks and slams as the video-game characters attempted to annihilate each other with no regard for their own safety.

Jonathon began to sweat.

His health bar was going down faster, if he could just….

He made a jumping attack, but Chris would surely block-

“Food, guys!”

Chris’s health-bar hit zero, with a *DING* sound, and Jon guffawed as he somehow released a special finishing combo that hit the other fighter with a thousand punches, leaving him in a heap on the floor.

Chris threw the controller across the room, steam pouring out of his ears.

“HEY, no fair, stupid mama distracted me!!!!”

“Bullshit, you just got owwwwnned.”

“BOYS, are you coming for food?” said Mrs Tate, entering the room and giving a stern eye to them both which made John blush. She disapproved of swearing in her house.

“S… sorry.”

Chris gave her his best dough-eyes.

“Five more minutes?...”

She sighed.

“Alright then… but I better not be coming back up here in half an hour because you two got lost in your silly little games!”

Jon watched her turn, always enjoying the view as she shimmied out, her dark skin backed up by a caboose that would have needed indicators had it been any bigger. Somehow though, he no longer glazed over upon seeing her buns as they sashayed away. Compared to his Mom, she just didn’t have it any more… at least in his eyes.

‘Especially in the crotch department…’

“Ey, were you lookin’ at my Mumma’s ass?”

“What! No!”

Chris grinned.

“Ha I saw it… hey, it’s okay. Maybe we can swap… give me some of that Matilda junk in the trunk!”

“No!”

Chris’s eyebrow rose at the way Jon snapped his response.

“Ooh… caught a nerve?”

His face flushed.

“No! It’s just.. let’s play.”

Chris seemed to be searching his face for answers, before seemingly relenting and pressing ‘rematch’.

Jon began to mash buttons, but the dialogue in his head had taken centre stage.

‘Now I wouldn’t swap Mom for Mrs Tate in a million years….’

He kept jabbing a bunch, but his mouth was salivating as he thought about his mom’s ass, that luxurious, swollen mass of meat…. and the meat in the front of her pants.

He begrudgingly came down for dinner and played a few more games, but the entertainment no longer grabbed his attention after the reintroduction of such blasphemous thoughts, and eventually he placed his controller down, glancing at the clock.

"Hey bro… I might head back."

Chris stared at him in confusion.

"Bro, what the fuck, it's ten pm. Why you leaving so early??"

"Oh, I don't want my mom getting worried."

The boy laughed.

"Yo, since when did you care about that? I heard you call her a fuckin' bitch every day for the last year!"

"D-Don't say that!" he threw back, stuttering.

Chris threw his arms up.

"Really? Like what the hell man, are you some fuckin' mama's boy now?"

"No, shut up," he snapped, his cheeks flushing red.

Chris snorted.

"Ey, just saying… go, whatever."

Chris' casual dismissal would usually have been enough to rope him back in, but Jon simply walked off, red in the face with the realisation that not only was he scared enough of his Mother that he could not even think what might happen if he disobeyed her, but her very essence now seem scarred in his head, etched into the bone of his skull so that every time she was mentioned his tongue seemed to want to swallow itself, his stomach becoming a yawing pit with an endless well of anxiety and excitement spewing up from it.

***

Matilda pulled up the tutu uncoordinatedly, shimmying it up her wide thighs.

"This… usedddddd… to be eassiierr…."

She rolled on the bed, a bit of saliva falling on her chin, although she didn't see it, her hair a little dishevelled as she rolled back again, still trying to pull the tutu up to her waist.

"C'MMOoonnNNN!!!"

With a groan it pulled around her waist.

If she had been sober, she might have made a comment about trying before buying, but as it was she burped up something that felt horribly like wine-flavoured vomit, before swallowing it back down, grimacing, and adding the final pieces of the outfit.

She stared at the brazen slut in the mirror, almost falling over as she managed to stand up in the heels.

"Perrrffect," she slurred, before tottering unsteadily out onto the landing.

"Hmm…"

Her breathing felt loud in her head, a belch bringing with it another wave of nausea, and she wondered which bathroom would be quicker to get to… the one in front of her, or the one behind in her bedroom.

Then she saw her son's room.

The warmth coalesced into her womanhood, which began to rise as if scenting the trail of its prey.

"Hmmm…"

She idly played the tips of her fingers across the mushroom of her cock, as it began to rise to the moon.

"…Huuurrr…."

Matilda staggered into Jonathon's room.

The moment she saw it she hurried over to his gaming seat, and smelt the flavours that had gathered in the leather.

"Uuuhhhhh…"

She began to play with her cock.

"Mmh…"

Another sniff.

"Huhhhhhh!"

Her cock was already rock-hard between her fingers, ripples of pleasure pulsing up it.

As her masturbation got underway, a car pulled up, unnoticed by the woman chugging herself in her son's bedroom.

***

"Thanks Mrs Tate."

“No problem.. say hi to Matilda for me! I need to know what she’s up to these days!”

Jon’s cheeks warmed.

“I… I will…”

He stepped out of the car, watching as it drifted off into the darkness.

No-one else home, thank God. Only Mom’s car in the driveway.

The lights were on.

Every step up the driveway was slow, the crackle of gravel beneath his feet loud and oppressive against the silence, the moon his only companion.

He couldn’t see Mom anywhere downstairs.

‘Maybe she went to sleep?’

Click

“Uh…Hey.. Mom?...”

He padded in, his stomach rumbling, ready for dinner.

“I’m home…”

The stereo was on, playing 80s dance tunes in the background.

Then he realised… There was a smell he recognised.

“Oh God…”

Empty bottles and stains covered the dining-room table. Other glasses and one half-finished bottle were outside in the garden. Discarded shopping bags and clothes tags meant that they’d obviously had a good time.

Wine night again.

No-one else was here though… they must have gone out.

“M… Mom?”

Nothing.

The darkness seemed to draw in.

For a few moments he believed he had avoided any potential carnage, until a bustling sound came from upstairs.

“Mom????”

It sounded like they were coming from…. his room?

Jittery footsteps made their way to the top of the stairs, sounding slightly strange, careful even.

“Oh HONNNEYY… I’ve been waiting for aages, I thought you weren’t going to come…”

His heart began to beat faster as she approached.

Step by step she climbed down to the bottom, until his mother shimmied into view, and Jon’s head nearly ejected from his body.

A black PVC corset had his mother’s waist tight, her bust exploding from the top of it. Stockings and garters clung to her legs like perfectly wrapped Christmas presents, and the tutu-skirt she wore looked like she had stolen it off some sort of fairy stripper.

He looked down and realised the reason she had been walking weirdly was due to ridiculous red wedge-heels that made her monstrously tall. Between red-nailed fingers, she held a riding crop.

But none of that was as serious as the even more eye-catching issue… She wasn’t wearing any underwear, and the head of her half-hard cock was hanging between her legs, the head visible beneath the tutu, drooling liquid onto the carpet.

“So… how was your night???”

His mouth hung agog as heat flushed to every corner of his body, hormones bursting into overdrive.

The snake seemed to bob a little, raising to eye him with its piss-slit, blind from the cum leaking out of it like a soap dispenser. The trail led all the way from the first step to the centre of the living room.

“Um… Uh….. i-it was fine… how was… yours?”

SMACK

The riding crop snapped against the sofa, making Jon jerk back.

“Ha… wow that’s… loud….” he managed, his voice wavering.

“… I loooovvved it…..”

She pointed the long black implement in his direction, before grinning and doing a twirl so he caught a clear view of her butt lurking under the ridiculously short skirt, droplets of cum flying onto every surface. He flinched as it hit his shoes. Her cock seemed to be getting harder as he watched it, because it was starting to push up her skirt.

“…..Oh the girls make me LAUGH! Annie brought some outfits from her lingerie store, and all matching skirts… I was going to change, but thought you might like to see it…..”

He didn’t know where to look, trying to unglue his eyes from her body, and the slavering dog between her legs as she eyed him like the prettiest girl at the disco, just waiting to be asked to dance.

“Mom, Annie bought this for you?”

“Sure she did,” she lied.

“… Why?”

She smooched glossy red lips in an over-the-top pose.

“Oh honey, come on, you know I just wanted you to see it!… Do you not like it?”

She clicked forwards carefully on her heels, clearly not used to being so raised up, almost losing her balance before she finally stopped, chest heaving in front of his face.

“Oh….”

He eyed the riding crop gripped tightly in her right hand.

“You want me to… take my outfit off?”

His mouth was salivating.

“I… I don’t……”

“Shhhh… I want to make sure you enjoy this….”

As she spoke Jonathon crinkled his nose.

The stench of wine on her breath was potent, mixing with some unnatural smelling perfume she’d put on, and she was looking a little unsteady as she stared down at him.

“So, tell me… do you like it?”

Jon’s lip quivered.

“Uh… it… it is nice……”

“Oh?..”

SMACK

The riding crop on the seat next to his made him jump again.

“M-MOM would you stop doing that?” he whimpered, although heat was flowing to a lot of areas in Jon’s body, and he was having a hard time keeping his face pointed upwards, away from the mountains directly in his eyeline.

"… just nice…?.."

"Y-yeah… it's… pretty…"

She stepped a little closer, a not-so-innocent smile on her face, lowering her voice to a whisper.

"… I've missed you."

He trembled, feeling something warm touch his midriff.

"I… maybe I should sleep…" he managed, his jaw bouncing, almost trembling at the proximity between him and her incredible rack, plus the monster trying to impale his side.

She peeled her eyes, and a little darkness was revealed on her face, the lips curling into a frown, the riding crop quivering in her hand with a pinch of tightened leather before she shook her bob-cut hair, stepping back and pushing a smile through again.

"But it's barely ten-thirty!... and you haven't eaten! No, come on honey… let's order tonight….. We both love burger-town right?!"

"… okay……" he said reluctantly.

"Great!"

She dropped the riding crop, grabbed her phone and began to order in her girliest, basic-bitch voice, twirling her hair as she did so.

"Yes, one large hot dog… Annd… for my big, strong man?"

She raised an eyebrow at him.

He took his eyes from her thighs, the fishnets tight on the muscles and fat that filled them so wonderfully, her log drooping alongside them, a masculine guard dog amongst a feast of femininity.

"Um… burger…."

"Right… my man will have the extra-large burger and fries combo."

'My Man?'

Images in his head of kissing her, of holding hands, began to flitter through his mind, and he shook his head, trying to cool the fire building in his belly, to think about thoughts that weren't his mom in a slut outfit calling him her man.

'Am I really going to do this? Am I just going to give in because she wants to bone me like a two-bit whore?....'

Whilst she was talking, Jon quietly nudged the riding crop she had dropped underneath the sofa. Hopefully in the state she was in, she wouldn't remember it the next morning.

Eventually Matilda ended the call and seated herself clumsily next to him, crossing her leg over to the point her heel was nudging his leg.

It was the least subtle thing he could imagine.

"Mom… how much did you drink?"

She waved his question away.

"Oh just a little! Maybe a few glasses.. Nothing I can't handle-!"

As she said this, she almost fell off her chair, her ass waving in the air, before righting herself with an apologetic face.

"Sorry."

He glanced out of the window onto the darkening street outside. There were people moving around in the house opposite. What if their neighbours saw his Mom dressed like a stripper?

"Mom, I'm gonna close the curtains …."

Matilda pouted as he stood up.

"Oh I'm SORRY, do I embarrass you?"

She swayed to her feet, lurching so far to the left at one point that she had to steady herself against the television, which listed dangerously.

"MOM!"

Jonathon jumped back and came to support her weight, his face somehow ending up in her armpit. Sweat and sharp body odours pressed down on his face.

"UUffff-!"

She let out a loose chuckle, eyes unfocused once more.

"Ohhhh darling… you'rrre my little hero…."

He managed to lead her back a seat on the table, the curtains still wide open as she plopped down on a chair, looking rather dishevelled.

"Just…. *wait*."

He nipped over and grabbed the curtains, swinging them closed.

'One problem over.'

He turned back to the number one problem of the evening, already gesturing with a single crooked finger for him to come back to her.

“Come hereeee…..”

Jonathon padded forwards before seating himself warily beside her. A hand came to his shoulder.

“You know…. I saw you tidied your room today.”

“Uh yeah.. yeah…”

She pressed close to him, her tits flush against his side.

“It makes me very happy… you know…”

“Thanks..”

“You’re… you’re reaally maturing.”

“Um… right…”

Part of him wanted things to go back to when his Mom didn’t make sexual advances on him, but he couldn’t help enjoying the compliments.

She picked a few things only she could see from his hair.

“And honey…. youuu shouldn’t be scared to play games if… if you want….”

“Huh?... So I can play games whenever I want?”

Matilda pursed her lips.

“Well… carrrreful honey… you can… you can play some video games sommme time… but you sh-..shoulllld do your chores first…… That was always… what I wannned... but then, you never really listened to mmee ….”

He pulled back, watching as his mom poured herself another wine, the liquid sloshing unsteadily in the glass.

“Um…. Right…. Mom d’you think you should maybe take it eas-“

She ignored him and drained it, an odd look coming to her face as she looked close to burping, before swallowing it down.

“*Hic*…. Ammm I a bad Mom?”

He looked up at her in surprise as she set down the empty glass.

“What? No, no you’re not….”

She huffed.

“Because… I…. I alllways tried to raise you right…. It… just feeeeels like you donnn’t appreciate me… annnd…. yesterday….”

She gave him a hungry look.

He felt his stomach shrivel up.

“Yeah… yeah well… I-I’m sorry if I ever made you feel bad….. maybe if you drink some water you’ll feel better…”

She pushed against him, awkwardly nuzzling him with wet lips.

“What If I want… wine-uhhh?.... what willll you give me… if I… drink waterrrrr……”

Her tongue slipped out and slid across his forehead.

“Mmmmh…”

“Urrmm… I’ll… I’ll tidy my room every day!” he squeaked, feeling the wetness on his forehead, trying to stop her free hand shimmy down between his legs.

“…. Mmmmmmhh,” moaned Matilda, already snaking her arms around him.

Jonathon could feel the limbs enclosing around him, the python preparing to throttle its meal.

“I…. I’ll give you a kiss!.... if you drink some water!” he cried as she almost squeezed herself onto his seat.

This made her pause.

“A kiss…. for Mommmma?” she smiled, head subtly swaying from side to side like a pendulum.

“Yeah… yeah a kiss for Momma,” he muttered, adjusting his legs so that his erection wouldn’t be so prominent.

“Mmmm.. okay then.”

She set herself back on her seat, and leaned in with an eager smile, pouting her lips.

He gazed at the unevenly applied lipstick on her face, the scrunched eyes, the slightly untethered woman in front of him.

His eyes glanced down at the tits she had somehow manhandled into the corset, begging for release.

‘God stop looking….’

“N-no… water first….”

Her face became harsh and lined for a moment, her eyes snapping open.

“… a-and I’ll give you two kisses!” he squeaked.

Jonathon felt his life flashing before his eyes, and then she stood up sharply, so quickly he almost had to steady her to keep her straight, before she marched to the kitchen, and poured herself a listing glass of water.

It was brought to her lips, and leaked down the sides of her face as she gulped it down in two swigs.

"HHHHUuuurrrrhhhh."

The belch was so deep it sounded like it been raised from a subterranean cavern, echoing around the house, more in keeping with a docker than the hooker-like visage of his mother, although the way she stomped back to him certainly carried a sense of weight and inevitability.

The way she sat (or rather fell) down on the chair made it creak painfully under her weight.

"Kissss!" she slurred; arms open wide.

He nodded; her visage far less friendly than it had been moments earlier.

As he approached, her legs opened wide as well, and he glanced down at the tent in the tutu, knowing all too well that his mother was absolutely raging for his insides.

"That's for laterrrr," she smirked, furnishing him with a wink upon seeing his stare being lowered, and his body felt like it was speeding up, every sense becoming more alert, noticing the slightly unkempt hair that was sticking out by her left ear, the stench of her breath and some sort of cheap perfume as he approached, the nose-breathing that was louder than it should have been.

By the time he had walked into her arms, he almost didn't know what to do with himself, trembling.

"O-okay…."

"C'mon..!"

Pincers grabbed both his arms, and he mewled as she loomed over him.

"M-mommmph!"

The wine smell made his hairs stand on end as their lips finally pressed against each other.

Jon was wrestled into a sloppy, one-sided kiss, their lips less meeting than overlapping as Matilda began eating his face, tongue ploughing straight into his mouth with the intention of bulldozing all that it found there and leaving no survivors, bludgeoning his own tongue and pushing to the back of his throat where it jabbed his tonsils, making him gag.

"MHG-!"

The tangy flavours of alcohol and sharpness of the wine made him want to vomit.

She snorted into his face as her weight began to lean on him, and a hand wrapped around the back of his neck, tightening painfully so he could feel a ring on her index finger digging into the muscle.

"MMPH-!"

"MMMMHHHHhhhhhPhhhhhgggggmmm….."

He could feel the bitterness of her, her rubbery lips as they attached to different parts of his face and sucked at anything they could find, her teeth seizing his bottom lip and playing with it, before tiring of it and allowing her tongue slide across his face and nose again.

When she broke it she was leaning fully against him, almost pushing him off his own chair, her ass half on, half off.

"There's other things I like about you… about you maturing, I mean…"

Her hand slipped to his belly and began to worm its way down, and Jon had to wriggle his fingers to stop her, because he didn't want her grabbing his erection and knowing how easily she aroused him.

"Mom… I'm not sure if…UF!"

She fell into him, wrapping him up and covering him in an ungainly hug as the chair toppled, wine spilling on the floor as her tits mashed against his face.

"MMph!"

They hit the floor with a soft *thnk*, any of the wine glass left thrown to the side as she landed on top of him, laughing.

"Ohhh whoops!"

The soft carpet thankfully cushioned their fall, Jon scrabbling as she settled herself on top.

It was impossible. It felt like she was ten times his size, and twenty times as strong.

Within seconds he was safely ensconced against her bosom.

The sweat of her breasts in the PVC rubbed against his face as her huge weight descended on him, the heat and smell of her wrapping him up, and then his body was wrenched into a pose that haunted his dreams at night… his legs parted into a missionary position, with his mother beached on top of him like a drunk killer-whale.

“Oh darling, why are you sooo good at flirting?” she tittered as she ground her body against his, her tits tight to his chest and wedged against his chin so he could barely breath.

To an outsider it would have seemed like the sluttily dressed woman was trying to crush the young man against the soft white carpet.

“I-MMph-m’not…-“

All of the world honed down to his mother’s body, his struggles weakening as the aphrodisiac of her tits on his face turned his protests to mush.

He couldn’t move. Couldn’t speak. Couldn’t think.

And he was rock-hard.

“Mmph….”

Then something pryed between his legs; her beast was hungry.

He mewled as the large, angry shaft rubbed against his buttocks, like a tree trunk had come to life and was now trying to burrow directly into his ass.

“M-Mommph!”

She ground herself downwards, trying her best to impregnate the figure trembling beneath her.

“You gotta stop flirting with me honey… don’t make mama… *angry*..” she murmured, snorting his hair like cocaine as she breathed in the scent of her unwashed son.

Jonathon struggled, but nowhere near as much as he should have, his hands rubbing up her sides.

Then two thick, juicy lips found his own, and began to ease them open again.

He resisted a little, but the more he avoided opening his mouth, the more his mother’s movements became harsher, her grips tighter, hands going from rubbing across him to taking handfuls of flesh, crushing his ass between steel fingers, gripping the back of his neck which sent a chill down his spine.

“Give meeee your mouth honey… or… *or I’ll ffffucking break you, bitch*,” she whispered harshly, before trying to ease him open once more.

He realised there was nothing he could do, and, trembling, opened his mouth.

She moaned and dove inside, a whirlpool of tongue and saliva that forced him into a deep, powerful kiss that seemed to go on forever, his Mother’s legs butting

against his hips as she rubbed up and down on him. The heat and sloshing warmth of her tongue drenched in spit filled his head.

"MMMhh!"

He melted into it.

He'd been dreaming about this for days anyway.

The PVC was harsh against his belly, his hands coming around her waist to feel her thick babymaker hips, and lower down the cheap tutu barely covering her ass.

Mother and son wrestled, the huge figure entombing the smaller completely, rendering him as docile as a new-born lamb.

She broke the kiss, drooling down onto his face.

The feeling of her glorious ass, so thick and juicy between his fingers, was soul-sating.

"MMmhhh…"

"Mmm, yeah… *fffeeeel me up…."*

He hated how aroused she made him.

"Y-yeah Mom."

She groaned.

"Ohhhhhhhhhmmmm!!!! Say that again…."

"Yeah Mom!" he whined, trembling as he grabbed her ass cheeks and squeezed again, two delicious moons that depressed beneath his fingers, allowing him to squeeze in and grip them wonderfully.

It was impossible to ignore that his Mom's assets were incredible.

She grabbed his face so he was back looking into her eyes again, and then she closed her own and slithered her tongue back into his mouth.

Down it went, crushing against his own and sliding past it to the edge of his throat.

Wet, deep sloshing kisses were drawn out evilly by Matilda, who knew how to keep goading Jonathon until he was sucking on her tongue with all his might.

"GLLLHHHH!"

"MMmmmuuuh…."

The moan she gave was so deep and rumbling that his head felt like a church-bell was being rung in his head, Jon savouring every moment of his mother's arousal,

the way her hands clutched him tight, the way she tried to grope every inch of his legs up to the calves which anchored him to her hips.

They wrestled back and forth for a moment, lost in the scent of the other.

Her huge body was so uncoordinated and so rough that he worried in the back of his mind that she might somehow twist him in the wrong shape, or grab something so hard she bruised, saliva falling everywhere across his face, dry-humping and jabbing her rock-hard erection straight into his belly as her hands grabbed his hips, then his neck again, followed by a gentle cupping of his balls that made him coo.

"NNhh-!"

Just as she was beginning to really work his cute cherries-

BING-BONG

The doorbell jerked them both from their reverie.

Matilda broke the kiss, her eyes fiery and passionate, her sons frightened and excited.

The fingers enclosing his balls squeezed threateningly, making him mewl.

"Mmuuhm.."

For a moment, they stared at each other, Matilda looking like she was about to dive back in and claim him anyway.

BING-BONG

"COMING!" his Mother roared, sudden fury etched on her face, the previously beautiful visage becoming strikingly hard and lined, before heavy breathing managed to bring back some of the humanity.

She stroked his cheek and kissed him gently.

"Onne…one second."

With one last push of her solid cock against his waiting butt-cheeks, she reluctantly raised herself up, so tall on her heels that she looked like her head was on a different floor to her feet, before sashaying to the door, tucking the drooling shaft under her tutu.

"Oh why thank you so much! Here's the tip…."

She smiled at the open-mouthed delivery driver, the poor man ogling her tits almost falling out of her corset before she slammed the door in his face and hurried back, a burger-town bag and two large drinks in one hand as she freed her cock again with the other.

He watched it spring out in front of her, pushing up the tutu again and splurging a small gob of jizz onto the carpet next to him.

"Shit!"

He scrambled to his feet.

Jon surmised that if he had been in any other situation, he would have been frothing at the mouth at the sight of this scandalously dressed woman wobbling on her high-heels above him with food ready to go.

"Come eat honey," she ordered with a glint in her eye.

A long rivulet of cum was hanging from her cock, swaying lower and lower to the ground like a hypnotist's watch.

Jon watched it all the way.

'I can't enjoy this… she's so hot..'

She turned with a light hum of approval, seating herself at the table.

Jon carefully joined her, pulling up his chair from the floor, glancing at the tutu pressing against the underside of the table.

"Aren't we….. using plates?"

"It's fast-food honey, just eat here," she chuckled, thrusting the food out of the bags and chucking the waste aside.

"Oh… okay…"

She leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Because you've been such a good boy."

"Oh…. Good? Th-thanks Mom…" he managed, glancing at the burger that seemed far less important than the figure watching him.

Matilda was breathing heavily again.

"Just so you know… if you were a bad boy… I'd have to break you."

Blood pounded in his ears.

"Break… me..?"

She looked back, and her face had morphed, teeth white and shining with saliva.

"Yes honey… *break you*."

They spent a moment staring at each other. Jonathon felt any shred of masculinity and bravery shrivel up and disappear.

"Oh honey… you're not eating anything…"

"I-I'm just not hungry yet…."

“No.”

She got to her feet unsteadily. Once again he found himself staring up at a pin-up girl that he probably would have fantasised about fucking over and over, yet that huge cock, still tenting her tutu, seemed to twist his thoughts.

Tears came to his eyes, even as saliva filled his mouth.

He only thought about her fucking him now; railing him until he couldn’t see, fucking him so he screamed like the girls did in porn when the cocks were too big for their quivering pussies….

“Mom… what are you…”

She put a firm finger on his lips.

“Shhh. Let me feed you….”

She took up some fries and pointed them at his mouth.

“Eat it,” she said in a sultry voice.

His lower lip wobbled as he watched her ecstatic expression close in just behind her fingers.

The fries entered his mouth, just as salty and tasty as always.

Her fingers, however, went in with them, and he found himself sucking on them to receive the food being offered.

“Mph!... Mph….”

“Take your time bitch,” she breathed, “you need to get all the flavour….”

When they had finished, her fingers were wet.

She put them into her own mouth and sucked, maintaining eye contact with him the whole time as she made a point of gulping down any of his left-over saliva as loud as possible.

Jonathon felt every single fibre of his being wrenched towards his matriarch.

Matilda leaned in.

Soft, soft lips.

The kisses seemed to come easier now, more natural.

This time he tried to pull her in, but she left it so gently that his head followed her for a moment, before slumping back in disappointment.

“M… mom..”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, another’s coming,” she cooed as if she were talking to a child, before grabbing some more fries.

“Here we go…. Eat it… my little whore.”

Jon felt his cheeks burning, but nonetheless he let her place the fries carefully into his mouth, chewing as she watched. They both knew he wasn’t focusing on the fries.

When he had swallowed, she was already leaning forwards again, and this time he was coming to meet her, their kiss lurid and passionate, hands coming to cradle Jon’s head as his mother laid a deep passionate marker in his face.

The bitter wine taste of her breath tasted better now, plus the heat of her mouth on his. She broke away quickly, and the look on her face as he tried to follow her lips was one of the happiest he had ever seen, more radiant than a sunflower in bloom.

“… Kiss me again,” he blurted.

“Oh… yessss sir,” she grinned, leaning forwards, and almost missing, Jonathon having to lean to his left to catch her before she kissed the back of the chair.

“MPHh!!”

“MMMmmmhhhh.”

The two moulded into one another, quiet grunts and yups of soul-sating physical release issuing between them.

Her tongue stretched his cheek, Matilda grunting heavily in his face like some sort of wild animal as Jonathon let himself be used however she wanted.

‘Mama is so hot when she’s aggressive…’

The moment the kiss broke, saliva dribbling down his Mother’s chin, she grabbed the hot dog.

Jonathon let out an embarrassed chuckle.

“Is that.. for me?..”

A sly grin grew on her face.

“Smart boy… Jusssst do your best with it… you’ll love it….”

She withdrew the large red sausage from its bun and aimed it squarely at his hole.

“Give me a showww….”

“… A show?”

Her eyes seemed to glint red for a moment.

“You know what I want…. give your mama a show, *bitch*.”

She spat the last word as the sausage feathered against his lips, and he mewled, sticking his tongue out to lick it. His mother let out a little groan of approval as he sucked on the top, before pushing it into the side of his cheek.

"Ohhhh, I DID raise a good little whore didn't I?" she breathed, tittering in the bright-red face of her son as he tried his best to blow the hot dog like it was her cock.

Sadly it was nowhere near as large as her dick.

"You gonna suck my cock like this toniiiiight?" she breathed.

"Mmmhmmm," he moaned into the hot dog, glancing down where the real thing lurked beneath the tutu.

The small figure quietly feathered all the way up and down, from the base to the top, his mother assisting him.

Then she got impatient and shoved it all the way in.

"GLH!"

He choked as she pulled it back out and slapped him in the face with it.

"MPh-wha-"

"… TOOOO EASY."

The hot dog was flung across the room as she grabbed him and lifted, Jon squealing as he flew through the air and onto her lap.

"Let meee give you something with a… a bit of…. *girth*…"

"OHhhhhh Mommmmm-!"

He landed on her, straddled across her lap like he was ready to make love, pulled up against her belly with her hardness poking into his liver, awkwardly trying to manoeuvre it in front of him.

Somehow being on her lap and feeling her cock still long enough to reach higher up on his belly than his own was ludicrously sexy, and his trembling fingers grasped her hardness for the first time since that night together.

It throbbed the moment he wrapped it in his tentative grip.

'FINALLY… It's so hard!… and hot…'

"MMMuuhHHH!"

Her trembling, zealous bellow was followed by a series of tongue insertions that would have made a pornstar blush, her passion so high and intense that Jon almost

had no control whatsoever, his head rocked backwards as he was forced to let her stick her muscle wherever she wished.

"MMPhhh!"

"mMmmmmhhh…."

It was exhilarating, the lack of oxygen enough to make Jon light-headed as her tongue savaged his own, bullying it and shoving it into the corner of his mouth whilst she revelled in all the textures his insides could provide.

The two were moaning, mother and son rubbing each other as they French kissed whilst he pumped her throbbing weapon, riding her lap.

It was so thick and hot, like trying to squeeze a steel pipe with lava coursing through it.

'What am I doing… SHIT she is throbbing so bad….'

"MMunnh."

Jon felt the shaft ripple between his fingers, and then the swollen prick of his Mother launched a small cum flood, the lava pouring onto fists that had been busy wanking her as he sucked on her tongue like a lollipop, the animal thrashing inside his mouth.

When they finished they were huffing, and Matilda's pre-cum was running off of Jon's hands. It looked like they'd been iced; It was a heavy load for any ordinary guy, yet for his mother he knew it was only the start.

As he looked into her eyes, feeling the heat of her thighs on his ass, he saw… felt, the presence of that monster rearing its ugly head; unfocused hazel eyes, blinking, saliva still wet on her chin, a look that brooked no argument.

She was drunk, and she was getting what she wanted.

It set his nerves on fire, but his own cock was just as hard as the one between his fingers, still spewing little globules of Momma-nut. Jon hated that he salivated whenever he looked at it.

'I'm such a bitch….'

"M-mom…" he whispered.

Her thighs felt so soft beneath his ass.

"Honnneyyyyy," she chirped back, shoving him backwards onto the kitchen table. "You hard for meeee?"

“HUH--- M-MOOmMMM!” he squealed as she began to remove his pants with little regard for his struggles, easily tearing them clear revealing his boxers wedged in a cute tent of his cock.

“MMmm what are you hiding from me?” she gurned, before giving a tremendous belch that made Jon’s eyes water.

“M-Mom.. y-you’re really drunk….”

She growled, letting out another belch, saliva running freely from her mouth as she staggered slightly, pulling his boxers so hard they simply tore in two.

“Oooops….”

“M-mom… oh fuck…..”

She stared with a rapturous gaze at the pretty little cocklet pointing up at her son’s face, mirroring its parent which loomed above it like an eagle coming to feed its young chick.

“Ohhh your pretty little girl-dick is so hard… fuck you’re luckyyyyy you weren’t born a girl, or I’d make you pregnant right nowwww,” she groaned, pushing his legs up in the air so she could press her hard cock up against his ass.

Jon looked up between his legs in awe.

‘Oh fuck, she’s going to fuck me right now….’

“Mom!”

He moaned, and placed both his hands firmly on her tits, just over the lip of the Corset.

They felt incredible, making him want to feel the full weight of them in his hands once more despite the erect member which seemed to be throbbing, almost grinning as it slid against his exposed asshole.

Tension gripped both mother and son, and Jon realised he was going to have to take control if he didn’t want to get utterly poleaxed by his Mother’s lust.

He saw her hips pull back.

“P-please, wait-!” he cried.

Matilda stopped dead, her hard cock lined up with his unprotected flower, her son’s legs in the air.

Slowly… tentatively… He reached up, and pulled his Mother in between his legs.

“Please Mom…”

Her eyes grew wide, and she placed her hands on the table either side, letting herself hang over him like a glacier about to fall and melt into the helpless ocean below it.

He reached round and began to fiddle with the corset, looking his heaving, lustful mother dead in the eye as he did so, his own breathing just as heavy, sweat dappling his brow as he finally managed to unstring it.

Slowly, Jon slipped the corset off his mother.

Tension hung heavy in the air as her breasts were allowed to hang clear, huge white orbs with two pink, squeezable nubs begging for attention. Some of her freckles made their way all the way down to the tops of her breasts, and there was a beauty spot that he hadn't noticed before just inside the left breast, usually hidden by shirts or the proximity between her bosom, but now it was clear to see.

Jon stared at them… and then pulled his mother's chest onto his face.

"HHHmphhhh."

"OOohhhh," groaned Matilda, obediently settling her sweaty, squishy body onto his, subsuming him. Jon moaned into the multitude of squishy delights. The sweat generated by her corset was abundant, and his face was quickly drenched and sticky, but the earthy smells and taste of her body odours as he sucked a hard nipple into his mouth were an enticing cocktail, enhanced by her prodigious weight immobilising him beneath it.

"MMmphhh-mpph-mpphh…"

"Ohh.. yes, milk me," she cooed, clutching his head tighter so not a single sense could escape her, cupping his face in her breasts and running her nails through his hair, tightening to the point she heard a whimper from beneath her.

He desperately pulled at her nipple with his mouth, tongue swirling.

"Oohhh.. suck-suck-suck… Come on, Mommy needs to be millllked!…"

Her voice become high-pitched and girlish, and for a moment Jonathon had the wonderful feeling of being in control, of pleasuring a girl and hearing her moan at his fingertips.

"Ooh.. oOo-oohoh!"

It almost felt like what he had hoped his sex-life would be in an alternate universe, before his mom had started fucking him.

The illusion was burst by a huge cock settling against his own, Matilda's log utterly outmanning his sapling.

"Hnn-"

Everything became more vivid, her tangy sweat, the extra stickiness right between her cleavage and under her tits, which were so hot it was like finding a small sauna. He fully lost himself and began to lick at her under-boob sweat.

"OOHhh Jonny… Honey oh wow…..."

Her weight pressed down even harder, to the point she was crushing his face with her chest, and there was a moment where he began to whimper, feeling his head being squeezed between the table and her tits, her cock digging into his stomach.

"Mmphm.."

She almost didn't realise before blearily raising herself up, knocking over another empty bottle of wine as she did so.

"Oooh sorry honey… you okay????...."

Heavy, hot kisses were planted up and down his bright red face, Jon heaving oxygen back into his lungs as his mother wrapped him up again, this time grinding her dick playfully against his.

"HOhhh…"

It almost hurt how violently she dry-humped him, and realising he was about to get poleaxed again, Jon reached his mother's head and squeezed it lovingly with both hands, planting gentle, effeminate pecks across her face. She slowed, moaning and smiling as she allowed her son to bestow his sweet lips on hers.

"Mmmmmmhhh…"

Of course, she couldn't resist, assaulting his sweet lips and jamming her tongue home.

They kissed long and passionate, and Jon could feel her hardness openly weeping pre-cum all over his belly before Matilda broke it, and prepared to angle her hips down towards his crack.

"W-wait, Mom… Please just… let me..."

She stopped, and it was as if a car had been forced to switch gears unexpectedly, demeanour morphing from loving and doting to cold and hard because the union she craved so much was being delayed .

"What."

Jon gave his best wide-eyed, puppy-dog face.

"… Can I go on top?"

It took her face a few seconds to work out the semblance of emotions necessary, curving into a surprised, but soulful smile, her eyes still shining with a sense of danger, the evil still lurking within.

"…..Allllright… but hurry up."

It seemed as if she didn't think him capable of taking control, but he knew she couldn't resist the thought of him raping his own ass in front of her.

"C-come Mom.."

He tried to lead her away from the table where all manner of things might break, the table itself included if his Mother's last rage-induced ass-fucking was anything to go by.

"Ugh."

She sniffed, but he grabbed her shaft between his fingers, immediately rendering her docile, her gaze becoming lazy and unfocused once more.

"C'mon Mom…."

"Yeaaauuh…"

He began to lead his mother by her donkey-dick towards the stairs, his fingers not even able to wrap the whole way around it.

'It's like leading a horse… how is she so big, and I'm so small?…''

They made an odd pair, the scene akin to a child holding his mother's hand, instead of a young man holding his mother's raging erection.

Matilda stopped short of the stairs.

"No, now."

He looked back, and the unflinching hunger was on her face once more, and he whimpered as he was shoved off his feet, sent sprawling onto the sofa. His mother strode over to stand above him.

"If you're gonna ride me, you're gonna do it here."

He nodded pitifully.

"Y-yes, yeah okay Mom, can you just….. lie down…."

She fell rather then sat on the sofa, nearly flattening Jonathon who scooted out the way, watching as his mother looked quite unsure of her balance before lying back, her feet coming up to his face.

Jon grimaced as the stink of them from her heels was obvious.

He scrambled up from under her legs and came to straddle her, grabbing her cock and aiming it before she did anything as violent as her expression and restless energy suggested.

“Hnnn…”

The look on Matilda’s face as he began to slide her wet, hot cock-head against his anus could have lit up a city as Jon huffed, trying to steel himself for the entry about to occur.

‘Don’t think… just do it.’

He pushed, and grunted as it came up against the barrier of his anus.

‘Just breath.’

His Mother stared, glued to the scene like she was watching a finale of one of the trashy soap operas that she loved so much, eyes wide at the drama of her son’s pained expression as he tried to push his quivering butthole onto her waiting cock. it was more magical than anything she’d ever witnessed.

She tried to speak but words wouldn’t come out, the anticipation too great.

“Hu… yuh……”

Her murmurs were punctured by a tiny scream as Jon managed to pop a cock-head through his ridiculously tight anus.

“OHHHh-!”

They froze, a perfect sliver of time dedicated to just the two of them, the giving of Jon’s most scared area to his mother, willingly, his mother grasping his hips. Jon settled his hands on her breasts, the two of them squeezing in tandem and eliciting low moans from the other.

“Mmmmuhh…”

“Huhhh-!”

He scrunched his eyes closed.

‘Just a bit further..’

This was wrong. This was his Mom. She’d raised him, cooked for him, cleaned for him. If anyone knew…

A hand grabbed his chin in a vicious grip, and he jerked his eyes wide open to see her enraged, saliva wet on both sides of her mouth, the drunken animal surfacing.

“Youuu look…. Look at meeee,” she snorted, nostrils flaring, pulling him down further via his hips to the point where he was halfway impaled.

“UUhn!”

The pain and pleasure emanating from his asshole made him grimace.

She was so big.

He didn’t let his gaze break, despite the instinct to avoid the unblinking leer of his Mother.

“Dowwwnn,” she rasped, rippling with anticipation.

“Oh… ohkay..” he managed, before whimpering and pushing himself down onto the wet, throbbing bollard.

“HHUHHHH-“

The thing pulsed, bullying his insides as tears were forced to his eyes, trying not to scream.

His mother twitched, quiet now.

It seemed obvious she was enjoying it, confirmed by an odious throb that felt like her cock was literally expanding against his insides, sending a bolt of electricity up his spine that made his whole body straighten.

“UUHNNn-!”

Matilda huffed and slapped his ass, the sharp pain making him bite his lip as she grabbed handfuls of his butt-cheeks.

“Hunn….Riiiiide me like little ponnnny,” she slurred.

“YYyeahh… yeah-uhn…”

He popped his hips a little and croaked as the world went blindingly white.

“UGH!”

Her cock rubbed up against the nasty places that really made him feel wonderful, and his legs were trembling as he worked himself up to trying again.

“Hn….. Hhh….”

“Stop *mnn*… teasing!” Matilda hissed, grinding her teeth as the anticipation built.

Jon moaned.

“I-I’m trying,” he uttered, before popping his hips again.

“UUUH-!”

The world turned upside down, and the whoreish, nightmarish whines that her shaft evoked from his insides were deplorable, and far too loud to be contained.

“UUUHHhhhh.”

Her fingers squeezed, working their way up to his baby-maker hips.

The thing pulsed inside him again, a nuclear reactor causing energy to radiate from his core outwards to every one of his extremities.

He tried to develop a rhythm, but tears were streaming as the pleasure overtake him, and he trembled, his cock leaking cum-lava all down the sides, scared of bringing himself to orgasm despite the rest of his body demanding it.

His Mother’s fingers were so tight on his sides that they were beginning to pinch, and he gasped as she gripped him with her nails.

“Uuu-uuuh.. mm-momm….”

She licked her lips, her face scrunched into an angry mask.

“You know… you’re… tooooo slow.”

The room dropped, Jon squealing as he was lifted into the air easily.

Automatically his legs wrapped around Matilda who assumed a kneeling missionary position on the sofa, grinning cruelly as she forced him against the back, in a foetal position with nowhere to run.

Her cock for the first time slid to the hilt.

“Uhhnnnnn!!!….”

She was about to assault him.

“M-mom!... Nhn…. g… go slow Mommy…..”

He thrust his hands to her shoulders and squeezed, giving as doting an expression as he could, trying to ignore the spasms in his right eye from the twinges of her dick against his insides.

She let out a sneer.

“…. Nooo honey…..”

He tried to think of anything to delay the inevitable, scrabbling for answers.

“Y…. you gonna be a bad mom again?”

She froze.

For a moment, he thought he saw a flicker of emotion… then her face became truly crazed.

“No honey… I’m gonna be the BEST Mom,” she snarled, the far-too-wide smile returning, her voice filled with emotion.

Jon heaved as she shoved her cock six inches deep, his body spasming as he felt the lubed up monster spurt a little hot cream to help his lubrication even further.

“HN!”

“Mmmmm…”

The next shove was eight inches, a full widening of his insides, and it hurt.

“UHG-M-Mom….!”

The last shove was all eleven inches to the hilt, a torpedo filling his ass, and Jonathon was rocked by the buffeting, life-changing thrusts of his mother as she abused him for her pleasure.

“UUHGhhuh-!”

He tried to get away somehow, but she simply rolled along the sofa with him, Jon ending up on top, glued to her lap again.

“M-mo-*HUHHHH!*”

SCHWAP

The cock slammed home, and Matilda seized his shoulders and began to slam her hips against him like a human punching bag.

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP

Their cheeks began to clap, and he moaned as he was bounced on his Mother’s lap like a child on a seesaw, her shaft pounding his insides so hard he could barely breath as his asshole clung to it, almost pleading for it to slow down. It didn’t convince her, the pleasure ripped from her son’s lips more than enough evidence that she had no need to stop.

Thwap-thwap-thwap

“UHHN.. UHHnu- ughh-uhhnnmmmoommmmmmmMMOMUHHh!”

Her fingers were clamped on his shoulders, pulling him down so that her cock was drilling him for oil, the boy spasming as five spear punches were delivered straight to his gut, his toes curling from the pleasure being shocked into him. It was as if he was being thrown above the clouds, bursting into face-melting sunlight every time she hilted deep inside him.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“UHG-UHHN-UHGNN-uhhooww—UHGHoohhh-“

His Mom was chuntering, her expression one of frenzied arousal.

"Oh come on bitch, *moan for Momma… oh-ohh-ohhhhh….* we got so much time together… I can fuck you all day tomorrow… I'll MM—HHHHHHHuhhh…. I'll fuck you so bad you can't go to school… *I'll fuck you til you beg for it….*"

He was whining, his arms tightening around her sweaty back, his head falling into her tits to provide some comfort from the utter destruction of his rear-end as Matilda began to saw her erection in and out, in and out, in and out like a steam-engine piston.

Plap-plap-plap

"UHNuhh-uhn-uhHHN-uhhNUHH-!"

The sounds of churning, heaving sex began to fill the room, the couch groaning and sagging as Matilda's weight plus the bleating figure being slammed down on top of her proved too much for the springs to contain, the couch crunching and depressing beneath them, her roaring adding to the cacophony as she began to open up the throttle, revving to sixth gear.

"HNNHUH-UHH-UHhHHH!"

Mother and son fucked like dogs. Minutes ticked on the clock, out in neighbours houses people would be readying their children for bed.

Matilda fucked her boy like she was trying to snap him in half, the middle of the sofa depressing deeper as she pulled Jonathon into her fuck-pit.

Jonathon's eyes rolled back, neck muscles flexing, nails digging into her back as she pounded his prostate to the point that saliva was flowing freely from his mouth, unnoticed by him as he was taken to a special place by his mother, forced into that blinding, soundless space where nothing exists except pure ecstasy, everything connecting back to the blind fury of his mother's love making.

"Mmmmommm.. mommmmm-" he drooled, unheeded by his blistering savage of a parent as she forced him to ride her like a bull, bucking her hips up so hard that the claps of her balls against his lap was like a whip-crack.

*CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!"

Everything went white.

It hit him in a hailstorm of boiling ecstasy which zipped up his spine and overloaded the pleasure centres in the depths of his brain, moaning like a zombie as all thoughts dissolved in the swirling vortex, arms and legs clamping to his

mother as she attacked his prostate, punished it, arms spasming and tongue lolling as thin ropes of cum spewed onto his belly and the bottom of his mother's tits.

Some squirted through the crevasse of her bosom and hit them on their chins, his mother lapping at it like a dog aiming for treats, Jonathon not even coordinated enough to understand what was going on.

"MmmHhm… Mmmhhhh….."

"Uh-uhhhh-uhhhhmmmhuh-phhglhllll…"

His asshole however, continued to automatically clamp tight to the daddy cock sawing in and out of it whenever it hilted, gripping it with a rubbery strength that spoke of true love.

Please stay here.

Her oenis heeded his call, never leaving for more than a second, always re-entering to its deepest point.

Jonathon shook as he was railed, Matilda temporarily pausing to twist so that she was now standing over the sofa, her boy beneath her folded in half gracefully with his knees behind his head in hooker position number one.

His ass looked like two ripe peaches, succulent and ready for plucking.

"MMmmmommmm," he managed, a long rivulet of saliva hanging from his mouth as his neck lolled sideways.

"No," she said brusquely, "we're not stopping because you're just a little PUSSY!"

She combined it with a lightning spear to his heart, and Jonathon felt his mother begin to machine-gun huge cheek-clapping thrusts that compressed his spine with each thrust, her hands so hard and immovable on his ankles it was like being sat on a rollercoaster ride that only existed to hammer a long round object into your asshole.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

She felt his anus oscillate again and a grin broke through her sweat stained face.

"Yeah, cum again, bitch."

Jonathon was crying, but he couldn't stop the orgasms rolling through him like a freight train, his sobbing halted by another spear of mind-wrenching ecstasy making him whine like a dog, his tongue lolling to the side of his mouth, limbs

shaking in an epileptic fit as his mother used him, whipping him again and again with her package, filling him over and over with her raging hardness.

Tiny streams of ecstasy launched into the air, hitting himself in the face, and Jon bleated as his Mother slowed her rape to enjoy the way he clung tighter to her, shaking in her arms.

Once he had finished coming again, his cute little dicklet happily standing tall in the face of overwhelming beauty and strength, Jonathon felt himself being lifted and carried, his face warm and wet as his mother carefully jogged on her heels towards the stairs.

"M-mom.. careful-"

"Shut uuup," she snapped.

The stair-ride was somewhat worrying, Matilda teetering so far back at one point that at one point it seemed like she would surely topple back down into the hallway...

Somehow she stayed upright, making it all the way to her bedroom.

Jonathon felt her womanhood flex inside him, tendons and ligaments going taut, making him tremble.

"OH…. Oh God…. oohhhh…."

His mother did not waste time, running into the room and simply body slamming him into the centre of the bed, chuckling evilly as she began to crush her hips to his, bonking him like a boy who had just been told how sex works and desperately wanted to try it out for themselves.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

"UHNNGUhnnnNU NNuhh-!"

"Come on honey… *UHN* let me see my boyyyyy *MMhuhh* cumming for me again…."

Jonathon might have said something if he had been able to speak, hanging on for dear life as she bred him like a bitch.

CLAP-CLAP

"Blluhhhlb-blh-lbuhh-bluhhhh-"

Her hands were clumsy, but decidedly firm and grabby, at one point grabbing both his butt-cheeks and holding on tight, enjoying the way the boy squirmed and tightened beneath her fingers

This feast of a bitch. Of her son.

After half an hour of bare-back pounding, bed-springs squealing and head-board thumping into the wall so hard that it had almost certainly left dents in the plaster, Matilda groaned, switching into passionate, love-making mode now that she was in control, now that she could force her son to take her dick the way she needed him to.

*"Yeah honey… yeaaauhhhhh!… There's…. no escape… *MYUHH* you can't leave me….."*

schllick-shllick-shlick

"UHhnnn… UHHHmmmmmmommmmaaaaa…"

The last keening cry was so perfect that Matilda froze mid-thrust.

She felt her balls tighten.

"Oohhh… Hhhhh-ere it come……."

His mother's eyes rolled up, and Jonathon watched in semi-conscious horror as she jutted her hips, and the insertion brought with it two tons of bull-cream that did not enter his body gently, instead exploding from the tip like a firehose, straight into the centre of his body.

Heat blossomed through his abdomen as she spread her seed far and wide through his cavities. The pleasure ripped his brain in half.

"Oohhmmmmuughhuuuuudddd!"

A roiling cocktail of chemicals began to broil his brain into a soup as Jonathon whined, eyes bugging out as he stared into the eyes of his conqueror, met by his teeth-gnashing, snarling mother, who grabbed tight around the back of his neck and squeezed the vulnerable spot.

Fucking him was not enough.

She wanted his soul on a silver platter.

Her other hand snaked down to his belly.

"I will make you mine," she croaked, "*there's *Hhnn* nowhere you can hide…. Nothing you can say…"*

Jon whimpered.

His insides felt like they had been broiled in cum, the goo sitting hot and heavy in his abdomen.

She nipped the side of his ear.

"… come on honey… *say you love me*…."

"Nnnooohuhhh…" he groaned.

Her voice was laced with furious desperation when she said it.

"Come on honey.. *come onnnn!*… say you love me…."

She had taken him to the heaven of dickings, the mother of all fucks, and Jonathon could not hold back the need for his mother deep inside him.

"…. I l….. looove you… Mommm," he slurred into her ear, tears drying on his cheeks.

Her body tightened so harshly around him that it felt like the universe had collapsed in, leaving only a world of his mother's heat and smell, earthy and sweaty, the chemical perfume unable to mask those natural odours which were so enticing. Fingers gripped him as the woman trembled, moaning like a dying animal.

"MMmnnnnnuhhhhh…."

Just feeling her pleasure pulsing against his anal walls made Jonathon's heart beat faster in his chest, kissing her on the cheek.

"lllvve.. yuu…" he managed, the pressure of her body on his still making it difficult to breathe.

"YYYuuussss…."

The delirious, shocked expression on his mother's face pulled back, searching his eyes for the truth.

A long sliver of saliva began to drop down onto his nose from her mouth, but neither person broke the eye contact. He gave a shy smile back.

"I…. llloove…."

Then her hips shifted a little.

pfwap

"Uhn."

A note of fear trickled into Jonathon's head as he felt her meat slide in and out, barely an inch, the angry throbbing making it obvious that Matilda was ready to go all over again.

Three inches retracted and returned, huge testicles patting against his butt.

Pwap

"Uhhhn…M-mmmmoom…"

"Shhhhh," she giggled, already working up a little speed, "I knowwww…."

He tried to hold onto his mother with weak fingers, managing to keep his legs wrapped tight around her to better prepare himself.

Her grin became cruel, blinking dazedly as she ploughed an uncoordinated thrust in his general direction, her whole dick barrelling in and out of his ass.

THWAP

“UUUHNN!”

The blow rocked him, and he began seeing stars in his vision as his mother opened up the throttle and began to murder him with her cock, punishing his raw ass with pulverising thrusts so deep and hard that the already tortured bed springs screamed beneath him as he took the pummelling of a lifetime.

Eeek-eeek-eeek-ek-ek-ek

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP-THWAP

The sudden burst of speed would have sounded impressive to an onlooker had it not carried such horrific, anus-pummelling weigh

THUNK-THUNK-THUNK

The headboard began slamming into the wall so hard it was like someone was trying to kick through the side of the house, chipping dust and plaster from the widening dents.

CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!

“OHHh-UHH-HHH-HHHh-UHHHHH!!”

Wildlife documentaries would have cut away from such brutal footage, Matilda’s balls swinging like fleshy wrecking balls trying to batter her son’s globes into submission, Jon’s toes curling as she took his dignity in her hands and twisted it into something lesser, curled up on the floor shivering as he was emasculated and undone.

“UUHUHGHHNNGGUHHGNGN-!”

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP-THWAP

The skin-claps echoed around the bedroom, wet slurping cock-insertions that drove cum and lube across his insides, which now resembled some sort of glue factory.

Jonathon screamed, muscles going taut as his body reset itself under the wave of chemicals and hormones flooding his arteries, transmitting radiant pleasure to every last corner of his body.

Matilda was lost in the throes of ecstasy, breathing him, feeling him. All she wanted was her son.

She was almost jumping before each thrust, the mattress springing her back into the air such was the force with which she pounded down on him, and Jonathon felt all his mental walls collapse, raw and exposed to the hailstorm of ecstasy being fucked into him by his mother, her womanhood filling his boy-pussy like dynamite, obliterating everything lurking within.

SCHLAP-SCHLAP-SCHLAP!

"You fucking… bitch…" she glowered, sweat rolling down her face as she roiled and gyrated like a machine, wiping some snot from her nose on the bed sheets whilst making sure she never let him rest, never let him rediscover any brain functionality where he might not need his mother with all his heart and soul.

"Uuhmuhhhumuh-uhum-um-huh-muh-uh-muh-m!"

And she could feel him cumming, see the fear and excitement in his eyes, the lop-sided smile on his face that meant he was about to break and spray his love everywhere, cock rocking and slapping against his belly, barely making a sound due to its hilarious size.

"Llooove… yooou…." he managed, tears of ecstasy streaming down his face as he was taken.

"Iiii… love you sonnn….."

His mom was crying too, tears of relief and joy as she took her boy the way she had always dreamed, his legs tightening on her waist, his nails digging into her back as she bred him, trying with all her heart and soul to put a baby into his womb.

The moment his eyes rolled up, eyelids fluttering like he was having a fit, anus tightening horrendously around the base of her shaft, was the moment pleasure raced to the centre of her cerebral cortex, and Matilda's back arched, moulding herself to Jonathon's front as she fell on him with a scream, her cock rippling and thrumming like a rocket about to take off….

"HHHUUHHHHHHHHRRRGGGGGGUHHHHH!!!"

SHHLPLUUURRRRTT

The sound of custard being squirted out of a firehose was accompanied by a rush up her shaft, and she shivered, her cock tensing as pints of baby-batter began to pound into the inner sanctums of her son's body.

The boy spasmed, still not seeing, hands replaced by rigid claws as he drooled from both sides of his mouth as his mother raped her love into him.

He managed a weak, "Ooouhhhhh."

"yyyYYYYYUUUUHHHHHHHHHUUHHHhhhHHHHH!"

Matilda screamed in his face, high-pitched, ecstatic pleas for the moment never to end, to feel this connected to her boy for the rest of his life as his cock sprayed wildly over the pair of them, reduced to a jizz-sprinkler that would never see a womb, because it was too busy spouting the joy of being an anal slut.

The two shook as their souls merged together.

Bubbling heat spread and pressed against Jon's insides, forming a hot dam of heat that marked him as owned only by her.

Eventually the sounds and rocking subsided to small creaks as the two found their minds again, still glued together at the waist.

It took a long time for their heartbeats to slow, both able to feel and hear the other's pulse, connected by her conductor rod within him.

Eventually, the hardness began to soften.

"L.. love y…. mom…." said Jonathon to no-one, already drifting off into a deep sleep once more.

Matilda let out a smile, and then burped so nastily that she felt a small trickle of vomit enter her mouth.

She grimaced and swallowed it back down, the stench of wine heavy in her mouth now.

"Hmm…"

She looked down and stroked him, enjoying the feeling of his body wrapped around her cock like a hand-puppet.

"Mmmmh…"

This bed had not had many lovers in it. Who would have thought that he would be the one….

She could feel her cock softening, finally.

Her belly rumbled.

For the first time this evening it seemed she required nourishment different to the sustenance her son had given her.

Her stomach made an odd, sickly sound again, and she grimaced, attempting to pull her deep-sea diving bell out of her son's anus.

SHHHLUUURRrrrppppp

The long, slow retrieving of her length from his most private of places would have been seen as grotesque by any onlooker, the cloying swamp of Jonathon's butthole spluttering and exploding with a geyser of cum as her helmet unplugged him completely, widened anus new spewing pint after pint of cum that she had placed inside him.

Spurt-spurt-spurt

His legs trembled gently as a lake of sperm gushed from his exit, pooling on the bedsheets.

She smiled as she realised.. he hadn't even woken up.

"Hah."

He simply lay there, splayed out, his insides pulverised and thick with goo which was leaking from between his buttocks like jam from the centre of a donut, his insides hot from the love-paste his mother had injected into him.

Matilda came up on her knees, trembling, lip quivering.

She'd done it again.

She'd massacred her son's anus.

Her eyes swept over his limp body, the beautiful slimness of his belly, the plump femininity in his hips…

A dirty, hazy smile crawled onto her face.

What was a drunk girl to do? The boy was just irresistible to any woman with needs… she was only human after all.

A huge burp escaped her lips, and the smell of the wine she'd drank earlier almost made her wretch.

Food.

She needed food.

Matilda dismounted the bed, pleased at least that she could let her wet, drooling monster swing between her legs as she stomped downstairs and grabbed a now-

cold burger that they hadn't touched, scoffing it, grease sliding over her lips. By the time she'd finished, the gnawing hunger in her stomach had dissipated.

Good enough to sleep.

She would have simply collapsed on the couch… but there was a warm body to enjoy.

She plodded up the stairs, still trailing her cock-plasma, reeking of alcohol and fast food, and found her way back into her bedroom. As she did, her foot nudged the package, now almost empty due to the lack of corset, tutu and riding crop.

"Hmmm…"

She pulled out one of the remaining contents of the package, an adorable pink butt-plug.

A hazy, perverted grin spread across her face, and she approached the sleeping figure, despite her muscles aching for sleep as she crawled alongside him.

She trailed the butt-plug up his ass to the wet, gushing flower, pressing between his cheeks.

A slight murmur was the only response.

"Hn."

"Good boy," she murmured, before pushing hard.

"Hnnn!"

The boy squirmed, eyes blearily trying to open, until the bulbous plug was swallowed by his greedy asshole.

"Uhhnn…"

After a few moments, barely able to raise his arms, Jonathon went limp again, and his eyelids winched shut.

Matilda doted for a moment on the most beautiful sight of her life; her son with a pink, girly butt-plug fully wedged between his cheeks, keeping her sperm safely inside him.

"Mmmh…."

Finally Matilda's body decided enough was enough, her eyelids threatening to lock themselves shut, and she fell on top of her son laminated in both of their juices, before falling into a deep sleep.

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About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with big bulges in their panties, as well as various other genres.

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