

*Edited by neuroparenthetical.*

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Masturbating while wearing headphones is one of the riskiest decisions a man can make, and I was one hell of a daredevil when I was nineteen.

Even though I'd never been caught with my pants down, I was always paranoid that one day Mom would catch me in the act. It's not like she would have been surprised to see me doing it, but she definitely would have been shocked to see what I was doing it *with*.

By that age, I had probably borrowed her underwear to jerk off over three hundred times. It had used to make me feel guilty to reduce my own mother down to a scrap of fabric, but each pair I'd soaked with cum had made me feel a little less ashamed. I knew it was an obvious invasion of her privacy, but more often than not I was simply too damn horny to care. I figured that since no harm was being done to her, it would be fine to continue my nightly panty raids as long as she never found out.

Whenever I jerked off, I almost never paid any attention to whatever was playing on my computer. Porn was merely background noise to set the mood. My focus was on generating mental images of Mom in whatever compromising position I fancied most: on her knees sucking my cock, straddling me so I could play with her breasts, or bent over to display her fat rump as it jiggled back and forth.

The slideshow of filthy imagery would not finish until I did, but even then—with my balls thoroughly empty—the lingering lust often made me want to go for another round before my dick was soft.

If it wasn't apparent, I thought Mom was a *ridiculously* sexy woman, and her allure was made all the more authentic by the fact that she did not seem to be aware of the beauty she possessed. After my father had passed a few years prior, she'd remained celibate, as far as I knew. She never mentioned other men. Rather than going out on dates or even to local events where she might have met someone, she'd instead devoted more and more of her time to me.

I'd never complained about the increased affection, but it had been decidedly curious. I hadn't been a small child in need of coddling to ease

my sadness. Only a few years later, I was approaching adulthood—far beyond the age where it was believable that I needed her to tuck me in every night, yet she did it anyway.

Every night, she would sit on the edge of my bed and take the time to catch up. If we hadn't had a chance to talk much throughout the day, which was exceedingly rare, I still had that evening debrief to look forward to. Whenever anything exciting happened to me, my first thought was of her, already formulating the story for when I would inevitably relay it to her later.

I adored having her sugary sweet voice serenading me to sleep, and my eyelids would often grow heavy after just a few minutes. The nightly visits had quickly become routine, and eventually things had begun to feel incomplete if a given evening was not punctuated with one of our little chats.

Over time, as she'd ingrained herself into more of my daily life, she'd become more affectionate, too. She'd slowly become more physical, gradually ramping up from hugs that lasted longer to kissing me on the cheek when I left for class, the latter of which she had *never* done before. At some point, she'd started cuddling up next to me on the couch while we watched TV at night, and would not hesitate to purr happily whenever I began stroking her strawberry blonde hair.

It was a privilege to be close to her. To feel her body warmth and the smoothness of her skin against mine whenever our arms would brush was electrifying. Her touches—even the innocent ones—were more exhilarating than anything I had experienced with any other woman.

While most of my mother-masturbation sessions ended with a load of cum being dumped into a tightly wadded ball of cotton, one day it was unceremoniously interrupted by Mom calling me from the kitchen.

"Jake?"

*Fuck!* I thought. *I was almost finished, too!*

When I did not respond at once, she used my nickname instead.

"Ducky? You up there?"

I tucked my cock into the waistband of my shorts mid-throb. "Yeah, Mom?"

“Can you come down here for a second?” Her voice had gotten quieter as she’d spoken, so I knew she was already heading back into the kitchen without waiting to hear my response.

I rolled my eyes with a belabored grunt that only I could hear. “Sure,” I muttered just as quietly “Why not, right? I was only *seconds* away from finishing.”

There’s nothing worse than having one’s orgasm stifled right at the precipice. I mean, sure, there are *lots* of things that are worse, but at that moment I felt frustrated enough to scream “*I’m busy, goddammit!*”

Instead, I trudged down to the kitchen on legs of lead, making the wooden floorboards creek and groan under my feet. “What’s up, Mom? I was just, uh...” I trailed off the moment I laid eyes on her.

She was bent over in front of the sink, rummaging around in the cupboard for something, with her large, heart-shaped rump jutting out towards me.

“You were what?” she asked without turning to face me.

“I-I was, uh...”

There was still a decent amount of blood flowing to my cock, and more was on the way thanks to the provocative sight, which left far too little for my brain to use.

Even from halfway across the kitchen, I could see the outline of her panties through her yoga pants—a subtle ridge formed by the thicker edges, which sank into the soft flesh of her cheeks. It looked fucking amazing, but it was nothing compared to the sight between her pudgy thighs, where the elastic cloth was stretched thin over her pussy mound. The bulge of her womanhood protruded slightly from between her cheeks, forming a small, rounded hill that my teeth longed to sink into.

*I can’t wait to get my hands on that pair of panties!* I thought eagerly. As it stood, I couldn’t tear my eyes off of her.

Mom made an enchanting little giggle that echoed in the cupboard. “Cat got your tongue? You weren’t still sleeping, were you?”

My eyes scoured her backside. “Er, no.”

She looked over her shoulder for a brief second—so quickly that I did not have time to avert my eyes—then turned back around to face the cupboard.

I thought I was in the clear, but she immediately whipped her head around to look at me again. Too late, I averted my eyes.

“I was wondering— Well, I-I was thinking...” She paused for a couple of seconds. “Gosh, I forgot what I was going to say.”

I looked down to the floor. “Yeah! No, I mean. It’s like... that’s fine. Is, um... Are you good?”

“Yep!” Mom said unconvincingly. She hesitantly turned her head to look into the cupboard again and pushed a couple of miscellaneous bottles out of her way, then slumped her shoulders forward with her head hung. “Can I ask you something, Ducky?”

I swallowed a lump in my throat that made it hard to talk. “W-what, Mom?”

She took a deep breath, then peered at me over her shoulder again. “This is gonna sound so silly, but... were you just looking at my butt?”

I knew right away that it would be foolish to lie, but I also lacked the confidence to tell her the truth. A little piece of me wanted to rip the Band-Aid off and tell her *why* I had been staring, but I could not risk arousing suspicion, fearing that she would tighten security around her laundry basket if she knew how big of a pervert I was.

I ground my teeth together. “Was I? Um... I didn’t—I don’t—”

Mom huffed a chuckle out of her nose. “I thought so.”

I crinkled my nose, accepting defeat. “I— Yeah... fuck. I’m sorry, Mom. That’s really messed up, isn’t it?”

Interestingly, she did not seem as put off as I had expected. She narrowed her eyes to pinpoints and stared into my soul, but there was a particularly odd look of intrigue on her face. “Depends on why you were doing it, I guess.”

“I-I didn’t mean to! I just, like, came into the kitchen and saw... them!”

She arched an eyebrow. “Them?” Her voice betrayed piqued curiosity.

“Your, uh... butt cheeks,” I admitted.

Mom gave a more earnest chuckle that time. “I didn’t even know you were a fan of *‘them.’*”

I dug my fingernails into my sweaty palm. “I’m not! Not like that, I mean.”

She turned around and sat on the floor with her legs crossed, turning her inquiry into a full-on investigation. “What kind of fan are you, then?”

I held my hands up in front of me, showing her my palms like a dog exposing their belly. “I give up! I plead the fifth!”

Mom cocked her head to the side. “You gonna ask for a lawyer next? I didn’t mean to put you on the spot, Ducky. I just... wanted to know if I saw what I thought I saw.”

I pursed my lips. “Well, you did.”

She rose to her feet. “You’re lucky *I’m* the one that caught you. I’m too nice to chew you out.”

“Oh, yay.” I said sarcastically. “Lucky me!”

I folded my arms across my chest with an exaggerated roll of my eyes. I was playing it cool, brushing off the embarrassment, and so tucked my hands into my elbows to hide my trembling fingers. Talking about sex with Mom had never made me uncomfortable, so it wasn’t the topic that made me uncomfortable, but the rush of being caught mid-peep.

A few months after I’d turned eighteen, I’d started begging to borrow one of her bras to practice unbuckling it. I’d made up a lie about being embarrassed by my inexperience, but my real intention had been to cover my face with the large cups in the hopes that some of her residual scent would be lingering on the fabric.

She had given it to me just to shut me up. The one she’d given me had been a fresh pair that smelled of laundry, which had prompted me to start rooting around in her laundry basket for what I had—and still did—truly crave.

I thought about that day a lot, but not just because of the bra. When I looked back, I remembered the small dollop of cum with which I had accidentally stained it. I’d only noticed the evidence upon handing it back

to her, and my stomach had dropped when I'd thought she might discover the truth of why I'd borrowed it. I'd watched her examine it, and though I'd been certain that she had paused upon spotting it, she'd never spoken a word about it.

"I'm just teasing you, honey," she said. "Guys your age just love looking at curvy things, I guess. I'm not mad."

I softened my defensiveness. "You're not?"

She leaned on the counter with a shrug. "Not really, no. Mistakes happen."

The claim that it had been a mistake made me wince like my body was physically rejecting the lie. "Uh, yeah."

She narrowed her eyes at me again. "But it wouldn't be the first time you've made that 'mistake,' now would it?"

A voice in my head screamed at me, *She knows! Just tell her everything! She seems cool with it! Maybe she'll even give you the panties she's wearing as a reward for your honesty!*

It was a stupid thought of course, but then again, the parts of me theoretically capable of critical thinking still weren't getting enough blood. Call it animal cunning that prevented me from falling into whatever trap I sensed. "I-I mean—You're... messing with me, right?"

Mom held a hand over her mouth like she was holding back a gasp, but it was all for show. "Is it *that* obvious? Of course I am... unless you really *have* been looking at my butt without me noticing."

"Nope," I said curtly.

She looked me up and down, and seemed satisfied with whatever she saw. "Okay then, Ducky."

Internally, I breathed a sigh of relief as the third degree simmered down. "Did you call me down here *just* to mess with me, or..."

She clapped her hands together. "Right! No, sorry. I was going to ask if you could still drive me to my appointment with Dr. Wendy tomorrow?"

"Sure," I replied in a hurry. "Is that it, then?"

I would have said anything to get out of there as quickly as possible—not only to escape the awkwardness, but so that I could return to my bedroom to finish beating off.

Mom tapped a finger on the corner of her mouth. “Hmmm. There was something else, but... Oh, I don’t remember it now. I’ll come and tell you if I think of it.”

I gestured towards the hallway. “So...”

She shooed me away with both hands. “You are free to scurry off now.”

I did a sarcastic half-bow. “With pleasure.” I’d meant it figuratively, but by the time I was back in my room with my hand around my cock, it became quite literal.

I hastily shut my door and put on my headphones, then pulled Mom’s underwear out of the hiding spot in my desk drawer.

The image of her bulging mound was still fresh in my mind, providing me the fuel I needed to bring myself right back up to the edge of orgasm again within a few minutes.

My mother’s shrill shriek made me jump in my chair with my dick still in my hand.

“Jesus!” I cried as I tore off my headphones. “Knock, Mom!”

“I-I did, but...” she said with ballooning eyes that were zeroed in on my cock... and the pair of light grey panties that I had wrapped around it. She spoke without averting her gaze, though with her torso half-turned as though most of her body was *really* trying its best to drag her eyes elsewhere. “Are those m-*ine*?” Her voice cracked on the last word.

She seemed more surprised than upset. There was a cadence in her tone that made it sound like the rest of her sentence might have been “*Are those mine... of all people?*”

I spun back around in my chair so that I did not have to look at her confused face. “Please just leave, Mom.”

I heard her take a trepidatious step towards my chair. “Why... are you using them to, uh... do *that*?”

“Mom, seriously!”

“Seriously,” she repeated sternly. “Answer me, Ducky.”

I froze for four solid seconds. I hoped that the awkward silence would prompt her to leave, but she stayed right where she was.

“Will you please just talk to me?” she asked with a hollowness in her voice. “I’m not mad, I promise. Just... Oh, honey. Please just say something! What’s going on?”

I hurriedly pulled my shorts up off of the ground and secured them around my waist, then stuffed my panty-clad cock back inside. I hated that, against all odds, my embarrassing exposure was not making it any less hard. In fact, every time Mom’s voice had tickled my ears, my insistent erection had given a notable throb to let me know that it actually *liked* the attention.

“Pretty obvious, I think,” I said flatly, barely managing to stop my voice from breaking.

Mom took another cautious step towards me and sat down on my mattress, causing the springs to groan under her weight. “Can you look at me?”

I shook my head. “Don’t think so.”

She clicked her tongue against her teeth. “Well, could you try, at least? I don’t want to talk to the back of your head, Ducky.”

I rolled my shoulders, and I took my time doing so to buy a few extra seconds before turning to face her. Even then, I could not look her in the eye for more than a second without feeling another powerful throb in my cock. I looked down and to the side, but I could still just barely see her in the periphery.

“Hi,” I said bashfully.

She gave me a delicate smile that was light years away from the look of revulsion I had expected to see. “Hi, honey,” she said fondly. “Can you just tell me, like... why? I want to understand.”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “Guess I’m just weird.”

Mom paid no mind to my self-flagellation, refusing to dignify it with a response. She patted the mattress next to her. "Will you sit with me, Ducky?"

I'd been hoping she would leave sooner rather than later, but her invitation made it clear that she was not going to leave without getting some answers.

I sat down beside her reluctantly, but did not say a word.

She scooted along the edge of my mattress until our knees were touching. "I'm not interested in what's weird, or gross, or just... whatever. I'm not mad, and I don't think there's anything wrong with you, either."

"Okay," I said, my voice hollow. "That's good, I guess."

She put a hand on the small back and started rubbing it with long, reassuring strokes. "Can you tell me when you started doing this?"

I huffed air through my nostrils. "A while."

She fiddled with her fingers. "Like, a week?"

"Longer."

She took a shaky breath through her nose. "A month?"

I pursed my lips. "More like a year, actually."

Tension turned her jaw to stone. "I guess I was right, then."

I flicked my eyes to her. "You were?"

"Uh-huh. Yeah. I've noticed them disappearing for a while, but I thought I was imagining it. You still haven't told me *why*, though. If you like how they feel on your penis—"

"Mom!" I cried with a wince.

"Let me finish," she said curtly. "If you like the feeling, you could just buy some from the store, so why did you use *mine*?"

"You don't know?" I asked suspiciously.

"No," she replied with a voice small enough to fit through the eye of a needle.

“I use yours *because* they’re yours, Mom,” I admitted, forcing the words around the huge lump in my throat.

The room went deadly quiet for a few seconds.

Mom shifted back and forth on the bed, making the springs creak under her weight again, but that time the screeching metal was the sting of an untuned violin. “But mine are dirty! And... and they’re *mine*! That doesn’t bother you?”

I hung my head. “Not anymore. Ever since I started doing it—using them, I mean—I haven’t been able to stop. It was just something I did at first.”

She drew a deep breath through her quivering lips. “And now?”

I anxiously clacked my teeth together. “Now... I won’t even bother doing it if I don’t have a pair.”

Mom’s eyes were the size of moons. “I thought ‘need’ was an exaggeration, but... *can* you get hard without them?”

Hearing her talk so openly about my erection probably would’ve made me cringe regardless, but I wasn’t above some exaggeration to hide the way my cock throbbed over her simple words. “I can... mostly. When I *do* use them, though, it’s like—”

“Like what?” I had not even paused my sentence, but she was so visibly eager that she had interrupted anyway. Her eyes scanned my face like the answer to her question was written on it. “What happens when you use them, Ducky?”

I gave a half-hearted shrug. “It’s like magic, Mom.”

She furrowed her brow like she was offering pity, without a hint of disappointment to be seen. “I’m really sorry, Ducky—about the... you know?”

“It’s not your fault, Mom; nothing you can do about it.”

A mischievous smile spread across her face. “Maybe you’re wrong.”

I arched an eyebrow. “What are you grinning at?”

She gave her head a big shake. “Silly idea. ‘Spose I’m just amused by how my crazy brain works sometimes.”

I sat up a bit straighter. “Tell me?”

She braced her palms flat on the mattress. “Like I said, it’s crazy, but for a second I thought, like—” She interrupted herself to chuckle at whatever insane notion she had come up with. “—I know it’s silly, but for *just* a second I thought I could make you feel better.”

“How?”

She tilted her head to the side. “You can’t make fun of me. I know it’s crazy, but... I thought you’d feel a bit better if I just gave you a pair— the ones I’m wearing now, for example.”

My heart did not just skip a beat, but stopped entirely for two full seconds. I could not believe I had possibly heard her correctly. “W-what?”

She waved me off. “I told you it was crazy.”

“Are you being serious, Mom?”

Her eyes widened momentarily. “Are *you*? Do you— Would you even *want* them? I’ve been wearing them all morning, Ducky!”

I licked my lips. “That’s kind of the whole point.”

Embarrassment bloomed across her cheeks. “Oh. You want them to smell like...”

I nodded slowly. “Exactly.”

Her jaw flexed, but she tried to play it cool while she processed the revelation. “But... like *mine*, honey? Are you sure?”

I wasn’t about to complain that we’d been over that already—not with the prize she was dangling. I gave two more distinct nods. I’m surprised I didn’t get on my knees and start begging.

She chewed on the inside of her cheek. “Hmm. Maybe I could, um... Oh, I don’t know about this, honey.”

I noticed her apprehension, and no matter how tempted I was, I felt like I’d become a different and worse kind of creep if I were to try to coerce

her. "It's a nice gesture, but you're right about how crazy it is. Thank you, Mom, but you don't have to."

Her eyes were laser-focused on nothing in particular while she parsed through her thoughts. One of her eyelids fluttered, and she scarcely breathed for a few seconds, but I did not rush her.

"Would it really make you that happy?" she asked timidly.

I gave a solemn nod. "Yeah."

The corner of her lips quivered as though they would break into a toothy grin at any minute, but none of that translated to her eyes. They looked hollow even as she began to talk herself further into the idea. "This is my last clean pair, but I... I don't *need* to wear underwear to do my chores, I guess."

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable, Mom," I insisted, and I suppose that in some technical sense, it wasn't a lie.

She nodded, and I did not get the impression that she was answering me, but some internal question that she had not vocalized. "Okay. Okay, yeah. I mean, no, like... it's okay, honey.

"It's kind of harmless, right?" she continued without waiting for a response. "If it makes you happy, and it's not really, um... *bad*, then I think it's okay. It's okay, right?"

My stomach shifted around like a plume of butterflies were about to burst from my open mouth. "Mom, I—"

"I want to make you happy," she said with finality. "I just, uh, haven't had a man ask for something like this before. Hell, I haven't had one ask for *anything* in a while!"

I offered her a comforting smile. "That's their loss. I think you're pretty sexy, Mom."

She made a soft whimper that I did not think was intended for me to hear. "Well, I-I don't know about that. I'm not as young as I used to be, so it's a bit strange to even hear those words from someone your age."

"I told you I'm a weirdo."

She nodded slowly. “It is... a *bit* weird, I’ll admit, but it’s not your fault. You’re nineteen, honey. You’re not the first young man to struggle with horniness. You’re curious; it’s natural.”

For some reason, that made me get defensive. I did not appreciate the insinuation that I was battling feelings that were typical for a guy my age, since they were anything but.

“I don’t struggle with being horny, Mom,” I told her. “I struggle with being horny *because of you!*”

The enlarged whites around the tops and bottoms of her eyes communicated her shock. “I was afraid of that. That’s... that’s just...”

“Just say whatever you’re thinking. I can handle it if you think I’m a freak.”

Mom swiftly collected herself. “No, sweetheart! Not at all. I’m happy you told me, but I hate watching you beat yourself up like this. Just because you’re a bit different doesn’t mean there’s something wrong with you! You’re still my son, and I’ll love you no matter what you tell me.”

I could tell the conversation was coming to a close, and I was already preparing to melt into a puddle of shame the moment she left my room. “Love you too, Mom.”

She beamed at me, showing none of the apprehension that had recently been plastered on her face. “Now, just be honest with me. Would you like me to take off my underwear so you can borrow them for a little bit?”

I was silent, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

She chuckled at my hesitation. “I mean, if you’re just gonna steal them anyway, I might as well let you use them, right?”

Still I waited, but that time it was due to the paralytic surprise that had turned my body to stone.

“Honey?” she asked. “You okay?”

“Yep!” I yelped loudly—far more than what was appropriate in my small bedroom.

She recoiled, and I hoped it was only because of the sudden change in volume. “Oh,” she said. “Well, you didn’t say anything, so—”

“I’d love that!” I insisted with unabashed enthusiasm. “But... are you cool with it? Like, you’re not grossed out?”

Mom dug her tiny toes into the carpet. “If I’m being honest, it *does* make my tummy feel a little squirmy, but sometimes that’s good! I don’t mind stepping out of my comfort zone if it makes you *this* happy.”

I tilted my head back and peered at her over the bridge of my nose. “How happy is that, exactly?”

She pointed the tip of her finger at my face, then drew a small circle in the air. “*This* happy! You look like you just won the lottery, honey. I’ve never seen that look on you before!”

I bit my lower lip. “Guess I’m not hiding it well, huh?”

She shook her head. “I’ve never seen a man get so excited over underwear before, but if it works, it works. Just promise me you’ll return them when you’re done?”

“Promise.”

She stood up and hooked her fingers into the waistband of her tight black yoga pants. “Here you go, then, Ducky.”

My heart was pounding in my chest, and my brain was screaming happy thoughts. *Holy shit! It’s really happening! I’ve never had a pair that was this fresh before! This is gonna hit like fucking crack!*

She started to slide the stretchy bottoms down her leg. They budged just an inch at first, exposing the soft, pale skin of her lower belly and the very top of her hips. Then she paused, biting her lip, and looked up at me with shy, uncertain eyes.

“Close your eyes,” she whispered, her voice barely above a breath. “It feels—do you *really* have to watch me take them off?”

I closed my eyes obediently so she would not get cold feet, but left just enough of a gap between my lids so I could sneak a peek. “They’re closed! They’re closed!”

She scowled. “Fine, then.” Just to be sure she was safe, Mom slowly turned around to present her backside to my ‘closed’ eyes. “You’d better not be peeking...”

Having already committed, I dared not let my eyelids flicker or flutter one bit.

Her hands tugged the yoga pants down over the generous swell of her hips. The fabric peeled away gradually, revealing the full curves of her ass cheeks, barely contained by a pair of simple, well-worn cotton panties.

She struggled with her bottoms for a second when her right foot got caught in the tight ankle cuff. She had to lift her leg higher, balancing awkwardly on one foot while she yanked at the stubborn material. When she finally stomped her foot back down to free herself, her cheeks jiggled from the impact, sending a ripple through her flesh that made my cock throb inside my shorts.

With her thumbs hooked in the waistband of her underwear, she bent over slightly to pull them down as well. For one breathtaking moment, her ass was completely bare right in front of me, presented in all of its breathtaking glory.

The skin there looked as smooth as glass, with a faint tan line bisecting the middle of each cheek—a border between the cream-colored flesh and the ghostly pale of her inner cheeks. The deep cleft between them offered a glimpse of her pussy lips, which peeked out from underneath the gigantic, doughy mounds. The scent of her arousal was already thick in the air, its fragrance unmistakably feminine. Her cunt honey—the source of that delicious aroma—was glazing her folds, adding a subtle glisten to the rosy meat between her thighs.

She glanced back over her shoulder at me with an expression that was curious and strangely longing, like she was hoping to catch me breaking the rules. That look lingered for a split second before she quickly pulled her yoga pants back up, wiggling her hips to get them over her wide bottom again.

She turned back to face me, her cheeks flushed deep red, and held out the bundle of fabric in her shaky hand. “Okay, sweetheart. You can look now.”

Perhaps I gave myself away by reaching for the crumbled ball without fully opening my eyes, but she did not launch any accusations. Her body

heat still clung to the damp cloth, just like the juice that soaked the portion that had been pressed up against her pussy. It took every ounce of willpower not to immediately bury my nose in them.

“Wow,” I mumbled. “They’re still warm.”

She bit her lower lip. “I hope that’s a good thing.”

I tightened my grip and pressed my middle finger directly against the crotch, squelching the soggy material under my digit. I was so distracted that I did not even bother to answer her implicit question. “They feel wet, too.”

“Well, I-I can’t speak to that,” she said.

I boldly lifted the underwear to my nose and inhaled the rich, tangy scent of cunt honey. “Smells like they’re wet, too, which means...” I lowered my gaze to her pussy as though I had X-ray vision that would allow me to see it through her pants.

Mom instinctively folded her hands over her front. “I mean sometimes it just... It happens! I don’t know!”

My lip curled into a fiendish smile. “You’re wet right now, Mom?”

It was a rhetorical question, since the answer was obvious, but I wanted to see how far I could push the boundary before she put a stop to it.

Luckily for me, she seemed intrigued above all else. “Why don’t you find out?” she said softly, averting her eyes.

I lifted the sodden panties and took another deep inhalation, even closing my eyes—yes, for real and all the way—so I could better focus on smell alone.

When I opened them after several seconds of sniffing, Mom was staring at me with a slackened jaw. “Oh, Jesus,” she muttered.

“What?” I asked dumbly, my head swimming from the fumes.

“You, uh, must *really* like my scent, honey.” She nodded down towards my cock, which had formed a noticeable bulge in the front of my shorts. “I should probably go, right? So you can get busy, or whatever.”

I knew her well, which meant that I knew she would have already left if she had *really* wanted to. There was something about the inflection in her tone—hesitancy, like she was hoping I would invite her to watch.

It was a crazy thought, but not my first of the day, and no more insane than the fact that my own mother had just handed me her used underwear to jerk off with. With that in mind, I felt inclined to continue being crazy. I was all too eager to see how far she would let things go.

My teeth were clattering from the quiver in my jaw, but I played nonchalant to keep her at ease. “You don’t have to leave.”

Her eyes went wide. “Oh, I don’t think— No, I-I should go... I think.” As I’d hoped, she did not actually budge from my bed.

I shrugged, trying to seem casual so she would not get skittish. Even though my pulse was racing a mile a minute, I calmly asked, “Do you want to stay?”

The tendons in her neck flexed, and her temple visibly throbbed under the pressure of my bewildering question. Beneath the apprehension, however, I caught the spark of intrigue in her dilated pupils.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she answered quietly.

“It’s natural to be curious,” I said, trying and failing to suppress the smarm. “Are you curious, Mom?”

She bit down on her thumbnail. “Maybe a little...”

With a devilish grin, I lifted her underwear to my nose and let the scent soak into my nostrils, then slipped my right hand into my shorts. I took a final breath to embed her signature scent deep in my brain, then lowered her panties and stuffed them into my shorts.

She could not directly see my cock, but her eyes flicked down to the tent in my shorts immediately, then away, then back again. “I shouldn’t be watching this.” Nevertheless, she did not move an inch.

I closed my eyes so she wouldn’t feel so awkward, but cracked my lid just enough that I could see her through the thin gap. There was nothing I could say to change her mind, so I pretended she was not there, hoping that removing the spotlight from her would make her feel more comfortable.

I firmly clutched the underwear around my shaft and started stroking, letting them glide up and down the length. Mom stood there watching, but did not make a peep. At first, she tried to look casual with her arms loosely crossed, but as my strokes grew firmer and my breathing deepened, her chest started to rise and fall more rapidly.

I let out a low groan as I twisted the wet crotch of her panties right over the head of my cock, smearing her juices all over the spongy bulb.

Her breathing quickly turned heavy. Her knees were visibly quivering—so much that she had to steady herself by leaning back against the dresser behind her. She pressed her thighs together, shifting with restless little movements that she probably didn't even realize she was making.

*Maybe she's as into this as I am!* I thought excitedly. *Look at her. She can barely stand! Wait, what the fuck is she doing with her hand?*

Mom's hand started to drift towards her pussy. Her fingers twitched as if pulled by some invisible string that she did not appear fully conscious of, and her gaze stayed locked on my hand. When her fingertips finally brushed against the fabric of her yoga pants, right over where her pussy would be, she jolted like she'd been shocked. Her hand snapped back up quickly and she clenched it into a fist at her side.

She was fighting her body, which was clearly aching for relief; her nipples were stiff against her blouse, her cheeks had flushed dark red, and her breath was coming in soft, uneven pants. Her body language was practically screaming, torn between motherly decorum and the raw, obvious arousal that made her want to touch herself. For the moment—spurred by that sudden awareness—her shyness was winning.

Typically, I would have lasted much longer, but the fact that I was being observed triggered something deeply primal in my brain.

"Mom?" I asked, playing into the falsehood that my eyes were actually closed.

"What is it, Ducky?" she asked with lips so dry that I could hear them peeling off of her teeth.

"I'm close."

“What do you usually do when you, uh... f-finish?” she asked timidly.

“Wanna see?” I asked, hoping to coax some enthusiasm out of her.

She murmured something under her breath, but then I saw the telltale signs of second thoughts. “I don’t—”

“Just say it, Mom,” I insisted through gritted teeth.

I heard her literally swallow her nerves over several seconds, summoning the courage before she finally squeaked out her reply. “I want to see.”

I kept stroking steadily, bucking my hips up to meet my fist as the pressure built deep in my balls. My breathing was getting ragged, and every short inhalation dragged air into my lungs that was still faintly tinged by the scent of her juices. I cracked my eyelids just enough to see the look of fascination on her face.

I did not—I *could* not—delay the inevitable. My orgasm hit hard, urging a guttural groan from my throat as the first rope erupted from my cock, splattering into the already-soggy fabric that cloaked the head. Thick, hot spurts pumped out again and again, mixing with her juices as it soaked into the cloth. I kept stroking through the pulses, milking every last drop into her underwear until the whole garment felt heavy.

When the final weak spurts petered out to nothing by dry twitches, I slowed my hand. “There.”

Mom was speechless for a second, still staring with wide eyes while she gathered her thoughts. “That was... that was...”

I pulled my hand out of my shorts, clutching her profusely sodden drawers, and presented them to her. “Here.”

She stared at them blankly. “What am I supposed to do with those?”

I grinned sheepishly. “Put them back on, maybe?”

Mom grabbed the balled-up underwear from me. Without thinking, she squeezed it and produced a lurid squelch from the cloth as hot baby batter oozed between her fingers. “I... *can’t* put these back on. Look how wet they are! I-I’d be, uh... sticky a-and go-oey all damn day!”

I hummed with satisfaction. “Are you trying to turn me on again?”

She flicked her eyes to me. “Already? You just finished! I didn’t— I wasn’t *trying* to turn you on, no. Is it really that easy?”

I gestured towards my dick, which was still occasionally lifting my shorts whenever it flexed. “Apparently it is.”

Her astonishment was undeniable. “It hasn’t even gone down all the way yet! Are you already getting hard again?”

“I probably will if you keep using words like ‘sticky’ and ‘goeey,’ yeah!”

Mom gave an impish giggle. “I guess I was right earlier; you really *do* like my scent. I’ve never had a guy go this crazy over me before.”

The truth just poured out of me like a waterfall, but even if I could have stopped it, I wouldn’t have wanted to. “I fucking *love* it, Mom! I love *everything* about you. Most nights I have to jerk off two or three times before I can even get to sleep! I think you’re the sexiest woman in the world.”

Nothing on her face hinted that she knew how to respond. “Oh, honey. I... That’s very sweet, really, but—”

“You don’t believe me,” I said snippily.

Her brow tensed and knitted together, then softened. “I don’t think you’re lying, honey. I just think that, maybe, you’re thinking with the wrong head.”

“Let me prove it to you,” I insisted, brimming with newfound confidence.

She whipped her head up and looked at me. “H-how? I mean, what... what would you even do?”

I could have thought of about a thousand ways to prove it to her, but none that I thought she would have gone for at the time. “I don’t know! Just something to prove to you that you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Mom shivered and lifted her shoulders up around her ears like she was trying to shrink away. “Even if you do mean that, sweetheart, I’m still your mother. I’ve already broken about a dozen rules by letting you even *touch* my underwear.”

"I don't care," I said. "It's fucked up, but that just makes me want you even more."

She sucked in a shallow breath, her shoulders stiffening. "T-that's incest, honey. Being curious about my panties is one thing, I suppose, but I thought it stopped there."

I pursued my lips. "It doesn't. It goes way, way deeper."

Mom tightly clenched her jaw. "Okay. Okay, I— Wow."

"Sorry if that makes you regret it."

If she did, it was too late to take it back, but I saw a sliver of hope that convinced me she was still curious.

She shook her head. "Not at all. It just gives some context."

"Guess it doesn't seem so harmless now," I said sadly, figuring I had just put a stop to any future shenanigans.

Her eyes flicked back and forth. "It's not, no, but at the same time..."

I perked up when she paused, eager to hear what she would say. "Yeah?"

She crinkled her nose. "At the same time, I don't think it's really hurting us. Did it make you happy?"

"Yes!" I cried, leaping at the chance to validate her decision.

"Then I don't feel too bad about it," she concluded. "I don't think I'll be telling my friends about it, but... I'm happy, too. Feels like we've got a fun little secret. Maybe that's not so bad, right?"

I grinned from ear to ear. "I think it's awesome."

Mom looked oddly proud of herself for giving me something that I cherished so deeply— that such a feeling could come from something to which she had never given a second thought. "Maybe I should start selling my underwear online if they're that popular."

I puffed up my chest. "I'd be your best customer."

She giggled. "I'm sure you would, sweetheart."

There was a pause then that, while not quite awkward, served as a reminder that something profound had changed in our relationship. It didn't feel like a natural hiccup, but rather the echo of a thousand things

"I... I should start lunch," Mom said softly, her voice a little unsteady. "You didn't wake up in time for breakfast, so I'll make us some lunch. Okay?"

I nodded, still a little dazed. "Yeah, okay."

She slipped out of the room without another word, leaving me to focus on the pitter-patter of her bare feet trotting down the hardwood stairs.

I tucked myself away, zipped up, and tried to focus.

I sat at my desk and tried to work on some homework, but my mind kept drifting back to her. I thought about the weight and warmth of her used panties in my hand, the hungry look in her eyes while she had watched me cum into them, and even the way her huge bare ass had jiggled when she'd stomped her foot. I needed her all over again. Even oxygen and water would've had a hard time competing against her attention on my hierarchy of needs.

It felt like I spent hours alone in my bedroom pining for her, but when she finally called me, the clock revealed it had barely been a half hour.

"Soup's on!" she sang happily.

I headed down to the kitchen, half-hoping that she would be bare-assed when I rounded the corner. Sadly, she was fully clothed, but I mentally superimposed the visual of her naked rump onto the view of her cheeks bulging against her yoga pants.

She had made a simple meal of tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches. It was the kind of comforting lunch she often threw together, and, despite its simplicity, it was one of my all-time favorites.

We sat across from each other at the small table, and though things felt mostly normal, I got the sense that we were playing a game of chicken. Who would break first by mentioning the lewd act we had committed?

Mom dipped a corner of her sandwich into a bowl of steaming red gloop. "How's the homework coming along?"

“It’s fine,” I replied, taking a bite. The food was warm and good, but my thoughts were elsewhere, and I could tell hers were, too. “Just some readings that I have to finish for tomorrow.”

We talked about the weather for a minute, then about a show we’d both been watching, but my mind refused to truly focus on innocent topics. Every time I looked at her across the table, I replayed parts of the scene in my bedroom: the scent of her wetness, the way her knees had trembled while she’d watched me stroke, and the awe-inspiring sight of her naked ass that she had attempted to hide from me.

I briefly looked down toward her lap through the table. “Did you put a dry pair on?” The words had slipped out before I could stop them, and her silence made me wonder if I should have chosen my words more carefully.

Mom paused with a spoon halfway to her mouth. A soft blush crept back into her cheeks, but she answered calmly. “The load of laundry finished, so yes, I put on a new pair.”

I swallowed as the heat rose in my cheeks again. “Oh, well... that’s good.”

The innocent lunch suddenly felt charged. I wanted to ask more, but I held back, letting the silence stretch between us just a little longer. I kept picking at the crust of my sandwich, trying to act normal, but the question I’d asked hung in the air between us like smoke.

She must have caught the hungry look in my eyes, because after a few more seconds of quiet, she set her spoon down. With a small, knowing smile and a playful little sigh, she got up from her chair.

“Mom?” I asked.

She didn’t say anything. Without breaking eye contact, she reached under the waistband of her yoga pants and hooked her fingers into the fresh pair of underwear. Slowly, watching me the entire time, she hiked them upward, pulling the soft cotton tight against her pussy.

The black fabric of the yoga pants stayed snug around her wide hips, but the panties rose dramatically, stretching all the way up until they were as high as her belly button.

Although I could not see anything more of her panties, I knew that the front must have sunken deep into her slit from how hard she was tugging on them. She held it there for a long moment, gently rocking her hips, letting the panties really soak through.

“W-what are you doing?” I asked.

She let go of the waistband and let it snap back against her skin. “Just getting them ready for you. You are gonna ask for them, right?”

I nodded in stunned silence.

“That’s why I got them wet first,” she said in a low register as she stepped behind me out of view. “Now look away so I can take them off for you.”

I swiftly looked down to the plate of mostly-eaten grilled cheese. “Okay.”

I couldn’t see anything other than my food, but every sound behind me painted a vivid picture in my mind.

First came the soft rustle of fabric as she pulled down her pants and slid them over her hips and thighs. There was a slight pause, then the distinctive sound of her shifting her weight from one foot to the other as she worked them down her legs. One lifted, then the other, followed by the faint thud of them being tossed onto the floor by my feet.

“Almost dooone,” she purred teasingly.

Next came the quieter, more intimate sound of her peeling off her panties: the soft elastic snap as she pulled them over her hips, then the gentle rustle as the damp cotton slid down her skin.

I imagined her bending slightly, her large, round ass cheeks wobbling as she stepped out of the leg holes. The air in the kitchen suddenly felt heavier with the sweet musk of her arousal floating freely in the room.

She leaned forward, placing her mouth right next to my ear. “That’s better.”

Tingles crept up my spine, but I did not dare turn around. Before I could speak a word, I felt the warmth of her freshly soaked panties being laid gently over my shoulder. The wet crotch pressed directly against my t-shirt, and I could instantly feel her juices seeping through. The

unmistakable scent of her pussy rose up right beside my face, rich and intimate in a way that made me dizzy with lust.

“All yours, Ducky,” she announced.

I swallowed hard, my cock fully hard again and straining against my pants. “Can I turn around now?”

Mom gave a throaty purr. “I dunno, honey. I don't have any bottoms on right now, so...”

It felt like an unseen hand was squeezing my heart. “O-k-kay.”

She walked backwards until I heard her heels touch the wall behind me. “Should I put them back on, or... do you think you can make it to your room without looking back?”

That sinister hand gripped with perilous strength. “I-I don't... Do I have to?”

“Uh-huh,” she said. “I wanna see you march all the way up those stairs without turning around. Even though I'm standing riiiiight here without any... Oh, gosh. You would *definitely* see my you-know-what, honey.”

I tried to swallow, but my mouth had gone dry, and my tongue was a lifeless weight in my mouth. “B-but are you, like... You *really* don't have any bottoms on right now?”

The sound of Mom casually patting one of her bare ass cheeks, then the other, answered my question. “Free as a bird.” Then she played bongos on the large mounds a few more times, tightening the clenched fist in my chest as I listened to the seductive drum beat of palms on skin.

I could not believe that I was one head turn away from laying eyes on her pussy for the first time—and worse, that I was being forced to combat the pleas from my brain to betray her trust. “I can't look? Seriously?”

“Nope,” she replied. “Prove to me what a good boy you can be.”

In my mind, the rest of that theoretically finished sentence went something like “... *and I'll reward you for it.*” Delusional or not, I redid the math.

“Holy shit,” I said under my breath. “I’ll, uh, be right back, I guess.”

“Er, wait,” Mom said suddenly. “You’re gonna do it, like, right now?”

“I thought that was the idea.”

Mom cleared her throat. “Oh, okay. Well, I mean, I figured you just wanted them for later, you know? I didn’t know—You’re gonna do it right *now*?”

A tickle in the back of my skull emboldened me to ask the question that I hoped she was waiting for. “Do you want to watch again?”

Mom acted like she had not even considered that option, but it was obvious from her tone that she had been hoping I would ask. “I mean... I could, I suppose. Do you want me to, Ducky?” There was a hopeful upturn in her voice again, pleading for me to make the hard decision for her.

I huffed a small chuckle out of my nose. “It’s *our* fun little secret, right? I guess that means you kind of have to watch.”

“Really? Well then, I was thinking maybe we should use my bed since it’s a bit bigger?”

Since I could not see her face, I did not know if she noticed the excitement washing over me that made my limbs stiffen. “That would be awesome, Mom.”

I heard her shuffle back into her yoga pants. “I’ll race you there,” she offered, but I knew right away that I was going to intentionally lag behind so that I could watch her ass bounce around as she climbed the stairs. Before I could even stand up, she darted towards them.

I followed right behind her, my eyes locked on her ass as she climbed the steps ahead of me, eternally grateful that she’d abandoned the little game she’d been playing with me.

The tight yoga pants hugged every curve perfectly. With each step, her large, round rump swayed inside the stretchy fabric, but the material clung fiercely to the full shape of her wobbling cheeks. The sight made

my mouth go dry and my cock pulse with desperation. By the time we reached her bedroom, I was already rock-hard again.

I had never imagined myself masturbating in her room before, yet she had done me the kindness of suggesting that we participate in that very taboo.

Mom's bedroom was warm and softly lit by the afternoon light that filtered through the sheer curtains. It was arranged the same way that it had been since I could remember: a large bed with a thick, cream-colored comforter and several fluffy pillows, a wooden dresser against the wall with a few framed photos and a small vase of dried flowers on top, and a reading chair in the corner with a knitted throw draped over it.

The walls were painted a gentle beige, and there was a sugary sweet aroma in the air that hit me the moment I stepped inside: a comforting blend of her vanilla body lotion, clean laundry, and that subtle, warm, feminine scent that was uniquely hers. It instantly made me feel at ease, though one part of me remained painfully stiff.

Mom turned to face me near the foot of the bed. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were alight with nervous energy. "After you, Ducky."

I gulped down a similar nervousness, my confidence faltering with each second that got me closer to openly jerking off in front of her again. It was easier to talk about it than to actually go through with it, and a whole bunch of conflicting emotions were making my heart race: fear, jubilation, and confusion. That last one was specifically regarding whether or not I was in a dream, since everything that day had gone against the reality that I'd thought I'd understood.

I sat on the bed near the headboard. "Should I take my pants off?"

She tried to play it cool, but she had shown too many of her cards for that to be believable. "Whatever you want, honey." Then she climbed onto the bed and sat against the headboard right next to me.

"Um, what are you doing?" I asked.

She tucked a pillow behind her back and stretched her legs like she was getting comfortable to watch a movie. "Just getting cozy. Is that okay?"

“I guess so.”

The closeness caught me off guard. Her thigh was only inches from mine, and I could feel the heat radiating from her body.

She motioned to my crotch. “I’m ready if he is.”

I lifted my butt off of the bed just long enough to push my shorts and boxers down, letting my cock spring free. It was already fully hard, with the fat mushroom cap at the end pointing straight towards the ceiling.

She failed to stifle a soft gasp, her eyes widening as they zeroed in on my erection.

“What?” I asked with a small smirk tugging at my lips.

She hesitated, her cheeks turning pink. “I’m just... surprised. Up close—it’s bigger than I thought.”

Her admission sent a fresh wave of heat through me. I closed my eyes and wrapped her panties around my shaft, gliding the damp cotton over my skin. I started stroking more patiently than the frantic jackrabbit pace I usually used when I was alone. I wanted to perform for her—to give her something she’d remember in the hope that it would make her want more.

Even though my eyes were shut, I could feel her staring at me. She was completely motionless, suspended in a sort of trance that left her unable to do anything but watch.

After a few seconds, she spoke again, her wispy voice soft and curious. “Do you always close your eyes?”

I cracked one lid open and kept stroking at that steady rhythm. “It helps me to imagine you, honestly.”

She was quiet for a moment. Then, in a husky tone, she said, “I mean, I’m right here, you know? You don’t have to imagine me, so... is there something you want to see?”

I did not have to manually open my other lid; it snapped open like a pair of cheap blinds. “Like what?”

Her head bobbed up and down with a series of hurried nods. “Uh, well, I was thinking, um... maybe my boobs would help you?”

My eyebrows climbed high on my forehead. “You want to show me your boobs?”

She rolled her eyes. “I mean, since you’re picturing me anyway, I just thought it would be nice.”

My cock was perfectly hard without her help, of course, but I wasn’t about to mention that. That left the question of whether I’d be pressuring her or simply giving her the excuse she still needed.

I went with my gut, which just so happened to agree with my cock. “I wanna see them.”

Mom uncrossed her arms. “Good! Because, like, I don’t mind helping out a bit. For your sake, I mean.” Then she patted the mattress and looked around awkwardly. “Should I—is here good? Should I stand up?”

I bared my teeth in a wide grin. “I can pick?”

She turned her head slightly to the side and peered at me out of the corner of her eye. “Maaaybe...”

I sat up and spread my legs wider, creating a clear space between my thighs where she would fit, then patted that very spot. “What about here?”

She eyeballed the space suspiciously. “I can do that.”

She shuffled in front of me and plopped her large, round bottom between my parted legs. Then she stretched her own legs out and laid them comfortably over the tops of mine so that the weight of her thick thighs pinned my legs to the mattress.

The position put us incredibly close, allowing me to feel her body heat radiating through her thin yoga pants. If we had both been naked, it would have been hard to convince an onlooker that we weren’t about to have se

“Comfy?” I asked.

She nodded, but her lips were tightly pursed. “I guess so. It feels a bit weird to be this close to each other, doesn’t it?”

“Not really,” I replied. “We cuddle on the couch sometimes, don’t we?”

She cocked her head to the side and gestured towards my cock. “I’m saying it’s weird because of *this*, Ducky—not in a bad way, exactly, but... it’s different.”

“Maybe it’s because *I’m* the only one half-naked,” I offered.

She gave me a knowing smile. “Lemme guess: you think I’ll feel less weird if I take my boobs out?”

I beamed at her. “It’s worth a try.”

She sank her teeth into her lower lip. “I’ll show you, sweetheart, but only if you go first.”

I swiftly tugged my shirt over my head and tossed it onto the floor. “Done.”

Without further ado, and looking rather satisfied with my obedience, she reached down with both hands and gripped the hem of her shirt and the bottom of her bra in unison. With one slow, deliberate motion, she began to lift them both upward.

The tight fabric dragged over the enormous swell, stretching taut as it pulled her tits up along with it. For a moment, they were lifted completely off her chest, their full heft straining against the cups, making the material strain under their weight. The undersides of her udders came into view—pale and visibly soft with thin, shallow stretch marks scratched into the skin.

When she had lifted her tits as high as they would go, a small glimpse of her areolas came into view. The small crescents looked as puffy as their color was vibrant, and their delicious rosy hue flooded my mouth with drool. I could not quite see her nipples, but the sheer size of the wide, bumpy circles that they sat upon was enough to make me want them in my mouth.

I was still taking in the remarkable sight when her tits finally slipped free, dropping to collide against her ribcage with a heavy thud. The impact made powerful, rolling ripples surge across both breasts. They performed an obscene wobble for several long seconds, bouncing against each other as the momentum dissipated. Dozens of thin, silvery

stretch lines caught the light as her breasts gradually settled, pulled into teardrop shapes by gravity.

They were massive, with a breathtaking weight that made them hang low and sway gently with every small movement. The pale skin was stretched smooth in places; in others, it was marked with those delicate stretch marks that fanned out from her collar bone.

Her areolas were beautifully puffy, evoking the comparison to a pair of rosy pink marshmallows. Their edges were a crudely drawn map, as though whatever divine hand had colored her in had purposefully drawn outside of the lines. In the center of each fat disc was a thick, protruding nipple of the exact same hue. They were already stiff and pebbled with tiny, textured bumps, standing out prominently against the smaller bumps of the surrounding flesh.

“Well?” Mom asked, her cheeks a darker shade of pink than anything she was embarrassed to have revealed.

I couldn’t look away, and I was certainly in too deep a trance to respond. My hand maintained its practiced rhythm on autopilot, but my mind was completely mesmerized by the beautiful, mature tits dangling before my eyes.

Mom threw her shirt and bra onto the floor, then put a hand on my thigh. “Honey?”

I gave my head a shake. “W-what? Sorry, I— Yeah, Mom. They’re fucking perfect.”

The deep mauve on her cheeks deepened even further. “That’s sweet of you to say.”

I couldn’t stop staring. Her tits were even more incredible than I could have imagined. It was surreal to masturbate to the same woman I had known and trusted my entire life, and who was offering herself to me in a completely unprecedented way. It felt forbidden to leer at the very breasts that had nurtured me as a baby, but it would’ve taken a lot more than some silly social stigma to stop me.

Mom sat there between my spread legs, watching me stroke with rapt attention. After about a minute, without a word spoken the entire time, I

noticed that her hands were drifting towards her breasts, guided by the same subconscious instinct that had made her almost touch her pussy the first time she'd watched me jerk off. It did not seem intentional that time either, but as she absentmindedly reached out to give them a gentle squeeze, she did not stop herself as she had before.

Even when her fingers found her nipples, she did not seem fully conscious of what she was doing. She gave them a light tweak, rolling them between her fingertips, and a shy, involuntary moan escaped her lips.

The sound went straight to my balls, causing them to tighten up instantly. Her breathing had grown heavier, and her body was subtly rocking in time with my strokes, but her eyes never left my dick.

I did not say a word about it, just in case mentioning the slow massage would snap her back to reality. Instead, I watched her knead and squish with the same wide-eyed fascination with which she was staring at my cock.

"Fuck," I said with an ugly grunt.

"What?" she asked calmly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Just... they look fucking amazing."

I could practically see the lightbulb go off over her head. "Do you want to touch them?" she asked without a second thought.

I was so dumbfounded that I stopped stroking to make sure I had heard her correctly. "Your... tits?"

She sank her teeth into her bottom lip. "I mean, if you want, you can use your hands and I'll, uh, use mine."

Excitement made my stomach do a somersault, but I had to be sure she was offering what I thought she was. "W-what are you saying, Mom?"

That would've been the perfect time to make eye contact with me, but her focus did not waver from my dick, even though I had stopped stroking it. "You know what I'm saying."

To that, I could muster no reply.

“I kind of want to try,” she explained. “Is that okay? You can say no! Just... it’s been a while since I’ve seen one, and yours is...”

“Mine is what?”

She licked her lips. “It’s nice, sweetheart. May I?”

I let go of my dick. “Fuck yes you can.”

She scooted closer on the bed, inching her hips forward until the humidity radiating from her pussy began to waft toward my cock. The moment her warmth reached the head, the shaft flexed hard, twitching in as if calling out to her.

I let go of her soaked panties and reached out with both hands, hovering just inches from her heavy breasts. “Are you sure about this, Mom?” When I looked up into her flushed face, I realized that neither of us really were, but that we were also in too deep to quit.

Instead of answering with words, she jutted her chest forward and pushed her massive tits straight into my waiting hands, offering them to me without hesitation.

The second my fingers made contact, I sank them deep into the soft, pliable flesh as though it were warm dough. They overflowed my palms with generous spillage that could have only been contained by a third hand— or a fourth, to be honest. Her nipples sat perfectly centered in the middle of each palm, stiff against my skin.

Touching her for the first time felt even better than I had spent years secretly imagining it would. It was not only their softness that captivated me, but the density that came part and parcel with breasts so large. Her skin was silky-smooth and warm to the touch, each delicate stretch mark adding a textured contrast under my fingertips when I grazed over them. It was intoxicating, but I reminded myself not to get carried away; they were my *mother’s* tits after all, and they deserved respect.

I started gently at first, carefully kneading and lifting, but then she looked down at me and whispered, “You’re not gonna hurt them.”

The permission was a starter pistol, and I was not going to second-guess it. I immediately squeezed harder, forming deep creases in her skin that bloomed outward from where my fingertips dug in.

“Is that okay?” I asked cautiously.

She made a comforting purr. “That’s fine, honey.”

I pulled her tits apart slightly, then swung them back into each other. They met in the middle of her chest with a loud, salacious slap—so lewd it made my stomach twist.

She let out a muted gasp, but her eyes stayed fixed on my cock, dark with unmistakable hunger.

I formed both hands into loose C-shapes and slid my fingers underneath her heavy breasts, slipping them deep between the warm flesh and her rib cage. My thumbs pressed firmly into the topsides, anchoring my hands in place.

Her breathing had grown deeper, her chest rising and falling against my grip. She watched me watching her tits, clearly lost in the strange, intimate moment as I toyed with her while my cock continued to throb between us.

“That feels nice,” she muttered breathily.

Even though my heart was hammering like a jackrabbit in my chest, I gathered my courage and asked boldly, “Are you... going to play, too?”

Her eyelids snapped open instantly. The look she gave me was pure, unadulterated lust. For a split second it actually startled me. I did not understand how it could be the same woman as the kind, nurturing figure who had raised me with love in her heart.

Without a word, she reached out with her left hand and cupped my balls. Her fingers and palm formed a pouch, cradling the plump eggs with surprising tenderness. She gave them a delicate squeeze—not even enough pressure to bruise an overripe peach, yet the sensation shot through me like lightning, making my entire body jolt.

“They feel so full, honey,” she whispered with fascination.

“They *are*,” I said with a groan, my voice strained as another wave of pleasure rolled through me.

She kept her left hand gently cradling my balls, making them feel safe and secure with her light touch. With her right hand, she slowly inched

closer to my shaft, fingers trembling slightly with nerves. She wrapped them around the warm, cum-and-honey-soaked panties that were sheathing my cock and gave it a firm squeeze through the cotton.

The pressure made the swollen head inflate even more, flaring against the drenched fabric.

“You’re so... *hard*, sweetheart,” she mused, her voice full of wonder.

I let out another low moan and rolled my thumbs over her nipples, tracing the edges of her areolae. I could feel dozens of tiny, puckered bumps teasing my fingertips as I circled them.

“So are you,” I murmured back, then gave both nipples a gentle tug, stretching them outward until they elongated into pointed little spikes.

She let out a shrill, involuntary whinny, and her whole body seized up for half a second.

“Did that hurt?” I asked quickly, loosening my grip.

Embarrassed, she rapidly shook her head. “Not, uh... not hurt. Can I move my hand now?”

I answered by squeezing her tits three distinct times, using my grip to punctuate each word as I stared into her eyes. “Yes... you... can.”

She let out a titter that was surprisingly childish from a woman her age.

“Good. I dunno if I’m still any good at this, so be nice.”

“Whatever you do, it’s going to be amazing.”

It took less than two seconds for her to prove me right.

The moment her hand started to move, every nerve in my cock lit up like a switchboard. She slid her grip slowly upward, bunching the warm panties around the head, then dragged her hand back down the full length of my shaft until the soggy crotch was pulled taut.

“Is that good?” she asked softly.

I had to manually force my eyes to stay open in the face of such overwhelming pleasure. “Y-yeah,” I grunted, my voice cracking, “that’s fucking good.”

Her touch was tentative at first, her fingers gliding up and down the panty-wrapped shaft with careful, exploratory movements. She grew a little more confident with each stroke until she found a pace that was comfortable enough to maintain without pause.

She kept up that rhythm for a few more strokes, watching my face intently. Then she leaned in a little closer, her heavy breasts wobbling in my hands, and whispered, "It'll feel better without my panties in the way. Don't you think?"

I blinked, still dazed. "Do you *have* to?"

"Trust me," she murmured, giving my cock another squeezing stroke that made my hips buck. "My hands are really soft, sweetheart."

Her eyes were dark with hunger again, and steely with a quiet determination besides. She waited for my answer, still gently gripping me through the drenched fabric. "What do you think, Ducky?"

"Okay," I said in awe.

She patiently peeled the used panties off my dong. Once it was free, she held my naked erection in her hand for a moment, eyes widening slightly as she took in the veiny sight. She gave it a final appreciative stroke with her bare palm, brushing her thumb over the swollen head. "Isn't that better? Nice and soft, right?"

I nodded urgently. "Uh-huh."

With the drenched panties still clutched in her other hand, she glanced around the room, clearly looking for somewhere to set them down. Then her gaze landed on my face—mouth hanging slightly open, breathing hard—and a wry grin spread across hers.

She lifted the underwear up to eye level, dangling the wet crotch right in front of my mouth. "Open wide, sweetheart."

I stared at her, stunned. "Really?"

"Just pretend it's an airplane," she said playfully, her voice dropping into a sweet, coaxing tone that I hadn't heard in ages. "Like when you were little."

I hesitated for half a second, then obediently opened my mouth.

She leaned in and stuffed the honey-soaked cotton between my lips, pressing the soggy spot flat against my tongue. The flavorful syrup exploded across my tastebuds instantly, but it was too much to appreciate all at once. The taste came in waves that were ever-changing: sweet, musky, and slightly tangy, but above all else, human.

“That’s a good boy,” she cooed, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight as she watched me.

“Mmmffphm,” I managed, the sound completely muffled. I couldn’t help but chew lightly on the soaked fabric to extract even more of her flavor.

She gave me a slow, firm stroke from base to tip, her grip seamless, and smiled softly at the helpless groan that escaped around the panties stuffed in my mouth. “How do I taste?” she asked.

“Fuufhn goowf,” I mumbled.

“That’s what I thought,” she whispered, clearly pleased. Her left hand stayed gently cupping and massaging my balls while her right hand returned to my cock. “Keep sucking, honey.”

Her hand slid up and down my length with perfect pressure, but she was not satisfied with the dry rub.

“Can I get a lil’ bit wet?” she asked optimistically.

“Mmhmm,” I replied.

With her left hand still cradling my balls, she opened the other hand, then leaned forward slightly and dribbled a thick string of saliva from her lips into her palm. Using the slimy mitt, she rubbed the warm goo over the knob until it was utterly coated, then closed her hand around it in a cozy cocoon.

The moment she started moving again, focusing notably on the head, my left leg began twitching uncontrollably. My nerves were hypersensitive, so even the lightest touch of her slick fingers sent sharp sparks of pleasure shooting up my spine. My hips jerked involuntarily, and a hearty groan forced its way out of my panty-packed maw.

“Mmmphh!” was all I could manage as I watched her work my cock.

She smiled fondly, clearly enjoying my helpless reaction. “That’s it, honey. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

That was an understatement. She was not merely taking care of me, but bringing me to heights of arousal that made *Caligula* look like a kid’s movie. With such dizzying pleasure came an orgasm that refused to be held back, and it announced its arrival with a ball-tightening throb that made pre-cum dribble out of the tip.

I spat her panties out of my mouth and, just before the eruption hit, muttered, “M-Mom, I’m gonna fucking cum.”

“Already?” Her voice was an odd mix of disappointment and satisfaction. “Guess I’m better at this than I remember.”

I bucked my hips to meet her next stroke. “Uh-huh. So good! So f-fu-fuuuucking *good!*”

“Here, honey,” Mom insisted as she pointed my dick directly towards her tits. “Shoot it on my boobs.”

After just a couple more strokes of her slick, saliva-coated hands, the orgasm crashed through me. My cock pulsed hard in her grip and erupted, shooting thick cables of cum straight onto her breasts. White paste splattered across the wide, porcelain expanse, some of which landed with enough force that tiny flecks flew up and speckled her chin and lower lip.

She kept stroking me the entire time, working with both hands in perfect unison to milk every drop out of me. “Oh!” she squealed with delight. “There’s so much, Ducky!”

My cock throbbed wildly in her hands long after the last spurt. The tip continued leaking as she gently squeezed and stroked until I was completely spent.

“Fuck,” I said as I exhaled an entire lungful of air. “That was amazing, Mom.”

She looked down at the mess I had made of her tits. “Somebody enjoyed themselves.”

I extended my hands towards them. “Can I?”

Once again, she jutted her chest forward. "Go ahead."

Breathing hard, I pushed her tits together in the center of her chest, squeezing the heavy flesh inward until they met. The cum immediately began to dribble down into her deep cleavage, collecting in a glistening moat between her breasts. The growing pool was held in place only by the tight press of my hands, giving me time to admire how the warring shades of translucent pre-cum and bright white semen mixed together to form a cloudy slurry.

Once I had imprinted the sight into my memory, I slowly pulled her tits apart, draining the pool. Long, drooping vines of cum stretched between her breasts, gleaming in the soft light of the bedroom. As I spread them wider, the sticky threads snapped one by one until only the thickest one remained intact. Under gravity's spell, it stretched thinner and thinner, trembling under its own weight before it finally broke and fell onto her belly with a muted *plop*.

She looked down with a satisfied little smile, still cradling my cock in both hands. "That was fun!"

I collapsed against the pillow behind my back, my muscles too weak to support me. "I feel like I'm gonna pass out."

"Well, don't," she insisted. "Unless that's a good thing?"

I chuckled. "I'm not sure yet, but I *am* sure that you're gonna run out of underwear by the end of the day if we keep doing this."

"Again?" she squealed, sounding as impressed as she was skeptical. "You've already done it twice!"

My dick twitched. "With you, Mom, I could do it a hundred more times."

"You really know how to charm a lady, Ducky. Maybe I should buy a few special pairs just for you."

The mention of underwear made me remember something that felt incredibly important. "And you're not even wearing any now, are you?" I asked eagerly. "It's like, you don't have any on, right? Just your yoga pants and... nothing else?"

Mom gave me a confused look. "What? Of course not, honey. Remember? I took off my last pair so that—" She paused and clicked her

tongue against her teeth. “Oh, I get it. You’re not *really* thinking about my underwear anymore, are you?”

“Uh, not exactly,” I confessed. “Is that too far? I don’t wanna sound greedy or anything, but...”

“But what?” she asked calmly.

“Could we, like, I mean... I don’t even know what I’m asking for, exactly.”

“I think I do,” she countered.

“You do?”

She grazed a few of her fingers along the inside of her thigh. “It sounds like... maybe you want to see it?”

I almost leapt off of the bed. Even though my cock was spent, I felt it throb with new life over the prospect of laying eyes on something so sacred. “Holy shit, Mom! That would be amazing. Are you fucking serious? I can— Can I just— Oh my *god* I hope you’re serious.”

She gave me a smile warm enough to melt glaciers. “I’m being very serious, sweetheart.”

“You don’t think it’s... weird? It doesn’t bother you?”

She narrowed her eyes at me. “Does it *look* like it bothers me?”

I grinned sheepishly. “I guess not.”

“Right,” she said. “Because it doesn’t! Maybe it should, but... Oh, honey, I don’t know. To be honest, that was really fun. I haven’t—it’s been a while since— so, yeah... I’m having fun.”

“Me too, Mom.”

She petted the front of her pussy, tracing her slit through her pants.

“Then maybe we can have some more fun if you’re not too tired.”

I knew it would take a couple of minutes before my dick was ready to go again, but I also knew I had to keep the momentum going somehow. Mom seemed to be getting more comfortable with things. While I didn’t think she was quite ready to go all the way, the fact that *she* was suggesting “more fun” was a green flag, and I wasn’t about to stop the race.

“Besides,” she added, “there’s no harm in just looking, right? You’re just, like, taking a lil’ peek.”

“Totally,” I said. “So, *can* I look?”

“You wanna loook?” she repeated tauntingly, the word coming out with a stern little edge that made my stomach flip. Then her face softened into something more mischievous. “I think I can arrange that.”

She shifted on the bed, lying flat on her back. Then she lifted her hips, raising her ass clear off of the mattress, and started tugging down her yoga pants. The fabric slowly peeled over the fullness of her cheeks, and she got the elastic waistband just underneath the curve of her ass—still keeping her pussy completely hidden from view—when I reached out and stopped her.

“Wait,” I said, stopping her dead in her tracks. “Can I do it?”

She hesitated for a long moment, her eyes searching mine as if she were mentally parsing through every reason she could find to say no. None of them seemed to stick.

“I... suppose so,” she said at last.

I couldn’t help the quiet chuckle that slipped out, which earned me a raised eyebrow.

“What?” she asked.

“It’s kind of funny,” I replied.

“*What* is?” she asked with more curiosity.

“Just that you’re still skittish about letting me undress after...” I nodded towards my cock just as a pulsation made it jump a little. “You know?”

“This is different!” she insisted. “I feel so... so... exposed! Taking my pants off is way more than just looking.”

“How do you think I feel?”

She rolled her eyes, completely unconvinced. “I think you love it, actually—the looking *and* the touching. You’re nowhere near as freaked out as me!”

“Maybe I’m just hiding it better,” I countered as I leaned forward so I could reach the waistband of her yoga pants properly. “So, unless you’re gonna stop me...”

She shot me an anxious look with her eyebrows knitted together. The tip of her thumb was wedged in her mouth, her fingernail between the slight gap in her two front teeth as she found the final ounce of bravery she needed. Even with that courage, she was still too shy to maintain eye contact when she finally said, “Go ahead, then.”

With both hands, I slipped a couple of fingers of each hand under the tight elastic, right above her crotch. The moment my fingertips brushed the soft thatch of her pubic hair, a jolt ran through me. Her fur was dense and springy, and though the mass of curls was soft, the end of each individual coil was slightly coarse, catching on the minuscule ridges of my fingerprints like the hair was made of fine microfiber. They tickled the pads of my digits as I slid a little deeper, where the tuft was warm from being trapped under the stretchy black fabric all that time.

She sucked in a sharp breath—the kind that sounded like she was about to scold me, but the scolding never came. Instead, she passively folded her hands over her tummy and settled back, surrendering to my enthusiasm.

I slid my fingers along the inside of her waistband until they rested at opposite sides of her hips. My heart was rapidly firing in my chest, every beat hammering so hard I was sure she could hear it. My own breathing felt louder than a rocket ship taking off, each inhalation and exhalation rushing in my ears as I carefully tightened my grip on the elastic.

I tugged on the yoga pants as lightly as possible at first, feeling the slight resistance of the stretchy fabric clinging to her skin. Then I tugged a little harder and felt them give way. Inch by inch, I dragged them downward, gradually revealing more of her pudgy thighs. When the garment reached her knees, the crotch of the pants stayed stubbornly in place,

blocking her pussy from view. I resisted the fierce urge to peek, wanting the reveal to be as perfect as possible.

“Can I keep going?” I asked calmly.

Far more anxiously, Mom replied, “Stop asking me. Just do it.”

“Lift your legs up, then,” I instructed.

She pinched her knees together, closing her thighs, and lifted her legs so her feet were mere inches from my face. “Like that?”

“Perfect.” I kept dragging the leggings down past her knees until they bunched at her ankles. She pointed her toes helpfully, making it easier for me to pull the pants off entirely. With one final tug, they came free, and I tossed them aside.

Operating on instinct, she quickly tucked a hand over her pussy just as she lowered her legs, but I could still see some wisps of brown hair curling around the sides of her pinky and pointer finger. She kept her legs straight as arrows, and without the bend that had laid them over mine earlier, the elongated limbs stretched out far enough for her to rest her heels on my chest.

The sight of her completely nude, while not totally exposed, hit like a physical blow. Even with her hand blocking her pussy from view, the view was astonishing.

Her heavy, cum-painted tits rose and fell with each nervous breath. She was open and vulnerable in a way I had only ever fantasized about: her soft belly, her wide hips, and her thick thighs. The image of her fully naked body, the same woman who had raised me, stretched out on the bed with nothing left to hide, was awe-inspiring.

Well, *almost* nothing left to hide.

She still had one hand wedged between her thighs, and my eyes were doing their best to drill holes through it.

“You’re staring,” she whispered softly.

My cock stirred, swelling to a half-hard ache despite having just emptied itself all over her breasts. “Shouldn’t I be?”

All I wanted was her. One more orgasm didn’t feel like it would be enough. Some reckless part of me was already convinced I’d need two dozen before I even asked her for a break!

She wore an awkward little smile, the kind that belonged to someone letting another person see them naked for the very first time in their life. “I can’t believe we’re really doing this.”

I winked at her. “We haven’t *done* anything yet.”

She rolled her eyes, then used them to gesture downward at her covered pussy and my half-hard cock. “Are you sure about that?”

I shrugged. “Well, I mean, we haven’t done anything *too* bad... yet.”

She groaned softly. “Oh, god...”

I leaned forward, spreading her shins apart as I got closer, though her knees stayed firmly locked together. I reached out and gently tapped the knuckles of the hand that was still covering her pussy. “Somebody’s shy, huh?”

With her knees pinched, she put her feet flat on the mattress and offered me a playful sneer. “Of course I’m friggin’ shy! I’m like—and you’re still—look, this is a *lot*, okay?”

I kissed one of her kneecaps. “Do you want to stop?”

Her bluff had been called, so she gave a defeated sigh. “I mean... no, I don’t *want* to, but...”

“Then I think you should move your hand,” I said, keeping my voice even. “Because I think you want to show me, Mom.”

She sucked in a flustered breath, but she did not deny the allegation. With a self-assuring nod, she exhaled through puffed-up cheeks.

“I can’t believe I’m really doing this,” she repeated. Her hand was unsure of what direction to move, as though the conflicting urges—to expose herself, or stay concealed—were pulling it in both directions at once.

I laid my hand gently over hers, sedating her rampant jitters. “Hey… breathe, Mom.”

She inhaled deeply through her nose.

“Relaaax,” I droned soothingly. “Remember what you told me when I was a kid?”

She laughed nervously. “About *this*? I’m not sure I—”

“I was the tree,” I continued hastily, redoubling my effort to distract her. “‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream* needs a good tree,’ you told me. I was so scared that my hands were shaking! I could barely get my feet to move, but you… you told me, ‘Those are happy hands, honey. That’s just what happens when there’s too much excitement in a little boy like you.’”

Mom’s lower lip trembled. “You… remember that?”

“I sure do.”

“Well,” she said softly, “I think I’m a bit bigger than you were back then, so…”

I patted the backs of her quivering knuckles. “Then you must be really excited, if you’re shaking this much.”

Quietly, almost to herself, she murmured, “I can’t believe you remembered that.”

Still seemingly lost in the memory, she timidly pulled her hand away. She kept her legs clamped shut, hiding her slit from view, but no amount of thigh squeezing could conceal the heap of dark brown fur piled high atop her mound.

The thatch was dense and unapologetically natural, with little to no care paid to the shape it took. The thin strands of yarn looked soft enough to make a cozy sweater out of, but despite how perfect such a garment would have been, I thought the wool looked better on her. I had never

felt a specific draw towards hairy women, but there was something about my mother's full mane that was more alluring than just sex.

"Relax, Mom," I said in a hushed tone.

"I am!" she hissed back.

I gently placed a hand on one of her legs, which she was still tightly clenching. "Feels a bit tense to me."

She took an impatient breath through her nose, and as she released it, her body slowly unwound. Her legs rested together casually, no longer clamped in protection. Between them, nestled in the soft valley of her body, was the very heart of her femininity.

Peeking out from beneath the canopy of chestnut curls, her pussy itself seemed almost shy. The outer lips were full and smooth, pressed together by the gentle pressure of her thighs. Between them, just a delicate sliver of her pink labia peeked through—folded petals of deeper rose that stood out against the outer flesh.

"I'm relaxing," she insisted.

I rubbed her leg reassuringly. "I can tell. Do you think you could relax a little more, maybe?"

She hesitated. "Meaning...?"

With my hand on her thigh, I started gingerly prying it open, but with nowhere near enough force to actually spread her. "Meaning... I don't just wanna see your fur, Mom."

Her cheeks turned such a dark crimson that I was not sure if the heat I felt licking my fingers was from them or her pussy, but either way, it was suddenly twice as steamy in the room as it had been a moment before.

"Yeah," she said, pausing, "I figured you'd wanna see, um, all of it."

"All of *you*, Mom," I corrected her. "Wanna put your legs back up on mine again?"

She hesitated only a moment longer, then—with a quiet, resigned little sigh—she slowly parted her knees for me. The skin of her inner thighs, clammy with nerves, stuck together slightly as it was pulled apart, but once one leg had been peeled off of the other, the view proved to be worth the wait.

The difference was immediate. The dense curls still crowned her mound with the same feral abundance, but were then parted around the luscious, full lips of her pussy, revealing everything they had previously only hinted at.

Her outer lips, once gently pressed together, had opened with the spread of her thighs. Between them, the delicate pink of her inner labia was no longer shyly peeking, but boldly displaying its succulent folds which glistened with her arousal. The bright, rosy flesh was a delicious contrast to the dark brown of her pubic hair, like a blooming flower adding natural beauty to a field of overgrown bramble. The small, delicate hood of her clit sat nestled at the top, and below it, the inviting entrance to her birth canal was just barely visible between the parted petals.

It was the same pussy I had stared at moments ago, yet completely transformed by the simple act of her legs opening. What had been modest and almost bashful was made beautiful in its vulnerability. The sight of her spread like that, offering me the full, unguarded view of the place that had soaked her panties earlier, made my half-hard cock rise to full attention.

“Ducky?” Mom cooed softly. “Are you... breathing, honey?”

I actually hadn’t been. The question made me suck in a whole lungful of air all at once. “Jesus, Mom. You just look so, so fucking good.”

One side of her lip slipped into a shy grin. “Took your breath away, huh?”

I nodded. “Something like that.”

I rested my hands on either of her thighs, my thumbs slowly inching inward toward the puffy slit nestled between them. My fingertips drifted

closer and closer as if permission had already been granted, but the moment I brushed the tips of her pubic hair, she stiffened.

“Ducky...” she warned.

“What?” I asked cluelessly.

She nodded toward my hovering fingers. “Careful with those fingers, honey.”

Whether or not I had a right to be, I was slightly offended. “I seriously can’t touch you at *all*?”

She gave a mild wince. “I-I don’t know if...” She trailed off, as though she had expected me to jump in with an argument. “I mean, I just think maybe we should go slowly?”

I arched an eyebrow. “Even after you jerked—”

“Yes!” she cried sharply. “Even after I did *that*, yes. I’m starting to think that *you* think we’re gonna... you know?”

“Have sex today?” I offered sheepishly.

She looked away and gave a stiff nod. “Yeah. I... I don’t think I can do that. Am I the worst? God, I *am*! I’m sorry I’m so, like—I’m such a mess, honey. I’m sorry, but I can’t do... that—not with you.”

I didn’t fully believe her. Something in the way her body stayed open and the way her breath still came a little too quick told me she just needed a little more time—or several gentle pushes—before the guilt finally loosened its grip on her. We had already crossed so many lines we could never uncross, yet the boundary was clearly being drawn at actual sex, at least for the time being.

I stayed patient. My hands remained on her thighs, thumbs resting just short of her pussy lips, waiting to see what she would allow next.

“I don’t want you to push yourself,” I said earnestly. It was true, even if a small part of me knew I’d be happier if she ever decided to take the leash off completely. “You’re not the worst. You’re the *best*! I mean, sure, maybe you are a liiittle bit of a mess, but hell, so am I.”

She snorted through her nose—an ugly, unguarded sound that years of living with her had somehow made me find completely adorable, like a piglet squealing. “We’re perfect for each other, then,” she said.

I blew her a quick kiss. “Hi, Tree. My name is Apple.”

She chuckled, her spirits lifting at the silly joke. “That was so dumb.”

There was a brief pause that, while not awkward, reminded both of us that we were not just laughing casually on the couch.

After that short silence, she pointed to a pillow next to me. “Can I have that for my head?”

I passed it to her. “Does it still feel weird letting me look?” I asked, wrapping my other hand around my cock. Whatever answer she gave, I already knew it would turn me on.

She tucked the pillow behind her head and laid all the way back, getting as comfortable as she could with her own son relentlessly staring at her pussy. “Less, now,” she said. “Touching you made me feel... but this is kind of fine, actually—nice, even.”

I would have paid a disgusting amount of money to hear her finish that first sentence, but once again, I didn’t push.

She craned her neck, tucking her chin toward her chest, and peered at me through the gap between her heavy, cum-streaked tits. “Enjoying the view?”

I started stroking myself slowly. “Fuck yes, Mom. Could you, um...”

She groaned. “I’m afraid to ask, but can I *what?*”

“I mean,” I began, hoping the right words would find me as I spoke, “I get that you don’t want me to touch you, but maybe you could, like, do it yourself?”

She swallowed a whole mouthful of air and held it for a few long seconds, then released the pent-up puff like a dragon breathing fire. “I can do that,” she said quietly, her voice sounding as soft as the fur on her mound looked.

She reached down and began apprehensively combing through the thick, chocolatey hair. Tendrils of brown silk parted around her digits as she tamed the overgrown thicket, reshaping the bush with every slow rake of her fingertips.

She was obviously not touching herself for her own pleasure, but performing entirely for my enjoyment. Her middle finger always came closest to the soft pink of her pussy as it dragged through the dense wool, parting the curls just enough to offer fleeting glimpses of the folds beneath before the hair fell back into place.

My eyes were locked on her pussy, but hers never stayed still for a second. There was no mistaking the raw desire in her gaze. Her dilated pupils said every word that her lips were too afraid to utter.

Without me having to ask, Mom's fingers began drifting closer and closer to her slit. The moment her middle finger grazed the sensitive little peak of her clit, her whole body reacted. A soft shudder rolled through her, and her eyes fluttered shut, but she allowed herself to embrace the sensation.

She added her ring finger beside the first, settling both pads against that same tender spot. As she began to rub herself, it slowly became clear that she was no longer just putting on a show for me, but demonstrating how she liked to be touched.

Her middle finger traced slow circles over her clit, then paused to press and hold for a moment before sliding down to dip just between her honey-soaked lips. She parted them gently with that single digit, wetting the tip, then returned to the sensitive peak with a lighter, almost teasing stroke.

When she added a second finger, the rhythm changed, too. Both digits worked together in wider circles with a gentle side-to-side motion aided by small shifts of her hips. She would spread her lips open with two fingers for a brief second—teasingly short, but long enough for me to see everything—before letting them close again and focusing once more on her clit with shorter, quicker strokes.

I soaked in every detail of the lewd tutorial, memorizing the way she touched herself, and how her body reacted to every movement—for as long as it lasted, anyway. Soon, it became clear that, even though the subject had not changed, class was no longer in session.

The careful, instructional variations were steadily replaced by a steady rhythm intended to make herself orgasm. The simple circles she wound around her clit, which she had likely practiced thousands of times, quickly brought her to the heights of leg-trembling pleasure. She locked onto it completely, pressing a little firmer and moving a little faster, as if the rest of the world had fallen away. Her eyes stayed closed, her breathing deepened, and the soft, wet sounds of fingers churning in her pussy became more consistent.

“Jesus, Mom,” I said breathlessly.

My voice pulled her back from whatever foggy headspace she was in. Her eyes snapped open and locked onto mine with a fierce, magnetic pull that neither of us could break. “Du-cky...” she whimpered with a broken squeak.

I watched her face the entire time, obsessed with the way it subtly warped and contorted with every fresh pang of pleasure. There was no other face on Earth that I knew as well as hers, but her ever-changing expression reflected very little of the woman I had known for nineteen years. The way her brow was quivering, and those soft half-smiles flickering across her lips every other second, were completely unrecognizable. She literally could not keep a straight face, but was clearly still holding back from letting go entirely.

One of her soft whimpers pushed me right to the edge. I had been hovering there for a full minute already, my cock throbbing hard in my fist with a shiny, swollen head.

Mom must have sensed it, because her voice came out breathy and strained. “I’m... c-close, too.”

I grunted as I momentarily slowed my tempo, trying to stave off the inevitable. “Can we—”

“Together?” she interjected sharply.

I picked up the pace. “Uh-huh.”

“Now?” she squealed. “N-now, honey? We—oh my g-god! Tell me—tell me you’re close!”

“Uh-huh!” I repeated excitedly.

That was all it took. The momentum between us surged. My hand flew faster over my shaft while her two fingers fluttered rapidly over her clit, the wet sounds of her own arousal mixing with the slick slap of my fist. We raced each other to the peak, eyes still locked, both of us riding the same crashing wave to see who would get there first.

Just as her fingers stopped whipping around her clit. Just before her whole body went rigid, she pulled her hand away from her pussy.

My balls pulled tight against my body. “Oh my—”

“*Fucking god!*” she cried, finishing the sentence for me. “Do it on me! Cum on my pussy!”

Hearty ropes of cum erupted from my cock, dousing her fur with the white paste she was begging for. The first spurts landed across the dense brown curls, but I wanted to cover more than just her bush. I tilted my dick downward just as another burst flew from the tip, directing the next volley right where her wetness had collected in the mouth of her pussy.

With a menacing howl that was completely out of character, Mom dove back in with her fingers and began pawing at her cunt again. The pearly syrup stood out brilliantly against the patch through which her fingers were thrashing, and every energetic whip sent droplets of the sticky stuff in every direction.

“That’s it,” she mumbled in a daze. “Gimmie... gimmie more...”

She kept fingering herself right through it, smearing my fresh cum into her slit as her own orgasm tore through her. Her thighs trembled hard, and a long, broken moan spilled from her throat while her fingers worked

the sticky white goop deeper between her lips. Her palm smeared the load that was clinging to her pubic hair, mashing the globules to create a nest of sticky, coagulated cum chunks that made dozens of the fibers cling together.

We fed off each other—every pulse of my cock making her fingers move faster, every shudder of her body pulling another thick rope from me—until the intensity finally burned itself out. Her fingers were smothered, and I could hardly see the opening to her pussy underneath all the frothy cum bubbles she had stirred up.

We both collapsed, chests heaving with every labored breath as though even the simple act of inhaling required energy we no longer had.

My cock twitched weakly against my thigh. “That was...”

“Totally,” she agreed.

Her fingers stayed loosely resting over her mound, the dark curls matted with the mess I had just painted across her most intimate place.

She struggled to lift her head off the pillow, finally managing it with a comically exaggerated grunt. A sly smile started to form—the kind that usually meant she was about to say something facetious—but it vanished the second her eyes landed on my hand.

I was still slowly stroking my softening cock, milking the last tiny beads of pre-cum from the tip—all that remained in my balls.

“Jesus, Ducky!” she exclaimed. “Are you *still* hard, or are you getting hard *again*?”

I gave a careless shrug. “Little of column A, little of column B.”

She lifted one of her legs off mine. I missed the warm weight on my thigh, but I more than enjoyed the way she pressed the soles of her feet against my chest. She splayed her toes, weaving the tiny piggies into my chest hair, then pushed me backward until my shoulders bumped the headboard hard enough to make the wood knock against the wall.

With a teasing tone and a dramatic pout, she used the ball of her foot to **tap-tap-tap** against my sternum. “Not... my... problem.”

My jaw dropped. “Mom! Seriously? It’s *your* fault!”

She pulled her foot back, sat up abruptly, and crossed her legs. Then she pointed a finger at me, putting on a menacing scowl that was far too adorable to be intimidating. “Maybe the first two were my fault,” she admitted, “but this one is all you, Ducky. I’m just lying here doing nothing, and you still got turned on!”

I smirked. “Lying there and looking fucking beautiful is what you’re doing—all covered in cum.”

She climbed off the bed and stood up, wearing nothing but my cum. My earlier load was still drying in streaks across her heavy tits, while fresher stuff, still wet and sticky, was matted into the dark curls between her legs.

She put her hands on her hips, but it was hard for her to look authoritative when her entire front was practically glistening. “Whatever I’m covered in is *a/so* your fault, sweetheart.”

“Would you look at that?” I mused sarcastically. “You’re just as beautiful standing up, too.”

She rolled her eyes, but an affectionate smile tugged at her lips. “You’re trouble, young man. I know when I’m being buttered up! If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were trying to flirt your way between my legs.”

I sat forward. “Is it working?”

She tried, and failed, to hide the bashful smile that appeared. “We caaaan’t, Ducky. That’s too... What we’ve already done has been crazy! Don’t you need, like, time to think about it?”

“I already think about you enough to know exactly what I want.”

Her jaw tensed and the corner of one eye twitched. “Oh... well, then...”

“But I get it,” I said more gently. “I’m still a little shaky from—”

“The adrenaline,” she finished for me, holding out one hand. Sure enough, her fingers were quivering slightly. “I feel it, too. That’s why I’m scared. I just don’t want to...” She looked down at her own feet, watching her toes dig into the carpet. “I’m trying to be a good mom here, but this is really... really fucking hard, Ducky.”

“What is?” I asked patiently.

She pursed her lips for a second, searching for the words. “The... the feelings, I mean. I want to make you happy. I want to make *me* happy, too! But I-I don’t... I can’t be the mom who—I just can’t, sweetheart.”

It was not lost on me how surreal it was to have Mom open up to me so profoundly while she was still nude, not to mention the fresh seed dripping down the insides of her thighs.

Despite the thorough covering, I stood up from the bed to offer her a hug. “It’s okay, Mom. I love you, and that’s what matters.”

She hesitated as I stepped closer, hands lifting as if she might push me away. “Honey, I—”

I wrapped my arms around her shoulders before she could finish.

She sighed, then deflated happily into the embrace. “But... I’m all stickyyyy!”

I chuckled. “Don’t care—still my mom if you’re sticky.”

I would have kissed her neck if the height difference hadn’t made it impossible, so I buried my face in the soft waves of her brown hair instead, pressed my lips to the top of her head, and drew in a deep breath through my nose.

I caught the faint trace of her floral-scented shampoo layered over the warm, lived-in musk of her skin. I breathed it in like it was the only air worth having.

She made a soft giggle. “Are you... sniffing me, Ducky?”

I exaggerated the next inhalation into a ridiculous snort that actually pulled a few strands of her hair into my nostril. "I told you that I love the way you smell, Mom."

"I know you do," she said fondly. "I'll never doubt that again."

I tightened my arms around her waist. "I just wanna get high off those pussy fumes all damn day."

That rare piglet-snort tore out of her again. "Oh my god!" she wailed, thumping a fist lightly against my chest. "That's terrible!"

She pulled back, and for a second, our skin stuck together from the drying cum and shared heat before it peeled free. She looked down at her glazed tits and the white streaks still drying across them.

"I think I need a shower," she said as she touched a couple of fingers to the dried glue on her breasts, then to the wet syrup that she had smushed into her pubic hair. "Scratch that; I *know* I need a shower. Did you have to make so much, Ducky?"

I shrugged. "For you, Mom? Always."

"Charmer," she muttered, turning and walking toward the en suite bathroom. After a few steps she did a quarter-turn and glanced at me over her shoulder. "You coming?"

My ears perked up. "In the shower? With you?"

She pointed at the cum flecks still clinging to my chest hair. "I'm not the only one who needs to get clean."

"Your shower is kind of small," I reminded her. "Are you gonna be okay if I, like, touch you in there?"

She put a fingertip to the corner of her mouth, then cast her gaze up and to the right for a moment. "Hmmm... I'm thinking about it, yeah."

I opened my mouth to answer, but the words died when a single droplet of my cum began to trickle slowly between her heavy breasts. It left a gleaming trail down the soft slope of her tummy, followed the gentle curve of her belly button, and finally settled in the divot.

“Honey?” Mom asked, breaking my concentration as she reached out for me. “Come on.”

I bolted after her so fast I actually beat her into the bathroom. I snatched a towel from the rack behind the door and threw it in a heap at the foot of the shower.

I poked my head out of the bathroom as she approached. “Can I really touch you, Mom?”

Her mouth curved into a half-smile as she walked past me. “Maaaaybe... if you’re good. I *do* need an extra pair of hands to help me get all squeaky clean.”

The flirtatious words were already having an effect on me. I was so invigorated that I stepped straight into the shower and twisted the nozzle. Ice-cold torrents slammed against my skin like a sudden downpour. I yelped and leapt backward out of the spray. “Shit!”

Mom calmly took a towel for herself, folded it into a neat square, and set it on the counter so it would be ready when she finished. “So impatient, Ducky. See what happens when you rush?”

She stepped under the water just as it finally turned warm. Hundreds of clear droplets raced down her body. They traced the pronounced curves of her breasts, catching on the undersides before streaming off her stiffening nipples like the pink buds were water jets.

More of it slid down the gentle slope of her belly. Just like the cum had done when dribbling down her stomach, the water gathered for a moment in her navel, but quickly overflowed and continued lower. Multiple winding rivers met around the dense forest of her pubic hair. The outer curls darkened as they soaked up the liquid like a fluffy sponge, taking on water until the mass grew heavy and flattened against her mound.

“See?” she said once fully soaked. “Patience is a virtue, honey.”

I crinkled my nose at her. “I think I’m a bit too old for life lessons, Mom.”

Her eyes twinkled, but she did not reply right away. Instead, she closed the space between us in one smooth step and pressed her warm, wet tits flat against my chest. Her perky nipples dug into my skin like tiny points of heat that anchored us together. One hand slid down my stomach, fingertips tracing light, wandering lines over my abs until her fingers curled firmly around the base of my cock.

She leaned in until her lips were less than an inch from mine, but her low, sultry whisper was replaced by a decidedly stern tone. “Are you telling me how to mother you?”

I gulped. “Uh, no, but—

“You’re still my son, Ducky,” she said sharply, with an equally firm squeeze around my cock, “which means I still get to be your mom. With all of this—this stuff we’re doing—I need you to remember that. Okay?”

I stared at her unblinkingly, transported back to a time and place where her word was gospel. “Sorry, Mom.”

She juttied her tits forward to bump my chest. “Good boy.” Then, with her free hand, she plucked a bottle of body wash from the shelf and pressed it into my palm. “Would you mind, honey?”

I tipped the bottle and drizzled far more soap than necessary over the tops of her heavy breasts. I drew a winding figure-eight pattern back and forth from one udder to the next, glazing the upper swells with a heavy flow. The cream-colored gel held its shape for a moment before the viscous build up was heavy enough to succumb to gravity. It progressively melted down her skin, dribbling down the full curves, catching on her stiff nipples, then continuing lower in glossy trails that left smears of off-white goo in their wake.

“Squeaky clean,” she reminded me with a glimmer in her eye.

I nodded, still dazed, and reached out with both hands. “Squeaky, yeah. Can I?”

She took a step back to make room between us, then pushed her chest forward, offering the weight of her soapy tits to me without hesitation.

“They’re not gonna clean themselves, are they?”

Whatever shyness she’d felt over letting me touch her pussy was completely absent when it came to her breasts. I was sure that, had I asked to put my hands on them even an hour ago, she would have said no. The more we explored, the more she became comfortable with, giving me hope that patience would lead to my ultimate fantasy coming true.

I set the soap bottle aside and put both hands on her breasts, gently pressing down with my fingertips to get a feel for their softness.

“Whoa...”

Opaque gel was still sliding down her tits, so I began to work it in, pressing my palms flat against the warm flesh and letting my fingers sink in harder. Soap bubbles clung to her skin and popped softly under my touch, but every one that burst was replaced by a dozen more.

The slippery cream turned quickly into a rich white lather. Even though I could not see her nipples through the dense suds, I could still feel the firm little buds bumping my fingers as they glided through the frothy veil. The suds made everything impossibly slick; my palms slid easily from the full upper curves down to the heavy undersides and back up again, spreading it until her entire chest had donned a blouse of bubbles.

Mom’s voice cut through the sound of the water, dry and a bit amused.

“Aren’t you forgetting something, Ducky?”

My eyes widened in anticipation, but I had to be sure. “Am I?”

I hoped more than anything that she was being serious. My dick was so hard that it was sticking perfectly upright. I could feel individual veins running from my balls all the way up to the head, and they were throbbing mightily every time she so much as opened her mouth.

She thrust forward playfully three distinct times, using her fur-covered pussy mound like a battering ram against the underside of my cock. “I—think—so.”

Had there not been steam vapor floating through the air, my mouth would have been completely arid. “I can touch your pussy, too? But on the bed you said—”

“I know what I said,” she answered curtly. A faint flush rose under the soap on her cheeks. “I... I want to try it. Just promise me you’ll stop if I get weirded out.”

“Promise,” I said quietly.

I let one sudsy mitt slide down the front of her belly until my fingers brushed the wet fur crowning her mound. As I slowly combed through the soggy mass, I felt fine curls winding around my digits like the hair had a life of its own. I parted the head of brown fleece until the tips of my fingers found the warm, slick heat of her slit. It was incredible how different it felt from the glide of the water that coated her skin— a natural, slippery syrup that coated her entire entrance.

“Jesus...” she whispered listlessly.

Emboldened by her lack of resistance, I nudged her clit with the pad of one finger.

She jerked slightly and reached out, grabbing my forearm with a needful whimper. “Ooohhh...”

“Feel weird?” I asked.

She shook her head rapidly, wet strawberry-blonde coils flailing around her face. “Keep going.”

Even though Mom was slightly familiar with my cock, we touched each other like we were handling something fragile, afraid that one wrong move would ruin everything.

Her hands moved with delicate patience, letting me feel every small touch against my cock. One held the underside of my balls, cradling the sack and rolling them gently in her soapy palms. She wrapped the other hand around the root of my shaft, her thumb brushing along the chunky vein at the bottom.

She stroked me with long, unhurried pulls, rotating her wrist in a lazy corkscrew. With every turn, she raised her clenched fist a bit more, like each methodical crank was lifting her arm higher and higher. When her clutching fingers finally reached the swollen head, she slowed down even more, circling the bloated tip at a dreadfully languid pace.

“Mooom...” I whined. “You’re going so slow!”

“Uh-huh,” she said boastfully. “Making ya wait for it.”

Not wanting to be outdone, I decided to treat her the very same way. My fingers slid slowly between the meaty outer lips of her pussy, parting the soggy curls that had been pasted flat against her mound by the water. The moment I slipped inside that warm cleft, my fingertips were coated in her more of that dense, silky wetness.

The inner flesh of her vulva was impossibly soft, molding around my fingers as I explored her entrance. Heat radiated from her—an intimate warmth that bathed every inch of skin I touched. I traced the delicate folds, felt the subtle ridges and the way her body seemed to pulse faintly under my touch, then brushed over the swollen peak of her clit again. The moment I made contact with it, her hips gave the tiniest answering shift.

She wanted me there.

I kept my fingers in place, making small, steady circles around her clit. The pressure made her leg begin to tremble, so she leaned into me harder, giving me more and more of her weight. I took it easily, steadying her under the warm spray while my fingers continued their work.

Her hand sped up to match the rising heat between us. Every time her tight fist slid down to the root of my cock, there was a wet squelch from soap, pre-cum, and her own lingering juices mixing under the water.

Following her lead once more, I pressed harder, trapping her swollen clit between two fingers and rapidly gliding them back and forth through the slick trench of her pussy lips. My fingers became the river; her clit was the small, sensitive rock they flowed around, bumping and brushing it on every pass.

*"Fuck,"* she grunted against my chest.

Impassioned by the heated moment, she began pressing open-mouthed kisses to my skin, each one ending with a soft, wet **pop** that surely left a tiny red ring behind. She marked everything her greedy little smooches could reach: my chest, my shoulders, the side of my neck. Finally, she settled in the crook of my throat and stayed there, lips warm against my pulse.

I slowly pulled my head back and looked down at her. Our eyes met. No words were needed; whatever passed between us in that look was enough. We leaned in at the same time.

The first peck was timid, testing the waters for a single heartbeat before we both realized we wanted more. The second one—the *real* kiss—came faster and deeper. After that, there was no holding back.

Our mouths opened, tongues sliding out to meet each other, tumbling and twisting, pulling back only to surge forward again. She moved; I followed. Then we switched on a dime. It came so naturally, that ebb and flow, that it felt impossible for a first kiss between new lovers, or whatever we were. I mauled her with a heavy roll of my tongue, delving into her mouth just as she receded. We breathed through each other's open mouth, taking into our lungs a hint of the other's essence. Then she eagerly thrust her tongue to the back of my gullet.

Mom's hand never stopped moving, and I was honestly impressed that she kept up the steady stroking. Her body felt weak, like a sack of pudding that was held up only by my support, but she kept up the pace. I got the impression that she would have used her last shred of energy to dedicate that hand to bringing me to orgasm. Combined with the way her soft, soapy body was pressed against mine, she was doing just that.

"I'm getting close," I whispered.

Unfortunately for me, that was the key phrase that got her to stop entirely. Her hand released my cock mid-throb, leaving it twitching hard in the open air. "Not yet, Ducky."

Before I could complain, she turned around, bent slightly at the hips, and pushed her ass back against me. She trapped my aching cock between the swells of her chubby cheeks, flattening it firmly against my stomach. The thick shaft disappeared into the slippery crevasse, swallowed by the heat of her body until the shower water felt cold by comparison.

She straightened up suddenly, pressing her spine flush against my chest so there was not a single inch of space left between us. “Don’t cum yet,” she purred, half-begging and half-demanding.

“W-why?” I asked desperately.

She reached out to twist the nozzle until the water stopped. “Because I might not get a fourth one out of you.”

I wrapped my arms around her tummy from behind, holding her close so I could bury my nose into the back of her neck. “Just how many do you want, huh?”

She spun around in my arms to face me again, her slippery skin effortlessly defying my grip. Then she tucked her arms against my chest. “Lots of ‘em.”

My stomach flipped hard. “I can do ‘lots.’”

She gave me a quick, lingering peck, tugging gently on my lower lip each time she pulled away. “Good,” she said happily. “Then bring that big dick of yours to my bed, please, sweetheart.”

We stepped out of the shower together. Mom dried herself with the same casual, unselfconscious ease she always had—the kind of everyday motions that somehow became the sexiest thing in the world when she did them naked in front of me.

She rubbed the towel over her arms and shoulders without any attempt at grace, then dragged it across her breasts, lifting each one just enough to dry underneath. They jiggled and settled again with every pass of the towel, then compressed when she bent over to dry her legs, drawing thin creases where her belly folded over itself. Her ass cheeks shifted and wobbled under the terry cloth in a way that made my freshly cleaned

cock twitch hard. One towel-clad hand wiped water from the full undersides of her cheeks, then she laid the fabric over her fingers and wiped them between the cleft.

She wasn't trying to put on a show. She simply existed in front of me, and that ordinary, domestic nakedness was more erotic than any deliberate tease I could have imagined. Places I used to have to look away from were mine to watch freely, and the simple fact that she was *letting me* made every little jiggle and sway feel intentional.

Finally, impatience won out over my endlessly greedy gaze. "Ready?" I asked. She wasn't even done drying off.

She glanced at me over her shoulder, one eyebrow raised. "What did I tell you about patience? It's rude to rush a lady, Ducky. Wanna meet me in bed?"

My smile spread so wide it almost hurt. "I'll be waiting."

I practically darted out of the bathroom, still half-wet, and scrambled onto the bed. I tried to arrange myself into something that looked sexy and inviting for when she appeared—leaning back on one elbow, one knee bent just so—but the pose felt forced and ridiculous the second I settled into it.

A moment later, Mom stepped out of the bathroom with the towel wrapped loosely around her chest, the bulk of her bust still visible above the fabric's edge. She leaned against the doorframe, wet hair clinging to her shoulders, and gave me a small, amused smile.

"Fancy seeing you here, handsome," she said warmly.

I grinned back, trying to seem smooth. "I'm waiting for someone special."

She took a couple of steps toward me and gripped the edge of her towel. "Oh? And who might that be?"

"There's this beautiful, smart, funny girl that promised she'd meet me here."

Mom opened the towel like a cape, arms stretching wide for a second before she let the white fabric drop to the floor behind her. Completely naked again, she stood there with a small, playful smile. “Well, aren’t you a lucky boy?”

I did not speak or blink for several long seconds. My eyes just moved over her.

She watched me watching her, and I was too far gone to realize that my unrelenting stare might have been too intense. She chewed on the inside of her cheek and nervously averted her gaze for a split second, digging her toes into the carpet. “Like what you see, I guess?”

I closed my eyelids hard to wet my eyes. “You look so... God, Mom, I can’t believe how fucking sexy you are!”

She made a funny face at me. “This is how I always look.”

“Yeah, and it’s fucking awesome!”

She let out a soft chuckle, then motioned toward the headboard. “You’re going to make some woman very happy one day with words like that, you silver-tongued devil. Scooch back, honey.”

I propped myself up against the headboard with a pillow behind my back, a confused look crossing my face. “*Other* woman?”

“Yeah,” she said as she settled on the edge of the bed near my feet. “Like... your future wife, or whatever.”

I shook my head, still puzzled and narrowing my eyes at her. “Like if we break up one day, you mean?”

She had begun crawling toward me, but my words pushed her backward like every syllable was a physical shove. She sat back on her haunches, hands folded in her lap.

“If we... What? You mean *us*, Ducky?”

I arched an eyebrow. “Duh. Who else would I be talking about?”

Then it was her turn to look confused. “We *aren’t* dating, sweetheart.”

“Aren’t we?” I asked, almost like an accusation. “I mean, we just took a shower together.”

She shook her head. “That’s not—”

“We’re probably going to have dinner together tonight too, right?” I kept the pressure on, barely giving her time to think.

“Yes, but we—”

“Maybe cuddle up on the couch and watch a movie afterwards?” I continued quickly. We talk all the time, hang out pretty much constantly, and you’re the first person I want to see when I wake up in the morning. The only thing that’s been missing is sex.”

It was only then that I realized how heavily I was breathing. My shoulders were rising and falling dramatically, and more than I’d felt it during all the passion we’d just exchanged, my heart was fucking *beating* for all it was worth.

Finally she was at a loss for words. Her eyes flicked back and forth as she considered the claim. “I never really thought about it that way.”

“I have,” I murmured, communicating my confidence with an even tone, rather than volume. My pulse even settled down a bit. “I love you so, so much, Mom—so fucking much. I don’t know why I’d want to think about any other woman when I have you right here in front of me.”

She let out a hesitant breath, then resumed her slow, seductive crawl toward me on her hands and knees. “Like I said,” she purred, a small smile returning, “you and that silver tongue are trouble, Ducky.”

She climbed onto my lap, straddling me so that her still-damp tits filled my vision. Her hands settled firmly on my shoulders, pinning me back against the headboard.

“Although...” she mused. “I can think of some good uses for a tongue like that.”

I reached behind her and grabbed a handful of her plump bottom. “We’re happy to be of service.”

She was wearing a bright, cheerful smile, but the edges of it drew in as she took a slow breath, trying to steady herself. The playfulness faded from her face as she searched for the right words. “Ducky... listen to me for a second, okay? I know we’re having fun, but... You know? I’m still your mom, and I’m still gonna be tomorrow, even after we—”

I leaned in and kissed her before she could finish, waiting for her face to relax before I pulled away. “What *are* we gonna do, Mom?”

She groaned, but the sound could have meant a hundred different things. She pulled back just enough to speak again, a soft laugh of protest catching in her throat. “I-I don’t know yet, but... I’m serious! We can’t just pretend that—”

I cut her off with an even deeper kiss. I couldn’t help it. The feel of her naked on my lap, the weight of her ass in my hands, the way she let me keep interrupting her when she could have easily stopped me—it was too much. I didn’t want to slow down, and I did *not* want to have the “*Things will always be the same*” discussion.

She tried one more time, her “serious voice” making a final appearance. To double her authority, she reached back to grab onto my wrists just as I gave her rump another firm squeeze. “Honey!” she yelped. “I’m trying to say that things between us can’t—”

I caught her lips again, but that time she did not pull away as quickly.

She made a defeated, mewling whimper as she melted into the kiss, abandoning whatever thoughts had been tethering her to the real world. The careful boundaries she had been trying to set dissolved against my mouth, unfinished and forgotten as the kiss deepened.

“You friggin’ brat,” she whispered needily as our tongues ground together. “Who raised you, anyway?”

We kept kissing without another pause, mouths open and hungry, tongues sliding together in slow, wet licks.

After a few minutes of spit swapping, she shifted her hips and trapped my hard cock between the lips of her pussy. The shaft rested right in the

warm, slippery nook of her slit as she began a leisurely back and forth grind. Her natural wetness greased every inch of me, the swollen head of my cock nudging against her clit with each pass.

I broke the kiss just long enough to murmur against her lips, "I could slide right in like this, you know."

She hesitated, breath warm against my mouth. "Bad idea." Despite that reluctance, she did not pull away.

That was all the opening I needed.

I took charge. In one smooth motion, I lifted her legs, rolled her onto her back, and settled between her thighs.

She gasped at the sudden shift, but didn't resist, encouraging me by hooking her arms and legs around my neck as I leaned down.

The blunt head of my cock finding the entrance to her pussy was a beautiful accident. Fine curls of fluffy hair tickled the sensitive skin of the swollen tip; every individual whisker felt distinct against the hypersensitive knob.

I started thrusting in tiny, testing motions. They'd never be enough to enter her, I knew, but I wanted to see what she would allow. Each time, I pressed a little harder, testing whether or not she would put a stop to things before it was too late. When her outer lips parted slightly around the head, her wetness kissed the tip, warm and slick like melted honey. The soft petals began to unfurl as I gradually applied more pressure, widening the tight ring of her entrance. The circle of muscle fluttered and tightened, giving the smallest, most intimate kiss to my piss slit.

That was the step too far.

Mom pulled her mouth off of mine, breathing hard, and looked up at me with a mix of want and reluctance in her eyes. "We can't, Ducky. I know how badly you want to go inside... but we *can't* do that."

"You want it, too," I said.

She swallowed. "That... doesn't matter. We can't come back from that."

“We can’t come back from any of this, Mom,” I told her plainly. “And I don’t want to.”

She chewed on her lower lip, eyes searching mine. “Doesn’t that scare you?”

“Not at all.” I held her gaze. “Can I just put the head in? I *need* to know what it feels like.”

A faint flush rose on her cheeks. “Have you ever...”

“I have, but I want to feel *yours*, Mom.”

She shuddered and let out a shaky breath. Something in my desperation seemed to wake a matching need in her. It was the kind of longing that made her want to push past her own boundaries just a little further, but even then, she could not fully separate herself from the need to be a pious mother—to display reluctance even when every ounce of her clearly wanted it.

“M-maybe...” she whispered tensely. “I think you could—the tip, honey? Just the... the head, maybe, could go inside?”

I stared at her, half-convinced I had misheard. “Really?”

She reached up and stroked my hair the way she’d used to when I’d been little, giving me that look of gentle, unmistakable nurturing that only a mother could. “*Just* the head, Ducky—even if it feels really, really good, okay?”

I did not fully believe that her concession was only for me. The way her body stayed open beneath mine and the way her voice had softened told me she was saying yes to herself, too.

I pressed forward with aching care, the swollen head of my cock meeting the faint resistance at her entrance. Just as I applied a small amount of pressure, she seized up.

“W-wait!” she yelped.

I paused.

“If I tell you to stop,” she began quietly, “you will, right?”

She was genuinely concerned, but I found it oddly amusing. “Of course, Mom,” I assured her. “I’m not gonna hurt you or anything.”

I felt her ankles lock behind my back, feet gently nudging me forward. “I know,” she said softly, “but, like, if you *really* like how it feels... I mean, I don’t *want* to make you stop, but you will, right?”

“Promise.”

Her feet nudged a little harder on my back. “Okay, honey. Just the tip, remember?”

“Juuust the tip, Mom,” I droned calmly, even though the jackhammer taking chunks out of my ribcage from the inside was telling a very different story.

The pace was painfully slow, allowing me to feel every tiny shift as the fat head began to part her petals. Her outer plush lips yielded easily, too slippery to offer any resistance. Then, thanks to a slightly stronger push, I stretched apart the ring of tightly clenched muscle that lay just beyond the entrance.

Mom grabbed onto my forearms and locked on, digging her nails in like tiny anchors. “Oh my god, oh my god...”

The heat that enveloped the tip of my cock was immediate and overwhelming. The velvety-soft mouth of living flesh pulled me deeper even as I forced myself to slow down. Every millimeter of progress let me savor the way her body opened, the way the smooth, wet walls hugged my frenulum, and the quiet pulse of her inner heartbeat fluttering against me.

When the full, thick crown finally slipped inside, we both groaned at the same moment—my low, guttural rumble rising from deep in my chest answered by her high, broken little whinny that spilled straight into my ear.

Once the engorged mushroom was inside her, her pussy seemed to lock up behind it. The ring of muscle closed firmly just behind the ridge,

sealing the throbbing beast inside her and taming it with a living collar that pulsed with just as much energy. The sudden, snug constriction held it in place so that even the smallest movement made the sensitive underside of the head drag against that sealed ring.

“T-that's enough,” she urged in a shrill voice. “No more, sweetheart.”

Her body kept me trapped there, walls pulsing faintly around the captive tip with no intention of letting it go.

“Can I put the *whole* head in?” I asked sadly, playing on her emotions.

She eked out a gasp. “There's *more* of it?”

“A little bit,” I lied; I didn't think she'd be *too* mad if I put a little more inside.

She grumbled, her brow trembling. “Oh Jesus. Okay, just... a *little* more is okay, I guess.”

I eased forward another inch, sinking deeper into the buttery-soft sheath.

Her muscles clamped down hard around the added girth the moment it disappeared inside her. “Whoa!” she cried out, her brow tightly knitted in concentration. Its two halves were as firmly tensed as her cunt muscles, which felt poised to pull a sword from a stone.

She took several deep, panting breaths. “That's just the head?”

“Yeah, Mom.”

Her fingers tightened on my forearm hard enough to bruise my bones, and her pussy mirrored the grip—throttling the swollen knob in a creamy, pulsing vice.

“Promise?” she squeaked weakly.

Instead of answering, I pulled back half an inch, then pushed forward again, fucking just the shallow groove right at the front of her entrance. The short, careful strokes kept me from “accidentally” going any deeper than she had allowed—and from having to lie to her again.

I redirected her attention before the question of how much was really inside could come back up. “Does that feel okay, Mom?”

Her eyes rolled back. A long, helpless moan spilled from her throat. “Ohh... oooohhhh...”

Whatever she had been about to say dissolved completely into the sound, and I took advantage of the pleasure that had overwhelmed her.

I stayed right in the pocket, gently fucking her with “just” my bloated cock head, as far as she knew. Each careful thrust lodged the fat bulb in her opening just enough to plug it, causing her outer lips to wrap around the sides. The meaty wings conformed perfectly to the swell every time it passed through them, stretching and then hugging the round ridge as I rocked back and forth, teasing the nook.

Her eyes stayed closed, and I watched every subtle shift in her face: the occasional flutter of her lashes, the way her brow tensed every few strokes, and the tiny parting of her lips whenever she remembered to take a breath.

I could not bear to merely watch her for a second longer, so I leaned down and kissed her.

She responded instantly and without a hiccup, opening her mouth to mine. We made out while I continued the gentle rocking, working my cock within the narrow clutches of her entrance, never pushing any deeper than she had allowed.

After a few blissful minutes, she pulled back and took a deep breath for air with a dribble of saliva on her chin. “I haven’t been kissed like this since high school.”

I dipped down to press my lips against the side of her neck. My tongue slipped out of my mouth, and with it, I engraved my words into her skin just as they floated past her ear. “I bet you were still this tight back then.”

Whether it was the tingle from my tongue grazing her flesh or my words, I was not sure, but something made her clench up.

She impulsively bucked her hips upward, sinking a couple more inches of dong into her cunt with a squeal from her and a soft squelch from her pussy. She was so wet that the incidental hip shift had been more than enough to guide my cock further along the wet-walled corridor, but I was not entirely sure if it had been an accident.

“Mom!” I cried out in surprise.

She mewled greedily, lust clearly overtaking her better judgment. “I didn’t mean to! I just... my hips got a bit restless. I’m just doing what... what feels natural!”

I gave her a coy look. “This feels natural, huh?”

She blushed hard as an embarrassed, giddy smile spread across her face. “Shuddup...”

I prodded gently with my cock, testing the new depth. “Can I stay this deep?”

She squirmed underneath me, wiggling her butt as if settling into the stretch. “I... suppose so. Feels okay to me. Is this okay for you?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, already feeling my mind drift. “It’s definitely okay.”

That new depth gave me about a third of my cock to work with, and I began slowly sawing back and forth—long enough to feel the hot, silky grip of her walls, short enough that I still stayed well within the limit she had set.

Mom’s embrace was warm and comforting—arms around my neck, holding me close, while her legs were still tightly locked at the ankles around my waist. Her body cradled mine as if she were still trying to soothe me even then, while still giving me the most intimate, vulnerable pieces of her. Every so often she would give a little coaxing squeeze with her thighs or a quiet roll of her hips, wordlessly reassuring me that she was content.

Without her mouth on mine, something felt like it was missing. That empty, clawing need would not be satiated by any amount of thrusting, so I leaned in and wedged my lips between hers.

She made a breathy little whimper when we connected, but it was quickly stifled when she leaned into the lip lock. The eager, breathy coos she had been making were interrupted by our tongue-heavy smooches.

As the heat built between us, I held myself up with one arm and used the other hand to cup one of her heavy tits. I roughly kneaded the soft flesh in time with our spirited kissing, taking out some of the raw sexual frustration I wished I could pour into her pussy instead. My fingers sank deep into the doughy bulge while my thumb dragged over her stiff nipple, tweaking it while I gave her a little extra on the next thrust.

It was a stringent balance. Part of me wanted nothing more than to drive forward and bury every remaining inch inside her, to ravenous-ly devour the heat and tightness that were only inches away from what I craved with my whole heart. Still, something stronger than that hunger—the fragile trust she was placing in me—forced me to pace myself.

Every thrust was a constant negotiation between the aching desire to take more and the deeper, more emotional need to keep her close to me for as long as she would allow.

After another minute of slow kissing and steady rocking, I couldn't hold the thought in any longer; it just came out of me with the next grunt. "Fuck, I can't believe how warm you are."

Mom's lips curved against mine. "I'm even warmer at the bottom."

My heart lurched straight up into my throat. I lifted my head to look into her eyes and plead my case. "C-can I? Please, Mom?"

Just like before, she pressed a finger to the corner of her mouth and looked up and to the right, pretending to ponder it with exaggerated seriousness. "Hmmm... How badly do you wanna feel it?"

"More than anyth-*ing* in the world," I admitted with a voice wrecked by excitement.

Her eyes sparkled, and her nostrils flared with intrigue. "Well, why don't you go a little deeper and see if I stop you?"

I nudged forward, pushing through the tightly packed tunnel of warm, wet flesh. The extra inch made her walls flutter around me.

“How about now?” I asked, barely breathing.

“Do you *want* to stop there?” she whispered with a profound curious tone.

“No.”

She cradled my head with both hands, weaving her fingers through my hair as she looked straight into my eyes. “Then don’t. Just push.”

I felt like I was about to cry. “Yeah?”

She gave me a single, powerful nod. “Yeah, Ducky. Push.”

I thrust forward, submerging every last inch of my cock in the hot, creamy swamp of her cunt until I felt her cervix kiss the tip. Walls painted with thick, liquid silk coated me on all sides, constricting around the full length once it was completely buried.

“Fuck!” I groaned, forehead dropping against hers. “You were right. It’s so hot, Mom!”

She laughed softly, the sound bright and happy against my ear. “I toooold you.”

“I already feel like... I don’t want to cum yet.”

With our foreheads touching, she pressed forward, putting light pressure on my skull. “Whatcha gonna do, honey?”

“W-what?”

She tapped on my butt with her heels. “To stop from cumming—whatcha gonna do?”

“I don’t know,” I whined. “Should I... Do I have to pull out?”

She pouted, pushing her lips into a dramatic frown. “So soon? But you just got here.” Then she pulled a hand down from the side of my face,

grazing my temple as she lowered it, and held it outstretched. “Let go of my boob, honey.”

I did, and put my hand in hers.

She immediately laid her fingers over my knuckles, calmly pressing down on the back of my hand with our palms touching. “Breathe with me.”

I nodded and took a deep breath when she did.

“Now out,” she commanded softly. “Sloooowly.”

Out we breathed, and when my lungs were empty, I felt a tiny throb in my cock.

“That’s better,” she cooed.

I was completely at her mercy. Every instinct in my body screamed to cum right then and there, but I fought it with everything I had. I just wanted to feel her for one second longer. I wanted our first time to be as magical as possible, and that wouldn’t happen if I finished so early. The effort of holding back made me tremble hard, muscles quivering from the strain.

“You’re shaking, honey,” Mom said with soft concern in her voice.

“Here— put your weight on me.”

I did, and it felt fucking great to let go. I let myself collapse onto her in a heap, my chest flattening her heavy tits into warm, spongy pillows that absorbed my weight as I buried my face in the crook of her neck.

She began gently stroking the back of my head, her sharp fingernails dragging lightly across my scalp and sending tingles exploding downward in little rainfalls of sensation. “Better?”

“Uh-huh,” I warbled.

“You used to lay on me like this,” she murmured. “Remember?”

“Thunder...” I mumbled against her skin.

“You hated it,” she whispered dreamily. “The sky is screaming, Mommy.”

A soft chuckle escaped me.

“You’d come and find me,” she continued, still stroking my hair as her voice came to me like harps from the heavens, “and we’d cuddle just like this—your head on my chest, me playing with your hair, and... well, you were a lot smaller back then.”

My cock throbbed hard inside her at the memory.

She purred, the sound low and deliberately seductive right next to my ear. “You’re much, muuuch bigger now, honey.”

She nudged my butt with her heels, pushing me forward until I was once again buried as deep as I could go, pressing the head of my cock firmly against the soft barrier of her cervix.

“How close are you?” she asked.

“Very,” I managed, barely holding on.

A wicked little smile colored her next words. “Wanna fuck me till you cum, Ducky?”

The question was fire to gasoline.

“Inside?” I begged, hoping she would not make me pull out when the time came.

She made a soothing hum. “Why don’t you start fucking me and see if I stop you?”

I started moving with long, powerful strokes that drove me straight to the bottom of her pussy. I knew I did not have much time, so I made the most of every second.

She grunted each time I plowed into her, the sound raw and encouraging. “That’s... it... harder, Ducky!”

I picked up speed, grinding my teeth to extract enough will for a few more pumps. Our skin slapped together with every impact, my balls rapping against the soft undersides of her ass cheeks. I jammed myself into her as hard as my hips would allow—potent, eager fucking that made the whole bed heave beneath us.

Mom rocked with the force of it, her heavy tits wobbling and bouncing atop her ribcage with every deep plunge. “Oh my god! Fuck yes! Just like that!”

“I’m gonna cum!” I roared.

She dug her nails into the backs of my shoulders, holding me tight. “Inside! All of it—inside me!”

I shoved home one final time, burying every inch just as the first virile throb tore through me. A thick rope of cum—one that felt as long as my forearm—erupted from my cock, splattering hard against the mouth of her womb. Another volley followed immediately, then another, flooding her completely until the head of my cock was drowning in hot, sticky baby batter.

Mom’s pussy convulsed around me in waves of indiscernible rhythm, the walls fluttering chaotically like they were trying to milk every last drop. Each pulse squeezed me from base to tip, dragging out another thick jet even when I thought I had nothing left.

Her legs locked around my waist with bruising force, digging hard into my sides, but it was a pain I welcomed, since the sharp edge only served to heighten everything else I was feeling.

As the final spurts pulsed out of me, I gave a few withering thrusts for good measure. I pulled my cock all the way out until only the head remained inside her, then slammed back to the hilt. The deep plunges forced loud, lurid gurgles from her cum-flooded pussy—the wet, filthy sounds of my seed being roughly displaced as I fucked the last of my orgasm into her.

My cock gave one last weak twitch inside her before I carefully pulled free and rolled onto my back beside her. We ended up with our heads near the foot of the bed, too spent to care about the awkward angle.

“That was amazing,” I said between breaths, resting my feet on one of the pillows near her headboard.

Mom leaned over and kissed my cheek, then snuggled in tightly against my side, one leg draped over mine. “I really thought we’d stop at the tip,” she admitted with a quiet chuckle, “but... I’m kind of glad we didn’t.”

“Kind of?” I asked.

She giggled. “Okay... *Really* glad, then.”

I let out an exhausted laugh. “I should have asked you to borrow a pair of panties months ago. I thought you were gonna be mad about me stealing them. I didn’t think it would lead to... well, *any* of this!”

She pressed an affectionate kiss to my chest. “I had a funny feeling.”

“What?” I asked, still a little dumb from the afterglow.

“Yeah,” she said. “I don’t even remember the first day I noticed my panties were missing from the laundry.”

“W-what?”

She kept going, unfazed, yet clearly aware that every word was rewriting my entire understanding of the morning. “I knew I should’ve been disappointed, or felt uncomfortable, but... I just—God, it made me so fucking *horny* thinking about you using them like that!”

I stared at the ceiling, processing. “You really knew all along, huh?”

“I had a pretty good guess,” she said, “and when I caught you this morning, I knew I was right. I didn’t know it would go this far, but I just kept saying yes—to you, to my brain, to *everything*. I didn’t want to be the one to push things, so I let you do it when you were ready. You could’ve told me to leave this morning when I caught you, but...”

I smiled, fondly reliving the memory. “But I didn’t.”

She kissed my chest. "But you didn't, Ducky."

I turned my head and met her eyes. "I'm happy I didn't."

She rested her cheek against my chest, voice barely above a whisper.

"Me too, honey. Me too."

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A few weeks later, as I returned home from class, I closed the front door behind me and clicked the lock shut.

I kicked off my shoes, dropped my backpack, and headed into the house to find her. "Mom? You home?"

"In here," her angelic voice chimed from the living room.

I followed it happily and found her lying sideways on the couch, wearing nothing but a flimsy t-shirt and my favorite pair of lacy dark blue panties.

"You're home early," she noted as she muted the TV.

"I ran here from the bus stop," I said. "The pictures you sent were... I just couldn't wait!"

She ground her thighs together. "I got them extra juicy for you, Ducky."

Things between us had become perfectly routine by that point, so it was no longer a big deal for her to spend the day seasoning a pair of her underwear in anticipation of my return.

Without needing to be asked, she turned onto her back and lifted her legs to point her toes at the ceiling. "Wanna take 'em off me?"

I raced to the couch to claim my prize. "Hell yes!"

It was the perfect system: she would get herself horny enough to hand me a pair of honey-soaked underwear a couple of hours before dinner, I'd get high on the scent, and then we'd both be ready to tear each other's clothes off when the sun went down.

I'd never been happier with where my life was headed, and I made sure that Mom knew it. There was never another mention of other women.

*She* was my woman, and when it came to our confusing, amazing relationship, stealing her panties had just been the “tip” of the iceberg.