

## Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 2

By Klrxo

“TAKE MY FUCKING COCK, MOM!” Alan gasped. The duo were harnessed together in the cowgirl position some thirty-feet off the deck of the cruise ship. The zip-line connection was set on a hinge, allowing them to rock fluidly, like they were humping in some sort of sex swing.

The panoramic view of the open sea was breathtaking from this height, but Alan much preferred the view he had of his mother’s tits. His face was wedged between the peaks of her swollen udders so he could stare straight into her deep, quivering cleavage. His mom’s squishy baby-ball was sandwiched between their sweaty bodies, the fully-developed fetuses of their unborn twins resting against Alan’s torso.

“Aaahhh, yes!” the beautiful mother panted, feeling her boy’s rigid penile meat scrape deliciously along the nerve-endings in her pink pussy-passage. “I feel like we’re fucking on a cloud, baby.”

They were slowly pulled along a line that circled the parameter of the ship, like the seats of a ski lift. Many other mothers and sons engaged in passionate lovemaking, while fastened tightly together in their harnesses.

Both Shelly and Alan were focused on the feeling of his rigid boner pumping through Shelly’s hot pussy. His long, fat cock was as hard as concrete, the muscle and sinews at its root flexing and straining, sustaining the force of their fluid fuck-thrusts. Soaked with slippery secretions, the boy’s cunt-smothered shaft bore up through his mom’s cunt tunnel unyieldingly, his huge purple veins bulging obscenely along the shaft from all the arousing blood flow. His knob mushroomed, and was so engorged it felt like it could pop right off the end of his cock. His flaring coronal ridge slipped deliciously along the snug walls of his mother’s baby-chute, massaged by the well-pronounced ribs lining Shelly’s vagina.

“Shit!” the teen gasped under his breath, feeling his mother tighten her pelvic floor muscles, causing her spongy tissue to chew at the meat of his erect flesh. The head of Shelly’s cervix had puffed up as her body prepared

to give birth, creating a perfectly-round ring for Alan to push the tip of his peter against. His leaking pre-goo mixed with the pre-natal mucus that seeped from his mother's cervix, creating a slippery, foamy froth that coated their pink, tightly-linked genitals.

"Oh God, baby," Shelly whimpered, feeling her boy's strong cock-muscle push up into her body, its bulbous tip crushing against her uteri, making it push back into her endocervical canal, nearly to her uterus. "If you go any deeper you'll be stabbing our daughters with that long meat-sword of yours."

"It feel so good back there," Alan gasped, his prick-tip throbbing and leaking as he continued to fuck up into her tight sheath.

After every dozen or so thrusts, the sexually-experienced mother would fuse their crotches in full penetration and grind on her baby's cock. Her swiveling hips had widened over the months to facilitate the passing of twins through her birthing canal, and they moved fluidly up and back, like a well-oiled machine.

Alan gasped, his arms circling his mom's back so he could pull her to him even tighter. This crushed his mom's baby-filled belly against his torso. Shelly's milk-swollen tits bulged in huge, fatty masses around the boy's head, smothering him in pounds of tit-cleavage. The feel of Alan's stiff cock stirring around deep inside her honey-pot made an orgasm quickly swell in Shelly's loins.

"Oh, fuck...you're gonna make me cum again!" the mother squealed.

It was probably the tenth time the boy had heard those words in the hour they had been up there. He always tried to prepare himself mentally for such an occurrence, since he knew his mom's tightly-contracting vagina would surely milk the cum from his balls, unless he mustered up some staying power. He flexed his erection powerfully, making her feel every bulging blue vein running down his thick shaft.

Shelly let out an orgasmic squeal that rang out across the ocean. She wasn't the only one though. Many other moms who were harnessed to

their own sons, and scattered around the perimeter of the ship, were crying out in climax also.

"Ahhhh, yeaaaah!" the teen groaned, feeling his mom's squishy body shudder against his. His grimacing face was lost in her cleavage as he felt her gush on his jabbing prick. "Take my fucking wad, mom!" he grunted as semen began to erupt from the tip of his cunt-sleeved cock. The boy thought he might pass out from cumming so fucking hard inside her spuming pit of pleasure.

That evening, Alicia lay on the bed in her and Nelson's cabin, staring at her wedding ring. Feelings of guilt stabbed at her insides as she contemplated what her and her son had done. "*I let him eat my pussy. My own son! What a horrible wife and mother I am,*" she thought. While her conscious agonized, she did her best to ignore the smoldering tingles deep in the core of her cunt. She could hear the shower running and the image of her son's lean, naked body pried its way inside her guilty, but horny mind.

A few minutes later, Nelson emerged from the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around his midsection. "Your turn, mom," he uttered.

"Thanks, honey," she said, starting to get up.

"I bought you something for tomorrow, but if you don't wanna wear it I'll understand."

The mother smiled in surprise. "You bought me an outfit?" she asked. She knew her son had gone out to do some shopping earlier, but didn't realize it was for her.

"Yeah, a um...bikini, for the beach tomorrow. I figured you might wanna wear something new and different."

She fed him a quirky smile. "How different?"

"Do you wanna see it?"

"I'll take a look, but I can't promise that I'll put it on so I hope you kept the receipt."

Nelson fished a small bag from his suitcase and handed to her. Alicia removed a tiny yellow micro bikini, then gave her son a look of displeasure. "Honey, it was sweet of you to buy this, but it looks much too skimpy," she told him.

"It would look incredible on you!"

"Nelson...can we talk for a minute?" the mother asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

Her son plopped down next to her. "I know what you're gonna say. That we shouldn't have done what we did today, but—"

"We DEFINITELY shouldn't have done what we did today! Mothers and sons shouldn't be acting in that manner. It's incest, and it's immoral."

"Yeah, well...fine, but I would do it again in a second," said the boy, staring at his mother luscious legs. "Just being honest here, mom."

"Don't plan on that happening," Alicia stated. "Tomorrow, we'll take that island excursion and it'll give a chance to clear our heads. And I'm sorry, but I can't wear this."

Nelson was handed the bikini back. "What's the big deal with us fooling around a little? We're on a ship in the middle of the ocean. No one we know is ever gonna find out," he stated.

"Nelson, giving your mother oral sex, and me giving you a handjob, is more than just 'fooling around a little.' It's WRONG, no matter where we are or who's around."

"So, I guess I shouldn't ask if you'll jerk me off before we go to sleep?" the teen smirked. Eating his mom's sweet cunt earlier had gotten him all worked up and he desperately needed some release.

His mom huffed, doing her best to contain her smile as she glared at him. "NO, you can't!" she blurted, then glanced at his crotch. "I'm going in to take a shower. If you need to take care of business, just...do it before I get back."

"Fine."

Alicia went into the bathroom, turned on the shower and stripped naked. She wasn't surprised to find her panties soaked at the crotch. *"I bet he'd give anything to have these against his nose, while he jerks off in there,"* she wickedly thought, but then her conscious kicked in and she scolded herself. *"Enough with the depraved thoughts already. You told him it wasn't appropriate, so practice what you preach."*

Nelson had sprawled back on the bed and was just getting ready to peel the towel back for a quick jerk. The bathroom door opened, startling him, and his mom came out with a white towel draped around her curvy body. "Sorry, I just need to get the conditioner out of my suitcase," she explained, moving past the bed.

The teen watched her set her dirty clothes down on the corner of the bed. Resting on top were her dainty, pale-pink panties. *"Perfect!"* he said to himself, smiling from ear to ear. *"She knows I'm gonna jerk off. Does she honestly expect me to leave those laying there?"*

Once Alicia had reentered the bathroom, Nelson snatched her panties, quickly bringing them to his nose. If it weren't for the shower running, his mom would have heard him gasp as he took in the musky scent of her vaginal juices, which were soaking the panty-gusset. He moved the towel aside and grasped onto his hardening cock as it rose from his loins like a pink cobra ready to strike.

Alicia still hadn't made it into the shower. Curiosity was getting the best of her, and she just had to peek out and see if her boy was using the panties she'd placed on the bed for him. Cracking the door slightly, she gazed out and saw her teen sprawled across the bed with his cock in one hand and the panties in the other. *"He IS using them!"* she thought as her eyes drifted down to his jutting erection. The vein-encrusted column of pink flesh slipped through her son's fist as he vigorously jerked off. *"Good heavens...what he lacks in overall stature, he sure made up in penis-length,"* the ogling mother proudly thought.

Despite her conscious pleading for her to stop, she continued to peek out, feeling her nipples stiffen on the peaks of her tits. She wondered how her son could have penis that was so much larger than his father's. Little did

she know, the answer was contained in her own DNA. During his development in the womb, the Y chromosome, produced by Nelson's father, was central to the designation of male sex characteristics. However, the actual development of the penis was directed by genes on the X chromosome, inherited from his mother. Alicia's body produced an abundance of testosterone during her pregnancy, which attached itself to her son's genital tubercle during the growing fetal stage. This assisted in the growth of what would eventually become a beautiful, oversized penis.

She marveled at how skilled her boy was at jerking his peter-meat. It was, after all, something he did daily, since reaching puberty. She watched his thumb slip over the flaring ridge of his corona and onto his bulbous glans with every stroke. *"Did he spit on it or is he just using pre-cum as lubrication?"* she thought. The caring mother in her wanted to rush over and make sure he was properly lubed, but she didn't dare.

Her cunt-tube clenched, its walls secreted with hot fuck-lubricant. The wicked part of her wondered what such a huge, teenage love-organ would feel like clobbering through her slippery hot-pocket, scrapping each other's nerve endings together in a wicked union of mother and son flesh. They'd be fused as one, just as they were once before when she carried him in her womb.

*"God, help me!"* her mind sighed as she reached down between her legs. The rounded dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her hairless flanges. She peeled it back with her fingers, exposing her nubbin, then rubbed it with her middle finger, while watching her son masturbate.

*"This is SO wrong! What are you doing, Alicia?!"* her conscience screamed, yet she remained fix in place, peeking out at her cock-stroking teen. As horny as she was, Alicia resisted the urge to throw open the door, mount his young loins and bounce on his cock. She knew that Nelson had the dick-length to dig at the deepest regions of her vagina, back near her fornix, where clusters of powerful nerve-endings had remained unstimulated since her college days. It wasn't that her husband was a bad lay. He just didn't have the length to fill her completely.

Nelson's hand flew up and down his shaft, while lustfully sniffing and sucking on the crotch of his mom's panties. He began to thrust his muscular ass from the mattress as he imagined that he was fucking his mom's ass off. His boner pumped through his hand, as hard as an iron crowbar. His knob mushroomed and his smooth balls clenched up in their sack. "Ahhhh!" he whimpered, his hips jerking as liquid love-lava raced up his urethral tube.

Alicia creamed in orgasm, as soon as she saw the pearly-white cum-ropes sail into the air above her son's writhing body. Nelson's goo rained down on his naked chest in big, sticky splatters, the sight of which made his mother go weak at the knees.

After her shower, the mother emerged from the bathroom in nothing but a sleep shirt, which fell to her thighs. Nelson could tell she was braless by the way her fat boobies bobbed beneath the fabric, and he could see the pointy shapes of her engorged nipples sticking out.

"Did you, um...take care of things in here?" she asked, joining him on the bed.

"Yes."

"Good," she said, clicking off the light, "let's get some sleep. We have a big excursion tomorrow."

After a moment of laying there on their backs, side by side, Nelson broke the silence. "Hey, mom...I know we can't HAVE sex, like you said, but can we at least talk about it?"

"Talk about it?"

"Yeah. Can I ask you some stuff?"

"Such as?"

"How often do you and dad do it?"

Alicia hesitated. It was certainly a personal question that she normally wouldn't answer, but this cruise had turned out far from normal. At least her son wasn't trying to put a move on her, and if innocent conversation

prevented that, then she was willing to oblige. "We make love once a night. It used to be twice a day, but when life gets busy you just take what you can get."

"Wow. Every night."

"Yes, well...that's pretty common with married couple, honey."

"So, you and dad have been married twenty-years, right?"

"Yes."

Nelson grabbed his phone off the nightstand and used his calculator.

"Twenty-years, times three-hundred and sixty-five days a year... Wait, how many years would you say you guys did it twice a day?"

"Ten years maybe," Alicia giggled.

Nelson did all the math. "Wow, that means you've had sex over ten thousand times, mom," he pointed out.

"Your so funny, Nelson," she giggled.

"I don't know how a person can do something ten-thousand times without being extremely good at it."

"Well, I've certainly never had any complaints from your father."

"I bet. You're like a sexual athlete, mom," Nelson stated, making his mom laugh. "Do you practice?"

"Practice?"

"Yeah, like during the day, when it's just you at home?"

"Well, yeah...I guess you can say I do. There are some routines I follow so that I can make sure to give your father the best sex I can."

"Oh, cool. Can you tell me what you do?"

"Well, I do have to stay limber...in case there's a position he wants to do that requires me to tweak my body a bit differently."

"Like, which one? Which position?"

"Nelson, you're getting a little personal, don't you think?"

"Come on, mom...I'm just curious."

"There are a lot of sex positions that require a woman to be stretched out and ready."

"What was the last one you did that required you to be stretched out?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but the last one that required some real limberness was called the pancake."

"Pancake?" Nelson snickered.

"I know...some of them have such silly names."

"Say that you and I were doing the 'pancake;' how would you describe it."

"Nelson," his mom uttered in a soft, but scolding tone.

"It's just pretend, mom. I know we're not doing anything. Just describe how we'd do it though, so I know what you're talking about, in case some girl ever asks me for it."

Alicia rolled on her side facing her son, stacking one heavy tit on top of the other. "The pancake is a more extreme variant of the legs on shoulders position. It's a position that would really put you in the driver's seat," she stated.

"How so?"

"You'd start with your torso more or less vertical and my legs on your shoulders. Then, you'd descend slowly, until you're basically folding me in half."

"Damn," Nelson sighed, just imagining doing that position with his beautiful mom. "Then what?"

"For more leverage, you could reach around my back with your arms and pull me tightly against you," Alicia explained. "The pancake is very intimate, but it also gives me very little mobility, so it would basically be you who'd be the one in charge of the thrusting. The pressure you'd be

putting on my muscles would also create a tightness in my pelvis, leading to a much tighter feel and more friction for your penis.”

“That sure doesn’t sound so bad,” the teen expressed, his heart pounding excitedly just listening to his mom describe it.

“You should always make sure a girl’s flexible enough to pull this one off — many women aren’t, but I do palates daily, so I don’t have any issues with even the most extreme positions.”

“So girls really like that pancake position?”

“Well, that depends, honey. You and I getting into the position is only the start. Once you’re inside me, you’d have to do the old swivel and grind to really get things heated up.”

“Swivel and grind?” Nelson asked.

“Yes, once you’ve fully penetrated my vagina, you’d use your hip rotation to grind and twist inside of me, pressing your shaft as hard as you can against my clitoris. The friction and pressure will be what brings me to orgasm, especially with a penis as large as your.”

The boy smiled with pride, hearing his mom acknowledge the enormity of his prick. “So, do you think I have an advantage over other guys then?”

“Sure...I mean, deeper penetration can provide incredible stimulation to different erogenous zones deep in my body, including more friction on the clitoris, and the stimulation of my G-spot and A-spot. Even cervical stimulation can provide extraordinary orgasms in a woman.”

“Damn, mom...you really know a lot about this stuff.”

“Well I should, honey,” she giggled. “I’ve only done it...how many times did you say? Ten-thousand?”

“Yes.”

“Like you said though...you do something enough times, you get really good at it.”

“Can I quiz you?” the teen asked, then opened an app on his phone.

"Quiz me?"

"Yeah, I have a phone app with all the sex positions on it. I wanna see how many you know."

Alicia laughed. "What the heck are you doing with a sex position phone app?"

"Learning all of them...what do you think?" he answered. "The last thing I want is for a girl to ask me to do her in a certain position and I have no idea what she's talking about."

"That makes sense, I suppose. Knowledge is power."

"So here's how we'll do it. I tell you what the position is called, and you demonstrate how you'd position your body for it."

"And just how am I suppose to do that? Sex takes two people or have you forgotten that already?" Alicia teased.

"Alright then, I'll help you. Not by giving you the answer, but you get where you need to be, then you tell me where I need to be, and we'll assume the position together."

"Honey, it sounds to me like your trying to cross that line again. The one we agreed we'd stay away from," his mother warned.

"We can keep our clothes on, mom...and we're not really doing anything inappropriate. It's just a quiz."

Alicia quickly sat up and turned the light back on. "Alright, but no funny business...understood?" she warned. "I show you the position, and then we move on to the next one."

"Got it! OK, here's the first one," said Nelson, looking at his phone.

"Doggy-style."

His mom fed him an amused smile. "You don't know what the doggy position is? That's pretty basic stuff, honey."

"It doesn't matter what I know. I'm quizzing you, remember."

"Fine!" Alicia smiled, quickly climbing up on all-fours. "Get behind me."

Nelson scrambled up on his knees behind his mother, wearing only his briefs. Alicia's sleep shirt bunched up, exposing half her rounded bubble butt. This left her crotch exposed to the boy's ogling eyes. She was wearing panties, but they were sheer white mesh, so the teen could easily make out the bulge of her smooth, puffy flanges beneath the fabric. His eyes drifted hungrily up her darkened butt-crack, and he could just make out the pink, round ring of her budding asshole.

Alicia bumped her fanny against her boy's hardening penis as if she were thrusting back on him. "Doggy is one of the more basic sex positions. You enter me from behind and hold on to my hips or torso," she stated, peeking back at him. "You can decide to go slow or hard during doggy. If you want to add some roughness, doggy is a solid option that would allow you to pull my hair or slap my ass while it beats back against your midsection."

"Can I slap it once?"

"Nelson, I'm just showing you," she scolded, but with an amused smirk. "We're not actually getting sexual, remember?"

"It's just a slap on the ass, mom...not really that sexual. One time and that's it."

The mother sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine. Lift the t-shirt up over my ass-cheek and give it a slap."

With her wearing sheer panties, Alicia's meaty ass may as well have been naked. In order to demonstrate how to fuck in this position, she continued to swivel her rounded rump up and back, bumping the puffy lips of her vulva against the tubular hardness of her son's cock. "Are you gonna slap it or stare at it, honey?" she teased.

"Oh, sorry," Nelson answered, then drew his hand back and smacked his mom's ass hard, making her fatty butt-meat ripple.

"Nice slap!" she excitedly stated. "Maybe you could teach your father the difference between a slap and a pat."

"Really?!"

"I'm kidding, honey," the mother laughed. "If your father knew you just slapped my ass like that he'd kill us both."

"Probably."

"Alright...next position," Alicia blurted, turning over and sitting down. The erect cock-bulge beneath Nelson's underwear could hardly escape her lingering gaze.

"Spread Eagle."

The mother smiled, then laid back raising and spreading her lovely, naked legs in a wide V. "It gets its name because of the way a woman spreads her legs like the wings of an eagle," she said, then reached out for her teen. "Come down on top of me."

Nelson lowered down between her warm, splayed thighs and sighed as his meaty muscle rested against her pudenda. "Place your hands flat on the bed for leverage," the mother instructed.

Now they were face to face, and Nelson marveled at how far open his mom's silky legs were spread. They were fully extended, and her sexy feet were arched, so her toes pointed to each corner of the headboard. "This is SO cool," he uttered. "I never knew you could spread your legs that far."

"I told you I'm limber."

"You weren't kidding."

"Unlike doggy, in the eagle position, you and I are face to face. We would gaze into each other's eyes and kiss while we have sex this way."

"Can I kiss you?"

"Nelson!" his mom laughed. "First you slapped my ass...now you wanna kiss me?"

"Yeah, if you'd let me...just to see what this position is really like."

"Fine...one kiss, then there's something I wanna show you."

The boy lowered flat on top of her, crushing her tit-melons between them. He couldn't believe how thick and hard her nipples felt, prodding against

his naked chest through her t-shirt. *"Holy shit...I think that means she's aroused!"* he told himself. Their necks tilted sideways and they gazed wondrously as their lips met in a long, tender kiss. It was much more intimate than what was considered appropriate for mother and son.

"Now...what I wanna show you is...all a woman has to do is lower her legs, wrapping them around your back, and you're suddenly in a position called the missionary."

Nelson sighed as he felt his mom's sexy, shaved legs harnessed around him. "Yep, that one's on my app too," he pointed out.

"Of course it is. It's the most famous and classic of all positions, honey. The eye contact, the mild male dominance and the angle of penetration make it a popular one, and I just bet the first time you had sex was in the missionary position, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he smiled.

"It's a very comfortable option, that allows for easy thrusting, and a quick pull-out if you didn't wanna get me pregnant. A man and woman can do it pretty wild and rough in this position, and despite what you may think, it's NOT all male dominated, even though you're on top."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is some women, like myself, are pretty good at fucking from the bottom in this position."

Nelson's cock twitched upon hearing his mom use the F-word. She didn't use it frequently and especially not in this context. "Will you demonstrate?" he boldly asked.

"Probably not," she said, shaking her head.

"Then why even bring it up, mom? I don't know how a woman can do what you're describing if she's laying under the weight of a guy."

Alicia brought her arms under her son's, reaching back behind him and grasping onto his shoulders. She adjusted her naked legs so they were still fastened tightly around him, but not entwined. Suddenly, the busty mother

began to writhe beneath him in a violent rhythm, shaking the mattress as she engaged her son in a heated dry fuck.

Nelson's cock flexed beneath his underwear, digging against his mom's pussy-mound as she clutched and bucked against his young body in earnest. Her flattened milkers sloshed between them, adding to the boy's delight. Then, she suddenly stopped. "Is that a good enough demonstration for you?" said Alicia, breathing heavily.

"Damn!" her son gasped. "None of the girls I've been with have ever done that."

"Yeah, well...that's probably because it's just a mom thing," Alicia winked. "I must have picked it up somewhere along my journey to ten-thousand," she joked.

Nelson looked at his phone. "How about you demonstrate 'the cowgirl' next," he suggested.

"You'll have to get on your back for this one," his mother replied.

No sooner did the boy sprawl back than his mom was mounting him, throwing a leg across his midsection and planting her knees firmly on the mattress astride his hips. Nelson was transfixed on the swell of her unfettered tits as they bobbed freely beneath her nightshirt. "When I'm in the cowgirl or 'riding' position on top, I can choose the pace, depth, and angle of penetration," Alicia shared.

She began to swivel her hips, grinding her overheated cunt on the throbbing rod of her boy's cock. "I like this one!" Nelson sighed, watching her boobies wobble as his mom worked against him.

"I have a feeling you like them all, honey," Alicia giggled.

"Yeah, but this one has an especially-good view!"

Alicia glanced down at the swell of her dancing udders. "Yeah, speaking of that...this position gives you a chance to use your mouth to stimulate my nipples, neck, and anything else within reach."

"Can I try it?"

"No...you can't suck on my nipples, honey. We've already been WAY more naughty than we should."

"Can I just rub my face up against them? I'll stay away from the nipples, I promise."

Alicia grinned, then lowered down so she was resting with her extended arms astride his head. The bulge of her meaty mammaries was hovering over Nelson's face. "Well...I suppose this nightshirt IS big enough for two, if you'd like to squeeze inside it with me for just a few minutes."

"Are you kidding me? You have to ask, mom?"

"Two minutes, that's all you get," she warned. "You can kiss and lick and nibble on whatever you want under there EXCEPT for my nipples, got it?"

"When you say nipples, does that include your areola?"

"The areola are separate," Alicia fed him a stern smirk. "Just keep your lips away from my teats."

"Got it!"

Nelson watched her click off the bedside light, shrouding them in darkness, except for the glow of his phone. Then, Alicia draped a blanket over the top of them so they were covered in warm, fluffy softness. The screen of his cellphone illuminated the mother's pretty face as she stared down into her son's excited eyes. "You get two minutes under my shirt and then we're going to sleep, got it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Rise up on your elbows so I can slip my shirt over the top of you, then you can lay back down," the mother whispered and Nelson complied, his face now teasingly close to her tits. "Good...now dim your cellphone and set it aside."

As soon as he did this, they were shrouded in darkness. Alicia grabbed them hem of her nightshirt and wrapped it over the top of her son. Nelson's face was suddenly smothered by the biggest, softest titties he'd

ever felt. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, as his head was pushed back against the bed from the weight of his mom's squishy boobs.

Alicia felt her boy's cock-shaft flex beneath his underwear, pushing against her overheated vulva. She humped subtly against his rod, letting her juicy slit swivel along its bulging length through her this panty-fabric. *"I can't believe I'm letting him do this,"* she thought. *"I swore I wouldn't."*

While his mom struggled with conflicting thoughts, Nelson was in tittie heaven, rubbing his wonder-stricken face up between her giant breasts. He kissed and licked at her creamy contours, wishing more than anything that the "two minutes" could be two hours instead. *"Hell...I'd even spend two weeks doing this!"* his horny brain confessed. He pried his face up under the huge, rounded undersides of her breasts, kissing, licking and sucking at the supple flesh, while feeling the heavy weight of jugs smother his entire head.

Alicia's cunt tingled deliciously as she dry-humped it against Nelson's teenage love-organ. Feeling her tits being royally worked over at the same time only added to her arousal level. *"A mom-son cruise will be great for the two of you,"* she remembered her husband saying, just before they left. He could have never have imagined that his wife and son would get this close to completely fucking their asses off.

Nelson lustfully worked his way back up her tit-cleavage, to the peaks of her jugs. Being careful not to include her nipples, he worked his tongue around the fringe of her areola, battering its raised, pink surface. Even though he wasn't allowed to suck her engorged teats, he could still feel them rubbing against his face enticingly. Hearing his mom's heavy breathing as he gave her boobs a work over was incredibly thrilling.

Their hips moved in counterpoint, perfectly grinding their sex organs together in a tireless dry humping rhythm. Two minutes became five, then ten before Alicia finally mustered up the willpower to pull him from her shirt.

"Alright, that's enough, honey. It's been way longer than two minutes," she panted. "Let's go to sleep now."

"Ok, mom," the boy sighed, reeling from the mind-blowing experience of being smothered by such a huge set of tits. Even better was that they belong to his own sexy mom.

Sleep didn't come easy for either of them as their genitals throbbed for what seemed like hours.

"Watch your step coming onto the boat," an attendant advised as twenty or so mother and son couples moved from the loading dock of the cruiseship that was at water level. They stepped onto a yacht that would take them on an excursion to the private island owned by the company.

"Hey, how are you two," said a smiley female attendant to Nelson as he stepped on board with Alicia. It was Sue, the redhead who had showed him the Pussy Buffet when he first explored the ship. "Nelson and Alicia, right?"

"Yes, hi, Sue," said Alicia.

"Hi!" she smiled, her pale tits nearly bursting from her company-colored bikini top. "Have the two of you been enjoying the cruise since our chat?"

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "Yeah, it's been great!" he replied.

"We're really looking forward to the beach today," Alicia added.

"Cupid's Beach is SO beautiful. You're gonna love it!"

"How much time will we have there?"

"The yacht can bring people back throughout the day, but the last pickup is ten pm."

"Wonderful!" the mother smiled. "That plenty of time to explore and get some good sun."

As Alicia and her son boarded the yacht, the boy looked back at Sue's ass, deliciously displayed in her G-string bikini bottoms. Almost as if she sensed his eyes on her ass, Sue peeked back at him and winked teasingly.

Nelson suddenly felt a poke at his ribs. "Get your tongue back in your mouth, mister," his mother joked.

"What?!"

"You know 'what.' You're staring at her ass."

"I'd be staring at yours if you were wearing a bikini like hers."

His mom smiled at him naughtily. "Maybe I am," she uttered.

Nelson looked her over. Alicia was wearing a bikini cover-up so he couldn't tell what she had on beneath it. "You're wearing the bikini I bought you?" he asked.

"I guess you'll have to wait and find out."

As the yacht roared across the water, music began to thump loudly on board and the boat took on a relaxed, party-like atmosphere.

"WOOOOO!" Shelly shouted, her arms in the air as she danced to the beat near the front of the luxurious vessel. Alan was slouched back in the leather seat getting some sun, while watching his mom dance. She was wearing a light blue slingshot micro bikini, the straps of which could hardly stay on her bobbling, milk-swollen breasts as she danced. Her huge, round pregnant belly stick out lewdly as she swiveled her body to the beat.

"You look like a hungry lion salivating over a piece of meat, darling," his Gran giggled as she arrived with a drink. She took a sip, then set it down and crawled onto the cushion with him.

"Gran, what are you doing here?" he asked, surprised to see her, since it was he and Shelly who had one the excursion.

"You and your mother weren't the only ones to win a competition. Yesterday, when the two of you were in the cabin fucking, I went out and won one as well."

"What type of competition was it?"

"Let's just say that the other competitors have a lot to learn when it comes to shaking their tits."

"Nice!" the boy smiled. His gaze was drawn to his Gran's bikini, particularly the top, which could only contain a small portion of her enormous chest. It was a wavy mesh keyhole-designed top made of luxurious soft black and silver mesh fabric, allowing him to faintly see the wide rounded caps of her tits and the rubbery teats protruding from their centers.

Jeanie leaned down, mashing her oversized milkers against her Grandson's chest and feeding him a tender kiss. "Would you like me to rub your cock through your trunks, while you watch your mother dance?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied.

Jeanie nuzzled up next to him and began fondling her Grandson's erect prick, while he sat there watching Shelly. "How's that?" Jeanie whispered in his ear, gently squeezing her hand around his shaft and slowly pumping it through his shorts.

"Perfect!" the lucky teen sighed.

"Yeah? Does that make you wish you were fucking some pussy?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yes."

"Mm-hmm...digging away at a sweet, tight cunt...feeling it soak your tender prick with hot slippery juices."

"Ohh, yeah," the boy sighed, turned on by both his Gran's nasty words and gentle cock-pumping, and the sight of his mom's nearly-naked body dancing in front of him.

"Mmm, you love having your mom and Gran as sluts for your teenage cock, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Pumping our cunts full of hot, young semen...making us break our marriage vows."

"Oh damn, Gran...you're really turning me on with all that dirty talk!" Alan gasped.

"Yeah? Am I making that big dick throb and leak, darling boy?"

"God, yes!"

"Making you wanna buck your ass, and pound your sweet erection through the wet suction of my baby-hole?"

Alan couldn't answer. He was too fucking worked up, so he just let out a whimper and humped his cock against his Gran's hand.

Shelly smiled down at her teen as she saw her mother-in-law pressed up against him, pumping him through his shorts and whispering in his ear. The pregnant mother gyrated her wide hips, slowly spinning around so her son could see her backside.

"God-damnit!" Alan whispered beneath his excited breath, watching his mom's thick, thronged ass rock back and forth teasingly. His Gran added to his excitement level by continuing to spout naughty words from her mouth.

"Mmm, that's it...fuck my hand, baby. Fuck my hand while it squeezes and pumps your meat."

Not far away, Alicia and her son sat side by side as the boat raced for the island. The mother was becoming quite jealous at the way her boy was staring at all the bikini-clad moms around them. Finally, she stood up and shucked off her bikini cover-up.

"Whoa!" Nelson gasped, seeing her in the yellow bikini he had purchased for her. "You're wearing it!"

"Yep, I am," she replied, standing there for a moment to fold the garment she'd taken off. She was wearing a sexy bandeau-style top and mini G-string bottoms. Nelson could see pounds of rounded tit-meat bulging out the top and bottom of the bikini top, since the fabric was stretched straight across the center of her huge boobs. "Just don't expect me to EVER wear something like this at home."

"You look amazing in it, mom!"

"Thanks," she smiled, slightly blushing. "Your father would kill me if he knew I was ever wearing something like this in front of you. "

“Well...it’s a good thing he’s not here then.”

“It sure is beautiful out here, isn’t it?” Alicia asked, not wanting to think about her husband as she peered out at the passing ocean.

Her boy had his sights set on another “beautiful” view. His mom’s giant tits were a spectacle to behold. They rippled delectably each time the boat went over a wave. His lusty eyes drifted down his mom’s naked, tapered torso to the triangle of fabric hugging her pubis. It was so snug he could see the indentation of her cuntal fissure. “Could I see the back?” he asked.

“The back?” Alicia asked.

“Of the bikini.”

“Oh, um...sure. I’m gonna go grab us some water,” said Alicia, then she turned and strode away on bare feet.

“Oh, yeah...shit that’s nice!” the teen said out loud, watching his mom walk away, swaying her hips alluringly. The back of her bikini bottoms were nothing but three strings; two crossing her hips, and one disappearing between the cheeks of her rounded ass. Her fatty half-moons quivered delightfully with each step, making Nelson’s cock harden beneath his trunks.

It was only a matter of a few minutes before the yacht reached a small dock that was tucked in a cove, sheltered from the crashing surf of Cupid’s Beach. Everything they needed was provided for them on the beach, so the mom-son couples exited the boat in only what they wore, which was very little.

Jen, the attendant, stood in front of the group on the dock. “Can everyone hear me?” she shouted. “All right. Welcome to Cupid’s Beach. Through the trees, there on the right, you’ll see the only building on the island. It’s called the Boys Sexual Training Camp. For those of you who have never heard of it, BSTC is a resort educational center for boys. Their mothers attend with them, and participate in their training,” Sue explained.

One of the visiting moms raised her hand. "Do we get to go inside?" she asked.

"There is a Training class in session, so as long as we don't disturb them, we'll be able to do a walk through the facility. Follow me."

Charlene, the short-haired blonde mother, and her son Ian had won an excursion also and walked along with Shelly, Jeanie and Alan through the soft white sand, following Sue. The mothers' heavy breasts wobbled beneath their skimpy bikini slings as they walked. It didn't take them long to reach the building of Boys Sexual Training Camp tucked just off the beach, in the lush canopy of tropical vegetation. "Just the idea that there are mothers in there right now teaching their sons to fuck is so exciting!" Jeanie stated.

"Honey, maybe we should just wait out here," Alicia suggested as her and Nelson brought up the rear of the group.

"I wanna go inside and check it out, mom."

"Fine," she relented, following along.

They went through a sliding glass door into beautiful hallway that had a luxurious tropical-resort-style feel to it. A sex, middle-aged blonde with huge tits greeted the group with a friendly smile. She was completely naked, except for a pair of dainty stiletto mules. "Hi everyone! Welcome to BSTC. My name's Amber and I'm one of the instructors here. As you may already know, the boys here at the training camp are educated in all aspects of sex. What makes our center so special is that their mothers are here to coach them every step of the way, using their sexual experience to help their sons become amazing lovers."

"So there's like...different classrooms for different sexual subjects?" One mom from the group asked.

"Not exactly. Most all the instruction takes place in a room we call 'the hall of the Goddess.' If you follow me, I'll show you that area."

Amber led the group down the corridor and they began to hear the faint orgasmic cries of numerous mothers echoing through the center. "We

won't be able to go inside the hall, since it's imperative that they're not disturbed during their daily training exercises, but we do have a viewing area for those of you who'd like to see what's taking place in there."

"Can we look, mom?" Nelson asked Alicia.

"Honey, no...it's probably just a lot of what we've been seeing on the ship, which is hardly appropriate."

"These guys are here to learn, and their moms are helping them. It's different. Let's just take one look."

The two of them walked over and peered through a long glass observation window with everyone else. Nelson's jaw lowered in disbelief as he looked down into a spacious, dimly-lit room that had a collection of couples in it having sex. The mothers were all on their backs on leather-loungers and the boys were all on top of them, fucking vigorously.

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "The missionary position," he whispered. "See, you taught me that last night."

"I'm glad you remembered," Alicia chuckled.

"The size of our class has increased over the years, due to its popularity," Amber explained. "It was ten couples back when the center first opened. Now the course will allow thirty mother and son couples at once."

"They're all fucking in the same position," Shelly observed, while standing close to Alan as they watched.

"Yes, the boys are trained in over twenty different sexual positions here. After learning about each one, they'll have practice sessions, where the mothers can then show them the different variations of that position."

"How wonderful!" Jeanie smiled, squeezing her Grandson's arm against her breasts as they watched. "When it comes to sex, there's no better coach and practice partner than mom."

"Agreed!" one of the other woman blurted, squeezing her own son's arm.

Alicia's eyes widened at the sight of thirty young asses bobbing vigorously between the splayed thighs of their moms. Huge breasted women-

instructors weaved through the humping bodies, offering guidance and instruction where it was needed. A chorus of pleasurable moans, gasps and cries echoed up towards the visitors, audible even through the observation glass.

"Damn, this is getting me really horny!" one boy in the group shared, making everyone laugh.

"Let's get you back to the beach then and you can have your own fun," said Amber.

They were guided back out to the surf and sand of Cupid's Beach. Shelly, Jeanie and Alan found a nice round lounge chair, perfect for three, resting in the sand near the water. The boy sprawled back, watching his mom and Gran strip out of their bikinis. They peeled their skimpy bottoms away from their shaved pussies and down their silky legs, stepping out of them.

"I certainly hope you're not planning on keeping those trunks on?" Jeanie stated, looking over at her Grandson.

"No chance!" Alan answered, then shed his shorts, releasing his monster-erection.

"Let's have a swim, then we can come back and lay in the sun," Shelly suggested.

The three of them went down and frolicked in the crashing surf. The two mothers couldn't help but rub their wet, voluptuous bodies against the boy the whole time. Shelly latched on to her gorgeous teen, throwing her arms over his shoulders and squashing her pillowy tits and baby-ball against his lean torso.

Alan sighed at the feel of her heavenly softness and turgid nipples. He felt her thighs clasp around his waist beneath the water as she hooked her legs around him and brought her lips to his ear. "Fuck me!" she softly whimpered.

The boy gyrated his hips around, prodding his mom's ass with his erection, searching for her coral-colored slit. Finally, he felt his knob wedge inside her vestibule and sink inside her heated pit. Jeanie arrived, pressing her

boobs against her Grandson's back and reading the pleasurable expression on his face. "Did someone just get their dick sheathed in hot pussy?" she teased.

"Uh-huh," the boy nodded. His cock was buried to the hilt inside Shelly's cunt, and her spongy lining was sucking and smoldering around his pink meat.

The horny mother began to move her hips, pumping on his steely love-organ. Their fun was short lived, however, as the white foam of a large crashing wave knocked them both over, separating their bodies. Shelly stumbled up, all giggles, as she took her son's hand and quickly led him out of the water.

The shameless mom pulled her boy back towards their lounge. The way her huge, milk engorged udders bounced and her beach-ball-sized belly heaved up and down as she moved was absolutely obscene. They looked over and could see Charlene and her son on a nearby lounge going at it heatedly. The short-haired blonde's knockers jumped up and down, rippling wildly as she rode her son's cock.

Once at their own lounge, Shelly sprawled out, pulling her boy down between her legs as her knees reared back, nearly level with her shoulders. Alan's heart beat faster than it ever had with excitement. His rigid cock bobbed stiffly, like a tree branch in the wind, its huge, blue veins popping out obscenely from his shaft being so incredibly engorged with blood.

"Get that fucking dick back inside me!" Shelly urged as her boy collapsed down on top of her. His achy spear pierced her puffy flanges and plunged into her overheated honey pot. Both of them gasped and shuddered as Shelly's pussy was packed with the hot meat of Alan's cock.

He slowly backed out of his mother's clinging cunt hole, sighing as he felt the wet pink walls dragging on his sensitive cock-meat. His mother squealed as he jabbed his penis home again, burying his fat bell into the deepest, tightest regions of her pussy.

"Fuck me as hard as you can, baby!" Shelly panted, locked her lovely, smooth legs high around his back and flinging her arms around her his

shoulders. Then, she started bouncing her rounded ass frantically off the cushion, feeding his throbbing cock into her cunt-tube.

Alan snarled like a slobbering dog as his young ass flew up and down, meeting his mother's fuck humps with his own. This made their wet flesh smack together loudly. Their lips met for a heated kiss; their tongues whipping together wildly as they fucked like it was the last time they ever would.

"Nelson, stop looking over there!" Alicia warned as she noticed her boy watching the couples fuck on the loungers.

He turned the other way and saw two mothers sitting nearby talking, while their sons played in the surf. Both moms were completely naked, sunning their huge tits.

"Nelson!" his mom scolded, noticing where his eyes were fixed.

"Give me something to look at then, mom" he boldly asked, since his mom was sitting next to him in the sand, but her knees were to her chest.

"You can look at the ocean."

"Yeah, because all the other boys here are looking at the ocean, right?"

"Fine," Alicia huffed, then stretched out on her back beside him. "Is that better?"

The teen's eyes drifted up and down her luscious bikini-clad frame. "Much!" he answered. His gaze became fixed on his mom's ballooning tits. The bandeau was stretched across their rounded meat, leaving tons of creamy flesh exposed. "Since this is the island where boys learn things, will you teach me something?"

His mom looked over at him, cautiously curious. "Teach you what?" she asked.

"Teach me how to kiss a girl's body."

"Nelson...I don't know," she uttered, shaking her head.

"You don't know how I should kiss a girl's body?"

"No, of course I know how you're suppose to kiss a woman's body, I'm just not sure if we should go there, after all that's happened already."

"Come on, mom...help a guy out. If YOU can't show me then how am I suppose to find out?"

"I'm sure there's plenty of information on the internet."

"Really, mom?! You seriously want me learning about sex from the internet?"

"Alright, fine," Alicia relented, slightly spreading her legs apart. "Come lay on top of me."

"Really?!"

"Yes, 'really,' but you better hurry before I change my mind."

Nelson sprawled right on top of his mom, his legs resting between hers. "Put your hands against the sand, so you can move yourself around to different areas of my body," she instructed. "It's all about learning where to kiss a woman to have her shaking with delight. It comes down to a series of moves you can use to get her warmed up to the right temperature for sex. Foreplay is incredibly important, and far too many couples side-step it and get straight into the main course, which doesn't make it as intense."

"Understood!" he nodded.

"Let's start with the neck. The skin on the sides of the neck is some of the most sensitive on the body. Give it slow, sensual kisses."

"Now?"

"Yes, now, honey," Alicia giggled. "You do wanna learn, right?"

"Yes," answered the boy, then lowered his lips and applied a tender kiss to his mom's neck.

"That's good. Do it again," she urged, "but this time drag the smooth, wet skin of your inner lips slowly over my skin, and you'll start to hear me moan softly."

Nelson did as instructed, and sure enough he heard his mom let out a soft, shivering moan. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't be afraid to let your tongue play too, but don't slobber her. There will be a time for sloppy kissing, but this isn't it. After the kiss, her skin should be dry within fifteen seconds."

"Got it," said the boy, then lowered down and lightly flicked his tongue against her neck.

"That's excellent, honey. Neck kisses can go to just below my earlobe. Don't kiss the front of my neck, as even slightest contact can push on a woman's windpipe. Don't leave any hickies either. Your kisses should be soft and tender."

Nelson delivered the smooches just as his mother instructed, gaining her praise. "That's good, just like that, honey," the mother whispered, pushing her cunt-mound up against the erection beneath his trunks. "Gently lick my earlobe and run your tongue behind my ear. This can be an especially good place to kiss during hot sex."

Her cunt-tube clenched as she felt her son's tongue curl skillfully along her ear. "Yesss, now work your way back down my neck, slowly...take your time. Remember, your letting my arousal build slowly. Trust me, it'll eventually result in an explosion of passion."

Nelson softly kissed and licked his way down his mom's neck, listening to her continued heavy breathing and instruction. "If you're wondering where to kiss a girl, you should know that after her genitals, her breasts are the most sexually-sensitive part of a her body. Some women can even achieve orgasm just from having them kissed."

"Really?" Nelson asked, still pecking at her neck.

"Yeah. Anywhere on either of my breast is highly sensual, but the nipple is the most sensitive part."

"I see."

"Kiss my cleavage, but start off soft," Alicia instructed.

The teen lowered down and smooched on the spongy meat of her tit-cleavage.

"You can usually kiss the breasts harder than other body parts," said Alicia, "but keep in mind that every woman is different. Strong groping and sucking might feel amazing to a woman like me, but painful to another. Nipple squeezing and pinching can hurt like crazy, or drive her fucking wild."

"Oh nice!" the teen gasped, feeling his mom push up against his steely hard love-organ. He loved that she was clearly getting turned on by this.

"The way you were kissing and nibbling on my breasts last night...that was perfect."

"Thanks. I wish I could have done it longer."

"Yes..." Alicia sighed, her body tingling from her son's skillful affection. "Are you sure you've never done this before, honey? You're quite good at it."

"No...not like this."

"Alright, um...anyway...back to my breasts. In the days before my period arrives, my boobs tend to swell and become extra sensitive. During those times, you can really drive a woman out of her mind."

"That's awesome to know," said Nelson, delivering some loving kisses into his mom's gaping cleavage.

"Pull my bikini top down," Alicia whispered.

The boy happily complied, slipping the bandeau top down, exposing her jutting stiff-nippled tits.

"Start kissing my breasts slowly and gently. Then, gradually start to apply more pressure as you start to squeeze and suck."

Nelson did just what she told him, staying clear of her teats, since she hadn't mentioned those. It wasn't long though before he heard words that

were music to his ears. "Suck on the nipples," Alicia softly directed, highly aroused at this point.

Nelson sucked one of her engorged tips into his mouth and began to suckle like a baby as he continued to listen to his mom's breathless voice.

"Press my nipple tighter between your lips. Not your teeth though! There's a time to chew on a woman's tits, but it's not right now. She'll give you cues as to whether she wants more. And don't be afraid to ask. Establishing communication during foreplay is key to amazing sex."

For several minutes Alicia lay there, listening to the waves crash and other mothers, scattered around the beach, scream in ecstasy as her boy sucked on her swollen boobs. He went from one nipple to the next, nibbling and licking and groping like a kid in a candy store.

"That's it, honey...like that! Most moms like me like it rough, just like you're doing," she gasped. "Suck the entire areola into your mouth. Gorge yourself on my squishy tits."

Nelson pressed his face into the fatty meat of her mammary, making it sink down into the creamy softness of her orb. He felt his mom's leg curl around his, gently running her bare foot down his calf. "Ohh, that's so nice," she whimpered. Their heated genitals were grinding subtly with the involuntary movements of their hips. Alicia could feel her boy's boner pulsing with excitement. She couldn't remember the last time she was this fucking turned on.

"Now you're gonna work your way down to the most important part of a woman," the mother said, afraid to let her son work her breasts over for too long. "Kiss your way down my belly, and remember to lightly trace your tongue against my skin randomly as you go."

The boy moved down her body, licking his way past his mother's navel.

"Just inside my hipbones, along my waist, is a hotspot with great potential for pleasure. This is one of the best places to focus on when learning where to kiss a girl," said Alicia.

Nelson began planting his lips along her waist, making his mom shiver with overheated arousal. "Yes, like that! Kissing and sucking here stimulate some of the glands running to my genitals," she informed him. "It's a great teaser for what lies ahead."

The lucky teenager loved the way his mom was beginning to writhe from his affection, her torso heaving up and down, making her jutting titties slowly roll up and back. Laying in the noonday sun, their nearly naked bodies were becoming sheened with perspiration.

"Kiss my hips now," the mother gasped. "A woman loves it, and they're super-close to where she really wants you to be."

She continued speaking as her son moved his affection to that area. "She'll be squirming, and begging you to move in-between her legs, but go slow and don't give in. You're trying to drive me crazy and it's working!"

She reached down and drug her long, painted nails along the back of her son's head. "Have you ever ran your hand along a girl's thigh and made her shiver?"

"Yes."

"Imagine what kissing them can do."

"Probably drive her wild."

"Try it and see," the mother sighed, rearing her knees back.

Nelson moved down beneath her crotch on his knees and Alicia could see his monster-cock tenting out the fabric of his trunks. A big dark stain of pre-goo had formed in the fabric, where his angry knob was pushing out.

"Start around mid-thigh with smaller, dry kisses," Alicia instructed. "Then work your way up, letting the kisses get wetter and linger longer."

The boy did it exactly how she described, while peeking down and watching his mom's bikini-clad cunt writhe up and down as if pumping up into an imaginary cock.

"Do you see what that does to me?!" Alicia's voice squealed. "Do you see how horny it's making me, honey?"

“Yes.”

“When you’re almost to the top of my leg, suck and lick with medium pressure right inside that area between my thigh and vulva. Oh yes, that’s perfect!” the mother cried out as her son focused his attention there.

Nelson was so close to his mom’s cunt that he could smell her warm, musky aroma. He could see a dark streak in the gusset of her bikini bottoms where the juices of her arousal had soaked through.

“By now you’ll have a girl so worked up like I am that you’ll be able to strip her panties off quite easily. Don’t ask...just peel them off,” Alicia advised.

“Can I take yours off?”

His mom let out a frustrated giggle. “What part of ‘don’t ask’ didn’t you understand, young man?”

“Sweet!” Nelson hissed, grabbing the strings that crossed his mom’s hips and yanking her bikini bottoms from her crotch.

“There you go...get them off her as quickly as possible,” the mother coached, squirming to allow her boy to free the bottoms from her legs.

“Her pussy will be aching to be eaten.”

Nelson’s tongue hung from his mouth as he stared at his mom’s pudenda. Engorged with blood, her vulvar flesh was moist and unfurled, like the an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

“I realize that you know your way around down there,” she stated. “You showed me that yesterday in the Pussy Buffet. Remember though, you’re teasing here. You’re putting in the preliminary work to get me heated up so I’ll fuck you.”

Nelson’s heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He wondered if she meant that literally or if it was just part of the lesson. “What do I do?” he asked.

“You’re going to start slowly, with soft kisses on the outer lips.”

The boy’s obliged, while continuing to listen to her voice.

"That's perfect. Now part the outer lips with your tongue. Kiss and lick my inner labia."

Nelson was an inch from her swollen clit as it peeked from beneath her hood, while he drug his licker teasingly through the slit of his mom's pussy. Her vestibule was lathered with clear secretions that had seeped from her Skeen Glands, and it tasted delicious. "Push your face in...worm your tongue up inside my hole," his mom panted.

The teen let out a hungry snarl as her leaned in, masking his face in pink genital flesh. He dug his tongue as far into his mom's fuck-hole as he could, flailing and probing her hot, ribbed walls, feeling them clench against him.

"Now my clit! Suck on it!" the mother squealed, her chest rising and falling with her gasping breath.

Nelson slid his tongue up the gushing slit of Alicia's pussy. Her clit was swollen harder than ever, sticking obscenely out of the folds at the top of her vulva. The boy started to lick it hard, battering her engorged nubbin from side to side with his skillful tongue. He slurped it into his mouth like a lozenge.

"OH, YESS, HONEY!" the mother shouted, writhing in ecstasy on the sand as her son sucked and battered her engorged bulb with his mouth and tongue. It wasn't long at all before the mother's gasping breath had reached a violent crescendo. "I'M CUMMING!! OH, GOD, HONEY...YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!"

Alicia gushed shamelessly all over her boy's face as he devoured her pussy in a powerful climax. For several mindless minutes her beautiful body trembled and bucked from the sand, making her naked boobies bobble around wildly.

"Oh goodness...that was amazing, honey," she finally sighed as she came back down to earth.

"Did it work?" Nelson asked her.

"Did what work?"

"Did I get you worked up enough to fuck?"

Alicia froze a moment, contemplating his words. Her body said yes, but her mind was still on the fence. She began to consider the consequences if she truly decided to let him fuck her. "Honey, I'm not on any form of birth control. If we fuck there's a real chance I could get pregnant."

"Damn! Well, I could go see if any of the other guys have any condoms."

"No, there's no way I'd let you use a condom with me, even if you had them. It would take away all of your sensitivity," she replied.

"What if I pull out?"

"Honey, look at that stain in your pants. That's pre-cum, and it would be leaking out inside me the whole time we had sex. Without me being on birth control you could get me pregnant...very easily, but..."

"But what?" the boy asked.

Alicia's heart was racing, and her cunt was throbbing harder than it ever had before. "But you've got me so worked up, Nelson, and I want you to fuck me so bad, I'm willing to take the risk."

The teenager's eyes widened. "Really?!" he asked.

"Yes, really, but only one time...so you better make it a fuck you'll never forget, mister," she smiled.

"I will," the boy stated, quickly shedding his briefs.

The way his dick bobbed around stiffly made his mother lick her lips with desire. She wanted it inside her pussy so bad it was killing her, but on a sandy beach wasn't the most comfortable place to have the fuck of your life. "If we are gonna beat our sex organs together just one time...can we at least do it somewhere comfortable?" the mother asked.

"How about there!" Nelson blurted, pointing to a bunch of beach cabanas not far away. He quickly scooped his mom up, making her scream playfully

as he threw her over his shoulder. He rushed them towards the cabana, like a caveman carrying his woman towards the mating mat to fuck the shit out of her.

The boy tossed his mom on a big fluffy outdoor bed, then crawled towards her. Alicia splayed her thighs wide open, drawing her knees back as far as she could, while staring at the steely-hard fuck-muscle protruding from his loins. "So much sexual aggression!" she beamed, watching her son crawl up between her legs. "Take it out on me, honey!"

Nelson had every intention of doing just that. He landed atop his busty mother and his cock sliced into her perfectly, making her gasp loudly as he drove it all the way to the hilt inside her hot cunt. "OH MY GOD!" the mother squealed, having her uteri exquisitely stretched for the first time since her college days. Her tongue lolled out obscenely as she felt her pink pussy walls spreading to admit the impressive girth of his cock.

"Oh, fuck, baby...easy...you're really big! Let me get used to you," she whimpered.

Nelson moaned as he felt the gurgling tightness of his mother's pussy; her strong cuntal muscles suctioning deliciously around his boy-cock. "Oh, damn, mom!" he whimpered, then shuddered again when she threw her arms and legs around him, clasping her thighs around his midsection and raking her fingernails up his back.

The teen wasted no time pumping his cock into her and his mom reciprocated, thrusting her lovely ass from the mattress to get as much of his prick-meat inside her as she could.

"Harder now!" she gasped. "Fuck me harder, honey!"

The teen obeyed his hypersexual mother, doubling the speed of his fuck-rhythm. His big balls beat lewdly against her ass as his rock-hard boner pummeled through her clenching baby-chute. "YESSS...JUST LIKE THAT!" she cried out, gripping him tightly with the harness of her legs.

Nelson socked his prick all the way in and held it there a moment, feeling his blood swollen knob mash against that wonderful ring at the back of her pussy. The ring that had once dilated so he could squeeze out of her womb

during birth. "Aaahhhh!" the boy hissed, feeling her corrugated walls chew on his penile meat, soaking his erectile flesh in hot, mommy-fuck-oil.

Again, he began fucking, taking long thrusts, from his tip to his root. He loved the feel of her huge, spongy tit-mounds shaking around between them.

Alicia gasped and threw her head around. He boy's big cock was stimulating every nerve ending she had. Even ones she never realized were there were being lit on fire by his huge bull-cock slamming through her.

"I'm cumming, Nelson!" she cried out. "Oh, fuck, you're making your mother cum!"

Alicia bucked and quivered beneath her boy as powerful contractions shuddered through her pussy muscles, making her fuck-tunnel clasp with a vise-like intensity around her son's cunt-smothered cock.

"SHIT, MOM!" Nelson gasped, feeling his dick flex and tingle. He somehow managed to keep his load in his balls, fucking his mother furiously through the duration of her orgasm.

Nelson backed his cock out of her pussy, raising up on his knees. The way his dick wagged stiffly, while shimmering with vaginal juices was the lewdest thing the mother had ever seen. "Why did you pull out?" she asked.

"I was close, and I'm not ready to cum yet."

"When you're close to nutting, all you need to do is change positions," she coached, then quickly got on all-fours, pointing her thick, rounded ass back at him. "Doggy-dick me!" she requested, wagging her derriere.

Nelson moved up behind her, mounting her meaty haunches and slipping his cock back inside her honeyed hole. His eyes rolled in delight as he plunged his pecker back in, feeling the warm, slippery pleats swathe his glans and shaft.

Alicia threw her ass back on him, setting them into a steady fuck-rhythm. "We went over this position, remember?" she panted, peeking back at him. "You know what to do!"

Nelson grabbed her lush hips so he could get leverage to really beat his dick into her. He clenched his ass, making his boner flex on his teenage loins. The muscle and ligaments surrounding the bulb in the root of his penis bulged powerfully, making his erectile tissue tighten, and the thick blue veins bulge out from beneath the skin of his driving stalk.

"OH GOD, YESSS!" Alicia cried out from having such a dreamy cock thunder through her cunt-tunnel. Her huge udders hung down and swung around pendulously to the tempo of their colliding flesh.

Nelson couldn't take his eyes off his mom's luscious ass as it beat back against him repeatedly. Alicia's cheeks had perfect layers of fat and muscle beneath the skin so that each time they struck her son's crotch, her unblemished buns would ripple delectably.

"Oh, yes...that's good, honey! Fuck me just like that!" Alicia gasped.

Remembering what she'd taught him about this position, Nelson drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard.

"Oh, yesss, Nelson...slap my ass again!" she whimpered encouragingly.

He took another strike at her wildly-humping ass, feeling her cunt-tube suck at his shaft as if trying to draw his throbbing tip through the ring of her cervix and into her womb.

Suddenly, the gasping mother's pussy started spasming uncontrollably, contracting around the steely length of her son's cock. Alicia felt her cum building in her, from her toes to the top of her head. Her asshole even throbbed, puckering in and out. Her nipples grew stiff as they hung off the peaks of her tits.

"OH, GOD I'M CUMMMIING!!" she announced, bucking her ass back even faster.

Nelson mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming himself. He wanted to continue a steady fuck-pace so he could give his mom the strongest orgasm possible, and he did just that. When it was clear that she'd finished cumming, he pulled his cock out.

"Wow!" he blurted, looking down at his prick. The rock hard slab was soaking wet, his mom's ejaculate literally dripping off of it. The way his cock looked reminded him of the way body builders oil down their muscles to make them stand out more. His mother's juices made his boner shimmer and accentuated every vein and sinew that ran down his rigid shaft. His knob looked like a pinkish-purple golf ball, and pre-goo bubbled lewdly from its slit.

He looked at Alicia, who still had her ass pointed at him. "I wanna fold you in half, mom," he uttered.

"Do you remember the name of the position?" the mother asked, while rolling onto her back.

"The pancake."

"Very good," she smiled, then grabbed his wrist and yanked him down on top of her. "Pancake me, baby!" The limber mother placed her legs on his shoulders as she felt her son gain entry into her cunt and bring his full weight against her.

"Damn, this IS pretty great!" the boy's excited voice rang out as he started fucking his mother this way. "Look...I'm doing the 'swivel and grind.'"

"You most certainly are!" the mother gasped, enjoying the way her was pumping into her. "And you're doing a damn good job of it too!"

Alicia felt a small pang of guilt. The night before they left on the cruise, her husband had fucked her in this very position. He had only lasted ten minutes before cumming inside of her and she was anxious to see if her son could go for longer.

Ten minutes and two orgasms later, she found herself still being hammered savagely by her son. "*Yep, it's official. He is DEFINITELY a better fuck than his father!*" she giddily thought.

"Oh God, mom...this feels so Goddamn good!" the boy breathlessly expressed, his ass bobbing up and down. The slippery pressure of her pleated vaginal walls felt divine around his cock, just like she told him it would when she was describing the position the night before.

Alicia lowered her legs and hooked them around the middle of his back, clamping his hips between her smooth thighs. Because Nelson was shorter than her, his face wedged between her sweaty, jostling tits as he fucked her. The mother squealed as his tongue wiggled on one of her hardened, rubbery nipples, then he began sucking it passionately.

"Oh, shit...this is so fucking good!" Alicia squealed, writhing beneath her boy, humping her crotch up to meet his tireless thrusts.

While sucking her tits, Nelson let his hands wander his mom's heated body. Her waist, her legs, her meaty ass...it felt so wonderful! He was completely overwhelmed by his mother's luscious, heavy-titted body and the clinging tightness of her pussy. The narrow, velvety fuck-tunnel sucked spasmodically on his cock, soaking it with the secretions of her arousal. He wished he could just keep pumping and sucking for the rest of his life, but he knew that soon, white geysers of cock-cream would be erupting from his peter-tip.

It had been well over an hour since he'd first penetrated her, and their writhing bodies were sheened in sweat. "Harder, Nelson! I'm cumming!!" Alicia's pretty voice shouted with desperately intensity.

The boy raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom cum. His tongue hung out lewdly as he watched the oversized globes of her spongy tits roll up and down her chest. Alicia clutched onto the sheet beside her with both hands and her back arched. Her pretty face contorted, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as a tremendous orgasm surged through her nakedness.

"Goddamn!!" Nelson gasped, his eyes rolling back as it felt like his mom's cunt was turning inside-out around his pummeling cock.

Alicia let out an orgasmic scream as her body trembled, making her fatty mammaries ripple wildly. Their crotches squelched as female ejaculate erupted around Nelson's cock-meat. The contractions around his fat shaft was too much for the boy to endure. "Oh, shit, yess! I'M CUMMING TOO, MOM!" he grunted.

Alicia's orgasm was intensified by the feel of her son's hardon swelling up even bigger in her clutching cunt, then pulsing as it began gushing out pearly-white jets of hot boy-goo inside her.

For several magical minutes, mother and son bucked and writhed, moaned and squealed as they experienced the apex of their mutual orgasm. The inside of Alicia's cunt-tunnel during this time was a violent storm of spewing pink flesh; quivering erectile tissue wrestling in a marinade of male and female ejaculate.

When they finally eased down from that golden peak, they held each other lovingly, still feeling their joined genitals twitch and leak with post-orgasmic excitement.

"You CAN'T fuck me in the pussy again, Nelson..." Alicia whispered, making his hopes sink.

The boy was getting ready to answer, when his mom cut him off. "Until I get home and get on birth control, then I'll let you fuck me a lot, but only when we're alone in the house."

"Sweet!" the boy exclaimed, smiling from ear to ear. He knew it would be difficult not to want to cram his cock back inside her for the remainder of the cruise though. "It's gonna be hard to keep from being inside you until we get home, mom."

"Well, no one said you had to wait that long to be inside me," Alicia smiled.

"But you just said—"

"What I said was...you can't fuck my PUSSY until I'm on birth control. There ARE other ways to fuck a girl, you know," said Alicia as she reached down and fished her boy's still-hard cock from her cunt.

"There are?" Nelson eagerly asked

Alicia smiled wickedly, rubbing her son's spongy knob against the pink, puckered ring off her buttock. "Of course. Why do you think moms have assholes?"

His heart skipped a beat as he smiled anxiously back at her.

Late in the evening, the full moon illuminated the white sands of Cupid's Beach. The sound of crashing surf was mixed with the beautiful orgasmic cries of a mother. That mother was Shelly as she rode her son's cock under the starry night like a pregnant whore.

Alan laid in the soft sand, looking up at his mom's gorgeous pre-natal body as she bounced on top of him. Her monstrous, milk-engorged knockers were glowing with perspiration; leaping around wildly, putting on quite a show for the flabbergasted teen. His lusty gaze drifted down her huge, heaving belly, which was packed to its bursting point with two fully developed fetuses; babies that he had pumped inside of his beautiful mom with his own sperm.

Below her rounded underbelly, he could see his rigid prick sticking straight up, like the sturdy column of an Egyptian temple. His mom's labium was stretched; collared around the fat meat of his shaft. Her plump clit stuck out from beneath its fleshy sheath lewdly. The shaft of Alan's cock disappeared as her vulva sunk against his cock-base. "Aaahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling his throbbing bell-tip mash against the swollen ring of her cervical head. His mom swiveled up and back, grinding the peak of his dong all along her back wall, smearing his leaky pre-cum and scrubbing his glans with the hot, slippery mucus that had secreted from her womb.

Shelly bounced on his rod, letting Alan's strong, teenage hardness scrape along her pleated walls and stimulate her juicy nerve-endings. These days, she took no thought of her husband, who she still loved, but not in the same way she used to. Now, her big-dicked son was master of her sexual universe. Alan took her on wild orgasmic journeys that she never imagined possible until she began fucking him.

"Let me have a ride on that hunk!" Jeanie said as she lay beside them stroking her fat, horny clit.

"I'm almost there!" Shelly answered, humping up and down with desperate intensity.

To Alan, there was nothing quite like watching his own mom cum. Throughout his childhood this was a part of her he'd never seen and it was

absolutely fascinating. The way her pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets, and her lips curled, exposing her white, clenching teeth was pure magic. Then, she would howl...like a squealing wolf crying in the night. Her luscious body would convulse with involuntary spasms, making her milk-filled mammary-meat leap and ripple like nothing the boy had ever dreamed of seeing.

"Now you can have a turn," Shelly said to her mother with a satisfied sigh.

Alan's cock left his mother's pussy with an obscene-sounding "FLUP," then slapped wetly back against his abdomen. The excited teen stared at his Gran's giant, ballooning boobs as she mounting him for a fuck. His face sunk down between her spongy mams as Jeanie leaned forward, reaching down to position the boy's dick at her cuntal entrance. Having been rubbing her fat nubbin, her cunt-tunnel was glazed with natural fuck-lubricant, making her Grandson's erection slip exquisitely through the hot furnace of her vagina.

"Ohhhh!" the lucky teen moaned, feeling his oversized knob and shaft encased to its base in the wonderful sheath of her pussy. His mom and Gran's pussy-tunnels were each unique, providing a slightly different feel around his erectile meat. One thing they shared, however, was strong cunt-muscles. Jeanie and Shelly both knew how to make their pelvic floors tighten, compressing their ribbed-lined birthing tubes around the boy's cock to provide toe-clenching friction.

"Fuck, Gran!" the teenager snarled as she rode and squeezed his achy cock at the same time.

"You like that, baby boy?" Jeanie asked, bouncing steadily up and down as if she were an energetic twenty-year-old. "You like the way I'm fucking your hot boy-cock?"

"Hell yes!"

Jeanie lowered her upper half as she fucked, knowing her Grandson loved to be smothered by her huge boobies. Propping herself on extended arms, she tirelessly bobbed her meaty ass up and down, working her tingly vagina on the sturdy stiffness of Alan's cock-shaft.

Alan kissed, licked and nibbled his way through the canyon between her squishy tits. He worked his way beneath one of her massive mounds, where the skin stretched out from her ribcage, sucking and rubbing his face against the creamy sponginess of her breasts. There was nothing quite like feeling such a heavy tit, packed full of fluffy fat and glandular tissue, smother his entire head.

Only once had Jeanie ever had a cock so big and hard. Her youngest son Nathan became an infatuation to her when he turned eighteen, and they fucked savagely every chance they got. With Alan, Jeanie was reliving those wonder years when she had a sturdy teenage cock at her beckon call.

“Oh, God...you fuck me so good, darling!” the Grandmother squealed, delighting in the feel of Alan’s dick stabbing through her most private place.

The boy worked his way around her boob until he arrived at the tip, then sunk his face against the squishy peak of her tit-melon. He suctioned in as much flesh as he could, taking all her rubbery nipple and most of her large areola. Her teats distended inside his mouth; delicious nectar squirting from several milk-ducts surrounding her fat nubbin. The boy slurped and swallowed, and whimpered and sucked, letting her milky sap pour down his throat. His oral affection had just the response he’d hoped, making Jeanie gasp and buck with an impending climax.

“OHH, FUCK, YOU SWEET GRANNY-FUCKER!!” Jeanie cried out, her voice quivering in ecstasy as she pounded her sopping cunt on his fleshy spike.

“Mmnnngffff!” Alan grunted, warm milk spewing from the sides of his lips as he felt his Gran’s ejaculate wash over the meat of his prick. Despite how incredible it felt, he fucked her straight through her orgasm.

“Let me at those lips!” he heard his mother say.

Jeanie lifted her heavy, sweaty jugs off the boy and he looked like he just got ran over by a boobie-train. His Gran’s nipples were replaced by his

mom's lips as she leaned over and made out with him passionately. All while her mother-in-law continued to dance up and down on his cock.

"Mmm, you fuck us so good, son," his mom cooed between kisses. "You make our pussies dripping wet!"

"Yesss, pounding our tight snatches with that big, teenage love-muscle!" Jeanie added, feeling Alan's mushrooming knob hammer away at her fornix at the back of her vagina.

"Spilling your nut inside us and putting babies in your mom's womb," Shelly continued, then planted more sensual smooches, making her long tongue duel with his, while mashing her swollen hooters against his lean chest.

"Oh, shit...you guys are getting me close!" Alan panted.

"Would you like me to hop off your cock before you cum, darling?" Jeanie asked. "So your mom and I can beat you off together, and make spill your seed high into the air?"

"Yes!" the teen answered, bucking his ass from the sand. "I'm close! I'M CUMMMIING!!"

Jeanie quickly crawled off his boner and joined her daughter-in-law, sprawling out against the boy, so his entire upper torso was smothered in sweaty tit-meat. They each took a hand and grasped onto the boy's juice-slicked cock, creating a tight sleeve to jack off his meat with.

"OH, SHIT!!" Alan whimpered, feeling their loving hands squeeze up and down his shaft and knob, like a tight, slippery cunt.

"Shower us with your hot cum, baby!" his mother encouraged, feeling his dick-meat pulse and quiver in her hand.

With a guttural grunt, the boy began spurting huge ropes of cum into the evening air, making them splatter down on his mom and Gran. The cock-stroking mothers milked every drop of jizz that his balls would provide. By the time they were finished, they were both dripping with his teenage slime.

Shelly and Jeanie leaned down and planted more kisses on his sweaty body. "Now THAT was what I call an excursion," the mother said.

"Mmm, I agree," added Jeanie. "That should tide us over until we get back to the ship."

"I don't know...I think I might be all sexed out for the day," Alan sighed, still catching his breath from such a mind-blowing ejaculation.

Shelly and Jeanie fed each other a confused look, not used to hearing that their little fuck-hound was all pooped out.

"I'm just kidding," Alan laughed. "I plan on fucking you guys all night."

His mom and Gran laughed also. "Gracious, you shocked me there for a second, darling" Jeanie expressed.

"Me too," Shelly added. "It's not like my boy to be too tired for pussy."

They took a quick dip in the ocean to wash all the sticky sperm away, then boarded the yacht for the last trip back to the cruise ship.

THE END