




# WHAT? TO DOOO? 01



*Story: Frank Romano* [www.pigking.com.br](http://www.pigking.com.br)

**MILF**

FEI LOVER. A HOUSEWIFE IN HER EARLY FORTIES. HER HUSBAND, A NURSE, IS ALWAYS ON THE NIGHT SHIFT, AND HER SON, MATT. EVEN WITH A GOOD JOB, MATT STILL LIVES WITH THEM. EVERY NIGHT HER HUSBAND IS ON SHIFT, FEI GOES OVER TO A FRIEND'S HOUSE FOR HER BOOK CLUB.

A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing glasses, a blue turtleneck crop top, and blue leggings, stands in a living room. She is looking towards the camera. The room has pink walls, a wooden floor, and a red sofa in the background. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

YOUR FATHER'S ON SHIFT TONIGHT. DON'T  
WAIT UP FOR ME. I'LL BE AT MAGALI'S FOR  
ANOTHER NIGHT OF READING. TONIGHT'S PROMISES  
TO BE... THRILLING. WE'RE DISCUSSING A VERY...  
INTERESTING BOOK.

EVERY TIME THE OLD MAN'S ON  
SHIFT, MOM RUNS OFF TO THAT  
SO-CALLED BOOK CLUB. SOMETHING  
SMELLS FISHY. I NEVER SEE HER  
WITH A BOOK.

MUST BE MY OWN PARANOIA. MY MOM  
IS A PROPER WOMAN, RESPECTABLE...  
SHE WOULDN'T PULL A DIRTY TRICK LIKE  
THAT ON MY DAD.

SON, I'M HEADING TO MAGALI'S,  
LIKE I SAID. DON'T WAIT UP FOR  
ME.



ALRIGHT, MOM. HAVE A GOOD  
READ.


A man with dark hair and a muscular build is sitting on a large, light pink sofa. He is shirtless and wearing dark grey athletic pants. He is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The room is modern and brightly lit, with a dining table and chairs in the background, a glass display cabinet, and a large window with green curtains. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

WHO GETS ALL DOLLED UP JUST TO  
GO TO SOME LAME BOOK CLUB.



FUCK, AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN  
TAKE HER GLASSES. THIS IS  
REALLY SUSPICIOUS.

IT'S BEEN AN HOUR SINCE  
MY MOM LEFT.

A man with dark hair, shirtless and wearing dark grey athletic pants, stands in a room with pink walls. He is looking down at a smartphone in his hands. Behind him is a large white cabinet with frosted glass doors. To the right, a staircase with wooden steps and a white railing is visible. In the foreground, the back of a pink sofa is partially seen. A thought bubble originates from the man's head, containing text.

I KNOW WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO IS  
WRONG, AND I'M PROBABLY MISTAKEN, BUT  
I INSTALLED A TRACKING APP ON HER  
PHONE.

A muscular man with dark hair is standing in a room, looking down at a smartphone in his hands. He is wearing dark grey athletic pants with light grey accents. The room has pink walls, a wooden cabinet, a television, and a large window with white frames. A thought bubble is positioned above him, containing text.

I'M ALMOST CERTAIN SHE'S  
AT THAT BOOK CLUB, BUT I  
NEED TO SEE IT FOR MYSELF.




I JUST HOPE SHE NEVER FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS INVASION, BUT I HAVE TO CONFIRM HER FAITHFULNESS TO MY DAD.

A shirtless man with dark hair is standing in a modern kitchen, looking down at a smartphone in his hands. He is wearing dark grey trousers. The kitchen features light-colored wooden cabinets with glass doors, a dining table with four chairs, and a pink wall. A speech bubble above him contains the text: "ALRIGHT, HERE GOES NOTHING. I'M ACTIVATING THE TRACKER."

ALRIGHT, HERE GOES  
NOTHING. I'M ACTIVATING  
THE TRACKER.



ALRIGHT, HERE'S MY MOM'S  
LOCATION.



FUCK... WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? AND WHY DOES HER LOCATION HAVE AN (18+) SYMBOL?

LET ME SEARCH WHAT'S AT THIS ADDRESS.

A young man with dark hair, shirtless and wearing dark grey athletic pants, is sitting on a large, plush pink sofa. He is looking down at a smartphone in his hands. The room has light-colored wood flooring and a large window in the background showing a green landscape with a lake and buildings. A speech bubble above him contains text.

HOLY SHIT... A PRIVATE DANCE CLUB..  
WHAT IS MY MOM DOING IN A PLACE LIKE  
THAT?



BUT BEFORE I CONFRONT HER, I NEED TO BE ABSOLUTELY SURE. AND ALSO... WHAT THE HELL DOES SHE DO IN A PLACE LIKE THAT?

ON HER HUSBAND'S NEXT NIGHT SHIFT, FEI GETS READY AND SAYS GOODBYE TO HER SON WITH THE SAME OLD LINE ABOUT NOT WAITING UP FOR HER.





SON, I'M GOING OUT TO MEET MY FRIENDS. YOU KNOW, THE BOOK CLUB.

YES, MOM. I KNOW.


DON'T YOU WANT ME TO WALK YOU TO YOUR FRIEND'S HOUSE? I'M AFRAID OF YOU WALKING ALONE ON THESE STREETS AT NIGHT.




DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.  
IT'S QUIET AT THIS HOUR.



FEI LEFT THE HOUSE WITH A FORCED SMILE, BUT A HEAVY KNOT IN HER CHEST.



I HATE LYING TO MY OWN  
FAMILY, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY  
OTHER WAY.



IF I DON'T DO THIS, MY  
HUSBAND'S NURSE SALARY JUST  
ISN'T ENOUGH.



I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING TO KEEP THIS SECRET. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY FOUND OUT.

BUT WHAT FEI COULDN'T SEE WERE  
MATT'S STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS  
TAILING HER FROM THE SHADOWS.  
HER SECRET WAS HANGING BY A  
THREAD.

*MATT ARRIVES AT THE NIGHTCLUB  
AND HIS MOTHER VANISHES FOR A  
FEW MOMENTS.*



HE FEELS A BIT LOST, SEARCHING  
FOR HER. STROBING LIGHTS,  
GRINDING BODIES, AIR THICK WITH  
SWEAT AND CHEAP PERFUME.



*BUT THEN HE SEES SOMETHING  
HE NEVER IMAGINED WITNESSING.  
A JOLT OF SHOCK MIXED WITH  
REVELATION FROZE HIM IN  
PLACE.*

FEI, DRESSED IN A SEXY  
FIREFIGHTER COSTUME.



IT SEEMED, INSTEAD OF PUTTING OUT FIRES, SHE WAS THERE TO IGNITE THEM.



AMIDST THE CROWD, FEI WAS GRINDING, MOVING HER BODY WITH A RAW SENSUALITY AND VIBRANT EROTICISM, THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE OF THE DEMURE HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER MATT THOUGHT HE KNEW.




SUDDENLY, TWO MEN STOP  
DANCING AND APPROACH HER  
TO TALK.



THE TWO MEN LEAD HER TO A PRIVATE AREA. MATT, HIS HEART POUNDING, ASKS A CLUB-GOER WHERE SHE'S GOING. THEY EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS A PRIVATE DANCER AND WAS HEADING TO A VIP BOOTH, WHERE SHE WOULD PERFORM AN INTIMATE AND PROVOCATIVE SHOW JUST FOR THOSE TWO CLIENTS.



THE IMAGE OF HIS MOTHER GRINDING BETWEEN MEN, WEARING AN OUTFIT THAT LEFT LITTLE TO THE IMAGINATION, LEFT HIM UTTERLY CONFUSED. HE WAS STILL IN SHOCK, AND THE VOICE OF MORALITY SCREAMED IN HIS EARS.

A man with dark hair, wearing a light grey long-sleeved shirt and dark grey pants, is sitting on a pink sofa. He is looking down and to the right with a serious, contemplative expression. The room has pink walls, a green curtain, and a wooden coffee table with a glass top. On the coffee table are several white ceramic vases and a book. In the background, there is another pink sofa with patterned and plain pillows, and a wooden cabinet.

ONE MOMENT, HE THOUGHT, "I'M GOING TO TELL MY FATHER EVERYTHING." THE NEXT INSTANT, HIS MIND WAS FLOODED WITH VIVID IMAGES: HIS MOTHER SITTING ON THE LAPS OF STRANGE MEN, HER BODY BEING CARESSED, SWEAT DRIPPING AND MINGLING WITH THE LUST OF THOSE GUYS. A WHIRLWIND OF FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS.

*BUT THEN, HE WAS CAUGHT OFF  
GUARD BY AN UNEXPECTED  
REACTION FROM HIS OWN BODY. A  
FIRM, UNDENIABLE ERECTION. AS  
INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMED, THAT  
SCENE HAD AROUSED HIM.  
RESOLVED, HE WOULD KEEP THAT  
SECRET TO HIMSELF FOR NOW. HE  
WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE.*

THE NEXT DAY, WHILE HER HUSBAND WAS STILL ASLEEP, FEI WAS IN THE LIVING ROOM, ACTING WITH UTTER NONCHALANCE, AS IF NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE.

MATT APPROACHES TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION. HE WANTED TO SEE HOW FAR HIS MOTHER WOULD TAKE THE LIE. THERE WAS SOMETHING PERVERSE ABOUT IT; HEARING HER LIE SO BRAZENLY ALSO AROUSED HIM.



EVERYTHING OKAY, MOM? HOW WAS THE BIBLE STUDY LAST NIGHT?

IT'S NOT BIBLE STUDY,  
SILLY. IT'S A BOOK CLUB.


YOU'RE RIGHT. SO TELL ME. WHAT DID YOU READ YESTERDAY?

MATT ASKS, WITH CALCULATED CARE NOT TO AROUSE SUSPICION.

FEI BEGINS TO INVENT PASSAGES FROM BOOKS SHE SUPPOSEDLY READ. SHE STARTS WITH A COMMON ROMANCE, BUT WHEN THE PLOT STARTS TO HEAT UP,, SHE CUTS HERSELF OFF, SAYING THE BOOK WAS GOOD, BUT SHE'D BE TOO EMBARRASSED TO DESCRIBE THE STEAMIER PARTS.



MATT INSISTS SHE TELL HIM ABOUT THOSE SPICY PARTS. TO AVOID RAISING SUSPICION, FEI RECOUNTS A SNIPPET OF A HOTTER STORY.



WELL, IT WAS A SCENE WHERE THE HEROINE MEETS A MYSTERIOUS MAN IN A LIBRARY AT NIGHT. THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM WAS PALPABLE, FULL OF LOADED GLANCES AND ACCIDENTAL TOUCHES THAT MADE HER SKIN TINGLE. HE PRESSED HER AGAINST A BOOKSHELF, WHISPERING FORBIDDEN THINGS IN HER EAR... BUT THEN THE AUTHOR CUTS TO THE NEXT MORNING. IT'S MORE ABOUT THE SUGGESTION, THE PENT-UP DESIRE, YOU KNOW?




WOW, MOM. THAT WAS... VERY SENSUAL..

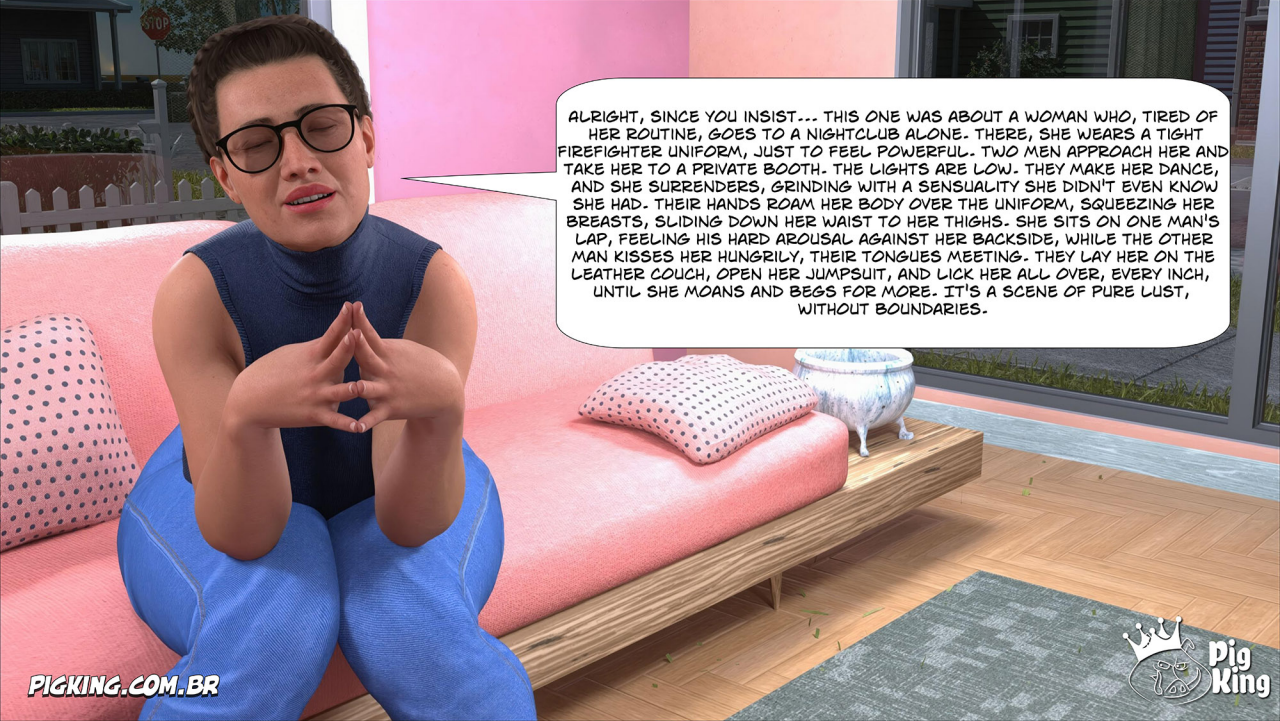
FEI LIES BRAZENLY TO HER OWN SON.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I DON'T WANT YOU COMING TO THE BOOK CLUB WITH ME. IT'S JUST WOMEN, AND I'D BE VERY UNCOMFORTABLE WITH YOU THERE LISTENING TO THAT KIND OF TALK..

CUT THE NONSENSE AND TELL ME WITHOUT ANY CENSORSHIP, VERY EXPLICIT. IF YOU DON'T TELL ME, NEXT TIME I'M GOING WITH YOU TO THE BOOK CLUB, FOR REAL.



A KNOT OF WORRY TIGHTENS IN FEI'S STOMACH. THE BOOK CLUB WAS A COMPLETE SHAM. SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, RESOLVED, AND BEGINS TO NARRATE SNIPPETS OF TRULY OBSCENE STORIES.




ALRIGHT, SINCE YOU INSIST... THIS ONE WAS ABOUT A WOMAN WHO, TIRED OF HER ROUTINE, GOES TO A NIGHTCLUB ALONE. THERE, SHE WEARS A TIGHT FIREFIGHTER UNIFORM, JUST TO FEEL POWERFUL. TWO MEN APPROACH HER AND TAKE HER TO A PRIVATE BOOTH. THE LIGHTS ARE LOW. THEY MAKE HER DANCE, AND SHE SURRENDERS, GRINDING WITH A SENSUALITY SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE HAD. THEIR HANDS ROAM HER BODY OVER THE UNIFORM, SQUEEZING HER BREASTS, SLIDING DOWN HER WAIST TO HER THIGHS. SHE SITS ON ONE MAN'S LAP, FEELING HIS HARD AROUSAL AGAINST HER BACKSIDE, WHILE THE OTHER MAN KISSES HER HUNGRILY, THEIR TONGUES MEETING. THEY LAY HER ON THE LEATHER COUCH, OPEN HER JUMPSUIT, AND LICK HER ALL OVER, EVERY INCH, UNTIL SHE MOANS AND BEGS FOR MORE. IT'S A SCENE OF PURE LUST, WITHOUT BOUNDARIES.

MY SLUT OF A MOTHER, WITHOUT EVEN REALIZING IT, JUST DESCRIBED TO ME IN FULL DETAIL EVERYTHING SHE DID LAST NIGHT WITH THOSE TWO GUYS.



TELL ME MORE, MOM.  
WHAT ELSE DID THE TWO MEN  
DO TO HER?

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing glasses and a blue turtleneck, is sitting on a pink sofa. She has a speech bubble coming from her mouth. The speech bubble contains text describing a sexual encounter. The background shows a window with a view of a brick building and a pink wall.

WELL... THEY DIDN'T STOP THERE. AFTER MAKING HER COMPLETELY WET AND BEGGING, ONE OF THEM BENT HER OVER THE COUCH ON ALL FOURS. THE OTHER HELD HER HAIR WHILE THE FIRST ONE TOOK HER FROM BEHIND, WITH A FORCE THAT MADE THE FURNITURE CREAK. SHE COULD FEEL BOTH OF THEM, ONE THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF HER HARD, THE OTHER RUBBING HIS SHAFT BETWEEN HER BREASTS AND THEN IN HER MOUTH, UNTIL SHE NO LONGER KNEW WHO SHE WAS OR WHERE SHE WAS, JUST FEELING PURE PLEASURE. SHE MOANED BOTH THEIR NAMES, BEGGING THEM NOT TO STOP, UNTIL THEY ALL CAME TOGETHER, SWEATY AND BREATHLESS. THE CHARACTER WAS AN INSATIABLE SLUT THAT NIGHT.

MATT REALIZES HIS MOTHER GOT AROUSED WHILE RECOUNTING A SORDID EPISODE FROM HER OWN LIFE. IT SEEMED LIKE AN INVOLUNTARY CONFESSION. HE KNOWS SHE'S A LIAR, BUT A PERVERSE DESIRE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT SITUATION GROWS INSIDE HIM.



YOU KNOW, MOM. I ADMIRE THAT WOMAN FROM YOUR STORY. SHE HAS THE COURAGE TO DO WHAT MAKES HER HAPPY. TELL ME, MOM. IN THAT STORY, WHAT WAS THE CRAZIEST CHAPTER A SLUTTY WOMAN LIKE HER EVER DID?

FEI, FEELING STRANGELY FLATTERED BY HER SON'S PRAISE OF THE CHARACTER, TAKES A DEEP BREATH. SHE TELLS IT AS IF IT WERE A BOOK EXCERPT, BUT THE MEMORY IS VIVID AND PERSONAL.

THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME... SHE HAD TO ENTERTAIN FIVE BUSINESS PARTNERS. THEY TOOK HER TO A PRESIDENTIAL SUITE. IT WAS A NIGHT OF PURE DEBAUCHERY. THEY USED HER IN TURNS, AND THEN ALL TOGETHER. IN EVERY HOLE, IN EVERY IMAGINABLE POSITION. SHE DRANK THEIR CUM, LET HERSELF BE TIED UP, GAVE SPANKINGS AND TOOK ORDERS LIKE A BITCH IN HEAT. IN THE END, SHE WAS COVERED, INSIDE AND OUT, EXHAUSTED AND COMPLETELY FULFILLED. IT WAS THE NIGHT SHE UNDERSTOOD THE TRUE MEANING OF BEING USED.

WHAT AN  
INCREDIBLE STORY, MOM.  
BUT I NEED TO GO TO THE  
BATHROOM.

I NEED TO GO JERK OFF.  
UNTIL YOUR NEXT BOOK CLUB  
MEETING, YOU LITTLE SLUT.

FEI GETS THE NEWS THAT A CLIENT HAS JUST PAID FOR TWO HOURS IN THE PRIVATE BOOTH WITH HER. SHE ENTERS THE SPACE, CLOSING THE CURTAIN FOR TOTAL PRIVACY, UNAWARE OF WHO THE CLIENT WAITING FOR HER IS.





LET ME GET THIS CLOSED UP TIGHT. AND GET READY, BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO BURN WITH LUST.

FEI TURNS AROUND AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HER OWN SON, COMPLETELY NAKED AND WITH HIS COCK THROBBING HARD, WAITING FOR HER.

HOLY FUCK... MY SON... WHAT... WHAT...



A woman in a red fire costume with reflective stripes and a helmet stands on the left, looking towards a man. The man is shirtless and muscular, sitting on a dark tufted leather sofa. He is holding a large, brown, pig-shaped object. The background features dark, textured walls and a vertical purple and red light strip. A speech bubble points to the man.

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE LYING BOOK  
CLUB.



MY SON, I... I...

"MY SON" NOTHING. I PAID FOR A SLUT FOR TWO HOURS. RIGHT NOW, I'M YOUR CLIENT.



I KNOW YOU PAID, AND I HAVE TO SATISFY YOU, BUT... WOULD YOU REALLY HAVE THE GUTS TO DO THIS WITH YOUR OWN MOTHER?





MY SON, WHAT I DID IS  
WRONG, BUT... I AM YOUR  
MOTHER. I...



RELAX, OF COURSE I'M NOT GOING TO  
FUCK YOUR PUSSY. WHAT KIND OF PERVERT DO YOU  
THINK I AM? YOU'RE MY MOM, BUT THAT DOESN'T  
STOP ME FROM HAVING A REALLY GOOD JERK-OFF  
SESSION.

YESTERDAY, WHEN YOU TOLD ME THOSE THINGS YOU DO, PRETENDING IT WAS FROM A BOOK, I GOT SO HORNY I WENT TO JERK OFF IN THE BATHROOM. AND I COULD FEEL YOU WERE TURNED ON, TOO.

MOM, JUST PUT ON A SHOW FOR ME. LET ME JACK OFF  
LOOKING AT YOUR BODY. IT CAN EVEN BE A THIGH JOB,  
WITH MY DICK BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, BUT I WON'T  
PENETRATE MY OWN MOTHER.

I PROMISE, SON. TODAY IS MY LAST DAY  
IN THIS KIND OF WORK, BUT I'M BEGGING  
YOU, DON'T TELL YOUR FATHER.

RELAX, MOM. I WON'T TELL HIM A THING. AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO STOP, BUT FOR THAT, YOU HAVE TO BE A GOOD GIRL AND OBEY ME. TAKE OFF YOUR JACKET AND LET ME SEE THOSE TITS. IT'S JUST SO I CAN JERK OFF, THAT'S ALL. DON'T BE SCARED.



FEI OBEYS AND REMOVES HER JACKET.  
SHE IS EXPOSED, VULNERABLE. A  
STRANGE FEELING WASHES OVER HER,  
SOMETHING SHE CAN'T EXPLAIN BUT  
KNOWS IS DEEPLY WRONG.



CONFUSION GRIPS HER. EVEN THOUGH SHE IS BEING DESIRED BY HER OWN SON, SHE IS BEING CRAVED BY A YOUNG MAN. AND THIS YOUNG MAN IS ATTRACTED TO HER BODY, EVEN IF IT IS HER MOTHER'S BODY.

BUT THAT WAS JUST  
NONSENSE IN HER HEAD.  
AFTER ALL, SHE WAS  
STILL A VERY ATTRACTIVE  
AND SEXY WOMAN.

MATT SETTLES INTO THE CHAIR, AND FEI BEGINS TO DANCE FOR HER SON. HER BODY MOVES WITH A CALCULATED SENSUALITY, EVERY CURVE AND CONTOUR DISPLAYED IN SLOW, PROVOCATIVE MOTIONS.

A woman with long brown hair, seen from behind, is dancing in a room with purple walls and red neon lighting. She is wearing bright orange briefs with a black waistband. Her arms are raised. A man with dark hair is sitting on a dark blue tufted leather sofa, looking at her. He is shirtless and holding a large, realistic-looking penis. A speech bubble points to him with the text: "IS THIS HOW YOU LIKE IT? YOU LIKE SEEING YOUR MOM'S BODY MOVE LIKE THIS?".

IS THIS HOW YOU LIKE IT? YOU  
LIKE SEEING YOUR MOM'S BODY  
MOVE LIKE THIS?

YOU LITTLE PERVERT... SO YOU GET TURNED ON BY YOUR OWN MOTHER?

YES, YOU'RE SO HOT. YOU'RE A  
SEXY, FILTHY SLUT.


SO THIS IS THE BOOTH WHERE YOU GIVE IT ALL UP, WHERE YOU BECOME THE TOTAL SLUT EVERY NIGHT.



THAT'S RIGHT, MY SON. I SEE YOU  
LOVE HEARING HOW YOUR MOTHER GETS  
FUCKED. THEN LISTEN WELL TO HOW  
YOUR MOTHER IS A WHORE.



IT WAS RIGHT HERE. HE THREW ME AGAINST THIS WALL, SON. THAT MAN... BLACK, STRONG, WITH A COCK SO BIG I THOUGHT IT WOULD SPLIT ME OPEN. WHEN HE SHOVED IT IN, I SCREAMED. I SCREAMED FROM THE PAIN, BUT ALSO FROM A PLEASURE I COULDN'T HANDLE. HE CALLED ME HIS WHITE SLUT, HIS BITCH, AND ALL I COULD DO WAS MOAN AND BEG FOR MORE. HE FUCKED ME WITH A RAGE, EVERY THRUST MEANT TO BREAK ME, AND MY BODY SLAMMED INTO THIS FURNITURE WITH A SOUND... AND I LIKED IT. I LIKED BEING HIS LITTLE WHORE, HEARING HIM DEGRADE ME WHILE HE FILLED ME UP. I CAME LIKE A MADWOMAN, CRYING AND SCREAMING, BEGGING HIM NOT TO STOP EVEN THOUGH EVERYTHING HURT. YOUR MOTHER IS THAT, A HOLE FOR MEN TO USE. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED TO HEAR?

A man with short dark hair is sitting on a dark tufted couch, using a large, textured dildo on a woman's back. The woman is leaning forward, wearing a red bikini. The scene is lit with a strong red glow. A speech bubble above the man contains the text: "DID I WANT TO HEAR IT? FUCK... I DON'T GIVE A DAMN HOW MUCH OF A SLUT YOU ARE. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT GETS ME HARD."


DID I WANT TO HEAR IT?  
FUCK... I DON'T GIVE A DAMN HOW  
MUCH OF A SLUT YOU ARE. THERE'S  
ONLY ONE THING THAT GETS ME  
HARD.

A man with dark hair, shirtless, is sitting on a dark blue tufted sofa, massaging the back of a woman. The woman is leaning forward, wearing a bright orange bikini with black accents. She has a surprised or excited expression on her face. The background features a wall with dark, marbled panels and a purple glow. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head.


IT'S HOW I'M GOING TO TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF ALL THIS. HOW  
YOU'RE GOING TO SATISFY ME EVERY  
SINGLE DAY.

A man with dark hair, shirtless, is kneeling on a tufted purple leather sofa. He is looking up at a woman with short blonde hair who is standing and facing away from him. She is wearing a bright orange bikini bottom. Her hands are on her hips. The man's hands are on her lower back. The room has purple walls and a window with a grid pattern. A speech bubble is positioned above the man.

MOM, TAKE OFF THE BOTTOM  
PART NOW. I WANT TO SEE  
SOMETHING.



BUT DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S  
GOING TOO FAR?

A woman with short brown hair, wearing bright orange underwear, stands with her back to the camera. She is looking down at a man who is kneeling on a dark tufted sofa. The man is shirtless and looking up at the woman. The room has purple walls and a dark marble-patterned wall. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

EASY, MOMMY. I'M NOT GOING TO FUCK YOU, I JUST WANT TO APPRECIATE THAT BEAUTIFUL BODY OF YOURS.



ALRIGHT, BUT IT'S JUST  
FOR LOOKING.


MATT PULLS THE SEAT CLOSER TO THE CENTER OF THE BOOTH TO MAKE BETTER USE OF THE SPACE.

FEI REMOVES ALL HER CLOTHES AND STANDS COMPLETELY NAKED FOR HER SON. ASHAMED, BUT OBEDIENT.





I WAS SURE OF IT, MOMMY. I REALLY WANTED TO SEE IT FOR MYSELF.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is standing in front of a white curtain. She is covering her eyes with her right hand. She is nude. A man with short black hair is kneeling in front of her, looking at her. He is also nude. The background is a white curtain on the left and a dark, tiled wall on the right. A speech bubble is above the woman's head.

SEE WHAT, MY SON?

A man with dark hair is shown in profile, looking towards a woman whose body is the central focus. The woman is nude, with her torso and legs visible. The background consists of dark, textured wall tiles. A speech bubble originates from the man's mouth, containing text. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

THAT YOUR PUSSY IS  
SMOOTH, COMPLETELY  
SHAVED. SO DELICIOUS.

A woman with large breasts and blue eye makeup is shown from the chest up, looking slightly to the right with a distressed expression. She is standing in front of a dark, tiled wall. To her left, there is a vertical strip of light purple and white light. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text. In the bottom right corner, there is a logo for 'Pig King' featuring a pig's face with a crown.


STOP... THAT MAKES ME EVEN MORE  
EMBARRASSED.

MATT PULLS HIS MOTHER ONTO HIS LAP, STARTLING HER, BUT HE DOESN'T THRUST INTO HER PUSSY, INSTEAD GOING BETWEEN HER THIGHS.


**MATT?**



MY SON... NO!



EASY, MOMMY. I'M GOING  
TO FUCK BETWEEN YOUR  
THIGHS. I WON'T PENETRATE  
YOU.



MATT... THIS... THIS CAN'T...



FUCK, EVEN YOUR THICK, SOFT THIGHS ARE A DELIGHT TO FUCK.



**END**

**CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.**