Mom, What's 'Cunnilingus' and 'Fellatio' Mean

By Klrxo



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"Mom, What's 'Cunnilingus' and 'Fellatio' Mean?" Justin asked, just after she pulled a fresh batch of cookies out of the oven.

A small giggle escaped Olivia's lips. She leaned into the doorway, checking the backyard where her daughters played in the sprinkler.

"Wow, first 'masturbation' and now 'Cunnilingus' and 'Fellatio," the mother snickered. "You sure are sexually curious here lately, honey."

"Sorry, um... should I not be?"

"Of course you should be," Olivia answered, "and I'd much rather you get your answers from me than finding them from those dirty websites online."

"Well, you did really help me the last time," Justin stated, visions of her vigorously stroking his cock still blazed in his memory. "I figured you could be just as helpful this time."

"True. Let's, um... let's take this to Mommy's bedroom," she murmured, "we'll have more privacy there."

Her hand pressed against the small of his back, guiding him into the dim sanctuary of her marital bedroom. The weight of her giant tits swayed visibly beneath the thin cotton of her camisole, a rhythm that held Justin's gaze, his mouth slightly agape.

The door clicked shut, the lock engaging with a soft, final sound. The air in the room was thick with the scent of her

perfume, and the edge of the mattress dipped under her weight as she sat.

“Come sit with Mommy,” she murmured, her voice a low promise as her palm smoothed the comforter right next to the generous swell of her hip.

Justin lowered himself onto the spot she’d indicated, hoping for another hands-on lesson like the last one.

“So...” Olivia continued. “You wanna learn what cunnilingus means huh?”

“Yeah—I mean, um, the guys in the locker room... they talk about it, but no one really explains anything.”

His gaze snagged on the shadowed cleft where her thighs met, the thin fabric of her shorts forming a delightful cleft where her outer labia met.

“Why don’t you try guessing what it means?” the mother suggested. “Just from the word.”

“C-cunni...? Is that, like... something to do with a vagina?” Justin asked.

Her laughter was low, delightfully filthy—a Mom thrilled by her son’s naughty curiosity. “Smart boy. Yes, it’s a fancy word for licking a woman’s pussy. Licking, sucking, kissing... using your mouth and your tongue to make her feel good.”

Justin felt his cock punch desperately against his shorts, every nerve ending dialed to the maximum.

“Oh, um... I don't know much about that,” the teen confessed. “Would you, um... teach me... like you did with masturbation?”

Olivia's eyes flicked to the wedding photo on the nightstand—her smiling in a flowing white dress, her husband proud in black. He'd been the only one feasting on her pussy for 20 years, but this felt different. Necessary. Instructional.

"*It's a mother's duty, not a wife's betrayal*," she thought,

"Well, you're right... I did teach you how to jerk off," she stated. "So... I suppose this could be... just another lesson. I'll show you, step by step, but you have to promise you won't tell anyone."

"Not a soul, mom... I swear."

Olivia stood, removed her short, then guided her son's trembling hands to the waistband of her panties.

"Go ahead then, Justin," she prompted, her eyes heavy-lidded, sparkling smug and sultry. "You need to get Mommy's panties out of the way first—you can't get to the pussy with them in the way, right?"

"True," he nervously agreed.

His fingers hooked under the silky elastic of her thong, which was plastered to the fat, swollen cleft of her cunt. He had to tug, peeling the soaked fabric down from her sticky slit, revealing the puffy, gleaming lips of her pussy inch by throbbing inch.

A choked gasp escaped him as he wrestled the thong from where it was wedged deep between the heavy, round cheeks of her ass.

“Wow,” he gasped, gazing at the way her labia formed a deep, meaty split running the length of her pussy, the skin slick with her arousal, flushed pink and glossy along the edges.

Olivia sat back down and splayed her thighs wider, the mattress creaking. “Get a good look, honey. There's nothing to be shy about. The human body is a beautiful, natural thing.”

Justin continued to gawk. At the top of her pussy, a fat hooded nub peeked through—the clit, throbbing, engorged, buried just beneath a pink fold of her prepuce. Below that, the lips parted, outer meeting inner, creating a glistening furrow that ran to the slick, open mouth of her cunt, ringed in dark rose and flushed nearly purple.

She trailed her own fingertips along her soaked folds, using her thumbs to peel back the fat, slippery lips and make everything even more obvious.

“See the way my pussy opens up for you? These are called the labia—the outer lips, and then inside, the inner lips. It’s not just a slit; there’s a whole world in there.”

“*Looks exactly like the ‘world' I'd like to explore,*” Justin thought as his vision narrowed to the slick, glistening split of her cunt, the world dissolving into a haze of her scent—the sharp tang of clean sweat undercut by the thick, syrupy musk of her arousal.

“When you eat pussy, you wanna start gentle,” Olivia instructed. “You’ve got all this area to pay attention to—the clit at the top, right here under the hood; it’s the most sensitive part, like the knob of your cock. Most guys just mash at it, but there’s a whole system to it that I can teach you.”

“I wanna learn everything, mom,” Justin stated, doing his best to keep from drooling.

His mom dragged a lazy finger through her soaked slit, peeling apart the plump outer lips to reveal the slick, glistening inner folds, flushed dark pink and shimmering with her wetness.

“You start here, lower, teasing the entrance, licking up the sides, before you even touch the clit. Build it up. Let her know you want every part of her.”

Justin lowered to his knees and leaned in, hovering, eager but hesitant.

“Go on, honey. Get close. Smell my pussy first. That aroma—that's how you know a girl’s really turned on; it’s supposed to be fragrant and wet and hot like mine is.”

Justin’s face hovered just above her cunt, his nostrils flaring as he inhaled the thick, musky scent of her arousal. The smell was raw and animal—a mix of salt and slick heat that made his eyes roll back slightly.

He whimpered, a soft, involuntary sound, as the primal odor flooded his senses and left him dizzy.

Olivia's hand clamped the back of his neck, forcing his face down into the humid heat of her cunt. “Now taste mommy, honey. Use your tongue. Don’t be shy.”

Justin's nose mashed against her swollen outer lips, and he froze—then his tongue darted out, licking a thick strand of wetness from her slit.

The taste hit him like a live wire: salt, musk, the raw animal tang of her arousal flooding his mouth.

“That’s good,” she purred, her grip tightening to hold him in place. “Go slow. Use flat, wet licks at first. Right there, up and down the split, not just the top. You want the whole pussy tingling.”

Justin obeyed, dragging his licker through the slick, puffy outer lips of her cunt just as she’d shown him. The silky flesh trembled and parted under the pressure, giving way to the steeper, more sensitive ridge of her inner labia and the slippery, dripping cleft they guarded.

He could feel the texture change from smooth fat folds to the tighter, wrinkled skin surrounding her entrance.

His tongue hesitated when it brushed under the thick hood and against the hard, bulbous nub of her clit, a sudden jolt of fear seizing him—but her fingers scratched gently through his hair, a soothing, maternal signal to continue.

“Circle it, baby,” she urged, her voice tight with restraint. “Don’t jab at it. Just swirl your tongue around the whole swollen head of my clit—feel how it’s getting harder under your mouth?”

“S-sorry... just a little nervous,” he uttered, drool running from the corner of his lips.

“It's natural to be nervous. Watch me.” Her finger moved in a slick, rapid circle over the engorged bulb, glossy with her wetness and throbbing visibly beneath her touch. Her hips jerked involuntarily. “Just like that, but softer—use the flat of your tongue. Tease it till it throbs. Then suck on it gently, like you’re kissing my mouth. Don’t be rough. It’s sensitive—just like the tip of your penis.”

He obeyed, lowering again, his tongue swirling in slick, wet circles around the engorged head of her clit, feeling it swell

and tighten into a hard, throbbing cherry beneath the pressure.

Every time his tongue found the exact rhythm—a firm, wet lap over its most sensitive peak—Olivia's breath hitched sharply. Her stomach clenched visibly, a tremor running through the soft flesh of her lower belly as she gasped, the sound raw and ragged.

"You're... a natural, Justin," she managed, pride and hunger warring in her words. "You wanna listen for those sounds, like the ones I'm making, okay? It means you're doing it exactly right."

Justin sealed his lips around the swollen, throbbing pearl of her clit, finding that it had a slight shaft to latch to, just like his cock.

He suckled gently, his eyes tracing a path from her glistening, hairless mound, up the taught plane of her belly, to the heavy sway of her tits beneath the thin cotton camisole—each massive breast wobbling and rippling with every ragged, instructional gasp she took.

"Now move lower, to the entrance," she panted, fingers guiding his chin so his tongue dipped lower into the slippery slit. "You can fuck a pussy with your tongue if you want. Girls love that—it's warm and fills them up, and the wetter it gets, the crazier she'll go."

Justin's tongue slid past the delicate, torn fringe of her hymen and into the tight, dripping entrance of her cunt, feeling its textured inner lining. He scooped out a thick, syrupy strand of her arousal before working his way back up, his tongue slipping beneath the fleshy hood of her clit.

He dragged the wet flat of his tongue over the swollen, throbbing nub just as she'd taught him. Her whole body convulsed—the heavy muscles of her thighs quivered and clenched, and the slick, empty walls of her pussy pulsed and squeezed around the absence of his tongue.

"Switch it up now, baby" Olivia gasped, her hair sticking to her sweaty forehead as she propped herself on her elbows to watch him work.

She was the expert teacher, never missing a detail. "Lick from my asshole all the way up, then suck. Use your lips to catch the clit, just the tip, then tease it with your tongue while it's in your mouth."

The teen felt wicked as he mashed his tongue against the puckered pink star of her asshole. Then, he licked a stripe straight up, along her perineum, through the flavorful trench of her cunt and around the quivering bulb of her clit.

"God, that's perfect, baby," Olivia's voice shivered. "You're doing so, so well."

Justin's world shrank to the slick, swollen reality of her cunt—the plump give of her outer lips masking his face, the hard, frantic throb of her clit against his tongue with every suck, the raw salt and musk flooding his mouth and nose until he was drunk on it.

He was an animal, slobbering and grunting into her wet heat, his own dick a rigid, leaking ache in his shorts, but all of him—every thought, every twitch—was tuned to the pulse and taste and texture of her pussy.

She knotted both hands in his hair, her fingers tightening in the damp strands as she shamelessly arched her back and ground her wet, swollen cunt hard against his mouth.

“Don’t you dare stop,” she commanded, her voice husky and low. “You’ll feel my thighs start to shake. You’ll hear me moaning like a whore. When my pussy starts clenching around nothing, begging to be filled, that’s when you suck my clit harder and don’t let up ‘til after I’m done screaming. That’s how you make a woman come so hard she blacks out.”

Justin grunted in response, like a pig eating at a trough.

Olivia's orgasm coiled tight, a hot, urgent knot of pressure at the base of her spine. Her clit pulsed like a frantic heartbeat against his mouth, swollen and slick.

“YES—THERE!” she rasped.

The mother's hands fisted in his hair, grinding his face deeper into her wetness until the musky scent of her cunt filled his lungs and the taste of her coated his tongue. He could feel the raw heat of her pussy smothering him, the swollen lips pressed tight to his skin.

“Just like that, baby,” she moaned. Her whole body locked up, the slick walls of her pussy fluttering, clenching, desperate for more of his tongue. “Don’t stop—I’m almost...”

A choked, guttural scream tore from her throat as she buried her face in the pillow, her thighs locking like a vise around his ears.

Her cunt convulsed violently, clenching around nothing as a hot jet of female ejaculate sprayed from her urethral opening, flooding his mouth with the salty, musky taste of her release.

Another pulse followed, then another—thick, copious spurts of clear girl-fluid that coated his tongue and dripped down his chin as he struggled to swallow the sheer volume.

When her limbs finally went slack, he pulled back gasping, his face glistening with her juices. Olivia's eyes were unfocused, pupils blown wide with aftershocks, but her smile was unmistakably tender as she reached out to stroke his wet cheek with trembling fingers.

"You did it, Justin," she breathed, voice trembling with happiness. "You made me cum. Oh my God, that was amazing!"

A sudden crash in the hallway shattered the humid silence, followed by shrieking soprano voices tangled in angry competition.

"Mom! She stole the Barbie again!"

"Did not! She's lying!"

Olivia's thighs snapped together, instantly maternal, her breathing still harsh but her voice cutting through the chaos like a scalpel.

"Girls! Stop fighting right now, or there will be no more cookies for either of you," she barked, her tone sharp enough to make even Justin flinch.

Olivia chucked softly, cradling her son's flushed, sticky face between damp palms. "Look at you," she teased, "practically glazed in me. We better rinse off before your father gets home."

She peeled herself up from the mattress, the slick heat of her cunt leaving a damp print on the sheets. Her naked ass swayed with each step toward the ensuite, the meaty cheeks jiggling with a vulgar, hypnotic rhythm atop her thick, powerful thighs.

She tossed a look back over her shoulder—a raw, knowing smirk—as she pushed open the bathroom door, “Shower, baby. C’mon.”

Justin followed like an eager puppy, pausing as his mom bent at the waist to start the water. Her ass jutted out shamelessly, the deep cleft parting to reveal the tight, crinkled pucker of her asshole and the slick, engorged labia of her vulva—swollen lips glistening under the bathroom light, flushed dark pink and parted slightly like a plump, overripe fruit split at the seam.

“Clothes off, honey,” she said, glancing back with a grin both maternal and indecent. “You can't shower fully dressed.”

“Oh. Yeah...true,” Justin uttered, shedding his shirt as he watched his mom’s fingers hook into the cotton hem of her camisole, peeling it up and over her head in one fluid motion.

The embroidered lace of her white bra strained against the sheer mass of her tits, the underwire digging deep red trenches into the soft flesh of her ribcage.

Olivia reached behind her back, the clasp gave with a sharp click, and the cups fell away. Her giant tits dropped free with a heavy, pendulous sway—each one a solid weight of flesh, the areolas wide and puffy, the nipples stiffened into dark, mauve pebbles from his earlier work.

A thick, blue vein pulsed visibly along the curve of each mound, tracing a swollen path from the deep cleavage to the tender underside, still flushed and mapped with the aftermath of her climax.

“I'm naked and ready for that shower...” she said in a half-teasing tone, glancing at his crotch. “How are you doing?”

“Almost there,” Justin answered a his fingers fumbled at the button of his shorts, clumsy and rushed.

The fabric strained against the thick, rigid line of his erection, and he had to wrench the zipper down, nearly tearing the fly in his hurry.

He shoved the shorts past his hips, down his thighs, and his cock sprang free—a flushed, veined thickness jutting straight out from a thin thatch of dark hair. The head was already slick and shining, a fat bead of pre-come welling from the slit and smearing a wet trail across his lower belly.

“Careful, don't poke your eye out with that big, hard thing,” she teased, then stepped into the shower.

Justin stumbled after her into the steam, the tiles cold against his soles, but Olivia’s hands were furnace-hot as she pulled him under the spray.

Water sheeted over them, sluicing the slick remnants of her release from his mouth and chin, dripping in milky rivulets down his chest to pool at their feet.

Justin admired the way her body gleamed in the steam—the heavy, pendulous sway of her tits bumping against his ribs with each movement, their dark areolas crinkled and stiff.

Lower, the flushed, parted lips of her cunt glistened, swollen and tender from the relentless attention of his tongue, the inner labia peeking out like slick petals.

As she lathered up, Olivia’s gaze dropped to the thick, rigid line of his cock standing upright from its nest of dark hair, the flushed head beading with moisture that wasn’t from the spray.

“Have you been masturbating that big, sweet cock of yours since I showed you how, baby?” she asked. “Getting it all slick and hard in your room?”

“Yeah, some,” Justin uttered timidly.

“Show me,” she breathed, her voice dropping to a husky velvet

“Show you?”

“Yes. Your penis is clearly hungry to be handled right now. Let Mommy see you stroke,” she said. “Use everything I taught you about jerking off.”

Justin’s fist, slick with soap and water, closed around the thick root of his cock, just as she’d taught him, then it twisted up the veined shaft and back down in a single filthy stroke, milking a clear bead from the slit.

“There you go... start slow,” Olivia’s whispered as she crouched down in front of him, thighs splayed open.

She pressed her hands flat beneath the mass of her udders, squeezing them together until her cleavage became an obscene, pillowy channel.

The areolas bulged thick and puffy at the peaks of the pillowed flesh, nipples dark and stiff as marbles, twitching with every ragged gasp that left her mouth.

Her eyes, wide and fever-bright, darted hungrily from the desperate tension in Justin’s face to the way his fist pumped along his own shaft. “Good, baby... long, tight strokes... just like that.”

Justin stroked himself in tight, compulsive jerks, his knuckles pale with effort, the skin of his shaft bunched and taut beneath his trembling grip.

The head of his cock looked ready to burst, stretched dark purple and slick with leaking pre-come that spilled in fat drops down the veined length. The thick ridge of his corona throbbed visibly, a swollen ring just begging for a hot, soft mouth or the vise of her tits.

"Good boy, Justin, stroke it hard for me," Olivia urged, voice gone rough and shaky.

She squeezed her breasts tighter, pushing the slick flesh into a perfect, creamy shelf mere inches from the glistening crown of his cock. Her tongue peeked out, wetting her lips in anticipation.

"Mommy wants you to really show off. Let me see those muscles move... all that power in your arm, right through to your cock. Yeah, just like that."

Olivia's gaze was absolute hunger, her nostrils flaring as she inhaled the sharp, musky tang of his arousal—the air thick with the leaking spice of his young cock.

"Don't rush," she crooned. "Feel every stroke. See how the foreskin bunches and pulls at the head? That's where the nerves are. When you squeeze the base, it keeps the blood trapped in here, makes you harder... girls love a fat, thick cock, baby."

She licked her lips again, her gaze glued to the swollen, glimmering head bobbing just shy of her chin. "Oh, you're about to put on a real show, aren't you? Right in Mommy's face."

Justin nodded and his hand blurred in a slick, desperate rhythm, the knotted shaft throbbing in his grip. His legs nearly gave out as Olivia leaned in even closer, her tits mashed

together so tight he could see the plush, yielding imprint of her own fingers buried deep in the soft flesh.

“Want me to help?” she whispered, a wicked glint in her eyes.

She reached between his legs, her soapy hand slipping beneath his rigid shaft to cradle the swollen pouch of his scrotum with maternal reverence.

She grinned, darkly amused by how his entire body twitched at her touch—the sac bunched tight, pulling his balls up against the base of his dick like a pair of desperate, overripe fruit. Her nails raked softly over the surface, each drag sending tremors up his thighs to where his hips jerked helplessly forward.

“Sensitive?” she giggled, glancing up at his reaction.

Her thumb rolled the dense meat of one testicle, cradling it from beneath, while her fingers curled up to trap both nuts in her soapy grip. They were heavy and alive, the paired orbs packed with teenage seed.

“That feels.... s-so good, mom,” Justin gasped as his knees nearly buckled. Pressure throbbed at the base of his cock, a hot, unbearable fullness that demanded release.

“I know what's inside this sack even better than you do, baby,” she purred as the sharp, soapy glide of her nails mapped every hidden structure: the tubes winding in coils, the smooth, firm meat of the balls, and the taut muscle wall—the cremaster—that tugged them upward or let them hang heavy and swinging between his thighs.

She angled her pretty face up at him, chin glistening with water and pride. “There’s a sweet spot down here,” she

explained, her soapy fingers clawing gently right under the bulge, “called the perineum, or the taint. It’s like a button for draining these nuts dry. See how, when I push in, you can almost feel it deep inside?”

She drove the pad of her thumb home, mashing the base—not to hurt, but to demonstrate the raw, primal force trapped in all that muscle and plumbing.

“Yesss,” Justin squealed, high and shamed, his cock flaring a deep, angry purple. The veins on his shaft bulged out; the head swelled against the palm of his stroking fist.

The feathery brush of her manicured nails teased the cords of his epididymis, tracing the bumpy, delicate tubes as they snaked up from his balls to the base of the shaft where they knotted in the hidden bulb, swollen and pulsing with stored-up come.

“You have these little tubes in your sack, Justin?” Olivia’s tone was strictly instructional, almost clinical—but every word pulsed with pride. “They’re called the vas deferens. When you’re about to nut, the sperm travels up through here, rounds the back of your shaft, and mixes with fluid from your prostate.”

She pinched gently at the narrow tubes just above each nut, rolling them between her fingers until he gasped, overwhelmed.

“Mom—God, that feels too good,” he snarled, his vision clouded. The air was thick with the musky salt of his own arousal and the humid, sweet sex-haze of her cunt.

Justin whimpered, hips rolling into her every touch. He wanted to last; he wanted to hold back, but his balls felt like they were swelling to the size of lemons, desperate to empty.

Olivia leaned closer, lips nearly brushing his glans. Her hand worked rhythmically, rolling the shuddering contents of his scrotum, kneading the nuts and tracing the seam between the two so he could feel them shift alive inside the sack.

"Give them room," she crooned. "If they get too tight, you might blast early and we want to make this last, don't we, baby? It's hotter if you edge a little, keep everything inside as long as you can."

Justin whimpered in answer, his fist jerking the shaft with renewed desperation, every muscle in his arms and legs hard as marble.

His cock-head looked ready to pop, dark and glossy as an overripe plum, every detail of it mapped by the insistent, rhythmic twist of his hand.

"When you get close, aim it right here, Justin." She lifted her breasts even higher, positioning the deep canyon of her cleavage directly under the pulsing tip. "Coat Mommy's tits with that thick, hot cum. I want to see just how much you've been saving for me."

He grunted, barely able to suck air into his lungs. His hand picked up speed, stroking with ruthless efficiency. The head of his cock darkened to an impossible plum, the slit yawning wide as another bead of pre-cum welled up.

"Show me how a real stud cums, Justin," Olivia urged, still cupping and kneading his balls. "Let Mommy feel your cum hot on her skin."

The teen let out an animal snarl as the first jet erupted like a gunshot—a thick, pearly rope blasting straight up from the swollen, yawning slit at the crown of his cock.

It splattered against the deep canyon of Olivia's cleavage, droplets scattering high across her collarbones and beading instantly in the sweaty heat between her breasts.

Her eyes went wide, mouth curling in a delightful, hungry grin as she watched the creamy mess splatter in slick, obscene strands across her skin.

"Good boy," she crooned, her voice a rich, vibrating hum, "shoot it all right here, just like that, honey—let Mommy see how much you're packing in these balls."

She squeezed his nuts tighter, the soap-slick grip relentless at the sack, her other hand bracing his hip as Justin's whole body jerked.

"AHH, MOM!" he whimpered as the next blast was even thicker, swelling the head of his cock to maximum girth, the slit gaping like a hungry mouth as a heavy, gloppy streamer shot up, arcing across her chest to strike full against the rosy mass of her left nipple.

"Oh, what a beautiful rope, baby," his mother cooed

"Oh God, oh fuck," he whimpered as another set of pulses hit—a rapid-fire volley of white, ropy jets striping her tits in fat, glimmering lines.

The first clung to the upper slopes of her breasts, pooling in the deep shadows beneath where each orb met her chest; the second ricocheted off a bulging mound and splattered wetly across her chin and cheek, gluing a tendril of her hair to the glossy, wet skin.

She opened her mouth, catching one errant rope across her tongue—a bright, salty burst that she swirled theatrically before swallowing with a proud, possessive glimmer in her gaze.

“That’s it,” she murmured, voice gone hoarse and low, “cover every inch of Mommy. Empty those gorgeous nuts for me.”

Justin pumped the head with his thumb, milking the shaft right below the glans, and another surge shot out—a long, sticky strand that slapped across the deep line of her cleavage and oozed straight down, a sticky waterfall disappearing between the pillowed mass of her tits.

Each spurt was distinct, separated by a half-second hitch in breath. The hot, musky scent of Justin’s cum mingled with the sweet steam of the shower, turned wild and feral by sheer volume.

The next thick, boiling jet caught Olivia flush on the cheekbone, dripping over her lips and painting her skin in glistening, pearly finish.

“Oh, baby… there's so much,” she exclaimed as a smaller spurt landed wide across her nose, drooling down to join the mess smeared wetly under her chin.

Olivia’s laughter was low, almost reverent, as she watched the torrent streak down her face in fat, milky rivulets.

Justin’s sac had drawn up tight in his mom's fist, so desperate to push out every lingering drop that the last few pulses were almost pure gel, thick and sticky, stringing from the tip and clinging to Olivia’s waiting palm.

She smeared it across her tit, rubbing the cum into the flushed, sensitive flesh, letting it soak in deep as a badge of pride.

“Look at this mess, honey,” she teased, gesturing at the splattered streaks running down her chest, across her throat, dripping from her jawline. “You painted Mommy like a pro. So much, so thick—it’s what mothers dream of when they think about how much their boys can cum.”

She dragged the fat head of his cock through the slippery trough of her cleavage, gathering frothy ropes and swirling them along the soft, milk-scented channel.

Residual pulses oozed from Justin’s tip—a slow, sticky ooze that drooled onto her hand, pooling in the web between her thumb and first finger. Olivia captured the final trickle, thumb painting it in slow circles around the dark, glossy bulb of his glans, as if determined to wring every last micron from the spasming, milked-out shaft.

“God, mom… too sensitive,” Justin snarled, his knees threatened to go; the only thing keeping him upright was Olivia’s strong, steady grip around his cock and the anchoring press of her tits against his thighs.

“Breathe, baby,” she whispered, voice syrup-sweet above the rush of the shower. “You did perfect. Every drop out, just like you’re supposed to.”

Her palm found his balls again, cupping them with gentle pride, fingers rolling the empty sac and tracing the sticky residue that clung there, mingled with the sweat of his release.

“Mmm,” she hummed, “so strong. So much more than last time. You’re growing up fast, Justin.”

“Not hungry tonight, son?” Justin’s father asked at dinner, fork clinking against his plate.

Justin blinked, his cheeks flushing hot as he realized he’d been staring straight across at the cleavage spilling from his mom's neckline. “N-no. Not too much, dad.”

Olivia leaned forward slightly, the neckline of her dress gaping even more. “Oh, he had quite the appetite earlier,” she purred, not taking her eyes off Justin. “Sucked his after-school snack down like a starved little pig at the trough. Couldn’t get enough.”

Justin stared back at her, his throat still thick with the memory of her taste—that sharp, musky tang of her cunt he’d lapped up like a thirsty dog, swallowing every last slick drop of what she’d given him.

“Must’ve been something good,” his father grunted around a mouthful of steak.

Olivia’s bare foot slid higher, her toes tracing the tense line of Justin’s inner thigh. “Was it good, honey?” she murmured, not breaking eye contact. “Did you like the taste?”

“Yeah, it was, um... pretty incredible actually,” Justin breathed, his voice thick.

After dinner, Olivia set down the dishrag and pressed her lips to Justin’s ear. “Don’t worry, baby—Mommy hasn’t forgotten about teaching you about ‘fellatio.’ It’s just that... when I told your grandmother we were gonna have that lesson, she insisted on sitting in, since she fancies herself an expert on the subject.”

Even though she warned him, Justin never expected to wake up the next morning with his mother and grandmother straddling the edge of his mattress, but there they were—both poured into sheer nylon mesh bodysuits.

Their massive tits strained against the fabric, areolas dark and swollen like targets, nipples hard and prominent enough to visibly dent the mesh.

He blinked, staring up into the impossible panorama of cleavage, half convinced he was still dreaming. But the bed sagged under their combined weight, and the smell was real: Olivia's perfume, sharp and citrusy, underneath that thick, musky-sweet undertone of her arousal.

Gran's fragrance was heavier, sweet floral perfume, but beneath it lingered something deeper and unmistakably sexual—a humid, pussy funk that seized Justin's throat and made his cock jump instantly hard beneath the sheets.

"Rise and shine, sweetie," Olivia purred, her voice syrup-sweet.

"Oh, I think he's already risen, dear," said his grandma Renee, her eyes fixed on the sheet straining over Justin's rigid cock. "Look at that—thick as a fucking broom handle. Just throbbing under there. A real teenage hard-on."

"Did I sleep in?" Justin asked, watching their nostril flare, soaking in the pheromone-rich musk rising from his dick and balls.

"Your sisters just caught the school bus, and your father's already off to work," Olivia stated. "That just leaves us three—all morning, all the privacy we could want."

“P-privacy? To, um...?” he nervously started.

Olivia leaned closer, her enormous cleavage swelling out through the nylon mesh until she was practically smothering his face in warmth and scent.

“Remember how you asked about ‘fellatio,’ honey?” she whispered, her smile slow and knowing. “Fellatio is a fancy word for sucking cock. A woman using her mouth, her lips, her tongue, everything she's got, to pleasure a man. And there’s nobody better at teaching it than the women of this family.”

Gran cackled, her breasts wobbling obscenely in the mesh. “I’m sure your mother is quite the talent in that department, but I dare say I’m still the expert.”

“How about a quick good morning hug from each of us, and then we'll get started,” his mother stated.

Olivia moved first. Without hesitation, she surged over him like a warm tide, arms scooping Justin’s shoulders tight to her chest. The mesh of her bodysuit collapsed instantly under the mass of her breasts—the two pale, swollen orbs ballooning out and crushing against his bare chest with an obscene, marshmallow softness.

“Mmmm,” she purred and she hugged him with crushing, maternal force, her fingers splayed across his shoulder blades.

Her cleavage enveloped his neck, pressing in from both sides, the mounds so thick he could barely keep his chin raised above the deep, jiggling valley. Every part of him was buried in woman, in Mom, in heat.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she crooned, lips planting three rapid kisses along his jawline, each one a wet, sucking burst of heat. “He's grown so much since last year, mom—he’s practically a man now.”

Olivia rocked him, and the motion sent ripples down her breasts, smothering him in pillowed softness. Justin’s hands instinctively clutched her ribs, his fingertips sinking into overheated, yielding flesh as every square inch of contact was dominated by the impossible bulk of her cleavage.

Her mouth trailed lower, dotting feverish, wet kisses down the column of his throat, pausing only to dart her tongue over his carotid in a blaze of animal pride.

“Look at you, baby,” she whispered, her voice syrupy with delight. “Lean as a whip, and all man where it counts. I bet you wake up iron-hard like this every morning, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” he answered as she hugged tighter, crushing his chest and forcing the twin orbs of her cleavage to mushroom up and over his shoulders, pinning his arms.

Justin felt her heartbeat—a slow, heavy thump that vibrated through her mounds and bled into his sternum. His cock, already aching, stiffened dangerously beneath the sheets, every pulse translating up through his belly and into the hot, living wall of her tit-flesh.

She didn’t miss it. Her hips shifted, just slightly, pressing the rigid outline of his shaft between their bodies as she continued to squeeze, crushing the air from his lungs with glorious, smothering affection.

“Such a handsome boy. Feels so good to hug you!” she said, her voice gone husky. “You can tell how proud Mommy is, can’t you?”

When Olivia raised off, Gran moved in. She was slower—not shy, but deliberate in her display, as if determined to show her Grandson every detail of what he was old enough to have now.

Renee’s mesh suit was even more obscene than Olivia’s, the black nylon stretched skin-tight over the colossal swell of her tits. Each orb was broader and somehow denser than his mother’s, the lower curves rippling under their own weight as she reached for him, her hands cradling his jaw with near-reverent tenderness.

“Let Gran see that handsome face,” she purred, dragging his chin upright so he was forced to meet her gorgeous, green-eyed gaze.

For an instant her tits hovered above him like twin storm clouds—the huge, purplish areolas flattened helplessly behind the screen of mesh, each nipple swollen into a fat nub that dented the fabric into deep, puffy craters.

“Mmm, now… about that hug…” Renee purred as she pressed down in a slow, possessive movement, literally burying his torso under a double-barreled avalanche of mature, overripe tit-flesh.

Where her nipples met his chest, it felt like a pair of rubber stoppers digging in, pinning him utterly beneath her weight.

“Sweet kisses,” she cooed as she kissed him with a grandmother’s doting urgency, but there was nothing innocent in the way her lips traced his cheeks and mouth.

Renee's perfume was thicker, a sickly-sweet floral flush that blended with the humid, vaginal funk leaking from the deep seam between her thighs.

With every motion, her tits spilled wider, creeping up his ribcage, the mesh fabric biting into his skin with stuttered, alternating pressure.

"Strong jaw on this darling boy," she cackled, biting lightly at the tip of his chin.

Her lips mashed in, painting his neck and larynx with fat, wet flutters of tongue. The motion pressed her cleavage even deeper, suffocating his upper chest in the pillowed heat.

Her hands left his face and clutched instead at his shoulders, squishing him from both sides so every breath dragged over the dense, sweaty bulge of mature tit.

"W-wow," Justin's voice quivered, tit-meat mashing into his throat and nearly gagging him with the sheer mass. Perfume and overheated female flesh bathed his senses; he was drowning in pheromones.

"Oh, lovely, honeyed skin!" Renee cooed, kissing a line from his chin down to just above the sternum. "Lean but not bony, those muscles rippling just under the surface... a body made for pleasure, truly."

She squeezed his face between the bulges of her inner cleavage, both hands cradling his skull as she rocked her weight from side to side.

She planted a row of kisses up his cheek, sucking slightly at the soft lobe of his ear before releasing him, her tongue flicking out in a savage, maternal gesture.

Renee's tits swung heavily beneath the straining mesh as she crawled up his body, her thick cunt already glistening through the open slit of her suit as she settled her weight over his face.

Justin's vision went instantly tunnel-narrow: a single, wet, glimmering split framed in black lattice. Renee's mound was sculptural, almost overdeveloped compared to anything he'd glimpsed before—even in porn.

The outer lips spread wide, fat and glossy, each meaty fold was shaved to perfect smoothness, the deep pink labia polished and flushed, as if oil-slippery, the skin mottled with hints of deep rose and near-purple along the edges.

High above, her clit rode thick and blunt atop the mound—a mushroom-pink hood, drawn slightly back to expose the engorged knob beneath.

Below, the lips peeled open to expose the dark, wrinkled seam of her inner labia, the tissue dense and heavy, almost dripping with a clear, syrupy slickness that immediately perfumed the air with raw, wild funk.

The tang hit Justin like a punch; his mouth filled with saliva, head swimming as his cock saluted under the sheet.

"There you are, darling," Renee crooned. The mesh bit into the soft flesh of her thighs as she planted both knees wide apart on the mattress, straddling his head, the hot seam of her cunt descending toward his face.

"Your mother says you have a very talented tongue. But nothing quite prepares a boy for the taste and texture of a mature pussy, does it?"

She grinned, hand guiding the diamond-cut mesh so the lips bowed even wider, glimmering with fresh arousal.

"Go on, baby," Olivia purred at his side, her hand stroking over his hair with exultant pride. "Show Gran what you learned from Mommy. Girls love a slow, greedy tongue. Start lower, right at the entrance, and work your way up."

Renee braced both hands on the headboard and sank her hips with deliberate slowness, her spreading labia damply cupping Justin's nose, cheeks, and upper lip at once.

The heat was overwhelming, the musky humidity radiating from her like a fever. The first touch of his tongue slid up the wet, corrugated trench at the heart of her slit.

Her entire outer structure was monstrous and obscene up close—the lips parted so wide he could see the glistening, fluttering mouth of her vagina nestled just below the apex of her slit.

The skin there shimmered with Gran's own lube, slick and plentiful, puddling along the ridge and threatening to drip down the crease of his chin.

Justin's tongue recoiled, then lunged again, flattening out to scoop a fresh strand of clear mucus from just inside her entrance. The taste was darker than with his mom: salt and bitter mixed with metallic edge, wild and almost yeasty, the flavor living in the soft, yielding folds as he dragged his tongue higher, seeking the hard bud of her clit.

Renee's wide hips jerked at the touch, the mesh biting into her thighs as she snugged her cunt down harder onto his mouth.

“Just like that, darling. Gentle at first, savor it. There’s a whole garden of nerves hiding just under the skin. Most boys never bother to learn it—a true shame.”

Her outer lips, heavy and puffy, collapsed against either side of his face, sandwiching his cheeks in shiny, frictionless heat.

Justin circled the perimeter, tracing the transition point from slick outer tissue to the wrinkled, almost brain-like corridors inside, then back again, his tongue mapping every micro-fold of texture and flavor.

“Wow, gran… you taste delicious,” he grunted, the entire bottom half of his face already glazed in fuck-oil.

He probed lower; the clitoral hood hung thick and soft above, a bike helmet of veined, pink flesh covering the organ proper. He peeled it back with his tongue-tip, and suddenly the exposed nub glimmered, hard as a pearl, trembling with each twitch of her hips.

The crown was nearly a centimeter wide, the color deepening from pale pink at the edge to a blue-purple at the point of maximum tension. Each lap of his tongue sent the whole structure quivering, a visible ripple through the mound.

“Notice anything different about a woman my age?” Renee prompted, her voice ragged with delight. “The clit gets even larger—you can practically wrap your lips around it once it’s good and swollen. Not like the pencil-eraser beads on young girls.”

Her hips ground down and forward, mashing the entire vulva to Justin’s face, her pussy lips sealing around the bridge of his nose and upper lip.

His tongue plunged directly into the glistening, open mouth of her vagina, and she groaned, her muscles flexing, squirting a hot, salty girl-lube across his taste buds. The surface of the vaginal canal was velvet-plush, the interior rings quivering with each thrust of his tongue inside.

He worked upward, drawing long, forceful swipes along the seam from the gaped entrance straight up to where hood met nub, ending with concentric circles drawn wide around the clit.

Olivia's hands dug into his hair, tugging him deeper, and Renee shrieked with delight, the tenderness of her inner tissue gone tight and alive.

"He's a quick study, honey," Renee told her daughter as they shared a smile. "Gran's handsome little cunt-licker."

"He certainly made me come apart yesterday," Olivia said proudly, racking her long nails down her son's abs.

"Now, wrap your lips around the clit itself, darling," Renee instructed. "Purse them, pull gently. Suck the flesh. Suck until you feel it throb like a second heartbeat."

His cheeks hollowed. He sealed his mouth to the bulged, glistening pearl and drew it forward; he felt it throb and jerk against the tip of his tongue, the organ swelling even further, now the size of a cherry, and glazed in clear, sticky secretions.

Renee's entire body visibly convulsed, the mesh at her chest vibrating as her tits rippled and quaked with each new spasm.

Her hands raked his scalp, grinding his face deeper between her thighs, until it felt as if the mask of her cunt was fused to

him. Every breath he drew was filtered through the sweat and nectar pooling from her crotch, a living baptism in family arousal.

“Split your tongue, honey,” Olivia whispered urgently, hovering over her son's shoulder. “One lick across the clit, then two right along the seam of her pussy, down and then back. Don’t forget to tongue-fuck her open at the entrance.”

Justin’s tongue stabbed into the trembling birthing tube, lapping at the ripples inside. The flesh here was plush and lined with fine, concentric rings: first the thick, slick walls, then, just inside, a whorled texture like the inside of a peach.

The taste was dark, briny, a richer note than Mom’s, but the combination lit up his brain. Each time he tongued the entrance, Renee’s pussy gurgled up a fresh, slippery ooze; it coated his chin, staining it shiny and wet.

“Mmmff, it's... it's so good,” his voice gurgled, like a pig feasting from a wet, pink trough.

Above, the hooded nub bulged and quivered with every pass of his tongue. When he toggled rapidly between lapping the entrance and suckling the clit, Renee howled, her entire lower body locking in and grinding his nose so deep into her split he couldn’t hear anything but her.

The mesh folded along her thighs, the skin bunched and forked around his face, and the constant grind of her hips nearly choked him on her scent.

“Yes!” Gran screamed, her voice raw and bursting. “Don’t stop, don’t you dare let up, milk it, milk it until I drown you!”

Renee's orgasm hit suddenly, a violent, rhythmic fluttering of her inner walls. Justin felt her thighs close rigid around his ears, pinning his skull flat to the mattress.

The lips of her pussy wrung him tight; the clit pulsed dense and furious against his mouth. Then a hot, salty squirt exploded from her quivering urethra , jetting a stripe of viscous fluid across his tongue and down his throat.

The flavor was pure pheromone: wild, slippery, loaded with chemicals that bypassed thought and made his cock jackhammer against his own belly.

He kept his mouth latched to the gushing slit, drinking down every wave of hot fluid as Renee's aftershocks battered her thighs and ass.

The mesh bit into the globes of her big, rounded ass, the cheeks flexing and rippling as she rode down the climax. Overhead, her hands clawed deep furrows into the bedding, and her tits mashed together in a living earthquake of mature flesh.

At last she broke, shudders rippling up her frame. Justin's face came away wet and shining, his lips and chin slicked with the pearly, syrupy flood of her orgasm. Renee looked down at him, eyes glittering with pride, sweat dripping from her hairline.

"Oh my God... brilliant, darling," she purred, her voice steadier now.

She cupped his face between both hands and kissed him deliberately, letting her cum smear between their mouths as she sucked his lower lip with maternal affection.

Olivia gripped the edge of the sheet with both hands and with a single, decisive yank, she tore it away, exposing Justin's bare body to the morning light—and to the hungry stares of both women.

His cock stood straight up, iron-hard and flushed dark with blood, the head bulbous and glistening wet. Thick veins marbled the shaft, each ridge standing out with detailed clarity.

At the base, his balls had drawn in tight, the sac hairless and hot, the two heavy ovals shifting visibly beneath the thin, glossy skin.

Renee bent lower, her expert gaze scanning every detail with the scrutiny of a jeweler examining a rare stone.

"My, my," she crooned, her lips curving wickedly. "That's a man's cock if I've ever seen one. So thick, so muscular. It must be at least nine inches."

"Yes, that's what I was thinking too," her daughter added, staring at her son's meat like she couldn't wait to plunge it down her throat.

"The head's already weeping, too," Audrey noted. "It's practically begging for a mouth."

She let her long manicured nails hover a millimeter above the rigid length, not quite touching, just letting the heat of her hand ghost over the surface.

The shaft twitched, a nervous spasm making the head bob, another bead of pre-slick oozing from the fat, splitting slit.

Olivia cupped her son's jaw and made him meet her eyes. “You asked about ‘fellatio,’ baby,” she purred, her voice low and velvet-rich. “But that’s not something we moms explain. That’s something we demonstrate.”

Before Justin could flinch, both women crowded in at his. Two sets of heavy, mature breasts pressed close from either side, the weight of them squashing across his hips and upper thighs and pinning him flat to the mattress.

Their hands tangled over his groin, fingers bumping and clutching at his shaft and sack as they jockeyed for position.

The first kiss landed just above the base, right where the thick root of his cock flared out from his body. Renee pressed her hot lips there and sucked, leaving a wet, sucking pop that rippled through the shaft and made the whole length stiffen in response.

Olivia followed, lips planting a doting kiss just above the crown, where the first salty droplet of pre-cum had bubbled free. She tongued it up delicately, moaning low as the taste spread across her palate.

“Mmmm, thick, salty, perfect,” she purred, swallowing it down.

Their skilled hands mapped every millimeter of his groin. Olivia massaged up his shaft, thumb brushing the fat dorsal vein and rolling the soft, inflated tissue beneath every ridge and lump.

Renee handled his balls with forensic care, her palm cradling the entire sac, rolling the nuts gently as if weighing them and searching for flaws.

Her fingertips traced the taut seam running down the middle, pausing to squeeze and pulse the tissue at the base, right where it joined his perineum.

“Feel that, darling?” Gran whispered, her breath hot on his upper thigh. “That ache in your balls? That’s your seed getting ready to burst. We'll have every drop out of you by the time we’re through.”

Her bee-stung lips painted a trail up the underside of the shaft, pausing to nip lightly at the bulging rim of his glans.

The kisses became a bombardment. The rippling flesh and mesh of their cleavages surrounded his hips and groin, pressing the shaft tight from either side as their mouths moved in counterpoint, doting and worshipful.

“Mmm, such fat young balls,” Renee sighed as her lips sucked at the testicles, drawing one nut at a time into the steaming heat of her mouth, bathing each with wet, rhythmic pulses of pressure.

Meanwhile, Olivia smothered the shaft in a patchwork of wet, hungry kisses, stopping to circle the thick, dripping head with the flat of her tongue before dropping another kiss just beneath the corona.

Every movement was calculated, instructional, designed to show the teenager the full spectrum of sensation. Sometimes, Olivia’s lips would graze all the way to his root, mashing the entire shaft to his belly and pinning it there so her tongue could flatten into the deep groove beneath.

“We're going to show you all the wonderful parts of you that a woman can stimulate,” Renee stated as she slipped her hands up from below, fingers prodding the muscular trunk of

his taint, massaging the spongy pads that swelled there , bringing her grandson to maximum hardness.

“Technique, baby boy” Renee said, her voice vibrating through his groin. “That's what we moms are best at.”

She let the head of his cock rest against her cheek for a moment, letting a sticky ribbon of pre-cum trail from the tip across her pretty face, before she angled the shaft to Olivia’s lips for another round of kisses.

Justin’s vision shimmered. The air was choked with perfume, cock-musk and the syrupy, overripe funk of mature pussy. The parental voices, usually soothing, now sounded like a duet of predators closing in on prey.

Every time their lips or hands moved, his cock jerked, the thick head ballooning bigger and wetter. The heavy weight of their tits pressed from both sides, the mesh abrading his hyper-sensitized skin, the cool of the nylon contrasting against the ferocious heat of their mouths and palms.

“Look at me, Justin,” Olivia commanded. “Watch how a woman uses her lips, her tongue. See how my mouth forms a seal, how I swirl my tongue under the tip of your cock for maximum sensation.”

She demonstrated, eyes wide open, never breaking contact as she took the head deep between her lips and then popped it free with a wet, obscene sound.

“Mmm, just like you sucked mommy's fat clit yesterday,” Olivia stated. “Same idea.”

Her long, thick tongue traced circles around the purple bulb of his glans, painting his crown in sticky, glossy saliva with every lap.

Renee's fingers curled around the scrotum, pulling at his sperm-cords, tugging the balls down with a slow, rolling squeeze.

His hips bucked, involuntary, but each jolt only pressed his cock deeper into the pillowed embrace of their cleavage, or closer to the hot suction of their mouths.

Renee's lips enveloped his scrotum, cramming both nuts fully into her mouth, her tongue kneading up and down between them as she hummed with obvious delight.

Olivia sucked the shaft just under the head, playing the taut band of his frenulum like a guitar string with her tongue while she stroked him in short, rhythmic tugs designed to edge him ever closer before backing off at the last instant.

"Don't you come yet," Renee warned, giving his sac an extra-firm squeeze, pinching the taut skin so both nuts bulged like a double-yolked egg. "We haven't even started sucking you yet."

Then, for a heartbeat, all hands and lips paused, leaving his cock upright and glistening, oozing pre-cum in lazy, viscous beads. The women surveyed the effect with competitive pride, their cleavage still clamped to his hips, their breath gusting hot across his throbbing, leaking crown.

"Fellatio has other names , Justin?" Olivia purred, her hands braced around his shaft. "It can be called a blowjob..."

“Or hot, sloppy head,” her mother added, her lips still mashed wetly against his sack.

Together, they lined his cock up vertical, pinning it so the fat, crown hovered right above their luscious lips and beautiful, cock-hungry eyes.

Olivia lowered and her lips formed a perfect seal around the bulging, purple head of her son’s cock. Justin felt the heat of her mouth wrap him in a humid, slippery furnace; the slick flesh of her inner cheeks rippled as she took him deeper, until the glans bumped the soft barrier of her throat.

“Ah—fuck,” he gasped as he felt her tongue flattened against the sensitive underside, swirling in greedy circles just beneath the ridge of the corona.

Every muscle in his body went rigid, her milk-slick palm bracing the shaft at the root, holding him steady for maximum effect.

Gran Renee wasn’t content to watch. She angled close, her cleavage flattening like warm, soft bread dough across his lower belly, pinning his hips to the mattress with an avalanche of soft, sweaty tit.

Her hands cradled his tightening balls, squeezing first one, then both, her fingers merciless as she massaged the packed sac, tugging the contents down just as Olivia’s mouth went wild at the crown.

“Good boy,” Renee purred, her voice sticky and dark with pride. “Let your mother show you the ropes. Watch how she works the shaft, Justin. How she takes every inch she can fit. Women like us live for the taste of a man’s dick.”

Justin's vision whited out as his mom sucked him in again, this time with even more hunger. Her lips flared, cheeks hollowing as she pulled hard, the pressure at the tip going from slick gold to raw white heat.

Her hand twisted at the middle of the shaft, milking upwards to meet her lips. Every nerve ending in his cock screamed for release, but still she denied him, dropping her mouth to the root in a single, brutal lunge that mashed his trimmed pubes flat to her chin.

"Hold her there baby. Just like this," Gran instructed, guiding her grandson's hand to grab a thick handful of Olivia's glossy hair. "Use your mother's mouth and throat like a pussy."

The teen thrust upward and Olivia gagged slightly, but only clamped down harder, the tip of his cock battering the tight embrace of her esophagus.

Her nose mashed to his pelvis, her tongue working in frantic pulses around the shaft buried in her mouth. Every movement, every squelching, choking sound vibrated up through his root, straight into his churning, desperate balls.

"Ah—God, that feels so good!" the boy snarled, his cock flexing and kicking, creating more choked suction from his mom's lips.

Renee grinned, feral. "Now pull her off. Just a bit. Let her tongue taste the spill from your tip."

He obeyed, yanking Olivia's head up. Her lips suctioned along the length of his dick, dragging free in a wet, popping spiral until the head hit the back of her teeth.

Her tongue instantly lapped at the slit, gathering the bubbling dollop of clear pre-cum and swirling them across the glossy surface.

She shuddered, swallowing convulsively, then bobbed down again, taking all the shaft in a single go and letting her lips compress against his powerful root.

“Bet you never felt anything like this before, huh?” Renee cackled, voice a blend of nurturance and outright lust.

“Uh-uh,” Justin grunted, holding his mother's head to his groin,

Renee kneaded his balls, rolling each hot, velvety oval between her fingers, working them with the mechanical certainty of a farmer milking the cream from a calf.

Olivia redoubled her attack, alternating her suction along the shaft with broad, maternal sweeps of her tongue. Sometimes she’d focus on the head, letting her lips flutter over the flared rim, flicking quick darts of tongue into the slit; other times, she buried her mouth down to the root, cheeks ballooned by the sheer girth of her son’s flesh, refusing to let even a millimeter escape her heat.

“Don't cum yet, baby boy,” Renee giggled, “you haven't felt your gran’s mouth on your meat yet.”

The two women traded off seamlessly, a practiced ballet. When Olivia relinquished the shaft, strings of spit and pre-nut clung to the tip, drooling in slow, glistening ropes.

The instant she pulled away, Renee ducked in, swallowing the head and the first third of his cock in one practiced, greedy suck. Her mesh-printed breasts mashed into the

insides of his knees, her tongue wild and insistent, working the glans in tight, swirling circles.

“AH SHIT, GRAN!” Justin gasped as his world splintered into raw sensation. Everything below the waist was fever-hot and trembling, his cock a living, hypersensitive rod between two rapacious mouths.

Each time the lips at his tip sealed tight, a jolt erupted at the root and arced up his spine. He couldn’t stop his hips from jerking, driving the shaft deeper down Olivia’s gullet.

“Let yourself buck, baby,” his mother moaned, face hovering just above his. “Use both hands if you need to. Fuck her mouth. Hold her right here and… yes, just like that. All the way in.”

While she spoke, Olivia reached down and hooked her thumb right behind his nuts, digging into the hidden “button” of his perineum and making the entire plumbing of his reproductive system light up with pressure.

“Mommy's turn,” Olivia purred, leaving a trail of kisses down his skinny, writhing torso, all the way to his cock.

When their mouths swapped places, the sensations never lessened. Olivia knew tricks that defied logic: sometimes her throat muscles would spasm around the buried crown, rippling tight bands up and down the shaft; other times, she’d let just the tip rest between her pillowy lips, flicking at it with a tongue so broad and flexible it felt like a second, velvet hand stroking every millimeter of surface.

Renee favored rhythm and overwhelming suction. She’d bob her head like a woman who'd been sucking cock daily for 50 years, cheeks streaked with tears and spit, a hand pumping

the root of his cock, twisting just enough to torture the bundle of nerves there.

Sometimes she'd flatten her tongue and drag it up the veiny length, gathering every drop of her daughter's spit and his own leaking slick. Other times, she'd lock her lips so tight the ridged crown had to pop free each time, the sudden pressure spikes driving him frantic with need.

All the while, his vision blurred in and out. Dialogue swam up through the pounding blood in his ears:

"Feel the head flare in your mouth, darling?" Renee asked her daughter. "Hold it steady at the back, let his shaft pulse against the tongue. Feeling it getting even thicker, heavier? That means he's ready to spray."

And then Olivia backed off, letting Renee take the shaft in both hands. She lined the veiny meat up with her lips, then dove down, sealing the entire head in the wet, scalding heat of her mouth.

"Cum, baby boy!" Her voice was muffled by flesh, but it carried an authority that went straight to his core.

The orgasm detonated with no warning. Deep in the root, both his balls clenched up, the cords beneath yanking taut as the entire system contracted in spasm after spasm.

Inside Renee's throat the head swelled to maximum, the glans blanching purple-black, slit yawning wide.

The first shot hammered up the shaft, forced through the rippling urethra by the wavelike squeeze of his prostate. Renee swallowed furiously as the payload hit the back of her throat, but the volume was impossible to contain.

Hot, thick semen roared up in a fountain, splattering across the roof of her mouth and overflowing instantly.

She tilted back, lips still locked around the head, letting the second and third ropes hit straight into her mouth. The excess dribbled down her chin, spraying in milky gouts across her mesh-clad cleavage.

The aroma was shocking: thick, sperm-heavy, raw with a salty aftershock that filled the air between their faces.

Olivia dove in, grabbing the shaft at the midpoint and stroking hard, milking every ounce of pressure from the root to the tip.

"Let Mommy finish you," she hissed.

When Renee's mouth popped off, the next spurt shot straight up, painting Olivia's lips, chin, and plastering a bright, viscous ribbon down the deep canyon of her cleavage.

The next several contractions came even harder, the milky fluid erupting in violent, arching jets that finger-painted both women in powder-white gloss: beads caught in the mesh, globs pooled in the shadow between Renee's flattened mounds, streaks webbed across Olivia's oiled, pillowed cleavage.

Neither missed a beat. Olivia licked her lips and dove back to suckle the tip, slurping down another rope as her son bucked and snarled.

Renee gathered the splattered mess from her own tits, wiped it with two fingers, and slid them into her mouth with a doting, hungry purr.

“Fuck, look at all this cock-spunk,” Renee cackled, her cheeks and nose slick with streaks of spit and semen. “He could drown a girl with this load.”

More ropes followed, each sticky filament oozing down the shaft or drooling into their waiting mouths. Both women’s fists worked the meat with relentless focus, edging him even through the aftershocks, squeezing the last gobs of thick, glossy ejaculate from the spent, burning shaft.

The head bloomed with fresh beads of white, the meatus gaping wide as residual spurts dripped wetly into Olivia’s cupped palm, then she smeared it on her mesh-encased tits.

As the release ebbed, Renee made a show of “cleaning up,” licking the mess from her grandson's torso before swallowing deliberately and flashing her tongue with pride. “Nothing wasted. That’s how we do it proper, baby.”

Olivia stroked his jaw with gentle fingers, her expression gone soft and maternal. “Was that clear enough, sweetie?” she teased, her voice so thick with pride it nearly broke. “Or should we try again?”

“T-try again?” he asked, amazed that such a thing would even be possible.

She winked.

“I'll take that as an answer and not a question,” the mother stated as she took up the challenge.

She then gripped the base of his cock with all five fingers. The head, swollen and hypersensitive, glistened with the aftermath; but Olivia dove in anyway, taking the tip to the

hilt, her nose mashed to his pubic bone, throat muscles clutching the crown.

She didn't bob; she held him pinned, the rippling swallow of her esophagus milking pulse after pulse from the hidden root.

Her hand massaged his still-twitching sack. Justin could only moan, the sound raw and boyish as his world shrank to the savage, expert suction at the tip.

"There, there," Gran crooned, mashing her soft, spunk-slimed tits to his upper body as she showered his neck with tender kisses. "Feels so good with mommy's mouth around your cock, doesn't it?"

Olivia's head bobbed and her tongue never stopped; she flicked at the slit, then pressed flat circles over the pulsing underside until she drew out a faint resurgence—a thin trickle of aftershocks that she drank down with audible, greedy gulps.

Olivia joined the embrace, her hands stroked his hair, her other arm wrapping him in a slippery hug, bodies tangled among the sheets and the humid funk of sex and pride.

Justin struggled to catch his breath, his face pressed between the blowsy, cum-streaked orbs of his mother's cleavage and the pillowed excess of Renee's, all three of them coated in a collage of spit, sweat, and semen.

"That," Olivia said, her voice light as champagne, "is a master class in fellatio, baby. Step-by-step. And you, my angel, performed like a champion."

"He certainly did," Renee agreed, squeezing him tight.

For minutes, the two women cradled him, fingers combing his hair and trailing doting kisses down his flushed, oversensitive neck and chest.

They made sure to clean every drop from his thighs and belly, tickling and soothing him until he shivered with exhaustion and relief.

NEXT UP:

“Mom, How are Babies Really Made?”