Gilbert's Ruined Sweatpants

By Klrxo

Tami's friend leaned in close, her voice low and dripping with vulgar certainty. "Look, it's not cheating because our husbands aren't even involved. We're not spreading our legs for some other man, we're just grinding our wet cunts on our own boys' hard cocks. It's not like we're letting them stick it in our pussies or cum inside us. We're just rubbing our slits up and down their shafts until they shoot their loads. That's not fucking, that's just... helping them out."

She smirked, continuing crudely. "And it's not cheating on our husbands because we're not giving these boys our holes. We're not sucking their dicks or bending over for them. We're keeping our cunts closed and just sliding our lips along their cocks until they bust. Our husbands get the real thing - our pussies, our mouths, our asses. The boys just get to feel mommy's wet slit rubbing against their dicks until they cum. That's not the same as spreading our legs for another man."

"But we still gotta keep it secret because our husbands wouldn't get it," she added, her tone turning conspiratorial. "They'd think we were fucking our sons even though we're not. They'd hear 'dry fucking' and

think we were letting those boys pound our cunts raw. They wouldn't understand that we're just using our slits to jerk them off, not actually taking their cocks inside us. So we keep our mouths shut and enjoy the feeling of those young, hard dicks throbbing against our clits until they explode all over their sweatpants."

The next day, Tami decided to go through with it. She'd rub her wet cunt against her son's hard cock until he came all over her slit, and she wouldn't feel a single fucking shred of guilt.

Gilbert's cheap sweatpants were soaked through, the thin grey cotton clinging obscenely to his cock as his mother ground herself against him. What little barrier they offered was a fucking joke—just a damp, trembling scrap of fabric between the swollen head of his dick and the raw, greedy heat of her cunt as she rode him bare in the passenger seat of her car.

The air was a thick, greasy soup of her perfume and the stink of their fucking. But the filthiest part, the real heat, was right in his lap—the wet, grinding mess where her cunt was working his dick through his sweats, a brutal piston-suction of need.

Her tits were a pair of heavy, milk-swollen udders that slapped wetly against each other with every brutal piston-thrust of her hips.

Her body was a fucking machine—abs clenched into a rigid shelf, thighs like hydraulic vises crushing his lap, grinding her sopping cunt against the trapped, throbbing line of his dick until he couldn't tell where his sweatpants ended and her raw, greedy heat began.

She had a husband at home, a good man who believed her lies, but the hot, rigid press of her son's cock against her wet cunt through his cheap sweats was a temptation she couldn't fucking resist.

It wasn't real sex, she told herself—just the wet, frantic grind of her cunt against the trapped heat of his cock through the soaked cotton prison of his sweatpants. Just the raw friction of her swollen clit dragging over the shape of his dickhead, her juices and his pre-cum mingling into a filthy lubricant. Just the animal thrill of feeling his young body buck and leak helplessly beneath her as she used his lap like a fuck-toy, chasing one shuddering climax after another with the brutal piston of her hips.

Her husband would still leave her if he saw this, would still be heartbroken, but that didn't stop her from rutting against her boy like an animal in heat.



Gilbert's brain was just a dumb teenage cock-receptacle, throbbing on a feedback loop of pussy and perfume and the wet, grinding heat of his own mother's cunt smearing itself raw against his sweats.

He'd have let her piss on him if she'd asked, would have tongued her asshole right there in the passenger seat—whatever she wanted, whatever filth she decided to dish out, his job was to take it and leak for her like the good, desperate boy he was.

Gilbert whimpered against her flesh, his face buried hopelessly in the slick, meaty trench of her cleavage, sweat and lotion and his own drool mingling beneath his nostrils. Her nipples were like bullets, fat and swollen at the center of wide areolar rings, staining his cheeks with leaking milk-nectar.

The sweatpants absorbed the first ooze of pre-cum in seconds. His cock was an animal, fattened and swollen and leaking constantly, slickening the fabric in a spreading circle of sticky pre-goo.

Every time his mother's hips sawed forward, her soaked, feverish mound would grind over the head of his cock, forcing another hot, slick bead of fluid from his piss-slit and through the barrier. The texture changed beneath her—the ordinary softness gave way to a sucking, sodden mess, clinging desperately to his shaft and glans.

The heat and wetness from her pussy was radiating through the sweatpants too, adding a second, equally obscene source of moisture—a mess of pheromonal female musk, vaginal lubrication, and the leaking, animal hunger of a mother in heat.

She was rutting against his lap with desperate, accelerating friction, his shaft caught at a perfect angle, the root of his cock mashed flat by her grinding,

the swollen crown pinned helplessly beneath the vise of her pubic mound.

Gilbert's entire lower half was on fire, a storm of electrical pleasure. He could feel every micro-texture of the ruined sweatpants, the sodden cotton fusing to the angry red skin of his shaft.

Pre-cum and her juices mixed into a soup, a sloshing, sticky marinade of filth that glued him to her with every fuck-thrust.

A low, filthy moan ripped from her throat, a choked-out sound that wasn't human so much as it was animal, a guttural vibration that traveled through the meat of her tits and straight into the bone of his skull.

"That's it, baby," she hissed, grinding herself down so brutally that the entire car rattled beneath them. "Do you feel Mommy's pussy? I can feel how hard you are for me—I can feel your cock getting fatter. I want you to soak those sweatpants with spunk. I want you to drench them for Mommy."

There was no fighting her, no stopping the brutal piston-grind of her hips. Gilbert's hands were clamped around the thick shelf of her waist, fingers sinking into the sweat-slicked fat above her ass.

His balls were two tight stones cinched up against his taint, pulsing with every beat of his heart. A steady ooze of pre-cum slicked from his slit, drenching the ruined grey cotton until dark, glistening streaks mapped the path from his waistband down over the swollen curve of his nuts.

Her rhythm became a brutal, piston-like stutter, grinding her sopping slit against the trapped, throbbing line of his cock with a wet, slapping urgency.

Her cunt wept freely now, a hot flood of female musk and slick that soaked straight through the thin grey cotton, merging with the steady ooze leaking from his piss-slit until the fabric was nothing but a sodden membrane stretched taut over his swollen glans.

The sweatpants transformed into a filthy sponge, saturated with the mingled fluids of their mutual hunger—a chemical cocktail of pre-cum and cunt-juice that glued her pubic mound to the outline of his shaft.

“C-cum...CUMMING!” Gilbert groaned as he couldn’t hold back—the point of no return seized him, a short-circuit of urgency and shame.

The passenger seat bucked with the force of her orgasm, a violent, hydraulic slam of her hips pinning

his cock beneath the sweat-soaked ruin of his pants. His dick, already engorged and straining, flexed against the sodden cotton and unleashed its first thick jet.

The pressure built like a geyser in his sac—a volcanic churn from his aching balls up the throbbing length of his shaft until the swollen head distended, flared, and blew like a burst pipe.

The swollen, purple head of his cock was crushed flat beneath the sweat-soaked cotton prison, the frenulum screaming as her cunt ground against it in a brutal, piston-like rhythm.

The friction was electric—a raw, animal sandpapering of glans against fabric, fabric against labia, until the barrier dissolved into a single, searing point of contact. A thick, volcanic rope of cum erupted from his piss-slit, blasting through the sodden grey weave to splatter against the swollen, hypersensitive hood of her clit.

The force of it painted her steaming folds in hot, teenage spurts, each pulse a filthy baptism that mingled with the gushing flood from her own climax.

She felt the first hot jet punch through the sodden cotton, a scalding rope of teenage spunk that painted her clit through the fabric.

“YES! Right there, you fucking animal, soak Mommy’s nasty cunt!” she shrieked, her hips pistoning so violently the center console cracked against her thigh.

Her clitoris was a fat, engorged pearl, distended and hypersensitive, and as his pulsing cockhead hammered against it through the ruined sweatpants, she came apart—a convulsive, vaginal seizure that ripped through her womb and turned her vision into a blinding white static.

Her cunt seized around the phantom shape of him, a brutal hydraulic spasm that rippled from cervix to clit, milking the sodden cotton prison that trapped his cock.

Her inner muscles clamped down on nothing, then everything—a wet, muscular vice that crushed the swollen head of his dick through the ruined sweatpants.

Her outer lips, fat and engorged, mashed against the throbbing root of his shaft, sandwiching it in a slick, overheated embrace. Her entire pubis was a furnace of slick need, gushing so much filth it seemed as if it bypassed the fabric entirely—thick ropes of maternal juice poured around the straining curve of his nuts and soaked the seat beneath them.

Her milk-heavy tits slammed into his face with each piston-like thrust of her hips, smearing his cheeks and mouth with thick, leaking colostrum that mixed with spit and sweat in a glistening, biological varnish.

Her areolas, wide and dark as bruised fruit, left wet, perfect circles stamped on his skin. Every convulsive clench of her gut and core muscles squeezed another gush of slick from her slit; the viscous fluid foamed against the ruined sweatpants, churning with the hot, teenage jets of his semen into a frothing, obscene slurry that soaked through to his thighs.

It was a brutal, hydraulic rhythm, a machine of filth and function. With each convulsive spasm of his cock, another thick rope of semen punched through the sweatpants' sodden weave, splattering hot against her engorged clitoral hood and flooding her gushing slit.

The space between their bodies became a churning reservoir—a viscous cocktail of teenage sperm and thick, milky maternal slick. There was no escape for the fluid; the groin of his pants swelled into a heavy, saturated sponge, the fabric straining at its seams as it drank in layer after layer of their mixed release.

The car rocked on its shocks, a violent, hydraulic rhythm as their bodies seized in a shared, brutal

orgasm. The windows fogged into a solid white blindness.

Gilbert's knuckles were bone-white where he gripped the thick shelf of her waist, his face buried so deep between her mammoth tits that each gasping breath was a lungful of sweat, perfume, and leaking colostrum.

She didn't let up. Her hips pistoned in short, brutal spasms, milking his trapped cock through the sodden fabric with the expertise of a mother who knew how to drain every last drop. Her thighs—quivering columns of maternal flesh—vibrated against his hips.

A guttural, animal roar tore from her throat, raw and consequence-free: "YES! FUCKING PAINT MOMMY'S CUNT! FILL ME! DON'T YOU DARE STOP—MAKE IT A FUCKING SWIMMING POOL IN HERE, YOU LITTLE CUM MACHINE!"

His mind was a blank, scorched-out crater, every thought atomized into raw sensation. He was hyper-aware of the ruined, overstretched flesh of his cock, the sodden cotton vacuum-sealed to his throbbing skin by the mingled filth of their climax.

A hot, viscous slurry of maternal slick and his own thick semen soaked through the fabric, trickling in sticky rivulets down the tender skin of his inner

thighs and pooling in the crease behind his swollen, aching balls.

Her pubic mound was a heavy, wet weight grinding against him, the convulsive clenching of her orgasm milking another helpless spurt from his sensitive tip as his vision tunneled into static and every nerve-ending shrieked in overstimulated agony.

She shuddered through the dying pulses, her hips twitching in erratic little jerks that made the car's suspension tick and groan like a cooling engine.

The air inside was thick and humid, heavy with the pungent, biological stink of sex—the salty tang of sweat, the coppery hint of teenage spend, and the deep, musky scent of her cunt, all mingling into one unmistakable perfume of violation.

When her brutal rhythm finally stilled, the sweatpants were a ruined canvas, plastered to his cock in a grotesque relief map of their filth. Every vein and ridge was perfectly defined beneath the soaked, translucent cotton, a glistening topography of teenage lust and maternal conquest.

She purred, her voice a throaty vibration against his chest as her fingers—thick, possessive—raked through the mess. They dug into the sodden fabric,

smearing the thick slurry of their mixed release deeper into the crease of his thigh, marking him.

“That’s my boy,” she rumbled, the words dripping with a dark, sticky pride.

Her palm slid over the swollen head of his trapped cock, squeezing until a fresh pearl of cum wept through the weave. “Knew you’d fill these pants for me. Such a filthy, hard-working cock… so much seed.”

Her grip tightened, milking another helpless shudder from his oversensitive flesh through the trembling, ruined remains of his sweatpants.

