

Sandy's Boy

I always knew my wife was attracted to younger guys, I just didn't realize quite how much until we started trying to sell our old car, which had been doing nothing but taking up space at our place for months.

My wife, Sandy, is 43, with a still firm 34c-29-35 figure that she has to do absolutely nothing to maintain -- she's just one of those types who've managed to avoid the normal ravages of age, maybe because we never had kids during our 19 years of marriage. Sure, there are a few more wrinkles around her wide brown eyes than there were when we married but that's really about the only difference, except for the shimmering auburn streaks in her shoulder length brown hair, applied once a month or so to hide the specks of gray that were starting to appear here and there. Sandy's only real concessions to vanity were her frequent trips to the tanning salon, where she made sure that every inch of her shapely, 5-7 frame stayed a light, golden brown, and her almost fanatical devotion to her makeup. She never let anyone, even me, see her unless her face was fully made up, eyeliner, lipstick the works. I never complained, frankly, because my wife always looked so damn good.

It was a Saturday, my short day at work, and I saw the three of them instantly as I pulled into the drive, standing around our second hand car, Sandy, a man who looked to be in his mid-50s and a teenage-looking guy, obviously father and son. My wife introduced me to Dave, the dad, and Jason, his 19-year-old son. Sandy disappeared back into the house as we started talking about the car. I could see Jason's eyes following my wife's ass as she headed inside but thought nothing at all about it. Most men reacted exactly the same when encountering Sandy's luscious backside. Jason's dad explained that they were looking at a couple of other possibilities and might be back that afternoon. I wished them well and watched as they walked to their car, Jason continually glancing over his shoulder at our house. He was lean and lanky, with a thick wad of unruly blond hair and sparkling, mischevious blue eyes.

As soon as we got inside Sandy loaded me up with errands, ignoring my attempts to start a conversation about how the young man was eyeing her ass as she was walking away. "Don't be ridiculous Dan, I'm old enough to be his mother," she said, launching right into the long list of errands and accompanying instructions. I wasn't at all surprised but was still disappointed, because I'd been trying for months to talk to Sandy about the possibility of trying another man for sex while I watched and, hopefully, joined in. Our sex life had been sadly stale for a couple of years and I wasn't certain it was all that great to begin with. My penis is only 4 inches and as slim as Sandy's delicate pinky finger and though it had once seemed adequate, it was becoming overly obvious to me that my wife simply wasn't enjoying our sex the way she once had. In fact, it had reached the point where Sandy seemed to get much more pleasure from my oral attentions than from actually making love, but I was completely at a loss when it came to improving things. Another man was the best suggestion I could come up with.

Resigned to my fate I started off on what was easily two hours worth of errands, at least thankful for the solitude that would allow me to fantasize about Sandy and some better looking, better hung man. In my daydreams it was always some big, burly, studly type seducing her into total submission and I let my imagination run wild as I spent the next hour dropping things off and picking things up -- until I reached the post office and realized I'd forgotten the envelopes I was to drop off. A few minutes later I was pulling back into my driveway, my fantasy fading away as I hopped out of the car and walked briskly to the front door.

Once inside I heard the sound of the TV in the den but nothing else. I knew I'd left the envelopes on the

kitchen table and was halfway down the hall when a strange sound caused me to stop for a moment, something like soft laughter only it wasn't coming from the television set, it was coming from the kitchen. I remained still for a second, straining my ears, when I heard it again. It was definitely Sandy, but it sounded somehow different as she giggled, girlish almost. "You shouldn't say such things to a married woman," she said, her tone still odd sounding to me. "In fact, you're too young to use such language at all, Jason."

My heart started thudding so hard that I felt for a second it might jump out of my chest. It was the kid who'd been looking at my car! I inched forward slowly, careful not to disturb whatever might be happening, my dick already hardening in my pants. "It's the fuckin' truth, you're the hottest damn thing I've seen all summer," he answered.

That drew another oddly girlish giggle from Sandy. "Here," I heard her say. "Let me get you that iced tea I promised you."

The kitchen fell silent just a moment before I made it to the door. I peeked inside, instantly shocked and aroused by the scene I saw. Sandy had changed outfits, now clad in a short white tennis skirt and thin white t-shirt. She was standing with one hand holding the refrigerator door ajar. Jason was right behind her, his hands on her hips, his mouth on her neck, kissing gently and murmuring to her. "Such a sexy fuckin' ass," he moaned as his hands reached down to cup and caress Sandy's smooth asscheeks, barely concealed by her tiny skirt, then sliding his hands around her waist as he started grinding his growing cock against her firm, round butt.

Sandy stood still for a second, hand gripping the handle of the fridge, her eyes closed as Jason's hands slid up her body to cover her tits, palming the firm, fleshy globes, thumbs rubbing over the outlines of her stiff nipples. "Oh god," she sighed as he fondled her tits gently, closing the refrigerator door and leaning back into him, eyes still closed. Sandy let the back of her head rest on his shoulder, tilting it slightly to give him easier access to her sensitive neck as he continued to plant soft, wet suckkisses all along the tender flesh, her hands starting to caress his forearms as he continued to fondle and tease her tits. With a soft moan Sandy arched her back slightly, pressing her full, firm ass back into his crotch, Jason groaning in response.

Suddenly Sandy gasped, her eyes opening wide, turning her face to the side, looking at him. "Oh shit Jason it really does feel huge," she whispered, her hands leaving his arms and reaching back for his hips, pulling his bulge even tighter into the warm, yielding crevice of her asscheeks. Jason's only response was to lean farther over her shoulder and begin nuzzling her mouth with his own, sucking softly at her lips, his hands sliding underneath her t-shirt to begin feeling and fondling her bare titflesh.

Jason sucked and teased Sandy's lips wetly for several long moments, his hands moving around beneath her shirt as she wiggled her ass slowly, obviously lost in the feel of his hardness against her full, womanly buttcheeks. With a soft groan she parted her lips and found Jason's tongue with her own, the two of them licking and lapping at each other lewdly until she sucked it fully into her mouth with a quiet whimper. Jason stretched her shirt up over her big, firm boobs and left it there as he tonguefucked my wife's mouth deeply, fully, Sandy kissing him back with a passion I found both shocking and wildly arousing, as if she was the teenager instead of him, slurping and sucking at his talented tongue as she moaned and groaned into his open, demanding mouth.

The two illicit lovers carefully kept their mouths clamped tightly together as Jason turned Sandy in his arms until she was facing him, her arms going around his neck, grinding her shaply body against him

wantonly, her bare tits pressing into his t-shirt clad chest. His hands slid slowly down over the curve of her ass, gripping and groping forcefully before working the back of her little white tennis skirt up over the solid slopes of her asscheeks. My wife wasn't wearing panties, another big shock for me, and I marveled at the sight of his strong young hands squeezing and stroking her firm, shapely bare ass, both of them groaning softly, the sound muffled by their lewd liplock, Sandy tilting her head from side to side as she suckled hotly at his mouth, eagerly devouring his passionate kiss, anxious to keep feasting on the tongue he was feeding into her hungry mouth.

The jarring ring of the telephone caused us all to jump, ending the pair's erotic embrace abruptly as I scrambled away from the door. The phone went unanswered, ringing and ringing, the interruption apparently cooling my wife's passions. "No, no Jason, we can't, we've got to stop," she whispered as the phone continued to ring.

"C'mon baby, you know you want this," he replied as the ringing finally stopped.

When I looked back in the very first thing I noticed was the bulge in his jeans. It was enormous, a massive lump that was still swelling and growing. It obviously had Sandy's attention too. She was standing with her ass and tits still exposed, the curve of her bottom almost touching the kitchen table, her eyes fixed on Jason's crotch, her gaze never moving as she continued her very un-convincing protest. "We can't Jason, I can't," she said, her brown eyes looking almost glazed as she stared at the growing bulge in the teen's jeans. "I couldn't, I just couldn't, I'm old enough to be your mother."

Jason smiled as he started moving so slowly across the kitchen floor toward her, Sandy backing up until the edge of the tabletop was pressing into her assflesh. "That's perfect, just what I'm looking for, a mommy, I want you to be my mommy," he said softly as he advanced toward Sandy. She finally looked from his crotch up to his face as he approached, an expression I'd never seen before suddenly lighting her gorgeous face, a look of pure, unbridled lust, her eyes glowing wildly, her tongue darting around her suddenly parted lips. "Be my mom Sandy, be my slutty mommy," he said, his voice low and firm. "Be a whore-mom for your nasty boy."

I couldn't believe the way she reacted. Only about a foot separated them by then and when he uttered those obscene words Sandy literally threw herself at him, her mouth chasing after his like she was starving for his tongue, mashing her body to him and lifting her legs like she was trying to climb up his body, her arms going back around his neck, rising up on her tiptoes as she tried vainly to press her pussy against the massive mound still swelling in his jeans.

Jason sealed his mouth tightly back to hers as he grasped her silky asscheeks in both hands, squeezing and stroking, using it to guide her backward to the kitchen table again. Once there he pulled Sandy's t-shirt the rest of the way off and she did the same for him, her slightly trembling hands moving quickly, anxious to bare his lean, hard torso. As soon as she dropped the shirt my wife began running her hands all over his smooth, hairless chest and tightly muscled tummy while smearing wet, frantic kisses all over his face and neck, a soft, constant moan coming from her lips.

Sandy's skirt had slid back down in the front, just barely concealing her pussy from my closely watching eyes. Her continual moan ended in a sharp gasp as the teen's hand disappeared beneath her disheveled skirt, her eyes widening and then slowly narrowing until they were squeezed shut, her arms back around his neck, spreading her legs wider to give him easier access to her obviously overheating cunt. "So wet," he moaned as he started sucking and kissing her neck passionately, Sandy immediately tilting her head to make it easier for him. "Your pussy is so fuckin' wet."

"Oh Jason, oh god honey," Sandy groaned, one hand on the back of his head, toying sensuously with his thick blond hair, as he sucked and kissed her tender neck. Jason continued to cup and caress her cunt beneath her skirt as his other hand sought the snap on its waistband. When he had trouble opening the snap Sandy quickly reached down with her free hand and unfastened it for him, letting the white fabric fall into a puddle around her bare feet.

At last I had a clear view of Jason's hand pleasing my wife's hot pussy, her closely cropped pubic hair glistening with the dampness of her adulterous arousal. My cock started throbbing so hard I finally had to free it from my slacks as I watched the teenagers' strong fingers gliding slickly up and down her puffy pussylips and stroking over her pink, swollen clit. Sandy groaned deep in her throat as he skillfully ran his fingers up and down the inner groove of her cuntal crevice, teasing but never entering her dripping fuckhole. Sandy shifted and wiggled her hips to heighten the pleasure of his touch, spreading her legs even wider as the two fell into another torrid, tongue-filled fuckkiss, her little hands caressing his smooth, handsome young face, their muffled moans growing more intense.

When their long, lewd tonguekiss finally ended Sandy was panting like she'd just run a marathon, her bare breasts heaving against his chest, her eyes sparkling as she stared into his face with a worshipful gaze, her arms still around his neck. "Oh shit honey," she moaned as Jason slowly brought his wet fingers to his lips, staring straight into her eyes as he licked and sucked them loudly, nastily. "Oh shit honey," she repeated, a shudder running through her naked body.

"Mmmmm, mommy's got a tasty pussy, so fuckin' sweet," Jason whispered, swiping a damp digit over Sandy's trembling lower lip. With a groan my wife suddenly grabbed his wrist in both hands and jerked the gooey finger into her mouth, sucking greedily as Jason murmured obscene encouragements. "Yeah, thats a good slut mommy, clean all your pussy juice off those fingers, suck 'em clean mommy, swallow all that sweet cunt cream down," he said. Sandy kept groaning as she slurped on his fingers until Jason jerked them abruptly out of her mouth with a loud, lewd popping sound.

"Oh god you really are nasty," Sandy moaned.

"Yeah, I'm mommy's nasty big-dicked boy," Jason answered as his mouth began kissing down Sandy's bare shoulder over the slope of her breast.

The fingers of both my wife hands were again brushing through the hair on the back of Jason's head as he slurped a nipple into his mouth, sucking deeply, Sandy's eyes drooping shut again as she surrendered to the sensations of his hot young mouth pleasuring her full, womanly tits. "Oh god yeah," she whispered. "Oh Jason honey, suck it, suck on mama's big titty baby."

Her words sent Jason into a frenzy, the room filling with loud, lewd sucking and smacking sounds as his mouth worked feverishly over every inch of my wife's smooth, soft titflesh. I could clearly see his saliva glistening on the gorgeous globes, along with little, pale pink lovebites starting to form here and there. After a couple of moments he started concentrating on her fat, cherry red nipples, alternating back and forth, tugging and gently twisting at one hard bud with his fingers while suckkissing the other deeply, roughly, stretching the nipple into his mouth as his tongue washed wetly over it. With a deep, sexy groan Sandy released his head and cupped her tits, hefting them with both hands, offering them to his hungry young mouth, making his oral assault easier. "Oh shit yeah, oh Jason suck 'em," Sandy whimpered. "Do it honey, nurse on mama's big titties, yeah, nurse for mama you nasty boy."

With a growl Jason grabbed Sandy by the hips and hefted her ass onto the very edge of the kitchen table. My wife leaned forward slightly, moaning as her mouth made contact with his lean, hard chest, kissing and sucking loudly at his hairless skin. At the same time Jason dropped his hand back down to her pussy, his fingers gently fondling up and down her soaking slit as Sandy's thighs spread wide for him, gasping and whimpering each time his fingertip brushed over her pink, swollen clit, arching her hips to try and prolong his pleasure-giving touch.

Sandy groaned lewdly again as Jason dropped to his knees, pulling her tanned, toned legs over his bare shoulders as he slowly scraped his tongue up and down the inner groove of her cunt. I saw my wife's fingers whiten as she gripped the edge of the table with both hands, her eyes sparkling wildly as she looked down at his handsome young face between her legs, his talented teenage tongue taking long, lewd licks from her fiery fuckhole up to her steaming clit. "Oh god-oh yeah, lick-lick it honey, ohgod Jason, don't stop baby, so good, lick it, lick mama's pussy Jason, oh fuck yeah, love mama's pussy good baby."

With another soft growl arising from deep in his throat Jason clamped his mouth around my wife's swollen clit, sucking it deep. I could clearly see his cheeks hollowing as he slurped on her hot, throbbing bud, her fingers tightening on the edge of the table, her head dropping limply back as her smooth legs tightened over his shoulders. "Oh fuck yeah," she hissed. "S-suck me, suck mama honey ohgod don't stop."

Sandy's words faded into a filthy sounding series of gasps, groans and gurgles as she collapsed back on the table, thrusting her hips, fucking her sizzling hot pussy onto his tightly sucking mouth, lewd smacking and slurping sounds overpowering the light thumps of her palms smacking the table, making it wobble wildly. She started bucking upward desperately, her legs pulling on his shoulders for leverage as he leaned over the table, feasting furiously on her slippery clit. Sandy's full, sexy ass was lifting completely off the tabletop as she humped upward, feeding her fuckbud into the sizzling suction of his mouth, the table bouncing and sliding on its legs as she started to scream.

Her long, throaty shout echoed through our empty house as her body stiffened for a long moment, the force of her orgasm so strong she seemed to lose her voice, her mouth still frozen wide open as silence fell over the place until finally, with a deep groan, she collapsed heavily down on the table, its legs again wobbling dangerously. Jason had released her clit and then spent the next couple of minutes softly lapping into her open, drooling cunt crease, Sandy moaning contentedly, her eyes closed, a smile on her gorgeous face. She lay still for only a few seconds, it seemed, before her hips began gyrating gently, responding to the tender touch of his tongue.

But even though she was moving only slightly the table was shaking far too much, causing Sandy's eyes to pop open. I ducked away, forced to release my dick, which I'd been stroking slowly through the whole thing.

While I stood there with my back pressed to the wall I could hear my wife's assflesh squeaking on the tabletop as she slid off of it, along with the sound of Jason's jeans unzipping, then her gasp of surprise. "Oh my god it's so damn big," Sandy moaned just as I started edging back to the doorway again.

I silently agreed with Sandy as I peeked around the door again. The teenager's long, hard prick would have put almost any grown man to shame. It was easily 10 inches long and looked nearly as thick as my wife's wrist as she sank to her knees, with big, fat veins pulsing up and down the powerful looking shaft. He was uncircumsized and his bare head was so thick and shiny with his cockleak it looked like

some kind of ripe, exotic fruit. Sandy gasped as she grasped his massive stalk in both hands and began jacking it slowly, which still left his glistening dickhead and about five inches of dickmeat exposed. My hand returned to my own, much smaller prick as I watched my wife lean forward and slowly begin to lick and kiss the slick, sensitive surface of his purple throbbing cockhead, still slowly jacking on his monster-size shaft with both her little hands. "Mmmmyeahhhhhh," she moaned as she formed her lips into an 'O' and slid them over the fat, shiny head, sucking greedily, her cheeks fluttering, her hands speeding slightly as they kept on jacking his fat, long shaft. Jason had one hand in Sandy's hair, holding it back out of her face so he could watch her bobbing back and forth on that huge, hard fuckstick. She couldn't get but a couple of inches past his head due to his size but she sucked feverishly, her lips sliding back and forth on his vein-covered shaft. "Fuck yeah, suck it," Jason groaned. "Suck that big dick Sandy, suck it good, get it big and hard, yeah, that's it, suck it Sandy, suck it Sandy."

With a soft pop my wife pulled the gigantic cockhead out of her mouth and looked up into Jason's lust contorted face. I could see her spit oozing down his shaft and she carefully used both hands to massage it into every inch of his huge, throbbing hunk of fuckmeat, her hands gliding smoothly along his entire length thanks to the extra lubrication. "Jason, don't stop calling me mommy, please honey?" she asked in her softest, sexiest voice, her hands continuing to slide up and down the amazing length of his thick, throbbing cock. "Let me keep pretending to be your mother and I'll do anything you want Jason, anything, I swear it, anything, anytime, anyplace. I'll be a total slut whore for you honey, if you'll just let me be your mommy."

"Anything I want huh?" Jason asked.

"Anything honey," Sandy said, looking up into his face with a sexy smile as she slowly swiped her tongue over his broad, blunt cockhead. "As long as you play along with me, let me be your pretend mother."

Now it was Jason's turn to smile, an almost evil glint in his eyes as he stared down at my naked, kneeling wife, her beautiful face expectant as she looked up at him, her hands lovingly fondling his huge, horse-size cock. "Hmmm," Jason said, appearing to think it over, though I had a feeling his decision was already made. "I might get greedy and want mom all to myself," he cautioned, pushing Sandy's steadily stroking hands off his dick and rubbing the wide, wet head slowly up and down the side of her face.

"Oh fuck yeah," Sandy groaned lewdly, craning her neck to prolong the contact of his long, fat fuck organ against her exquisitely made-up face, one hand on his thigh for balance as the other slid between her legs, teasing her clit with her fingers. "Yeah, that's what I want honey, mama just wants her big-dicked boy."

Jason's smile was gone, his look now one of total lust as he stared down at Sandy, moving his big fuckrod to the other side of her face, my wife responding like a love-starved kitten, tilting her head and rubbing her cheek slowly along the vein-covered shaft. He then remained still for a long moment, holding his cock at the base, letting Sandy caress her cheek against his huge sex tool, the two of them staring wordlessly into each other's eyes as she rubbed her face on his oversized shaft. "I want you all to myself until I go back to school next month then," Jason said, his voice soft but edged by a new firmness. "I don't want you fuckin' nobody but me, not even your own husb-um, uh, not even dad, got it?"

Sandy nodded eagerly, her cheek brushing his big hard cock. "Mama's all yours honey, don't worry

about daddy, mama just wants you baby."

Jason pulled my wife to her feet and jerked her toward the doorway, forcing me once more to release my throbbing dick. I jerked open the hallway closet and scrambled inside, not even able to close the door completely behind me. Fortunately Sandy's lust for this teenage stud left her unable to keep her hands to herself. Just as they stepped into the open doorway she turned and rubbed her nude, curvy body against him in lewd, open offering, sucking at his mouth needily until it was again filled with his tongue, rubbing her firm, swollen tits over his smooth chest, Jason's hands going back to the globes of her asscheeks, his fingers sinking into the soft, silky flesh.

They broke it off suddenly, both panting heavily, catching me off guard as they literally ran by me toward the living room. I knew I had to give them a few seconds, and crept slowly down the hallway after a moment, the familiar sucking and slurping sounds growing louder as I neared the doorway.

When I peeked into the room sure enough, Sandy was once again on her knees, worshipping his magnificent hunk of manmeat, slobbering and sucking as she moaned and groaned gratefully around his broad bare dickhead. After only a moment, though, Jason made it clear he was ready to fuck my wife, pulling her off his cock and pointing to the sofa, clearly taking control but playing along with her game just as she'd asked. "Over there mom," he ordered. "I'm about to make that pussy mine."

"Yeah honey make mama's pussy yours," Sandy moaned, literally leaping onto the couch and spreading her legs, Jason right behind her, his huge prick jutting out from his body powerfully.

Sandy gasped as she reached between her widely spread thighs with both hands and guided his pulsing prick to her gooey hole. As soon as he felt her oozing entrance at the tip of his massive cock Jason pushed slowly into her soaked tightness. I started jacking my own dick rapidly as I watched the huge purple head pushing into my wife's pussy, her sharp intake of breath as it popped into her, followed by the sharp cry as Jason slid half his big fuckstick into her. "Oh-oh fuck it's big," she wailed. "Oh god baby, oh my god."

Jason paused, letting Sandy adjust to his immense size, holding his upper body propped on his forearms. In that position I had a clear view of my wife's cuntlips stretched around his fat fuck-organ, nearly half of its incredible length still exposed, her clear, sticky wetness oozing out around his pole-like prick. After only a few seconds Sandy groaned deeply and started wiggling her hips slowly from side to side while thrusting herself gently upward, managing to fuck a few more inches of her straining pussy onto his gigantic organ. "Oh fuck yeah," she moaned. "Do it baby, give it to me, fuck mama's pussy deep."

Jason sank the rest of his rock-hard, oversize fuckstick into my wife's drooling pussy in one smooth stroke, until I could see her straining cuntlips kissing the broad base of his cock, their public hairs mingling, Sandy groaning in pleasure. "So deep-oh yeahhhh so fuckin' good," she moaned, her words slightly muffled as her mouth met his neck as he lowered himself onto her, kissing and sucking as she uttered obscene encouragement to her taboo young lover. "That's so deep Jason, god you big-dicked stud, do it baby, fuck mama's pussy good honey, take it, take mamma's pussy."

Sandy's words were abruptly ended as the muscular teen started slamming his hips downward, launching right into a deep, hard fuck-stroke just as my wife had begged, drawing several inches of that thick, long prick out of her soggy, stretching cunt-sheath and then pounding it fully back into her, the powerful base of his cock smacking wetly into her oozing pussy as Sandy squealed in pleasure. "Take

it, take it son, ohyeah, fuck it hard, take that pussy over, ohfuck, ohyeah, fuck it, fuck mama's pussy honey," she groaned.

Jason's muscled hips hammered harder and faster, Sandy's legs clenching around his lower back, her hips and ass writhing and bucking as she met him thrust for thrust. They seemed to find the perfect rhythm, their bodies locked tightly together as they undulated, writhing gracefully together, open mouths sealed together, moans muffled as their tongues dueled and the gargantuan young cock plumped the depths of her fiery, adulterous womb.

After Jason seemed to give an extra powerful thrust into my writhing, humping wife her head suddenly pulled from his and rolled wildly from side to side, her body stiffening even as her young stud continuing to stab his long meaty cock into her spasming pussy. "Ohfuckyeah! I'm cumming ohyeah ohshit-godyesss!" Sandy's screams shot through the house as she tightened her legs around Jason's lower back and thrust upward even more wildly, losing all abandon as she continued to wail out in orgasm. "Yeah ohfuck yeah cumming, ohyou-you motherfucker ohgoddam do it, fuck your mama's pussy you hung motherfucker."

Jason went absolutely wild, battering her cunt brutally, the sounds of their bodies pounding and slapping overpowered only by the babbles and squeals of lewd, lustful pleasure coming from Sandy. The teenager tore into her pussy over and over, ramming and jamming his massive pleasure giving fuckpole forcefully into her, her pussy lips swollen and huge, clinging to his vein filled shaft as it sawed in and out of her heavily seeping hole. My wife never seemed to stop orgasming throughout the relentless deep-fucking, clinging to his lean but muscled body with her arms and legs, sobbing as she suckkissed his neck while frenziedly fucking him back, her hips churning heavily, full ass flexing frantically as she skewered her soaking snatch onto his strong, stabbing prick. "Fuck-fuck me, fuck mama Jason, fuck mama's pussy ohgod there-ohfuckyeah oh I'm-I'm cummmingggg."

Sandy's ultimate scream of lust started just as Jason's sperm blasted deep into her married pussy, spurt after spurt of hot, thick cream seeming to splatter every centimeter of her convulsing cunt-walls. My wife ground her heaving body tightly to the teen as he released what seemed to be an overly large load into her, both of their bodies tense, the two both groaning loudly.

I'd timed it perfectly, erupting into my palm as the two of them sagged deeply down into the sofa cushions together, relaxing and cuddling.

Obviously I had a lot to sort out. But it was the sexiest experience of my entire life, the fulfillment of every fantasy I'd had, at least visually. The whole mom/son thing puzzled me, but I had to admit, really turned my tube to steel, especially when they referred to me as dad and talked about him taking over my wife's pussy. I slipped into the bathroom and managed to silently clean myself, my ears straining for more sounds from the living room.