

# **Mom Obsessions**

by Devin Brees

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All characters portrayed in this work are 18 years old or older. This publication is for sale for ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial explicit scenes and graphic language that may be considered offensive to some readers.

**Please keep out of reach of minors.**

## **Introduction**

When a son is obsessed with his mom's fat ass and big tits, it's very hard for him to hide it. And by hard, we mean that his dick becomes absolute steel in his pants.

In this collection, Devin Brees presents ten erotic stories of mom/son fucking, anal, threesomes, group sex, and creampie. There is nothing these obsessed sons don't want to do to their mom's mouth, ass, and pussy.

And we'll let you in on a little secret, their moms are just as obsessed over their son's big hard cocks.

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## **I'm Addicted to My Son's Cock**

I'M THE HEAD of the PTA, president of the HOA, and I teach Sunday school at church.

And I don't understand how I let my son take total control of me.

It started a while ago when I started taking yoga classes. He said that he was able to see an improvement in my body. He even said that my behind was getting round and tight, which I appreciated.

Then one day, I came home from yoga, sweaty, my hair pulled back in a ponytail, and my face red from exertion. Still, he said that I looked sexy, but I just said to stop kidding around with your mom.

But he insisted, telling me that my ass looked beautiful in my tight yoga pants, and that my breasts had a soft jiggle that he had never noticed before.

I told him that I didn't think that he should be looking at my breasts that way, but he didn't think it mattered.

"You're a woman with an incredible ass and big sensational tits," he said. "And I don't mind telling you that."

I reluctantly thanked him, and that night, I played with my pussy, trying not to think about my son, but failing miserably.

The idea that he liked my tits really turned me on.

The next time I went to yoga, I did something that I'm not proud of. I wore the tightest yoga pants I could find, and I made sure that it hugged my ass and showed off the ripe outline of my pussy.

And I put on a plunging top that revealed my deep sweaty cleavage as well.

When I came home from class, my son took one look at me and said, "Mom, you're giving me a hard-on."

My pussy was dripping, but I said that maybe we had taken this too far, and we should go to our bedrooms and take care of ourselves, alone.

He said that was a good idea, but he added that I should at least show him my tits to give him something to think about while he stroked his cock.

It didn't take a lot of convincing for me to pull off my top and sports bra to unmask my breasts. And once I saw his look of admiration, I wanted to show off my tits even more, so I started swaying and playing with my nipples as I moved around for him.

He pulled down his pants right in front of me and started stroking his very large dick, then he said that he was ready to come on my tits.

I was so overwhelmed with lust that I didn't know what to do, and I just went to my knees and held up my tits for him.

"Please cum on my tits," I pleaded. I felt helpless and super excited at the same time.

He quickly reached his limit and came all over me, spurting it out onto my substantial titties. After his flood of pleasure, I ran to my room and fingered my pussy, coming several times and even licking off the taste of his cum from my tits.

That very night, I went to his room and told him we couldn't do that again.

But a few days later, I came home from work and found him on the couch in a tight shirt and sweats. His cock was creating a very tall tent.

He asked for another show, and I helplessly took off my blouse and bra, but this time he reached for my big tits. My nipples were already hard, and he took one of my tingling buds into his mouth.

I didn't stop him. It felt really hot.

I grabbed his cock and took it out of his sweats, and I guided it between my tits. I used my orbs to play with his shaft and it was awfully easy to get him to come.

And just as he was about to ejaculate, I put my lips on his cockhead and started sucking him off. The feeling was great, and I swallowed all of his pulsing sperm.

"Yeah, drink it all," he said.

He wanted to take my pussy, but I still wasn't ready to give it to him. Though, I happily let him watch me finger myself.

I felt like a slut and after I came, I didn't want him to watch me anymore, so I went to bed where I continued to finger-fuck my drenched cunt.

I woke up the next morning, but I didn't want to see him. I was able to avoid him for a few days, but then after I came home from shopping early one Sunday morning, he was waiting in the kitchen in nothing but boxer shorts.

I was in a zippered sweatshirt and string-tie sweatpants. I didn't have on much makeup, just some eyeliner and lip gloss, and my hair was in a ponytail.

As unglamorous as I was, he still wanted me to suck his cock, and I didn't even hesitate. I held onto his hips and went down to the root of his stiff muscle, my face buried in his soft chest hair.

With one hand I pulled open the zipper sweatshirt, letting my breasts fall forward.

With his cockhead in my throat, he groped me and asked when I stopped wearing a bra.

I took a quick breather and said that I only went out for a short trip to the market, and it wasn't about him, which was a lie. I stopped wearing a bra after our previous encounter, unable to shake my need to be his slut.

I sucked him harder, my tits pressed against his thighs and my nipples hard against his skin as his length filled my mouth.

His hands closed around my wrists, and he held my arms apart as his hips thrust back and forth. I could feel how hard he was, and when he said that he wanted to go into my pussy, I went right along with it.

## **End of Sample**

Dev & Bree are a married couple who create steamy lust-filled erotica. Dev is the writer while Bree is his editor, business manager, and muse. Together they build stories that invite you to experience the arousal of passionate men and women who surrender to their intense sexual desires.

Writing under the pseudonym Devin Brees, this naughty couple offers you their deepest fantasies that they use to heighten the eroticism in their own marriage. Whether you read with your spouse, your lover, or all alone, Dev & Bree's stories will enhance your sexual appetite.

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