

A Bad Day for Larry

By Klrxo

Larry stood rigid in the foyer, his briefcase handle digging into his palm. The sound hit him first—a raw, rhythmic slapping from upstairs, wet and relentless, punctuated by a woman’s choked, sobbing gasps. It wasn’t love; it was fucking. Hard, nasty, and loud.

His lungs locked. Ice flooded his veins. Each wet smack of skin on skin hammered into his skull. A guttural groan tore through the house—deep, male, possessive—followed by her sharp cry, high and broken.

His knees buckled. He stumbled toward the stairs, each step echoing the brutal rhythm pulsing above.

He reached the open door and his world exploded.

His wife—the foundation of his life, his golden-haired high school sweetheart, the one who’d mothered his only child and sworn to be his forever—was splayed out on the mattress, her hips bucking up to meet the savage, piston-like thrusts of the thick, veined cock hammering into her.

Her tits were monstrous, two slick, veiny udders that slammed together with every brutal thrust, engulfing their son’s scrawny torso in a suffocating vise of sweat-sheened flesh.

His son—that trembling, bookish boy he'd tried to make a man of—was balls-deep inside her, fucking into his own mother with a raw, ugly hunger. The kid's narrow hips hammered into her, driving his cock, so deep Larry could hear the wet slap of skin on skin, the brutal rhythm of it filling the room.

Sweat gleamed on the boy's back, streaked with angry red lines where her nails had dug in, claiming him. Every thrust made her gasp, made the bed groan, made Larry's stomach turn. This wasn't lovemaking. It was a raw, nasty fuck, and his son—his quiet, nervous son—was at the heart of it, grunting like an animal, lost in her.

Her legs were a python's coil around his narrow hips, her ankles locked behind him, pulling him deeper with every brutal thrust. Her heels dug into the small of his back, her painted toes curled and flexed, the lacquer gleaming like fresh blood under the bedroom light.

One hand was a claw in his hair, the other raked down his spine, claiming him as hers. She was all over him—a sweaty, grunting, suffocating cage of mother-flesh and desperation. The air was thick with the smell of her—musk and perfume and the raw, salty reek of a well-fucked cunt.



Larry couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. His eyes were nailed to the sight of his own son—that scrawny, quiet boy he'd pitied—fucking his wife like a starved animal, pummeling into her with a thick, veined cock that looked like it had been grafted from some breeding stallion. It was brutal, efficient, and utterly remorseless.

His eyes locked onto the obscene, throbbing pillar of flesh pistoning between his son's legs. It wasn't a boy's cock—it was a fucking meat-sword, grotesquely thick and ridged with bulging veins, a brutal instrument of penetration that glistened with each withdrawal from her sloppy, stretched-open cunt.

Every thrust squeezed out another gush of her juices, which dripped thickly down her swollen inner lips, smearing across her asshole before soaking into the sheets beneath them.

It was a fucking battering ram, a grotesque length of veined, meaty flesh that made Larry's own seem like a child's thumb. It thundered into her with brutal, hydraulic force, splitting her open—stretching the slick, pink lips of her cunt into a taut, obscene ring around its girth.

Each thrust buried it to the hilt, the heavy slap of his son's balls against her asshole echoing wetly. Larry's eyes fixed on the distension it caused low in her belly—a visible bulge beneath the skin, rising and falling like a fist punching up into her womb from the inside.

And his balls were two hairless, veined sacs of pure seed, swollen to the size of plums and swinging like wrecking balls with every brutal thrust. They slapped wetly against the tight, clenching star of her asshole, a percussive smack of flesh on flesh that echoed the piston-drive of his cock.

The sheer weight of them, the obscene promise of what they carried, made her arch and writhe beneath him. Her calves locked like iron bands around his narrow hips, her heels digging into the small of his back to force him deeper, to take every thick, veined inch of her son's breeding cock.

“YES! OH YES, HONEY, GIVE ME MORE!” she shrieked, her voice boiling over, a banshee wail that made Larry’s insides churn.

Her cunt wasn’t just taking it; it was devouring him. He could see the internal clench and release of her slick pink walls through the obscene stretch of her labia around that monstrous shaft.

Her vaginal muscles worked like a fist, rhythmically milking the veined length of him, squeezing tight around the swollen crown with every withdrawal. Her hips pistoned upward to meet his savage thrusts, the heavy slap of her ass-cheeks against his pelvis echoing through the room.

The ruined lace of her negligée was twisted into a damp rope around her waist, a stark white surrender flag against her flushed skin.

Larry’s heart broke, but his eyes stayed locked on the obscene spectacle: her massive tits—those soft, maternal mounds he’d worshipped for decades—were now crushed between her own elbows, swallowing their son’s scrawny torso in a suffocating cradle of slick, rippling flesh.

Her fingernails carved deep red furrows down his back as she raked him closer, her hips driving upward to take every brutal inch of his cock. Sweat sheeted off the boy’s trembling body, catching the lamplight as it traced the tense lines of his spine and the frantic clench of his ass with every thrust.

A raw, guttural symphony erupted from the tangle of limbs—the boy's choked grunts, her high, broken yelps—two bodies locked in a brutal, hydraulic rhythm. He pistoned into her, all scrawny force and unstoppable drive, the swollen purple head of his cock battering her cervix with every deep, rutting stroke.

She arched and rolled her hips, offering up the glistening, split pink flesh of her cunt, straining to take him deeper, to force every thick, veined inch into the spongy, clenching heat of her womb. Her inner muscles gnashed and milking around the shaft, a wet, rhythmic suction that pulled him deeper each time he slammed home.

Larry's mind scorched with the acid truth of his own inadequacy. His dick, soft and pale in his trousers, was a pitiful stub next to the thick, veined truncheon his son was hammering into her.

He remembered two decades of careful, marital lovemaking—her tight, performative little gasps, the way she'd pat his back afterward like he'd finished a chore. Now her sounds were raw, guttural, ripped from some deep animal core.

This wasn't love; it was a raw display of conquest, her entire being redesigned to be split open and claimed by the teenager rutting into her.

"Harder, honey! Fuck! Split mommy open!" she babbled, her voice hoarse and wild. The gigantic cock slammed in, the shaft curving upward as if engineered to find and

crush every pleasure zone in her violated tunnel. Her womb must have been shattered, Larry thought, watching as her stomach visibly bulged and shivered with the impact

The son was close, Larry could tell from the shivering in his thighs, the bunch and flex of his glutes as he arched and pounded, all scrawny awkwardness transformed into a relentless fuck-machine.

The mammoth cock glistened with copious flow of maternal juices, every withdrawal stretching her entrance wider, dangling strands of slick off the bloated crown. His balls, two heavy sacs of taut skin, drew up tight against his taint, slapping against her asshole in a wet, rapid rhythm—slap- slap- slap—a vulgar metronome counting down Larry’s humiliation.

“Deeper! Fuck it deeper into mommy’s cunt! Fill my fucking womb, baby—BREED ME!” Maddie shrieked, her voice shredding into a raw, animal howl.

With each convulsive climax that racked her body, Larry felt himself physically diminish, a ghost being erased by the wet thunder of their fucking. The brutal mechanics of it unfolded before him: his wife’s body—built to take a cock like this, to be split and seeded—and the monstrous, veined shaft pistoning into her, belonging now to his usurper, his own fucking son.

The sound was a wet, rhythmic slap of balls against asshole, the smell a thick musk of sweat and fuck and

her desperate, gaping cunt—a vulgar symphony composed solely for his defeat.

“I’m gonna cum—fuck, baby, I’m cumming,” his wife snarled, the sound ripped raw from someplace deep in her throat, guttural and feral.

Her voice was a register Larry had never heard—not pleading, not tender, but thick with ownership. She dragged their son deeper into the cradle of her hips, his sharp angles sinking completely into the soft, sweat-slick expanse of her body.

Each thrust now came with a wet, slapping noise as his balls hammered against her ass, and her cunt made a greedy, squelching sound around the thickness of him—a relentless, obscene rhythm.

Her tits shuddered and swung heavily beneath her, nipples dark and stiff as rivets, electrified against the flushed skin of her chest.

And then she came—a violent, seismic convulsion that ripped through her body. Her spine bowed off the mattress in a brutal arc, lifting her son with her, his skinny frame pinned between the shuddering weight of her tits.

A raw, guttural scream tore from her throat—not human, but pure feral pleasure. Every muscle seized: her toes curling, her calves locked like vises around his hips.

Her fingernails gouged deep into the meat of his shoulders as her cunt clenched in a series of ruthless, milking spasms—a wet, rhythmic strangulation around his cock, pulling him deeper with each convulsive pulse.

Larry's eyes tracked the violent, seismic clenching of her cunt around their son's shaft—a brutal, milking rhythm that made every polite shudder she'd ever faked with him seem laughable.

He watched the exact moment her womb gave up, a gush of her juices spraying out around the thick root of his cock, drenching his balls in her release. It sheeted down his taint in thick, glossy rivulets, puddling beneath them on the sheets.

The air turned thick with the stench of her—musky, sweet, and profoundly fucked—and the wet, rhythmic smack of their joining bodies fell into sync with the frantic, hammering pulse in Larry's own broken heart.

“Don't stop—don't you fucking dare stop—Mommy needs it, needs your cock so deep,” she sobbed, her voice cracking into raw, wet pleasure.

Her body bucked and thrashed beneath him, a primal convulsion of hips and tits. The high arches of her feet hammered against the small of his back, her calves clamping like a vise around his thrusting hips.

Her hands clawed at his ass, pulling him deeper with every drive, fingernails digging into his flesh as if trying to haul his entire scrawny frame back up inside her—

back into the wet, clenching womb he was pounding open.

It was pure detonation—a violent, rattling eruption that seized every muscle in that scrawny teenage body and slammed it against her with mindless, machine-gun force.

His hips jacked and hammered, every thrust more erratic and hungry, the piston-stroke of his veined cock reduced to brutal, shallow pumps as his balls cinched up, ready to spill.

Her cunt became a slick, convulsing pump, every ring and ridge of her inner sleeve milking him, drawing the load up from the base with ruthless, hydraulic pressure.

He barked out a broken groan, voice cracked and desperate, as the root of his cock bulged. The first pulse was a monster—a fat, heavy gout that fired straight into her unguarded womb, the impact visible as a sudden, obscene bulge low in her belly.

Her pussy locked down on him, the trapdoor of her cervix fluttering as it swallowed the hot flood, greedy for every drop. She shrieked, exultant, her heels digging in, clamping him so deep he could barely move.

The next burst was just as brutal, a second rope of thick, pearlescent nut blasting up through her clutching canal. He could feel it barreling through his shaft, veins straining as it shot from the slit of his meatus, the rush so strong it left him dizzy and gasping.

Hot cream sprayed into her, saturating her cervix, pooling instantly in the deepest part of her fuck-tunnel. The bedsheets below them darkened with the runoff, her cunt so stuffed and overflowing it couldn't hope to contain the flood.

He bucked, helpless, as a third and fourth spasm wracked his cock. Cum jetted from him in massive, clotted ropes, each one battering the fluttering mouth of her womb.

The sound was sickeningly wet, a frantic, greedy noise that mapped perfectly onto her raw, animal moans. Her cunt milked every pulse, internal muscles gnarling, squeezing, strip-mining his balls for every iota of teenage sperm.

Each violent ejaculation hammered into her, his dick swelling obscenely with every pulse, the shaft thickening until it felt like a fist being forced up her cunt.

The flared, mushrooming head of his cock battered against her cervix, ramming into that tight, internal mouth as if trying to fuck its way straight into her womb. He could feel the resistant ring of her cervix yield and flex under the assault, each spurt of cum slamming against it, painting her deepest walls with his hot, genetic spill.

Her spine bowed off the mattress in two sharp, convulsive arches, her body bucking as the fifth and sixth loads hammered into her. He felt the hot, thick

pressure rocket up his shaft—molten ropes of cum firing so deep they slammed against her cervix. Her belly swelled with the impact, a sudden, obscene bulge rising beneath the skin like a fist punching up from inside her fucked-out womb.

It wasn't just taking it; her greedy cunt was milking him, sucking down every thick pulse like she was starving for it—hungry to be stuffed, stretched, and bred until his seed slopped out around his still-pumping cock.

“YES, HONEY! PUMP IT IN ME! FUCK YOUR CUM DEEP INTO MOMMY’S WOMB!” she shrieked, her vocal cords shredded into a raw, animal rasp.

Her fingernails dug crescent moons into the flesh of his ass cheeks, anchoring him fully speared inside her. Her pussy convulsed in a series of brutal, internal clenches—a wet, muscular vise that rippled up his shaft, stripping his cock with a ruthless, milking pressure that demanded every last drop of seed from his tightening balls.

A raw, gut-deep howl tore out of him as his head snapped back—seven, eight, nine, ten—four brutal spurts in a row. Each one slammed up his shaft like a fist, thick and ropey with teenage seed, flooding her womb until his balls ached hollow.

Her cunt sucked and clenched around him, milking each jet with wet, greedy shudders. Hot cum gushed around the base of his cock, spattering her asshole and

slicking her taint with glossy overflow. The air turned thick—a suffocating mix of spent spunk, fucked-out pussy, and sweat—drowning everything else.

Her womb, that deep maternal cradle, was a churning vat of his seed. It flooded her, a hot, thick slurry of teenage cum sloshing against her cervix, instantly mingling with the gushing torrent of her own climax.

He slammed into her for the last time, his entire frame convulsing as his balls seized and his purpled glans swelled to a brutal knot. Two final, volcanic ropes of cum erupted from him—thick, opaque, and impossibly voluminous—blasting past her cervix to flood her womb with a scalding, genetic payload.

She kept him pinned, her cunt still rhythmically milking the last helpless twitches from his drained cock. The heavy, pendulous weight of her tits engulfed his scrawny chest as he collapsed against her, a slick mess of sweat and spent lust.

The sheets beneath them were a ruin—a thick, reeking slurry of her maternal juices and his adolescent seed oozing from her stretched slit, dripping down the crease of her ass and pooling beneath their tangled bodies.

Larry just stood there, the wet smack of their fucking still ringing in his ears. His wife's body was a wrecked canvas of sweat and seed, her skin slick and shining under the low light. Her tits were heavy and flushed, streaked with red where their son's fingers had dug in.

Between her thighs, her cunt was swollen and glistening, thick white cum still oozing from her stretched-open slit. Her belly bulged slightly, taut and full, as if he'd already planted a baby deep inside her womb.

Inside, her cunt was flooded, a hot, white swamp of his seed. The sheer volume of it burbled up around the pink, veiny meat of his stalk as it twitched inside her.

Her cervix, a swollen, hungry ring of muscle, pressed flush against his throbbing glans, and pulsed in a series of rapid, milking contractions, swallowing each fresh gout of cum to ferry it deeper toward the ripe egg waiting in her womb.

For a long, hallucinatory moment, all Larry could hear was the aftermath—the frantic thumping of his own heart against his ribs, the wet, open-mouthed panting of his wife as she clung to their son, nuzzling his neck while whispering “good boy, Mommy’s good boy, you filled her up so deep”—and the thick, rhythmic drip of their mixed fluids sliding from her stretched cunt lips, oozing down the inside of her thighs and soaking into the marital bedsheets.

That image would be branded behind his eyelids for all time: his wife, the woman he'd loved since high school, now gaped and dripping, her womb flooded with another man's seed. Her eyes were glazed with adoration for the scrawny teenager atop her—her new champion, her bull, her stud.

Her body was his property now—her massive, milk-heavy tits, her thick maternal hips, the slick, clenching vice of her cunt—all of it belonged to that cute, scrawny boy. Built to take his cock, to swallow his seed, to be bred by him like a bitch in heat.

And Larry—Larry was just the pathetic cuckold bitch who could do nothing but standing there with a broken heart, watching his wife get ruthlessly fucked and seeded by someone half his age, but a hundred times more capable.

Maddie let the robe whisper loosely around her lush, swollen curves as she padded down the stairs, each step slow and deliberate, as if she wanted to drag out the suspense, wring every last drop of agony and anticipation from the man waiting at the bottom. The belt of her robe was barely tied, and with every sway of her hips the opening flashed hints of flesh—the outlandishly engorged breasts, the crimson crescents of nail-prints scoring her thighs, the glossy, glistening trickle of thick white semen oozing slowly, shamelessly, from the seam between her legs. The air was rich with the smell of sex. It clung to her skin, radiating off her in waves so thick Larry could practically taste it before she reached him: a narcotic fog of pussy-juice, cum, and sweat that instantly suffused every molecule of his breathing space.

And there she was, gliding into the kitchen like nothing had changed. Like she hadn't just been broken to pieces upstairs, annihilated by the cock of her own son. For a wild, sick moment, Larry refused to believe she'd pull it

off, act normal after the nightmare he'd just witnessed—but Maddie's smile was pure, lethal domesticity, the same dazzling, bright-eyed beam that had always melted him. She crossed straight to him, wrapping both arms around his neck, crushing that absurd, supercharged rack against his chest. The heat of her body scorched through the thin fabric of both her robe and his shirt, and the breadth of her tits was so tremendous he could feel them mushrooming under his chin, swallowing up the space between them with soft, smothering mass.

“There you are, honey,” Maddie cooed, her voice dripping with syrupy kindness. She nuzzled his cheek, letting her breath feather across his skin, then reached up and smoothed his tie, as if she hadn't just spent the last half hour clawing at her son's naked body and screaming herself hoarse for more. “You work too late, sweetheart—you missed dinner, and your boy already turned in for the night.”

He could barely answer. The words stacked in his throat, strangling him. He couldn't stop staring at the hints of bright red flushed skin peeking over the edge of her robe. The swollen peaks of her nipples were so hard, so dark, they stained the terrycloth with dots of moisture; her perfume was matted thick with the musk of sperm and her own shameless wetness, an ambrosia that made Larry's cock shrivel and twitch at the same time.

But Maddie kept going, relentless, merciless, radiating warmth and wifely affection that felt like a steel trap snapping shut on his soul. She smoothed her palm over his chest, fingers tracing slow, lazy spirals, and leaned in close enough for him to feel the humid, sticky heat radiating off her cleavage like the mouth of an oven.

“Oh, honey, I’m sorry you had to come home to such a mess,” Maddie purred, her voice a velvet purr that vibrated right through his ribs. “But you looked so tense this morning, and I just couldn’t help myself... our boy is turning into such a strong, *capable* young man. I lost track of time, caught up in the moment... he’s insatiable, Larry. It’s like he was born to rut and breed.” She giggled—a girlish, genuine giggle that pulled at the deepest, most helpless part of him. “You wouldn’t believe how... much... he can give me.”

She punctuated this by pressing her hips into his, shifting her weight just enough for the thick rope of cum to slip from between her thighs and collect, heavy and obscene, on the inside of her knee. It oozed like honey, sticky and white, catching the kitchen light in a strand that made Larry’s vision swim.

“Every single time, sweetheart. He’s just so big. So hard. It’s honestly a little scary at first glance—I can barely get both hands around it, and when he puts it in me, it feels like he’s splitting me right in two,” Maddie breathed, her tone an intimate, scandalized whisper. She giggled again, wicked and conspiratorial, as if sharing a secret he didn’t already know. “You must have

seen it, right? I saw you standing there, honey. I *know* you saw everything.”

The casual cruelty hit him right in the sternum. She smiled even wider, teeth white as sugar cubes, and brushed a loving, motherly peck to his cheek.

“Oh don’t mope, Larry. I always love you—I always will. You’re such a good man, but oh my God, what your son did to me tonight...” She rolled her eyes heavenward, lips parted in sensual recollection, her whole body melting with a shudder of remembered pleasure. “I thought I was going to pass out. He got so deep in me, I could *feel* the tip punching my womb with every single thrust. It’s unreal, Larry, it’s what I always dreamed of but didn’t dare say out loud. He fills me up so much I can barely think straight. His cock is just... superhuman. Nothing I’ve ever had before compares. Nothing.”

She stroked the side of his face, fingers leaving faint wet streaks, and glanced meaningfully down at the bulge in his dress slacks—a sad, twitching tent that looked comical compared to the monstrous thing upstairs.

“Oh, darling, please don’t feel bad. It’s not your fault. He’s just... so much bigger. You know what I mean. I didn’t realize what I was missing until I felt it. You wouldn’t believe how often he fucks me, how many times I can cum in a single day. Sometimes my knees give out, and he just lifts me up and keeps going, holding me like a little doll while he ruts and breeds

and empties his perfect, heavy balls into me.” Maddie ground against him as she said this, deliberately catching the sharp edge of her hipbone against his softening cock. “And the way he finishes... my whole pussy just *explodes*. His cum gets everywhere, it’s hot and sticky and overflowing.”

Describe how Larry thinks its cheating, but his wife strongly disagrees explaining in the most vulgar possible, but also lovingly that it’s a mom and son’s place to fuck and cum and sweat and scream, bite and lick all day and make babies, just like it's his job to go to work and be the supporter, and that it's ok for him to cuckold bitch, that it was a husband's role:to watch, to work, to provide—to suffer, if need be. To understand, in his bones, that he was there to serve, to pay the bills, to keep the machine turning while the real purpose of the house, the true engine of the lineage, played out in a bed he would never again truly possess.

Maddie didn’t blink, didn’t soften. She bore down on him with that syrupy, deranged affection, blue eyes wide and lit from within by a maternal, animal certainty. “Why are you looking at me like that, Larry?” she purred, tucking her chin and mashing those planet-sized tits up under his jaw, the weight and warmth of her body a full-body straitjacket. “You act like you caught me cheating. With a stranger. With some loser, some bastard off the street. But this is our boy. Our one and only—the one we raised together. I made him, Larry, grew him right here in my womb, stretched my

pussy and my ass on the delivery table to bring him into this world. If his cock is the biggest, hungriest, hardest thing I've ever taken, isn't that my reward for nine months of carrying him, eighteen years of raising him, molding him into the perfect stud?"

She clung to his shirt, knuckles whitening, breath hot and ragged. "Don't think of it as losing, honey," she whispered, lips grazing his ear. "Think of it as... evolution. Family. Women like me were built to be bred by sons this strong, this beautiful. It's a mother's highest job. Not to fuck around, but to let him split me open, keep me dripping and stretched and full of his cum, to make more babies if that's what the blood demands." Maddie saw his shudder, felt the cold sweat break on his brow. "That's not cheating, Larry. That's tradition. It's nature. It's what MILFs like me were put on Earth to do—we give birth so we can fuck, and we fuck so we can be bred, and your job is to support it, cheer it on, and make sure your wife and son have everything we need to keep going. You get to watch. You get to beg. You get to clean his mess out of me if you're lucky. Isn't that enough?"

Her palm slid down to his fly, cupping the pitiful bulge there and giving it a motherly, humiliating squeeze. "Don't you get it, babe? You never could do what he does. Not in my wildest fantasies. You're a good provider, a good man, but what I need is a fuck-king with a monster cock, and God, I won the lottery growing one of those in my own son." She grinned, all

but feral, as she ground her cum-slick thighs against his leg and let the heavy, dripping payload from upstairs ooze fresh and glistening down her calves.

“Hell, I’d bet you love it, deep down. Watching him take me, rail me, breed me until I can’t see straight, until I’m gushing and screaming and breaking the bed. You love seeing just how much a real cock can do to your wife.” Maddie licked her lips, shifting so the thick, cooling slime of their son’s semen soaked directly through the robe and onto Larry’s slacks, a sticky brand of ownership. “It’s okay to feel jealous, to feel like a bitch. It means you care. But from now on? You’re the watcher. The paycheck. The cheerleader. You don’t get to decide how many times a day that boy takes me, or how nasty it gets, or how wide my pussy gets stretched with his cock and with all that hot, perfect cum. You just get to support. That’s daddy’s place.”

Her lips curled into a dainty, DOMESTIC smile, the same expression she’d worn at their wedding, only now her body radiated raw, sweat-stained sex. “I know you saw it, Larry,” she breathed into his neck, her voice both loving and pitiless. “I know you saw how his cock just dominated me, how his balls made me scream and beg like a whore. You wanted to see it, didn’t you? Part of you wished for it all along. You wanted to see your perfect, loyal wife lose herself, let some hung, desperate cock have me. And what’s more perfect than making it family? Than making it our very own son?”

She turned his chin up to meet her eyes, gaze blazing. “I’m gonna make him fuck me again tomorrow morning, Larry. And at lunch. And before bed. I want to feel swollen, destroyed, leaking his cum every second of the day and night. I want you to catch us, over and over, until it’s normal. Until you don’t just watch—you help. You clean me up, you fetch him water, you rub my feet while he fucks me. That’s what a good husband does. Be a good cuck for us, Larry. Cheer us on. Tell me how beautiful I look taking my own son’s cock, how proud you are of him for knocking me up, how much you love being married to a real, raw-breeding MILF. Stop thinking in terms of cheating and start thinking in terms of legacy. It’s what you’re built for.”

She finished this sermon with a deep, loving kiss—a matron’s kiss, her tongue tangling with his, flooding his mouth with the briny, overwhelming taste of sex and victory, the aftershocks of her own orgasms still shimmering on her lips and breath. He thought he might pass out. Her hand clamped the back of his head, crushing him to her, breasts flattening and sprawling across his chest, and the last of his pride fizzled and melted in the heat of his wife’s new, natural law.

Above them, he could hear the faint groan of bed springs, the first stirring of their son’s restless, rebuilt hunger. The house itself seemed to grow warm and electric with the promise of the next round. Maddie just smiled, radiant, already planning the next savage, perfect breed-fest. She had found her purpose, her real

lover, her destiny—and Larry, in his cage of sweat and humiliation, understood what it was to be truly, perfectly defeated.