

A TENT FULL OF **MOMMY-MEAT**



SUPERSIZED

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By Klrxo

Tate's thumbs hammered the controller buttons as his character executed a perfect combo on screen.

"Tate, turn off that PlayStation and get your things packed, darling. We're leaving for the reunion in thirty minutes!" His mom Amber announced, her voice cutting through the game's sound effects.

It was Tate's most dreaded weekend of the year. The annual family reunion at the Pinecone Campground nestled deep in the Appalachian mountains, where mosquitoes swarmed and cell reception disappeared.

The only relative close to his age was his cousin Chuck—a Star Trek fanatic—and the two of them rarely exchanged more than grunts.

"I'm 18 now, mom. Can't I just stay home this year?" he asked, reluctantly hitting the power button.

Amber stood framed in his doorway, one manicured hand on her wide birthing hip. "No, you absolutely cannot stay home. The family wants to see you, baby. You'll have a great time, I guarantee it."

Amber was a stunning 40-year-old brunette with cascading chestnut hair that fell in waves past her shoulders. Her luscious hourglass figure strained against her tight white blouse, the third button threatening to pop from the pressure of her bust.

Tate's eyes were involuntarily drawn to her mountainous tits, which seemed to defy gravity as they ballooned beneath the thin cotton fabric. The air conditioning had kicked on, and he could clearly see the protrusions of her fat nipples pressing against the material like two ripe cherries.

It seemed like all his female family members had inherited the same heavy, pendulous tits, which had been objects of forbidden fascination throughout his hormone-drenched teenage years. Since reaching puberty at thirteen, he had spilled enough pearly cum to fill an Olympic swimming pool just fantasizing about them in the privacy of his locked bathroom.

"If I have to go... I guess I'll go," he muttered, already feeling a familiar stirring in his khaki shorts.

Amber leaned against the doorframe, her glossy lips curling into a knowing smile. "Trust me...you'll DEFINITELY wanna be there this year," she winked, her long lashes fluttering against her flushed cheeks.

Tate's eyebrows furrowed. "Why? What's so special about this year?"

Until recently, Amber had maintained strict maternal boundaries—never once letting a suggestive word pass her glossy lips or allowing her silk blouses to reveal more than a conservative hint of cleavage around her son. But something had shifted the moment Tate's eighteenth birthday candles were blown out.

Now her voice dripped with honeyed invitation, her blouse buttons strategically undone, and her eyes lingered on his crotch with unmistakable hunger that made his virgin cock throb painfully against his zipper.

"You're gonna be getting your dick soaking wet...that's what," his mother answered bluntly, her voice dropping to a husky whisper that made the hairs on his arms stand up.

"Wet?" Tate stammered, his mouth suddenly dry. Had his own mother just said what he thought she said?

"You're getting laid, darling," Amber purred, her manicured fingers toying with a strand of her chestnut hair. Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"Getting...uh, laid??" His voice cracked embarrassingly.

"You heard me right," she insisted, shifting her weight to one hip, causing her blouse to strain even more against her ample chest. "I'm not gonna tell you exactly when, or with whom, but trust me when I say...you're gonna be up to your ears in hot, tight pussy!"

Tate sat frozen, his cheeks burning crimson as a jolt of electricity shot through his groin. His mind raced with possibilities—maybe they were inviting non-family members this year? Girls his own age who might actually want him?

"Have I motivated you enough to get up and get packed yet?" Amber teased with a throaty laugh, then sauntered away, her bodacious buttocks swaying hypnotically with each step.

Tate was a lean, handsome barely-legal teen with chiseled cheekbones and piercing blue eyes that seemed to smolder beneath thick, dark lashes. His lanky five-foot-eight frame carried just enough muscle to hint at the man he was becoming, while still maintaining the lithe flexibility of youth.

His cock, which spent more time hard than not, looked almost unnatural jutting out from his slim hips—a nine-inch monument of veined flesh that curved slightly upward like a divining rod seeking moisture.

His knob was the size of a ripe plum and just as juicy—the sight of female flesh causing pearlescent pre-cum to bead at his slit before trickling down the underside of his shaft in a glistening rivulet. The veins that ran along his length pulsed visibly with each thundering heartbeat, mapping blue tributaries beneath taut, paper-thin skin.

Though his cock was uncircumcised, you wouldn't know it when he was erect—his foreskin stretched back completely to reveal the flared mushroom head beneath. The pronounced ridge of his glans formed a perfect corona, its sensitive rim a deeper shade of crimson than the rest of his shaft, promising exquisite friction against the tender walls of any woman fortunate enough to receive him.

Put simply, Tate had the kind of physique that made older women's gazes linger too long in grocery store aisles, their fingers unconsciously twisting wedding rings while imagining how his taut, youthful body would feel pinning them against satin sheets.

During the three-hour car ride, Tate's younger sister Becky sat up front with his father, while his mom shared the backseat with him.

Amber wore a short summer skirt in a shade of coral that complemented her sun-kissed skin, the hemline riding high enough to leave almost all her toned, shapely legs on display.

Tate's cock swelled instantly, throbbing against his zipper as he stole glances at his mom's smooth copper-toned thighs. They gleamed with a silky sheen from being freshly shaved and moisturized, the muscles beneath subtly flexing with each small movement.

They both pretended to focus on their cellphones, the artificial glow illuminating their faces in the dimming afternoon light.

"Damn this game!" Amber blurted suddenly, shifting her weight and bringing one delicate bare foot up onto Tate's knee. Her toenails gleamed with a fresh coat of cherry-red polish, each nail perfectly shaped and glistening under the filtered sunlight streaming through the window.

She repositioned herself, one leg curled up onto the leather seat and the other bent at the knee, slightly splayed outward in a casual pose.

The boy's breath caught in his throat as he realized her new position offered him an unobstructed view straight up her skirt. If she had been wearing modest cotton panties, that glimpse alone would have been enough to fuel his fantasies for weeks. However, what Tate discovered instead made his pulse race wildly—his mom's pale-yellow underwear was completely transparent, the delicate fabric clinging to her most intimate area like morning dew on a flower petal.

Through the sheer material, he could clearly make out the smooth, plump outer lips of Amber's sex, pressed together to form a pronounced cleft. Nestled within the shadowed valley, the pink arch of her clitoral hood peeked out, like a shy creature emerging from its hiding place.

A sweet, heady aroma suddenly wafted up from between his mother's splayed legs, filling Tate's nostrils with an intoxicating mélange that made his pupils dilate. The top notes of Amber's signature floral perfume—jasmine and vanilla—quickly gave way to the unmistakable musk of aroused womanhood beneath.

He inhaled deeply, his head swimming as the scent molecules triggered something primal in his brain. It smelled like honey-drenched peaches left to ripen in the summer sun, like salt-tinged skin after a day at the beach, like raw, unfiltered sex pheromones bottled straight from the source. His mouth watered involuntarily.

Amber's luminous hazel eyes, flecked with gold around the pupils, slid sideways to catch her son's line of sight. Her plump, glossy lips—the color of ripe cherries and swollen like she'd been stung by a honeybee—curled upward when she confirmed his gaze was locked precisely where she'd orchestrated it to be.

Her attention drifted downward, past the light dusting of peach fuzz on his jawline, beyond the rapid pulse visible at his throat, settling on the unmistakable protrusion straining against his khaki shorts.

The cotton fabric tented outward dramatically, creating a rigid, tubular silhouette that extended nearly to his hip. Amber's breath caught as she noted the distinct mushroom-shaped outline at the tip—evidence that her uncircumcised boy was so thoroughly aroused that his foreskin had fully retracted, exposing the sensitive glans beneath.

"God, I wanna see it pulse," she thought with a delicious shiver of forbidden anticipation.

She extended her slender foot—toenails gleaming like ten perfect rubies—and traced a deliberate path up his quivering thigh, stopping mere centimeters from the throbbing bulge. Her reward came instantly as the entire length visibly contracted, the fabric jumping as though electrified, followed by a barely audible groan escaping her son's parted lips.

Tate's cheeks flushed crimson as he realized his mom had caught him staring directly up her skirt at the sheer panties barely concealing her most intimate area. He instinctively went to cover his throbbing erection with his hands, desperate to hide the shameful evidence of his forbidden arousal.

But before he could conceal himself, Amber's slender fingers darted out and captured his wrists in a surprisingly strong grip. With gentle but unyielding pressure, she guided his hands back down to his sides, pinning them against the leather seat. Her stern expression made it abundantly clear that he was not to hide his excitement from her appraising gaze.

Tate's heart pounded in his chest as his mom's luminous eyes darted deliberately back and forth from his face to his crotch, openly admiring the rigid length of his cock as it visibly pulsed beneath the stretched khaki fabric. Each throb sent a shockwave of pleasure

radiating through his groin and he had to bite his lower lip to stifle a moan.

He could feel his cheeks burning with humiliation and arousal, his skin prickling with heat everywhere his mom's penetrating stare landed. When her eyes finally locked with his with an unmistakable glimmer of raw, primal hunger, it stole his breath away.

Tate's senses were on overload, his brain struggling to process the reality that his gorgeous, unattainable mother was not only acknowledging his straining erection, but seemed to be drinking in the sight of it with unrestrained lust. The masculine musk of his leaking cock swirled with the sweet, floral notes of his mom's arousal, the intoxicating combination making him dizzy with need.

As if reading his thoughts, a wicked smile spread across Amber's glossy lips. Her fingers released their hold on his wrists, but her eyes held him captive, daring him to break away from her hypnotic gaze. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as her hand drifted down...down...until her cherry-red nails hovered a mere inch above the prominent ridge of his cockhead.

Tate held his breath, every muscle in his body tensing with anticipation as a pearly bead of pre-cum seeped through the fabric.

This was all part of Amber's meticulously crafted grand plan—a strategy she'd been fantasizing about for months that would culminate in a weekend of forbidden ecstasy that neither of them would ever forget. With step one of her seduction now successfully executed, Amber needed to make absolutely certain her boy understood that his hungry staring and jutting manhood was not only noticed but enthusiastically welcomed.

With her toned thighs still splayed wide enough to showcase the transparent yellow fabric clinging to her glistening folds, she tapped

her crimson fingernails against her iPhone screen, composing a message.

"How's your game, darling? 😊" the text illuminated her son's screen with a soft blue glow.

Tate's trembling fingers hovered over his phone before he dared glance sideways. His mother's pouty lips were slightly parted, her chest rising and falling with quickened breaths as she pretended to study her screen, awaiting his response.

"It's going alright," he managed to type, his fingertips leaving damp prints on the glass.

"Are you sure your eyes haven't been focused on something else entirely? 😏" Amber's next message appeared instantly, each word making his pulse throb harder in his temples and groin.

Upon reading it, Tate's head snapped toward his mother. She captured his gaze and delivered a slow, deliberate wink, the corner of her mouth curling upward like a cat who'd cornered its prey.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have been looking down there," he replied, his thumbs fumbling over the keys.

Her response materialized with predatory swiftness: "I wasn't asking for an apology, sweetheart. Have you ever smelled a woman's pussy before? And I don't mean from a stolen pair of panties," the message read, each vulgar syllable burning into his retinas.

Tate's stomach clenched with a delicious, wicked spasm that radiated outward through his limbs. The forbidden word coming from his own mother's fingers made his mouth go desert-dry. "I never have before...no," he confessed, his cock now painfully straining against his zipper as he awaited her next move.

Her response made his heart slam against his ribcage. "Wanna smell mine? 😊" the text read, the blue bubble containing those three explosive words seeming to pulse on his screen.

Tate's insides coiled like a spring wound too tight, electric tingles shooting from his groin up his spine. His thumb trembled as it hovered over her message. He blinked hard, then read it again, the pixels burning into his retinas.

"How?" he managed to type, his fingertip leaving a smudge of sweat on the glass.

Amber's fingers danced across her screen with practiced precision, her crimson nails clicking softly against the surface. "When we stop at the Rest Area and your dad and sister get out to use the restroom, I'll let you put your head down between my legs," she texted, her eyes flicking up to meet his with a predatory gleam.

After reading it, Tate's mouth went desert-dry. He turned to face his mother, taking in her glossy lips, the flush spreading across her high cheekbones, and the way her chest rose and fell with quickened breath.

She returned his gaze, her hazel eyes darkening as she fed him a warm, deceptively innocent smile that dimpled her right cheek.

"Who needs to pee?" Tate's dad, John, asked from the driver's seat, his voice slicing through the thick tension like a dull knife.

"I do...like crazy!" Tate's sister replied, already unbuckling her seatbelt with a metallic click.

"I'm good, honey," Amber announced, crossing one silky leg over the other with deliberate slowness.

"I'm ok too!" her son added, his voice cracking slightly on the last syllable.

John parked the family SUV with a jolt that made the suspension creak, and he and his daughter hurried out, slamming their doors with twin metallic thuds that reverberated through the vehicle.

"Get on the floor, darling!" Amber directed in a honeyed whisper, her glossy lips barely moving.

She positioned herself at the edge of the black leather seat, the material squeaking beneath her as she spread her knees nearly back to her shoulders, like all mothers do when they fuck or give birth - the hem of her floral sundress riding up to expose the creamy expanse of her inner thighs.

The yellow fabric of her panties stretched taut across her mound, the dampened center clinging to every contour of her swollen flesh. "Go ahead!" she urged, her hazel eyes darkening to the color of wet moss as she watched her son hesitate.

Tate lowered himself awkwardly into the cramped foot-well, the rough carpet abrading his knees through his khakis. His pulse hammered in his ears like distant war drums as he found himself eye-level with the glistening delta between his mother's legs. Her perfectly pedicured toes curled in anticipation, the scarlet polish catching the sunlight filtering through the tinted windows.

"Smell the pussy, darling," the mother whispered with a mischievous nod.

When he finally pressed his face forward, the heat radiating from her core scorched his cheeks. His first inhale filled his lungs with her essence—a complex bouquet of jasmine perfume, musky arousal, and something uniquely, intoxicatingly Amber.

His eyelashes fluttered against the transparent yellow fabric as he drew another breath, his tongue involuntarily darting out to wet his parched lips.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered, watching his every reaction.

Tate was too aroused to answer, so he simply nodded.

Without warning, Amber's thighs clamped around his head like satin-covered vises, the surprising strength in her legs trapping him against her center. Her calves draped down his back, her ankles crossing to lock him in place as she ground herself against his face, leaving a slick trail of her excitement on his flushed cheek.

"Do you like it, darling? Do you like smelling mommy this way?" she purred, her voice dropping an octave, each syllable dripping with forbidden promise.

"Mn-hm!" Tate managed, the vibration of his response making her shudder visibly.

Through the gossamer-thin material, he could make out every detail—the plump outer lips, the delicate inner folds peeking through like the petals of an exotic flower, the prominent hood where her most sensitive bud nestled. The heady aroma made his head swim, his vision narrowing to this singular, taboo landscape.

"You must wonder," she breathed, running her crimson nails through his hair and pulling him even tighter against her heat, "what it would feel like to smash your young, throbbing prick through something so wonderfully wet and tight?" Her words hung in the humid air between them like a physical presence.

Tate was too excited and too smothered to answer, his face flushed crimson as his lungs filled with her intoxicating scent. His eyelashes fluttered against the damp fabric as he nodded vigorously, his nose brushing against her swollen bud.

"Does being this close to a woman's pussy get you even harder, baby?" she cooed, her voice honeyed and thick. "Does it make that beautiful cock of yours swell up nice n stiff in those khakis?"

Her fingernails traced lazy circles on his scalp, sending electric shivers down his spine.

"Mmm-hmm!" Her boy answered, his voice muffled against her heat, the vibration making her thighs quiver around his cheeks.

"Well, maybe mom can find a way to snuggle up against that throbbing boner of yours until we get to the camp site," she purred, her hazel eyes darkening to emerald. "Would you like to feel mommy's soft ass grinding against you?"

Tate nodded frantically, his pulse hammering in his temples, each heartbeat echoing in his painfully confined erection.

"We could have a nice, private dry-fuck underneath the blanket. Do you know what that is?" Amber asked, licking her glossy lips until they glistened in the filtered sunlight.

"Not really," he mumbled, his breath hot against her center.

"It's when two people go through the motions of intercourse, but with their clothes on," she explained, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "The friction makes everything hot and desperate, but a boy's dick stays relatively dry. That's why they call it a DRY fuck."

"I see," the boy answered, his lips still plastered to her panty-covered twat, the transparent yellow fabric now translucent with her arousal.

Amber's tongue darted out to moisten her plump cherry-red lower lip, leaving a glistening trail before she continued her sultry explanation, her voice honeyed like warm syrup. "Of course, no matter how dry the fuck starts out, your young dick will still drool plenty of slippery pre-cum from that swollen purple tip. And mommy's hungry little pussy—pink and puffy as a ripe peach—can't help but cream and throb when there's a nice fat cock grinding against it," she purred, her voice dropping to a velvety whisper that caressed his eardrum.

"So even through our clothes, you'll feel my wetness soaking through

like hot summer rain as I hump myself to a shuddering, toe-curling orgasm on your throbbing shaft."

Tate groaned into the dampened fabric of her panties, his breath scorching her most intimate flesh, nostrils filling with her musky-sweet scent. The thought of his own mother—the woman who had nursed him, bathed him, tucked him in at night—shamelessly using his body to pleasure herself, to chase her taboo climax right there against him with his father and sister just feet away, made his swollen cock lurch and dribble in his shorts, a quarter-sized wet spot forming on the khaki fabric.

"You want that, don't you baby?" Amber cooed, grinding her hips in slow figure-eights to smear her mommy fuck-oil across his flushed cheeks like warm honey. "To feel mommy's juices soak through your shorts while she rides you? To shoot your hot, sticky load—thick as cream—in your underwear as I cream on your cock until it drips down my trembling thighs?"

"Yes... god yes," Tate mumbled, his voice muffled between her quivering thighs, his mind reeling with the depravity of it all, heart hammering against his ribcage like a tribal drum.

"Such a good boy," she praised with a giggle, finally unclenching her toned thighs from around his head, leaving faint pink pressure marks on his flushed cheeks.

"Your sister's coming back to the truck," Amber informed him as she spotted her daughter's slender figure weaving between parked cars, a plastic bag swinging from her wrist. "Give my pussy a kiss and then come back up onto the seat."

Tate did as he was told, planting a lingering kiss against the fleshy hood of her clitoris, feeling it pulse beneath the damp yellow fabric before reluctantly slipping back up onto the seat next to her, adjusting his painful erection against the confines of his khakis.

"I got you guys some salt and vinegar chips to snack on," John blurted as he got back in the SUV and started it up, the engine rumbling to life beneath them.

His wife smiled back at him with practiced innocence, her cherry-glossed lips curving upward - the perfect picture of marital faithfulness that would never cause him to suspect the slick evidence of her arousal still cooling on their son's burning face.

"Tate and I aren't really that hungry, honey...just tired. We might lie down here on the back seat and have a little nap," his wife answered, her voice honeyed yet casual as she smoothed her floral sundress over her still-trembling thighs.

"Suit yourselves," her husband replied, pulling away from the service station, gravel crunching beneath the tires. "We'll wake you both up when we get there."

Amber's hazel eyes locked with her son's, a flicker of mischief dancing in their emerald depths as she motioned for him to lie down first. "Go ahead, darling," she whispered, her cherry-glossed lips barely moving.

Tate sprawled out on the leather back seat, his khakis tenting obscenely at the crotch. His mother stretched out next to him in the spooning position, the floral pattern of her sundress riding up her tanned thighs.

Amber spread a navy blue cashmere throw blanket over them, shrouding their writhing bodies in a cocoon of privacy.

Tate's breath caught as he felt his mother's delicate fingers lift her skirt to her waist, then back her voluptuous, heart-shaped ass against his throbbing erection.

She worked the rigid length of her boy's cock in the deep valley between the plump, quivering globes of her ass, the friction sending

electric jolts up his spine. Only the paper-thin cotton of Tate's khaki shorts and the dental-floss-thin yellow satin thong separated their fevered flesh.

The teen let out a strangled gasp as his mom gyrated her perfectly bodacious booty against him in slow, deliberate circles. His cock pulsed beneath his shorts, the purple head swelling against the confining fabric until a wet spot bloomed at the tip.

"Holy fuck! He's just so wonderfully hard!" Amber thought, her inner walls clenching with need as she ground her soft, warm bubble-butt against him. She could feel the swollen mushroom head of his cock nudging through her ass-crack, pressing insistently against the puckered rosebud of her anus.

The mother grinned devilishly and sank her pearly teeth into her cherry-glossed bottom lip until it blanched white beneath the pressure. Her hazel eyes fluttered closed as she imagined that granite-hard teenage slab of veiny meat stuffed balls-deep inside her quivering ass-tract. She wickedly imagined the plum-sized tip pulsing against the velvety, forbidden recesses of her rectum, each throb stimulating thousands of hypersensitive nerve-endings connected to her swollen clitoral root, promising a mind-shattering orgasm that would leave her convulsing and speaking in tongues.

"Unngghh...Mom..." he groaned, the desperate word muffled into her chestnut hair that cascaded across his flushed face like silk. The delicious wrongness of it all - dry humping his own mother's luscious ass in the backseat while his oblivious father and innocent sister sat mere feet away - sent electric jolts of forbidden pleasure straight to his throbbing manhood.

His narrow teenage hips moved of their own primal accord, thrusting against her in an ancient, instinctual rhythm hardwired into his DNA. His angry purple cockhead slid up and down the sweat-slicked valley

between her quivering ass cheeks like a flesh missile seeking its target.

Tate floated in ecstasy, his senses overwhelmed. The rhythmic pressure she applied to his aching shaft was exquisite torture, unlike any self-pleasure he'd ever experienced. When he thought the sensation couldn't possibly intensify, his mom's slender fingers captured his wrist beneath the blanket and guided his trembling hand up underneath her blouse.

"Is she letting me...?" his brain screamed as his fingers trailed across the taut plane of her quivering abdomen. His heart thundered against his ribcage when she continued to guide him north - his thumb brushing against the lace-trimmed underwire of her bra, the massive, silk-encased globes of her breasts spilling over the cups like ripe fruit.

Amber turned her head and whispered to him softly, her cherry-glossed lips brushing against the sensitive shell of his ear. "You can touch my titties, baby... just stay outside my bra."

Once again, he could hardly believe his ears. Being so inexperienced, Tate was nervous as hell, his fingers trembling like autumn leaves in a breeze, but he wasn't about to refuse his mom's intoxicating offer.

Soon his eager, virgin hands were wandering reverently over her magnificent bra-shrouded orbs, feeling the pillowy flesh beneath delicate embroidered lace that scratched pleasantly against his fingertips. His favorite part were the rounded peaks, where he could feel the thick, pebbled nubs of her teats straining against the silky fabric, hard as pencil erasers and radiating heat.

By now his mom was humping back on him in a steady, hypnotic rhythm, her plush ass cheeks gripping his rigid shaft through their clothes like a velvet vice.

She was awestruck by his youthful vitality and impressive penile strength, the way his cock throbbed against her like a steel rod wrapped in satin. The way the 9-inch boner was anchored powerfully to its root – muscle and tendons creating an unyielding spike of teenage fuck-meat made to plow pussy.

She knew that having a large, youthful cock like Tate's inside her would make her lose her fucking mind, splitting her open and touching places her husband had never reached with his average-sized endowment.

By the time they had traveled only five miles from the station, Amber's pussy was soaking wet, her thighs slick with arousal, and Tate had a huge dark spot on his shorts where his pre-cum had soaked through, glistening obscenely in the afternoon light.

Over the next half-hour, their hips rolled in tireless counterpoint beneath the cashmere blanket, grinding their barely concealed flesh together in an increasingly frenzied dance.

Sweat beaded along Tate's hairline as his trembling fingers kneaded his mother's bra-shrouded breasts, the 38GG globes spilling over his palms like warm dough.

His touch grew bolder as her honey-sweet moans vibrated against his flushed neck, her hot breath dampening his earlobe. The slick, pulsing heat of her pussy radiated through the thin layers separating them, her juices soaking his khaki shorts until the fabric clung translucent to his nine-inch, vein-rippled erection.

"John, turn the radio up, darling," Amber gasped suddenly, her voice uneven and throaty. "I love this song."

Tate knew it was a ruse - she only wanted the blaring music to conceal the high-pitched squeals of ecstasy threatening to spill from her cherry-glossed lips at any moment. Her soft, pillow-like ass

pumped faster against him, riding his cloth-covered cock in desperate little figure-eight circles.

Electric tendrils of pleasure unfurled at the base of his spine, shooting through his groin as his heavy balls drew up tight against his taint.

"Fuck, mom. Fuck...I'm gonna cum," he groaned against the fragrant curtain of her chestnut hair, fingers digging into the yielding flesh of her breasts, feeling her diamond-hard nipples pressing against his palms.

"Let go for mommy," she purred, reaching back to palm his flexing ass, her manicured nails digging into the firm muscle as she pulled him harder against her undulating hips. "Cream those shorts for me, baby. Fill them with your thick, hot cum."

Her filthy words were his undoing. Tate buried his face in her coconut-scented locks and bit down on his knuckles so hard they left crescent-shaped indentations as he muffled his guttural moan, a tsunami of white-hot ecstasy ripping through his trembling teenage body.

His cock jerked violently and throbbed like a jackhammer against her ass, spurting what felt like a gallon of scalding, pearlescent seed into his Calvin Klein underwear. The sticky, rope-like strands of cum soaked through the cotton within seconds, painting his mother's gyrating, heart-shaped ass with his potent teenage essence.

Amber shuddered uncontrollably in his arms, her sopping wet pussy clenching and fluttering like butterfly wings as she rode out her own silent, earth-shattering climax, drenching her yellow satin thong until the delicate fabric was completely molded to every swollen fold and glistening crease of her mature womanhood.

She milked Tate's spent, purple-headed cock with her pillowy ass cheeks, coaxing out every last pearly drop of his thick boy-cream, then finally stilled.

They lay tangled together in the sticky afterglow, racing pulses gradually slowing to a steady drum, rivulets of sweat cooling on their flushed, burning skin.

Tate didn't dare move a muscle, savoring the feel of his mother's magnificent hourglass body melded against his like a second skin. The twangy country music from the radio gradually faded back into his consciousness as his orgasm-fogged brain cleared from its lustful haze.

Amber shifted her curvaceous hips, and Tate felt a fresh gush of warm wetness against his softening but still impressive cock. His eyes widened like saucers as he realized she was still leaking copious arousal, her toned, tanned thighs now completely slick with it.

He inhaled deeply through flared nostrils, the intoxicating musk of her sex—like honey and salt—mingling with the earthy, bleach-like scent of his own massive release.

"Enjoy your little nap?" John called obliviously over his shoulder as the luxury SUV rolled on, gravel crunching beneath the expensive tires.

"Mmmhmm, it was absolutely wonderful," Amber purred like a satisfied tigress, stretching her voluptuous body like a cat in heat—her gigantic, watermelon-sized tits nearly popping the straining buttons on her floral sundress.

"There's my darling Grandson!" Tate's Grandma Ruth exclaimed as he got out of the vehicle, her voice carrying across the campsite like honey dripping from a spoon.

The boy always felt like he was being swallowed up in squishy tit-meat whenever his Grandma hugged him. Of all the women in the family, her boobs were the most tremendous - 48JJs that defied gravity despite her sixty-two years, hanging like ripe watermelons beneath her floral-patterned sundress.

"Oh, you just get more and more handsome every day!" Ruth beamed, holding onto him tightly, her powdery lavender perfume enveloping him in a cloud of nostalgia.

"I bet he has girls constantly swarming around him," his Aunt Morgan added, eager to get her hands on the boy. The busty blonde was eight months pregnant, her tremendously round belly straining against a thin white tank top that looked ready to burst at the seams.

Beads of perspiration glistened between her heaving cleavage as she stepped forward and gave him a big tit-squasher - her obscenely huge boobs warm and swollen with sloshing tit-nectar, while gazing at him with brilliant blue eyes that sparkled like tropical waters.

"That's right, isn't it, honey?" Morgan asked in a hushed tone, her glossy pink lips brushing against his earlobe. "Lots of pretty girls wanting to spread their sexy legs for you?"

"My turn!" his Aunt Jane said, stepping towards them on long, tanned legs that seemed to go on forever. She looked a lot like his mom, Amber, but a few years older, with streaks of caramel highlights running through her chestnut hair. Her colossal H-cup tits were spilling out of a skimpy hot-pink bikini top - the nipples so hard they created visible peaks in the thin fabric.

When she hugged the boy, Tate literally gasped from the feel of her melonous tits on his chest, the scent of coconut tanning oil and aroused pussy-musk filling his nostrils.

"Oh, baby boy...I could just sneak off somewhere with you," she mewled, while staring him in the eyes, her tongue darting out to wet her plump bottom lip. "Somewhere nice n private."

She glanced over at her husband, but thankfully, he paid them no mind – too busy chatting it up with the other husbands.

Tate felt heat flooding his cheeks, a crimson tide rising from his collar to his hairline as his Aunt's sultry confession hung in the humid summer air. His eyes darted nervously toward Uncle Rick, who stood barely fifteen feet away by the cooler, obviously popping the tab on a cold beer while his wife's fingers lingered possessively on Tate's trembling forearm.

As with every reunion, there were at least a dozen younger kids darting between the towering pines like hyperactive squirrels, their high-pitched squeals echoing across the campground.

The dads lounged in folding chairs with sweat-dampened shirts clinging to their beer bellies, popping tabs on frosty Budweisers while hammering tent stakes.

"What's up, cousin?!" A muscular boy Tate's age called out, his sun-bleached hair falling across one eye as he approached, gripping two gleaming fishing poles that caught the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees. It was his cousin, Chuck, whose was built much like Tate, but a year older at 19.

"Hey, Chuck!" Tate replied, feeling the sticky summer heat plastering his own shirt to his back.

"I was just headed over to the river to do some fishing. The water's crystal clear today, and I spotted some fat rainbow trout from the bank. Wanna join?" Chuck asked, his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"I should probably get my tent set up," Tate sighed, gesturing toward his family's campsite where equipment lay scattered across the pine-needle covered ground.

His mother had been keeping close tabs on his every move since they got there and looked over at him.

"Your father will get your tent up, darling," Amber chimed in, "Just go have a good time."

Tate and Chuck made small-talk as they navigated the winding dirt path to the riverbank, their boots crunching on fallen twigs and smooth river stones. The rushing water sparkled like liquid diamonds in the afternoon sun as they cast their lines with practiced flicks of their wrists.

"So...you finally turned 18, huh?" Chuck asked, his voice dropping to a husky whisper as he leaned closer, the musky scent of his cologne mingling with the earthy smell of the river.

"Yeah, about a month ago," Tate answered, watching his red and white bobber dance on the rippling surface.

"You must be psyched to be getting all that mommy-meat this year." Chuck stated.

Tate's brow furrowed, his stomach tightening. "Mommy-meat?" he asked, the fishing pole suddenly slippery in his sweaty palm.

"Yeah, a tent full of mommy-meat. It's a tradition that happens when a male family member turns 18. The big white tent they always set up behind the oak grove," Chuck explained, licking his chapped lips.

"I've never heard of that," Tate confessed, feeling his pulse quicken. "What is it exactly?"

"Do you ever notice how when we do the family hike every year the moms never come along? How they always have some excuse ready?"

"Yeah," Tate answered, suddenly recalling the annual family hike that took about four hours, along a winding path that snaked up through the mountains and ended at a crystal-blue swimming hole where sunlight danced on the surface.

Although Tate had never really thought much about it, Chuck was right...the moms in the family always stayed behind, their perfume lingering in the air long after they'd waved goodbye.

"The reason they stay behind is...so all the moms in the family, including Grandma Ruth, can set up that white silk tent and gang-rape the boys in the family when they turn 18. It's sort of a tradition, I guess," Chuck explained, his pupils dilating as he stared intently at Tate.

"Gang-rape?" Tate's voice cracked, the word hanging between them like a physical thing.

"Well, no...not really 'gang-rape.' I mean, you can't really rape the willing, right?" Chuck laughed, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

"But...they have sex though?" Tate whispered, feeling his shorts tighten uncomfortably.

"Fucking wild sex, dude...like you wouldn't believe. It was like being in a cage with a bunch of sex-hungry animals. Wet lips, grasping hands, gigantic tits everywhere you look. They're gonna fuck you, dude...suck on your dick and balls until you're completely drained, you name it...they do it all," Chuck warned him, his fishing pole forgotten as sweat beaded on his upper lip.

Tate stood there speechless for a moment, his mouth hanging open as his cousin's words sank in like stones dropping into a still pond. His heart hammered against his ribs while sweat trickled down his spine, dampening the waistband of his shorts.

"You did this with them last summer?" he finally asked, his voice barely audible over the rushing river.

"Yep, right after I turned 18," Chuck nodded, his eyes glazing over with the memory. "The year before me it was Charlie," he added, referencing his older brother who had since disappeared to some ivy-covered college campus across the country. "The year before that, they initiated Aunt Morgan's son Eric."

Tate's mind raced like a hamster on a wheel. His mom's whispered promise before they'd left—her glossy lips brushing his ear as she'd promised he wouldn't return home a virgin—suddenly took on a whole new meaning. He shifted uncomfortably, his erection straining painfully against his zipper.

"You'll know for sure if it's going down tomorrow if you get a surprise in your sleeping bag tonight," Chuck shared, his tanned face breaking into a knowing grin that revealed perfect white teeth.

"What type of surprise?" Tate asked, leaning forward, his fishing rod forgotten in his trembling hands.

"Well..." Chuck paused dramatically, running his tongue across his bottom lip, "it's a surprise, so I don't wanna give it away. But don't worry, dude," he winked, punching Tate's shoulder, "you'll fucking love it!"

The whole family sat around the crackling pine-scented fire that night, laughing and sharing stories that echoed through the darkening forest.

Tate couldn't take his eyes off the luscious tanned legs of each mother as they crossed and uncrossed them in the dancing orange light. They were all strong in a feminine way, their thigh muscles taut beneath smooth skin, made to harness around a rutting male. He marveled at how they were freshly shaved to gleaming perfection, causing the skin to shimmer wonderfully in the hypnotic glow of the campfire.

Amber, Morgan and Jane huddled together like a coven of sex witches, their eyes glinting with feral hunger in the dancing orange firelight as they whispered and giggled behind manicured fingers.

Tate couldn't hear what they were saying over the hypnotic crackle and pop of the resinous pine logs, but he noticed how their mascara-rimmed gazes kept drifting down to the prominent nine-inch bulge tenting his khaki shorts like a circus pavilion.

Morgan leaned in close to her sisters' ears, her swollen milk-heavy tits threatening to spill out of her low-cut white tank top. "Do you think his teenage dick is rock hard under there right now?" she asked in a hushed, conspiratorial tone that made her ruby lips quiver. "Throbbing and drooling pre-cum for our hungry mommy-holes?"

"Mmm-hmm, definitely," Amber purred, running her pink tongue across her glossy crimson lips until they glistened wetly in the firelight. "Look at that massive outline straining against the fabric. My boy's a grower, not a shower. Nine thick inches, ladies - rigid and ready to split us open."

Jane looked at each other suspiciously. "He's been 18 for a month now, and you seem to know an awful lot about his cock already."

A wicked Cheshire-cat grin spread across Amber's heart-shaped face, dimpling her flushed cheeks. "I haven't fucked him, but...let's just say Tate and I shared some special mommy-son bonding time on the backseat during our drive up here."

The sisters burst into peals of throaty laughter that echoed across the campsite like wind chimes in a summer breeze, their titanic titties jiggling like bowls of sun-warmed strawberry jello beneath their sweat-dampened cotton tops. "Oh my God, Amber, are you sure you didn't fuck his virgin cock already?" Morgan squealed like an excited eighth-grader at her first boy-girl dance, her muscular thighs clenching together beneath her frayed denim cutoffs, creating a visible camel toe that darkened with moisture.

"No, we just dry-fucked against each other until we both came," she confessed with a shameless wink that crinkled the corners of her sapphire eyes. "Although if you ask my soaking pussy, it'll tell you there was absolutely nothing DRY about it. I had to change my thong as soon as we got here—it was so drenched you'd have thought I just stepped out of a Jacuzzi."

The women erupted into another round of raucous laughter at Amber's explicit confession. The husbands' faces swiveled in their direction, bushy eyebrows raised quizzically above bloodshot eyes.

"What's so funny over there?" John called out, his deep baritone carrying across the crackling campfire.

"Oh nothing, honey!" Amber sing-songed in a lilting soprano, her glossy crimson lips curving into a deceptively innocent smile, not feeling a single twinge of guilt despite her incestuous, unfaithful ways. "Just swapping recipes for tomorrow's dinner!"

The men shrugged their broad shoulders and turned back to their bottles of Budweiser, clearly not interested in discussions of crockpot casseroles or slow-cooker pot roasts.

As soon as their attention was diverted, the sisters huddled closer, their chestnut, honey-blonde, and auburn heads nearly touching as they resumed their hushed, conspiratorial whispers that hissed like steam escaping a pressure cooker.

"God, I can't wait to get my hands on that barely-legal cock," Morgan groaned, squeezing her glistening tanned thighs together so tightly

that her cutoff denim shorts creaked. A warm gush of wetness flooded the crotch of her lace-trimmed Victoria's Secret panties, creating a dark, visible stain. "To think it's never been inside a woman before..."

"He's gonna pump so much thick, pearly cum," Amber sighed dreamily, her sapphire eyes glazing over with lust as she twirled a honey-blonde strand around her French-manicured finger. "When they're that age, their heavy balls are constantly full to bursting with hot teenage sperm."

"The virgins are always the horniest," Jane added, her erect nipples visibly drilling into her leopard-print bikini top like diamond-cutting lasers, creating two prominent peaks in the thin fabric. "So eager and excitable. The moment you wrap your wet lips around that throbbing purple head, they nearly explode down your throat!"

Morgan nodded vigorously. "There's nothing better than sucking a teenage boy's rock-hard cock and having him lose control almost immediately, grunting and humping your face while he empties those swollen, aching balls down your hungry throat."

"And they can get it up again in minutes," Amber pointed out, fanning her flushed cleavage dramatically with splayed fingers. "Ready for round two...three...four... FUCK ME SIDEWAYS!"

Tate sat rooted to his rough-hewn log bench, his untouched chocolate-dripping s'more forgotten and oozing between his trembling fingers, as he strained to eavesdrop on his aunts' and mother's raunchy conversation. Even without hearing the actual filthy words, their giggling, husky tone and the way they kept eye-fucking his crotch with mascara-rimmed gazes made his massive cock throb painfully against his zipper, pulsing out a steady stream of warm, sticky pre-cum that dampened the front of his khaki shorts.

A short distance from their camp was a small cinder-block building with showers. One by one his Aunts, mom and silver-haired Grandmother went over to get cleaned up, their heavy breasts

bobbling beneath thin cotton shirts and their thick round asses wagging hypnotically with each step. Then, they retired to their nylon tents with knowing backward glances.

Tate finally extinguished the campfire, watching the last ember fade to black before retreating to his own tent. Inside, his small battery-powered lantern cast elongated shadows across the nylon walls.

As he peeled off his sweat-dampened t-shirt and shimmied out of his khaki shorts down to his navy boxers, his eyes kept darting to the sleeping bag. Chuck's words echoed in his mind.

The forest-green bag lay flat and undisturbed on his air mattress, its zipper gleaming in the lantern light. *"That lying bastard was just messing with me,"* Tate thought bitterly, clicking off the light with a frustrated snap.

The moment he slid into the sleeping bag, something silky brushed against his bare calf. Tate froze. Heart hammering, he fumbled for the lantern switch and yanked out a massive white bra with intricate lace embroidery along cups.

His trembling fingers discovered more treasures: a pair of cream-colored satin panties with a delicate bow at the waistband. Before he could even lift them to his face, the unmistakable scent of feminine arousal—tangy, sweet, and primal—filled his nostrils.

"Holy shit...smell that pussy!" he thought, his insides tingling with excitement.

Digging deeper, he unearthed a black lace thong, a pale pink G-string, and three more enormous silky bras in various colors, each cup large enough to fit over his entire head. The lingerie had been artfully arranged within his sleeping bag, the fabric still radiating warmth as if freshly peeled from the curves of their voluptuous MILF owners.

The panties exuded an intoxicating cocktail of musky feminine essence mingled with expensive floral perfume, making the teen dizzy as the pungent smell of pussy assaulted his senses.

Tate nearly jumped out of his skin as the metallic rasp of his tent zipper cut through the silence. He frantically crammed the silky undergarments back into his sleeping bag, heart hammering against his ribs.

His mom's pretty face appeared in the widening gap, her glossy lips curved into a knowing smile as she crawled inside on all fours. The nylon floor crinkled beneath her weight as she sealed them in together, the zipper's teeth locking with a final decisive click.

Amber wore white thermal long Johns that clung to every luscious curve of her voluptuous body like wet paint. Her enormous breasts swayed pendulously beneath the thin cotton with each movement, clearly unrestrained by any bra. Her hardened nipples pushed against the fabric like fat cherries, creating two prominent peaks that drew his gaze like magnets.

"Your father's already snoring like crazy," she giggled, her voice honeyed and intimate in the confined space. "At least he'll scare the bears away."

"True," Tate agreed with a nervous smile, his mouth suddenly desert-dry.

"Why aren't you in your sleeping bag, darling?" his mother asked, her concerned tone contradicted by the predatory gleam in her eyes. "It's starting to get chilly out."

"I was...uh, just getting ready to actually," he managed, painfully aware of the lingerie hidden inches away.

"Good. I'll join you," she suggested, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "You can keep me warm while we talk."

Tate hesitated, his pulse throbbing visibly at his throat, but his mom smiled reassuringly, perfect white teeth gleaming in the dim light. "Don't worry... I'm not here to take your new toys away," she giggled, the sound tinkling like wind chimes. "Just bring them out for a minute, so we can get in."

Not really surprised that she knew about them, the boy did as his mom asked and crawled into his sleeping bag. Amber did the same, her body radiating heat as she squeezed inside his comfy bag with him, filling his nostrils with her intoxicating perfume.

"Stay on your back," the mother whispered, her warm breath tickling his ear as she draped a smooth, toned leg across his thighs. The soft swell of her oversized breasts pressed against his chest like warm pillows. "There now... this is cozy," she purred, her lips barely an inch from his neck.

Tate's throbbing erection strained painfully against his boxers, the purple head peeking out from the waistband and leaking clear pre-cum onto his taut stomach. Being in the same sleeping bag with his voluptuous mother was intoxicating - her soft, pillowy tits conforming against his heaving chest like warm dough while the scorching heat from her moist crotch branded his hip through the thin cotton of her thermal underwear.

He watched, mesmerized, as her delicate fingers dangled one of the massive brassieres above his flushed face, the intricate lace pattern casting spidery shadows across his features in the dim lantern light.

"My goodness, would you look at the size of this bra!" she whispered huskily, her glossy pink lips parting as she squinted at the tag. "44 H-cup. Those are some seriously huge knockers! Any idea who this belongs to, darling?"

"I-I'm not really sure," the boy stammered, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard, one shoulder lifting in a nervous shrug.

"That's your Aunt Jane's bra... and these are her panties," Amber purred, plucking a barely-there black thong from the pile with her manicured fingertips.

She dragged the silky fabric deliberately across her son's quivering lips and flushed cheeks. "Can you smell her sweet pussy, baby? Can you smell the tangy juices she deliberately left there for you to sniff?"

"Yesss," the teen sighed, his eyelids fluttering closed as he inhaled deeply, drawing the musky, slightly salty feminine essence deep into his lungs.

"Holy moly, look at this absolute monster!" Amber gasped, her eyes widening as she extracted another enormous brassiere from the collection. The massive cups, adorned with delicate floral embroidery, cast a shadow over the boy's face as she dangled it above him.

"48 double J cup! I bet those puppies hang down to her belly button. Any guesses who this belongs to, sweetie?" she teased, before pressing the silky garment completely over his face like a mask.

"Grandma?" came his muffled reply, his hot breath dampening the fabric as he marveled at how the enormous cup engulfed his entire head from forehead to chin.

"Bingo, baby boy," his mom responded with a throaty giggle, sliding Ruth's lacy white panties beneath the cup and grinding the gusset firmly against her son's flaring nostrils. "And don't her panties smell absolutely divine?"

"God, yes!" the boy moaned enthusiastically, his hips involuntarily bucking upward.

"They've been hugging her warm, fragrant pussy all day long, baby," she whispered, her hot breath tickling his ear, "and she's probably secreted her thick, creamy juices right into the fabric."

The boy's ass rose instinctively upward in an excited fuck-hump motion, his spine arching like a drawn bow as his throbbing boner flexed visibly beneath the thin cotton of his boxers, the purple head glistening with pre-cum.

His mom's silky-smooth leg slid across his trembling thighs, firmly pressing him back against the crinkly sleeping bag.

"Down, tiger!" she giggled, her voice like warm honey in the lantern-lit darkness. She delicately plucked Ruth's lace-trimmed undergarments away with her manicured fingertips and dangled a different matching set above him—coffee-colored satin with intricate floral embroidery.

"Mmm, look at this sexy pair. These are Aunt Morgan's bra and panties, baby. I bet you've been aching to smell her pregnant pussy," Amber moaned, her pupils dilating as she brought the visibly stained crotch of her sister's panties to his flaring nostrils.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, his eyelids fluttering closed as he inhaled his Aunt Morgan's strong feminine scent—a heady mixture of tangy musk and sweet hormonal secretions unique to pregnancy.

"Her and I have the same bra size," the mother revealed, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper as she draped the two identical bras over her boy's flushed face. "We both wear 38 GG-cup bras, darling. Feel how soft they are," she breathed, methodically rubbing the silky cups against his wonder-stricken features, the fabric still warm and slightly damp from wear.

"Our big heavy tits have been stuffed inside these cups all day long, baby. All that wonderful flesh just pushing and heaving against them, leaving behind our scent and warmth just for you."

The mother pushed the silky cups aside with her manicured fingers, revealing her son's flushed face beneath. His dilated pupils fixated on

the canary-yellow panties she dangled tantalizingly above him, the delicate fabric swaying hypnotically from her perfectly polished index finger.

"I bet you remember these particular ones, don't you, darling?" she asked, her glossy lips curving into a knowing smile that made her cheekbones more pronounced in the dim light.

"Those are...um, the ones you had on today," he answered, his voice cracking slightly as his throat constricted with desire.

"That's right," she purred, "the sheer ones that were stretched across my swollen pussy lips during our long car ride. Do you remember how you could see the outline of my wet slit through them, baby? How the fabric clung to every fold and crease?" she asked, rotating the panties so the gusset caught the lantern light.

"How could I forget?!" Tate exclaimed, his cock twitching visibly against his stomach.

"And here's the thong portion," she continued, producing a thin strip of yellow fabric, "that was wedged deep between my ass cheeks, rubbing against the puckered ring of my asshole with every bump in the road."

She stretched the elastic between her thumbs, displaying the damp center panel. "The very one you were grinding your throbbing erection against when we dry-fucked each other on the back seat. Remember that exquisite moment, darling?"

"Uh-huh," Tate responded, his engorged member now leaking a steady stream of pre-cum that pooled in his navel. He was so fucking turned on it felt like his skin might burst into flames.

"That made me SO wet," she whispered conspiratorially, "absolutely drenched. The crotch of these panties must smell incredibly potent after marinating in my juices all day."

She lowered the visibly stained gusset deliberately toward her boy's flaring nostrils. "Are they strong, honey? Do they reek of aroused, hungry pussy?"

The tangy, musky aroma of his mother's intimate secretions was so powerful they made the boy's head swirl like he was riding a carnival ride. The complex bouquet of salt, sweetness and something primal flooded his senses completely. He was too overwhelmed to form words, so he just nodded vigorously, his eyes rolling back slightly.

Amber boldly slid her hand down and traced a fingertip along his shaft, her nail leaving a trail of goosebumps. "If you fucked a wet pussy, that's exactly what your dick would smell like afterward—all that tangy sweetness coating every inch."

She inhaled deeply, her nostrils flaring. "Isn't it absolutely wonderful? Like honey and salt and something primal all mixed together?"

"Yesss," Tate answered, his voice barely a rasp as his hips involuntarily lifted toward her touch.

Amber slithered on top of her son like a venomous anaconda gliding through dense, steamy jungle foliage, smothering the trembling teen in a heaving sea of glistening, jiggling 38GG tits and overheated MILF flesh that radiated feverish warmth against his goosebump-covered skin.

Her silky, lotion-scented thighs clamped around his narrow hips like a vise as she settled her fiery, pulsating crotch directly over the steel-hard, nine-inch fuck muscle pressing against his quivering abdomen. The paper-thin, moisture-darkened cotton of their underwear remained the only flimsy barrier separating their throbbing, aching sexes.

"Close your eyes, sweetheart," she purred, her glossy cherry-red lips brushing the sensitive shell of his ear, sending electric shivers racing

down his arched spine like lightning bolts. "I want you to imagine sinking this thick young veiny cock into a hot, clinging pussy dripping with nectar. Picture yourself thrusting deep into the sensitive coral-pink folds, spreading them open like a blooming flower, making them grip you tight like a silken fist."

Tate squeezed his eyes shut, his heart hammering against his ribs like a tribal drum as he vividly imagined his mother's explicit scenario. His purple, mushroom-shaped cockhead nudging apart dewy, swollen petals and sinking inch by delicious inch into scorching wet heaven. The slick, ribbed walls fluttering and clenching around him like a hungry mouth.

"Ooh yes, just like that," Amber moaned appreciatively, her voice dripping with honeyed lust as if reading his forbidden thoughts. "Now feel the velvety flesh squeezing your throbbing shaft from all sides as you drive yourself to the hilt, until your heavy, cum-filled balls are nestled against a juicy, perfectly rounded ass."

The teen's narrow hips bucked upward involuntarily, his sweat-slicked body acting on pure animal instinct as he dry-humped his mother's barely covered mound with desperate, urgent thrusts. He could feel the searing heat of her copious liquid arousal soaking through the thin fabric like hot syrup, could smell the ripe, intoxicating musk of her maternal excitement filling his flaring nostrils.

"You'd explore every sensitive inch of a tight cunt with the bulbous head of your cock," she continued, her voice a throaty rasp in the darkness, her hot breath tickling the fine hairs inside his ear canal. "Stroking over the swollen ridges that feel like velvet-covered speed bumps, prodding the spongy tender spots that ache for your touch like bruised fruit, grinding against the throbbing little pleasure button at the apex that swells and pulses like a tiny heartbeat..."

Tate whimpered, his diamond-hard erection jerking against her damp cotton-covered mound as a pearly bead of pre-cum bubbled from the slit before trailing down his purple shaft.

His balls felt swollen to the size of duck eggs, churning with a massive load of creamy white sperm as they pulled tight to his body, the wrinkled skin of his scrotum contracting visibly.

"A pussy would grip you so snug, darling, like a silken glove custom-made for your thick teenage meat. Clenching and rippling with tiny muscular spasms, milking your cock for every drop of hot seed," she promised, punctuating her words with a sensual figure-eight grind of her hips that made her enormous breasts slosh against his upper chest.

The boy groaned gutturally, the sound rumbling up from deep in his chest like a wounded animal. His nerve endings crackled with electricity like live wires in water as he teetered on the razor's edge of climax.

All rational thought evaporated from his hormone-flooded brain, replaced by a single primal need - to rut into a woman's welcoming heat, to pump her full of his virile cum until it overflowed like honey, to mark her as his forever.

Tate's hips jerked upward erratically, his nine-inch cock throbbing almost painfully against his mother's barely covered mound as the forest-green polyester sleeping bag rustled beneath them like autumn leaves. A crimson flush crept up his sweat-slicked neck to his chiseled cheekbones as he realized how wantonly he was grinding against her like a rutting stag in mating season.

"S-sorry," he stammered, his baritone voice cracking with embarrassment as his movements stilled beneath the oppressive weight of her gigantic boobs. "I didn't mean to..."

"Shh, it's okay baby," Amber cooed reassuringly, her glossy cherry-red lips curving into an indulgent Mona Lisa smile that made her emerald eyes sparkle like precious gems. "That's just your body's natural instinct taking over. It knows exactly what it needs to do."

She punctuated her words with a sensual figure-eight roll of her child-bearing hips, her slick honey-drenched folds gliding along his granite-hard shaft through the gossamer-thin cotton of their undergarments. "See? Mommy's hips are moving too, in perfect counterpoint to yours like a well-rehearsed tango. It's like they were made to fit together like puzzle pieces."

Tate groaned like a wounded animal as she began undulating against him in an ancient primal rhythm as old as time itself, the sleeping bag crinkling in time with their synchronized movements like wrapping paper on Christmas morning. He could feel every scorching inch of her velvet-soft skin through their sweat-soaked underwear, could feel her molten center parting to cradle his throbbing cock like a custom-tailored silk glove.

"That's it, just like that," Amber purred approvingly, her voice honeyed and thick with desire like warm maple syrup. "What a good boy, thrusting your hips in just the right way like you were born for this. You're a natural stallion."

Her milky-white thighs clenched around him like anacondas as she matched his pace, grinding her dripping honeypot against his pelvis with increasing urgency. "Imagine you're driving that big, beautiful battering ram so deep, spreading mommy open like a blooming flower, hitting the very back of my needy, quivering cunt."

The teen whimpered like a newborn puppy, electric pleasure zinging up his spine like Fourth of July fireworks as his mother's filthy words painted a vivid Technicolor picture in his hormone-addled mind - her velvety coral-pink walls fluttering and clenching around him like a

hungry mouth, squeezing his aching purple-headed shaft from base to tip as he plunged into her welcoming heat over and over like a piston.

He could almost feel her cervix kissing the mushroom-shaped head of his cock, imagining the textured ridges stroking him like a thousand tiny tongues coated in liquid fire.

"Unghh, mom," Tate choked out, no longer caring how desperate or wanton he sounded, too lost in the exquisite friction, in the mind-melting pleasure radiating from his groin like a nuclear reactor.

His trembling hands flew to his mother's undulating hourglass hips, gripping the taut globes of her perfectly rounded ass through her thermal underwear as he rutted against her like a wild mustang, the sleeping bag bunching and twisting around their writhing bodies like a cotton-poly cocoon.

"Tomorrow, I'll have something else special for you," Amber stated, her cherry-red lips curving into a secretive smile that didn't quite reach her glittering eyes. "I want you to get up and go on the hike like you normally would every year. However, after about a half-hour, I want you to tell your father you're not feeling well, then come back to camp, ok?"

"Why do you want me to do that?" Tate asked, his voice cracking with lingering desire.

"You'll see, darling. Just do it exactly the way I told you and everything will go as planned," she whispered, sealing her promise with a lingering kiss to his forehead that left a perfect lipstick imprint.

As Amber began extricating herself from the sleeping bag, she turned back to Tate with a coquettish grin, her fingers toying with a strand of chestnut hair. "Oh, and one more thing, honey... I need you to make me a very special promise before I go."

Tate swallowed hard, his heart still hammering against his ribcage from their illicit dry-humping session. "What kind of promise?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

"I want you to promise me that you won't touch this beautiful, hard cock tonight," she purred, trailing one lacquered nail along the straining ridge of his erection. "No matter how badly it aches. No matter how full and heavy your balls feel."

Tate's eyes widened, a whimper catching in his throat at the thought of denying his throbbing teenage meat any relief after being worked into such a desperate frenzy. "But...but why?" he protested weakly, hips twitching involuntarily as her fingers teased the weeping slit.

"Because I want you absolutely ravenous with need tomorrow," Amber explained, her voice dripping with honeyed promise. "I want these big, cum-filled balls—" she cupped his swollen sack through the thin cotton, "—churning with so much hot, virile seed they feel ready to burst."

The boy groaned helplessly, head lolling back against the pillow as his cock jerked in her grip, another pearly bead of pre-cum oozing from the tip. The thought of his heavy testicles getting even more achingly full, the skin drawn drum-tight around their massive load, made his stomach clench with a delicious ache.

"Oh god," Tate choked out, squeezing his eyes shut as a shudder rippled through his overheated body. The idea was pure torture—and yet the masochistic part of him thrilled at the challenge, at proving to her that he could be a good boy and obey. "I promise I won't touch it," he said hoarsely. "No matter what."

"That's my perfect angel," Amber purred approvingly, pressing a lingering kiss to his damp brow before slowly untangling herself from his quivering form. The sleeping bag rustled as she slithered out, cool air rushing in to replace her feverish warmth.

Tate's nine-inch cock flexed involuntarily like a divining rod seeking water as he watched his mom crawl toward the tent door on all fours, her luscious heart-shaped ass swaying hypnotically with each feline movement. The paper-thin white thermal fabric stretched taut across her plump, volleyball-sized cheeks, clinging to every dip, dimple, and curve like shrink-wrapped cellophane.

His hungry teenage gaze zeroed in on the visibly darkened patch between her quivering thighs where their combined sticky juices had soaked through during the feverish dry-humping session, the musky scent of feminine arousal still hanging heavy in the pine-scented air like invisible aphrodisiac perfume.

Amber paused at the entrance and peered back over her shoulder, her glossy cherry-red lips curving into a predatory feline smile. She noticed her son's rapt attention glued to her retreating derriere like a starving man eyeing a feast. Her emerald cat-like eyes glittered with wicked promise in the golden lantern light, holding his gaze for a searing moment that felt like an eternity before she slithered out of the tent and into the velvety star-spangled night with a husky "Sweet dreams, darling" that dripped from her tongue like warm honey.

The zipper rasped like sandpaper against wood as she sealed the forest-green flap behind her, the sound abnormally loud in the ensuing tomb-like silence.

Tate released a shuddering breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding, his thundering heart still jackhammering against his ribs like a pneumatic drill and his granite-hard cock throbbing in time with his racing pulse.

He could feel his heavy balls pulsing with unspent pearly seed, already growing more swollen and achy from his sacred promise of denial, the skin stretching tighter with each passing second like an overinflated balloon ready to burst.

With a frustrated groan that rumbled from the depths of his parched throat, Tate flopped onto his side, desperately trying to ignore the insistent nine-inch flesh tower straining toward his quivering navel like a heat-seeking missile.

Every microscopic nerve ending still crackled and sizzled like a downed power line from his mom's expert teasing, his feverish skin radiating heat like molten lava beneath a paper-thin crust, glistening with droplets of perspiration that trickled down his heaving ribcage.

The intoxicating aroma of her feminine arousal—musky, sweet, and forbidden—clung to the inside of his flaring nostrils like invisible tendrils, making his head swim deliriously in a whirlpool of incestuous desire while his rigid, purple-veined pole twitched against his concave stomach, leaving sticky trails of pearlescent pre-cum across his taut abs.

Technicolor fragments of their illicit encounter flickered through his hormone-saturated, sex-fogged mind in exquisite frame-by-frame slow motion: The scorching volcanic heat of her slick, velvet folds gliding along his granite-hard length through the gossamer-thin barrier of sweat-soaked fabric... Her honeyed voice whispering directly into the whorls of his ear canal, painting vivid pornographic masterpieces with her filthy maternal words...

Her warm, mommy-milkers pillowed against his heaving chest like down-filled cushions, nipples rubbery-hard and prominent even through her threadbare cotton top...

Tate's free hand twitched reflexively toward his angry, throbbing cock—the veins bulging like roadmaps beneath the taut, paper-thin skin—before he caught himself with a breathless curse that hissed between his clenched teeth. He'd promised his beautiful mother he wouldn't touch it no matter how badly it ached, no matter how full

and heavy his testicles felt, swollen to the size of ripe plums in their hairless sac.

He needed to be a good, obedient boy for her, to prove his worthiness of whatever forbidden, taboo delights she had meticulously planned for tomorrow's forest rendezvous.

Keeping that sacred vow, however, was going to be the ultimate Herculean test of his teenage willpower. Especially with his rumpled sleeping bag still littered with his female relatives' lingerie. His grandmother's massive beige brassiere with its industrial-strength underwire. His aunts' lacy thongs still carrying their distinctive feminine scents, and his mother's silky yellow panties, the gusset still damp with her maternal essence.

Tate's sleepless night stretched like an eternity of exquisite torture, his swollen member throbbing with each heartbeat as he tossed and turned in the confines of his sleeping bag.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast of sizzling bacon and fluffy pancakes dripping with maple syrup, all the family members except the voluptuous matriarchs were prepared for the annual hike.

"Everyone ready to conquer Bear Ridge Trail?" Tate's father John asked, adjusting his sweat-wicking cap. "Have fun exploring nature's wonders!" Tate's buxom Grandma Ruth called out, her voice honey-sweet as she planted a lingering kiss on her own husband's weathered cheek like the devoted wife she pretended to be.

Tate trudged along the pine needle-covered path, just as his mother had instructed him to do— glancing back to see his mom, gran and two aunts waving and staring at him with unmistakable hunger in their eyes, their erect nipples straining against the thin fabric of their tight t-shirts like ripe berries atop the impressive mountains of their heaving bosoms.

His mom had told him to remain with the group for precisely thirty minutes, and it was the longest half-hour of his adolescent life, each second ticking by with excruciating slowness as his mind raced with forbidden anticipation.

"Hey, dad..." Tate finally mumbled, clutching his stomach theatrically, "I'm not feeling well at all—kind of queasy and light-headed. I think I'm gonna head back to camp before I puke all over the trail."

"Alright, kid. Do you need me to come with you?" John asked with fatherly concern, completely oblivious to the throbbing bulge in his son's hiking shorts.

"No, I'll just follow the marked trail back. I'll be fine on my own," the boy answered, trying to keep the eager tremor from his voice as beads of anticipatory sweat formed on his forehead.

"See you in a few hours or so then," his dad waved dismissively, then rushed to catch up with the others who were already disappearing around a bend in the forest path.

Tate eagerly hurried back down the pine-needle-carpeted trail, his pulse thundering in his ears as he turned the half-hour hike into a breathless fifteen-minute jog. Sweat trickled down his flushed face, dampening his t-shirt and making it cling to his lean torso.

When he arrived at the deserted campsite, the crackling embers of the morning fire still glowing orange, his mom, voluptuous aunts and curvaceous grandmother were nowhere to be found. He frantically checked their perfume-scented tents, pushing aside silky nightgowns and lacy undergarments, but still didn't find them.

When he went to his own tent, the canvas flapping gently in the mountain breeze, he found a hand-written note taped to the door, his mother's looping cursive immediately recognizable:

"Tate,

Come down to the river, then follow it upstream until you find my red bra attached to a stick. There you'll receive further instructions.

Love, Mom. 

Tate quickly scrambled down to the riverbank, his sneakers slipping on moss-covered rocks as the crystal-clear water bubbled and frothed beside him. He followed it upstream as his mom had instructed, the sun filtering through the emerald canopy above, dappling his skin with golden light.

After about ten minutes of walking, he spotted a flash of crimson against the verdant foliage – the scarlet lace of his mother's sexy push-up bra dangling from a gnarled branch. His trembling fingers discovered another note pinned to one of the silky cups:

"Hi, baby,

You're almost here! You're almost to paradise! Walk back into the woods. You'll come to a giant boulder. When you get to the other side, you'll see our tent.

See you soon!

Love, mom. 

For several minutes Tate trudged through the dense, pine-scented forest, sweat trickling down his flushed neck before finally coming to the moss-covered granite boulder his mother had described. Standing nearly twelve feet tall, its craggy surface glistening with morning dew, it was far too massive to climb over, so he carefully navigated around it, his sneakers crunching on fallen twigs.

It was then he spotted a spacious crimson tent nestled between two ancient oaks, its waterproof fabric gleaming like fresh blood against the emerald foliage. If they were seeking absolute privacy, this

secluded clearing was perfect—nearly a half-mile up the mountain from the campground, hidden from any hiking trails.

As the trembling boy approached the tent, he noticed four pairs of women's shoes arranged meticulously outside the zippered entrance—his mother and grandmother's designer hiking boots, and his aunts' matching sneakers. His pulse quickened as he detected the unmistakable sound of hushed, throaty whispers and sultry giggles emanating from within.

"Mom?" Tate called, his adolescent voice cracking with anticipation.

Suddenly, the tent door unzipped with a slow, deliberate rasp, and the boy's eyes widened to saucers as he beheld his mother on all fours, completely naked, her tanned skin glistening with a fine sheen of arousal. "Hi, baby...you found us!" she beamed, her plump lips glistening with freshly applied cherry gloss.

Tate marveled at the way her heavy, milk-white udders hung down pendulously, swaying hypnotically with each breath, their rosy nipples fully erect and jutting from huge areolar rings.

Beyond the rounded globes of her naked ass, he could see his beautiful silver-haired Grandma sprawled on her back, legs splayed invitingly. Her ginormous breasts spread across her heaving chest like massive pillows of creamy flesh, topped with areolas the size of the pancakes he'd eaten that morning.

"Get those shoes off and get in here, gorgeous boy!" Ruth demanded, her voice husky with desire as she beckoned him with a crooked finger, her wedding ring glinting in the filtered sunlight.

The teenager certainly wasn't gonna argue. He kicked off his mud-caked hiking shoes and crawled into the tent, the thick canvas floor cushioning his trembling knees.

His two Aunts were inside also, they too as naked as the day they were born, their voluptuous bodies glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration in the dim, filtered light. It was a forest cocoon of luscious mommy-meat, the air heavy with the mingled scents of expensive perfume and raw feminine arousal.

Amber quickly zipped the tent back up with a decisive metallic rasp, and for a moment Tate felt like an animal caught in a trap, his heart hammering against his ribcage. Soon he would find out what his cousin meant by being "gang-raped," even though he was a more than willing participant, his throbbing erection already tenting his khaki shorts painfully.

In an instant, the four women went from loving mothers to rabid sex animals.

"Get him naked!" Ruth blurted, quickly getting to her knees, her massive breasts swaying pendulously, nipples pointing directly at the boy like accusing fingers.

Her daughters surrounded Tate and forcefully removed his clothing, their manicured nails scratching against his feverish skin as they practically ripped the fabric from his nervous body.

Tate gawked at the way their enormous tits bobbed around like overfilled water balloons as they stripped him down to his birthday suit, his own skin prickling with goosebumps in the cool tent air.

"Look at that cock!" Morgan shouted, wrapping her slender fingers around the base and yanking on its tender flesh, her wedding ring glinting as she squeezed his throbbing member.

"Peel back his foreskin!" Jane excitedly requested, her hot breath tickling his ear as she massaged her fingers through Tate's smooth nut-filled scrotum, rolling his testicles between her soft digits like precious marbles.

Tate watched in excited wonder as his pregnant Aunt Morgan, her belly swollen like a beach ball, delicately pulled the taut skin of his throbbing cock back with her manicured fingers, exposing his glistening glans to the humid tent air.

All four women gasped in unison, their eyes widening with primal hunger. "Oh my God, he has the fattest knob!" Jane exclaimed breathlessly, her pupils dilating as she stared transfixed at the boy's pinkish-purple crown, pulsing with each rapid heartbeat.

Morgan squeezed one of her milk-swollen tits with her free hand, the areola darkened to the color of a bruised plum. "Fuck, he's gonna make me cum so hard!" she moaned, her voice thick with desire, nipples visibly stiffening beneath her trembling fingers.

"Wait until you see how stiff he gets," Amber added with maternal pride, slowly clawing her crimson nails along her son's heaving chest, leaving faint pink trails across his flushed skin.

Tate trembled as the four ravenous, sweat-slicked women peppered his feverish skin with wet, open-mouthed kisses and teasing flicks of their pink tongues. Their enormous, pillowy breasts—each nipple puckered into a stiff, raspberry-colored peak—glided over his goosebump-pebbled flesh like warm sourdough bread dough as they smothered him from all angles, their areolas dragging across him like rough velvet.

Overwhelmed by the intense sensory bombardment, Tate instinctively backed into the northernmost corner of the tent, his heart hammering against his ribcage like a terrified sparrow. But there was no escape from the amorous female onslaught, their perfume-scented bodies forming an impenetrable wall of undulating flesh.

"Look at those firm young muscles," Amber purred appreciatively, her cherry-glossed lips brushing the delicate shell of his ear as she ran

her French-manicured fingers over his quivering six-pack abs. "Mmm, so lean and cut, like polished marble. The perfect body to ravage."

Jane laved her hot, slippery tongue along the sensitive hollow of his throat, tasting the salt of his adolescent sweat and savoring the hummingbird flutter of his racing pulse against her taste buds. "He's shaking like an autumn leaf," she observed with a husky chuckle, her oversized tits heaving with each breath. "Poor baby, are we too much woman for you to handle?"

Morgan nuzzled her flushed, freckled face into the crook of his neck, inhaling deeply through flared nostrils. "He smells so fucking good," she groaned, her voice muffled against his damp skin, her pregnant belly pressing against his hip. "Like sun-dried cotton and raw teenage pheromones."

Ruth trailed her fingers along the ridges and planes of his muscular back, exploring every inch of his taut, teenage skin. "Such smooth, unblemished flesh," she marveled, her silver-gray pubic triangle brushing against his thigh. "Wait until we mark it up with purple hickeys and deep bite marks. You're gonna wear our passion on your flesh like a roadmap of pleasure, darling."

Tate gasped as their hands and mouths seemed to multiply, stroking and kissing every part of him at once until he was drowning in feminine flesh. Whenever he tried to twist away, their soft, pliant bodies just molded tighter to his own, trapping him in a wanton tangle of smooth limbs and jiggling curves.

Their hungry caresses grew more insistent, more forceful, as if they intended to devour him whole. The tent filled with the sounds of horny whimpering and the staccato of wet kisses peppering his flesh.

The teen squeezed his eyes shut, his senses completely overwhelmed. The air was thick with the heady perfume of their arousal, the intoxicating scent filling his head like opium smoke until

he was dizzy with it. His skin felt electrified, every nerve ending crackling and sparking beneath their reverent touches.

When he dared to open his eyes again, he found himself staring directly at his mother's huge, pendulous breasts as she pressed them against his sweat-slicked chest. The heavy globes flattened and bulged obscenely with the pressure, flowing like batter in a hot pan. Her swollen nipples scraped against his own, the sensitive nubs hard as pencil erasers.

Amber's command cut through the humid tent air like a knife. "Let's get him back to the center of the tent so we can devour him from all angles!" Her voice was husky with desire, her pupils dilated to black pools in her emerald eyes.

Tate gasped as their slender fingers dug into his quivering flesh. They dragged him away from the corner, their pendulous tits gliding against his feverish skin like warm, heavy silk pillows. They pushed him down onto air mattress like a flesh-buffet about to be devoured.

Suddenly, they descended upon him like a pack of ravenous she-wolves, all gleaming teeth and darting pink tongues and grasping hands with ruby-red nails. He couldn't distinguish where one voluptuous, perfume-scented body ended and another began—they were a writhing mass of mommy-curves, jiggling flesh, and swollen, aching nipples that dragged across his chest like rubbery gumdrops.

Tate moaned as his silver-haired Grandma grasped his broad shoulders with surprising strength and pulled him backward onto the inflatable air mattress. He gazed down the length of his six-pack abs at his two Aunts—Jane with her strawberry-blonde curls and Morgan with her swollen pregnant belly—as they dragged their long, thick tongues in wet circles all over his throbbing boner.

"Oh-hhhh, wow!" Tate gaped in awe as his grandmother straddled his face, her meaty thighs settling on either side of his head. Her

gleaming, freshly shaved pussy hovered mere inches above his gaping mouth, pink and swollen with arousal.

The musky scent of her excitement filled his nostrils, making his head swim. Her plump outer lips were slick and glistening, slightly parted to reveal the delicate coral-colored petals within. At their apex, her throbbing clitoral hood peeked out from beneath its silky shroud, pulsing visibly with each hammering heartbeat.

He could see the proof of her desire—viscous strands of creamy fluid stretching between her flushed, puffy folds like melted mozzarella.

“Smother him, mom,” Amber encouraged, pinching her son's nipples. “Fuck his handsome face.”

As Ruth's dripping cunt descended towards her grandson's parted lips like a glistening exotic-pink flower blooming in slow motion, Tate felt the volcanic wet heat of his aunt's mouth suddenly envelop his aching cock. Morgan's velvet-soft tongue—slick with saliva—swirled around his swollen glans with expert precision, lapping up the pearly beads of pre-cum that leaked from his slit like dewdrops from a morning rose.

Her plump, crimson-painted lips stretched obscenely around his throbbing girth, the lipstick smearing slightly as she took him deeper into her quivering throat with each rhythmic bobbing motion of her head. The suction was intense, her hollowed cheeks creating a vacuum-like pressure that made his toes curl.

He gasped helplessly into his grandmother's sex as it masked his face in pink folds of flesh, her musky feminine scent filling his nostrils like an aphrodisiac perfume.

Meanwhile, Morgan's hand crept lower to cup his tightening balls. She rolled them in her palm like delicate Chinese meditation balls,

tugging gently on his wrinkled sack with hypnotic precision that matched each wet, slurping pull of her glossy lips.

Amber twisted his nipples just short of pain. "Thrust your hips, sweetheart. Fuck her mouth with your big teenage cock," she encouraged.

His hips were already bucking involuntarily, the muscles in his abdomen clenching like steel cables, driving his cock further down her undulating throat as he groaned into Ruth's sopping wet folds.

Jane joined the fray, her squishy, middle-aged tits gliding up Tate's quivering abs as she took one of his sensitive nipples between her teeth. She nibbled and sucked on the pebbled nub until it was red and throbbing, his back arching off the mattress from the exquisite sensation.

"That's it, darling. Lick Grandma's cunt," Ruth moaned, grinding her slick, heated flesh against the boy's face as his tongue darted out for an exploratory taste. Her essence flooded his mouth—tangy and complex with an underlying sweetness—the most intoxicating flavor he'd ever experienced.

She fisted her fingers in his sweat-dampened curls and pulled him harder against her dripping sex. "Bury that tongue in me. Make me cum on your chin until it drips down your neck like melted ice cream."

As if taking the 69 position, Jane lowered onto Tate's heaving torso like a sleek panther, her heavy udders dragging up his quivering abs as she positioned herself atop his body. Her dripping sex—a glistening, pink-lipped orchid framed by neatly trimmed strawberry-blond landing strip—came to rest right below his chin, radiating searing heat against his sweat-slicked skin.

She braced herself on her elbows, her rock-hard nipples—protruding a full half-inch from goosebumped areolae—boring into his pecs as she lowered her head and engulfed his throbbing cock between her glossy crimson lips.

Tate groaned into his grandmother's sopping folds as he felt his aunt's expert mouth stretch around his girth, her plush lips forming a tight seal like a vacuum-sealed jar.

Her blowjob skills were slightly unique from what he had just experienced with Morgan as Jane sucked him with loud, wet slurps that echoed through the tent like someone devouring a juicy peach, her hollowed cheeks creating intense suction that made his toes curl on the air mattress.

Her velvet tongue—slick with saliva and pre-cum—swirled around his swollen glans like a tornado, flicking rapidly across his leaking slit to lap up the salty-sweet pre-cum that oozed out like honey from a comb.

Amber and Morgan shifted positions, crouching between his splayed legs like lionesses preparing to feast. "Bring his knees up to me, girls," Ruth commanded breathlessly from her perch on his face. "Give yourselves more room to work on those tight, full balls."

His mother and aunt each grasped behind one of his knees and pushed his legs back and apart, opening him completely to their ravenous eyes. His heavy balls pulled up tight to his body, his taint stretched taut making them lick their lips like bitches in heat.

Morgan leaned in first, dragging the flat of her tongue along his wrinkled sack, savoring the musky taste of his most intimate flesh. She sucked one testicle into her hot mouth, rolling it gently between her lips as Tate shuddered beneath the overwhelming sensations.

Not to be outdone, Amber nuzzled her face into his crotch, inhaling the intoxicating scent of her son's pheromones. She licked along the sensitive skin where his thigh met his groin, scraping her teeth against his femoral artery where his pulse hammered wildly. Her manicured fingers reached under to stroke his perineum with feather-light touches that made him buck his hips upward.

"Ohhh, he likes that, girls," Ruth purred, squeezing on of her giant tits with one hand, while still fisting a handful of her grandson's hair with the other.

Amber and Morgan marveled at Tate's most intimate anatomy from their privileged vantage point between his splayed thighs. "Look at how his balls pull up so tight when he's turned on," Amber observed in an awestruck whisper, her warm breath caressing the boy's sensitive flesh and making him shudder. "Like two ripe plums in a velvet sack, just begging to be sucked—see how they've drawn up against his body, the skin all puckered and wrinkled like expensive leather?"

Morgan nodded, her sapphire-blue eyes widening until white showed all around the irises. "And his taint is stretched so taut, like the skin of a drum. I bet it's super sensitive."

She pressed a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the patch of smooth skin, her tongue—pink and glistening with saliva—darting out to taste him, flicking against his sensitive perineum with the precision of a hummingbird's beak.

"God, even his gooch tastes incredible—salty and musky with just a hint of sweetness, like caramel mixed with sea salt."

Amber groaned her agreement, burying her face between his splayed thighs to inhale the rich, musky scent of his desire, her nostrils flaring as she drew in his essence. "It's the smell of virile teenage

pheromones—earthy and primal. I just wanna bottle it up and wear it as perfume so I could smell him on my skin all day long."

Surrounded on all sides by hot, hungry mommy-flesh, Tate felt like he was being devoured alive. Their hands and mouths roamed greedily over every inch of his young body, claiming him, marking him as theirs. Electric tendrils of pleasure sparked outward from his groin, building in intensity until his nerve endings sizzled like live wires.

The boy's entire universe narrowed to the slick, pulsating flesh of his grandmother's cunt pressing against his face. Her plump outer labia—glistening with her fragrant juices—parted like the petals of an exotic flower, drawing his lips into her most intimate folds. He found his mouth nestled in her humid vestibule, the delicate inner petals slippery and fever-hot against his skin.

His grandmother's voice cut through the fog. "Come on...tongue fuck my cunt, darling boy."

The tangy musk of her arousal coated his tongue as Tate lapped tentatively at the tight, puckered opening of her vagina. Her flavor was sharp and complex, reminding him of overripe fruit and ocean brine. Overcome by pure animal instinct, he pressed forward, driving his tongue past the initial resistance to delve into her ribbed tunnel.

Her velvet-soft walls fluttered and clenched around the wriggling intrusion, drawing him deeper. It felt so deliciously wrong, like a scene from a sci-fi horror movie turned erotic - this wet, undulating chute hungrily swallowing him, trying to pull his entire head inside.

Ruth's throaty moans vibrated through her body, the sound muffled by the plush flesh of her thighs clamped around his ears. She rocked her hips in counterpoint to the eager thrusts of his tongue, grinding her swollen clit against the bridge of his nose.

Fresh honey gushed from her core, filling Tate's mouth and painting his chin. The boy had to swallow rapidly to keep from drowning in the viscous flood. Each gulp sent the heady nectar streaming down his throat to pool molten in his churning stomach.

Lost in the intoxicating taste and aroma of his grandmother's pussy, Tate barely registered the other lewd sensations assaulting his body from all sides. Jane's plush lips stretched tight around his throbbing shaft as she bobbed her head in a rapid tempo. Morgan's deft fingers tugging and rolling his heavy balls, his mother's sharp teeth grazing his femoral artery where his pulse hammered wildly beneath the skin.

They were a writhing mass of feminine curves and jiggling flesh, four ravenous women united in their forbidden lust to claim his virginal body. With each swipe of his tongue, each pull of Jane's hollowed cheeks, each twist of Morgan's wrist, the pressure built at the base of Tate's spine, coiling tighter and tighter until his nerve endings sizzled.

Amber and Morgan smiled at each other as they battered the boy's nuts with lewd, wet licks of their experienced tongues.

"Two big balls," Morgan mewled, "one for each of us.

They played a lewd game of tug-of-war with Tate's balls, each woman capturing one of his swollen testicles between her glistening, ruby-red lips and pulling in opposite directions like two lionesses fighting over a kill. The delicate skin of his scrotum—once wrinkled like a walnut shell—stretched taut as a drumhead as they increased the tension, transforming his hairless sack into a smooth, pink-tinged canvas that gleamed under the amber glow of the tent's battery-powered lantern.

Tate groaned into his grandmother's dripping snatch—her labia now coated with his saliva and her honeyed secretions. He felt the cord of

his vas deferens being tugged deep inside his groin like a violin string pulled to its breaking point. An exquisite pleasure-pain sparked through his loins, electric currents radiating outward from his core to his trembling thighs.

His hips bucked involuntarily, driving his purple-headed cock deeper down Jane's undulating throat until her nose pressed against his sweat-dampened pubic hair.

Amber and Morgan slurped and suckled on his sensitive gonads with the enthusiasm of starving women at a feast, savoring the weight and texture of the oval-shaped meat—each testicle the size of a small plum. Their talented tongues swirled around the delicate orbs like wet, pink serpents.

They traced the prominent seam bisecting his sack with the pointed tips of their tongues, following the ridge from the base of his twitching shaft down to the puckered rosebud of his anus, then took turns engulfing both his testicles at once into heat of their mouths.

"Mmm, his balls taste divine," Morgan hummed around his left testicle, her voice vibrating through the sperm-filled orb like a tuning fork, causing his heavy sack to tighten further until the skin resembled crinkled tissue paper.

"They're so full and ripe," Amber purred, releasing his right nut with a wet pop that echoed in the confined space of the tent. "I can feel them churning with backed-up cum, just aching to empty inside a hot, hungry cunt."

She captured the flushed orb between her lips again—leaving a perfect crimson lipstick ring around the base—and sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks until they resembled concave valleys, this time sinking her pearly white teeth against the tautly pulled skin until tiny indentations formed like a necklace of miniature craters.

Tate's six-pack abdomen clenched like a fist, his washboard muscles flexing and twitching beneath his honey-bronze, sweat-slick skin as the pressure built to a fever pitch in his throbbing groin. His pulse pounded like a frantic tribal drumbeat in his temples.

Electric blue-white tendrils of molten pleasure unfurled at the base of his spine, sizzling through his nerve endings like Fourth of July sparklers until he felt like a 10,000-volt live wire.

Ruth rocked her childbearing hips faster against his boyish face, smearing her viscous, honey-like essence across his flushed cheeks and quivering chin as she chased her rapidly approaching climax. "That's it, sweet baby," she gasped, her fingers tightening in his hair. "Tongue-fuck Grandma's greedy cunt. I'm gonna soak you like a fucking thunderstorm!"

Jane quickened her pace, her head bobbing up and down his purple-veined rigid shaft in a blur of strawberry-blonde hair that cascaded like a silken waterfall. She took him so deep that her button nose nestled in his wiry, musky pubic thatch with each down-stroke, her velvet throat muscles rippling like ocean waves around his mushroom-shaped, pre-cum leaking head.

One hand snaked between her own milky thighs to frantically rub her cherry-sized, pulsing clit in tight clockwise circles, her shameless banshee-like moans sending delicious vibrations along his throbbing cock like an electric tuning fork.

Ruth humped her grandson's face with wild abandon, her meaty thighs clamped around his head like a silken vise. Her dripping snatch slid up and down his chin and mouth, coating his flushed skin with her slick honey. She gyrated her wide hips in desperate circles, grinding her engorged clit against his nose as she chased her rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Ugh, you're gonna make me cum apart!" Her shaky voice whimpered.

Her movements became erratic and jerky, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Suddenly, her whole body went rigid and a gush of tangy cream flooded Tate's mouth and nostrils. He sputtered and choked on the viscous fluid as it poured from her quivering hole like a broken faucet.

Ruth arched her back, quivering thighs lifting off his face as her climax crashed over her in intense waves. Her ginormous tits heaved and bounced, the dusky nipples drawing up into tight buds. Clear, slippery girl-cum sprayed from her convulsing cunt, splattering Tate's cheeks and chin.

The teen gasped for air as he peeked from the crack of her jiggling ass, sucking oxygen into his burning lungs between mouthfuls of his grandmother's love juice. Before he could fully catch his breath, she slammed her sopping wet mound back against his face, muffling his desperate inhales.

"NOOO, DON'T STOP!" she demanded breathlessly, once again fisting her fingers in his damp curls and crushing his head to her gushing twat. "Keep eating me!"

Tate had no choice but to continue his frantic oral ministrations, his tongue delving deep into her fluttering channel, his lips and teeth worrying her throbbing pearl.

He felt like he was drowning, every desperate inhale filled with the salty-sweet musk of her desire. Her second orgasm hit even harder than the first, fresh feminine cum flooding his throat to mix with the residue from her initial climax. He gulped it down desperately, feeling the liquid heat spread through his churning belly.

After a glorious climax that seemed to never end, Ruth shivered one last time, her enormous breasts quaking like two bowls of strawberry Jell-O. She finally lifted her drenched sex from Tate's gasping face - her musky juices dripped from his chin in long, viscous strands, coating his heaving chest. He felt like he'd just come up for air after being submerged in a vat of warm honey, his head spinning from the intensity of her multiple orgasms.

"Amber, are you ready to fuck this handsome boy?" Ruth asked her daughter, her voice husky with desire as she climbed off Tate's glistening face, leaving trails of her pearlescent secretions dripping down his flushed cheeks.

"Mmm, am I ever!" Amber purred, her emerald eyes gleaming with predatory hunger as she crawled toward him on all fours, her pendulous tits swaying hypnotically beneath her like ripe, heavy fruit hanging from a limb.

Tate watched his mother in wide-eyed excitement as she planted her knees astride his narrow hip bones, then wrapped her fingers around his steel-hard, purple-veined erection.

She fit the bulbous, mushroom-shaped tip of his throbbing prick to her freshly-waxed pussy, her engorged, grape-sized clit peeking out from its hood like a miniature replica of his own engorged cock-knob.

Then, she lowered her voluptuous body onto it with excruciating slowness, her slick, velvety folds parting around his girth and splitting the remnants of her hymen with the biggest dick she'd ever had inside of her.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, his back arching off the sweat-dampened sheets as he felt his tender, virgin cock sink inch by delicious inch into the scorching, vice-like grip of a cunt for the very first time. It was only fitting, he thought through the haze of pleasure, that his

first time would be inside the same birth canal he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

He stared mesmerized at his mom's huge, stiff-nippled tits as they began to shake and ripple hypnotically, like water balloons in zero gravity. They were forced into delightful motion as she started humping her dripping pussy-hole onto the satisfying stiffness of his twitching cock.

Amber's eyes rolled back, pupils dilating to black saucers as she impaled herself on his throbbing manhood. "OH, SWEET JESUS FUCK...IT'S STRETCHING MY PUSSY SO GOOD, BABY!" his mother shrieked, her voice cracking on the high notes like shattering crystal.

The inexperienced teen gasped as her volcanic, honey-slick walls dragged along his pulsating cock-muscle. His foreskin had peeled completely back like a banana skin, exposing his glistening, purple glans to the exquisite torture of her rippling inner muscles.

Tate's Grandmother positioned herself beside him, her sagging breasts swaying like pendulous water balloons as she leaned over the boy. Her rheumy eyes gazed down at him with predatory adoration, her tongue darting out to moisten her cracked lips.

"My darling Grandson's very first piece of pussy," she cooed. "How does it feel on your penis, baby boy?"

"Incredible!" Tate answered, his voice breaking with adolescent excitement as he stared up at her dotting face through the dark, shadowy canyon of her cavernous cleavage.

Ruth's dangling udders hung like overripe melons, capped with wide, thick-textured areolas the color of old pennies. The nipples protruding from their centers looked large and succulent as strawberry gumdrops, begging to be pulled and sucked.

"Give Grandma those lips!" she purred, lowering her pretty face to his.

Tate's young body shuddered violently as his Grandma's fat jugs squashed against his heaving chest and neck like warm squishy bread dough fresh from the oven.

Ruth fused her luscious lips to his and began sensually kissing him, her tongue—surprisingly agile for a woman her age—probing the depths of his mouth like a curious eel.

"I want some too!" her pregnant daughter Morgan whined petulantly, dragging her spongy, blue-veined prenatal tits up the boy's sweat-slicked body as she joined her mother, her distended belly pressing against his side like a beach ball wrapped in velvet as they took turns smooching with him, their saliva mingling in his eager mouth.

Tate's mind reeled as the women's tongues—soft, wet, and impossibly nimble—took turns exploring every crevice of his mouth. "*Holy shit!*" he thought, his teenage brain struggling to process the sensations. "*Their tongues are like velvet snakes!*"

Though he'd awkwardly made out with Jessica Winters behind the bleachers last semester, nothing had prepared him for the masterful way these experienced women kissed, their expert mouths drawing whimpers from deep in his chest.

Meanwhile, his mom's voluptuous body rose and fell above him in a hypnotic rhythm, her glistening inner thighs tensing with each down-stroke. Her meaty ass-cheeks, dimpled and flushed crimson with exertion, slapped against his sweat-slicked crotch with wet, percussive smacks that echoed through the tent.

"Fuck him harder, sis!" Jane shouted, her fingers frantically circling her own engorged clit as she waited impatiently. "Pound that big teenage cock until he sees stars!"

Amber ground her crotch down brutally, taking him to the hilt. Her wide, motherly hips swiveled in a figure-eight motion that made her heavy breasts sway and bounce.

"OHHH MY GOD!" she cried out throwing her head back, mouth forming a perfect O as she felt his throbbing cockhead batter against her cervix.

"OH SWEET FUCKING CHRIST... I'M CUMMING!" Tate's mother howled, her face contorting in ecstasy. Her pussy clamped down like a silken vise, rippling contractions milking his shaft from base to tip.

Her urethra visibly pulsed and bulged against his cock-root as hot female ejaculate gushed forth, soaking his balls and the air mattress beneath them with sticky sweetness.

"My turn now!" Jane demanded, practically shoving her sister aside and straddling the boy's hips in one fluid motion.

Tate could only moan helplessly around Aunt Morgan's invasive tongue as Jane's slick, velvety cunt-sleeve engulfed him completely. Her juicy pussy lips stretched obscenely around his girth, the pink inner flesh clinging to every vein and ridge of his steel-hard shaft as she sank down until her swollen clit mashed against his pulsing cock-root.

As the others moved from his lips, Jane's bouncing tits smacked him in the face as she pounded herself onto his steel-hard teenage cock. Her pussy was so incredibly tight, squeezing his shaft from all sides like it wanted to strangle the very life out of him. He couldn't believe how wet and hot she was inside, her slick walls rippling along every throbbing inch of his aching boner.

The teen gazed up at his Aunt in awe as she rode him wildly, her plump ass jiggling each time it slapped against his thighs. She had the picture-perfect life - a handsome, devoted husband, three

beautiful kids, a gorgeous house in the suburbs. Her husband absolutely doted on her, showering her with affection and expensive gifts.

But deep down, Jane had always craved something more, something only a virile younger man could provide. Her husband, though attentive and loving, simply couldn't keep up with her ravenous sexual appetite anymore. His cock, while skilled, lacked the sheer size and unyielding firmness of a teenage boy in his prime.

As she impaled herself over and over on her nephew's magnificent rod, Jane lost herself in a lust-filled daze, imagining all the ways this throbbing young dick could ruin her for her husband. She pictured Tate bending her over the kitchen table and pounding her into oblivion while her oblivious husband sat in the next room. The forbidden image made her cunt flutter wildly around the boy's pile-driving shaft.

"Fuck...if my husband had a cock this big I'd NEVER leave the bedroom!" the horny mother whimpered, her voice quavering with raw desire.

Tate clenched his toes until they cramped, feeling the steel-hard spike of his boner slice up through the smothering, velvet-soft pink walls of his Aunt Jane's honeyed pussy.

Morgan and Ruth moved aside, their perfume-scented bodies creating a momentary draft of cool air, so Jane could lean down and really ride the absolute fuck out of him.

Tate gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing, watching his Aunt plant her hands astride his sweat-dampened head. This caused her massive 44 H-cup tits to dangle above his gawking eyes like ripe, glistening fruit.

Jane's big round ass, dimpled and flushed crimson with exertion, bobbed hypnotically up and down as she fucked the boy with animal lust.

"Thrust your hips, baby boy...fuck her pussy deep!" his Grandma urged, her rheumy eyes gleaming with predatory excitement.

Tate humped his ass from the squeaking air mattress, meeting his Aunt Jane's desperate fuck-pumps. Their genitals smacked together with obscene, wet slapping sounds. Her pendulous udders brushed tantalizingly against his flushed face as they swung heavily up and back, leaving trails of goosebumps where they grazed his skin.

"OH YES...FUCK ME HARD!!" Jane cried out, her mascara beginning to run, feeling a molten climax build inside her like a pressure cooker.

The boy's throbbing dick flexed violently in the vice-like grip of her vagina, digging relentlessly against her swollen, hypersensitive G-spot.

Tate gazed up between his Aunt's wildly swinging tits, mesmerized by their hypnotic motion. Through the curtain of silky chestnut hair, her pretty face was twisted into a mask of primal pleasure and she was panting in short, desperate gasps like a woman who'd just sprinted a mile in the summer heat.

He put a little extra power in his thrusts, his young muscles tensing with effort, wanting to watch her beautiful face contort when she went over the edge.

"FUCK...I'M GONNA CUM ALL OVER YOUR THICK TEENAGE COCK!" Jane howled, her voice cracking with desperation. She clenched her perfect pearly-white teeth until her jaw muscles bulged visibly beneath her flushed cheeks, and squeezed her mascara-smudged eyelids shut as her pupils rolled back.

A violent, tit-quivering climax ripped through her voluptuous body like lightning, making her plump thighs spasm uncontrollably against his sweat-slicked hips.

The overwhelmed teen suddenly found his face smothered in warm, perfumed tit-cleavage as his Aunt collapsed onto him, her heartbeat thundering against his chest. Her silky skin trembled and twitched against every inch of his body as powerful orgasmic contractions seized her from head to toe.

"I wonder if boring old Uncle Mac can make her scream and squirt like this?" Tate thought smugly, feeling her hot female ejaculate gush in rhythmic spurts, flooding his groin and running in rivulets down the sides of his tightening nuts.

Buried beneath the warm, perfumed tit-cleavage of his Aunt Jane, Tate eagerly explored her bountiful curves. He nuzzled his face between the soft, heavy mounds, relishing the silky texture against his flushed cheeks.

Turning his head from side to side, he motorboated her cleavage, the delicate skin rippling deliciously.

He kissed along the broad slope of her sweaty jug until he captured one stiff, raspberry-hued nipple between his lips and suckled greedily. His cheeks hollowed with the effort as the rubbery nub pulsed against his tongue. He swirled around it, coaxing throaty moans from deep in Jane's chest. Her fingers fisted in his damp curls, holding him to her breast like a nursing babe.

Not wanting to neglect its twin, Tate released the spit-slickened peak with a wet pop and latched onto the other nipple, lavishing it with the same reverent attention.

He lost himself in the ripe, plush flesh, burying his face completely as she writhed above him in the aftershocks of her powerful orgasm.

Her heavy udders molded around his features like memory foam, cocooning him in a realm of humid darkness and intoxicating feminine musk.

Lost in a sensual daze, Tate suckled and nuzzled Jane's massive mammarys. Her spent body trembled with residual pleasure, her heart thundering against his ear pressed between her heaving tits. Finally, she lifted herself off him with a groan, her inner muscles clenching around his still-rigid cock as she rolled to the side.

Tate gasped as the comparatively cool air of the tent hit his juice-splattered face. He blinked up at the canvas ceiling, his vision hazy, as he tried to catch his breath. His nerve endings still crackled with electricity, his balls churning with pent-up release.

Before he could fully process the overwhelming sensations, the women descended on him again, their hands and mouths roaming greedily over his sweat-slick skin.

"My turn," Morgan sing-songed, straddling his hips and fisting his throbbing erection. "I need this fat cock in my pregnant pussy NOW."

Tate's eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he watched his heavily pregnant Aunt Morgan mount his quivering loins. Her belly—swollen to magnificent proportions with eight months of baby-making—loomed before him like a taut, veined globe, its stretched skin gleaming with a thin sheen of sweat.

He gasped as her delicate fingers reached beneath the impressive dome, wrapping around his purple-headed monster with expert precision. She dragged his sensitive knob through her engorged labium, the slick petals parting like warm butter around his throbbing girth.

His gaze traveled reverently up the tightly stretched curve of her rounded belly to the massive, vein-mapped breasts that spilled over

its upper hemisphere. Unlike the creamy pink areolae of his mother and aunt, Morgan's tit-caps were a rich caramel-brown, their diameter stretched to the size of his hands and glistening with tiny beads of colostrum.

She locked her half-lidded amber eyes with his, her glossy lips parting in a predatory smile as she positioned his pulsing rod at her dripping entrance and sank down with agonizing slowness.

"WHOA!" Tate moaned, feeling the scorching, vice-like grip of her pregnancy-enhanced cunt walls as they rippled and clutched around every vein and ridge of his young cock.

Morgan thought for sure that his cock-tip must be jabbing her unborn child, as Tate boner stretched her uteri back into her womb. She gyrated her hips in tight figure-eights, her heavy belly swaying hypnotically as she stirred herself repeatedly on his granite-hard shaft.

"Oh my God, I would cheat on my husband every single day for a magnificent dick like this!" she exclaimed, her voice breaking into a breathy soprano as she worked his dick against her cervix like a spoon stirring a bowl of warm batter.

"You might have to pry him out from between his mom's legs first," Amber joked, licking her lips as she watched her sister's glistening juices coat the boy's throbbing member.

"Isn't it incredible how hard it is?" Jane asked her humping sister, her voice husky with arousal as she traced a manicured fingertip along Morgan's distended belly.

"Oh, God, yes...it's like his cock is carved from polished marble!" Morgan answered, her eyelids fluttering in ecstasy as beads of sweat trickled between her heaving breasts.

Facing her heavily pregnant daughter, Ruth crawled over Tate's upper-half on all fours, her silver-streaked hair cascading around her shoulders as she let her pendulous double-J breasts dangle mere inches above his flushed face.

The teen stared up in wide-eyed wonder at the massive pale globes suspended above him, mesmerized by the intricate blue veins mapping the creamy undersides of his Grandma's enormous tits. The delicate network of blood vessels reminded him of river tributaries he'd studied in geography class.

He had seen countless breasts online in 4K resolution, but nothing compared to the hypnotic swaying of these magnificent flesh-melons with their fat nipples pointing directly at his parted lips. His mouth watered with primal hunger.

"Fuck, he's gonna rupture my amniotic sac with that battering ram!" Morgan gasped, her knuckles whitening as she gripped Tate's sweat-slicked shoulders, feeling the purple mushroom-shaped crown of his throbbing member slam repeatedly against her cervix like a fleshy wrecking ball.

The teen certainly felt a difference with his aunt's pregnancy-enhanced pussy. Hormonal engorgement had transformed her cuntal lining into a velvet-soft furnace that clutched and rippled around his shaft with mind-bending intensity.

The swollen pleats of her rugae created ridges of spongy tissue that massaged every vein and ridge of Tate's steel-hard erection like dozens of tiny, grasping fingers. Each down-stroke brought her cervical opening—now puffy and dilated from eight months of pregnancy—kissing against his sensitive glans with a sensation that made his toes curl and his balls tighten.

"Don't you go giving birth on us out here in the wilderness, honey," Ruth giggled melodiously, her mature eyes twinkling with mischief as

she watched her daughter's juice-slickened thighs quiver with each bounce on her grandson's glistening pole.

Morgan's eyes rolled back in ecstasy, her mascara smudging as sweat beaded along her temples. "I don't care if I go into labor," she panted through cherry-red lips, her enormous belly quivering with each labored breath. "As long as there's not a baby sliding down my birthing tube, I want his throbbing cock stretching me open!"

Ruth leaned to Tate's ear, her boobs flattening against his chest and neck, nipples hardening against his feverish skin as her hot breath tickled his earlobe. "Roll her over and fuck the shit out of her, darling," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "Make her pregnant pussy cream all over that magnificent young cock."

Tate's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. "Alright," he replied, his voice cracking with adolescent eagerness.

The moment his silver-haired grandmother shifted her voluptuous form away, the boy's azure eyes darted to her questioningly, his inexperienced hands hovering uncertainly above Morgan's glistening, undulating body.

"Pull her down onto you first," Ruth directed, her mature voice honeyed with encouragement, crow's feet crinkling at the corners of her eyes.

Tate's trembling fingers encircled his aunt's slender wrist, tugging her down until she collapsed against him in a symphony of soft flesh. Her enormous breasts—veined and swollen with pregnancy hormones—flattened against his heaving chest while her taut, eight-month belly pressed into his abdomen like a warm, pulsing medicine ball.

"Good boy...now roll her over!" his grandmother coached, her own massive breasts swaying pendulously as she gestured with manicured fingers.

The teen gathered his strength and rolled them across the wide air mattress, the vinyl squeaking beneath their combined weight, until Morgan lay spread beneath him, her caramel skin flushed crimson with desire, her amber eyes glazed with lust.

"OH, YES!" his aunt gasped, her kiss-swollen lips parting as she tilted her pelvis upward, reestablishing their carnal rhythm. Her long eyelashes fluttered against her cheekbones as she surrendered to the delicious invasion. "FUCK ME HARD!"

"Ughh!" Tate sighed, his muscular buttocks flexing as he plunged between her quivering thighs. His granite-hard shaft disappeared repeatedly into her glistening pink folds, his heavy testicles slapping rhythmically against the puckered rosebud of her anus. The sensation of her silken inner thighs wrapping around his narrow hips sent electric currents racing up his spine.

"Yes!! Suck my fucking tits and make me cum!" Morgan commanded, arching her back to offer up her leaking nipples, dark and distended like ripe berries.

The teen latched onto one turgid peak, his cheeks hollowing as he suckled hungrily while hammering into her with pile-driver intensity.

Around them, the other three maternal figures formed a lascivious tableau—fingers twisting and pulling at their own nipples while their other hands frantically circled their engorged clitorises, their hungry eyes devouring the incestuous spectacle unfolding before them.

Tate felt his Aunt Morgan's body tense up beneath him, her cunt-tube suddenly clenching around his cock like a velvet-gloved fist with a thousand rippling fingers. The delicious pressure made his purple knob mushroom against her cervix, triggering a telltale electric tingling that shot from his balls up through his spine like lightning striking a metal rod.

She arched her neck back, chestnut hair fanning across the pillow in a glossy halo as her pregnant body began convulsing in a toe-curling orgasm right along with him.

Her juicy caramel thighs quivered uncontrollably, locking around his pumping hips in a vise-grip that threatened to crack his pelvic bones. The molten honey-thick heat of her climax gushed around his shaft with the force of a broken dam, drenching his groin and matting his pubic hair with slippery, musky sweetness.

"I'm...gonna...CUM!" Tate gasped, his voice cracking like thin ice. The coil of pleasure at the base of his spine detonated like a nuclear bomb, sending shockwaves of white-hot ecstasy reverberating through every cell from his curling toes to his tingling scalp.

His teenage cock jerked and throbbed like a living creature with its own heartbeat as it unleashed rope after pearly rope of hot, virile spunk—enough to fill a shot glass—deep into his aunt's quivering canal.

Each rhythmic clench of her vaginal walls milked him for everything he had, greedily drinking down his massive load like a starving mouth at a fountain.

He could feel thick, pearlescent rivulets of their combined juices—his milky-white seed mixed with her honey-amber nectar—trickling down his pulsing sack and dripping onto the sweat-dampened cotton sheets below, creating dark, spreading stains beneath them.

For several minutes Morgan writhed beneath him, mewling incoherently as aftershocks ripped through her voluptuous body like electrical currents.

Her mascara-smudged eyes had rolled back until only crescents of white showed, long lashes fluttering against her flushed cheeks, while a thin strand of glistening saliva leaked from the corner of her

cherry-red, kiss-swollen lips. She looked utterly debauched, her hair a wild chestnut halo framing her crimson face like a Renaissance painting of ecstasy.

The musky scent of sex—tangy and primal—hung heavy in the air like an invisible cloud, mingling with the women's expensive floral perfumes and the faint vanilla scent of Morgan's body lotion. It filled Tate's head with a delirious, post-orgasmic haze that made his vision swim.

He collapsed against Morgan's quivering form, his thundering heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped animal as he gulped desperate lungfuls of humid, pheromone-laden oxygen. Her massive milk-jugs cushioned his cheek like warm, living pillows, the puckered nipples—dark as chocolate and hard as rubber—grazing his parted lips with each of her labored breaths.

After a few delicious moments suspended in time, Tate rolled off his aunt with a deep, satisfied groan, his cock—still impressively thick even in retreat—slipping from her grasping folds with an audible squelch that echoed in the tent like wet leather.

His sweat-slicked bronze skin pebbled with goosebumps as the cooler air hit his heated flesh, making his nipples tighten into hard pebbles. He sprawled on his back next to Morgan, one muscular arm flung across his damp brow, his chiseled chest heaving like a bellows as he stared unseeing at the canvas ceiling, counting the tiny pinpricks of light that filtered through the fabric like distant stars.

"Mmm, that was absolutely delicious to watch," Ruth purred.

Tate peeked over and saw his silver-haired grandmother sprawled out on her back, her alabaster thighs bowed wide open while her surprisingly dainty feet, hovered delicately in the humid air. "Now that we've eased the pressure in those swollen teenage nuts of

yours, why don't you come wrestle another orgasm out with Grandma," she suggested, her voice dripping with honey-thick desire.

He climbed to his knees and immediately his mother and Aunt Jane gasped audibly as they witnessed how magnificently hard his cum-glistening cock still was—the veins along its impressive length pulsing visibly with each thundering heartbeat.

"Oh my God, it's still fully erect!" Jane beamed, her emerald eyes widening with undisguised hunger as she licked her glossy lips.

With his pink tongue nearly hanging out in primal lust, the boy stared transfixed at his grandmother's meticulously shaved vulva. Her glistening inner flanges—thick and ruffled like expensive satin curtains—were peeled open invitingly and crowned by the delicate tissue of her large clitoral prepuce.

Her clitoris peeked tantalizingly from beneath its protective hood like the tiny engorged knob of a miniature cock, throbbing visibly with each rapid pulse.

His azure eyes drifted slowly up the gentle curve of her soft belly to the enormous melons spread majestically across her heaving chest, their dusky nipples pointing skyward like ripe cherries.

"Come on, baby boy," Ruth urged, patting her smooth, butter-soft thighs with manicured fingers. "Come get nasty with Grandma."

The teen crawled eagerly down on top of her, positioning his purple mushroom-capped glans at her entrance before pushing forward, squeezing through the remnants of her surprisingly tight hymen.

His sapphire eyes rolled back dramatically with ecstatic pleasure as his throbbing cock was gradually sheathed in her hot, velvety mature pussy that gripped him like a silken glove custom-made for his impressive girth.

Ruth wasted absolutely no time with preliminaries. She clutched onto her grandson's bronzed body with surprising strength, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his narrow back. Then, she pumped her big, jiggling naked ass forcefully upward from the squeaking air mattress.

"COME ON...SMASH MY CUNT-HOLE, DARLING!!" she cried out, her voice echoing against the tent walls.

Tate snarled with animalistic pleasure as he fucked his granite-hard cock savagely through his grandmother's hot, juicy cunt, their combined fluids creating obscene squelching sounds with each powerful thrust.

In a matter of a breathless minute, he had her trembling uncontrollably in a toe-curling orgasm that made her entire body convulse beneath him like she was being electrocuted by pure pleasure.

With one volcanic eruption out of the way earlier, the virile teen was really able to pound his throbbing purple erection into her with metronomic precision. He savored the exquisite sensation of her magnificent alabaster tits—each one larger than his head—sandwiched between their sweat-slicked bodies, the way his chiseled torso sunk down into her tremendous heaving cleavage like sinking into warm quicksand.

His taut, bronzed ass was nothing but a hypnotic blur of up-and-down motion as he jackhammered relentlessly between her milky-white thighs—his heavy, cum-laden balls slapping rhythmically against her puckered rosebud with each devastating thrust.

Ruth had just barely recovered from one mind-shattering, earth-moving orgasm—unlike any she'd experienced since her nubile younger years—when she was swept up into yet another tidal wave of pleasure that threatened to drown her in ecstasy.

"I'M CUMMING!! OH SWEET FUCKING SHIT!!" she shrieked, her voice cracking like brittle glass.

Tate lifted his flushed face from between her rippling, quivering tit-flesh while he pile-drove into her sopping honeypot, watching her once-elegant features contort into a mask of primal pleasure—eyes rolling back to show only whites, mouth forming a perfect O of ecstasy.

"Unnnghhh!" he groaned, feeling her spongy, velvet cunt-tube, with its rows of well-pronounced corrugations like ribbed silk, hungrily chew and milk at the veiny, pulsing meat of his gargantuan cock.

The intoxicating knowledge that he could hit the deepest recesses of all their eager pussies with his magnificent battering ram made his chest swell with masculine pride. For 10, 20, 30 minutes, the boy pounded her with virile intensity, making her cum apart on his tireless teenage dong.

Suddenly, his Grandma rolled him over onto his back with surprising force, her manicured fingernails digging crescents into his sweat-slicked shoulders.

"I'm gonna fuck you to the stars, honey!" she lustfully gasped, her hot cinnamon-scented breath washing over his flushed face.

Now it was his Grandma's turn to ride him like a prize stallion. Her wide, experienced birthing hips worked like a well-oiled piston, rising and falling with hypnotic precision as her glistening, purple-red labia gripped his throbbing shaft.

His granite-hard cock stirred through her dripping honeypot like a wooden spoon through thick cake batter, churning her creamy juices into a frothy lather that coated their joining.

"Goddamn, gran!!" the boy blurted out loud, his voice cracking with adolescent wonder as his face was assaulted by the most magnificent mammaries in the family.

Ruth's ginormous double J's—veined with delicate blue tributaries beneath translucent skin—swung like velvet-covered demolition wrecking balls from her heaving chest. They slapped rhythmically against his awestruck face, leaving glistening trails of perspiration across his cheekbones as she rode him with increasing fervor, her thighs trembling with each downward thrust.

The teenager's hands roamed reverently over his grandmother's massive, pendulous tits as she rode him, his fingers sinking knuckle-deep into the plush, ivory flesh like they were kneading warm sourdough.

He captured one thick, dusky-purple nipple between his quivering lips, suckling with desperate hunger as his hollowed cheeks created a vacuum seal. The rubbery half-inch nub pulsated against his hot, slick tongue, hardening to diamond-like firmness as he swirled figure-eights around the pebbled areola.

After a few minutes, he released the glistening peak with an audible wet pop that echoed in the humid tent, only to eagerly latch onto its identical twin. He lavished it with the same worshipful attention and frantic enthusiasm.

Ruth's throaty cry pierced the air as electric pleasure shot directly from her nipples to her engorged, throbbing clit—a pleasure circuit completed by his ardent, teenage ministrations.

Completely lost in a sensual daze, Tate buried his flushed face between the gigantic, silky-smooth mounds that hung like overripe melons from her heaving chest, nuzzling into her fragrant cleavage that smelled of expensive body lotion and raw feminine arousal. He turned his head frantically from side to side, motorboating her

melons with such enthusiasm that the slapping sounds competed with their labored breathing.

Her butter-soft skin rippled in hypnotic waves around his chiseled features, engulfing him completely until his entire head disappeared, cocooned in a realm of humid darkness and intoxicating feminine musk that made his nostrils flare with primal recognition.

All he could see, all he could feel, was the mesmerizing undulation of his grandmother's pillowy tit-flesh molding around his face like living memory foam as she bounced vigorously on his granite-hard cock.

Lost in the erotic nirvana between Ruth's milky-white thighs, Tate felt like his overloaded senses were being overwhelmed to the point of short-circuiting. Every nerve ending from his scalp to his curling toes sizzled with ecstatic electricity. Her tight, sopping-wet cunt gripped his throbbing member like a silken vise coated in warm honey, rippling and clenching with practiced control around his purple, vein-mapped shaft with each deliberate downward thrust of her experienced hips.

Tate heard her let out a long, guttural moan that seemed to originate from the deepest recesses of her being as her slick, velvet-lined cunt contracted wildly around his steel-hard prick like a silken Venus flytrap.

Her entire body convulsed violently as if struck by lightning, her back arching into an impossible bow, and without warning, a tremendous geyser of pearlescent female ejaculate exploded from between their frantically humping crotches, drenching the air mattress beneath them with warm, musky nectar.

"OH, SWEET JESUS!" the boy gasped in awestruck reverence, his exclamation muffled by the avalanche of quivering tit-flesh smothering his flushed face.

His Grandma quickly dismounted, her shapely legs trembling like saplings in a hurricane as she cupped her glistening, ruby-red pussy with both manicured hands as if it were a wounded bird too exquisitely sensitive to endure further stimulation.

"Oh, good heavens above!" she sighed breathlessly, her mascara-smudged eyes widening as they fixated on her Grandson's magnificent cock—now slick with their combined juices and standing proudly at attention like a glistening monument to their forbidden passion.

Tate's mom was on him in a flash, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position with the practiced grace of a rodeo champion.

The teenager was entranced by the hypnotic sight of her thick, perfectly peach-shaped ass—each globe as round and firm as a volleyball yet yielding like memory foam—rising and falling on his throbbing purple cock.

Her glistening, fatty ass-cheeks rippled like waves on a sun-dappled pond each time they struck his sweat-slicked midsection with a meaty SLAP.

Amber peeked back over one shoulder at her boy and smiled, her ruby-red lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. "Make me cum, baby!" she whimpered breathlessly, finding a nice steady rhythm that made the air mattress below them squeak in melodic protest.

From this angle, Tate could see the magnificent slope of her heavy tits leaping up and down from the frantic pace of her fuck-thrusting, their milky-white flesh jiggling hypnotically with each bounce.

He flexed his cock-muscle with the precision of a master pianist, about making his mom explode right then and there as her velvety love-tunnel clenched around him like a silken vice.

"GOD!!!...OH FUCK!! OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!!" she screamed out, her voice cracking with raw animal pleasure as her entire body began to tremble uncontrollably.

As the cataclysmic orgasm ripped through Amber's voluptuous body, Tate felt her silken inner walls spasm wildly around his throbbing cock. It started deep inside her womb, where his swollen purple cockhead was nestled snugly against her quivering cervix. The spongy tissue suddenly clenched like a grasping fist, rippling and undulating along his shaft in a milking rhythm that made his heavy balls draw up tight to his body.

A warm flood of liquid arousal gushed from her contracting hole, coating his groin and matting his wiry pubic hair with viscous, honey-thick nectar. He could feel her gushing around him in pulsing waves, each clench of her vaginal muscles triggering another spurt of sticky ejaculate that drenched the sheets beneath them.

The sheer force of her squirting orgasm made his eyes widen in awe. He'd never seen a woman cum so hard, so copiously. It was like a dam had burst inside her, the musky fluid jetting from her trembling slit in rhythmic arcs that splattered his abdomen and chest.

He could only imagine the intense, toe-curling sensations radiating from her swollen, pulsing clit as the electric shockwaves of pleasure crashed over her again and again.

Amber's thighs quivered uncontrollably on either side of his hips, the muscles seizing up as her nerve endings overloaded with ecstasy. Her fingers dug into the firm globes of her ass, pulling the cheeks wider apart to take him even deeper.

Tate felt the slick, puckered whorl of her anus clenching and unclenching against the sensitive at the base of his cock, massaging the thick vein that pulsed there.

"Fuck, Mom!" he blurted, his voice cracking with adolescent wonder as he watched the lewd spectacle of her body's total surrender.

Her head thrashed from side to side, chestnut curls whipping across her crimson face in wild disarray. Incoherent whimpers and moans spilled from her parted lips, punctuated by the wet, obscene sounds of her cunt gushing around him.

It seemed to go on forever, her body wracked by wave after wave of mind-shattering pleasure. Just when Tate thought she must be completely spent, her pussy would flutter and clench anew, milking his aching cock with ravenous hunger. He could only hold on for dear life, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh of her undulating hips as she rode out the seemingly endless storm.

Finally, after what felt like hours suspended in time, Amber collapsed forward, panting for breath.

An hour later, back at the Campground, the husbands and kids returned from the hike, their boots caked with mud and faces flushed from exertion. "Where are those wives of ours?" Jane's husband asked the other men, wiping sweat from his sunburned forehead with a bandana.

"Probably just out for a walk. Wasn't that where they were last year, when we got back from the hike," Amber's husband John speculated, cracking open a frosty beer from the cooler, the can hissing as carbonation escaped.

"I think I'll start frying up some burgers. I need some meat inside me," Ruth's husband stated, not realizing how bad that sounded as he rummaged through the ice-packed cooler for the vacuum-sealed package of ground beef.

Up the mountain, his wife Ruth was certainly getting some meat inside her. It was the long, thick, veiny cock-meat of her Grandson as he fucked her from behind, his pelvis slapping rhythmically against her jiggling ass-cheeks.

"Wow, Grandma, this feels SO good!" he panted, his adolescent voice cracking with excitement. He socked his sturdy prick through her clutching vagina, watching her naked booty-cheeks ripple deliciously with each powerful thrust, her tanned skin glistening with a sheen of sweat.

The other three women knelt in a circle around Tate and his Grandma, their voluptuous bodies glistening with perspiration in the sunlight that filtered through the tent fabric above. They arched their spines like felines in heat, wiggling their heart-shaped asses invitingly, the fleshy globes jiggling hypnotically with each deliberate movement, quivering like gelatin molds that threatened to spill over at any moment.

Amber, Jane, and Morgan—each with their own unique curves and dimples—looked back over their tanned shoulders at him with half-lidded, lust-glazed eyes. Their cherry-red lips, glossy with saliva, parted in breathless anticipation.

Their engorged, glistening pussies winked at him from between splayed thighs, pink and puffy like ripe Georgia peaches split down the middle, absolutely dripping with viscous need that formed crystalline strands between their trembling legs.

Tate's sapphire eyes, as blue as the deepest parts of the Caribbean, widened to saucers as he took in the lewd spectacle before him, his head swiveling from one magnificent ass to the next like a kid in a candy store overwhelmed by choices. He couldn't decide which delectable rump to sample next—they all looked so damn appetizing,

shimmering with arousal and practically begging to be filled by his throbbing teenage cock that pulsed with each rapid heartbeat.

With an animalistic grunt, he pulled his juice-slicked shaft—now coated with a pearlescent sheen of mingled fluids—from his Grandma's still-fluttering cunt. He lunged toward his mother, drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

With his tongue hanging out lustfully, the boy notched his fat purple cockhead, swollen to the size of a plum and leaking pre-cum, between her plump ass cheeks and slid home. He plunged balls-deep into her scorching wet heat in one fluid thrust that buried him to the root.

Tate's cock throbbed inside his mother's tight, clenching cunt, her inner muscles squeezing him like a velvet vice. He pounded into her with abandon, lost in the primal rhythm of their doggy-style coupling. Her ass cheeks bounced and jiggled with each powerful thrust, the slapping sound of their bodies colliding echoing off the tent walls.

Amber's heavy mommy-udders swung in time with his movements, the raspberry-hard nipples grazing the air mattress beneath her.

"Oh, fuck! Yes! Fuck Mommy's pussy!" Amber screamed, her voice hoarse and wanton. "Harder! Deeper! Ruin me with that big dick!"

Tate growled in response, his hips slamming against her plump ass with renewed fervor. Sweat streamed down his face and chest, soaking into the valley between his tensed pecs. His heart pounded in his ears, the only sound louder than their frenzied coupling.

The other women's inviting asses wagged enticingly nearby, their swollen pink folds glistening in the dim light.

Tate's cock twitched inside Amber's soaking wet channel as he took in the erotic sight, a wave of lust crashing over him anew. He angled his hips upward, grinding against her engorged clit with each

powerful thrust, sending her over the edge with a shattering climax. Her pussy clamped down on him like a vice grip, milking his cock as she screamed out her release.

The teen withdrew his glistening, purple-veined shaft from Amber's sopping heat, watching as pearlescent rivulets of her creamy essence clung to his skin like honey. He crawled across the rumpled sheet toward Jane, his eyes fixated on the tantalizing curve of her spine and the dimples just above her quivering buttocks.

His strong fingers dug into the soft flesh of her wide, childbearing hips, leaving crescent-shaped impressions as he notched the angry, mushroom-shaped head of his throbbing cock between her plump, alabaster cheeks. With one savage, animalistic thrust that made his abdominal muscles clench like steel cables, he buried himself to the root inside her molten core.

A strangled moan escaped his parched lips as her silky, corrugated walls fluttered and pulsated around his invading member like a thousand delicate butterfly wings beating in unison.

"Yes, fuck me!" Jane cried out, her voice a ragged symphony of desperate need as she tossed her sweat-dampened strawberry blonde curls. "Pound my married cunt until I forget my husband's name!"

Tate obliged with predatory gusto, his powerful thighs tensing as he jackhammered into her slick, pink channel with all the virile energy that only eighteen years of pent-up testosterone could provide.

Wet, obscene squelching sounds echoed off the nylon walls of the tent as he worked her over like a boy possessed, rivulets of sweat cascading down the defined ridges of his abdomen and beading on his furrowed brow from the exertion.

Within minutes, he felt her velvety pussy walls contract violently around his plunging shaft, rippling and milking his cock with greedy suction as she came with a banshee-like wail that surely carried through the forest.

He fucked her through it mercilessly, his balls slapping rhythmically against her swollen, glistening clit, wringing a second, shuddering orgasm from her quivering body before pulling out with an audible 'pop' that sent a fresh trickle of her nectar running down her trembling thighs.

Morgan's eyes rolled back in her head, her chest heaving as Tate relentlessly pounded into her. "Oh... God... you're so... deep!" she gasped, her swollen belly undulating beneath her as he plunged into her depths.

It felt as if his throbbing cock was close enough to nudge the very life growing inside her womb. Her manicured nails raked the cum-soaked sheets beneath her, desperate for purchase as the coiled spring of ecstasy tightened within her.

Tate could feel the spasms of Morgan's quivering pussy around him, signaling her impending climax. He angled his hips, grinding against her cervix with each powerful thrust, his balls slapping against her engorged lips.

Her shriek of pleasure was startling as she came apart, back arching like a bow as white-hot electricity surged through her nerve endings. He didn't relent, sawing in and out of her gushing cunt until she convulsed a second time, washing warmth onto his invading shaft.

Finally, Tate turned his attention back to Grandma Ruth, his cock still throbbing with need. He mounted her from behind, sinking into her well-used pussy with a groan of satisfaction. The heat from within enveloped him, slick and pliant from the combined juices of the other women and his own copious pre-cum.

"Fill me up, baby boy," Ruth panted over her shoulder, cheeks flushed crimson and eyes glazed over with lust.

Tate gripped her fleshy hips with renewed vigor, his tanned fingers sinking deep into the pale, dimpled flesh until angry red half-moons appeared beneath his fingernails. He slammed into her from behind, his sweat-slick pelvis smacking against her jiggling ass cheeks with bruising force that sent ripples across her flesh.

Ruth's knees buckled from the powerful thrusts, her upper body pitching forward until her enormous, pendulous breasts pancaked against the squeaking air mattress with a wet slap.

The muscular teen followed her down without missing a beat, his lean, sun-bronzed chest plastering to her freckled back as he draped himself over her like a human blanket, his hot breath tickling her neck.

He hooked his sinewy forearms under her soft shoulders for leverage, clinging to her voluptuous, age-softened body as he plunged between her splayed thighs with jack-rabbit speed that made the tent poles rattle.

"Unnngh! Fuck! So deep!" Ruth babbled incoherently, her rouge-smearred cheek smushed against the damp nylon.

Tate grunted with animalistic pleasure, his heavy balls tightening against his body and washboard abs clenching like steel cables as he pounded into her sopping cunt with everything he had.

He could feel the purple, mushroom-shaped tip of his throbbing cock battering her cervix with each frantic pump of his narrow hips, could hear the wet squelch of her overflowing juices as he stirred them into a frothy lather that coated both their trembling thighs.

Electric tingles raced up his spine like lightning striking a metal rod, and molten pressure coiled in his groin like a rattlesnake ready to strike as his climax rapidly approached.

Ruth must have sensed it too, because her pussy suddenly clamped down like a silken vise around him, rippling and milking his shaft with the ravenous hunger of a starving lioness.

"Do it, baby!" she rasped, her voice raw and gravelly from screaming. "Shoot that hot load! Paint Grandma's womb with your virile seed!"

With a choked cry that echoed through the tent like a primal howl, Tate buried himself to the hilt and exploded with the force of a volcanic eruption, his purple-veined cock pulsing and jerking like a live wire as he emptied his heavy, aching balls.

Thick, pearlescent ropes of semen erupted from his engorged slit like molten lava, splattering against her cervix with audible impacts and flooding her trembling, cavernous channel.

He ground against her wildly, working his ejaculating cock in tight, desperate circles like a man possessed, to ensure every last precious drop was pumped directly into her throbbing, hungry hole.

Beneath him, Ruth shuddered violently like an earthquake measuring 9.0 on the Richter scale, a hoarse banshee-like scream tearing from her lipstick-smearred throat. His searing, white-hot cum triggered her own mind-bending, soul-shattering orgasm. Her cunt rippled and gushed around him like a broken dam, hot squirts of crystal-clear fluid splattering their clenched, quivering thighs as she squirted uncontrollably, soaking the already drenched mattress beneath them into a sodden mess.

The ecstasy seemed to go on forever, stretching time like taffy, both of them lost in the throes of the most intense, earth-shattering climax of their lives. Stars exploded behind their tightly-shut eyelids.

Finally, Tate collapsed against her sweat-slicked back like a marionette with cut strings, gasping for breath, his still-hard cock buried snugly in her fluttering, velvet sheath.

He could feel his potent seed leaking out around him in thick rivulets, mingling with her tangy juices to soak the bedding beneath their sweat-drenched, heaving bodies in a primordial cocktail of their shared passion.

John's phone buzzed in his pocket, the vibration startling him from his task of flipping sizzling burger patties on the camp stove. He wiped his greasy fingers on his cargo shorts and fished out the device, swiping to answer the video call from his wife Amber.

"Hey babe," he greeted, squinting at the screen where his wife's face filled the frame. "Are you guys on your way back? And oh, is Tate with you?"

Amber's cheeks were flushed, her chestnut hair slightly disheveled and clinging damply to her temples. She seemed to be breathing heavily, her ample chest rising and falling rapidly beneath her tight floral tank top.

Behind her, John could make out the dappled sunlight filtering through a canopy of evergreen branches.

"Mhmm, Tate's right here with me," she replied breathlessly, her glossy lips curving into a secretive smile. "We're just...exploring nature together. Mom and my sisters went ahead on the trail and should be back there anytime."

Off-screen, there was a muffled wet sound, like someone slurping the last drops of a thick milkshake through a straw. Amber's emerald eyes fluttered closed for a brief moment and she bit her plump bottom lip, stifling a moan.

Her husband's brows furrowed in confusion. "Everything okay, hon? You seem a little...flustered."

Amber's eyes snapped open, the green irises darkening to the color of pine needles. "Oh, I'm more than okay," she purred, her voice honeyed and thick. "In fact, I don't think I've ever felt better. Our son has quite the...appetite for the great outdoors."

Another slurping noise, louder this time, followed by a breathy gasp that Amber unsuccessfully tried to disguise as a cough.

John leaned closer to the screen, squinting at the tiny image of his wife. Was it just a trick of the light, or did it look like her hips were subtly undulating, rocking back and forth?

"Well, I'm glad you two are having fun," he said slowly, still trying to make sense of her odd behavior. "Any idea when you might be heading back? The burgers are pretty much done."

"Mmmm, I think we'll be a little while longer," Amber replied, her voice hitching on the last word. Her eyes rolled back and she shuddered visibly. "Tate's not quite...finished...exploring."

Out of John's view, Amber was naked from the waist down and Tate knelt between her parted thighs on the forest floor, his flushed face buried in the junction of her legs.

The boy's tongue probed hungrily between her glistening folds, lapping up the tangy nectar that flowed freely from her quivering cunt like a man dying of thirst at an oasis. He tilted his head back, mouth agape as he feasted on her slick pink flesh, rivulets of her juices dripping down his chin and splattering the front of his sweat-dampened t-shirt.

Amber bit back another moan as her son's inexperienced but eager tongue found her swollen clit, lashing the sensitive bundle of nerves

with broad, artless strokes that made sparks dance behind her tightly closed eyelids.

She ground her pelvis against his face shamelessly, smearing her arousal across his flushed cheeks and button nose until he was glazed with it, glistening in the dappled sunlight. Her inner thighs trembled, clenching rhythmically around his ears as she rode his mouth with increasing fervor, chasing the elusive peak that had been building in her core from the moment she'd straddled his face.

Through her lust-fogged brain, Amber dimly registered her husband's voice still buzzing from the phone clutched in her white-knuckled grip. "...Are you sure you're alright, hon?" John said, his words barely penetrating the roaring of blood in her ears.

Amber managed a strained smile, hoping it looked natural on the tiny phone screen. "We'll see you soon, hon. Gotta go!" She jabbed the red 'End Call' button with a trembling thumb, letting the phone fall to the mossy ground beside her just as the tidal wave of ecstasy crested and crashed over her.

The heavy breasted mother's back arched like a drawn bow, thrusting her heaving breasts toward the emerald canopy above as a ragged scream tore from her throat.

"FUCK! Oh God, baby, yes! Right there!" Every muscle in her body pulled taut as a high wire as the intense pleasure ripped through her like lightning, radiating out from where Tate's eager tongue lashed her throbbing clit.

Molten honey gushed from her cunt, coating the boy's flushed face in a glossy sheen. He lapped at her feverishly, burying his nose in her flanges and inhaling her pungent musk, wanting to drown himself in her essence. His untrained but enthusiastic ministrations wrung out every last shuddering wave until she collapsed back against the sun-warmed earth, boneless and spent.

The teen finally came up for air, gasping, his chin dripping with her nectar. He wiped his mouth with the back of one tanned forearm, a dazed but proud grin splitting his face as he took in the wrecked sight of his mother spread before him, lost in the afterglow.

"Damn, Mom," he rasped, his voice hoarse from his muffled groans of pleasure. "You taste incredible."

Amber let a throaty chuckle, beckoning him up her body with one languid curl of her finger. "Mmm, kiss me, stud. I wanna taste myself on that talented tongue of yours."

Tate scrambled to obey, crawling up her curves until they were face to face, his jutting erection pressing insistently against her slick mound through his cargo shorts. Their mouths crashed together in a heated tangle of lips and tongue, Amber's flavor mingling between them as she sucked lewdly on his chin.

After a few minutes, the mother broke the intense kiss and gazed up at Tate with half-lidded, lust-glazed eyes, her lips swollen and glistening. "So, did you enjoy your tent full of mommy meat?" she purred, trailing a perfectly manicured nail down the center of his heaving chest.

Tate nodded vigorously, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. "It was incredible," he rasped, his voice still hoarse from his muffled groans of ecstasy. "I wish I could get that kind of stuff all the time."

Amber's emerald eyes sparkled with wicked mischief as she gazed up at her son through thick mascara-coated lashes, trailing a perfectly manicured blood-red fingertip along the sharp angle of his chiseled jaw.

"You know, baby," she purred, her voice dripping with honeyed promise that made his skin tingle, "there's another part of this special family tradition that we haven't gotten to yet."

Tate's dark brow furrowed in confusion. "There's more?" he asked breathlessly, his spent cock twitching with renewed interest against the slick, swollen folds of her mound.

Amber nodded slowly, her cherry-glossed lips—now smudged from their passionate kisses—curving into a secretive smile that revealed a glimpse of perfect white teeth. "Mhmm," she hummed, the vibration traveling from her chest to where their bodies remained joined. "Now that you've had your fill of mommy meat, it's time for you to fill my belly with some baby meat."

Tate's sapphire eyes widened to saucers as her words sank in, a puzzle piece clicking into place in his hormone-addled teenage brain. The realization hit him like a physical blow, sending electric currents of excitement down his spine.

"Holy shit," he breathed, his voice barely above a reverent whisper as he stared down at his mother in awestruck wonder, drinking in the sight of her flushed cheeks and tousled chestnut hair spread across the forest floor. "Cousin Chuck got Aunt Morgan pregnant last year, didn't he? And Eric knocked up Aunt Jane the year before that...after the reunion?"

Amber giggled, a melodious tinkling sound like crystal wind chimes that made Tate's heart skip a beat and his loins stir. She arched her back slightly, pressing her spongy tit-melon against his chest. "Oh darling, the reunion is just the beginning," she purred, her eyes twinkling with mischievous promise as she traced lazy circles on his sweat-slicked shoulder. "When we get home, the real fun starts. Mommy's gonna ride this big, thick cock every single day until her flat belly swells with your baby."

Tate gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing like a buoy on stormy waters, his mouth suddenly Sahara-dry as technicolor visions of his mother's nude, swollen-bellied form danced tantalizingly behind his hooded eyes. "You mean...we're gonna keep doing this? Even at home?" His voice cracked on the last word, betraying his youth.

"Mmhmm," Amber hummed, her voice like warm honey drizzled over velvet as she undulated her curvaceous hips beneath him in a slow, hypnotic grind that made his semi-hard, purple-headed cock twitch violently back to granite-like attention. "We'll fuck morning, noon and night like rabid, rutting animals. In every single room of the house. On every available surface until they're all christened with our mingled juices."

She leaned up, her plump cherry-red lips—glossy with saliva and remnants of her own arousal—grazing the sensitive shell of his ear as she dropped her voice to a breathy, spine-tingling whisper that sent goosebumps erupting across his sweat-dampened skin. "I'll bend over the kitchen counter while you pound my dripping cunt from behind... Bounce frantically on your throbbing cock in the living room while your oblivious father watches football upstairs... Wake you up every single morning by swallowing your magnificent dick down my hungry throat until you feed me your hot, sticky cum for breakfast..."

Tate shuddered violently, electric tingles racing down his vertebrae like lightning strikes at the forbidden tableaux she painted in his mind's eye. He pictured himself pumping load after virile, pearlescent load into his mother's fertile, welcoming womb, her once-flat belly and already generous tits swelling dramatically with his potent seed, her body ripe and glowing with maternal radiance.

His heavy balls, already churning audibly with a fresh batch of incestuous sperm despite his recent explosive orgasm, drew up painfully tight to the base of his pulsating shaft.

"God yes," he growled, his voice dropping an octave as he ground his steel-hard, vein-rippled erection against her slick, swollen folds with renewed urgency. "I wanna knock you up so bad. Give you baby after squirting baby until your stomach is permanently stretched and your boobs are always filled with milk."

Amber moaned wantonly, her head falling back to expose the elegant, swan-like column of her throat, a flush of arousal spreading from her heaving chest to her feverish cheeks. "Yes! Fuck a baby deep into me, Tate! I want your virile seed taking root in my fertile

womb. I wanna swell obscenely with your child, my body growing and changing day by day, my aching tits filling with life-giving nourishment, all because of your potent, teenage sperm flooding my hungry eggs!"

Something deep and primal unfurled in the boy's chest at her words, a possessive hunger he'd never felt before that coiled like a serpent beneath his ribs. The desire to claim her, breed her, mark her as his forever surged through his veins like molten lava.

With a raw, animalistic grunt that tore from the depths of his throat, he notched the purple, mushroom-shaped head of his throbbing cock at her glistening entrance and surged forward, plunging into her velvet-soft, scorching heat in one powerful stroke that buried him to the hilt.

Amber cried out, her crimson-tipped nails raking five parallel welts down his sweat-slicked back as he began to move, his strokes deep and purposeful like a piston in an engine.

She fastened her powerful mommy-legs like a fleshy fuck-harness around his narrow waist and back, the toned muscles of her thighs quivering with exertion as she used them as leverage to meet his jackhammer thrusts with ones of her own.

Each savage pump of his hips drove him closer to that forbidden place, that sacred, untouched part of her that had only known his father's seed until now - the fertile garden waiting to be watered by his virile teenage essence.

THE END

