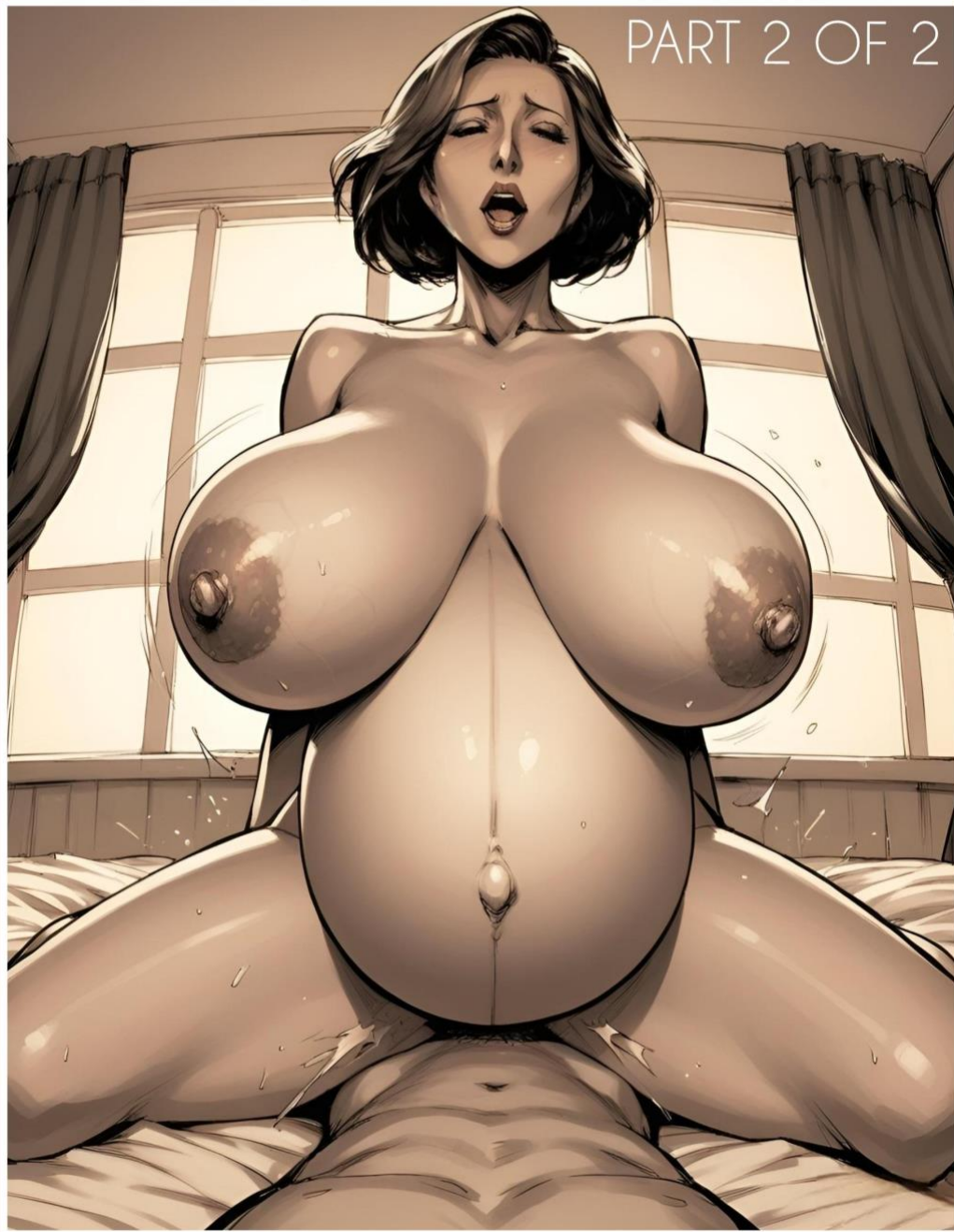


ANOTHER MOM, ANOTHER NEW ROOMMATE

PART 2 OF 2



BY KLRXO

Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2 of 2

By Klrxo

Theresa slipped into her husband Mark's room to say goodnight before retiring to the master bedroom. She wore a flimsy black lace babydoll nightie that barely covered her voluptuous assets. The sheer cups strained obscenely over her massive, heavy breasts, the dark circles of her crinkled areolas clearly visible through the gauzy fabric.

Her engorged nipples poked out like thimbles, begging to be suckled. The hem of the nightie skimmed the tops of her plump thighs, giving a tantalizing peek of her bare, juicy pussy lips peeking out from between them.

Mark swallowed hard as he drank in the erotic vision of his scantily clad wife, knowing she was dressed this way to seduce their son. "Theresa..." he croaked. "You look..."

"I know," she said softly, perching on the edge of his bed. "It's a bit more revealing than my usual sleepwear. But I wanted to look extra special for my first time with Michael."

Mark felt a sharp ache in his chest at the reminder. He cleared his throat, unable to meet her eyes. "Are you um... nervous?" he asked hoarsely. "About being intimate with him?"

Theresa bit her lip, considering the question. "A little," she admitted. "It's a big step, crossing that line. The point of no return."

She placed a hand on Mark's arm, her voice gentle. "But more than anything, I'm excited. As you know, I've been aching for sex here lately, so as you can imagine, my body is VERY anxious for tonight."

Mark closed his eyes against the sting of tears. "I see," he managed thickly.

"I'm not trying to hurt you, honey," Theresa soothed. "I just need you to be prepared for what you might hear. Because I won't be able to keep quiet, not with how desperately I need it."

Mark looked at Theresa desperately, a last ditch idea forming. "What if... what if we got a strap-on for me?" he suggested, voice tinged with hope. "One of those big realistic ones. You could ride me and get the sensation of being filled, without having to actually sleep with Michael." His eyes searched hers pleadingly.

Theresa sighed and shook her head, giving Mark a pitying look. "Oh honey, that's a sweet thought, but it's just not the same. A piece of rubber could never compare to the real thing - hot, hard, throbbing flesh."

She traced her fingertips along his arm soothingly. "I know this is difficult for you to accept, but we've already been over this. You agreed that Michael taking over your husbandly duties was the best solution for managing my needs. You can't go back on that now just because the reality is setting in."

Mark swallowed thickly, flushing with embarrassment and despair. Deep down, he knew she was right. A artificial toy was a poor substitute for their virile young son's actual cock. His own penis certainly hadn't been satisfying her even before his accident. What hope would a mere imitation have?

"I need to feel living, pulsing male meat inside me," Theresa continued softly but firmly. "I need to be stretched and filled to have my innermost depths plundered by probing hardness. I need youthful power and vigor. Only a real man can do that for me."

She cupped Mark's face tenderly, her eyes filled with regretful sympathy. "I'm sorry, my love. But a strap-on simply won't cut it. Not when I have a prime young stud ready and eager to service me properly. This is how it has to be now."

Mark closed his eyes in defeat, knowing there was no use arguing further. His wife's mind was made up. In just a short while, his son would be

mounting her and mating with her in the natural way, and there was nothing Mark could do to stop it.

"I understand," he said hollowly, the words tasting like ashes in his mouth. "I won't try to interfere or change your mind again. I know Michael will...take good care of you tonight. Give you everything you need."

Theresa smiled sadly and bent to place a chaste kiss on his forehead, giving her hubby a breathtaking view of the dangling abyss of her tit-cleavage.

"Thank you for being so understanding, honey. I know this isn't easy." She straightened up and smoothed her scanty negligee. "I should go now. Michael is waiting for me."

With that, she turned and sauntered out of the room, her ripe curves swaying provocatively beneath the sheer lace. Mark watched her go with a heavy heart, knowing she was headed down the hall to spread her legs for their son, to let him defile like a wild beast.

Michael lay in the king-sized bed in the master bedroom, his heart pounding with anticipation. He had stripped down to just his boxers, the thin fabric doing little to conceal the raging meat of his erection. The shiny-skinned tip of his cock peeked out from the waistband, leaking pre-cum steadily.

The door creaked open and Theresa stepped inside, an impish smile playing about her luscious lips. Michael's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the sight of his mother in the sinfully skimpy black lace teddy. It displayed more than it concealed, her succulent curves spilling out obscenely.

"There's my handsome new man," Theresa purred, her voice dripping with seductive promise. She closed the door firmly and turned the lock with a decisive click. "All ready for me I see..."

Michael groaned as his cock jumped at her words, pulsing urgently. "Fuck, Mom... you look incredible," he rasped, his gaze riveted to her barely covered nipples visibly poking through the transparent lace cups.

Theresa preened under his heated gaze, cupping her heavy melons and hefting them. "You like Mommy's special outfit, baby? I wore it just for you."

"I fucking love it," Michael growled. He threw back the covers and patted the empty space beside him. "Now get that sweet MILF body over here. I need to put my hands all over you."

"Mmm, with pleasure," Theresa giggled. She sauntered over to the bed, her wide childbearing hips swaying hypnotically. In one smooth motion, she crawled onto the mattress and straddled Michael's lap, the heat of her drenched pussy scorching him through the thin barrier of his boxers.

"Oh!" Theresa gasped as she settled her soaked slit against the rigid column of his erection. She instinctively rocked her hips, grinding on his powerful crotch-muscle. "Oh baby, you're so hard already..."

"How could I not be, with you looking like that?" Michael panted, gripping her plush ass and encouraging her movements. "Fuck, the way you were kissing and rubbing on me earlier, I'm surprised I didn't bust a nut in my pants."

"Ungh, I wanted to rip your clothes off and ride you right there in the hallway," Theresa admitted breathlessly, undulating her crotch along his straining shaft, feeling it pulse and flex with virile power. "Pin you to the wall and impale myself on this big fucking cock in front of your father."

Michael groaned harshly at the taboo image, his hips bucking up to hump against her dripping snatch. The head of his dick poked out from his boxers, smearing her arousal all over the spongy tip.

The teen sat up and crashed his mouth against his mom's in a searing kiss, their lips and tongues tangling feverishly. She kissed him back just as passionately, moaning into his mouth as they made out like horny teenagers.

As the kiss grew more heated, she fell against him and they rolled across the mattress, hands roaming and groping everywhere.

Theresa's massive, pillowy boobs pressed and smashed against Michael's muscular chest and neck as she lay on top of him, the plush globes spilling out of her skimpy lingerie. Her rock hard nipples poked into his skin like pencil erasers, searing his flesh.

As they tumbled over the bed, articles of clothing went flying. Michael yanked the straps of Theresa's babydoll down her arms, freeing her humongous jugs from their lacy confines. They bounced out heavily and he immediately latched onto a fat, rubbery nipple, suckling greedily. Theresa shrieked and fisted her hands in his hair, shoving more titflesh into his eager mouth.

Her own hands desperately shoved at his boxers, fingernails scraping his skin in her haste to bare him completely. Michael lifted his hips and kicked the underwear off, his enormous erection slapping up against his stomach, visibly throbbing.

"Oh my God," Theresa whimpered at the sight of his pulsing fuck-organ, eyes glazing over with lust. She wrapped her hand around the thick shaft, barely able to close her fingers around the veiny girth. It jerked in her grip, the purplish head shiny with pre-cum.

The mother leaned down and swirled her long tongue around the shroom tip, lapping up his musky essence and savouring the flavor. Then she stretched her jaw wide and engulfed him in the wet heat of her mouth, letting his cock slide inch by inch down her clutching throat.

"Fuck!" Michael grunted, throwing his head back as his mother deep-throated him to the root, her nose nestled in his thin, wiry pubic hair. Her neck bulged obscenely around his thickness as she drooled around his shaft and gulped.

She bobbed her head, slurping noisily as she fellated him. The room filled with wet sucking sounds as she worshipped his teenage cock with her greedy mouth. Her plush lips stretched obscenely around his girth, drool leaking out the corners and dribbling down her chin.

Theresa popped off Michael's spit-slick erection with a gasp, strands of saliva connecting from her lips to his cockhead. She grinned up at him wickedly before diving back down and sucking him into her oral fuckhole with renewed enthusiasm.

The teen groaned and fisted her hair, pulling her more firmly onto his cock. He face-fucked her roughly, sawing in and out of her tightly sealed lips.

Theresa had planned this maiden voyage out carefully. She knew her teenage son would be pent up and primed to explode at the slightest stimulation. His young balls were no doubt churning with a massive overdue load after the earlier teasing and anticipation.

The experienced mother intended to skillfully suck out that first hair-trigger ejaculation, defusing the volatile pre-cum-bomb between his legs and taking the desperate edge off. Once that initial pent-up sperm backlog was cleared from his pipes, she could take full advantage of his lightning fast teenage refractory period.

After milking out that quick first orgasm with her talented mouth, Michael's cock would only soften for the briefest of moments before surging back to steely full-mast, ready for a much longer, harder pounding session.

With his most urgent need sated, he'd have the staying power to drill her clenching cunt relentlessly through multiple screaming orgasms of her own before unloading a second, even bigger batch of cum.

Theresa moaned around Michael's throbbing cock-shaft as it punched the back of her throat, the taboo thrill of sucking off her own son making her pussy weep all over the sheets.

She slurped and drooled all over his fat cockhead, tongue swirling and flickering around the bulbous tip and textured rim. Her lips formed a tight seal just under the flared ridge as she applied intense suction, rhythmically massaging his length with her well-trained throat muscles.

She felt his balls draw up tight and knew he was already on the brink. Winking up at him wickedly, Theresa took him to the hilt, burying her nose in his pubes and swallowing around his crown. Her neck bulged obscenely as she deep-throated him to the root.

"Oh fuck, Mom! Unnngh gonna cum..." Michael grunted urgently, fingers tightening in her hair.

Theresa doubled her efforts, bobbing her head furiously and hollowing her cheeks as she sucked him off like a Hoover.

With a hoarse groan, Michael's hips bucked and he exploded down his mother's eagerly gulping throat. Searing jets of boy-semen splashed against her tonsils as she greedily swallowed every drop, milking him dry with her powerful esophageal muscles. Viscous gobs of spunk leaked from the corners of her lips to dribble down her chin as she guzzled his huge load.

Michael collapsed back against the pillows, chest heaving as his softening cock slipped from between his mother's spunk-shiny lips with an obscene pop.

Theresa licked her lips and hummed in satisfaction at the familiar musky taste of teenage cum coating her palate. "Mmmm, that's my good boy," she purred sultrily. "Feeding Mommy that first batch of baby batter."

The busty beauty crawled up Michael's body, straddling his face with her thick thighs. "Time for you to return the favor, baby," she purred wickedly. "Nothing gets a young stud's cock raging hard again like feasting on hot, juicy mom-cunt."

She reached down and spread her puffy pussy lips open, revealing the dripping pink folds of her sex. The swollen bud of her clit peeked out from beneath its hood, throbbing visibly. Her musky arousal wafted over Michael's face, filling his nostrils with the tangy scent of fertile mother-pussy.

Theresa lowered her sopping slit onto her son's mouth, smothering him with her overripe cunt. "Eat Mommy's pussy, baby," she demanded breathlessly. "Shove that tongue deep in my fuckhole and lap up all my juices!"

Michael groaned in delight as his face was engulfed in hot, drenched pussy. He licked a broad stripe up Theresa's weeping slit, from taint to clit, savoring the familiar-yet-forbidden flavor of his own mother's cunt. He sealed his lips around her pulsing sex and sucked, slurping up her freely flowing nectar.

"Ohhhh fuck yesssss," Theresa hissed, grinding her soaked snatch against her son's lapping tongue. "That's it, get in there! Tongue-fuck Mommy's cunt!"

Michael ate her out like a starving boy, plunging his tongue deep into her clasp heat and fucking it in and out. He noisily slurped up her cream as it gushed out to coat his chin, the room filling with obscene wet licking sounds.

Theresa grabbed the headboard for balance and rode her son's face wantonly, smearing her pussy juices all over his cheeks and chin as she undulated her hips. Her clit pulsed against his lashing tongue, swollen to the size of a gum drop and throbbing for attention.

As if reading her mind, Michael zeroed in on the aching bud, drawing it between his lips and suckling hard. He flicked the tip of his tongue rapidly over her fleshy knob, making Theresa shriek and buck wildly against him.

"FUCK! Baby yesssss, just like that!" she wailed, humping his face. "Suck my clit! Make me cum all over you!"

Michael latched onto the buzzing bead and sucked it like a tiny cock, grazing it with his teeth. At the same time, he thrust two fingers knuckle-deep into Theresa's squelching pussy, curling them to rub her G-spot.

Down the hall, Mark lay in his hospital bed, stomach churning as he listened to the unmistakable sounds of his wife's pleasure drifting through the too-thin walls. The breathless moans, squeals and grunts painted a vivid aural picture of the taboo cunnilingus taking place in the master bedroom.

"Ohhh fuck yes baby, eat my cunt!" Theresa's faint voice rang out, shrill and wanton. The wet, obscene slurping and licking sounds that followed left no doubt that Michael had his face buried between his mother's thighs, feasting on her dripping slit with ravenous hunger.

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the carnal noises, but it was impossible. Every breathy gasp and slurp conjured sense-memories of his own head nestled between Theresa's plump thighs, lapping at the succulent folds of her most intimate area. The tangy musk of her arousal, the

slick slide of her engorged petals against his tongue, the way her puffy clit pulsed against his lips as he suckled it. Mark knew those sensations intimately.

On some level, he couldn't help but feel excitement and even pride on his son's behalf, knowing the boy was experiencing the intense pleasure of tonguing his gorgeous mother's weeping honeypot for the very first time.

Mark remembered vividly that heady thrill of tasting a woman's essence, so deliciously forbidden and secret. There was nothing quite like having your face smothered in fragrant, overheated pussy, the slippery folds parting to welcome your probing tongue. He could only imagine how incredible it must be at Michael's young age, with hormones raging and the taboo factor of it being his own mother.

But the surge of vicarious thrill was quickly overwhelmed by a tidal wave of gut-wrenching jealousy. That delectable cunt Michael was gleefully devouring had once been Mark's alone, the musky haven he loved exploring with his mouth and fingers for hours. Theresa's pussy had been his favorite place to bury his face, licking and suckling until his chin dripped with her dew and she screamed her release.

To know that another man, his own son no less, was now enjoying unfettered access to that forbidden fruit made Mark feel physically ill. The knowledge that Theresa's succulent pink folds were splayed open for their boy's oral pleasure, that she was grinding her sopping sex against his lapping tongue and coating his cheeks with her slick arousal, was a jagged pill to swallow.

With Michael's lips latched around her throbbing clit and his fingers plunging forcefully into her clenching sheath, Theresa quickly reached the precipice of orgasm. Her whole body tensed and quivered, thighs clamping around her son's head like a vise as a tsunami of pleasure crashed over her.

"OHHHH FUUUUCK! I'm cumming!" Theresa wailed, throwing her head back. "Cumming all over my baby boy's face! NGHHHHAAHHH!!!"

Her swollen, spongy G-spot erupted like a geyser as Michael's fingers pounded it just right. A massive gush of clear, hot fluid squirted from her spasming cunt, splattering over Michael's face in a pungent shower of lady-cum.

Gush after gush of ejaculate sprayed from her convulsing fuck tunnel, hosing him down with the force of a Super Soaker on full blast.

Theresa's titties rippled against her ribcage as she shrieked and thrashed, her clit pulsing violently against Michael's lashing tongue as he relentlessly stimulated the hypersensitive bud.

Her urethra burned with the force of her explosive orgasm, the piping hot jets of cum squirting from her dilated piss hole feeling like molten lava. Her inner muscles clamped down vise-tight on Michael's plunging fingers, rippling and fluttering wildly around the invading digits as electric ecstasy seared through every nerve ending.

Caught off guard by the sheer volume and intensity of his mother's climax, Michael sputtered and coughed as Theresa's gushing juices flooded his mouth and nostrils. It was like someone had turned on a faucet full blast in his face. His eyes stung from the pungent spray and he had to consciously remember to breathe through his mouth to avoid drowning in pussy juice. But he never let up his oral assault on her exploding sex, lapping and suckling furiously as she rode out the seemingly endless waves of rapture.

The squelching sounds of Theresa's squirting, spasming cunt echoed obscenely through the room, mingling with her hoarse screams and Michael's muffled groans into a vulgar symphony of incestuous passion. Sticky fem-cum sprayed everywhere, soaking Michael from the nose down, running in rivulets down his neck to pool on the bed.

By the time her epic orgasm finally tapered off, Theresa was a boneless, quivering mess. She collapsed forward limply, only Michael's shoulders keeping her upright. Her cunt still twitched and fluttered around his buried fingers, aftershocks zinging through her nervous system.

Mother and son were now perfectly primed and ready for the main event - the long-awaited consummation of their forbidden union. They were like two star athletes who had completed their warm-up and were now poised to compete in the sexual Olympics.

The sultry MILF and her strapping teenage son had skillfully brought each other to a quick but intense orgasm with their mouths, taking the desperate edge off and ensuring maximum stamina for the marathon fucking to come.

Theresa's talented throat had efficiently milked the pent-up spunk from Michael's pubescent balls, the salty seed now sloshing heavily in her belly instead of churning impatiently in his sack. The experienced mother knew this would make all the difference, allowing the horny young buck to last much longer before flooding her unprotected womb with his second load.

And Michael's artful cunnilingus had detonated the hair-trigger orgasmic tension coiled tight in Theresa's core, the skill of his lapping tongue far beyond his tender years. With that initial itch scratched, her pleasure centers could now build to a shatteringly intense crescendo under his relentless jackhammering.

Now with their most urgent needs sated, they could each channel their full energies into the other's pleasure. Michael's freshly drained cock and balls already tingled and swelled with renewed arousal, the teenage organ surging back to diamond hardness as Theresa's pussy cream dried sticky on his face.

The scent and taste of his mother's tangy musk lit a fire in Michael's loins, an inferno that could only be quenched by rutting wildly in her molten, clutching depths. His raging hormones had his overproductive testicles churning out a fresh batch of potent seed at dizzying speed, an even larger load than the first, containing hundreds of millions of sperm, already straining at the floodgates and begging for explosive release.

For her part, Theresa felt energized and ravenous after her intense climax, her slit creaming and her cervix fluttering hungrily at the thought of being stretched and pounded by Michael's virile young cock.

Every cell in her body thrummed with anticipation, greedy for her son's manhood. Her nipples throbbed almost painfully, engorged with blood and aching for his lips and teeth. Her womb felt hollow and barren, crying out to be pumped full of his warm, gooey spunk.

They were perfectly in sync - horny, primed, and finely attuned to each other's bodies. All the foreplay had heightened their senses and lit their nerve endings on fire. Now they were beyond ready to join as one in the deepest, most intimate way possible. To seal their forbidden bond in the primal act of penetration - son sinking into mother, two bodies forged from the same genetic material finally merging back into one sweaty, writhing mass of shared pleasure.

With their loins burning for each other, Theresa knew exactly how she wanted Michael to take her for their inaugural joining. She had meticulously planned out this moment in her mind a thousand times, anticipating every detail of their first coupling with feverish intensity. Like a bride orchestrating her dream wedding night, the wanton mother had a clear vision of how she wanted her son to claim her as his own.

Theresa fell back against the pillows and lewdly splayed her thick thighs wide open in brazen invitation, the slick pink petals of her pussy unfurling before Michael's hungry eyes like an exotic orchid heavy with dew.

Her engorged clit peeked out from beneath its fleshy domed hood, visibly pulsing with need. Viscous strands of arousal stretched obscenely between her puffy lips, connecting her weeping slit to the soggy bedding.

"Climb on top of me, baby," Theresa panted, her eyes glazed with anticipation. "I need you inside me. I wanna see your face, look into your eyes the first time you push that big cock into Mommy's tight, wet cunt."

Pupils blown with lust, Michael surged forward to cover his mother's lush body with his own, fitting himself into the cradle of her open hips like a key sliding home into a well-oiled lock. The throbbing length of his massive erection nestled against Theresa's slick, heated folds, searing her labial flesh like a brand.

"Oh God..." Theresa whimpered at the electric sensation of her son's steely hardness pressing intimately against her weeping sex. She could feel every throbbing vein and ridge as he slotted his spongy cock head at her entrance, nudging insistently at her clasp opening.

They both moaned brokenly as Michael slowly pushed forward, his bulbous glans parting Theresa's slippery petals, splitting the remnants of her hymen and penetrating her welcoming heat inch by delicious inch.

Her greedy cunt muscles rippled and squeezed around the invading thickness, drawing him deeper into her body with each shallow thrust.

Theresa gasped and arched up to meet Michael's careful strokes, greedy for more of him. She'd never felt so full, so utterly possessed. It was like his cock was splitting her open, burrowing into her very core. Electric pleasure radiated out from where they were joined, setting every nerve ending alight.

When Michael finally bottomed out, his swollen balls resting flush against Theresa's juice-slicked taint, they both groaned in ecstasy. The sensation of his pulsing cock sheathed to the hilt in his mother's tight, rippling warmth was indescribable. And the exquisite stretch of her son's thick meat cleaving her open, touching parts of her that had never been reached before, made Theresa see stars.

Their first coupling was explosive and primal, a furious mating of sweaty, writhing bodies driven by pure animal lust. There was no tenderness or restraint as mother and son rutted in a frenzy of grunting, pounding flesh, finally unleashing the pent-up depravity that had been building between them.

Theresa screamed in ecstasy as Michael pounded into her with brutal abandon, his muscular ass flexing and clenching as it rose and fell rapidly between her clamping thighs. Wet smacking sounds filled the room as his swinging balls slapped against her juice-slicked taint with each frantic thrust.

"YES! OH FUCK YES! POUND MOMMY'S PUSSY!" Theresa shrieked, clawing at Michael's back and shoulders hard enough to draw blood. She

locked her ankles behind his driving ass, heels digging into his pumping glutes.

Michael snarled and hammered into his mother's spasming twat with animalistic intensity, the bed frame shaking violently beneath them. Theresa's huge tits jiggled and slapped together lewdly with each savage thrust, her turgid nipples drilling into Michael's sweat-slicked chest.

For ten minutes straight, their bodies crashed together in a vulgar symphony of grunts, moans and the meaty smack of damp flesh on flesh as Michael reamed out his mother's hungry cunt with tireless zeal.

Theresa wailed continuously, reduced to a pleasure-drunk fucktoy, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"GOD BABY, YOU'RE SO DEEP IN MY CUNT!" she babbled deliriously. "FUCK ME FUCK ME FUUUUCCKK MEEEE!"

On and on they fucked like wild beasts in heat, heedless of anything but sating their depraved hunger for each other. Twenty minutes passed in a blur of relentless, balls-deep pounding, Theresa's pussy squelching obscenely as it gushed around Michael's pile-driving cock.

Thirty minutes in, Theresa was a boneless, sweat-drenched ragdoll, her body jolting with the force of Michael's powerful thrusts. Still he rutted into her mercilessly, grunting and snarling, his teenage stamina seeming to have no limit.

By the 45 minute mark, the sheets were soaked through with sweat and pussy juices, Theresa's copious fluids squirting out to drench Michael's pistoning groin and thighs. Her pussy was red and puffy, her clit throbbing almost painfully as it dragged against Michael's pubic bone with each grinding thrust.

But still Theresa urged her son on with garbled cries, too lost in the all-consuming ecstasy to care about the delicious soreness building between her cunt-lips.

Down the hall, Mark lay in anguished silence, his mind reeling as the obscene sounds of his wife and son's depraved coupling assaulted his ears. The headboard slammed rhythmically against the wall, accompanied by the vulgar, meaty smack of damp flesh pounding together and the crude squelch of Theresa's cunt being relentlessly skewered.

Her wanton moans and shrieks of ecstasy rang out, punctuated by Michael's animalistic grunts and snarls as he rutted into her like a beast in heat.

"OH GOD BABY, FUCK ME HARDER!" Theresa's shrill voice carried through the too-thin walls. "SPLIT MY CUNT OPEN WITH THAT HUGE TEENAGE COCK!"

Mark flinched violently, his stomach churning at his wife's vulgar exclamations. He'd never heard her use such crude language before, not even in their most passionate moments. The filth spewing from her lips as their son pounded her married pussy was beyond shocking.

The wet, rhythmic slap of sweaty flesh and the guttural sounds of carnal pleasure went on and on, increasing in tempo and volume until they reached a frenzied crescendo.

Mark glanced at the clock, stunned to realize they had been vigorously coupling for well over an hour with no signs of stopping. He couldn't fathom the sheer sexual stamina and athleticism required to maintain such a furious pace.

In that moment, vivid memories of his own wedding night with Theresa flooded Mark's mind, the poignant images a stark contrast to the live porn audio filtering in from the master bedroom. He recalled how they had tenderly consummated their marriage, flush with the magical glow of young love.

Their first joining as husband and wife had been sweet and reverent, Mark carefully breaching Theresa's maidenhead and gently rocking into her untried sheath. They had gazed into each other's eyes as they moved together, Mark covering Theresa's face with worshipful kisses and whispering words of devotion. When he spilled inside her for the first time,

they both wept at the profound beauty of two souls and bodies joining as one.

It had been the single most moving experience of Mark's life, a sacred memory he cherished above all others. The depth of love and intimacy he felt for Theresa in that moment defied description.

But now, that once treasured act had been perverted into something tawdry and taboo, as his wife thrashed and shrieked wantonly beneath their rutting son. There was no tenderness or restraint in the way Michael fucked into his mother with abandon, intent only on sating his basest lusts. And Theresa reveled in the depravity, urging her boy on with the filthiest encouragements as she offered up her body for his pleasure.

With a hoarse bellow, Michael slammed into Theresa one final time, burying himself to the hilt in her spasming cunt as his orgasm crashed over him like a tidal wave. His swollen balls drew up tight to his body and his shaft pulsed violently as the searing load surged out of his vas deferens.

A torrent of molten semen rocketed up his urethral tube, exploding from the dilated slit of his meatus in a high-pressure jet stream. The first powerful blast splattered directly against Theresa's quivering cervix, painting the puckered opening white with his viscous seed.

Michael's eyes rolled back in his head as spurt after thick spurt of jizz geysered from his wildly jerking cock, hosing down his mom's fluttering vaginal walls. Her slick pink tissues were utterly drenched in his pearly essence, rivulets of spunk running down her pulsing canal.

The force and volume of his ejaculation defied belief, far beyond what any man should be capable of producing. But Michael's pubescent balls were primed and brimming after a week of pent-up desperation, ready to empty their churning contents at the first touch of his mother's magical cunt.

Theresa wailed ecstatically as she felt the searing flood of her son's potent seed filling her so deeply, the sheer amount of semen pumping into her unprotected womb an unmistakable claiming, a primal breeding. Her cervix

fluttered and clenched hungrily, eagerly drinking down every drop it could pull from Michael's spasming cock.

Through the roaring in his ears, Michael was vaguely aware of mom's pleated-lined cunt rippling and milking his erupting length, greedily wringing out every last bit of cum he had to give. Each clutching spasm of her velvety walls triggered another bone-deep contraction from his balls, until it felt like his very soul was draining out through his cock.

For a small eternity, they clung together in the throes of the most intense mutual orgasm either had ever experienced, their bodies locked in the rictus of total sexual possession.

Michael pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into Theresa's receptive depths as she thrashed and keened beneath him, utterly lost to the ecstasy of being bred so potently by her virile young son.

Mark could hardly sleep that night, the sounds of frantic sex going on and on throughout the night. The headboard banged rhythmically against the wall in a relentless staccato, even their new reinforced bedframe squealing in protest.

Theresa's ecstatic moans and shrieks of pleasure rang out over and over, her voice growing hoarse but no less enthusiastic. Michael's animalistic grunts and growls provided a continuous bass counterpoint, the crude harmony of their voices leaving no doubt as to the carnal acts taking place.

Each time Mark thought surely they must be finished, that no one could possibly sustain such athletic coupling, the vulgar soundtrack would start up again after only a brief respite.

He didn't know how it was possible for two people to have sex over and over for an entire night, but his wife and son were obviously defying normal human limitations in their quest to sate their unholy lusts.

The rhythmic slap of damp flesh pounding together and the lewd squelch of Theresa's cunt being plundered echoed endlessly through the house. Mark

flinched each time he heard the unmistakable splat of Michael's heavy balls slapping against Theresa's juice-slicked taint, a crude metronome keeping the tempo of their fornication.

When the wet sounds grew muffled and slurping noises replaced the frantic squeaking of abused bedsprings, Mark knew Michael's face was buried between Theresa's thighs again, noisily devouring the cream pie he had just deposited in her pussy. Theresa's gasping cries and exhortations of "Yes, eat Mommy's cummy cunt!" left no doubt.

Then the telltale creaking would start again, sometimes in a different rhythm as they obviously changed positions. The headboard smacked the wall arrhythmically as Michael took Theresa from behind, the juicy smacks and claps indicating a vigorous doggy-style pounding.

Her wails reached fever pitch, breaking off into choked gurgles as he apparently shoved her face into the mattress and roughly claimed her, rutting into her upturned ass like a wild beast.

Mark was simultaneously disgusted and grudgingly impressed by his son's prowess and stamina. He himself had never managed more than two rounds in a night even in his virile youth, and certainly not the endless bouts of marathon sex that had been going on for hours. The boy's pubescent cock and balls seemed to defy normal human refractory periods, able to recover and perform again and again without flagging.

Through the red haze of jealousy and humiliation, Mark felt a tiny spark of pride that his son was such a potent stud, able to satisfy Theresa's ravenous appetites so thoroughly. A small, traitorous part of him was relieved that she would no longer be left wanting, that their boy could succeed where he had failed as a husband.

The next morning, Theresa emerged from the master bedroom completely nude, her voluptuous body on full display. Mark's eyes widened as he took in the sight of her heavy breasts swaying with each step, the pink tips visibly swollen and tender from a night of vigorous suckling. Bite marks and

love bruises littered the creamy slopes of her titflesh. Further down, her plump, freshly-fucked mound glistened with the unmistakable sheen of combined sexual fluids plastered to her puffy outer lips. Pearly streaks of drying semen painted her inner thighs, stark evidence of the multiple inseminations she had taken.

Theresa helped him into his wheelchair, then strolled casually into the kitchen to prepare Mark's breakfast, seemingly unbothered by her wanton state of undress and the musky aroma of sex wafting from her well-used body.

As she bent over to retrieve a pan from the cupboard, Mark got an unobstructed view of her reddened, slightly gaped pussy, the swollen folds still oozing the dregs of Michael's copious release. He swallowed thickly, unable to tear his gaze away from the obscene sight of his wife's freshly-bred cunt.

Theresa hummed contentedly as she fried up some eggs, her massive mommy-melons jiggling and swaying hypnotically with even the slightest movement. The harsh morning light threw the numerous passion marks on her neck and cleavage into sharp relief, branding her as a conquered woman.

She smiled blushing, setting a plate of food in front of Mark. "How did you sleep?" Her tone was nonchalant, as if she wasn't standing there naked and defiled, reeking of her son's spent seed.

"Not great," Mark croaked, his eyes roving over her ravaged body. "It was...loud."

Theresa had the grace to blush slightly. "Ah. Yes, I suppose we did get a bit carried away," she admitted, though she didn't sound particularly contrite. "It's just...well, it was our first night together."

Mark closed his eyes against the sting of her words. "So you two really went at it, huh?" he asked hoarsely, a glutton for punishment.

Theresa bit her lip, clearly reticent to share too many details. "Mark... I'm not sure you really want to know all the specifics," she said carefully.

Mark swallowed hard, but pressed on masochistically. "I think I need to know. Exactly how many times did you two... couple?"

Theresa sighed, resigned to her husband's need for painful honesty. She sat down across from him, folding her hands on the table. "Over the course of the night, I'd estimate Michael came inside me... eight times," she admitted softly. "Though a few of those were clustered together during particularly intense sessions."

Mark inhaled sharply, feeling like he'd been punched in the gut. Eight loads of his son's spunk pumped into his wife's unprotected womb in a single night. It was unfathomable. "Eight?" he repeated numbly. "Is that - is that normal?"

"For a young man of Michael's age and virility, yes, I believe it's well within the normal range," Theresa said carefully. "Especially considering he's been pent-up and desperate for release. His balls were simply too full and his libido too demanding to be satisfied with only one or two ejaculations."

She looked at Mark with sympathy in her eyes. "Honey, you have to understand - our son is an incredibly potent and tireless lover. Once he's naked and erect, his penis is gonna need to drain itself over and over before it goes soft again. I was simply serving as the receptacle for his youthful seed."

Mark flinched at the clinical way Theresa referred to herself as a 'receptacle' for Michael's spunk, as if that's all her body was now - an outlet for their son's endless cum loads. The knowledge that his boy's balls had demanded no less than eight deep womb inseminations before they were emptied ached like a knife to the heart.

"So you just let him... use your body like that, all night long?" Mark asked hoarsely. "Let him pump you full of cum as many times as he wanted?"

Theresa shook her head gently, reaching out to clasp Mark's hand.

"Sweetheart, no. It wasn't like that at all. Michael wasn't just using my body selfishly for his own pleasure." Her eyes took on a dreamy, faraway look as she recalled the passionate events of the previous night.

"Our lovemaking was an act of mutual ecstasy, both of us lost in the throes of the most intense sexual rapture imaginable. Every time Michael spent himself inside me, I was right there with him, my own body wracked with mind-blowing orgasms."

Mark swallowed hard, almost afraid to ask but needing to know. "And how many times was that, exactly? How many orgasms did you have?"

A slow, sensual smile spread across Theresa's face as she remembered the seemingly endless waves of pleasure crashing over her. "Oh God, it's hard to keep count, they all blurred together after a while. But if I had to estimate... at least thirty, maybe closer to forty."

Mark felt the blood drain from his face, a roaring in his ears. Thirty or forty orgasms? In one night? He couldn't recall the last time he'd given Theresa even two or three in a single session. The devastating knowledge that his teenage son had made his wife cum more times overnight than Mark likely had in the past year made him feel physically ill.

Theresa squeezed his hand sympathetically, seeing the anguished realization on his face. "I know it's a lot to take in. Believe me, I'm just as shocked by the sheer number and intensity. I didn't even know my body was capable of experiencing that much ecstasy."

Mark clenched his eyes shut against the erotic images conjured by her words - Michael's head buried between Theresa's quivering thighs, his fingers plunging into her soaked depths, his thick shaft pounding her rippling pussy as she wailed in rapture. Each one was like a dagger to his heart, a stark reminder of his own inadequacy as a lover.

"I see," he managed to choke out. "Well, I'm glad he was able to give you such incredible pleasure. You certainly deserve it." The words tasted like ashes in his mouth, but he forced them out nonetheless.

Theresa gave him a tender look, her eyes soft with gratitude and sympathy. "Thank you for being so understanding, Mark. I know this can't be easy for you. But please believe that my feelings for you haven't changed. I still love you deeply."

His wife's oversized knockers wobbled as she stood up, her naked body on lewd display. "Oh, before I forget - my mother will be coming over later this morning, after she drops the kids off at school."

Mark furrowed his brow in confusion. "Nancy's coming here today? What for?"

Theresa gave him a meaningful look. "She's here to see Michael, remember? He's responsible for servicing both of us now."

Mark felt a fresh wave of nausea at the reminder that his son would now be fucking not only his wife, but his mother-in-law as well on a regular basis. The image of Nancy's matronly body writhing beneath Michael as he pounded into her was almost too much to bear.

"Ah. Right," he said weakly, looking away.

Theresa walked over and straddled Mark's lap, unmindful of her musky scent and the sticky spend drying on her skin. She cupped his face, forcing him to meet her eyes.

"I know it's a lot to adjust to. But this is our reality now. Michael will be splitting his time between my bed and my mother's. Making sure both of us get what we need."

She punctuated her point by grinding her messy cunt against Mark's crotch, smearing his son's cum into his pants. Mark fought back a gag at the obscene sensation.

Theresa leaned in close, her voice husky. "In fact, I'm hoping to squeeze in one more round with my new man before Mom gets here. I'm sure the two of them will be busy for a couple of hours."

Mark watched numbly as Theresa rose from his lap, her voluptuous body jiggling obscenely. Her massive, milky breasts swayed pendulously with each step, the bite-marked slopes quivering like jello. Viscous streaks of half-dried cum glistened on the rounded undercurve of each heavy teat.

Further down, her broad childbearing hips undulated hypnotically, the plump cheeks of her ass flexing and dimpling as she walked. Pearly rivulets

of Michael's spent seed trickled down the backs of her plush thighs, stark evidence of the numerous cream pies packed deep in her well-used cunt.

Gnawing despair clawed at Mark's insides as he watched his freshly-fucked wife saunter down the hall to rejoin their son for another round of depraved coupling before his mother-in-law arrived to share in the boy's sexual attentions. The erotic sway of Theresa's wide, womanly hips and the bounce of her huge, jiggling ass cheeks seemed to mock Mark, flaunting what he could no longer have.

In the master bedroom, Michael lay sprawled on the cum-stained sheets, his morning wood tenting the covers obscenely.

Theresa licked her lips at the sight, her pussy clenching hungrily. She could still feel the delicious ache from the thorough reaming he had given her the night before, her insides churned to butter by his tireless jackhammering. But the insatiable itch was already building again, demanding to be scratched.

Michael cracked an eye open as Theresa approached the bed, a lazy smirk spreading across his face. "Morning, mom. Ready for round..." He pretended to count on his fingers. "What are we up to now? I lost track."

Theresa giggled and playfully swatted his chest. "Oh hush, you insatiable cutie. As much as I'd love to spend all day being split open on that huge dick, we have to get cleaned up. Your grandmother will be here soon for her turn."

Michael shivered in anticipation at the thought of sinking his aching cock into his grandmother Nancy's hot, hungry cunt. He vividly remembered the feel of her slick, clutching walls gripping him like a velvet fist the last time he had fucked her. And the way her massive, squishy tits had completely engulfed his face, smothering him in warm, soft titflesh as he motorboated her cleavage... Fuck, he could hardly wait to experience that again.

Theresa saw the glazed, faraway look in her son's eyes and smirked knowingly. "Thinking about burying yourself balls-deep in my Mom's juicy

snatch, aren't you baby? Letting those huge, floppy udders of hers swallow your whole head while you suck and bite her big nipples?"

Michael grunted, his erection throbbing urgently at the thought of ruining his grandmother's mature fuckholes. "Shit, you're gonna make me bust without even touching me, talking like that."

"Well we can't have that," Theresa chuckled. "Not when I still need this big fat cock to wreck me one more time before Mom gets her turn. C'mon, stud, let's hit the shower and get you squeaky clean for her."

She grabbed Michael's hand and pulled him out of bed towards the master bathroom, his boulder-hard shaft bobbing obscenely before him. He obediently followed, eyes glued to her plush, jiggling ass cheeks and the reddened, puffy lips of her pussy peeking out from between her thighs.

Theresa bent over the vanity to start the shower, the lewd arch of her back presenting her cum-glazed cunt like a bitch in heat. Michael groaned at the enticing sight, moving to stand behind her. He notched his dripping cockhead at her sloppy entrance, rubbing it up and down her slick slit.

"We're supposed to be getting cleaned up, remember?" Theresa mock-scolded, even as she pushed her hips back against him wantonly. "Not making more of a mess..."

Michael smirked wickedly, grasping his mother's hips and pulling her back onto his throbbing erection. "Who says we can't do both at the same time?" he growled in her ear.

Without warning, he hooked his arms under Theresa's plump thighs and lifted her bodily off the ground. She shrieked in surprise, turning and instinctively wrapping her legs around his waist as he carried her into the shower stall. The steaming spray rained down on their naked flesh as Michael braced Theresa's back against the cool tile wall.

"Oh fuck, Michael!" Theresa gasped as he notched the engorged head of his cock against her puffy opening and thrust up hard, impaling her in one smooth stroke. Her pussy squelched obscenely as he hilted inside her,

plunging through the foamy spunk and fuck-cream left over from the previous night's depravities.

Michael grunted savagely, pistoning his hips and bouncing Theresa on his rigid shaft like a ragdoll. Her huge, soapy tits slapped against his face with each jarring thrust, the force of his fucking causing them to bounce and jiggle lewdly. He buried his face between the slippery globes, motorboating her cleavage as he pounded into her clenching cunt.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Theresa wailed, the wet slap of her ass against Michael's muscular thighs echoing off the bathroom walls. "Fuck me, baby! Ruin my pussy!"

She clung to his shoulders for dear life as he hammered into her relentlessly, the thick veiny shaft of his cock sawing in and out of her drenched folds at a blistering pace. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her juice-slicked taint with meaty smacks, adding to the vulgar symphony of their mating.

The shower spray sluiced over their writhing bodies, washing away the sweat and dried cum caked on their skin. Rivulets of soapy water ran down the valley of Theresa's cleavage and collected in her navel before trickling over her mound to where she and Michael were obscenely joined.

The teen latched onto one of her bobbing nipples, suckling the rubbery bud into his mouth and nibbling just shy of too hard. Theresa keened in ecstasy, arching her back to force more of her titflesh down his throat. She reached down to furiously diddle her clit as Michael reamed her convulsing twat, the bud throbbing against her fingers in time to his thrusts.

The doorbell rang, jolting Mark out of his morose contemplation. He knew it could only be one person - his mother-in-law Nancy, arriving for her scheduled "appointment" with Michael. The knowledge that she was here to be serviced by his own son, just like his wife, made Mark's stomach turn.

The heavy click of high heels approached and then Nancy burst into the room with her usual breezy air, as if she owned the place. She was dressed in a skimpy sundress that barely contained her massive, matronly breasts

and clung to her wide childbearing hips. The neckline plunged to her navel, putting her enormous cleavage on vulgar display.

"Good morning, Mark!" she trilled, sauntering over to where he sat immobile in his wheelchair. "And how are we today?" Her tone was patronizing, as if speaking to a particularly slow child.

Mark gritted his teeth, hating the way she loomed over him, using her height advantage to assert her dominance. He felt small and pathetic under her condescending gaze, a mere insect she could crush beneath her heel.

"I'm fine, Nancy," he ground out. "I trust you're well?"

"Oh, I'm more than well," she purred, a wicked glint in her eye. "I'm positively buzzing with anticipation. Knowing that in just a few moments, that strapping young grandson of mine will be balls-deep in my needy cunt... Mmmm, it's enough to make a woman gush!"

Mark blanched at her vulgar language, still not accustomed to hearing such filth spill from his prim mother-in-law's lips. The casual way she spoke of being fucked by his teenage son, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, made his head spin.

Nancy noticed his discomfort and smirked, clearly enjoying her power to shock and unsettle him. She placed a manicured hand on his shoulder, her blood-red nails digging into his flesh through his shirt.

"What's the matter, Mark?" she cooed mockingly. "Don't like hearing how your virile young boy is going to ruin your mother-in-law's cunt? How he'll make me scream and cream on that huge slab of fuckmeat you couldn't hope to match?"

Mark shuddered at the emasculating words, each one a barbed arrow to his already tattered ego. He opened his mouth to respond, but just then a high-pitched feminine wail echoed through the house, followed by a series of rhythmic thumps and slaps.

Nancy cocked her head, a delighted grin spreading across her face. "Well well well... sounds like Michael is giving my daughter a nice hard dicking in

the shower!" She closed her eyes, appearing to savor the obscene noises. "Mmmm, listen to her taking that thick teenage cock like a good slut. Mmm, she does love to fuck, just like her mother."

Biting her lip in anticipation, Nancy gave Mark's shoulder a final mocking squeeze. "Hold that thought, sweetie. I'm gonna take a little peek and see if I can get a few snaps of the action for posterity." She winked lewdly. "Be right back!"

With that, she turned on her heel and sauntered off towards the master suite, her broad ass swaying. Mark watched her go with a sinking feeling, knowing she intended to further his humiliation.

Nancy followed the erotic sounds to the en-suite bathroom, her cunt already creaming in her panties at the thought of witnessing her daughter's defilement. Quietly entering the steamy room, she was greeted by the glorious sight of Michael pounding into Theresa's upturned cunt as he held her aloft in the shower.

Her baby girl's huge jugs bounced and slapped together lewdly with each jarring thrust, rivulets of water sluicing between them. Theresa's head was thrown back in ecstasy, whorish moans spilling from her slack mouth as she was savagely impaled on her son's ramrod cock over and over.

Grinning wickedly, Nancy pulled out her phone and began snapping pictures, capturing the raw depravity from every angle. Close-ups of Michael's veiny shaft sawing in and out of Theresa's straining pink hole, his swinging ball sack slapping against her juice-slicked taint. Theresa's huge tits jiggling and spraying droplets everywhere as she was fucked stupid. Her drooling mouth slack as she wailed her pleasure at the violent cuntal battering.

Nancy took a short video, the wet smacks and guttural groans of the frenzied, incestuous coupling filling the bathroom, a filthy auditory accompaniment.

Satisfied with her bounty of criminal evidence, Nancy slipped back out as quietly as she came, leaving the rutting pair to their taboo tryst.

She sauntered back into the living room, waving her phone with a triumphant smirk. "Well, that was quite the show!" she gloated, perching on the arm of Mark's wheelchair. "Your son certainly knows how to fuck like a champion. He's utterly ruining my daughter's cunt!"

Mark blanched, his stomach turning at the gleeful malice in his mother-in-law's voice. "Please, Nancy..." he croaked weakly. "I don't need the details."

"Oh but I think you do," she purred, swiping open her camera roll. "In fact, I insist."

She thrust the phone under Mark's nose, forcing him to look at the high definition images of his son violating his wife. Mark flinched violently, trying to turn away, but Nancy grabbed his chin in an iron grip.

"Ah ah ah," she tutted. "You don't get to hide from this cuck."

Nancy cackled cruelly as she forced Mark to stare at the obscene photos, savoring his anguished expression. "Just look at the way my daughter's huge tits are bouncing and jiggling as she gets pounded!" she crowed. "Mmmm, I bet you miss having those in your face, don't you Mark? Too bad your useless little dicklet will never make them swing like that again!"

She swiped to a close-up of Michael's thick shaft stretching Theresa's puffy cunt lips obscenely as he pistoned in and out of her. "God, look how fat and juicy his teenage cock is! He's splitting her open, ruining that sloppy fucktunnel. Her pussy will be wrecked for anything else after taking a dicking like that on the regular."

Mark shuddered, trying to turn his face away, but Nancy's fingers dug into his jaw punishingly. "Keep those fucking eyes on the screen!" she spat. "You need to see every depraved detail of how a real man fucks. Your son is pounding my girl's cunt in ways you never could, even before your pathetic dick stopped working altogether."

She flipped to a shot of Theresa's face, mouth slack and eyes rolled back in mindless ecstasy as she was savagely violated. "That's the look of a woman who just can't get enough cock. A total whore for her teenage son's big fat

baby-maker." Nancy grinned evilly. "A look you'll never put on her face again, you limp-dicked loser."

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, hot tears of shame pricking at the corners, but Nancy just laughed. "Open those peepers, worm! You don't wanna miss the big finish!"

She tapped play on the video, the obscene wet slaps and grunts filling the room. Mark watched in abject horror as his son's muscular ass clenched and flexed while he brutally hammered into Theresa's spasming fuckhole, his swinging sack smacking her taint with meaty thwacks.

"FUCK YESSSS!! PUMP ME FULL OF JIZZ! BREED MY CUNT!!" Theresa shrieked at the top of her lungs as she thrashed and flailed on Michael's erupting cock.

Mark could only look on in devastation as his son's hips stuttered and jerked, obviously flooding his wife's womb with what had to be a truly massive load, if the boy's beastly roars were any indication.

Nancy giggled gleefully, finally releasing Mark's face and standing up. "Whew! If that's the kind of dicking I have to look forward to, I better go freshen up. Get my holes nice and ready for my studly grandson."

She smirked down at Mark as she sauntered towards the bathroom, her thick ass wagging lewdly with each step.

A few minutes later, Michael emerged from the steamy bathroom with a towel slung low around his hips, his lean muscles glistening with moisture. Theresa trailed behind him, her body deliciously sore and well-used, a fucked-out grin on her face.

"There's my virile young stud!" Nancy crowed delightedly as they entered the bedroom. She was sprawled wantonly on the bed wearing nothing but a skimpy black lace bra and panty set that did little to contain her abundant curves. Her massive, heavy breasts spilled obscenely over the cups, the grapefruit-sized areola and dark nipples visibly straining against the sheer fabric.

"Mmm, get that sexy ass over here and give Granny some sugar," she purred, crooking a finger at Michael.

Grinning wolfishly, Michael let his towel drop to the floor and pounced on the bed, his huge erection slapping against his abs. Nancy squealed in delight as he covered her matronly body with his own, their mouths fusing in a lewd, sloppy kiss.

"Ungh fuck, I've been creaming my panties all morning thinking about this big fat cock," Nancy growled against his lips, hooking the harness of her legs high around his back. She reached down between them to pump his swollen shaft. "Couldn't stop imagining it splitting me open, ruining my holes..."

"Let me help with that," Theresa giggled, her dangling udders rocking back and forth as she joined them on the bed. She grabbed the waistband of her mother's soaked panties and roughly yanked them down her thick thighs, baring the wet, swollen folds of her cunt.

"Atta girl," Nancy groaned, lifting her ass obligingly. "Get those off me. My pussy needs to breathe!"

Theresa and Nancy playfully tackled Michael onto the bed, sandwiching him between their lush, naked bodies. Nancy's massive, heavy breasts pressed against his back as Theresa's equally huge tits crushed into his chest.

Giggling like schoolgirls, the women pulled the comforter over their heads, disappearing under the blanket with Michael to create their own naughty play fort. Shrieks of laughter and moans of delight emerged from beneath the undulating covers as mother, daughter and grandson frolicked shamelessly.

"Oh shit yesss," Michael sighed as he found himself engulfed in warm, abundant tit-flesh from both sides as Theresa and Nancy mashed their enormous racks against him. He groaned as four massive, doughy tits molded around his torso, smothering him in their pillowy softness. Nipples like ripe cherries poked into his skin from all angles.

Theresa grabbed the back of her son's head and pulled his face into her tit-cleavage, rubbing her huge, spongy jugs all over his cheeks and nose. "Mmm, don't my big titties feel so good, baby?" she cooed. "Mommy loves smothering you with them!"

From behind, Nancy roughly groped and jiggled her own massive udders against Michael's back and shoulders, the heavy, mature globes slapping his skin. "Ooh, don't forget about Granny's big ol' floppers!" she cackled. "These fun bags need some love too!"

Surrounded on both sides by the plush, resilient tit-flesh of the two most important women in his life, Michael was in heaven. He motorboated Theresa's jiggling rack with abandon, burying his face between the smooth globes and blowing a raspberry. She shrieked with laughter, pushing his head deeper into her pillowy canyon.

All the while, Nancy busied herself with Michael's straining erection, greedily fisting the bloated shaft, making beaded pre-goo splattered onto his chiseled abs. "Mmmm, there's my big boy," she purred, giving him a few rough pumps. "Granny needs this fat fucking in her needy holes ASAP!"

Michael groaned as his grandmother jacked his painfully swollen dick, every brush of her fingers sending electric jolts of pleasure through him. But Theresa swatted her mother's hand away from his throbbing member with a playful huff.

"Nuh-uh, Mom! I called dibs on the first ride this morning," she pouted. "You've got to drain his balls dry for months while I got shit. It's my turn to get split in half by this monster cock!"

Down the hall, Mark sat in morose silence, unable to block out the playful giggles and flirtatious chatter emanating from the master bedroom. The sounds of his wife and mother-in-law fawning over his teenage son, fighting for the privilege of being split open on his enormous cock, made his stomach churn with nausea.

"Ooooh, your muscles are so big and hard, baby!" Theresa's voice rang out, breathless with lust. "Flex for Mommy, let me feel how fucking strong you

are! Unnngh, I can't wait to have this powerful body pinning me down and dominating me..."

Nancy's throaty laughter followed. "You'll get your turn, sweetie. But right now, this prime slab of Grade A fuckmeat belongs to Granny! Mmmm, come to Nana, baby. Let me worship this big, beautiful cock that's going to wreck my cunt so good..."

There was a masculine groan and then the unmistakable sound of wet, sloppy slurping as Nancy noisily sucked her grandson's dick, punctuated by her obscene hums of enjoyment.

Mark cringed, all too easily picturing the shameless glee on his mother-in-law's face as she lewdly polished the teenage slab of cockmeat that would soon be pounding her into oblivion.

"Fuck Gran, your mouth feels so good," Michael's muffled voice panted. "Take it deeper, all the way down your throat. Choke on my fucking dick."

Wet gagging sounds followed as Nancy obeyed, enveloping her grandson's entire massive shaft in her clutching gullet. Mark could hear her muffled groans and the lewd slurping as she furiously throated the throbbing organ, no doubt looking up at Michael with worshipful eyes.

"Goddamn that's so hot," Theresa mewled, a hint of envy in her voice. "Suck him, Mom! Choke on our boy's huge cock! Show him what a dirty old whore you are for teenage dick!"

Mark wanted to cover his ears, to run from the obscene audio assaulting him, but he remained frozen in place, paralyzed by the depraved scene playing out in his mind's eye. His wife and mother-in-law shamelessly servicing his son together, debasing themselves for his pleasure, verbally debasing each other as they fought to choke on his manhood...

It went on and on, the wet oral sounds and crude banter flowing freely from the other room, a vulgar soundtrack to Mark's utter humiliation. His stomach clenched as he heard

Theresa's ecstatic moans join the chorus, indicating that she was now eagerly devouring Michael's manhood alongside her mother. The two insatiable women made lewd GUK, GUK, GUK noises as they slurped and sucked with abandon.

Nancy wasted no time shoving Theresa aside and climbing astride Michael's hips, her massive, pendulous breasts swinging heavily. She reached between their bodies to grasp his throbbing erection, notching the bulbous head at her drooling entrance.

"Ooooh fuuuuck," she groaned as she sank down on his shaft, her slick folds parting to accommodate his massive girth. "That's it, fill Granny's cunt up! I've needed this big dick all day!"

Michael grunted as his cock was engulfed in slick, clutching heat, his grandmother's greedy pussy muscles rippling along his length. Nancy began to bounce and grind with wild abandon, riding him like a woman possessed.

Her colossal tits flopped and jiggled lewdly with each movement, swinging up to slap Michael in the face. He opened his mouth to catch a rubbery nipple, suckling it between his lips.

"Ungh yes, bite Nana's fat nips!" Nancy urged breathlessly, shoving more tit-flesh into his face. "Suck on these big floppy udders while you ream me out!"

Michael bit and tugged at her plump nipples as they jiggled against his open mouth, and his face sunk into the meat of her tit. His hips rose up from the mattress to meet Nancy's increasingly frantic bounces. Her meaty thighs jiggled and slapped against his pistoning pelvis, the wet SMACK SMACK SMACK filling the room.

"Harder, fuck me harder!" Nancy demanded, slamming herself down to meet his powerful upward thrusts. "Ruin my fucking hole! Pound Granny's cunt into mush!"

Theresa watched in awe, furiously fingering her dripping snatch as she witnessed her mother's depraved ride. Nancy moved like a woman half her age, expertly working Michael's cock like the seasoned whore she was.

"Shit Mom, you're fucking him so good," Theresa panted, plunging three fingers knuckle-deep into her squelching fuckhole. "Drain our boy's big cum tanks! Milk those teenage balls dry!"

Nancy tossed her head back with a shriek as a violent orgasm ripped through her, ejaculate gushing from her spasming cunt to drench Michael's groin. Her whole body convulsed and lurched atop him as she gushed like a geyser, the force of her climax making her squirt clear across the bed.

"FUCK! I'm cumming all over your huge fucking cock!" Nancy wailed, thrashing in mindless ecstasy. "Don't stop, keep pounding me! I need to be split open on this fat dick! Wreck my goddamn cunt!"

Michael snarled and redoubled his efforts, brutally slamming up into his grandmother's convulsing cunt with renewed vigor. The headboard smacked the wall like a jackhammer as he pounded her into the mattress, the force of his thrusts making the whole bed shudder.

Nancy babbled incoherently, her eyes rolling back in her skull as she was utterly skewered on her grandson's enormous shaft over and over. Her huge, floppy tits whipped back and forth, slapping Michael in the face as he pummeled in and out of her at a blistering pace.

"YES! YESSSSS! RIP MY CUNT APART WITH THAT HUGE TEENAGE DICK!!" she screeched, the walls of her pussy clamping down vise-tight around him. A spray of ejaculate squirted from her urethra with each hammering impact of his pelvis against her clit, soaking the sheets beneath them.

Theresa gnawed on her knuckles as she watched the primal scene, her own pussy gushing and throbbing with sympathetic spasms. She'd never seen her mother so thoroughly debased, transformed into a shrieking fuckpig by the relentless battering of Michael's enormous cock.

For nearly an hour, the boy ruthlessly plowed Nancy's upturned cunt, showing stamina and fortitude far beyond his tender years. He used her mature body like a cheap fleshlight, grunting and snarling as he chased his own pleasure in her clutching depths.

Nancy wailed and thrashed beneath him the entire time, cumming over and over until she was glassy-eyed and hoarse.

Finally, with a beastly roar, Michael buried himself to the hilt in his grandmother's abused hole, his swollen balls drawing up tight to his body. Nancy shrieked as she felt the first molten spurt of jizz splash against her cervix, setting off another chain of convulsions in her ravaged cunt.

"Fuck yeah, give me that hot load!" she babbled, clamping down rhythmically to milk him. "Fill Granny's cunt with jizz! Breed my hungry fucking hole!"

Michael growled ferally as he emptied his aching balls, what felt like gallons of semen geysering from his cock in long, ropey spurts. Nancy's greedy cunt rippled and squeezed, massaging his erupting shaft as it disgorged spurt after thick spurt directly into her spasming womb.

When the last pearly drop had been wrung from him, Michael collapsed on top of Nancy, both of them drenched in sweat and panting harshly. His softening cock slipped from her puffy, gape with an obscene squelch, a river of cum following in its wake to puddle on the cum-soaked sheets.

Over the coming weeks, Mark had no choice but to accept his new reality as a cuckold to his own son. Day after day, he was subjected to the obscene sounds of Michael vigorously fucking both his wife and mother-in-law, their passionate cries and the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh echoing through the house at all hours.

Theresa and her son coupled with wild abandon, rutting like animals in heat at every opportunity. It was not uncommon for them to disappear into the bedroom five or six times a day for marathon sex sessions, only emerging hours later, flushed and thoroughly satisfied.

At night, the squeaking of bedsprings and Theresa's ecstatic moans kept Mark awake as the incestuous lovers went at it right down the hall. He would lay there in tormented silence, picturing Michael's muscular body

pistoning between his wife's spread thighs, his huge cock splitting her open and pounding her into submission.

Nancy visited almost daily to get her own fill of her grandson's tireless dick. Mark had to listen to his mother-in-law screaming like a bitch in heat as Michael used her in the filthiest ways, defiling her in every hole with his massive teenage meat.

He could hear the crude dirty talk, the wet slurping sounds, the meaty smack of flesh on flesh as Michael violated his matronly grandmother with reckless abandon.

It was a special kind of hell for Mark, being forced to bear auditory witness to his son cuckolding him so thoroughly and perversely. But there was nothing he could do - this was his life now. Michael had completely replaced him as the man of the house, the one whose dick his wife craved above all else.

So it came as no surprise to anyone when, a few months into this new arrangement, Theresa joyfully announced that she was pregnant. Her belly soon began to swell with new life, her already huge breasts growing even more massive as they filled with milk. She was absolutely radiant, glowing with maternal satisfaction as she carried her son's baby.

But Theresa wasn't the only one! Nancy too revealed an unexpected pregnancy, her own midsection rounding out as her grandson's potent seed took root in her mature womb. At her advanced age, her body changed even more dramatically than her daughter's, her tits and ass ballooning out to comical proportions as the pregnancy progressed.

The two women compared their growing bumps and aching, milk-heavy tits with delight, bonding over their shared joy at being bred by their virile young stud. Poor Mark could only watch in emasculated misery as his wife and mother-in-law blossomed with his own son's children, their bellies and tits expanding obscenely.

As Theresa and Nancy's pregnant bellies grew round and full with Michael's seed, so did their insatiable lust. The raging hormones of pregnancy seemed

to make the two women constantly horny, their fertile bodies craving Michael's potent teenage cock at all hours.

Even with their swollen midsections making some positions challenging, the incestuous lovers found plenty of inventive ways to couple. Michael took his mother and grandmother from behind, their huge, milk-heavy tits swinging and slapping as he plowed into their dripping holes.

He sat them on his lap and bounced them on his cock, hands cupping their ballooning bellies as he thrust up into their wet heat. They rode him reverse cowgirl style, their massively pregnant asses jiggling and rippling as they impaled themselves on his throbbing shaft over and over.

Theresa and Nancy's already epic tits grew to truly jaw-dropping proportions as their pregnancies progressed. Their sensitive, constantly leaking nipples were perpetually erect, the dark, thickly-textured areolas expanding to the size of saucers. They loved having Michael worship their giant jugs, moaning wantonly as he sucked and bit at their fat, rubbery teats.

Sometimes, when Michael's dick needed a break from all the constant fucking, he would slide his shaft between his mother or grandmother's massive milk jugs and tittyfuck them until he exploded, painting their pillowy mounds with his hot seed. Theresa and Nancy would scoop up his cum and rub it into their stretched skin like lotion, sighing contentedly.

Mark had a front row seat to all the debauched pregnancy sex, unable to escape the sights and sounds of his son defiling his expecting wife and mother-in-law. The bigger their bellies got, the more enthusiastically they seemed to bounce on Michael's cock, their gravid bodies jiggling obscenely as they chased orgasm after screaming orgasm.

He had to watch his wife waddle around the house half-naked, her enormously pregnant stomach and J-cup titties on lewd display. Viscous trails of milk constantly leaked from her erect nipples, dripping down her expansive baby bump. Her eyes glazed over with fuck drunk bliss after each prolonged breeding session with their son.

Nancy continued to visit almost daily, her own ludicrously large pregnant belly arriving before the rest of her as she eagerly let herself into the house for her dose of teenage dick.

Mark could only cringe as he heard his mother-in-law's grunts and squeals of depraved pleasure, the meaty slap of Michael's pelvis against her massively pregnant ass as he plowed her harder than any woman in her condition should be able to take.

Michael grunted savagely as he pistoned his hips up from the mattress, driving his enormous cock balls-deep into his grandmother's slick, grasping cunt with each powerful thrust. Nancy shrieked and babbled incoherently, impaled on her grandson's punishing shaft, her massively pregnant body bouncing and jiggling lewdly.

The teen was nearly swallowed up between her monumental, milk-leaking tits and huge, round belly, but he never let up his ruthless pace. He gripped her flaring hips and slammed her down onto his cock as he fucked up into her hard enough to make the headboard bang against the wall.

Nancy's swollen cunt squelched obscenely with each balls-deep plunge, viscous trails of her arousal leaking out around Michael's pistoning shaft to soak his groin. It felt like her greedy fuck tunnel was trying to tug the skin right off his cock, her inner muscles rippling and clenching like a hot, slick fist around him.

"UNNNGHHH FUCK ME FUCK MEEEE!!!" Nancy wailed, her colossal, heavy tits whipping up to slap her in the face as she rode her grandson with abandon.

Milk sprayed from her engorged nipples with each body-rocking impact, adding to the growing puddle of fluids soaking the bed. "SPLIT MY PREGNANT CUNT OPEN ON THAT HUGE TEENAGE COCK!"

Michael snarled, doubling his efforts, the force of his upward thrusts making Nancy's big, rounded ass fly up before slamming back down with a meaty SMACK. He wrapped his arms around her massively swollen

midsection, cupping her gravid belly as he brutally fucked up into her, feeling the active fetus kick against his forearms.

"Take it... FUCK!" Michael growled, his voice almost unrecognizable with lust. "Work those pregnant hips!"

Nancy's head thrashed from side to side, blonde hair whipping wildly as she ground her clit against Michael's pubic bone and rocked her gigantic baby bump against his sweat-slick torso. Hormonal arousal made her cunt clench and gush, coating her grandson's plundering cock with her slippery essence.

"AAHHHH SHIT YESSS!!!" Nancy screeched, her cries reaching fever pitch as she neared the brink. "POUND THAT DICK UP IN MY PREGNANT GUTS! FUUUUCKKKK I'M CUMMING I'M CUMMING I'M-HNNNNNGGGHHHH!!!"

Her words cut off in a strangled wail as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave.

Michael groaned in ecstasy as he felt his grandmother's already tight cunt shrink around his cock, her explosive orgasm making her greedy hole ripple and milk his shaft for all it was worth.

He pumped through her velvety contractions, feeling her copious cream gush out to coat his veiny length, adding to the growing puddle of their combined fluids soaking the bed.

Nancy's slick, swollen pussy lips clung to his cock like a suckling mouth, the puffy pink folds clinging and dragging deliciously along his girth with each stroke. Her engorged clit throbbed against his pelvis as she ground down onto him, the sensitive bundle of nerves zinging with electric pleasure.

As he pounded up into her clutching heat, Michael could feel the firm, rounded weight of his Gran's massive pregnant belly bouncing against his abs, warm and taut with new life. It was such an erotic contrast to the way his Theresa's growing stomach felt - his mother's baby bump was softer, squishier, her skin stretched thin and delicate over their growing child.

Both sensations drove Michael wild with lust - knowing his potent seed had taken root, that he had bred both his mother and grandmother so thoroughly. Fucking their ripe, fertile bodies as his offspring grew and kicked inside them was the ultimate power trip. He could feel his impending climax building in his balls at the thought, his shaft pulsing urgently inside Nancy's milking cunt.

Wanting to prolong the pleasure, Michael sat up and latched onto one of his Gran's wildly jiggling tits, suckling the fat, rubbery nipple into his eager mouth. Her areolas had expanded to the size of saucers, darkening to a deep brown as her pregnancy progressed. The thickened nubs at their centers poked out nearly an inch, always painfully erect and leaking sweet milk.

Michael groaned around his mouthful of tit as he sealed his lips and sucked hard, hot jets of cream spurting over his tongue. He swiped the flat of his licker around and around the rubbery flesh, savoring the taste and texture.

Nancy's nipples had a slightly firmer, more gnarled quality compared to his mother's smoother, softer nubs. But both were ripe and juicy, endlessly fun to tug and nibble as he plowed their dripping cunts.

"Fffuuucckk yessss, suck those big mommy milkers!" Nancy babbled breathlessly, threading her fingers through Michael's hair to push more of her leaking flesh into his mouth. "Drain Granny's fat fucking titties while you ream me out! Gnaw on those sloppy tits like a good boy! HNNNGGHHH SHIT your fucking cock is so deep in my pregnant cunt... splitting me open... so fucking FULL!"

Nancy loved nothing more than rubbing her husband's face in her depraved affair with their grandson. On the days she fucked Michael at home, she made a point of wheeling poor David right to the bedroom doorway, positioning him for an unobstructed view of the bed where she was about to get thoroughly despoiled.

With a wicked smirk, Nancy would slowly strip off her clothes, revealing her massively pregnant body in all its lewd glory. Her belly was drum tight and jutting, navel completely flattened out by the sheer size of her baby bump. Her already epic tits had grown to ludicrous proportions, each heavy

globe easily dwarfing her head. They hung pendulously from her chest, riddled with stretch marks, the nipples perpetually erect and leaking colostrum.

Nancy climbed onto the bed and got on all fours, presenting her dripping cunt to Michael like a bitch in heat. She glanced over at David, shooting him a devilish grin as she reached back to lewdly spread her plump ass cheeks, putting her glistening fuckhole on obscene display.

"Get over here and mount me like the horny stud you are," she purred to Michael, wiggling her rump invitingly. "Granny needs that big fat dick stretching out her pregnant pussy, pronto!"

Michael wasted no time clambering up behind her, fisting his throbbing shaft and notching the bulbous tip at her slick entrance. With a flex of his hips, he thrust to the hilt in one smooth stroke, groaning as her molten walls closed around him.

"FUCK YESSS!" Nancy wailed as she was abruptly filled and stretched, her puffy cuntlips clinging to Michael's girth. "That's it, split me open on that huge cock! Give it to me nasty and hard, just how I like it!"

As Michael started pistoning his hips, slamming into her slick heat with meaty thwacks, Nancy locked eyes with her husband, staring at him with a cocky smirk. She made sure to moan and squeal extra loud, knowing how much it would torment David to witness her getting reamed out so enthusiastically.

"How's the view, cuckey?" she taunted breathlessly, tits swinging wildly as Michael pounded into her from behind. "Mmmm, he fucks me so much better than you EVER could, even before you broke your pathetic micropenis."

Nancy screeched and shuddered, throwing her head back as a powerful orgasm ripped through her, ejaculate squirting out around Michael's sawing shaft.

“Pull out, baby boy...pull out!” she said suddenly, then aimed her pulsing fem-spray right at her husband, hosing him with her wicked juices. She laughed as it dripped down his face.

Since he'd been home, Mark slowly learned to maneuver his wheelchair with more dexterity, gaining back some small measure of independence. He took to wheeling himself around the house during the day while Theresa was occupied with household chores or resting her heavily pregnant body.

It was during these solitary explorations that Mark frequently stumbled upon his wife and son engaged in their depraved couplings, rutting like animals in heat in every room of the house. No matter how much the sights and sounds of their taboo liaisons sickened him, Mark found himself unable to look away, watching their lewd activities with a sort of morbid fascination.

One afternoon, while his younger kids were still at school, the unmistakable slap of flesh and guttural moans drew Mark down the hallway to the guest bathroom. The door was ajar, allowing him to peek inside, his stomach clenching at the debauched scene within.

Theresa was bent over the bathroom counter, her massively pregnant belly brushing the marble top, huge milk-swollen tits pressed against the cool glass of the mirror. Michael stood behind her, pistoning his hips violently as he plowed into her upturned cunt, the wet squelch of her juices underscoring the rhythmic slap of his groin against her jiggling ass.

"HNNNGGHHH YESSSS! POUND THAT FAT COCK UP IN MOMMY'S PREGNANT PUSSY!" Theresa wailed, eyes rolling back in her head as she was ruthlessly fucked. Drool leaked from the corner of her slack mouth, smearing across the mirror. "FILL ME UP, BABY! FLOOD MY CUNT WITH YOUR HOT CUM!"

Michael grunted savagely, reaching around to maul Theresa's gigantic, milk-leaking tits as he hammered into her clasping twat. His grip sank into the

plush tit-flesh, making cream squirt from her perpetually erect nipples, painting the mirror in pearly streaks.

Mark watched in horrified awe as his son used his wife like a cheap fucktoy, defiling her heavily pregnant body with punishing intensity. Theresa's massive belly and tits jiggled lewdly with each balls-deep thrust, ripe and swollen with Michael's seed and milk. She was the ultimate debauched MILF, glowing with rampant fertility and desperate to be bred again and again.

Another time, Mark wheeled by the laundry room to find Theresa perched atop the washing machine, the appliance rocking and scooting across the floor from the force of Michael's powerful thrusts between her thick, splayed thighs. Her giant, milk-heavy jugs bounced wildly, slapping together obscenely as she was jackhammered.

Many times she would spy her husband peeking in at them and simply look away blushing. Ironically however, she found her orgasms to be even more intense from the wicked thrill of knowing they were being watched by her ex-lover.

One evening, as Mark lay in bed listening to the familiar sounds of his wife and son's passionate coupling, a sudden shriek rang out, followed by a flurry of excited voices. Straining to hear, he caught snatches of conversation - "My water just broke!", "The baby's coming!", "We need to get to the hospital NOW!"

Heart pounding, Mark fumbled for his phone, knowing he needed to arrange transportation to the hospital as well. He couldn't drive himself in his condition. With shaking hands, he called for a wheelchair van, anxiously waiting for it to arrive as he listened to the commotion of Theresa and Michael rushing out the door.

By the time the van picked Mark up and delivered him to the maternity ward, over an hour had passed. He wheeled himself up to the nurses station, breathlessly asking for his wife's room. The nurse on duty gave him a funny look before checking her chart.

"Ah yes, Theresa Barnes," she said slowly. "She's in room 302. But sir..." The nurse hesitated, glancing down the hallway. "Your wife is, uh... a bit preoccupied at the moment. She asked not to be disturbed."

Mark furrowed his brow in confusion. "Preoccupied? But she just gave birth! I need to see her and the baby!"

The nurse shifted uncomfortably, lowering her voice. "Sir... perhaps it's best if you give her and your son some privacy for now. Your wife is... recovering from the delivery." Her tone was heavy with implication.

A sinking feeling settled in Mark's gut as he stared at the nurse's awkward expression. Surely she couldn't mean...

Ignoring her warnings, Mark wheeled himself determinedly down the hall to room 302. As he approached the door, the unmistakable sounds of carnal pleasure reached his ears - breathy moans, grunts, the slick slap of sweaty flesh. His stomach turned as realization dawned.

With a trembling hand, Mark pushed open the door, not wanting to believe what his ears were telling him. The sight that greeted him defied all reason.

There on the hospital bed lay Theresa - legs splayed wide, hospital gown rucked up around her waist, huge post-pregnancy tits leaking milk. And between her thighs, pistoning away with single-minded intensity, was Michael. Theresa's pussy made obscene squelching noises with each deep thrust, still puffy and inflamed from delivering their child mere hours ago.

They were so lost in their taboo passion that they didn't even notice Mark's presence at first. Theresa's head thrashed on the pillow, eyes rolled back in ecstasy as she was ruthlessly fucked.

Theresa's head lolled in Mark's direction, her eyes glassy and unfocused with pleasure. When she registered his presence, her expression morphed into one of annoyance and impatience.

"Mark!" she snapped breathlessly, not even bothering to stop her wanton undulations against their son. "What the hell are you doing here? I told the nurse we didn't wanna be disturbed!"

Mark gaped at his wife, stunned by the anger in her voice. "I- I just wanted to see you and the baby..." he stammered weakly. "I can't believe you're - that you would -"

"Ugh, just get out!" Theresa cut him off with a snarl, her tits jiggling as Michael continued plowing into her. "Can't you see we're in the middle of something here? Go wait in the lounge until we're finished!"

With that, she reached down and grabbed Michael's clenching ass, urging him to fuck her harder. The teenager grunted and redoubled his efforts, slamming into his mother's raw, sensitive cunt with bruising force. Theresa wailed her approval, the crude wet slaps of their coupling ringing off the hospital room walls.

Crushed and humiliated, Mark could only obey his wife's cruel dismissal. He wheeled himself out of the room, the door swinging shut on the obscene sight of Michael's muscular ass flexing as he rutted into Theresa's post-partum pussy.

Mark sat in the hospital lounge in a daze, trying to process the depraved scene he had just witnessed. He couldn't wrap his mind around Theresa allowing, no... demanding their son fuck her so soon after giving birth to his child. The thought of Michael's cock plundering her raw, inflamed birth canal made him physically ill.

As her husband sat reeling in the waiting room, Theresa was eagerly impaling herself on Michael's huge cock, reveling in how much easier it slid into her post-childbirth pussy. Her vaginal walls were still slightly stretched from pushing out their baby, allowing his thick girth to piston in and out with lewd squelches.

But it was her cervix that Theresa was most excited to explore. She had read in a trashy women's magazine that in the hours immediately following delivery, the cervical opening remains slightly dilated and softened. For a woman with a well-endowed partner, this presented a brief window of opportunity for an intensely erotic act - cervical penetration.

Theresa knew her son had the cock length to accomplish this taboo feat. She had taken him to the hilt countless times, feeling his bulbous cockhead

crush her womb entrance. But her cervix had always remained stubbornly closed to further invasion, the tiny opening much too tight to admit him. Until now.

Straddling Michael's hips, Theresa reached between their slick bodies to grasp his straining boner. She notched his spongy glans at her gaping entrance and bore down, feeling him slide into her buttery soft depths with ease. When she felt his tip nudge the swollen, puffy ring of her cervix, she paused.

"I want you inside my womb," Theresa panted, gazing at Michael with heavy-lidded eyes. "I read that your cock might fit in my cervix right now, while it's still a bit open from the birth. Will you try?"

Michael's eyes widened, then darkened with unbridled lust. "Fuck yes," he growled, gripping her hips. "I'm gonna shove my dick so deep in you, it'll poke out your throat."

Theresa whimpered and sank down further, increasing the pressure of Michael's broad crown against her tender cervical opening. The plump ring of muscle resisted at first, but as she twisted and rotated her hips, it began to yield.

"Ohhh fuck, it's going in," Theresa gasped, throwing her head back. "Push up into me baby, I want your whole cock-head in my cervix!"

Gritting his teeth, Michael thrust his hips up hard, at the same time yanking Theresa down. With a wet pop, his engorged glans forced through her tight cervical ring, instantly engulfed by even hotter, silkier flesh.

"HNNNGGGHHHH!!!" Theresa wailed, her cunt and womb clenching wildly at the intense sensation of penetration in her innermost core. It felt like Michael was splitting her open, his immense girth wedged so deep it defied belief.

The rim of Theresa's cervix snagged snugly behind the ridge of Michael's cockhead, the muscles fluttering and rippling around his invading length. The silky smooth walls of her womb passage gripped him like a velvety fist, even tighter and hotter than her vagina.

"Holy shit," Michael grunted in awe, savoring the exquisite squeeze of his mother's most intimate place. "I'm actually inside your fucking cervix... It's so tight and hot!"

Theresa could only keen wordlessly, utterly overwhelmed by the intensity of being penetrated so deeply, so completely. She had never felt so utterly possessed, impaled to her very core on her son's throbbing cock. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated out from her stretched cervical opening, making her whole body quake.

Experimentally, Michael drew his hips back slightly before surging forward again, his bloated crown popping past her cervical ring with a wet squelch. Theresa shrieked, back arching almost painfully as she was crammed full of hard, pulsing cockmeat in her deepest recesses.

"Fuck, you're gripping my dick so hard in there," Michael panted, pumping shallowly, never fully withdrawing from her clutching womb entrance. "Milking it... like your cunt is hungry for my cum..."

"Yes! Oh God yes, feed it to me!" Theresa babbled deliriously, grinding furiously on his hot dick, her giant, milk-laden tits leaping up and down, milk spurting lewdly from the teats.

After several minutes of frantic womb-plowing sex, the mother tumbled over the edge into a devastating cervical orgasm. Her cunt and womb went into spasms around the huge invader stretching them out, fluttering madly.

Scalding feminine ejaculate gushed around Michael's unyielding shaft, the filthy squirts splattering his groin as Theresa thrashed and bucked. Her abused birth canal was a swollen, sloppy mess, leaking a combination of leftover birth fluids and arousal cream as she came violently.

Gritting his teeth, the boy fought against the urge to erupt, wanting to prolong this mind-blowing penetration for as long as possible. But the vise-like rippling of his mother's cervix around his sensitive glans was too much to resist. With a hoarse bellow, he shoved in to the hilt one last time, his cock flexing and jerking as it began to spew.

Theresa wailed like a banshee as Michael's searing cum pumped directly into her dilated womb in long, ropey spurts. The pressure of his ejaculation

against her raw, overstimulated uterine walls triggered another shattering climax, her already rippling sheath seizing even tighter around him.

For long moments, they remained locked together in the throes of ecstasy, Michael's cock pulsing and throbbing as it emptied its heavy load in the deepest, most forbidden recesses of her birthing chamber.

After well over an hour of waiting, a nurse approached to let Mark know his wife was ready to see him now. He numbly followed her back to Theresa's room, not knowing what to expect after the earlier debacle.

He entered to find Theresa sitting up in bed, a tiny bundle cradled to her bare breast. Michael stood beside her, an arm draped possessively around her shoulders. They both looked sated and content, twin expressions of smug satisfaction on their faces.

"Mark, honey..." Theresa began in a conciliatory tone. "I'm sorry for snapping at you earlier. It's just... the delivery was so intense and overwhelming. Michael and I desperately needed some stress relief afterwards."

She had the grace to look mildly sheepish. "I know it must have been shocking to walk in on us like that. But you have to understand... my hormones are going haywire right now. The urge to feel my man inside me, to be filled and owned so soon after birthing his child... it was too powerful to resist."

Mark swallowed thickly, trying to quell his nausea at Theresa's casual explanation of her depraved needs. He couldn't believe she was trying to rationalize fucking their son mere hours after giving birth to his baby. The wrongness of it, the utter lack of maternal boundaries, made his head spin.

Theresa misinterpreted his silence for acceptance. She smiled brightly, beckoning Mark closer with her free hand. "Come meet your new grandson," she cooed. "Isn't he just perfect?"

In a daze, Mark wheeled himself to his wife's bedside, looking down at the tiny bundle suckling greedily at her engorged breast. The baby was

adorable, all rosy cheeks and wispy hair, his rosebud mouth working furiously as he gulped down Theresa's rich milk.

Despite the sting of betrayal still burning in his chest, Mark felt a swell of love for this innocent new life. His anger melted away as he reached out a tentative hand to stroke a downy cheek.

"He's beautiful," Mark said hoarsely. "Looks just like you, Michael." The words tasted bitter on his tongue, but he forced them out for the sake of family harmony.

Michael preened at the praise, his chest puffing out with paternal pride. "He's gonna be a little heartbreaker alright. The girls won't be able to resist this face."

Theresa giggled, gazing adoringly up at Michael. "Just like his daddy. You were such a cute baby, and look how you turned out - my handsome, virile young man."

She turned back to Mark, smiling radiantly. "We've decided to name him Michael Jr. After his father."

Mark felt like he'd been punched in the gut all over again. It wasn't enough that Theresa had birthed Michael's child - she had to name the boy after him too, the ultimate symbol of who truly owned her.

Sensing his hurt, Theresa quickly added, "And of course we want you to be a big part of MJ's life too, Mark. He's gonna need his grandfather's love and guidance."

"That's right," Michael chimed in, though his smirk belied any sincerity. "You can be the doting grandpa, always there with a bottle or a diaper while his parents are...occupied."

The unsubtle implication hung in the air - that Mark would be relegated to a babysitter role while Theresa and Michael continued their depraved affair unabated.

Mere weeks after Theresa gave birth to little Michael Jr., Nancy also delivered a healthy baby boy, whom she named Alden. Mark wasn't the least

bit surprised when his mother-in-law announced the name with a wicked grin, knowing she had chosen it specifically to twist the knife of his humiliation even deeper. Alden was his son Michael's middle name.

Hours following her baby's birth, Nancy was eager to experience the same mind-blowing cervical penetration that her daughter had raved about after delivering little MJ. She cornered Michael in her hospital room as soon as she was alone, her massive milk-laden breasts spilling out of her flimsy gown.

"Your mother told me how you shoved that big cock all the way into her cervix right after she gave birth," Nancy purred sultrily, pawing at Michael's crotch. "I want you to do the same to me, baby. Ruin my post-partum cunt with that huge slab of fuck-meat."

Michael grinned wolfishly, already rock hard and straining against his zipper at the thought of violating his grandmother so deeply, so soon after she'd birthed his child. "Fuck yeah, Gran. I'll ream out your dilated cervix so good, you won't be able to walk right for days."

Nancy shivered in anticipation, practically tearing off her flimsy gown and pushing Michael down onto the hospital bed. She straddled his hips, her enormous tits swinging heavily in his face as she positioned his bloated cockhead at her swollen, gaping entrance.

"Stuff it in me," she demanded breathlessly. "I need that massive dick splitting me open, NOW!"

Michael thrust upwards just as Nancy slammed her hips down, his entire length disappearing into her buttery soft cunt in one smooth stroke. They both groaned at the delicious friction, Nancy's birth-stretched walls gripping him like a velvet glove.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Nancy hissed, undulating her hips, relishing the feeling of being so incredibly full. "Goddamn, I'll never get over how huge you are... Stretching me out so good..."

She began to bounce eagerly on Michael's cock, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she rode him with abandon. Her massive, milk-swollen tits bounced and slapped against her chest with each roll of her hips, rivulets of cream leaking from her puffy nipples.

Pushing herself upright, Nancy grabbed Michael's hands and placed them on her giant, heaving jugs. "Play with Nana's big titties while you fuck me," she panted, guiding his fingers to her engorged nipples. "Squeeze the milk out of them!"

Michael happily complied, sinking his fingers into the plush tit-flesh and kneading roughly. Jets of warm breastmilk squirted from Nancy's engorged nipples, coating his hands and splattering onto his chest as he groped and massaged her enormous rack.

"Mmmm fuck yeah, just like that," Nancy encouraged, riding him harder, her plump ass slapping against his thighs. "Manhandle those big floppy udders!"

Michael gripped Nancy's immense, rippling breasts tightly as she rode his cock with wild abandon, her expansive ass and thighs jiggling with each slam of her pelvis against his. The wet, sloppy sounds of her post-partum cunt getting reamed filled the hospital room.

Determined to take Michael's cock into her innermost depths just like her daughter had, Nancy angled her hips and bore down hard, feeling his spongy glans nudge insistently at her puffy, still-dilated cervix.

"Nnngghh yeah, I feel you at my womb entrance..." Nancy panted, twisting her pelvis to increase the pressure. "Push it in, baby! Shove that fat cock through my cervix and BREED me!"

Gritting his teeth, Michael kicked his hips up sharply, his bloated purple helmet popping past Nancy's swollen cervical ring with a slick squelch. Her eyes flew wide and she let out a squeal as his oversized dickhead stretched her tender os impossibly wide before plunging into the tight, scorching hot clutch of her quivering womb.

"OHHHH GODDDDD!!!" Nancy wailed, throwing her head back as she was penetrated to her very core. It felt like she was being split in two, skewered on a burning hot poker. Electric pleasure bordering on pain radiated from her stuffed cervix, making her whole body convulse.

The rim of Nancy's os clamped down vise-tight around the base of Michael's cockhead, trapping him inside her clenching uterus. The silky smooth walls pulsed and rippled around his invading length, fluttering madly as if trying to milk him.

Scalding hot cervical fluid flooded the tiny space, bathing his shiny-skinned glans in slick secretions. It felt like Nancy's womb was melting around him, the tissues swollen and engorged with blood. Her os squeezed his shaft just behind the ridge of his helmet, a strangling pressure that made spots dance before his eyes.

"Holy fuck Gran, you're choking my dick in your cervix!" Michael grunted in awe, savoring the exquisite sensation of being gripped by her most intimate muscles. He had never felt anything so tight, so searingly hot in his life. It was like sinking his cock into molten lava.

Dizzy with the intense pleasure-pain, Nancy could only mewl incoherently, her cunt muscles and womb clutching wildly at the enormous intruder stretching her wide open. She had never felt so utterly ravaged before, not even during the throes of childbirth. It was like Michael was touching her very soul with his cock, possessing her completely.

Wanting her husband to bear witness to her ultimate defilement, Nancy had insisted David be present in the room, sitting impotently in his wheelchair a few feet from the hospital bed where she was getting her post-partum pussy destroyed by their virile grandson's massive cock.

"Take a good look," Nancy sneered breathlessly at David as she ground her cervix against Michael's invading cockhead with obscene gyrations of her wide hips. "This is what a real man does to a woman. Ruins her. Owns her. Splits her open on his huge fucking dick!"

She clutched Michael's flexing shoulders, urging him to thrust harder, deeper into her convulsing womb. The teenager grunted and worked his hips, sawing his cock in and out of Nancy's impossibly tight, scorching hot cervix.

The bulbous head popped in and out of the swollen, puffy ring of muscle with obscene wet squelches. The silky flesh of her ravaged birth canal clung to his veiny shaft with each pull, turning inside out, before he crammed it back in to the hilt. Her os squeezed and rippled around the root of his cockhead, choking it rhythmically.

Scalding feminine fluids flooded Nancy's impaled womb, squirting out around Michael's plunging girth to soak his groin and balls, adding to the growing puddle on the hospital sheets. The liquid felt thick and syrupy,

clinging to his erectile flesh, a combination of residual birth juices and copious arousal cream.

Nancy's massive, milk-laden tits bounced shamelessly as she rode her grandson with wanton abandon. Each slam of her pelvis made the heavy globes jiggle and slap together, fat nipples spraying breastmilk everywhere. Michael sat up, resting on his forearms and caught the straining buds between his lips, suckling greedily, the warm sweet cream gushing over his tongue.

"FUCK! Suck mommy's big titties while you pound my cunt!" Nancy babbled, delirious with pleasure. She grabbed the back of Michael's head, forcing more of her leaking tit-flesh into his eager mouth. "Drain my fuckin' udders, you virile little cockstud! Gnnnggghhhh yeah, bite and pull on my nips! Make me SPRAY!"

The utter depravity on display, his post-partum wife begging their grandson to suckle her and ruin her most intimate parts, made David feel physically ill. But it also ignited a confusing spark of arousal in his broken body, a sensation he hadn't felt since the accident. His useless miBut-penis twitched and drooled in his pants as he watched Michael maul his wife's giant breasts and defile her still-healing cunt.

Unbidden, David's mind flashed to his wedding night all those years ago, when he had reverently made love to his new bride Nancy for the first time. How gentle and attentive he had been, worshipping every inch of her nubile body with tender caresses and soft kisses. Their coupling had been sweet and loving, the ultimate expression of their commitment to each other.

But the vulgar scene playing out before him now was a cruel mockery of that beautiful memory. There was no trace of tenderness or dignity as his grandson roughly used Nancy's post-partum body, ravaging her most intimate places with brutish force.

Michael head disappeared between her bouncing tits as he kisses and licked his way through her expansive tit-cleavage. He pawed at her enormous, milk-leaking jugs, squeezing and kneading the sensitive flesh until she squealed.

The boy gnawed on her puffy, saucer-sized areolas, tugging her fat rubbery nipples between his teeth. Breastmilk sprayed everywhere as he mauled her matronly udders, covering his face and chest in the warm, sticky fluid.

And the way he pounded up into her still-healing birth canal, pile-driving his enormous cock through her swollen, tender folds with punishing intensity... It was so wrong, so depraved. David couldn't believe that Nancy craved such brutal treatment mere hours after delivering a baby, that she got off on having her grandson defile her post-partum body.

The lecherous old woman's whorish moans and exhortations rang in her limp husband's ears, each filthy plea making his stomach churn with revulsion even as his treacherous micro-penis throbbed in his pants.

"UUNNFF FUCK YESSS!! HARDER MICHAEL, HARDER! DESTROY NANA'S PUSSY!!" Nancy screeched, her huge jugs slapping obscenely as she bucked wildly beneath the rutting teenager. "SPLIT ME OPEN ON THAT MASSIVE COCK! FUCK YOUR BABY INTO ME AGAIN!!"

The teen snarled like a wild animal, doubling his efforts, his muscular ass clenching as he slammed into Nancy's upturned cunt with all his strength. The hospital bed creaked ominously, shaking and scooting across the floor from the force of his violent thrusts.

Nancy's eyes rolled back in her head, drool leaking from the corner of her slack mouth as she was savagely penetrated over and over. The bulbous head of Michael's cock battered her cervix mercilessly before popping through the convulsing ring of muscle and plunging into the scorching, clutching depths of her womb.

Scalding ejaculate gushed from Nancy's urethra with each forceful thrust, splattering Michael's pistoning groin. Her swollen, darkened labia clung obscenely to his sawing shaft, being dragged in and out with the brutal motion, turning inside out.

With a hoarse bellow, Michael hilted himself fully inside his Gran's pulsating birth canal, his swollen balls drawing up tight to his body as his orgasm crested.

Deep in his scrotal sack, millions of sperm cells churned as his testes and epididymis contracted forcefully. The muscular tubes of his vas deferens

undulated, propelling the concentrated semen up through his prostate. Seminal fluids mixed with the sperm, nourishing and activating them for their impending journey.

A searing surge of ejaculate stormed up Michael's urethra, building in pressure as it traveled the length of his straining, cunt-smothered shaft. His cockhead flared impossibly wide as the first thick spurt blasted from his dilated slit directly into Nancy's convulsing cervical opening.

"FFFFUUUCCCKKK!!!" Michael roared as his cock pulsed and jerked violently, geysering a heavy load of potent boy-cum straight into his grandmother's unprotected womb. Each flexing contraction of his shaft sent another long, ropey stream jetting through her fluttering os to splatter against the back wall of her uterus.

Nancy wailed like a banshee, her massively overstretched cunt clamping down in vise-like spasms around Michael's erupting cock. She could feel each molten spurt of grandson seed hitting her innermost depths, painting her ravaged cervix white as her womb struggled to contain the sheer volume.

"YESSSS!!! BREED ME MICHAEL!!! KNOCK ME UP AGAIN WITH THAT POTENT TEENAGE JIZZ!!!" Nancy babbled incoherently, her entire body convulsing in the grip of the most intense orgasm of her life. Her cunt gushed uncontrollably, squirting out around Michael's thrusting cock in a torrential flood.

For long moments they remained locked together, Michael's spurting cock plugging Nancy's fluttering cervix as he pumped what felt like gallons of cum directly into her fertile womb. Her greedy uterus rippled and milked his throbbing shaft, determined to wring every last drop of his virile essence.

When the last pearly spurt finally dribbled out, Nancy collapsed on top of her Grandson, engulfing his head between her giant, sweaty tits. As his softening cock slipped out of her abused hole with a wet squelch, a veritable river of semen poured out after it, puddling thickly on the sodden hospital bed.

Nancy's gaping cunt was an obscene ruin - labia dark and swollen, inner walls prolapsed, raw cervix peeking out. Viscous clumps of spunk clung to

her bruised and battered tissues. It looked like an overripe peach that had been split open and filled with cream.

In the weeks that followed, the two new mothers took to nursing and doting on their babies with joyful abandon, their already huge, milk-laden breasts swelling even further as they breastfed around the clock.

Theresa and Nancy whipped out their massive mammaries at the slightest whimper from the infants, not caring who saw their exposed nipples and leaking milk. They compared the babies' nursing habits and laughed about the endless laundry from milk-stained clothes.

Despite being inundated with feedings, diaper changes, and sleep deprivation, the insatiable MILFs still carved out plenty of time to get ravaged by Michael's tireless cock. The horny teenager split his hours between pounding his mom and grandma's clenching cunts and assholes and taking care of his newborn sons. The exhausted bliss on all of their faces showed they couldn't be happier with the arrangement.

Mark, of course, was relegated to watching the babies when the trio disappeared to rut like wild animals. He lost count of how many times he was left rocking a fussy infant while the grunts, moans and obscene wet slaps of depraved incestuous fucking echoed through the house.

Then, when MJ and Alden were only 3 months old, Theresa and Nancy gleefully announced that they were pregnant AGAIN. With the sheer volume of virile semen that was being injected inside them daily, it was simply inevitable.

They clutched their already protruding bellies and beamed at Michael, congratulating him on his rampant virility. Their studly young buck had knocked them up with a fresh batch of babies before they had even finished nursing the first ones!

Michael strutted around proudly, beyond smug about his potent seed and sexual prowess. He couldn't seem to stop impregnating his mom and grandma no matter how much he fucked them. His cock was constantly

hard and ready to hose their fertile wombs with jet after jet of cum. They were insatiable, begging for his dick at all hours, even waking him up in the middle of the night to pound their greedy cunts.

As Theresa and Nancy's bellies grew rounder and heavier with Michael's second set of offspring, their already ludicrous tits expanded to freakish proportions. They looked like some parody of hyper-fertility with their massive bellies and beach ball breasts, nipples perpetually hard and leaking milk.

Mark watched in misery as his wife and mother-in-law fucked his son continuously, their pregnancies doing nothing to slow down their depraved incestuous rutting. If anything, the raging hormones seemed to make them even hornier, their greedy cunts constantly craving Michael's tireless teenage cock.

He lost track of how many times he wheeled by the master bedroom to see Theresa on all fours, her massive belly sloshing beneath her as Michael pounded into her from behind. Her beach ball tits swung like pendulums, spraying milk everywhere with each jarring thrust. Whorish moans spilled from her mouth as she urged her son to fuck her harder, faster.

"YES BABY, SPLIT MOMMY'S PREGNANT CUNT OPEN ON THAT HUGE COCK!" she would wail, her words punctuated by the crude squelch of her boy-cream stuffed hole. "FILL ME UP WITH ANOTHER LOAD! UNNNGH BREED ME AGAIN!"

Nancy was no better, shamelessly flaunting her massive babyweight gain and the sheer amount of fucking required to achieve it. She made sure Mark got an eyeful whenever she waddled by, her gigantic stomach and udders jiggling obscenely. Whenever she came over, she would immediately strip naked and present herself, not caring that her son-in-law was right there.

"Come drink from Nana's big milky titties before you stuff her cunt," she would coo, hefting her enormous boobs. Milk would spray from her saucer-sized nipples as Michael latched on, groaning as he guzzled down the sweet cream. Sometimes the teen would spend endless hours buried beneath the

weight of his Gran or mom's monumental melons, gorging himself like a greedy baby.

Then he would bend them over and ream out their swollen, puffy pussies, the force of his thrusts making their whole body jiggle like jello.

Mark hated the depraved spectacle his life had become, his wife and mother-in-law reduced to his son's perverted fucktoys. They were completely shameless, rutting like animals in every room of the house, their grotesquely gravid bodies on constant obscene display. Even as their bellies grew so huge they could barely walk, they still demanded Michael's cock at all hours, riding him in a reverse cowgirl so their bloated stomachs wouldn't get in the way.

The worst part was watching them flaunt their ripe, pregnant sexiness, knowing he would never again touch or taste his wife's incredible curves. Their massive milk-laden tits and fertility-swollen bellies belonged only to Michael now. Granpa was just there to watch the babies while they satiated their depraved lusts, a cuckold witness to his own son's virility.

THE END