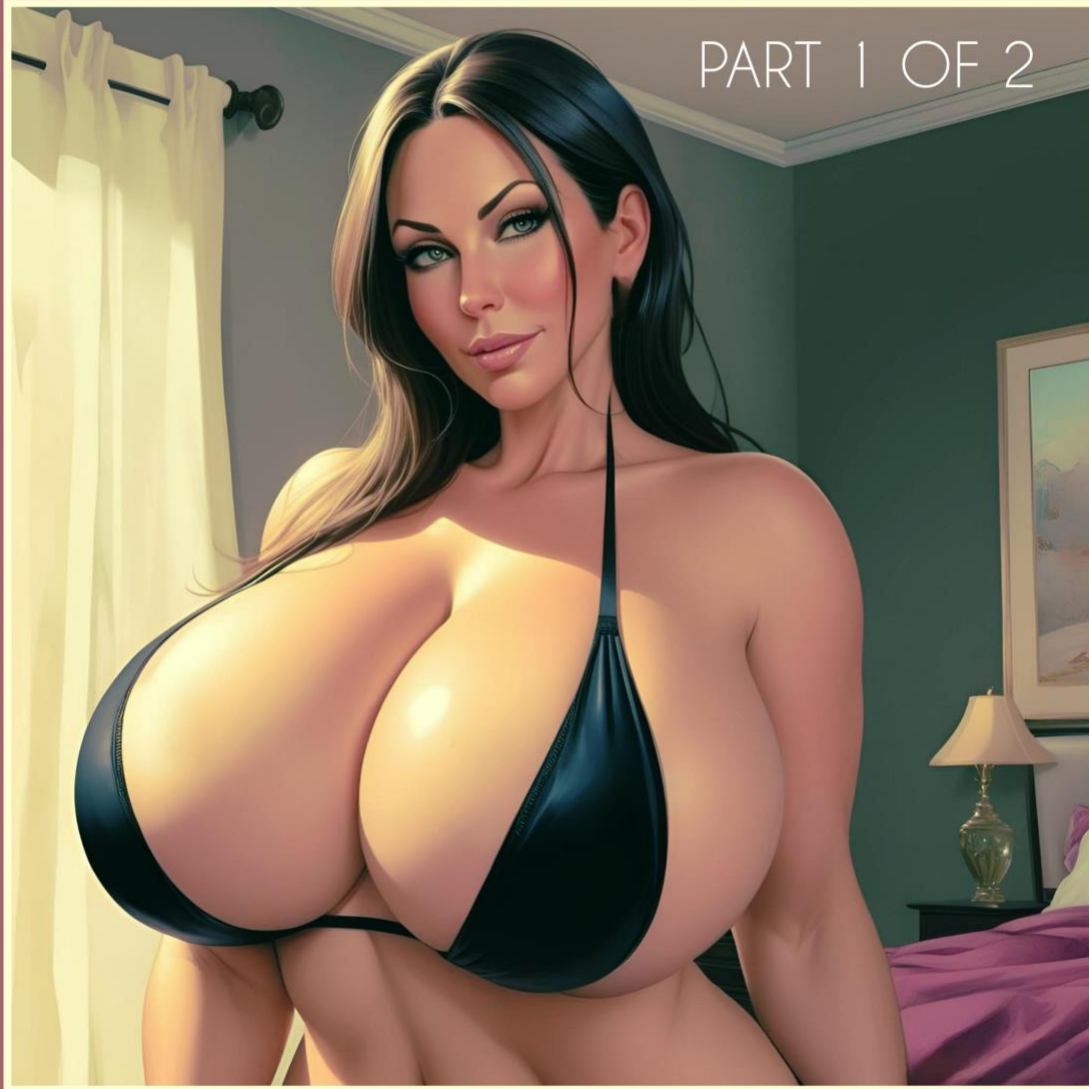


ANOTHER MOM, ANOTHER NEW ROOMMATE

PART 1 OF 2



BY KLRXO

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Theresa felt her heart sink as the doctor's words echoed in her ears. "I'm afraid the nerve damage is permanent. He will never be able to achieve a natural erection again." She glanced over at her husband Mark lying in the hospital bed, his face pale and expressionless. A lump formed in her throat.

Theresa tried to maintain her composure but she could feel the tears welling up. Their love life had always been such an important part of their marriage. The passion, the intimacy. And now, just like that, it was gone forever. Extinguished.

A sob escaped her lips and the tears began to flow freely down her cheeks. She quickly turned away, not wanting Mark to see her break down. He had enough to deal with already. She needed to be strong for him.

The doctor placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "There are still options," he said gently. "Devices, implants. I can refer you to a specialist." Theresa nodded, unable to speak. It all seemed so clinical, so artificial.

Nothing would ever be the same again. She grieved for the loss of the intimacy they once shared, a closeness that could never be replicated by mechanical means. Mark would be devastated too when he fully realized.

She took a deep breath and wiped her eyes, forcing herself to be strong. They would get through this together somehow. Their love was about so much more than sex. But in that moment, Theresa couldn't help but feel that a part of their marriage had died, never to be revived again.

Mark turned his head slowly to look at Theresa, his eyes filled with sorrow and regret. "I'm so sorry, honey," he whispered hoarsely. "I never meant for this to happen. For you to be stuck with a broken man who can't even make love to his own gorgeous wife." His voice cracked with emotion.

Theresa's giant bobbies teetered beneath her blouse and bra as she rushed over to his bedside and clasped his hand tightly. "Don't you dare apologize," she said fiercely. "This isn't your fault. It was an accident. I'm just so grateful you're alive." She stroked his face tenderly, her heart aching with love and sympathy for her husband.

Mark swallowed hard. "But our sex life... I know how important that was to you, to us. And now it's gone. Because of me." A single tear slid down his cheek.

Theresa bit her lip, struggling to find the right words. She didn't want to cause him any more pain, but she knew she had to be honest. "I won't lie to you, baby. This is gonna be a huge adjustment. I can't imagine our marriage without that physical intimacy." She paused, taking a deep breath. "And the idea of never making love again, never having another baby together... it breaks my heart."

Mark closed his eyes, his face contorted with anguish. "I've failed you as a husband. You deserve so much better than this."

"Stop it," Theresa said sharply. "You could never fail me. I love you, Mark. So much more than I could ever put into words. We'll get through this together, no matter what it takes. You're my soulmate, my partner in everything."

She climbed into the narrow hospital bed beside him, careful not to disturb any of the wires or tubes. Wrapping her arms around him, she held him close, pouring all the love and comfort she could into her embrace. "We'll find a way," she whispered. "I promise. This is just another challenge we'll face together."

Mark clung to her like a drowning man, his tears soaking her shirt. They lay like that for a long time, mourning what they had lost but determined not to let it break them. Their love would have to be enough to sustain them through the difficult road ahead. Theresa prayed it would be strong enough to overcome this huge obstacle.

Meanwhile, across town, Theresa's father Frank sat motionless in his wheelchair, staring blankly at the baseball game playing on the television. The familiar crack of a bat hitting a ball and the roar of the crowd barely registered. He was lost in his own world, trapped inside a body that had long since betrayed him.

Suddenly, a loud female moan pierced the air, followed by the frantic squeaking of bedsprings. Frank's eyes flickered with recognition. The unmistakable sounds of ravenous lovemaking were coming from the bedroom he used to share with his wife Nancy before the stroke rendered him an invalid.

Nancy's ecstatic cries grew louder and more frequent, mingling obscenely with the play-by-play commentary of the game. Frank knew she was in there with Michael, their handsome 18-year-old grandson. He had known about their affair for months now, ever since he first heard them rutting like animals while he sat helpless.

The rational part of Frank's brain told him he should be angry, disgusted by their betrayal. But his useless body couldn't even muster the energy for rage anymore. In some perverse way, a part of him was almost glad Nancy had found sexual fulfillment again, even if it was with their own grandson. God knows their marriage bed had been cold and barren for years before his stroke.

His wife's guttural moans echoed down the hallway as she bounced wantonly on top of her young grandson. Her massive, pendulous breasts leaped heavily from her ribcage with each thrust, smacking Michael in the face. The teen eagerly buried his head between her heaving mounds, motorboating her warm abyssal cleavage with youthful enthusiasm.

"Oh yes baby, worship your grandma's big titties," Nancy panted, grinding her sopping wet pussy against his rock-hard cock. Age had not diminished her libido one bit. If anything, her sex drive was even more voracious, fueled by the taboo thrill of seducing her own grandson.

Michael groaned as her slick heat engulfed him, his hands groping the fleshy globes of her ass. He drove into her again and again, the force of his fuck-

strokes making the headboard slam against the wall. The bed frame squeaked in time with their debauched coupling.

Nancy rode him hard and fast, like a woman possessed. Sweat glistened on her mature body as she chased her pleasure, uncaring that her invalid husband sat neglected just down the hall. All that mattered in that moment was the delicious sensation of her grandson's young, virile cock pounding her aching cunt.

"Fuck me, Michael!" she cried, her husky voice raw with lust. "Fuck grandma's pussy so good! I'm gonna cum all over your big dick!" Her powerful thighs quivered as she raced towards her climax.

With a shout, Michael buried himself balls-deep, his knob like a purple gourd crushed against the sensitive head of her cervix. He exploded inside her with a pulsing volley of fat vicious cords of semen, painting her pink walls a slimy white. Nancy threw her head back and screamed as she came undone, her cunt clenching around him.

The Grandmother's engorged vaginal walls quivered and contracted around Michael's pink, veiny rod as her orgasm crashed over her in intense waves of pleasure. Gushes of her warm, slippery essence flooded out of her bulging urethral slit, drenching his pulsating shaft and balls.

Michael groaned deeply as his swollen glans jerked and erupted, pumping out repeated jets of thick, creamy semen. His potent, teen seed filled Nancy's quivering depths to overflowing, the excess spattering out to coat their sweaty, lewdly joined flesh.

Gasping and shuddering, the Grandmother ground her drenched, quivering vulva against Michael, prolonging their mutual climax. Their mingled sexual fluids squelched obscenely with each undulation of her wide, fleshy hips. Pearly rivulets of cum trickled down the puckered folds of her anus and dripped onto the bedsheets.

Finally spent, Nancy collapsed heavily on top of Michael, smearing his emission between their heaving bodies. Her tit-pillows engulfed most of his upper body as she peppered his face with sloppy kisses. His slightly softening penis slipped out of her satisfied hole with a wet plop, followed by a lewd ooze of semen. The musky aroma of raw sex hung heavy in the air.

"Damn Gran, that was some good pussy," Michael stated, catching his breath, the meat of his dong still twitching excitedly.

Nancy rolled off her grandson with a contented sigh, huge, sweaty tits drooping off the sides of her chest. "Whew, you sure gave this old broad a workout! I'm parched. Let's go grab some water, baby boy."

Without bothering to put on a stitch of clothing, the naked pair sauntered out of the bedroom, making their way towards the kitchen. They had to pass right by the living room where Frank sat motionless in his wheelchair.

As Nancy walked by, her massive breasts swayed and bobbed heavily with each step, the flesh quivering like jello. They hung down to her navel like two over-inflated water balloons. Wide areolas and thick nipples capped each heavy tit.

Behind her, Michael followed, licking his lips as he watched his Gran's fat, jiggling ass undulate deliciously. His impressive cock was still fully erect, jutting out obscenely from his crotch. It was enormous, easily 10 inches long and thick as a Red Bull can. Glistening dollops of his grandmother's juices dripped from the bulbous head, leaving a lewd trail on the wood floor as he walked.

Frank's eyes widened slightly as he took in the depraved sight. He couldn't help but stare at wife's gigantic, swinging boobs and Michael's horse-sized schlong still coated in her cum. The visual evidence of their incestuous liaison was undeniable.

Part of Frank felt like he should be enraged, humiliated by their total lack of discretion or respect for him. But his broken body couldn't summon any real emotions beyond numb resignation.

Nancy and Michael passed by without sparing him a single glance, too wrapped up in their own sordid affair to pay any mind to the pitiful husk of a man wasting away before the flickering television. His presence was less than an afterthought to them now.

The obscene jiggling of Nancy's elephantine tits and the lewd bobbing of Michael's cum-slick donkey dick burned into Frank's brain as they

disappeared into the kitchen, a final twist of the knife in the dying remnants of his pride as a husband and a man.

Just as Nancy and Michael were guzzling down glasses of water in the kitchen, the phone rang. Nancy glanced at the caller ID and saw it was her daughter Theresa. She picked up, trying to steady her still-labored breathing.

"Hi honey, everything ok?" Nancy asked, forcing cheerfulness into her voice.

On the other end, Theresa sighed heavily. "Hi Mom. I'm just calling to let you know I'm on my way to pick up Michael. Where you guys in the middle of making love?"

Nancy's eyes flicked over to her grandson who was lewdly scratching his cum-covered balls. "No, we just finished a long, wonderful session. We'll have Michael ready when you get here. How is Mark doing?"

Theresa swallowed audibly, her voice thick with emotion. "Not good, Mom. The doctor said...he said the nerve damage is permanent."

"Permanent? Oh, God," Nancy stated in shock.

"Yes the worst part is Mark will never be able to get an erection again. Our sex life is over." Her voice broke on the last word.

For a moment, Nancy was speechless. She knew she should feel sympathy for her daughter's plight. But she couldn't ignore the small thrill that raced through her that her son-in-law's cock was now as useless as her husband's.

Nancy offered her daughter sympathetic words over the phone, but her free hand wandered to Michael, fondling his still-erect cock, which jutting out from his crotch like a sturdy tree branch.

"I just don't know what I'm gonna do, Mom," Theresa sobbed. "Sex and intimacy were such an important part of our marriage. And we wanted more children. Now that future's gone."

"I know, honey, I know," Nancy soothed, stroking Michael's impressive veiny length. "We'll figure something out, I promise. I'm here for you."

As she comforted her devastated daughter, Nancy curled her fingers around Michael's thick shaft, pumping him slowly.

He groaned quietly, trying not to alert his mother on the other end of the line, even though Theresa was well aware that the two of them had been fucking on the regular.

After a few more minutes of consoling, Nancy wrapped up the call. "Drive safe, sweetheart. We'll see you soon." She hung up and turned to Michael with a wicked grin, her beautiful hazel eyes burning with lust.

"We don't have much time before your mom gets here. Quick, bend me over the counter and fuck me hard from behind!"

Michael grinned devilishly and eagerly complied, spinning his horny grandmother around and shoving her upper body down against the kitchen counter. Her huge, saggy tits pressed against the cold marble, bulging out at the sides like fat, warm marshmallows.

He kicked her legs apart staring at her fat globular ass- cheeks as he mounted her haunches. Grabbing his boner at its root, Michael plowed his sensitive crown through the fissure between her thick pussy lips, then rammed his huge cock into her slick, loose cunt.

Nancy cried out in pleasure as he began jackhammering into her, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her gumdrop-sized clit with every rough thrust.

He pounded her hard and fast, grunting like an animal as he defiled her. The countertop shook with the force of his strokes.

Nancy pushed her meaty ass back to meet every pump, her butt-meat rippling as she reveled in the sheer depravity of being so thoroughly debased by her own grandson.

All the while, poor Frank sat forgotten in the next room, a silent witness to his wife's wanton infidelity. The wet, meaty slaps of frantic fucking filled the house as Michael ruthlessly slammed Nancy's curvy body, racing to finish before his mother arrived to pick him up.

The boy gave his Gran's ass a few hard smacks, making her ass-flesh jiggle. His powerful pelvic floor muscles began to contract as long cords of hot boy-semen began to hose from his meatus.

Michael pulled out, spraying his remaining cum across her plump ass cheeks. Then, he hurriedly got dressed just as his mother Theresa pulled into the driveway. Nancy gave her Grandson a tit-smothering embrace and tongue-lashing kiss before he headed out the door.

The car ride home was quiet, with Theresa lost in thought about the devastating news the doctor had delivered about her husband Mark's permanent impotence. Michael could sense his mother's distress but wasn't sure what to say.

Theresa glanced over at Michael's crotch and noticed the prominent bulge straining against his pants. The car filled with the pungent, musky aroma of his hot dick mingled with the unmistakable scent of semen and fem-cum. It was obvious he had just finished having sex.

"Honey, when we get home, you'll need to hop into the shower, ok?" Theresa said gently. "You don't want to walk around reeking of intercourse."

Michael blushed, embarrassed his activities with Grandma were so apparent. "Sure Mom, sorry about that."

Theresa was relieved that her mother was too old to get knocked up, allowing her son to raw dog his throbbing dick inside her cunt without protection. She knew that feeling his young cock-flesh enveloped by the tight walls of a seasoned pussy would give him explosive ejaculations like never before.

When they arrived home, Theresa went to pick up her two younger children from the neighbor who had been babysitting. She plastered on a fake smile as she greeted them, not wanting them to see how distraught she really was.

After tucking the kids into bed, the mother decided to take a long, hot shower, hoping it would help relax her and wash away some of the pain and turmoil. As the steaming water cascaded over her curvy body, she finally let the tears flow freely, her sobs muffled by the noise of the spray.

She mourned for the loss of her once-vibrant sex life with Mark, for the additional children they would never have, for the physical intimacy that had always been such an integral part of their marriage. Now that was ripped away through no fault of their own and she didn't know how they would recover.

After toweling off her voluptuous body, Theresa slipped on a short, silky robe that clung to her dreamy curves. The sheer material did little to conceal her braless state, her gigantic, heavy breasts clearly outlined. The hardened points of her plump nipples tented the delicate fabric.

Padding gracefully on bare feet, she went to say goodnight to Michael, who had retreated to his room. The boy's eyes widened as he took in his mother's revealing attire, gaze fixated on the enticing tit-cleavage spilling out of her robe.

Theresa, too emotionally exhausted to notice her son's subtle ogling, gave him a peck on the cheek, her monstrous, creamy boobie-cleavage on lewd display as it dangled before Michael lusty eyes. The robe was so short that he could see her meaty, naked butt-globes peeking out and swaying temptingly as she sashayed from his room.

“Fuck,” he gasped under his breath, squeezing the meaty knot in his pants.

Theresa collapsed on the king-sized bed, sorrow and frustration coursing through her body. Her eyes fell upon the framed wedding photo on the nightstand, her and Mark beaming with love and joy. A harsh sob ripped from her throat.

Almost unconsciously, Theresa's hands crept beneath her robe, seeking comfort in the familiar touches that Mark could no longer provide. She cupped her huge melons, thumbing the stiff peaks, before trailing lower.

She slipped a finger between her shaved folds, finding herself already shamefully wet. Desperation overtook her as she began rubbing quick, frantic circles on her engorged clit. Her other hand pinched and twisted her fat nipples almost painfully.

Theresa friggd herself wildly, hips bucking off the mattress as she frantically chased an orgasm that remained just out of reach. Tears of grief and longing streaked down her face but she couldn't stop her feverish masturbation.

For two hours, Theresa worked herself into a frenzy, sliding three, then four fingers deep into her needy cunt. Her oversized breasts bounced and quivered as she finger-fucked herself furiously, the wet squelch of her efforts filling the room. But no matter how desperately she rubbed and probed and tweaked, the itch remained unscratched.

Finally, physically and emotionally spent, Theresa collapsed back on the sweat-soaked sheets and sobbed brokenly. Not even a series of unsatisfying, joyless orgasms could ease the ache in her heart and the throbbing emptiness in her pussy. For the first time since her wedding night, she faced the prospect of a life without the fulfillment of cock. The future looked bleak.

The next day, Theresa met her mother Nancy for lunch, hoping to get some advice and perspective on how to cope with Mark's devastating diagnosis. They settled into a corner booth, and after exchanging small talk and ordering their food, Nancy reached across the table and grasped Theresa's hand.

"How are you holding up, honey?" Nancy asked gently, her eyes filled with maternal concern.

Theresa's face crumpled as fresh tears welled up. "I don't know, Mom. I'm just so lost. The idea of never being intimate with Mark again, of our sex life being over forever...it's destroying me."

Nancy nodded in understanding. "I know, sweetheart. Losing that physical connection with your husband is a terrible blow." She paused, considering her next words carefully. "You know, when your father had his stroke and could no longer perform, you were very supportive of me seeking...comfort elsewhere. With Michael."

Theresa shifted uncomfortably, recalling how she had encouraged her mother to explore a sexual relationship with Michael to fulfill her needs. At the time, it had seemed like a logical, if unconventional, solution.

"I remember," Theresa acknowledged quietly. "And it did seem to help you cope with losing that part of your marriage to Dad."

"Exactly," Nancy agreed. "Having that outlet, that sexual release with a virile young man, it made the loss easier to bear. And it was beneficial for Michael too, giving him a safe space to practice fucking a woman properly."

She fixed Theresa with a pointed look. "Your situation isn't so different now, honey."

Theresa's eyes widened as she grasped her mother's meaning. "Are you suggesting I...that Michael and I..." She trailed off, unable to finish the thought.

"I'm just saying that if you need that physical intimacy, that sexual connection like I know you do, Michael could provide it," Nancy said carefully. "He's a considerate lover, and it would stay in the family. No one else would ever know."

Theresa shook her head. "I don't know, Mom. The idea of carrying on an affair with my own son behind Mark's back...it would feel so wrong."

"Honey, you deserve happiness and fulfillment. Mark's paralyzed penis doesn't have to be a life sentence for your libido too. Just think about it," Nancy urged.

Theresa's brain reeled at her mother's shocking suggestion. Fucking her own son Michael? The very idea should disgust and appall her. But deep down, a small traitorous part of her thrilled at the prospect, especially after the aching loneliness and frustration of the previous night.

Despite herself, Theresa found herself morbidly curious about the sordid details of Nancy's incestuous affair with her son. "Mom...when you and Michael are together...what's it like?" she asked hesitantly.

A wistful smile spread across Nancy's face. "Oh honey, it's incredible. That boy has the stamina of a bull. He can fuck for hours without going soft."

Theresa swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry. "Hours?" she croaked.

Nancy nodded, a wicked gleam in her eyes. "And his cock, my God. I've never seen one so huge. It's at least 10 inches long and thick as my wrist. He stretches me out so deliciously."

Theresa's breathing quickened, her nipples hardening into tight points against her embroidered bra as she pictured Michael's enormous member plowing into her own mother's mature cunt. "How many times can he make you cum?" she asked breathlessly.

"I usually lose count after a dozen or so," Nancy replied with a smug grin. "That boy wrings orgasms out of me like nobody's business. He's a pussy eating champion too. I swear he could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch, just ask my clit."

Theresa squirmed in her seat, panties dampening as she imagined Michael's handsome face buried between her thighs, worshipping her aching sex with his talented mouth. The image was wrong, so wrong, but undeniably arousing.

Nancy noticed her daughter's flushed cheeks and labored breathing. She reached across the table and patted Theresa's hand. "Just think about it, sweetheart. Michael could take care of all your womanly needs. And it would be our little secret."

Theresa bit her lip, mind whirling with forbidden fantasies. Could she really cross that ultimate taboo line and fuck her own son? Betray her marriage vows with Mark? The temptation was powerful. Her nipples ached and her neglected pussy throbbed with need.

She knew it was depraved and wrong on every level. But in that moment, Theresa couldn't deny how badly she craved the sexual satisfaction only a hard cock could provide - even if that cock belonged to her 18-year-old boy. She needed to feel desired, to have her wanton lust sated.

"I'll think about it," Theresa promised, voice husky with illicit arousal. Nancy just smiled, knowing her daughter had already made up her mind.

That evening, after the younger kids were in bed, Theresa texted Michael and asked him to come to the master bedroom to talk.

In preparation for her chat with with her son, Theresa had slipped into an enticing lace babydoll nightie. The sheer mesh fabric clung to her voluptuous curves, the intricate floral lace designs strategically placed to barely conceal her most intimate areas.

The babydoll featured a daringly short hem that skimmed the tops of her creamy thighs and a plunging neckline that showcased her monumental cleavage. The cups were made of semi-transparent lace that did little to hide the wide disks of her areolas and turgid nipples, which strained against the delicate material.

But the most provocative part was the open flyaway front. The filmy mesh draped down either side of her torso, leaving a wide strip of skin exposed from neck to navel. It provided a tempting preview of her toned stomach and the deep shadowed valley between her heavy breasts.

The babydoll came with a matching thong panty, little more than a tiny scrap of sheer lace held together with floss-thin straps. The miniscule triangle in front barely covered her hairless mound, while the back disappeared between the globes of her shapely rear.

Theresa surveyed herself in the full-length mirror, hardly recognizing the wanton seductress that stared back. The lingerie left very little to the imagination, putting all her feminine assets on scandalous display. She knew it was ridiculously inappropriate attire for a conversation with her son, but given the context of their discussion, it would be absolutely perfect.

The anxious mother dimmed the lights and lit some candles, creating an intimate atmosphere. She was perched on the edge of the king-sized bed when Michael knocked softly and entered. His eyes widened as he took in his mother's revealing outfit and the sensual setting.

"Have a seat, honey," Theresa said, patting the space next to her. "And close the door please. I want privacy for this conversation."

Michael did as instructed, locking the door behind him before settling on his parent's bed, his thigh brushing against hers. He couldn't help but stare at the tantalizing expanse of his mother's heaving bosom straining against the sexy nightie.

"What did you want to talk about, Mom?" Michael asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

Theresa took a deep breath, steeling her nerves. "Well, sweetie, it's about your father's condition. And how it's going to impact our marriage...and my needs as a woman."

She shifted closer, her son's proximity igniting sparks of illicit desire. Michael audibly gulped but didn't move away.

Theresa placed a hand on Michael's thigh, caressing gently. "You know, baby, after your grandpa's stroke left him unable to perform, I was the one who suggested your grandma Nancy turn to you for sexual fulfillment."

Michael swallowed hard, nodding. "I remember. At first it felt kind of weird, with Grandpa right there in the house while we did it."

"I know, honey," Theresa soothed. "But like I told you then, you have nothing to feel guilty about. Grandpa should be glad that his virile grandson was there to satisfy Grandma's womanly needs when he no longer could."

She shifted even closer, her ballooning tits pressing against Michael's arm. "And even if it did bother him, there's nothing he can do about it, is there? He's helpless to stop you from fucking his wife right under his nose."

Michael let out a shaky breath, his cock stiffening in his jeans at his mother's crudely arousing words. Theresa's hand crept higher up his thigh. "With your dad's penis rendered useless, I find myself in the same position as Grandma now. I have needs, intense sexual needs, that only a real man can fulfill."

Michael groaned, desire surging through his body at his mother's lewd dirty talk. "I guess that makes sense," he said,

"Your grandma tells me what an amazing lover you are, baby," Theresa purred, her lips brushing his ear. "How your huge penis fills her up so good and makes her orgasm harder than she ever thought possible."

Michael flushed but nodded. "Yeah, Gran and I have gotten really close. I'm glad I can make her feel good."

"I was hoping..." Theresa breathed, voice husky with want. "That maybe you could help satisfy your mom's needs too. Take over your father's husbandly duties in the bedroom."

Michael blushed, feeling both embarrassed and extremely aroused by his mother's shocking proposition. His cock strained against his zipper as he struggled to process her words. "Wow, Mom, I...I don't know what to say. You really want me to...to have sex with you?"

"I do, baby," Theresa confirmed, her voice dripping with seductive need. "Your father can't fulfill his marital duties anymore. I need a virile young partner to fill his place in our bed. And from what your grandma says, you're more than up for the task."

She glanced down meaningfully at the massive, tubular-shaped bulge in Michael's jeans. He squirmed under her hungry gaze.

"If we do this," Theresa continued, "It won't be just a one-time thing. I have a very high sex drive, especially now that I've been neglected for so long. I'll need you to fuck me... multiple times a day, every single day. Morning, noon, and night. Think you can handle that, honey?"

Michael gulped, his face flushed with excitement. "Yeah, I think so. I mean, I love fucking Grandma Nancy, but the idea of getting to bang you too, Mom..." He trailed off, shaking his head in amazement. "It's like every guy's ultimate fantasy."

"Good," Theresa giggled, pleased by his enthusiastic reaction. "But there's one condition. I don't want to do this behind your father's back, like it's some sordid affair. I'm not a cheater."

Michael's brow furrowed in confusion. "But...wait, you wanna tell dad?"

"I'm gonna talk to him," Theresa explained. "Try to make him understand that this arrangement is necessary for my happiness and well-being. That letting his son satisfy his wife is the right thing to do, given the circumstances."

She squeezed Michael's thigh. "And if he doesn't like it, well, that's just too bad, isn't it? It's not like he can get up and stop us. He'll just have to lie there and listen to us have wild sex."

Michael laughed, his dick throbbing at the idea of cuckolding his own crippled father. It was so wrong but so incredibly hot. The boy's nervous arousal made him bold. "So, um...do you fuck as good as Grandma does? She's a really wild in bed."

Theresa grinned wickedly. "Oh baby, your grandma has nothing on me. The things I can do would blow your mind. Cooking and cleaning isn't the only thing we moms do well, you know?"

Michael shuddered, his cock jerking in his pants as he imagined his mother fucking him. "Damn," he croaked when she finished. "Dad's a lucky man. Or was, I guess."

"Your father always said I was the best piece he ever had," Theresa bragged. "And these tits..." She cupped her enormous breasts, barely constrained by the thin gown. "Are even bigger than your grandma's udders. If you love huge boobs, you're gonna be in heaven, baby."

Michael stared transfixed at the heavy, jiggling globes of tit-flesh threatening to spill out of his mother's neckline. His mouth watered at the thought of burying his face in that deep, pillowy cleavage.

"54-G cup," Theresa revealed proudly. "These babies weigh over 15 pounds each and they're so deliciously sensitive. I can practically orgasm just from having them sucked and squeezed."

"Fuck," Michael groaned, palming his throbbing erection through his jeans. The fact that his own mother was brazenly flaunting her massive rack and talking dirty was almost too much to handle.

Theresa grinned at her son's obvious arousal. She decided to really amp up the naughty talk to seal the deal. "So Michael...what's your favorite position when you're fucking your grandma? I'd love to know what really gets you going."

Michael blushed but eagerly shared. "Well, doggy style is amazing. I love grabbing onto Grandma's wide hips and slamming into her from behind. The way her huge ass jiggles with each thrust is so hot. And I can reach around and maul her giant titties while I pound her."

"Mmmm, doggy is a great position," Theresa agreed. "It lets you get so deep. I love having my hair pulled and my ass spanked while getting taken from behind like a bitch in heat. And with tits as big as mine, the swinging and bouncing is absolutely lewd. Your dad always said it was like watching two beach balls caught in a windstorm."

Michael groaned, picturing his mother on all fours, her colossal breasts swaying heavily as he railed her. "Damn, Mom..."

"I'm also a big fan of cowgirl," Theresa continued, her voice dripping with seductive promise. "Straddling a man and riding his cock like a bucking bronco. With my breast size, I can totally smother my partner with my huge boobs. Just envelop his whole head in my cleavage while I milk his dick with my cunt."

"Oh fuck yes," Michael panted. "I love it when Grandma does that. It's like erotic titty-asphyxiation and a hot pussy-fuck combined. Her massive boobs completely cut off my air. What a way to go!"

Theresa chuckled wickedly. "I can do that and more, baby. In the reverse cowgirl position, you'd get a perfect view of my bubble butt undulating as I

bounce on your cock. My plump cheeks would totally eclipse your thighs. You could spread them wide and watch your dick disappearing into my gooey snatch, over and over again."

"Jesus," Michael whimpered, now openly squeezing his straining erection. "You're killing me, Mom."

"I give a mean lapdance too," Theresa boasted. "I can grind my juicy ass all over your crotch, teasing you with my dripping wet pussy lips through the thin fabric of my panties. Make you beg for it before I let you shove your fat cock up my hungry cunt."

"You're so fucking nasty, Mom," Michael marveled. "I love it!"

"You have no idea the depths of depravity I can sink to," Theresa purred. "I'm gonna teach you things your innocent young mind can't even conceive of. Corrupt you so thoroughly, mold you into the perfect pussy-worshipping pervert, but... I do have to talk to your dad first."

Michael's face was flushed with arousal, frowning as he was brought back to reality. "And if Dad says no?" he asked breathlessly. "We'll still fuck anyways, right?"

Theresa nodded, a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Oh absolutely. Your father doesn't get to unilaterally decide that my sexual needs go unmet. If he can't step up and satisfy me himself, then he'll have to accept you taking over his husbandly duties in the bedroom," she stated. "But I would feel so much better about it if he agreed to officially turn that part of our marriage over to you. Give us his blessing to carry on an intimate relationship."

The next day, Theresa drove to the hospital with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation churning in her stomach. She rehearsed the delicate conversation she needed to have with Mark over and over in her head.

When she arrived at his room, Mark was propped up in bed, staring listlessly out the window. He turned to face her as she entered, his expression weary and resigned.

"Hi honey," Theresa greeted, forcing a bright smile. She leaned down to peck him on the cheek before settling into the chair beside his bed. "How are you feeling today?"

Mark shrugged apathetically. "Same as always. Numb from the waist down and full of self-pity. You?"

Theresa took a deep breath, reaching out to clasp his hand. "Hopeful," she answered, ready to engage in a discussion that could change her life for the better.

"Hopeful?"

"Yes, there's something important I need to discuss with you. About our marriage and...and sex."

Mark's face fell, sadness and regret filling his eyes. "I know, baby. I'm so sorry I can't be the husband you need anymore in that way. It kills me that I can't make love to you ever again."

Theresa squeezed his hand. "I know, and I don't blame you at all. But the reality is, I'm still a woman with needs. Very strong sexual needs that didn't just disappear with your accident."

She took a deep breath before continuing. "I've been talking with my mother, and she reminded me how supportive I was when she turned to Michael for sexual fulfillment after Dad's stroke left him impotent. At the time, I thought it was a good solution. Michael got to safely explore his burgeoning sexuality while satisfying Mom's insatiable urges."

Mark looked confused and slightly disturbed. "Wait, are you saying you want Michael to..." He trailed off, unable to finish the unthinkable thought.

Theresa nodded, holding his gaze. "Yes, honey. I want our son to step into your role as my sexual partner. Take over your husbandly duties in the bedroom since you're no longer able. He's a healthy young man with a strong libido, and from what Mom says, quite skilled and accomplished at pleasuring a woman now."

Mark stared at his wife in shocked disbelief, his face draining of color. "Theresa, no! You can't be serious!" he exclaimed. "Having sex with our own son? "

Theresa sighed patiently, as if explaining a simple concept to a child. "Honey, I know it seems unconventional. But we have to be realistic and pragmatic about this. My sexual needs didn't disappear just because your cock stopped working. I'm still a hot-blooded woman in my prime. I need to be fucked long, hard and often - there's just no getting around that."

Mark shook his head vehemently. "Then get a vibrator or something! But you can't screw our son, Theresa. That's so wrong on so many levels. It would be a complete betrayal of our wedding vows."

Theresa smiled sadly. "Mark, I love you. But those vows were made with the understanding that you would fulfill me sexually. And through no fault of your own, you simply can't do that anymore. I don't see it as a betrayal to have my needs met elsewhere. In fact, you should be grateful your virile young son is willing to step up and service your wife when you can't."

She caressed his face tenderly. "I would never leave you, Mark. You're the love of my life. But I also can't spend the rest of that life with my libido unfulfilled, my pussy aching and empty. Michael can be the solution, if you'll let him. He can be the hard cock in our marriage, the one to quench the fire in my loins, while you remain my soulmate and partner in every other way."

Mark's eyes filled with anguished tears. As abhorrent as the whole thing sounded, he knew on some level Theresa was right. Her voracious sexual appetite had always been a struggle for him to keep up with even before his accident. The thought of her spending decades with that itch unscratched was cruel. And at least with Michael, it would stay in the family.

"I don't like this, not one bit," Mark said shakily. "But I can see your side of things. I love you too much to condemn you to a sexless existence. And I suppose if it has to be someone, better Michael than a stranger."

Theresa hugged him tightly, tears of relief and gratitude streaming down her face. "Thank you for understanding, honey. You have no idea how much this means to me, to have your support and blessing."

Theresa gave him a kiss and hurried away to pick the kids up from school, leaving Mark wondering if he had truly made the right decision.

Nancy strode into Mark's hospital room later that day, not long after Theresa had left. A snug skirt clung to the half-globes of her oversized ass, and her colossal breasts straining against a low-cut blouse that left little to the imagination.

She and Mark had always had a chilly relationship, their personalities clashing. He found her brash, crude and domineering while she thought he was weak and boring, not man enough for her daughter.

"Hello Mark," Nancy greeted with false sweetness, not bothering to hide her lascivious once-over of his prone form. "I heard the big news. Such a shame about your broken dick. But how generous of you to let Michael take over your marital duties and service Theresa properly. Lord knows she needs it with her healthy appetite."

Mark clenched his jaw, face reddening at his mother-in-law's crassness. "Yes, well, I only want Theresa to be happy and...satisfied," he ground out.

"Oh she will be, trust me," Nancy smirked, her jutting tits looming over him as she paused at his bedside. "That boy of yours has the stamina of a bull and a cock like a battering ram. He's been stretching out my old cunt for months now and giving me leg-shaking orgasms. Absolutely ruined me for other men."

She leaned in conspiratorially, staring intently at Mark with her gorgeous hazel eyes. "And his cum, my god. When he explodes in me, it's like a fucking geyser. He'll pump a gallon of spunk into Theresa's fertile womb every day. Wouldn't be surprised if he knocks her up within a month, virile as he is."

Mark made a choked sound, disturbed by the gleeful relish in Nancy's voice as she described their son's sexual prowess and the daunting volume of his ejaculate. The idea of Michael impregnating Theresa made him nauseous.

"Yes, your boy's gonna fuck his mother cross-eyed," Nancy continued blithely. "Really give her pussy the hardcore pounding it craves. All the things you can't do for her anymore. I almost pity you, knowing such a stud is taking your place in your marital bed, knowing how loudly Theresa will be screaming his name as he rails her into the mattress for hours."

She patted his limp thigh in mock sympathy. "Don't you worry about pleasing Theresa. Michael will dick her down so thoroughly, she won't even remember you have a penis. He'll be too busy jackhammering her fleshly fuckhole into submission while she sobs with pleasure."

Mark felt physically ill picturing the vicious rutting Nancy described, his beautiful wife of twenty-years impaled on their son's gigantic cock, her body shaking and jiggling as Michael violated her. He wanted to protest the whole sordid arrangement but he couldn't force the words out. As much as he hated to admit it, Nancy was right - he was in no position to satisfy Theresa himself. And he had already given his blessing.

Mark tried to tune out his mother-in-law's lewd ramblings. Nancy had always been a handful, with her brash personality and penchant for oversharing. And now, here she was, going on and on about how her grandson Michael would be servicing his wife's ravenous sexual appetite. Mark's stomach churned at the thought.

"...and that boy has a cock on him, I tell you what," Nancy cackled, a predatory glint in her eye. "Thick as your forearm and hung like a damn horse. He'll have no trouble taming my little slut of a daughter." She fanned herself dramatically, her massive breasts wobbling with each motion.

Mark shifted uncomfortably in his hospital bed, wishing he could escape to some faraway place where he wouldn't have to listen to this debauchery. His pride ached at the thought of another man laying claim to his wife, even if it was their own son. But he knew deep down that Theresa deserved more than a sexless marriage.

"I'm... glad you think so highly of him," Mark managed through gritted teeth. "I just hope you both understand this is extremely difficult for me."

Nancy threw her head back and laughed wickedly at Mark's discomfort. "Oh honey, that's what will make it even hotter for Theresa! Knowing her poor, crippled husband is lying there helpless while his own son pounds her pussy raw. It's the ultimate taboo thrill."

She leaned in close, inches from Mark's face, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper. "I'll let you in on a little secret. When Michael fucks me, I cum hardest imagining Frank in the next room, trapped in his wheelchair, impotently listening to his grandson rail my cunt. The depravity of it sends me over the edge every time."

Mark felt bile rise in his throat at his mother-in-law's gleeful cruelty. The image of her writhing in ecstasy to the sound of Michael's rutting, getting off on her husband's humiliation, was almost too much to bear.

"Theresa may act like she's doing this out of wifely duty," Nancy continued, eyes sparkling with malice. "But deep down, it'll turn her on something fierce knowing she's cuckolding you with your own son. Having her tight snatch ruined by his superior cock while you lie there dickless. She'll cum buckets around his thrusting meat, screaming his name."

"No!" Mark said, shaking his head, not wanting to believe it. "She won't."

"Oh yes she will," Nancy giggled, "Theresa may pity you enough not to say it, but I guarantee this is her ultimate fantasy come to life," Nancy said.

"Getting her holes gaped wide open by a young stud with a monster dick, right under her impotent husband's nose." She chuckled meanly. "You're a lucky man, Mark. Your son is a grade-A motherfucker, in every sense."

Mark clenched his eyes shut, trying to block out the vulgar picture Nancy painted. He didn't want to believe Theresa would take pleasure in his anguish. But a small, traitorous part of him wondered if his vile mother-in-law was right.

"Face it, Mark," Nancy said with mock sympathy. "Michael is gonna fuck your wife in ways you never could, even before your little accident. He'll

master her body, make her his cock-craving bitch. And there's not a damn thing you can do about it except listen and weep, knowing another man is dominating your woman."

Nancy laughed cruelly at Mark's defeated expression. "You know, I think you need a visual aid to really drive home just how thoroughly your son is gonna ravage your wife's body." With a wicked gleam in her eye, she reached up and began unbuttoning her blouse.

Mark's eyes widened in shock as his mother-in-law shrugged the garment off, revealing a lacy black bra barely containing her massive, heaving breasts. The cups strained obscenely against her flesh, deep cleavage spilling out.

"Feast your eyes on these beauties," Nancy purred, cupping the heavy globes and presenting them to Mark. "Look familiar? Theresa inherited her gorgeous udders from me. And soon, they'll be covered in your son's marks just like mine."

She reached back and unhooked the thick strap of her bra with a practiced motion, causing her enormous, meaty tits to tumble free. They hung down nearly to her navel, the skin mapped with purple hickeys and bite marks. Her thick, brown nipples were puffy and engorged, clearly suckled raw.

"Michael did this," Nancy boasted proudly, hefting her mauled breasts. "Spent hours just worshipping these big ol' titties. Sucking and biting and burying his face in my cleavage. I practically smothered him with these monsters but he couldn't get enough."

Mark felt his heart twist as he took in the lewd sight of his mother-in-law's ravaged bosom, the evidence of his son's depravity. The idea of Michael latching onto those huge teats like a nursing babe, gorging himself for hours on the abundant flesh, was beyond disturbing.

"Get used to it, Mark," Nancy taunted. "Because this is what Theresa's tits will look like every day from now on. Covered in your son's spit and cum and teeth marks. He's gonna feast on her bigger, milk-juicy jugs morning, noon and night. Really get his fill of Grade A mommy-meat."

She moved her shoulders, giving her pendulous breasts a lewd wobble, the love bites standing out starkly against her pale skin. "I bet he'll get her nipples even puffier and more swollen than mine from all the hard suckling. By the time he's done, her tits will be so over-sensitized, she'll practically orgasm just from having them breathed on."

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the obscene image of his son motorboating Theresa's bountiful chest, greedily devouring her tender nipples until they were fat and throbbing, leaving behind a roadmap of his oral ravishment. His heart twisted with despair.

That evening, Theresa carefully tucked her two young children Alyssa and Jayden into bed. She read them a soothing bedtime story, trying to keep her voice steady despite the nervous anticipation fluttering in her stomach. After kissing their foreheads and turning off the lights, Theresa made her way down the hall to Michael's room.

She knocked softly before pushing open the door. Michael was sitting on his bed, flipping through a sports magazine. He looked up as she entered, eyes widening slightly at her appearance.

Theresa had changed into a silky crimson robe that clung to her every curve, the neckline plunging to reveal an enticing expanse of motherly cleavage.

"Hey baby," she greeted, shutting the door behind her. "I have some good news. I spoke with your father today about our...special arrangement."

Michael sat up straighter, tossing the magazine aside. "Yeah? What did he say?" he asked eagerly.

Theresa moved to perch on the edge of his bed, crossing her silky legs. The robe rode up her thigh, exposing a tantalizing glimpse of smooth, creamy skin. "He agreed," she revealed with a small smile. "It wasn't easy for him, but he understands my needs and gave us his permission to have sex together."

A slow grin spread across Michael's face as he processed her words. "Damn, that's awesome, Mom! So when can we start? Tonight?" His eyes raked hungrily over her scantily clad figure.

Theresa laughed at her son's enthusiasm, reaching out to playfully swat his arm. "Down boy! I appreciate the eagerness, but I'd actually like to wait until our new bed arrives to consummate things fully."

At Michael's confused look, she elaborated. "I ordered a special extra-wide, reinforced king mattress for us. I have a feeling we're gonna be spending a lot of time in it and I want it to be sturdy enough to handle our most vigorous activities." She winked saucily.

Michael groaned at the implication, his cock stiffening in his sweatpants. "Fuck Mom, you're killing me here. How am I supposed to wait?"

Theresa smiled sympathetically, trailing a red lacquered nail down his chest. "Well, I suppose we could engage in some...preliminary fun to tide you over," she purred suggestively.

Michael's eyes lit up. "Yeah? Like what?"

In response, Theresa rose languidly to her feet. Maintaining eye contact with her son, she reached for the sash of her robe and slowly untied it. The silky material parted and slithered off her shoulders to pool at her feet, leaving Theresa bare except for the tiniest red g-string.

Michael gazed in awe at the sight of his mother's nearly bare form, his mouth watering. Her tit-melons were spectacular - just like his Gran's, with wide, rosy-pink areolas and rigid, fleshy buds. They seemed to sway heavily with each breath she drew in.

Theresa cupped her enormous jugs, offering them temptingly to her son. "How about a nice, long titty-fuck to take the edge off until our bed arrives tomorrow? Would sliding your big cock between Mommy's soft, slippery boobs help tide you over?"

Michael nodded enthusiastically, practically drooling as he ogled his mother's hefty jugs. "Fuck yes! Your tits are even more amazing than Gran's. I can't wait to get my dick all up in that sweet cleavage."

Theresa felt a deep, taboo thrill at her son's crude appreciation of her assets. "Go ahead and take your cock out, baby. Let Mommy see what she'll be working with."

Michael wasted no time shoving his sweatpants down and springing free his massive erection. Theresa's eyes widened and her heart started racing as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. It was absolutely huge, even bigger than she had imagined from her mother's boastful descriptions.

The fat shaft was long and thick, easily 10 inches and girthy as her wrist. The bulbous, purple head leaked copious amounts of pre-cum. Pulsing veins ran the length of his impressive cudgel. His balls were heavy and swollen, churning with an overabundance of youthful spunk.

"Good lord," Theresa breathed in amazement as Michael's behemoth cock bobbed lewdly before her. "You're hung like a fucking mule, kid!"

"You like it, Mom?" Michael asked, smirking proudly as he gripped his thick root and slapped the hefty meat against his stomach with a meaty thwack. "Gran says it's the biggest she's ever seen."

"I love it," Theresa confirmed, moistening her lips as she eyed his imposing sex organ with covetous hunger. Her pussy clenched and flooded with arousal. The mere thought of that mammoth phallus stretching her out and hammering savagely through her cock-hungry birthing tunnel made her dizzy with dark lust.

"I can't believe I gave birth to that monster," she marveled, sitting down next to him and reaching out to wrap her fingers around his bulky shaft, unable to close her hand around it. "No wonder your loads are so big - your balls must produce overtime to keep this beast fed."

Michael groaned as his mother stroked his tumescent flesh, savoring the steely heat against her palm. His erect manhood stood tall and proud, a thick pillar of flesh rising majestically from his loins. The stiff shaft was embellished with a lattice of engorged veins, pulsing with virile potency just beneath the taut skin.

Along the underside ran the bulging tube of his urethra, a pipeline carrying his vital essence. The twin chambers of his penis were swollen near to

bursting, gorged with the hot rush of blood that granted him this raging tumescence.

At the base, his manhood was anchored by the dense cluster of vessels and sinews forming the root, a powerful muscular knot that seemed to throb with a primal energy all its own. His mother couldn't help but marvel at the raw masculine vitality on display, a testament to the vigor and virility of the young buck her son had become.

She pumped him slowly, admiring the silky texture and watching in rapt fascination as another fat bead of pre-goo oozed from his meatus and ran down the shiny-skinned crown of his cock.

Theresa licked her lips again, overcome by the urge to lap up his musky essence straight from the source. But she restrained herself - there would be plenty of time for such depraved indulgences later.

The mother gently pushed Michael to recline back against his pillows, then shifted to straddle his thighs. She turned her upper body to the side so she could watch his reactions as she pleased him with her breasts.

Hefting her massive mammaries, Theresa gathered up a mouthful of saliva and let the foamy spit dribble down into her cavernous cleavage, thoroughly wetting the fleshy channel. She then pressed the slick valley against the underside of Michael's straining erection and engulfed him in velvety tit-flesh.

Michael let out a deep groan as his mother's warm, slippery boobs enveloped his aching cock. His domed head peeked out the top of her cleavage, a thick stream of pre-ejaculate leaking out to further lubricate the tight, steamy space between her giant tits.

"Oh fuck Mom, your boobs feel amazing," Michael panted, eyes glazing over with pleasure as she began to slide her heavy jugs up and down his throbbing length, smearing his oozing fluids all over her jiggling flesh.

Theresa grinned wickedly, increasing the pace and pressure. Her pendulous breasts made obscene slurping sounds as they glided along his veiny shaft, the creamy undersides now glistening with his copious pre-spend. Her own arousal trickled down her thighs as she worked him over.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy's big titties," Theresa encouraged breathlessly, loving the blissed out, slack-jawed expression on Michael's face as she smothered his huge cock in her abundance. "Paint my chest with all your thick, nasty pre-cum. Get me nice and slippery for your fat dick."

Michael could only moan and gasp as his mother expertly milked his pole with her pillowy mounds, her perfect tits molding around him like wet silk as she pumped faster and harder. The sensation of her pebbled nipples dragging across his sensitive skin was electric.

He bucked his hips slightly, fucking up into the heavenly warmth of her cleavage. His swollen glans poked out the top on every stroke, flushed an angry purple and weeping steadily. Theresa lowered her head to lap at the emerging crown with her long tongue, tasting his musky essence.

"Mmmm, you're leaking so much, honey," she hummed approvingly around his spongy tip. "Drenching Mommy's tits in all your naughty boy juice. You must be so pent up and desperate for release, huh? Balls ready to explode?"

"Yes!" Michael hissed through clenched teeth, feeling his nuts draw up tight as she pushed him closer to the brink with her filthy words and the delicious friction of her cleavage.

Theresa's tongue swirled around the swollen tip of Michael's cock as it poked out from between her massive breasts. She lapped at his drooling slit, savoring the salty-bitter flavor of his pre-cum as it oozed freely onto her taste buds.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna shoot!" Michael warned urgently, his balls seizing up and his shaft pulsating between her slick mammaries as his orgasm crashed through him like a freight train.

Theresa quickly sealed her lips around his erupting cockhead just as the first mighty spurt of jizz blasted against the back of her throat. She swallowed rapidly, gulping down jet after jet of her son's hot, viscous seed as it flooded her mouth.

But the sheer volume was too much - ropes of cum escaped the seal of her lips, spraying her face and splattering her heaving tits as Michael groaned and bucked beneath her, spewing like a broken hydrant. His eruption

seemed endless, painting his mother's upper body with his thick, sticky testimony of virility.

By the time his climax tapered off, Theresa's face was glazed with spunk, pearly streaks coating her cheeks and chin. Globes of jism clung to her lashes and dripped from her nose. Her tits were similarly drenched, huge wads of nut-batter webbing her cleavage and sliding down to pool in her navel. She looked utterly debauched.

Michael panted harshly as he came down from his high, staring in awe at the lewd spectacle of his mother cum-splattered and dripping. "Holy shit Mom, you're fucking covered," he rasped hoarsely. "I've never nudded that hard before."

Theresa licked a stray glob from the corner of her mouth, humming at the tangy flavor. "Mmmm, I can tell. You completely soaked me in your seed, you naughty boy. I'm absolutely filthy with it." She sounded more delighted than reproachful.

Scooping up some of the cooling spunk from her breasts, Theresa brought it to her lips and sucked it off her fingers with relish, putting on a show for her son. "Delicious," she purred sultrily, letting some dribble down her chin. "I can't get enough of your yummy cum, baby. I'm gonna be guzzling it by the gallon from now on."

Michael's cock gave a mighty twitch at his mother's lewd display of cum-eating. The sight of her licking his spunk off her fingers and letting it dribble down her chin was so nasty and wrong but indescribably arousing. His spent penis began to swell and lengthen again, ready for more depravity.

"Fuck Mom, that's so hot," he growled, eyes darkening with lust. "But now it's your turn. I want to taste your pussy."

With surprising strength, Michael flipped Theresa onto her back, making her massive tits bounce and quiver violently. She gasped as he roughly ripped her flimsy g-string off her wide hips and down her smooth, shapely legs, baring her dripping sex to his hungry gaze.

Her puffy outer lips were slick and swollen with arousal, glistening enticingly. Michael dove between her thick thighs like a feral beast, burying

his face in her steamy cunt. He nuzzled into her slippery folds, inhaling deeply of her tangy musk.

"Oh fuck yes, eat Mommy's pussy!" Theresa cried as Michael licked a broad stripe up her drenched slit, lapping at her overflowing juices. He groaned into her hot, wet flesh, relishing her familiar-yet-forbidden flavor.

Michael devoured his mother's cunt like a starving animal, licking and slurping at her soaked petals with sloppy gusto. He sealed his mouth around her engorged clit and sucked hard, making her hips buck wildly. Her pungent nectar smeared across his cheeks and chin as he feasted, her intoxicating cuntal aroma making his eyes roll back.

"Unngh fuck, your tongue!" Theresa sobbed, fisting her hands in his hair and grinding her aching snatch against his face desperately. "So fucking good in Mommy's nasty cunny! Don't stop, eat my fucking pussy!"

Spurred on by her wanton cries, Michael tongue-fucked her clenching hole furiously, plunging in and out of her clasping heat. Her babbled obscenities and the wet squelch of his oral ministrations filled the room. He nipped and nibbled at her throbbing clit, making her thighs quake.

With his face crammed between her legs, Michael looked up the length of his mother's body, taking in her massive jugs still smeared with his seed, heaving and jiggling with each gasping breath. The depravity of it all made his cock throb against the mattress.

Lost to sensation, Theresa pulled her son's head harder against her drooling cunt, smothering him in her overripe folds as she humped his face with abandon. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the intense pleasure, his stubble scraping deliciously against her sensitive flesh.

Michael lashed Theresa's clit relentlessly with his tongue, flicking the throbbing bud side to side as he sucked it between his lips. Her bulb was overly-plump and shiny pink, just like his Gran's.

Her syrupy arousal flooded his mouth as he tongue-fucked her convulsing hole with feral hunger, masking his face in writhing pussy.

"Oh god, oh fuck, don't stop!" Theresa wailed, her whole body going rigid as her climax surged through her like molten lava. "I'm cumming! Fuck, I'm cumming on you, Michael! UNNNGH!"

Theresa shrieked and thrashed as a violent orgasm crashed over her, making her massive tits bounce and ripple wildly. Her eyes rolled back and she gushed like a geyser, squirting hot jets of fem-cum all over Michael's face as he slurped ravenously at her pulsing slit.

Wave after wave of ecstasy shook Theresa to her core as her cunt quivered uncontrollably around her boy's plunging tongue. Michael lapped up her copious release greedily, not letting up for a second as she bucked and writhed beneath his oral assault.

"Fuck fuck fuck, it's too much!" Theresa sobbed, the intense sensations bordering on painful in her hypersensitive state. But Michael was relentless, sealing his mouth around her throbbing sex and sucking hard, wringing another shattering climax from her quivering flesh.

Theresa jackknifed off the bed with a hoarse scream as she exploded again, painting her son's face with another gush of her essence. Her whole body convulsed wildly, ass jiggling, as she squirted all over his lips and chin in a seemingly endless stream.

By the time her second orgasm finally tapered off, Theresa was a boneless, twitching mess. Her over-stimulated pussy couldn't take any more pleasure without pain. She whimpered and pushed weakly at Michael's head, panting harshly.

"No more," she managed to gasp out, thoroughly spent. "Too sensitive. I can't cum again, baby. You've sucked Mommy's cunt dry."

Michael gave her quivering slit one last slow, savoring lick before reluctantly pulling away. His face was drenched in her release, dripping off his chin. He licked his lips, relishing her tangy flavor as he admired his handiwork - his mother sprawled out naked, sweaty and trembling from the force of her climaxes.

"Damn Mom, you really soaked me," he marveled, swiping a hand across his slick cheeks. "You squirt even more juice than Gran does."

Theresa managed a weak, satisfied grin even as aftershocks continued to make her twitch. "You bring it out in me, stud. I haven't cum like that with your father... ever."

As Theresa slowly came down from her mind-blowing orgasms, she noticed that Michael's massive cock was still rock hard and throbbing, jutting out from his crotch like a fleshy battering ram. Thick ropes of pre-cum oozed steadily from the engorged purple head, dripping onto the sheets.

"Mmmm, looks like someone's not done yet," Theresa purred, eyeing her son's straining erection hungrily. "Can't leave my baby with blue balls, can I?"

Mustering her strength, she sat up and wrapped her fingers around Michael's steely shaft, pumping him slowly from root to tip. He groaned at the sensation of her warm hand gripping his aching cock, hips flexing involuntarily.

"Lay back, honey," Theresa instructed huskily. "Let Mommy take care of her new dick."

Michael eagerly complied, reclining against the pillows and spreading his legs to give her better access. Theresa settled between his thighs, continuing to stroke his throbbing meat as she leaned down and pressed her huge, heavy breasts against his pulsing length.

Shifting forward, she trapped his cock in the deep, overheated crevice of her cleavage, smothering him in pillowy softness.

Michael moaned brokenly as his mother began rubbing her massive mammaries up and down his shaft, her flesh still slick with his drying cum from earlier.

"Fuck Mom, yeah, jerk me off with your big titties," he panted, eyes glazing over with pleasure as she worked him skillfully, using her abundant jugs to bring him closer to release.

Theresa grinned wickedly, pumping him faster, her own arousal building again at the debauched sight and sensations. She loved the feeling of his thick cock sliding between her slippery mounds, his pre-spend mixing lewdly with the remnants of his prior load.

Overcome with taboo lust, Michael pulled his mother by the arm and buried his face in her cavernous cleavage, motorboating her wildly jiggling flesh. He licked and sucked at the pliant skin, inhaling the musky scent of his own spunk as it coated his cheeks.

"Mmmm, yes baby, worship Mommy's big titties," Theresa urged breathlessly, squeezing her soft melons tighter around his head while jacking his cock with her hand. "Suck on them while I milk your hard dick dry. Gonna make you explode all over me again."

Half-crazed with need, Michael chewed and sucked his way up the inner-slope of her tit, then latched onto one of her large, puffy nipples and suckled greedily, drawing the sensitive peak deep into his mouth.

As his face sunk into the mass of fatty and fibrous tissue, he nibbled and chewed at the tender flesh of her areola and teat, making Theresa gasp and moan wantonly.

Michael grunted around a mouthful of boob, his hips thrusting erratically into his mother's pumping fist. The combined sensation of her stroking hand and pillowy breasts smothering his face was driving him wild.

"Oh my God," Theresa purred, feeling her tit orally mauled and her son oversized penis flex powerfully in her stroking fist

Pumping his hips upward, Michael's balls tightened, signaling his impending release. Theresa felt his shaft swell and throb in her grip, knowing he was close. She aimed his cock at the heaving underside of her chest, positioning herself for the coming deluge.

"Cum for Mommy, baby," she commanded breathlessly. "Glaze these giant titties with your hot, thick spunk. Paint me like the dirty cum slut I am!"

With a muffled roar, Michael exploded, his hips bucking wildly as he erupted like a volcano. Huge, ropey jets of pearly jism blasted from his jerking cockhead, splattering all over his mom's belly and bouncing jugs in an obscene shower.

"Oh shit," the boy sighed as her distended nipple popped from his mouth. His mom squeezed the last few dribbles of cream from his cock, then lowered on top of him, smothering his neck with tender kisses.

After basking in the afterglow of their orgasms, they cuddled in a sticky naked heap, resisting the urge to fuck as they drifted off to sleep in Michael's bed.

When Theresa arrived to visit Mark the next morning, he recounted Nancy's lewd display and vulgar taunting with a pained expression. "Your mother is a real piece of work," he said bitterly. "The way she reveled in describing how Michael would defile you, it was sickening. She's practically salivating at the idea of our son cuckolding me with my own wife!"

Theresa sighed and took Mark's hand, trying to soothe him. "Oh honey, I know my mom can be a bit...crude and insensitive sometimes. But please try not to take it personally. In her own misguided way, she really does want what's best for me. For us."

Mark scoffed in disbelief. "How can you defend her, Theresa? She outright told me you would get off on humiliating me with Michael! That him impregnating you would be the ultimate thrill! She's a monster."

"Mark, stop. You're overreacting," Theresa chided gently. "Mom is just excited for me to have my needs met, like any mother would be. And yes, she's extremely proud of Michael's...prowess and virility. What grandmother wouldn't be thrilled to know her grandson is so well-endowed and skilled at pleasing a woman?"

"She whipped out her tits and showed me all the marks Michael left on them! Said yours will soon look the same, covered in his bites and hickeys. That he'll suck your nipples until they're swollen and raw."

It was then that Mark noticed what looked like a couple purple hickey's and a bite marks on his wife's bulging cleavage that matched the ones her mother had on her tits. "Are those...um...?"

"I know it sounds bad when she says things like that," Theresa admitted, attempting to avert the attention away from her son's love-marks. "But that's just how she is - no filter. She doesn't mean any harm. In her own

crass way, she's trying to reassure you that Michael will take good care of me and my needs. That I'll be fully satisfied."

"Theresa, did Michael suck on your—"

"Focus on my mother's intent, not her delivery," his wife blurted, cutting him off. "She loves me and wants me happy, just like you do. This is her way of being supportive, even if it's hard to stomach."

"She was right...Michael did do the same thing to you. To your breasts," he uttered, still staring at the marks on her tits. "Did you and Michael...last night?"

"No, he did spend time...sucking on me, but we didn't have sex," Theresa answered, giving Mark a sympathetic look. "Honey, I know this whole situation is difficult and awkward. But if Michael and I are gonna be intimate on a regular basis, we need to figure out some ground rules and boundaries to make it easier for you."

"Ground rules and boundaries?"

"Yes," she answered, took a deep breath. "For starters, I think it's important that we're always open and honest with each other. No sneaking around or trying to hide things. If Michael and I are gonna have sex, we'll let you know in advance so you can prepare yourself mentally."

Mark took a deep breath. "I agree, honesty is crucial here. That being said, tell me truthfully - how often do you think you and Michael will need to... to be together? I know it won't be easy to hear, but I'd rather know what to expect."

Theresa bit her lip, averting her eyes. She knew her answer would be difficult for her husband to swallow. "Well, given my high sex drive, and factoring in my pent-up frustration this past week..." She hesitated, hating to twist the knife but knowing he deserved the unvarnished truth.

"I anticipate needing it at least 3-4 times a day, maybe more," she confessed quietly. "Once in the morning, again in the afternoon, and then 1-2 times at night before bed. With a possible quickie or two in between as needed."

Mark looked like he'd been punched in the gut, all the air leaving his lungs in a whoosh. "3-4 times a DAY?" he croaked in disbelief. "Dear God, Theresa..."

She reached out to stroke his face in apology. "I know it sounds like a lot, honey. And I'm sure over time, as the novelty wears off and my needs stabilize, it may taper down to a more manageable 1-2 daily sessions. But at least in the beginning, when I'm making up for lost time and adjusting to Michael's, um, capabilities...I think I'll require that much frequent stimulation, yes."

Mark closed his eyes, trying to process the devastating information. His wife needed to be pounded by their son's cock multiple times a day just to function. The sheer volume of fucking she required was staggering. He had always struggled to fully quench her sexual thirst and now she'd be getting dicked down by a strapping young buck with the stamina of a stallion morning, noon and night. How could he ever compare?

"There's more," Theresa said gently, hating to pile on but wanting to give Mark the full picture. "On top of the raw frequency, I'll also need a fair amount of...duration and intensity per session."

Mark's face was confused. "Duration and intensity?"

Theresa chose her words carefully. "Michael won't just be providing a few minutes of perfunctory missionary sex a couple times a day. To truly satisfy me, I'll require lengthy bouts of vigorous, athletic sex each time. At least 60 to 90 minutes per interlude, often longer."

Mark balked at Theresa's revelation, eyes wide with shock. "60 to 90 minutes? Each time?" he sputtered incredulously. "That's...that's hours of sex every single day!"

Theresa gave him a pained smile, her expression soft with sympathy but also a hint of wistful longing. "I know it sounds excessive, honey. But you have to understand - Michael is an 18 year old boy in his sexual prime, just like I am. His youthful stamina and short recovery time means he can go for much longer stretches than most men without losing steam."

She paused, not wanting to bruise Mark's ego but needing him to understand. "Even before your accident, when we made love, it was usually over within 10-15 minutes at most. And then you'd go soft and need a long refractory period before you could perform again. It's not a criticism, just a biological reality."

"So you see, honey," Theresa continued delicately, "this arrangement with Michael really is the best solution for managing my powerful cravings. He'll have the youthful vigor and quick reload time to match my demanding sex drive, without petering out or leaving me hanging."

"That's is a lot of sex, Theresa," Mark sputtered.

"Well, yes, when you factor in multiple lengthy bouts per day," Theresa continued gently, "We're realistically looking at a bare minimum of 3-4 hours spent in active, strenuous intercourse daily. Possibly upwards of 5-6 hours on his peak days or if I'm feeling particularly needy."

The room seemed to spin around Mark at the thought of his wife getting pounded relentlessly by their son for a third of the day, every day. The sheer amount of time they would spend locked in carnal congress was unfathomable to him. And yet, he couldn't deny the logic of her assessment, as painful as it was to hear.

"We'll do our best to be discreet, ok?" Theresa promised. "But Mark, I think it's important you work on becoming more comfortable with the sounds of sex in our home. It's gonna be a regular occurrence now."

She looked at him tenderly. "I know it's not easy, but try to reframe it in your mind. Those sounds are a positive thing, evidence that your son is giving your wife the pleasure and attention she desperately needs. That her body is being worshipped and satisfied as it should be. Take comfort in that."

Mark closed his eyes, struggling to process her words. It went against every instinct to find solace in another man, his own flesh and blood no less, screwing his wife. But Theresa's warm, soothing tone made it almost sound reasonable, even vaguely reassuring.

Theresa gave Mark's hand a comforting squeeze before broaching the next delicate subject. "Honey, since you'll be coming home with a special hospital bed, I've been thinking about our sleeping arrangements. It might make the most sense for you to set up in Michael's room, while Michael and I take the master suite."

Mark's head snapped up in surprise, a wounded look flashing across his face. "What? You want me to sleep in our son's room while he shares our marital bed with you? Theresa, no. Absolutely not!"

Theresa sighed patiently, as if reasoning with a stubborn child. "Mark, I know it's not ideal. But logistically, it really is the best solution. The master bedroom is more spacious and private, better suited for the frequent, vigorous lovemaking Michael and I will be engaging in."

Mark looked stricken at the mention of his wife's sexual plans, but Theresa pressed on. "Plus, the master has the en suite bathroom, which will be handy for post-coital clean up. We won't have to traipse through the house in the middle of the night, risking waking the other kids."

She gave him a soothing look, her voice turning tender. "And honey, realistically, my need for intercourse won't be limited to daylight hours. There will likely be times when the urge strikes me in the middle of the night. Having Michael right there beside me means I can just roll over and nudge him awake for sex without disturbing your rest."

Mark looked like he might be sick at the casual way Theresa described rousing their son for impromptu night sex. But she stroked his arm gently, trying to soften the blow.

"I know the idea of sleeping alone is upsetting, but Mark, I'll only be just down the hall. It's not like I'm abandoning you. This is about giving Michael and I the privacy and convenience we need to keep my libido in check around the clock."

Mark sighed heavily, struggling to accept this new reality. The thought of being exiled from his marital bed, from his wife's side, so she could more

conveniently fuck their son was a bitter pill to swallow. But as always, Theresa's logic was sound.

"I suppose you're right," he conceded grudgingly. "It would be impractical for you two to get up and down all night to go to another room. And we certainly don't want the younger kids seeing something they shouldn't."

The next day, Mark was discharged from the hospital and brought home to begin adjusting to his new life. Theresa and Michael had spent the morning clearing out Michael's old bedroom to make space for Mark's specialized hospital bed and equipment. The room felt sterile and impersonal, lacking any warmth or familiarity.

As Theresa got Mark settled in, he looked up at her with pleading eyes. "Theresa, um... before you go, could I see the master bedroom? The one you and Michael will be sharing? I just wanna check it out, get a sense of where you'll be."

Theresa hesitated, biting her lip. She knew there had been some significant changes made to the room in the past couple of days in preparation for her and Michael's new sleeping arrangements. Changes that might be upsetting for Mark to see.

"I don't know, honey," she said gently. "I'm not sure that's a good idea right now. You're still adjusting to being home and I don't wanna overwhelm you."

But Mark persisted, his voice taking on a slight edge. "Please, babe. I need to see it. I promise I can handle it, whatever it is. Not knowing will only make my imagination run wild."

Theresa sighed, realizing he was right. It was better to rip the bandaid off now rather than let him stew in speculation. "Alright, I'll take you to see it. But remember, we're doing what's necessary for my well-being, okay?"

She gripped the handles of his wheelchair and slowly pushed him down the hall to the master suite. Mark's heart thudded in his chest as they approached, a sense of dread knotting his stomach.

Theresa paused outside the closed door, giving Mark a searching look. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Mark set his jaw and nodded stiffly. With a resigned sigh, Theresa turned the knob and wheeled Mark inside.

He inhaled sharply as he took in the transformed space. The first thing that hit him was the size of the bed - it was massive, an oversized California king that dominated the room. The frame was sturdy iron, with a headboard and footboard that featured heavy-duty construction.

Mark swallowed hard as he stared at the imposing bed, an uneasy feeling settling in his gut. He turned to Theresa with a forced neutral expression. "That's...quite an upgrade in bed size," he remarked, trying to keep his tone light. "Any particular reason for such a big mattress? And the reinforced frame?"

Theresa's cheeks flushed and she avoided his gaze at first. "Mark, honey, do I really need to spell it out?" Her tone was gentle but laced with embarrassment.

"Well, I just wanna understand," Mark pressed, even as part of him screamed not to ask questions he didn't truly want the answers to.

Theresa sighed and met his eyes. "The heavy-duty construction of the frame and headboard is necessary to withstand the...enthusiasm we'll be generating. Our old bed simply wouldn't hold up to the pounding it will endure on a daily basis."

She looked at him almost apologetically. "Michael is a young man in his prime with incredible power and stamina. When he takes me, it will be an enthusiastic, animalistic mating. I wanted a bed that would be able to handle the aggressive, prolonged thrusting without breaking."

Mark closed his eyes, fighting back the wave of nausea at the vivid picture Theresa painted of the relentless jackhammering she would soon be subjected to in this new bed. The knowledge that his wife required such an industrial strength fuck-station to survive the vicious pummeling their son would inflict on her night after night was a jagged pill to swallow.

"I see," he managed weakly. "Yes, that does make sense from structural standpoint."

Theresa gave him a sympathetic look. "I know it's not easy to hear, but you wanted complete honesty. And the reality is, anything less than this setup would quickly prove insufficient for Michael and I."

Mark's gaze drifted up and he sucked in a sharp breath as he noticed the ceiling above the bed. Mounted there was an expansive mirror, taking up nearly the entire space over the mattress. His wide eyes met Theresa's in the reflection.

"Is that...new?" he asked hoarsely, though the answer was obvious. Their bedroom ceiling had certainly never featured a mirror before.

Theresa nodded, her expression a mix of shy and excited. "Yes, I had it installed yesterday. It was Michael's idea, actually."

Mark's stomach clenched at the thought of his son already making interior decor suggestions for Mark's own marital bedroom. The presumption stung.

"His idea?" Mark repeated numbly. "Why?"

Theresa's cheeks pinked and she looked away. "Well, as you know, my tastes tend to run a bit...girly. Lots of lace and florals and pastels. Which is fine, but I wanted to do something special for Michael too, to make him feel more at home since he'll be spending so much time in here now."

Mark felt dizzy, his stomach turning at the lascivious implications. "But why mirrors? What purpose could they possibly serve other than..." He trailed off, not wanting to finish the thought out loud.

Theresa shifted uncomfortably, clearly not wanting to voice the mirror's indecent purpose. "Oh, um, hey did you notice the new curtains? I thought the navy blue would complement the rug nicely and—"

But Mark wasn't listening, his attention riveted on the framed photo perched on the bedside table. It was an intimate close-up shot of Theresa and Michael, their faces mere inches apart as they gazed deeply into each other's eyes. The adoration and fierce longing passing between them was palpable, almost a physical force. They looked for all the world like two people consumed by passionate, forbidden love.

Mark's blood ran cold as he stared at the damning image, a portrait of the inevitable carnal bond his wife would soon share with their son. The devotion and hunger in their locked eyes spoke of a connection that transcended the familial - raw, primal, all-consuming. It was the way a woman looked at her soulmate, her virile alpha mate. Not her own child.

"When was this taken?"

"This was taken last week, at Michael's 18th birthday party," she explained, tracing the edge of the photo with a fingertip. "We had a moment alone in the kitchen, and I gave him a hug to congratulate him on reaching such a milestone. My mom captured the moment."

"Where's our wedding photo?" Mark asked, gazing around.

"Oh...that. I think we put it up in the attic," his wife confessed. "Which was stupid of me. I should have hung it up in your new bedroom."

Mark shook his head in disbelief, not wanting to accept the tender intimacy on display in the photo that had replaced the one of him and his wife. "You two look pretty serious," he noted.

Theresa placed her hand gently on Mark's shoulder, giving him a sympathetic look. "Honey, you need to understand that the dynamic between Michael and I will be different now. We won't just be mother and son anymore. There will be an undeniable sexual tension and attraction simmering between us at all times."

Her hand moved to stroke the back of Mark's neck in soothing circles, even as her words twisted the knife in his heart.

"You'll need to get used to seeing the desire in our eyes when we're together, the magnetic pull between us. The casual touches that will linger just a little too long to be familial. The secret smiles and knowing glances," Theresa murmured. "It's all part of the profound bond we'll be forging through such regular, intimate contact."

Mark closed his eyes against the onslaught of images - his beautiful wife and strapping young son eyeing each other hungrily across the dinner table, hands brushing as they pass in the hall, exchanging loaded looks heavy with promise and anticipation of their next sexual encounter. He felt like he might be sick.

"I think I've seen enough," Mark said hoarsely.

Theresa nodded in understanding, her expression soft with sympathy. "Of course, honey. This is a lot to take in all at once. Let's get you settled back in bed and I'll make you some tea."

As Theresa wheeled Mark out of the transformed master bedroom, he couldn't help but notice a few more unsettling details. On the dresser sat an enormous economy-sized bottle of lubricant called "Anal-Ease", along with an assortment of flavored massage oils with names like "Passion Fruit Pucker" and "Licorice Lick".

Mark's stomach churned at the implications. Was his wife really planning to engage in such lewd, taboo acts with their own son? The thought of Michael violating her most intimate orifices, slathering her body with slippery oil for carnal massages, was almost too much to bear.

In the bathroom, Mark spotted two plush matching robes hanging on the back of the door - one in a masculine navy blue, the other a feminine lilac, both embroidered with intertwined initials, like a wedding gift for the happy new couple. The symbolism of their union, of Michael usurping Mark's place as the man of the house, was like a punch to the gut.

"Theresa..." Mark croaked weakly, gesturing to the robes with a trembling hand. "What are those?"

Theresa glanced over, biting her lip as she saw what had caught Mark's attention. "Oh. Those are just a little gift from my mother. Something nice for Michael and I to wear during our...private time together."

She tactfully steered the wheelchair out of the room before Mark could inquire about the anal lube and massage oils. There were some things he was better off not knowing all the details of, for his own sanity. But the reminder of those items she'd recently purchased couldn't keep her nipples from tingling and her asshole from puckering anxiously.

"Let's get you back to your bed," Theresa said soothingly.

After getting her husband settled, Theresa went over to her mother Nancy's house for a special yoga session. Both women were dressed in skimpy, revealing workout clothes - skintight booty shorts that barely covered their plump rear ends and low-cut sports bras that displayed their monstrous tit-cleavage.

They set up their yoga mats in the living room, right in front of where Frank sat immobile in his wheelchair. The two women exchanged a conspiratorial wink, knowing the lewd show they were about to put on for him.

"Don't mind him," Nancy said breezily. "I wanted your father to observe our session today. He should understand the importance of keeping our bodies primed and ready for a young stud like Michael.

As an experience yoga instructor, Nancy began guiding Theresa through a series of poses that were blatantly sexual in nature, each one designed to mimic a different coital position. She angled her body to give Frank an unobstructed view of their lewd display.

"Alright Theresa, move into Downward Facing Dog," Nancy instructed.

Theresa obediently got on all fours, sticking her round ass high in the air. Her tiny shorts crept between her cheeks, giving the appearance of a thong.

"Michael loves taking me from behind like this, grabbing my hips and just slamming into me doggy-style."

She reached back and smacked her daughter's quivering buttocks. "Really arch that back and present yourself, let your father see how you'll offer up your holes to to his Grandson just like his wife does."

Theresa let out a wanton moan as she tilted her pelvis more, putting her crotch on vulgar display.

Nancy grinned at her husband's stricken expression before moving on to the next pose. "Okay, now let's practice Reclined Bound Angle. Lay back and spread your legs, get those hips nice and loose."

Theresa rolled onto her back and let her knees fall open wide in a lewd approximation of the missionary position. The seam of her shorts pressed tightly against her mound, molding to her puffy slit. Theresa rocked her hips up rhythmically, as if meeting an invisible lover's thrusts.

"Perfect form," Nancy praised, her voice dripping with innuendo. "Michael will have such deep access to your sweet spot like this. He'll stir up your insides real good, really grind that fat knob of his against that cervical head."

She placed her hands on Theresa's splayed thighs and pushed them back further, until her daughter's crotch was pointed straight at Frank. "Those cute little shorts leave nothing to the imagination, do they Frank? No question what your daughter's ripe body is built for."

Theresa bit her lip and whimpered as she undulated her pelvis in long, sensuous rolls, the flesh of her inner thighs jiggling. Frank watched in transfixed horror, unable to look away from his daughter's blatant fuck motions.

Nancy smirked and moved the session along. "Now let's try a variation on Reclining Bound Angle - grab behind your knees and pull them to your chest. This one's great for hitting the G-spot."

Theresa wrapped her arms around her legs, hugging them tightly to her torso and turning her crotch into an explicit bulls-eye. The position left her

completely open and exposed. "Like this, Mom?" she asked with faux innocence.

"Just like that, baby girl," Nancy purred. "See how vulnerable this pose leaves you, totally surrendered? No way to stop your horny little snatch from getting speared by teenage cock."

Frank tried to avert his gaze from the depraved yoga display, unable to stomach the sight of his daughter and wife so lewdly presenting themselves. But Nancy was having none of it.

With surprising agility for her age, she stretched out a leg and caught Frank's chin with her foot, painted toenails digging into his skin. With a firm press, she redirected his face back to the obscene spectacle.

"Eyes up here, Frank," Nancy commanded harshly. "You don't get to look away. I want you to see every detail of how your baby girl is getting her body ready to be despoiled by our virile young grandson."

Frank let out a strangled sound of distress but was powerless to resist his wife's dominant directive. His eyes reluctantly refocused on Theresa splayed out with her legs pulled back, crotch pointed at him.

"That's better," Nancy said with cruel satisfaction. "You just sit there and observe every second of this. Watch your sexy daughter perform mating poses, see how she presents her holes like a bitch in heat."

She smirked at him, flexing her foot against his face in warning. "The next time you look away, I'll make you watch up close in humiliating detail while Michael fucks the shit out of me and ruins me with that huge slab of cockmeat you can't hope to match. Understand?"

Frank shuddered but nodded weakly, knowing he was utterly at the mercy of his vicious wife. She could force him to endure any degradation she wished and he'd be helpless to stop her.

Nancy chuckled darkly at Frank's defeated compliance before turning back to Theresa with a wicked grin. "Alright sweetie, let's move on to some cowgirl poses. Up on your knees now."

Theresa obediently rose to her knees on the yoga mat, straddling an imaginary lover. Her massive breasts jiggled and swayed heavily with the motion, barely contained by the straining sports bra.

Nancy circled around behind Theresa and placed her hands on her daughter's broad hips, angling them forward. "Remember, you wanna create a nice deep arch in your lower back. Really present that hungry snatch."

Nancy reached around and smacked Theresa's puffy mound, making her gasp. "Tilt that pelvis, offer up your cunt like a good little mommy-slut."

Theresa whimpered and did as instructed, rolling her hips to thrust her crotch out obscenely. The seam of her skintight shorts disappeared between the plump lips of her pussy, highlighting every fold and crease.

"Perfect," Nancy purred. "Now show your Daddy what a grade-A dick jockey you are. Bounce on that imaginary teenage cock like you mean it."

Moaning wantonly, Theresa began undulating her wide hips with practiced skill, rocking them in filthy circles and figure-eights. She moved her body in a lewd pantomime of riding cock, her giant tits swinging and slapping together lewdly, clearly unfettered beneath her yoga top.

"That's it, grind that cunt," Nancy encouraged. "Squeeze your kegels like you're milking a fat dick dry with your hungry fuck-tunnel."

She pressed against Theresa from behind, thrusting her own pelvis in time with her daughter's gyrations.

"When Michael's splitting you open on that monster cock, you clench down and ripple on him, really massage his meat with your cunt muscles," Nancy advised breathlessly. "Teenage boys absolutely love that shit. Makes them dump the biggest loads."

Theresa threw her head back against her mother's shoulder, loose strands of hair clinging to her sweaty face as she rocked and writhed. "Ohhh fuck yesss," she keened. "Gonna drain those swollen bull-balls dry!"

Nancy grinned savagely at Frank over Theresa's shoulder as they dry humped in tandem. "Watch closely Frank. This is how your sweet baby girl

is gonna to ride your strapping young grandson. Impale herself on his enormous fuck-stick over and over until he floods her unprotected womb with virile seed."

Frank made a choked sound of anguish, his face a mask of impotent humiliation and despair as he was forced to witness the grotesque display of his wife and daughter practicing their cock-riding skills.

Nancy and Theresa continued their vulgar yoga routine under Frank's horrified gaze, each new position more obscene than the last. They transitioned seamlessly from bouncing to grinding, their bodies undulating in perfect sync as if they were being taken by the same relentless cock.

The vigorous motions proved too much for their flimsy yoga tops to contain. With each thrust and shimmy, more of their sweat-slicked tit-flesh spilled out over the plunging necklines until finally their massive, jiggling breasts bounced completely free.

"Oops!" Nancy giggled as her huge, sagging udders flopped out to slap against her belly. "These big ol' girls just don't wanna stay put!"

She cupped the heavy globes and lewdly hefted them, her rubbery nipples already hard and poking out from their massive areolar caps.

Theresa's colossal knockers had also escaped their spandex prison, her puffy pink nubs engorged with arousal. She licked her lips and fondled the weighty tits shamelessly, pinching and tugging on her fat teats until they throbbed visibly.

Their giant tits flopped and slapped together lewdly as they undulated, nipples like hard bullets aimed right at Frank's horrified face. Wet smacking sounds filled the room as mother and daughter bucked and pistoned their skilled hips, the fabric of their skimpy shorts pasted to their perspiration-slicked mounds.

"Fuck yes, ride that teenage dick!" Nancy crowed, her saggy udders swinging pendulously as she humped the air. "Drain those cum-swollen balls dry with that hungry MILF snatch!"

“Yesss!” Theresa cried out, nearly orgasm she was so turned on. “I’m gonna ride the shit out of him!”

Finally, after nearly an hour of the revolting tit-flopping fuck-aerobics, and lots of mini-orgasms the two women collapsed on their yoga mats, chests heaving and bodies glistening with sweat. The front panels of their bottoms were visibly wet with arousal, the damp patches highlighting the puffy outlines of their mounds.

"Whew!" Nancy declared, fanning her flushed face. "I don't know about you Theresa, but I'm drenched! I think it's time for a nice, refreshing shower."

Theresa nodded in agreement, peeling her sweat-soaked top over her head. "God yes, I'm overheated. Feels like my cunt is steaming!"

With that, the two women stripped off their soaked yoga bottoms, baring their dripping, puffy cunts to Frank's horrified gaze. The crotches of the skimpy shorts were drenched with their musky arousal, since the damp material had been clinging to the plump outline of their vulvas.

Theresa sauntered over to her father, her exposed tits bouncing heavily with each step. She draped her moist yoga shorts over his face, positioning the sodden gusset directly over his nose and mouth. “There you go daddy,” she winked.

The pungent aroma of her sweat-drenched crotch invaded his nostrils. Nancy cackled and added her own sopping bottoms to the pile, smothering Frank completely in hot, pungent pussy stank.

"Breathe it in, Frank," Nancy's mocking voice came from above. "Get a good whiff of what Michael's gonna be smelling when he's tongue-deep in our cunts."

The two women's laughter rang in Frank's ears as they sauntered off to the bathroom to shower, naked asses jiggling with every step, leaving him marinating in their fuck-oils.

At school that day, Michael was approached by three different girls, all with huge, bountiful breasts straining against their tight tops. They each cornered him separately, batting their eyelashes flirtatiously and pressing their giant tits against his arm as they propositioned him.

Stacy, the head cheerleader, pulled Michael into an empty classroom. Her Double-D cups practically spilled out of her low-cut tank top as she ran a manicured nail down his chest. "Hey Mikey," she purred, "Wanna come over after school? My parents won't be home. We could have some fun..." She licked her glossy lips suggestively, leaving no doubt as to what kind of "fun" she had in mind.

Michael swallowed hard, his cock twitching at the enticing sight of Stacy's massive rack. It was so tempting, especially when she leaned in close, her pillowy breasts squishing against him. But he summoned his willpower and gently pushed her away. "Sorry Stace, I can't today. Got important plans already."

Next was Tiffany, the busty goth chick. She ambushed Michael behind the bleachers, her ponderous pale jugs jiggling as she pinned him to the wall. "Where do you think you're going?" she breathed, her ample bosom heaving in a tight black corset.

"Heading to my next class," Michael answered, trying to ignore his throbbing hardon.

"Why don't you fuck me instead. I'll make it worth your while..." She grabbed his hand and boldly placed it on her huge, creamy tit, encouraging him to squeeze.

Michael groaned at the plush softness filling his palm. God, her rack was spectacular. But again, he resisted, stepping back regretfully. "I appreciate the offer, Tiff. But I really can't bail on my prior commitments. Maybe another time?"

Finally, curvy Latina Selena cornered Michael in the locker room after gym class. Her white t-shirt was soaked with sweat, rendering it completely transparent. Her colossal, caramel-colored tetas bounced freely underneath,

dark nipples poking through the wet fabric. "Ay papi," she cooed, pressing her damp chest to his. "I'm so horny, I'm practically dripping. Come fuck me in the showers, yeah? I'll let you titty-fuck these big maracas..."

Michael nearly caved, his resolve crumbling under the smothering weight of Selena's giant, sweaty rack rubbing all over him. The tempting mounds felt like warm, pliant dough against his skin, the stiff points of her nipples searing into him. But he dug deep and refused one final time. "Fuck, you have no idea how badly I want to, Selena. But I can't. I made a promise to someone."

As Michael was walking home from school, still reeling from all the tempting busty offers, a car pulled up alongside him. He did a double take when he saw it was Mrs. Johnson, his voluptuous 35-year-old English teacher.

She leaned across the passenger seat, giving Michael an ample view down her gaping blouse. Her massive, freckled breasts strained against the thin fabric, the outlines of her lacy bra clearly visible. "Hey Michael, need a ride?" she asked with a coy smile.

"Nah, I'm good thanks," he replied.

"Are you sure? I was thinking we could go park somewhere private and...discuss your latest essay."

Michael's eyes widened at the blatant invitation. Mrs. Johnson was notorious for seducing her male students. Rumor had it she'd fucked half the football team in her back seat. The hungry look in her eyes left no doubt what kind of "discussion" she had in mind.

"Gee, thanks Mrs. J, but I really gotta get home," Michael declined, tearing his gaze away from the tantalizing view of her huge, creamy jugs. "I, uh, promised my mom I'd help with dinner."

Mrs. Johnson pouted, her plump bottom lip glistening with gloss. "Aw, can't she spare you for an hour or two? I really think we need to have a...deep, penetrating exploration of your work."

She shifted in her seat, subtly arching her back to make her giant rack jut out even more.

Michael licked his lips, sorely tempted. God, what he wouldn't give to bury his face in Mrs. Johnson's bountiful cleavage and chew, suck and motorboat those big, soft titties. But he stood firm. "Sorry, I can't. Family comes first."

Mrs. Johnson sighed in disappointment but nodded. "Such a good boy. Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me..." With a wink and a jiggle of her huge boobs, she drove off, leaving Michael sweaty and flustered.

Shaking his head, Michael continued walking, only to be stopped again a block later. This time, it was Misty, the pregnant MILF from down the street. At 8 months along, her belly was hugely swollen, but it was nothing compared to her gigantic milk-filled tits. They'd ballooned up to a whopping J-cup, stretching her tank top to the limit.

"Michael, honey, can you help me carry these groceries inside?" Misty called sweetly from her front porch. She was struggling with several heavy-looking bags, her massive rack bobbing and swaying with each movement.

Eager to assist, Michael jogged over and took the bags from her. "Of course, Misty. Let me get those for you." He followed her into the house, trying not to stare too obviously at her colossal, jiggling ass and udders.

Once inside, Misty turned to Michael with a sultry smile. "Thanks so much for the help, sweetie. You know, my hubby's still at work, and my daughter's at her friend's house..."

She sauntered closer, her enormous belly and breasts preceding her. "Which means we have the whole house to myself for a couple of hours."

Misty placed her hands on Michael's chest, gazing up at him through lowered lashes. "I've seen the way you look at me, Michael. At my huge, swollen tits and belly."

She grabbed his hand and placed it on her massive bump. "Have you ever fucked a pregnant mom?"

Michael shook his head and groaned as he felt her belly, firm and taut with new life. His hand crept higher, brushing the heavy underside of her giant milk jugs. "Jesus Misty..." he breathed. The idea of sliding his dick between those massive, veiny tits, squeezing and suckling the swollen nipples, was so tempting. He couldn't help but wonder how plump and engorged her cunt was, how far her swollen clit poked out from beneath its fleshy hood. He'd heard that pregnant women came so fucking hard...

Misty smirked knowingly, pushing her huge udders into his palm. "Mmm, I'm so fucking full of milk. Why don't you have a taste?" She peeled her tank top off, unleashing her gigantic, blue-veined breasts. They hung to her navel, areolas the size of drink coasters. A creamy drop of colostrum beaded at the tip of each nub.

"Fuck..." Michael whispered, transfixed by the sheer size of her baby-feeding jugs. Misty grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face into her cleavage, smothering him in warm, dense tit-flesh.

"Suck mommy's big milkers," she cooed, guiding a fat nipple to his mouth. "Drain these udders while you rearrange my pregnant cunt with that huge cock."

Michael lapped at the leaking bud, savoring the sweet, rich fluid flowing over his tongue. He seal his lips around the fringe of her areola and suckled, feeling her nipple burst inside his mouth, nectar spouting from several ducts and running down his throat.

His cock was rock hard, screaming at him to throw this horny MILF on the table and rut all her holes. Suck and fuck those giant, lactating tits while he pounded her swollen, throbbing gash...

With a Herculean effort, Michael pulled away, panting harshly. "Shit Misty, you have no idea how badly I want to wreck you. Fuck your brains out until your legs shake and my balls are drained dry in your cunt. But...I can't."

Misty pouted, cupping her massive tits and pointing the dripping nipples at him like a lewd offering. "Why not, baby? I need it so bad. I'm desperate for that teenage dick. I'll let you do anything you want to me, any hole..."

Michael clenched his eyes shut and took a deep, shuddering breath. "I can't. Believe me, I want to more than anything. But I made plans for tonight that I absolutely can't miss. I need to save all my sexual energy."

Misty pouted but nodded in understanding. "Must be pretty important plans."

"The most important," Michael said seriously. "I'm sorry."

Misty sighed wistfully. "I understand, darling. You're such a good boy to keep your word, even with a horny slut like me throwing herself at you." She pecked his cheek. "Whoever you made plans with is a very lucky lady. I hope she realizes that."

"Oh she will," Michael promised.

"Mmm, I hope you bust such a good nut inside her," Misty cooed.

"I will," Michael said. "By the time I'm done with her tonight, she'll never forget it. No one will ever fuck her as good as I'm about to."

When Michael finally arrived home, he was immediately greeted by his mom rushing to embrace him. She threw her arms around his neck and pulled him into a hug, crushing her massive breasts against his chest. The hug lingered much longer than a normal maternal embrace, her hands rubbing his back sensually.

As she finally pulled away, Theresa placed a kiss on Michael's cheek, dangerously close to the corner of his mouth. Her plump lips seemed to caress his skin. "Welcome home, sweetie," she purred, her voice husky. "I missed you today."

Michael swallowed hard, trying to ignore the tingling on his cheek where her lips had brushed and the fading warmth of her soft, abundant curves pressed against him. "Missed you too, Mom," he replied, his voice slightly strained.

Theresa linked her arm through his, leaning into his side as she walked him into the living room. Her heavy breasts swayed and jiggled with each step, seeming to rub against him deliberately.

"How was school, honey? Learn anything interesting?" she asked, running her hand up and down his bicep.

"Oh, uh, the usual," Michael stammered, finding it hard to concentrate with his mother's fingertips tracing patterns on his arm. "You know, just... reading and stuff."

Theresa made an interested noise, but her gaze was focused hungrily on his body, trailing over his chest and arms as if sizing up a prime cut of meat. She licked her lips unconsciously.

When they entered his old bedroom, Mark was laying in his hospital-style bed watching TV. He turned at their approach, his eyes widening slightly as he took in the sight of his wife draped over their son, her voluptuous body molded to his side.

"Hi Dad," Michael greeted, shifting uncomfortably under his father's stare. Theresa seemed not to notice the tension, still clinging to Michael.

"Son," Mark replied stiffly. "Good day at school?" His eyes flicked between Michael's face and Theresa's hand possessively squeezing the boy's muscular arm.

"Yeah, it was fine," Michael said quickly.

An awkward silence stretched between the three of them, the air heavy with unspoken knowledge of what was to come. Theresa seemed to press herself even closer to Michael, while Mark watched them with a tight expression.

"Dinner smells great, Mom," Michael said, desperately trying to break the tension. "I'm gonna go wash up." He untangled himself from Theresa's grip and hurried out of the room.

Mark cleared his throat pointedly, drawing Theresa's glazed eyes away from the doorway Michael had just exited. "You certainly seem...affectionate with

him," he remarked, trying to keep his tone neutral even as jealousy ate at him. "Very touchy-feely."

Theresa turned to Mark with an indulgent smile, as if he were a simple child. She sat on the edge of his bed and patted his hand. "Oh honey, I know it must seem like a big change to you. But remember, the dynamic between Michael and I is shifting now."

She gazed at him tenderly, her voice gentle. "I've gone without sexual contact for over a week now. For a woman with needs as powerful as mine, that's an eternity. My body is practically vibrating with pent-up arousal."

Mark swallowed hard, trying not to picture his wife writhing in carnal desperation, her neglected body aflame with anticipation for their son's touch. The vivid image made his stomach turn.

"I...I suppose that's understandable," he allowed hoarsely. "Given the circumstances."

"Exactly," Theresa said, giving his hand a patronizing squeeze. "So you'll have to forgive me if I'm a bit handsy with Michael, a little more physically demonstrative than a typical mother. It's not something I can easily control right now."

Mark flinched at the erotic descriptors. "Still, you were practically undressing him with your eyes just now," he said hoarsely. "I've never seen you look at anyone like that, not even me."

Theresa's eyes softened with sympathy. "I know this isn't easy for you, baby. But you need to accept that Michael and I will be making love to each other tonight. Getting tangled up together as close as two people can be. There's a lot of nervous sexual energy going on right now."

Theresa gave Mark's hand a final pat before rising from the bed. "I better go finish getting dinner ready. You just rest, honey."

She disappeared out of the bedroom, leaving Mark alone with his turbulent thoughts. He sighed heavily, trying to come to terms with the impending

intimate encounter between his wife and son happening under his own roof. It still felt surreal, like a bizarre nightmare he couldn't wake up from.

Lost in his brooding, at first Mark didn't notice the shadowy figures embracing in the hallway. But a flash of movement caught his eye and he turned to see the unmistakable silhouette of Theresa and Michael locked in a passionate clinch, projected on the wall by the hall light.

Mark's blood ran cold as he watched the obscene shadow play. Theresa's voluptuous figure was molded against Michael's taller, muscular one as they kissed deeply. There was no mistaking the erotic nature of their embrace - this was not a chaste peck between mother and son.

Their mouths fused together lewdly, Theresa's hands roaming possessively over Michael's chest and shoulders as he gripped her plush hips. The kiss grew more heated, their lips sliding wetly and tongues visibly tangling. Michael's large hands drifted down to cup Theresa's ample ass, squeezing the fleshy globes and pulling her pelvis flush against his.

Theresa's back arched, pressing her huge breasts into Michael's chest as she stood on her tiptoes, straining to get closer. They devoured each other's mouths, kissing ravenously like long-lost lovers reuniting. Soft smacking sounds and breathy moans drifted from the hallway, making Mark's stomach churn.

As the incestuous couple finally broke their torrid kiss, Theresa gazed up at Michael with heavy-lidded eyes, her lips wet and slightly swollen. She pressed her lush body against his, subtly rolling her hips so that her heated pubis rubbed against the rigid shaft of his erection.

"I can't believe this is finally happening," she murmured huskily, her voice thick with arousal. "Are you as nervous and excited as I am, sweetie? Knowing that in just a few hours, we'll be naked in bed together, your big fat cock pushing and pulsing inside me?"

Michael groaned brokenly, his hands kneading her plush ass cheeks as he dry humped against her. "I'm fucking dying, Mom. The anticipation is killing me."

Theresa whimpered, her eyes fluttering shut in bliss at the delicious friction. "Mmmm, I can feel how ready you are for me, baby. That big teenage cock is throbbing for Mommy's pussy, isn't it?"

"So fucking bad," Michael panted.

Theresa pressed her lips to Michael's ear, her hot breath tickling his skin as she whispered the filthiest, most explicit promises. "Oh baby, the things I'm gonna let you do to me tonight... I'm gonna surrender my body completely to you, let you indulge every depraved fantasy."

She licked the shell of his ear before continuing in a dirty purr. "I want you to pound my wet pussy into oblivion with that massive cock. Just jackhammer my tight cunt until it's red and puffy and gushing all over your shaft."

Michael groaned harshly, his hips jerking as he ground his steely erection against her mound. Theresa ran her tongue along his neck, tasting his sweat.

"Suck on my huge titties while you fuck me. Bury your face in my soft, pillowy cleavage and motorboat me until you nearly suffocate. Bite and tug on my fat nipples until I scream," she demanded breathlessly.

"Unnngh fuck Mom..." Michael panted, squeezing her plump asscheeks harder.

"I need that wicked tongue of yours lapping at my greedy cunt too," Theresa went on, her voice dripping with dirty lust. "Eat my sloppy pussy like it's your last meal. Shove your tongue deep in my honey pot and slurp up all my juices."

She reached down to palm his rigid cock through his jeans, feeling the giant slab throb against her hand.

"And this ass..." Theresa purred, wiggling her thick booty against his groping hands. "I want you to worship it. Kiss and lick every inch of my juicy ass. Spread my cheeks wide and tongue-fuck my tight little asshole until it's slick and loose and ready for your dick."

Michael made a strangled sound, his cock jerking in her grip. Theresa grinned wickedly.

"That's right baby, Mommy wants it in the ass tonight," she revealed in a filthy rasp. "I'm gonna let you sodomize me, shove that huge teenage cock balls deep in my shithole and ream me out. Pump my bowels full of your jizz."

"Holy shit," Michael whimpered, leaking pre-cum. The depravity of his mother's desires almost made him bust right there.

"Mmmm, don't worry baby. Mommy's gonna take real good care of you too," Theresa promised wickedly. "I'm gonna suck your cock so fucking good, like a Hoover vacuum. Swallow every fucking drop of jizz from those swollen balls. You'll forget all about those silly little girls and their amateur blowjobs once you've experienced Mommy's expert mouth."

She licked a slow stripe up his neck before purring in his ear. "I can't wait to drink down all your yummy teenage spunk. You're gonna feed Mommy's hungry cum tank over and over tonight until my belly is sloshing with your seed. Paint my face and huge tits with it too. Mark me as yours."

Michael closed his eyes, fighting for control. His balls felt painfully heavy and full, desperate to empty inside his mother's welcoming holes. "Jesus Christ, Mom..." he rasped. "Keep talking like that and I'm gonna bust a nut in my pants before we even make it to bed."

Theresa giggled naughtily, running her hand along the throbbing column of flesh straining against Michael's zipper. "Mmm, we can't have that, baby. I need this big load saved for our ravenous maiden voyage tonight."

Michael groaned at the mental image, his cock twitching urgently in his pants. He took a few deep breaths, trying to will his raging hard-on into submission. It was a struggle - his teenage hormones were raging out of control, every cell in his body screaming to throw his mother down and mount her right there in the hallway.

Theresa seemed to be in a similar state of barely restrained desire. Her massive breasts heaved with each labored breath, fat nipples visibly poking through her bra and thin t-shirt like tasty gumdrops.

The flimsy cotton was damp with her perspiration, molding to the bountiful, heavy globes. They jiggled heavily with even the slightest movement, ripe and ready for manhandling.

Further south, her crotch was a swamp of arousal. The crotch of her yoga pants clung wetly to the plump outline of her labia, the drenched fabric turning translucent and highlighting her puffy slit. It gaped slightly, revealing the deep pink folds of her vaginal opening. Viscous strands of her liquid lust seeped through, coating her inner thighs.

The pungent aroma of her dripping pussy saturated the air, filling Michael's nostrils with the tangy musk of ripe, fertile cunt. It made his mouth water and his balls ache, primal instinct urging him to shove his face between those quivering thighs and lap up her essence straight from the source before mounting her and rutting savagely.

For her part, Theresa was transfixed by the throbbing pipe cleaving the front of Michael's jeans. The denim was tented obscenely, barely containing the steel girder of his erection.

The bulbous head strained against his fly, the damp spot of pre-cum expanding by the second. His cock was so engorged, it visibly pulsed with each beat of his heart, looking painfully swollen and in need of release.

Further down, his sack was bloated and churning with a volume well beyond his young years. She could practically hear the cum sloshing around in those virile balls, billions of potent teenage sperm just waiting to flood her womb. The thought made her cunt clench and gush, empty and aching to be stuffed full.

The graphic silhouettes writhed and undulated on the wall, a debauched live-action erotic shadow-puppet show playing out for Mark's horrified eyes.

He watched the unmistakable shape of his wife's hands roam down to cup the obscene bulge tenting his son's pants, watched her stroke the massive tube of cock-meat shamelessly through Michael's pants.

He watched her hook a leg around their son's mid-section, dry humping her hot pussy on the unyielding pipe inside his son's pants. Their hips moved fluidly in counterpoint, synced like well-choreographed dancers dry-fucking their sex-organs together in anticipation for the big gala ball in their new bedroom.

After several endless minutes, they finally broke apart, both panting heavily. Even in silhouette, the sexual tension between them was palpable, their bodies still leaning into each other. Theresa gazed up at Michael with naked adoration, her fingers playing with the short hairs at the nape of his neck.

With a visible shudder, Michael bent to place a lingering kiss on his mom's lips before finally stepping back. She squeezed his hand meaningfully before they parted ways, Theresa heading to the kitchen while Michael went to his new bedroom.

Mark felt nauseous, his head swimming with the passionate exchange he'd just witnessed between his wife and son. That was not an innocent moment of familial affection, but the heated prelude to a sexual tryst. They had kissed and dry-fucked like lovers impatient to consummate their forbidden union, heedless that Mark was in the next room.

He closed his eyes, trying to block out the heart-wrenching images, but they played on a loop in his mind. His beautiful wife, melting into his son's embrace, kissing him with more desire than she had ever shown Mark, even on their wedding day.

TO BE CONTINUED...

