

BABYMAKING GETAWAY



BY KLRXO

This story is a complete work of fiction, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

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Janet rolled her eyes and exhaled, a gusty sigh that seemed to mock the limp determination of her husband's half-soft cock as it splashed its meager offering inside her.

There was nothing in his thrusts—not even a last surge of power, just a kind of resigned, helpless twitch—and she could feel the watered-down failure of his seed leaking out before his body had even finished.

Janet desperately wanted another baby; her womb ached with the old, hungry hope for new life. But she knew, with each disappointing spasm, that her husband wasn't capable. Her body craved fullness, a storm of virility, another chance; all she got was a sad, trickling emptiness.

"What the hell?" Jason's shouted as he spotted his son Calvin—their eighteen-year-old son, hunched and frozen in their bedroom doorway.

Calvin's eyes weren't just watching; they were devouring the scene: his father's limp, half-hard cock still buried inside his mother, her giant breasts swaying with each shallow, useless thrust. The sheet had slipped to her waist, leaving her nipples taut and fully visible in the dim light.

"Sorry, I... I was just—" Calvin stammered, unable to tear his gaze from the dark peaks of her areolas, the sweat gleaming on her flushed skin.

"Don't 'just' me," his father snapped, yanking the sheet up to cover them both. "I want your phone. Now. And you're grounded—straight home after practice, no excuses."

"Honey, he's just a curious boy," Janet whispered, her voice soft with sympathy.

Jason grunted, pulling the sheet tighter. "He can be curious somewhere that isn't his parents' doorway."

Janet's gaze drifted past him, down to where Calvin still stood frozen, her eyes widening. The thin fabric of his gym shorts did little to hide the thick, urgent line of his erection—a stark contrast to the half-hearted thing that had just wilted inside her.

Even the dark, wet patch of pre-cum blooming at the tip was larger already than the sad dribble her husband had left between her thighs. Heat coiled low in her belly, sharp and sudden. A idea—raw and electric—clicked into place.

Janet was a 40-year-old spectacle—a brunette MILF with tits that could suffocate a man and an ass so fat it strained the seams of her yoga shorts. The next day, she idled at the curb in her hulking SUV, at the field to collect her son from practice with a smirk that promised filthy, unspeakable things.

The passenger door swung open. Calvin stood there, sweat-soaked and panting from practice, his gym bag slung over one bony shoulder. His eyes—wide and dumb as a calf's—drifted past his mother to the cargo area, where duffels and a cooler sat crammed together.

"Mom," he grunted, still catching his breath. "What's with all the stuff in the back?"

"We're headed up to the family camp for the holiday weekend," she announced, voice low, resonant, and final.

"How come dad and the girls aren't coming?" Calvin asked, closing the door.

Janet's lips curled as she drove, and her gaze slid sideways, intense and knowing. "Because," she replied, "I have a very special project for just the two of us."

"Project?" Calvin grunted, his stupid gaze already locked onto the deep, shadowed canyon of cleavage that heaved with his mother's every breath.

"Well, maybe I should put things into context first," she stated, not wanting to be so bold and direct from the start. "You know how your dad and I have been... trying for another baby?"

"Yeah."

"Well, it turns out there's a problem," Janet continued. "Not with me. I run like clockwork—ovulation right on schedule, everything inside me ready and hungry. It's your father."

"Is he sick?" Calvin naively asked.

She paused, a glint of amusement in her eyes. "No honey, it's nothing like that. Sometimes a man, when he gets older, just loses his ability to... inseminate."

"Insemi... what?" the teen asked stupidly.

"Your father went to a doctor, did all the tests they can throw at a man. Swabs, blood, and—" she gave Calvin a sidelong glance, unflinching—"the sperm sample. They put it on a slide, under a microscope, and the nurse told him straight to his face... it's too weak. Motility zero. Like a bunch of dead fish floating in glue. She didn't even try to sugarcoat it."

"So... dad can't get you pregnant?" Calvin asked.

Janet snorted, the sound low and sharp. "No, and there's a word for that, you know. But I prefer 'pathetic.'"

She squeezed the steering wheel and shifted in her seat, as if the memory itself was physically uncomfortable. "A woman has all these ideas about what her husband's supposed to do. Provide, protect, and give you a baby when you're ready for it. But your dad—he can't even do the one thing every animal on earth is built to do."

She drummed her nails on the wheel, the tap-tap-tap almost a scold.

"After I found out, I tried to let it go. Tried to be gentle, not make him feel like less of a man. But he's been... distant, you know? Like he's ashamed to even look at me, and... I guess, in a way he should be."

Janet finally turned, her eyes hot and bright, pinning Calvin in place with a force he felt in his chest and lower. "A man who can't knock up his own wife doesn't even deserve to fuck her, in my book," she said, each syllable crisp and toxic.

Calvin looked at her in aroused awe. He'd never heard her use the F-word before, but he liked the sound of it coming from her mouth.

"So here's what I need, and why it has to be you," Janet stated. "If I want another baby—and I do, desperately—it's not going to happen

with your father's junk. I need a donor who's got plenty rocket fuel in the tank. Someone young, healthy, virile."

She let the word hang a moment, letting its weight do the work.

"Virile?" her son finally asked as if he's never even heard that word before.

"Do you know how many sperm are in one of your ejaculations, Calvin?" his mother asked.

"Uh... I dunno," the teen said, then scratched his head like a moron. "Like, fifty? Sixty? I never really counted 'em."

"Hundreds of millions. Enough to repopulate a small country, every time you shoot. But your dad's got, what, a handful of sad, retired swimmers, floating around in circles?"

She sneered, the disdain curling her upper lip. "That's not how things get done. That's not how babies are made."

Her eyes flicked to Calvin, then darted back to the road. "But you, Calvin... you crank out rope after rope, a torrential flood, sperm by the hundreds of millions—all of them with a single mission: to chase down the egg, to find it, to fill it, to conquer and impregnate."

"I mean... yeah, I guess," he said, the words coming out slow and stupid.

His mother giggled. She knew exactly what he was—a dumb, scrawny teen, yes, but one whose dick stayed hard at the slightest provocation and whose balls ached with a constant, heavy load of baby-makers. Just what she needed: a brainless walking hormone factory, primed and ready to pump her full of the potent, live ammunition his father could no longer provide.

"I see what you do, how you look at me," she teasingly stated. "You think I don't notice the way you stare, or how you disappear into the bathroom for twenty minutes after we hug goodnight, or when you try to catch a glimpse of me in the shower? You're not exactly subtle, honey. That's why you just got yourself grounded."

"Sorry," Calvin whispered, his cheeks turning crimson. He'd been trying to get a peek at her naked body at every opportunity, and it had finally gotten him in trouble.

"Don't be sorry. You're not alone. Every guy in this world has the same urge—to plant a flag, to breed, to fill up someone like me," she said it with a cold, almost statistical certainty. "It's biology. It's nature's only real imperative."

Calvin knew she was right. No one could harden his cock faster than his own mother—the way those gigantic tits strained against every shirt, the delicious swell of her meaty bubble butt squeezing every pair of pants, the perfect, shapely legs that haunted his every waking moment.

He was helpless against it, jerking himself raw, spilling gallon after gallon of hot, desperate seed just thinking about her. Every fantasy he'd ever had led straight back to her body, her forbidden curves, and the way even a passing glance could ruin him for days.

"So... I made a plan," Janet said, as if she was moving chess pieces on a board. "A weekend at the camp, just the two of us. No distractions. No judgment. Just you, and me, and a mission."

She reached over gripped his thigh, long manicured nails sinking against his flesh. "I want you to do what your father can't. I want you to get me pregnant."

Calvin's cock went from soft to rock-hard in seconds, straining against the fabric of his basketball shorts, the thick outline of it rising obscenely just inches from where his mom's hand sat on his thigh.

"You're... serious?" he uttered in sheer disbelief. "P-pregnant?"

"Listen to me, baby," she purred, voice a velvet hammer driving each word home. "You are nothing like your father. You... are a different animal. Look at you."

Her eyes dropped to his lap, lingering on the distinct ridge of his erection straining against the thin cotton of his shorts, the swollen head of his baby-maker visibly outlined, pressing against the fabric with an obscene clarity.

"You spike hard just from a look, a touch. Your hormones are off the charts, your body primed to fuck and breed. That's what I need—a real man's sperm. Not weak, not sluggish, but hot, alive, and aggressive. That's what gets a woman pregnant. That's what fills her up until she's dripping with new life."

Calvin took a moment to process what she was suggesting, hardly believing it was real.

"So... the whole camp trip... is just so we can..." His voice died halfway through, too shy to say the rest.

"Fuck a baby into me," his mother stated, "raw, the nasty way that nature intended."

"Whoa!" he gasped, the caverns of his penis engorging with a fresh pulse of blood, his cock rising against his shorts in one stiff, upward jerk.

"We're gonna be sexual athletes this weekend," his mother said excitedly. "I want every drop inside me. Round after round. I want you to fuck me until you can't see straight—I want you to fill my cunt so full of your cum that I feel it sloshing, squishing, leaking out every time I move."

"Wait, will dad know?" Calvin asked, his voice cracking. "Like, when we get back—if you're carrying my baby—"

"Of course not, honey," she giggled, giving his thigh another squeeze. "Do you honestly think your father would be okay with his own son fucking his wife raw and filling her pussy up with cum until she's pregnant?"

"Uh, no," Calvin said, swallowing hard. "He'd go crazy. He'd probably kill me."

"All the more reason for us to do this at the family cabin, in private," his mother said, her eyes dropping to the thick ridge straining against his shorts. "Where no one will hear how loud I scream when you flood me."

Calvin's voice was tight, breathless. "Hopefully I can give you enough."

He swallowed, his gaze following hers down to the obscene bulge tenting his fabric, the swollen head of his cock visibly outlined and aimed right at her. "My sperm, I mean. A lot of it."

"You know what happens when a woman's ovulating and a man's balls are loaded like yours?" the mother asked. "It's chemical warfare. It's a race. Every time your cock explodes inside me, millions and millions more sperm launch straight at my egg, smashing into the gates of my uterus, fighting and clawing to be the one that knocks me up."

She grabbed his hand, planted it abruptly on the heated bulge of her inner thigh, dragging it upward so he could feel the furnace-like heat pulsing through her yoga shorts.

"I want your cum inside me every few hours. Not once, not twice, but as many times as you can handle. I want my body overflowing with your loads. That's how a real man breeds a woman, Calvin. That's what separates a stud from a... from a washout like your dad."

She let out a slow, taunting laugh and ground her hips in the seat, making her mountainous tits wobble with kinetic volume.

"I guarantee you, with the numbers you throw—you've seen it, right? How you shoot? Like you're trying to drown your own tissue every time you jerk it—it'll be easy. Nature designed you for this. Young men like you, at your peak, can get a woman pregnant faster than anything else on earth. You're made for this. Your body is screaming to fuck and breed. And so is mine."

Calvin's mouth was numb, thoughts short-circuiting, vision tunneling to the hypnotic swell of his mother's breasts.

"Can you picture it?" she whispered, her voice a weapon. "Me, slick and open, my pussy milking the life out of your cock over and over, until I can feel the pressure way up here, almost cramping from how much you've pumped into me? That's what it takes to make a baby, Calvin. Not limp little dribbles, not sad single spurts, but gallons and gallons of the strongest, freshest sperm around."

She released his hand, but his fingers stayed rooted on her, trembling. "You're gonna hammer it into me, again and again. No stupid rubbers. Just raw, messy, animal breeding. You're gonna keep fucking me until my body has no choice but to give in. When I walk out of that camp, I want to know I've got a winner inside me. That you're the hero who bred me, the alpha who did what my husband couldn't."

She smiled, slow and hungry. "Doesn't that make you feel good? Knowing your cock is the only one in this family that works? That your cum has all the power?"

"Uh... uh-huh," he nodded, mouth slack, grinning like a dog drooling at the door of a butcher shop.

"I want you to use it, Calvin. Use me. I want you to fuck me with everything you've got. Leave me a dripping, cum-soaked mess, swollen up with your baby. Prove you're the stud. Prove you deserve my body in a way your father never could."

"Um, mom... are you, um... are you sure this isn't a joke or something?" he asked, still in a state of shock from what she was asking of him.

"It's no joke, honey," she giggled, then waited for the certainty to take root. "Do you think you can handle it?" she murmured, her tongue flicking out to wet her lips, which gleamed like the inner folds of a ripe, wet fruit. "Think you can drown my womb in son-cum until the job is done?"

"I'll—um—I'll fill you up," he choked out, the words thick and clumsy in his mouth as a hot bead of pre-cum seeped from the tip of his peter, tracing a slick path down the rigid length of his stalk.

There was no hiding it. He was hard for her, harder than he'd ever been, every muscle singing with the conviction that this was what he was made for: to breed, to fuck, to succeed where his father failed. To become, with every feral thrust, the man of the house in every way that mattered.

Two hours later, the cabin door swung shut behind them, sealing them in with the ghosts of a thousand family vacations. The air was thick with the scent of pine and old wood smoke, the same smell that had always meant laughter and family time.

Now, that same air felt charged, illicit. This place, built for fishing trips and s'mores, was now their private breeding ground. For three days, there would be no pretenses—just his leaking dick and her hungry, ovulating cunt.

Janet swept through the cabin first, her hips rocking an arrogant, predatory figure-eight under those skin-tight yoga shorts. Every step sent tremors through the heavy domes of her cleavage, the twin planets of her maternal tits wobbling against the thin tank top, nipples poking through as if reaching for him.

"Well... I certainly didn't think we'd be seeing this place again this season," the mother stated.

She didn't even pretend not to notice how he stared — his gaze fused to her ass, his mouth hanging open, every thought in his dumb teenage skull wiped clean by the overload of sex she radiated.

"Bring the cooler and the bags, baby," Janet teased, glancing back and letting him catch a flash of her sloping side-boob, impossibly round and luminous in the afternoon light. "I want the cabin perfect. A real breeding nest."

The words sent a jolt of electricity straight to his balls. He fumbled with the duffels, his erection pole-vaulting inside his shorts with every step, turning him into a clumsy, drooling animal.

Just the sound of her voice, the curve of her smile, the obscene jiggle of her tits, the promise of what was coming— the intensity of it short-circuited his brain.

His arms loaded, Calvin stumbled into the bedroom—the one where his parents always slept, the one he wasn't even supposed to set foot in, ever.

The air in here was different: heavy with a musk that felt forbidden and intoxicating, the bedding still imprinted with the ghost-traces of Janet's body, maybe even a stray hair or a perfume-warmed smudge on the sheets.

She watched him drop the bags, her gaze zeroed in on the tent in his shorts, the outline so thick and desperate it looked like he was trying to smuggle an extra limb inside.

Janet pressed her hands to her hips and surveyed the king-sized bed like a general, her pussy practically steaming through the clinging Lycra. "First, let's strip the bed," she purred. "We don't need a single thing from your father here. We're making it ours."

A brutal, possessive edge twisted her words. She bent low, peeling off the comforter and sheets with violent, sweeping motions, her ass ballooning in Calvin's face, those hockey puck cheeks flexing and spreading under the taut shorts.

The hint of her cameltoe flashed and disappeared in each motion, making his cock leak a new surge of pre-cum every time she moved.

"Take these to the closet," Janet ordered, thrusting a fistful of old linens at her son. "The only scent I want to smell on these sheets is yours. I wanna roll in it."

Her voice was pure filth, a velvet glove dragging claws over his every nerve ending.

Calvin staggered past, all but drooling, his vision tunneling to her ass and the quivering, maternal thunder of her thighs. His hands shook so hard he fumbled the sheets, dropping them to the floor, and Janet laughed—a sound like chimes dipped in sex.

"You're adorable like this," she taunted. "So horny you can barely walk. That's what I want. That's what gets a woman pregnant, Calvin—a real man, not a limp noodle."

She yanked out fresh linens from a duffel, all white and crisp, tossing the flat sheet over the bed. The motion made her colossal tits bounce in a slow, almost mocking ripple, the deep canyon between them slick with a glassy film of sweat.

For a moment she just leaned over the mattress, arms braced, fucking with his head on purpose, letting her torso sway so the flesh hung, heavy and swollen, right in his line of sight.

"Come here and help me," Janet whispered, her tone a predatory purr. "I want you close. You need to get used to this bed—it's where you're gonna breed me."

He staggered over, his rigid cock dragging against the fabric of his shorts, leaving a dark, spreading stain of pre-cum. He grabbed a corner of the sheet, nearly missing it, his hands trembling so bad his muscles barely worked.

Janet's hand snaked out, capturing his wrist, guiding him to the right spot with an iron grip. He could smell her—a raw, female heat, part perfume and part animal, rising up from her cleavage and the savagely feminine, ripe curve of her hips.

"There you go," she hissed, her breath hot against his ear. "You're doing great, baby. Imagine me, right here, right on these sheets, legs wide open and ready for you."

The image detonated in his brain; his dick twitched, throbbed, dumped a hot leak of fluid, and his knees almost buckled.

Janet's laugh was low and cruel and maternal, and she let it vibrate across his neck, her tongue quick-slicking the rim of his ear. "God, you're so easy. I've never seen a cock that hungry."

She yanked the comforter tight, making the whole bed look like a wedding display: soft, thick, pure white, the pillows fluffed and arranged in a way that begged for bodies to crash into them.

Then Janet reached for her own duffel and upended the contents onto the mattress: a package of plush towels, a couple of scented candles, a bottle of wine, and, most explicit of all, a large bottle of heated lubricant. Lastly, she unpacked a block of protein bars and bottled water.

"You're gonna need these," she smirked. "With the calories you'll be burning. I don't want you fading out or losing steam—not for a second."

The way she said it, the brutal confidence in her voice, made Calvin's cock jump against his shorts with such violence he had to stifle a moan. He'd jerked off a million times to his mom, but almost always in silence, behind locked doors—and now here he was, watching her turn her marital bed into a pumping factory for his sperm, with every glance and word oozing sex.

Janet opened the window shade, letting the late light stream in and slant across her curves. She moved with the practiced, animal grace of someone who'd spent decades learning how to control every man in the room with just her body.

Calvin was sure he was drooling. He grabbed the candles and arranging them on the windowsill, anything to keep his hands moving so he wouldn't just collapse and start humping the bed like a monkey.

"Light them, babe," his mother suggested. "Candlelight is so romantic. The perfect lighting for sex."

The brutal honesty of the demand almost made him spurt right there into his shorts, but he grabbed the matches and fumbled through the task, hands shaky.

Even that mundane task was too much for Calvin's shaking hands, his nerves shot to hell by the tidal wave of pheromones radiating off his own mother's body.

Janet prowled up behind him, hips rolling in a lazy, predatory figure-eight, and enveloped him from behind in a heat that felt like being dragged into the sun.

Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, massive, pillowy breasts pancaking against his back and immediately swallowing him in a suffocating, shock-absorbing squeeze as she watched him struggle.

"You're so cute," she giggled, nuzzling the crown of his head as she mashed his face back into a cavernous V of breast-flesh, the skin hot and damp with the layered perfume and raw, ovulating musk. "You can't even light a candle, baby? That nervous?"

She squeezed tighter, sandwiching his scrawny torso with the obscene weight of her tits, every movement smothering and clinging, practically gluing him to her body.

He tried to respond, but the world was all velvet skin and pheromones, the view reduced to hypnotic, jiggling cleavage and the steady pulse of her heartbeat booming against his ears.

"Here. Let your mommy help," she breathed, her voice honey-thick as she rolled the matchbox between their joined hands, guiding his trembling grip, her sweltering tit-flesh still grinding against his cheek.

The match sparked in a glorious flare of light and together, they lit the wick—a ritual act, the small flame instantly dwarfed by the magnitude of her body—and Janet let out a soft, triumphant hum. "See? Nothing to worry about, stud," she purred, kissing his temple as she kept him locked in her hold.

Her hands wandered down his arms, fingertips dragging goosebumps in their wake. She pressed him tighter into the doughy heat of her bosom, the twin globes flattening his skull, smearing him with the slick, humid pressure of lactating flesh.

He felt small, disoriented, like prey pinned helpless in the jaws of a lioness. Her scent was everywhere, inescapable—a smothering cocktail of vanilla lotion, salty skin, and the sharp, unmistakable tang of vaginal wetness that leaked through her shorts and broadcasted her readiness like a war drum.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” Janet cooed, using one hand to thread through his hair and the other to caress his biceps. “Boys are supposed to be clumsy with stuff like this at first. That’s why nature made you so good at sex. That’s where all your genius goes—to fucking, to breeding.”

“R-really?” he managed to utter.

“Yes. You won’t be a klutz once you’re inside me, Calvin. Your body knows what to do. Instinct takes over. Boys your age are built for one thing: fucking and filling.”

He whimpered—a pathetic, high-pitched sigh, muffled by the cushion of her cleavage. She ground her hips against his lower back, the creamy curve of her ass pinning him to the dresser with a mechanical certainty.

Janet’s hand snaked around, palm flat, and skimmed down his trembling abdomen, not stopping till she landed directly atop the obscene, jutting shape of his cock.

She stroked it slowly, feeling the nuclear-hot pressure of his arousal through the thin fabric, sculpting her fingers around the swollen, leaking bell-shape of his glans.

“There it is,” she giggled, giving his rigid length a firm, possessive squeeze. “That’s the real you, isn’t it? Not the mess with the matches. The stud with the rocket between his legs. My little breeding machine.”

She milked the long, veiny stalk lazily through the shorts, the motion mechanical, relentless, driving him insane. “You’re gonna do fine, baby. You’re gonna fuck and dump so many loads in my cunt that my body won’t have a choice. You’ll see. Your cock knows exactly what it’s doing.”

“I hope... I mean, I hope so,” his voice trembled.

“You’ll feel it, Calvin,” she murmured into his ear as she kept jerking him, not even pretending to stop. “Your hips will go on autopilot. Your

balls will do the math for you. Fuck. Cum. Breed. Over and over. It's wired into your DNA, honey."

She flicked the waistband of his shorts, dragging the fabric up so the head of his cock rubbed against the inner lining, milking even more sticky fluid from his tip. The mess grew, dark and wet, proof of just how forcefully his body was responding.

Her hands finally released him, but not before giving his shaft one last savage squeeze, nails scraping the length and igniting fireworks in his balls.

She straightened, the breath of her colossal tits sliding off his skull, and turned to face her handiwork. The candle flickered between them, casting wild shadows across her curves, every valley and peak thrown into dramatic relief.

"See? Breeding is the only thing that ever mattered," she purred, voice thick with pride and animal certainty. "You'll learn fast, I promise. Once you start humping, you won't be able to stop. You'll wanna rail me in every position. It's what you were born to do—and what I was born to take."

Janet cupped her humongous tits with both hands, giving them a brutal shake, letting them wobble and slap together, the flesh shining with a fresh sheen of sweat.

"These are yours tonight. All of me. The whole MILF package. But most of all, this," she said, fingers skimming from navel to the molten seam between her legs, outlining the sopping, hungry bulge of her pussy. "You're gonna fuck me raw right there. Flood my womb with as much of your sperm as you can make."

Calvin could barely breathe, barely think, every rational part of him wiped clean by the promise of that body—the breeding ground, the open, desperate cunt, the meaty, irresistible tits.

Janet closed the space again, pressing her chest to his and pinning him against the dresser, the weight of her body crushing in, every curve a jail cell of desire.

"You're not my little boy anymore," she breathed. "You're the man now. My man." Her nails raked down his back, making him arch into her, trembling.

His cock, a rigid bar of heat, ground against the soaked fabric of her shorts, mashing the swollen head into the pliant flesh of her mons. A low, guttural groan tore from his throat as her hips answered, a subtle rock that quickly built into a frantic, piston-like rhythm.

The dresser slammed against the wall with each dry thrust, a percussive beat to their mounting frenzy. Janet hooked a powerful thigh over his hip, yanking him deeper into the cradle of her pelvis, and they clung together—a single, dry-rutting animal.

Just as the wood groaned in protest, she tore her mouth from his neck and pulled back with a breathless giggle, her eyes glazed with triumph. “See,” she panted, “our bodies will take over when it’s time.”

Janet’s hips swayed with an animal majesty as she strode down the hallway toward the bathroom, casting a predatory glance over her shoulder—the heavy domes of her ass rolling with each step, thighs flexing and releasing, each muscular ripple telegraphing pure intent.

She fixed him with a slow, merciless smile, every ounce of maternal confidence aimed straight at his cock. “Can you build a fire, or will you set your arm hairs on fire?” she taunted, voice throaty with a teasing, cutting edge.

“I can build one,” he answered, his cock still twitching from their mini dry-hump.

“Get it burning. I want the place hot and glowing when I come out. Like a real breeding den,” Janet stated before she vanished into the bathroom.

The moment the door shut around her curvy frame, Janet transformed. She wasn’t a PTA mom or a wife anymore; she was pure, ruthless woman, prepping every cell for rut.

She peeled off her gym ensemble in one furious blur of motion, wrenching the sopping tank top over her head—the neckline dragging, smearing sweat and heat across the surface of her skin.

Her colossal tits dropped heavy and loose, nipples flushed dark pink, instantly pebbling in the chill air, freed from the strangling constraints of cotton. The deep cleavage was streaked with rivulets of sweat, skin

gleaming, every inch of her chest catching and reflecting the dull gold of the overhead bulb.

She cupped both breasts with both hands, hefting the maternal meat, testing the outrageous give and weight, letting her nipples pulse and throb as she massaged them, drawing out a new, slick shine across the wide areolae.

Next, her shorts. Janet planted her feet, braced her legs, and rolled the sweat-soaked Lycra down over the monumental curve of her hips. Inch by inch, the fabric clung and peeled, resisting the gravitational pull of her ass—a dome so hyperbolic it practically broke the laws of biology.

Rippling dimpled flesh flexed as she bent, the band of the shorts sticking in the hungry wedge of her butt-crack before finally surrendering with a snap, rolling down the thick, sculpted cords of her thighs.

Beneath, her panties were a sodden, translucent membrane, plastered to the mound of her pussy—a raw, anatomical X-ray of ovulating desire. The fabric was nearly see-through, the cameltoe so pronounced and swollen it looked engineered for rutting.

Every contour of her labia was visible, fattened and dark, glistening with slick beads of arousal that had already started to leak. Janet gripped the waistband and tore them down, a savage, impatient flourish, tossing them aside to land limp and defeated against the floorboards.

For a long moment, she simply stood there: the reflection in the mirror an obscene monument to motherhood and heat, every curve meant to entice, every shadow screaming for attention. Her tits overhung her ribcage like battering rams of sexual purpose, the undercurve shining with sweat, nipples jutting outward.

Her stomach was soft, a ripe layer of flesh leading down to a navel, then the impossible swell of her hips, the entire pelvic cradle engineered for one function: to be fucked open, to be filled, to be bred and knocked up.

Her cunt was outrageous—a vertical mouth of engorged lips, mottled deep pink and red, slick with a syrup of readiness, the clitoral hood engorged, swollen, the folds pouting and opening even without touch.

She slumped onto the toilet for leverage and raked her fingers up her thighs, relishing the springy, doughy resistance; she massaged her calves, her knees, the flesh all smooth under her palm. She wanted to be perfect, to erase any trace of the weak man who couldn't fill her, to prepare her body as a temple, an altar for the sperm-laden cock that awaited her.

She retrieved a razor and soap from the vanity, lathering her mound with perfumed foam. With the precision of a surgeon, she dragged the blade over every spare patch of stubble, leaving the cleft of her pussy as smooth as silk, the lips even more stark and obscene under the bright bathroom bulb.

She shaved her pits, the creases behind her knees, and finally ran her fingers everywhere, making sure not a trace of hair marred her smooth, desperate skin. When she caught herself in the mirror, her face gleamed with sweat and anticipation, eyes alight with a hungry, feral confidence.

Janet stepped into the shower, blasting herself with scalding water, dragging the loofah over every surface. Her colossal tits wobbled, sloshed, and then compressed against her chest under the staccato spray; she massaged between them, digging deeper until her fingers slipped between the undercurves, scrubbing and smearing the sweat and soap into a heady, animal lather.

She sponged her thighs, kneading the thick legs that would soon straddle her own son's lap, and finally focused all attention on her cunt, her hand a blur against the slick, pulsing heat until her fingertips danced over the cherry-sized nub of her clit.

Even now, her body betrayed her. Every time she grazed the outer lips, her slit flexed, clenching and unclenching, as if starving for cock. She rolled her clit-bulb under her thumb, teasing it to full erection, then probed with her middle finger, knuckle-deep in the molten canal, feeling the muscular sleeve already slicked and ready to clamp and milk.

It was a validation—a final proof that her body was ovulating, gaping and desperate, the lining of her pussy flush with blood, the cervical mouth open and wet, hungry for sperm.

She pumped her finger in and out, watching the gush of juice dribble down her palm, picturing Calvin's young cock pounding, battering, flooding her hollow with hot, thick rope after rope of teenage sperm.

As she towed off, the heat radiated off her skin like a living thing. Her massive tits, unfettered, hung and swayed, nipples now glassy hard, the areolae pebbled and shiny.

She stroked lotion up her calves, slicked the cream across her thighs, and then massaged both breasts for good measure, thumbing fresh moisture into the delicate skin until each globe glowed with a pink, reckless vitality.

She traced a shimmering bead of perfume between her cleavage, then followed the invisible trail down to the hot, glistening split of her cunt, dabbing a final touch just above her clit.

Janet posed in the mirror again: unbearably naked, every detail a surrender, an open invitation to rut. Her lips were parted, eyes wild and predatory, the entire length of her body built for one mission: to suck her son's balls dry, to extract every last wailing drop of sperm until her belly was knotted, swollen, and absolutely drenched with baby-makers.

She wanted it—in every nerve ending, every cell, every molecule of sweat, she needed that cock inside her, hammering, thumping, gushing hot, potent loads with a velocity and violence her husband had never, ever approached.

Janet stooped to fit the plug into the drain, then squeezed a long ribbon of bubble bath under the faucet while scalding water hammered into the tub.

She pulled on a sheer, white robe but didn't bother to tie it; the fabric clung damply to her curves, outlining the titanic spheres of her breasts and the unmistakable dark coil of her nipples.

The bottom hem split wide over her hips, exposing the sleek, glistening mound of her pussy—a lip of bare flesh, flushed and gaping, still dewed with shower water and sweet, fruity sweat. Janet ran her hand over her ass, giving it a smack so the flesh rippled and wobbled, then headed for the door, ready to claim her prey.

Meanwhile, Calvin was locked in a battle of his own. His limbs pumped with adrenaline, balls tight and throbbing, cock so hard it ached like a second spine. Sweat broke out over his brow as he fumbled with the ancient matches, his head spinning with the vision of his mother's body pressed against his, her jungle heat fusing his mind.

He barely managed to get the kindling stacked—the logs shifting, clattering, rolling off each other as if rebelling against his horny, jelly-rubber hands. He arranged the pile like Janet had taught him years before on family trips, but this time the stakes were apocalyptic.

Finally, one caught. He threw himself on it, coaxing the flame to life, shoving twigs and bark into the embers, desperate as a caveman. When the logs finally ignited, the fire roared, heat rolling off the hearth like a slow, primitive orgasm.

The living room filled with dancing flickerlight, shadows jumping on the walls like twitchy, rutting animals. The air went heavy, humid, and soon Calvin's damp shorts were plastered to his groin, the bulge at his crotch so swollen and lewd it looked almost deformed.

He sprawled back on the couch, barely believing what he was about to do. The world was all heat and anticipation, and every second he waited for the bathroom door to creak open felt like torture.

Janet emerged, goddess of sex and fertility. The white robe was transparent, utterly useless at hiding the details of her body. The globes of her breasts pressed forward, nipples puckered and extending, ready to feed or to fuck; beneath, the soft skin shined with lotion, every curve hyperbolized, every contour amplified.

The lower half of the robe split wide, showing off her thighs, then the open, bald lips of her cunt, each step on sexy bare feet forcing the seam to ride higher and higher until nothing was left to the imagination.

She sauntered across the floor with the fluid grace of a runway model, and caught Calvin staring, eyes wide, mouth slack, chest rising and falling so fast it was like he'd just stepped off a treadmill.

The teen's cock was tenting his shorts, the outline so grossly exaggerated it looked fake—the broad, veiny shaft lifting the waistband almost to snapping, the wet spot right at the very tip glistening with fresh syrup.

Janet planted herself directly in front of him, bracing her hands on her hips, the robe falling open to bare the meaty wedge of her pussy. The glistening lips gleamed in the firelight, fattened and visibly pulsing, every fold flushed and open, radiating the heat of her ovulation like a living furnace. She angled her hips forward, letting him breathe in the raw, sweet funk of her readiness.

She held out her hand, palm up, fingers curling in a slow, deliberate beckon. "Time to get you ready for what that young body was built to do."

Her eyes traveled the length of him, from his terrified face down to the obscene tent in his shorts, and she gave a soft, knowing smile.

She didn't wait for him to take it; she simply closed her fingers around his wrist, her grip firm and warm, and led him toward the steamy bathroom, his steps clumsy and eager, like a puppy on its first leash.

Once inside, Janet circled him, all slow, predatory confidence, her eyes locked on the fat, angry spear of his erection as if it were a science project and a prize all at once.

She let her fingertips linger on Calvin's chest, tracing the lines of lean, teenage muscle, nails grazing the skin just hard enough to make him shudder.

She reached the waistband of his basketball shorts and didn't pause, didn't pretend at hesitation; she hooked her thumbs in and peeled them down in one unbroken motion, flicking his clothes away as if undressing a child for the bath.

His cock snapped up, a throbbing, veiny skyscraper sprung from its cage, soaked the tip, the swollen head a reddish-purple and shiny with a bead of leaking pre-cum.

"There it is," Janet purred, "the machine that's gonna do what your father can't."

She boldly cupped his balls with a gentle, almost clinical care, weighing them in her palm like ripe fruit. The sack was tight, drawn up close to his body, the twin orbs inside heavy and loaded, outlined with blue veins, slick with a film of nervous sweat.

She rolled them between her fingers, searching for imperfections, then let the tips of her nails tease up the seam of his scrotum, feeling for the thick, coiled sperm tubes embedded deep in the flesh.

"These," she whispered, squeezing the tubes at the base so he felt a lightning shot of pressure straight up to the root of his cock, "are the pipelines. All that baby batter in there—we've gotta force it up and out, in as deep as we can."

She squeezed him again, rougher, and he jolted, knees knocking together.

Her other hand crept up to the shaft, wrapping around it at the extra-thick base and stroking upward, slow and deliberate. She pointed at each part as if teaching anatomy:

"See how thick this part is?" she hissed, running her thumb up the bulging length of him, watching the skin ripple and jump. "That's the corpus cavernosum—a living piston. It's designed to stay hard, to hammer, to push every drop into the deepest part of a woman's body."

"Oh... uh," Calvin gasped, staring down to watch his mom fist his meat with her pretty hand.

Janet traced up to the head, swirling her slicked finger through the fresh pre-cum that beaded at the slit of his meatus. "And this right here, the glans—the helmet of your cock, Calvin—it's engineered to scoop away the sperm of other men, to make room for your own."

He whimpered, lost in the onslaught of sensation as she worked her thumb under the ridge, stroking the sensitive furrow of the frenulum, admiring that taut band of skin, then smearing his own sticky fluid over the entire crown.

"It's so sensitive," she teased, rubbing the flared corona in tiny circles, watching every twitch and lurch of his cock, as if she was monitoring a medical instrument gone haywire. "Every nerve down here is just screaming for one thing: pussy. To fuck, to explode, to breed. That's how nature built it, baby. You feel that?"

Calvin nodded, his chest hitching, breath coming out in thin, desperate squeaks. He'd never had anyone touch him like this; the clinical, factual tone of her words just made it dirtier, more forbidden, every syllable hammering home the obscene reality of what she wanted from him.

With her hand closed around the base of his cock, her grip like a tourniquet, Janet took three long, deliberate strokes, from root to tip. With each upward pull, she watched the thick veins bulge and writhe like cables under strain, the underlying muscles flexing with a raw, piston-like power that promised endless stamina.

A low, appreciative hum vibrated in her throat as she felt the sheer, unyielding hardness of him—a teenage erection built for marathon

fucking, for pounding into a wet, greedy cunt for hours on end without flagging.

"God, baby... you're not like your father at all," she cooed, dropping to her knees with a fluid, hungry motion, her robe gaping wide to bare her colossal tits.

She braced herself against his hips, steadying his trembling thighs as she brought her face up level with his cock, nose almost nuzzling the swollen, angry head.

"Such a beautiful baby-maker," she murmured, tongue flicking out to catch the droplet of pre-cum, "hard and leaky."

She licked a slow, deliberate stripe up the shaft, gathering every bead of salt and semen into her mouth; then she took the tip between her thumb and index finger, pinching it open so the meatal slit flared, and the clear, sticky pre-nut oozed out to pool on her hand.

"You see how much you leak, even when you're not touching yourself?" she giggled. "Your body's a machine for one thing."

She smeared the fluid around, slickening the plum-sized head until it glimmered in the candlelight, then Janet squeezed his balls with her other hand, milking a fresh surge of fluid from the tip.

"There—that's what I want. That's what I need." Janet looked up, face wild and feral, lips glistening with his slick. "When you nut inside me, I want a firehose. I want to feel it hitting the back of my cunt like a riot cannon, drenching my womb in sperm so it's impossible for any egg to escape."

The sound of water sloshing filled the silence, the bath almost overflowing, the room hot as a greenhouse.

Janet stood, impossibly graceful, and gave his cock a playful slap that made it wag stiffly. "In you go, stud," she commanded. "Time to get your engine ready. You're about to be the man of this family, and I want every inch of you flawless."

The robe slipped off Janet's shoulders in a graceful, liquid tumble, collapsing at her feet with barely a whisper. Calvin's eyes widened in awe as the full, unrestrained majesty of her upper body was revealed.

Her tits were outrageous, impossible, two glistening orbs that jutted out from her chest like zeppelins straining their moorings. The areolae were huge and dark, the pebbled disks crowned by shiny, rubbery nipples that stood out in sharp relief, flushed and swollen with arousal.

Janet smirked at his open-mouthed gawking, her eyes flooding with a hot, alpha confidence. She reached out and took his hand, her big, maternal buttocks jiggling atop those sexy legs as she guiding him into the tub.

She sat and settled her teen back between her thighs so his head rested directly against her pillowy cleavage, the suffocating, marshmallow crush of breast-flesh crushing his skull.

"You like them, babe?" Janet cooed, her voice throaty, teasing, taunting him as one hand gripped his throbbing erection under the water, and the other cupped his face, smearing bubbles across his cheek.

"You always stare, Calvin. You think I don't see?" She laughed, low and cruel, grinding her hips forward so the bare, scalding wedge of her cunt mashed up under his ass.

"I uh... don't mean to," he gasped nervously.

"Yes you do, and it's ok... you're not just a boy anymore," Janet hissed, nipping the lobe of his ear as her fingers tightened around the swollen root of his cock. "You're my man now. My stud. You're gonna make me pregnant, Calvin—I can feel it already, how bad you want it."

He couldn't even speak. His body was a live wire, every nerve ending sparking. Those colossal tits pressed on either side of his head, the swampy heat of her womb radiating up into his lower back, her hand clamped around his soapy boner.

Janet kissed down his neck, biting and mouthing every inch of exposed flesh, her breath hot and humid. "You're gonna fill me, all weekend," she promised, her eyes wild with hunger. "It's what your body is made for, what those gorgeous balls are for. Forget about your dad—we're gonna show nature who the real champion is."

Janet's fingers tightened in his hair, forcing his gaze up to hers. Her eyes were black pools, pupils blown wide and hungry, stripped of any maternal softness.

A low growl rumbled in her chest as her lips peeled back from her teeth—not a smile, but a baring of intent. In that raw, animal glare, he didn't see his mother anymore; he saw a creature in heat, primal and single-minded, ready to be mounted and filled.

She descended on him, slow and deliberate, the tip of her tongue tracing the seam of his lips before her mouth latched onto his with a sudden, crushing tenderness.

For a heartbeat, the kiss was soft—a plush, almost motherly merging of lips, warm and damp, with her breath sighing into him as if she wanted to taste the air rattling in his chest.

Her lips were pillowy, slick with a trace of vanilla gloss, molding themselves to the trembling line of his mouth until they felt fused together; the heat of her body radiated across his face, every exhale perfumed with lust and the sharp, salty whisper of desire.

Then the hunger hit. Janet's jaw flexed, her mouth sealing around his with a greedy pressure, the plush mass of her breast pancaking against his cheek as she levered her body up, pinning him between her thighs.

Her lips parted, a low moan leaking out, and her tongue surged forward—a hot, muscular spear pushing into his mouth, wet and writhing, tasting every surface.

She attacked him with frantic, piston-like flicks, curling and twisting her tongue around his, tangling it up, claiming every centimeter of his mouth as if she wanted to fuck him right through his skull.

Their teeth bumped together, hard enough to send a jolt down his spine; Janet only grunted, shoving her tongue deeper, snaking it against the inside of his lips, probing the arch of his palate, pushing and rolling in a lewd, animal rhythm.

Calvin was helpless against it. Every ounce of his body vibrated with the raw, uncontrollable power of her assault; his cock thumped, still under her tight grip, swollen and leaking, the tip numb with pressure as she utterly dominated him.

Janet's other hand held his hair, fingers digging in, forcing his face flat against her own. Her nails raked his scalp, scraping the skin, holding

him in place so she could devastate him with her kisses, her tongue fucking his mouth as if to teach his body exactly what would happen next.

There was no mercy in it, only a feverish, rutting need: breath huffed through their nostrils, spit slicked their chins, every lurch of her tongue made his jaw ache and his eyes roll back.

When she finally broke for air, it was only for a second—a gasp, her face flushed, lips slick, her breasts shoving into his sternum as her thighs crushed his hips in a vice.

“God, you’re delicious,” Janet panted, her voice barely human. She didn’t even look at his face; her eyes were locked on his mouth, on the spit-trail she’d left across his lips and down his chin. “You taste like a real man. Like you’re ready to fuck right through me.”

She smashed their faces together again, her tongue immediately plunging past his lips, wrapping around his like a strangling snake. The force of it was overwhelming—a wet, slurping maelstrom, spit pooling in their mouths, dribbling down to his neck as she devoured him.

The heat was unbearable: Calvin lost all sense of time, all control, reduced to an animal himself, his tongue fighting back out of raw, brainless instinct.

Janet loved it. With every lash, every pulse of his tongue against hers, her body writhed and rolled around him, her gigantic tits molding to his body, nipples gouging at his skin, her bare pussy mashing up beneath his tailbone.

She rocked and ground, humping his backside in a slow, lewd rhythm, the slick folds of her labia lubricating both their skins. The bathwater sloshed around them, hot and frantic, as if the very air in the room was thickening into syrup.

Clinically, she mapped every detail of his mouth: the shape of his teeth, the velvet friction of his tongue, the pliant give of his palate as she jabbed deeper and deeper, leaving him gasping, half-panic, half-ecstasy.

For Janet, it was affirmation: the boy's body ruled by lust, wired for submission, his cock so rigid that it curved up above the level of his abs as she held it, bobbing with every spasm from his gut.

She broke the kiss, saliva gluing their lips together for a single, obscene filament, before she leaned back and let it snap loose. Her hand cradled his jaw, tilting his face up so she could see the wreckage: his lips swollen, slick, gasping for breath, his eyes glassy with desperation.

"Good boy," she purred, licking her own lips, savoring the taste she'd stolen from him. "That's how you kiss a woman, Calvin. Like you're trying to eat her alive. Never timid. Never soft. Always hungry."

Her own mouth trembled with the aftershock, her tongue flicking out to lap the sweat trickling down his cheek. "Just wait until you're inside me. You'll see how easy it is to lose control."

She repositioned herself behind him, arms draped over his chest, tugging his back flush against the slippery, burning platform of her stomach and tits. She pressed her lips to his neck, then to his ear, tongue darting into the canal, wet and hot, fucking his senses with every savage detail.

"You like that?" Janet taunted, voice low, velvet and unrelenting. "You like being manhandled? Being out of control?"

He shuddered, his cock flexing so hard it felt like it could burst through her fist, slimy pre-cum running down across his mom's glistening wedding ring, covering it in his goo.

"Y-yes, Mom," he gasped, lost in the tide of sensation.

"Good," she hissed, stroking him again. "Because this is nothing compared to how I'm gonna fuck you." She pressed her pussy up under his balls, grinding against his skin, the swollen, bald lips flaring open like the petals of a carnivorous flower. "You're going to learn what your body is for. What it means to breed like a real beast."

Janet nipped his earlobe, bit it hard, then resumed her tongue's assault on his mouth, kissing and devouring him while her hand jerked his shaft, milked his balls, every squeeze calibrated to the edge of pain.

The world dissolved into heat, spit, and flesh; there was no resistance in him, not for a second. He was hers, and she made sure he felt it in every cell, every breath, every electric pulse stinging his cock.

All preamble, all restraint was gone. Janet owned him, body and soul. Her tongue tangled with his in a savage, mating dance, punctuated by grunts and gasps and the steady, hydraulic thump of her hand on his cock, prepping his teenage seed for the breeding marathon to come.

"You know what happens next?" she gasped, breaking their kiss. "The second you're inside me, you're never gonna wanna leave. You'll fuck and fuck and fuck, Calvin, because you can't help it—you're built for this."

"Yess," he gasped.

"You're gonna breed me, right here in the family cabin, and then again tomorrow, and again after that, until my eggs are so drowned in your sperm they don't have a chance to escape. That's how real men do it. That's how a real bloodline survives."

Their mouths fused again, and Janet twisted Calvin so that their bellies smashed together, her monstrous tits flattening against his chest and trapping him in a pillowy vise.

They clung to each other, mouths fused and tongues dueling with a frantic, starving wetness as they rolled and thrashed in the churning bathwater—a breeding ball of slippery, rutting animals, two desperate bodies wrestling to see who would devour the other first.

Janet's thighs closed around his hips, locking them together. Calvin was pinned—a scrawny, shuddering wreck between the suffocating heat of her milk-swollen tits and the crushing strength of her maternal thighs.

With every frantic writhe, her long nails raked up his back, tracing electric fire along his spine, clawing at his trembling ass with a greedy, possessive strength. Her hands grabbed fistfuls of flesh, squeezing him so tight it almost hurt, dragging his entire frame up and into her massive body. She wanted him buried, entombed, not just inside her cunt but beneath every ounce of her: tit-flesh, hip, and leg.

Their lips broke apart only to smash together again, sucking, biting, spitting and twisting, mouths wide and shameless, their breathing hot and wild.

The obscene, wet slap of their tongues and the desperate whimpers from Calvin's throat filled the bathroom. He'd never kissed anyone before, but his mother demolished him, her tongue invading, dominating, forcing his jaw open until drool spilled down both their chins.

She ground her hips up into him with a relentless, mechanical drive that jacked his cock between their bellies, the purpled head mashing into the slick, steaming folds of her cunt as they rolled together in the steaming water.

Janet rocked side to side, grinding the spongy head of his shaft against her cunt lips, trapping it between the slippery, pouting folds that were already drooling slick with need.

She squeezed him with her thighs, flexing, rolling, milking his shaft between the glazed velvet bands of her labia and the pillowy crush of her stomach until it felt like she was wringing every last drop of pre-cum straight out of him.

The entire length of his cock pulsed with a savage, unrelenting pressure, mashed up against the molten entrance to her womb, the sensation so intense he almost blacked out. For all his size and strength, he was nothing against the leverage of her MILF body; she used her heft and power to control every position, every movement, pressing him into her as if she was intent on absorbing him whole.

Clutching at her, Calvin buried his hands in the dense, jiggling mass of her ass. He squeezed, kneaded, desperate to get some kind of grip on the slippery mountain of maternal flesh.

Each time he sank his fingers in, Janet writhed harder, mashing back against him with a grunt or a filthy moan, her own hands never still as she clawed and stroked every sweaty inch of his body.

It was a tug of war and a surrender, both of them rutting and fighting and gasping, but Janet always won. She pinned his wrists behind his back, trapping his arms as she cocooned him in the smothering vise of tit, leg, and belly.

They rolled and squirmed, white foam and cloudy water sloshing out of the tub as their bodies crashed together. There was no air, just the suffocating heat of her tits and the animal musk of their sweat and sex; every time Calvin surfaced, Janet crushed his head back down, burying his face in her cleavage, suffocating him with the meaty, steaming valley between her breasts.

She wanted him mindless, overwhelmed, completely submerged in the scent and taste and sensation of her. Her hands gripped his skull, mashing and grinding until he could barely breathe, and all his world became was the pounding force of his heart and the slick, suffocating pillows bracketing his cheeks.

"That's it, baby, fuck me with your mouth. Suck on Mommy's tits. This is what they're for—to smother you, to break you, to pin you down so your cock can do what it's built for."

She mashed him into the wet, bulging areola, so big it nearly covered his face, his lips and tongue sinking into the furnace-wet folds as she arched her spine to meet him. "Bite them. God, yes. That's it. Bury yourself in me. Breed me."

He sucked on her nipple, animal and uncoordinated, drooling mess across the wobbling mass of her tit. Instinct took over, his whole body jerking and humping against her, his cock rutting along the slippery meat of her thighs and then slamming up into the vise of her cunt lips.

He was drooling, gasping, thrashing and clutching, his hips grinding with reckless, rutting force as Janet milked him with her hands and mouth and thighs, every movement of hers engineered to push him closer, to bring him to the edge and leave him teetering there until she decided to take everything.

The bath water boiled around them as they squirmed and rolled, locked together in an unbreakable knot. Janet caged him in her body, rolled him under her, then flipped him on top, not even breaking the kiss. He landed between her thighs, his chest crushing her tits flat against her sternum, his cock lined up directly with the hungry, steaming split of her cunt.

She reached down between their bodies, fingers wrapping around his shaft to position it perfectly, stroking him so hard his vision flashed red and black with every pulse.

“Are you ready to fuck Mommy now?” she asked with a savage purr. “Are you ready to put this massive cock where no one else can?”

The swollen, glistening head of his cock ground against the slick, distended pearl of her clit—two hyper-sensitive nodes of identical feverish purple, one a throbbing crown and the other a tight, desperate bud.

“You’re so much man already, baby. Look at you—all muscle, all cock. It’s what I need, what I want, Calvin. Slam it into me. I want to feel the bulge in my stomach when your cock punches my womb.”

She didn’t wait for an answer. Janet spread her legs wide, hiked her knees to her chest, and aimed his cockhead at the glossy, flexing entrance of her pussy.

The tip shuddered, a fat bead of pre-cum gluing to her labia, and then she yanked him forward, impaling herself with the thick, teenage shaft in one brutal, shuddering plunge.

The sensation was cataclysmic. Her cunt swallowed the head with a wet, savage pop, the muscular sleeve sucking him in, milking, wringing, shuddering around his shaft like a living, squeezing glove.

Calvin howled, hips bucking on instinct as the heat of her inner flesh clamped and pulsed around him, so hot it felt like his cock might melt.

Janet gasped, eyes rolling up, the muscles of her legs locking like a cage behind his back as she dragged him in deeper, forcing every throbbing inch into her greedy, maternal tunnel.

“YES!” she wailed, her voice splintering the air. “THAT’S IT! FUCK ME, CALVIN! SPLIT ME OPEN!”

She met each instinctual jerk of his hips with a devastating, pelvic slam, her big ass bouncing off the bottom of the tub with a percussive slap so loud it echoed off the tiles.

“Harder. HARDER. I want to feel you in my fucking belly, baby. Knock me up. Breed me!”

He obeyed, driven by pure, animal instinct. Each thrust was a piston firing, a battering ram hammering at the deepest reaches of her cunt.

The friction was exquisite agony, the tight, hot press of pussy against his shaft and glans.

His balls slapped wetly against her ass, the sack drawn tight, nuts huge and heavy and ready to dump a prehistoric load straight into the back of her trembling womb.

He couldn't stop, wouldn't stop; his hips jerked and yanked, driving his dick deeper and deeper, until her body was nothing but a sheath for him to fill, a greedy, gasping canal with a single purpose: to drain him.

Janet clung to him, her pretty face twisted in a snarl of pleasure, lips peeled back as she bit his jaw and sucked at his neck with desperate, predatory hunger.

The entire tub shook as they fucked, the water cresting the sides, white foam splashing the tiles, the slick, animal sounds of rutting filling the air.

Her tits crushed up between them, globes so huge they bulged around his chest, the skin flushed red and shining with steam and sweat. Every time he pounded home, the mounds squashed out sideways, nipples so stiff they jabbed at his collarbone, smearing him with a film of sweat, spit, and dripping bathwater.

"Fuck this girl!" Janet screamed, her voice raw and ragged, the memory of some grunting football player whose name she'd forgotten driving into her, his dumb hands mashing her tits, his cock like a battering ram splitting her teenage pussy open.

Calvin was possessed now, a beast rutting his mate, his entire universe reduced to the clenching, corrugated sleeve of his mom's cunt. He lunged into her, driving his cock deep enough to punch at her cervix with every slam, each head-on collision sending a jolt through both of them that almost made his knees buckle.

The internal walls of her pussy rippled and flexed in a rhythmic choke, milking every millimeter, extracting every ounce of cum with brutal, mechanical precision.

"FUCK! I can feel you in my guts, baby!" Janet wriggled, hips snapping, legs squeezing around his waist like a boa. "STRANGLE my pussy with that cock! Fill me! Fill me! I want every drop you've got, stud!"

Her hands grabbed two full fistfuls of his ass, dragging him forward, locking their bodies together so no power on earth could tear them apart.

The bathwater turned cloudy, white foam streaked with the juice leaking from her cunt, every slam of their bodies making the surface bubble and spit. Skin-on-skin slaps, the gurgle of water, the wet, animal growls and shrieks—it was more fight than sex, a collision of bodies hell-bent on obliterating each other.

Calvin was right at the edge, balls tightening, the base of his spine surging with a heat that threatened to fry him alive.

"I'm...I'm—c-close," he groaned, voice strangled, as his cock lurched and swelled inside her clutching channel.

Janet answered with a scream: "DO IT! ALL THE WAY! BREED ME! GIVE ME YOUR FUCKING LOAD!" She locked her arms and legs around him, every muscle squeezing, her cunt rippling and milking in cascading, suffocating spasms.

Calvin lost any shred of control. He slammed into her, burying his shaft to the hilt, fattened cockhead battering her cervix—and then exploded, pumping a high-pressure, boiling-hot load deep into the jaws of her starving womb.

He felt himself jet, pulse after savage pulse, the raw, burning flood of sperm blasting through his shaft and slamming into her uterus with a force that made her jerk and howl, body bucking so hard it nearly tossed both of them from the tub.

He kept snarling and cumming, as though his body would never run out, the ropes of cream soaking and overflowing her cunt, each jet met by a fresh, hungry pulse from Janet's internal walls.

She shrieked, arms and legs trembling, as her own orgasm detonated and flooded her pussy with clenching, milking contractions, her cervix sucking at the tip of his cock, guzzling sperm with every rippling spasm.

A sharp, hot hiss of fluid jetted from the swollen slit of her urethra, a pressurized stream that splattered against the straining root of his cock and the tight clench of his balls with every brutal, wet collision of their bodies.

The sound was a lewd counterpoint to the slap of skin, the liquid hitting his flesh with an audible sizzle that mixed with the steam rising from their frantic movements in the tub.

They finally collapsed, feral and deaf, gasping for air, their limbs rubber and tangled, her tits covering his chest and face as she arched back with a final, shuddering spasm. The bathwater churned around them, cloudy and sticky with the release of their bodies, the reek of sex so thick it overpowered even the perfumed candles and steam.

For long, blissful minutes, neither could move. Calvin lay limp, smothered beneath the hulking domes of his mother's tits, the tip of his cock still lodged deep inside the clutching heat of her pussy, her womb still sucking and milking, determined to wring every last drop from him.

BACK HOME – LILY & ROSE

Of the identical-twin 19-year-olds, Lily was the first to see it. She was sprawled on her bed, bare-legged and loose, thighs splayed wide, her ass half off the mattress as she painted her toenails a radioactive pink.

The only thing she wore was a pair of micro-thong panties, the baby-blue band stretched to breaking across her hips, and a crop-top that barely caged the hyperbolic swell of her braless tits.

The fabric was so tight the undersides of her boobs bulged out, the nipples rock-hard and poking through, so clearly defined the rim of each areola bloomed under the cotton.

Her body practically radiated lazy, filthy confidence—a mirror of her mother's but with a twenty-year discount and a more shameless, millennial edge.

Rose sat on the opposite twin bed, her posture even sluttier—a yogi's split, legs folded up and heels tucked under the waterfall shelf of her ass, the cheeks gone wide and pale as she leaned forward to inspect herself in the mirror.

Her panties were neon yellow, the cameltoe so pronounced it was a second mouth screaming for cock, the thin strip of elastic flossing her glistening slit.

Her top was thinner than paper, each motion sending a seismic ripple through her heavy, untamed tits, the deep cleavage bronzed with a layer of body shimmer and the flesh already streaked with a sweat from the muggy summer air.

Their bedroom looked like a bomb had gone off in a Victoria's Secret. Bras, leggings, and crop-tops littered every surface; the air reeked of perfume, tropical body spray, and the faint, unmistakable whiff of cunt.

Both girls were slathered in coconut lotion, legs and arms shiny, hair up in loose, careless buns designed to frame their pretty faces and showcase their throat lines.

A pair of pink dildos sat charging on the nightstand, next to an overflowing jar of sour gummy worms. The girls were busy showing off their latest phone selfies, gossiping at warp speed as they compared the recent haul of dick-pics and rated them with the ruthless instinct of hungry apex predators.

"Marcus thought he was so fucking alpha, but the second I let him cram his cock down my throat, he came like a loser," Rose laughed,

Lily rolled her eyes in agreement and shimmied her boobs for emphasis, the tips threatening to burst straight through the embroidered "PRINCESS" stretched across her chest. "Ugh, that new guy on the swim team? He has a really fat dick, but he literally came in my mouth in, like, under a minute,"

That was the exact moment Lily's phone buzzed, the screen blooming with a notification: MOM. A picture message. She half-expected a picture of the cabin, worst-case, a selfie with a wine glass. Instead, the image blew her neural circuits: pure, triple-X madness.

"Holy shit, look. Look!" Lily shrieked, shoving the phone across to Rose, their faces pressed nearly cheek-to-cheek as the photo filled the screen. "She's doing it. Mom's actually breeding with him."

The captured image was a riot, pure madness—a total collapse of inhibition, bodies crashed together in an obscene knot of skin, muscle, and lubricious intent.

Calvin was directly on top of their mother on the bed their parents usually shared, his lean, trembling frame engaged in an animalistic thrust, every tendon straining as though he were locked in the last,

brain-melting seconds of a primal orgasm. His face was twisted, mouth ripped open in a silent howl, the jawline sharp and feral, every muscle corded with the strain of unleashing a biblical torrent of sperm into the sweltering, sucking depths of their mother's cunt.

Janet's expression was even wilder—a mask of triumph and delirium. Her tongue lolled out, lips stretched back in a savage, wolfish grin that bared her teeth for the camera.

Her eyes were half-lidded, rolling with intoxicated ecstasy, her entire body locked in a rippling, predatory paroxysm. Her arms and legs were caged around Calvin, fists digging into his back with a grip that looked capable of crushing bone, nails leaving red trenches in his sweat-glazed skin.

Her thighs were split wide and clamped tight against his hips, the angle pure leverage, hauling his cock into her over and over, each thrust slamming deep enough to punch the flat of his pelvis against the meat of her ass.

The mattress was chaos. Sheets tangled and soaking, pillows askew, and the glare of bedside candles throwing wild, liquid shadows over every greasy detail: the slick shine of their flesh, the spatter of glaze across Janet's belly, and the swollen, vein-thick meat of Calvin's cock as it absolutely buried itself between the seismic lips of Janet's audaciously-stretched cunt.

His shaft was obscenely rigid, muscles visibly coiled, each vein outlined under the skin like power cables. The base of his cock was mashed tight to Janet's gaping vulva, the fleshy lips stretched and suctioned around the root as if trying to suck every last drop straight from his balls.

Her ass was a topographic feature in the foreground, puckered and glossy, tight enough that the impact of his sack left it quivering with every pounding stroke.

The twin orbs of her buttocks were spread wide by the force of his hips and the absolute shoveling motion of his body, every muscle in Calvin's thighs drawn taut, focused, determined to drive even deeper.

Past the wet shine of their flesh, streaks of cum pooled at the juncture where their bodies collided, a pearlescent flood leaking from the

battered rim of Janet's cunt and smearing across the clawing expanse of her ass cheeks, thighs, and even the small of her back.

Janet's tits, monstrous and maternal, were star features—the twin domes ballooned to maximum, sweat-sheened and glistening even in blurry digital focus, each hard nipple outrageously turgid and bent sideways from the centrifugal force of their writhing.

With every motion, the mounds mashed together, flattening against the frame of Calvin's chest, the undersides shiny with a mixture of spit, sweat, and viscous streaks of pre-cum that had clearly been stroked and sprayed there in the escalation of their rut.

Rose zeroed in on the anatomical specifics without hesitation, jabbing at the screen with a glossy, lacquered nail.

"Jesus fuck, look at his balls," she moaned, eyebrows arched, voice a mix of awe and predation. "They're literally slapping her asshole. Like, Mom's ass is getting spanked from how hard he's pounding her."

She traced the motion with a lazy, hungry swipe, highlighting the blur where Calvin's nut sack collided with Janet's blushing, pouting ring, the cheeks flattened from the unrelenting rhythm of the fuck.

Then, with a conspiratorial shiver, she zoomed in: "You see the pop on his cock? He's so swollen he's splitting her open."

And it was true: the shaft throbbed aberrant, the rounded flare of the glans so deeply socketed into Janet's cunt that the skin puckered around its girth, the lips pulled wide in a brutal O.

The muscles of her pussy were visible, even through the pixels: knotted, wet, plowed to their breaking point around the battleground of his erection.

The root was glazed with a creamy ring, evidence of repeated, volcanic ejaculations. And every time Calvin thrust, the head of his cock bulged against the curve of Janet's lower belly—a visible outline, obscene in its clarity, drawing a wet, greasy trail up the centerline of her core.

Lily scrolled the image, grinning wider, hungry now. "He's got her locked up. Like, actually bricked-in, stud-to-mare. And she's loving it. Look at her abs—they're literally rippling from how much he's blasting her."

The camera angle was perfect: Janet's midsection was flexed in paroxysms of pleasure, the soft swell of her belly palpitating from the way Calvin's cock drilled her with such pressure it looked ready to punch through into her gut.

She was sweating everywhere, droplets pooling under her tits and steaming off the arch of her waist, her hips rising off the sheets in a perpetual, desperate drive to milk him deeper, harder, until everything inside her was saturated with her son's sperm.

"Look how much cum is leaking out," Rose whispered, breathless, as she pinched to zoom on the soaked slit of Janet's cunt.

The labia were split and glistening, glazed white with overflow, a torrent of semen streaming out and down the crack of her ass in a gory, gorgeous mess. The folds of her pussy looked battered, shining, displayed as if for medical analysis, every detail of anatomy hyperbolized and inescapable.

Lily flicked back to the overall shot and then compared it, side-by-side, with an old family portrait of their parents sitting on her side table.

"God, Dad could never do that for her. Even on his best day he was a zero. Look at our little brother though. He's a literal animal."

And the contrast couldn't have been clearer: Calvin's body, though lean and still scrawny in the outline of his limbs, was coiled and weaponized, every muscle wired for rut.

His face, locked in orgasm, was stamped with the ferocity of a breeding bull—the jaw squared, teeth bared, nostrils flared with the singular, animal intention to conquer, to own, to fill.

Janet's face, in the selfie, was pure victory. She aimed her stare right at her daughters, wild and unrepentant, tongue out, lips glossy, hair matted to her face in greasy ropes.

Satisfaction radiated in waves off the screen. Her entire torso was sheened with sweat, the flesh of her tits plastered to Calvin's ribs, her legs splayed, toes curled, the arch of her foot even captured in a sexy, desperate flex as she clawed at her son's ass and yanked his cock deeper.

"Turn on your livestream, mom," Lily messaged. "We wanna see this shit."

Her breath hitched when the notification blinked live—Janet's phone lay discarded on the rumpled sheets beside them, the lens already fogged with the humid heat of bodies.

"Holy shit... look at them fuck!" Rose shouted, her eyes widening.

It was a spectacle of rut—a chaos of flesh and power, hot and feral and utterly without mercy. Janet was still on her back, Calvin braced above her, lean arms shaking with exertion as he speared her again and again, his cock jackhammering through the battered, swollen ring of her cunt with a wet, smacking force that echoed against the cabin walls.

Every thrust was savage, a piston driving straight into her womb, stretching her milky, maternal tunnel to the breaking point. The sweat poured off them both, drenching every inch of skin in a slippery glaze, the yellow candlelight clinging to the shine of their bodies as they bucked and rutted and fucked like two wild animals at the absolute peak of heat.

Janet's thighs were locked around his waist, the muscle and dough of her lower body squashing his hips with every surge. Her ass bounced up off the mattress, each slap of Calvin's pelvis rippling in seismic waves through the twin globes of her cheeks, the sound a wet, punishing thunder.

Her gigantic tits were mashed flat up against Calvin's narrow chest, the slick, sweat-sheened flesh wobbling and jiggling with every slam, nipples so stiff they stabbed furrows across his skin.

She clawed at his back, nails raking deep, dragging him down, demanding every millimeter of his cock hammer home in her pulsing, clutching cunt.

"Harder!" the mother snarled, knowing at camp, with no one around for miles, she could be as loud and ravenous as she wanted.

Calvin's cock was a weapon—a rod of pure breeding intent, every vein swollen and standing out like cords, the flesh a deep, angry red where her lips splayed around its root.

The base of his shaft was glazed in thick, creamy rings of cum, evidence of countless brutal ejaculations that left her slit gaping and leaking from the overflow.

Each time he drove in, his balls slapped up into the pillowy flex of her ass, the sac so tight and heavy it looked pumped with industrial-grade loads, desperate to fire every drop into the churning, ovulating heat of Janet's womb.

The girls watched their mother come apart, truly unraveling, her voice throttled to wordless shrieks; her body convulsed in orgasm and arched, locking around him in a vice, milking the shaft so hard it seemed to suck the soul right out of him.

For Calvin, there was no world beyond the savage grip of her tunnel, the heat and slickness and pulsing, clutching squeeze of her pussy as it tried to drain him dry. He didn't think, couldn't think; he was a beast, rutting, breeding, hammering his cock into her until his knees buckled and his vision splintered into wet, white-hot flashes.

His mother met him thrust for thrust, slamming her hips up, her hands dragging him in by the ass, forcing the plump, purple tip of his cock to batter at the gates of her cervix.

She goaded him on with a filthy, triumphant snarl: "Harder, baby! Give it to me! Flood me! I need every drop! BREED me!"

Each word came out a desperate, convulsing groan, her teeth bared and lips stretched with a predator's hunger as maternal orgasm wracked her body.

Her tits pancaked up around Calvin's chest, suffocating him, cocooning him in the dense, sweaty warmth of maternal flesh. He pounded her with the reckless abandon of a wild stallion, fucking her deeper, harder, faster each time her cunt flexed and rippled around his cock.

The mattress was a mess, sheets plastered to the frame with sweat and leaking cum, every movement leaving a slick, snail-trail up Janet's thighs and belly.

The candlelight highlighted the obscene streaks of semen pouring out around the base of Calvin's shaft, pooling in the battered folds of Janet's pussy and streaming down, in thick rivulets, through the crack of her ass.

Their bodies clashed, over and over, the slap and squelch of their union relentless, animal, deafening.

Lily and Rose watched, transfixed, faces lit only by the glow of the iPhone screen. Their jaws were slack, eyes wide; every detail of the breeding scene was on full, shameless display.

Rose reached down into her panties and found her own clit already bulging and hungry, her fingers instantly slicked by the rush of juice that had pooled at her slit.

She moaned, barely breathing, using two fingers to saw the ridge of her bulb, grinding her palm into the soaked silk as she locked eyes with the screen. She couldn't look away from the brutal violence of it, the way their younger brother's balls pummeled their mother's asshole with a blur of movement, the cheeks of Janet's massive ass visibly jiggling from each impact.

Lily was no better; her hand was already inside the blue thong, her glossy nails circling her swollen clit in tight, savage loops as she watched their mother's cunt get split and bred in astonishing, rapid-fire rhythm.

Every whimper, every shriek from Janet's throat, every flare of the camera as her body seized and arched in orgasm sent a fresh jolt up Lily's spine, her legs snapping together as she bucked and thrashed against her own touch. "Jesus, look at the fucking cum," she sighed, shivering as she rubbed. "It's pouring out of her..."

On screen, Janet made sure, even in her delirium, to show off for the girls. Between earthquakes of pleasure, she shifted her hips just right, so the camera could catch the pummeling effect of Calvin's cock battering her insides, stretching the battered lips of her pussy to twice their size and then flooding the channel with eruption after eruption of white, high-pressure sperm.

The thick tide of seed spilled out, painting her thighs, her ass, even the sheets below with a liquid sheen. Each cum-shot was timed perfectly, Janet's cunt convulsing, the muscular ring rippling and flexing as if sucking at the cock, desperate to absorb every glob straight into the depths of her womb.

Calvin was unstoppable. He wasn't a boy now. Watching him rut, watching him dominate their mother's body with the relentless, mind-

wiping focus of a breeding machine, it was clear this was a super-stud, bred for one thing only: to fuck and conquer.

His cock was a battering ram, slamming into his mother's readiness, carving a tight, piston-motion that left her body no option but to surrender, to milk, to breed.

Janet climaxed in rolling, volcanic spasms. Her internal muscles crushed down on his cock, making it swell, making it pulse and finally detonating another geyser of cum straight into her hungry, gaping cunt.

Her screams turned from words to bestial noises, throat raw, eyes wild, every muscle in her body rippling with the effort. She slammed her heels into his back, cinching him in place so that his balls were crushed up tight against her pulsing asshole, milking out every last drop she could.

It wasn't tender—it was a war, a fight for supremacy in which only a single outcome mattered: whose genes got passed.

The stream caught every second. Candlelight flickered over Janet's gleaming skin, each thrust making the gigantic tits wobble and collide.

The sound of Calvin's hips slapping into Janet's hips was a constant wild tempo, wet and ruthless. His cock actually looked bigger, meaner, gripped by the mother's battered sex, the veins writhing under the skin, the head of it fountaining thick cream that immediately started leaking back out around the stretched lips of Janet's hole.

"God, he's really doing it. He's gonna knock her up," Lily gasped, hips rolling, the friction building between her clit and her painted nails, tearing stains of slick spreading dark through the crotch of her thong. "I wish I was her right now... getting fucked so hard."

Rose, panting, matched her grinding to the rhythm of Calvin's thrusts, two fingers sawing at her clit as the third slipped inside her cunt, stretching herself and wrecking the sopping gusset of her panties.

The biology of it, the violence, the chemical certainty of seeing a real stud pound his mother to ruin—it ignited every cell in her body, made her want to scream and hump and squirt until she was as ruined and leaking as Janet was on screen.

In the cabin, Calvin slammed himself forward, burying his cock to the balls with a wet, echoing pop that smacked right off the soft tissue of Janet's womb.

"I... I'm gonna c-cum again," he blurted, voice near sobbing. Janet's thighs clamped, hauling him in, milking the shaft straight into the trembling core of her femininity.

"YES, BABY! FUCKING NOW! BREED ME! BREED ME!" Janet roared, her whole body shaking as she felt the first surge of his load—it came with volcanic force, a boiling jet right up into the mouth of her ovulating womb.

She could feel it on a cellular level, the flood of virile, potent spunk smashing into her with backbreaking pressure, so much that the excess squirted and oozed right back out around the plug of his cock and dribbled in milky streams down the crack of her ass.

He just kept cumming, slamming the ballooning crown of his cock up against her cervix, determined to empty every drop.

It was a tidal wave, an uninterrupted string of spasms and contractions, every rope of hot cream bringing Janet closer to another release until her pussy squeezed him so tight it was almost painful.

"Mm-mom!" Calvin choked, then buried his face between the smothering domes of her tits, gasping and howling as the nerves in his shaft caught fire.

For a moment, he blacked out, blinded by the flood of pleasure, every inch of his cock locked inside her, the world gone white with ecstasy and need.

Back in the girls' room, Lily's hips went haywire, thighs snapping together as she squirted a shivering, blissed-out orgasm all over her hand and the bedsheets below. She screamed, voice muffled by her own palm as she furiously mashed her clit, the blaze in her cunt matching the ferocity on-screen.

Rose shook, too, nuzzling her face into a pillow as her own orgasm hit in tight, staccato aftershocks, her fingers soaking up wave after messy wave of slick as she watched the mother and brother collide and overflow and never, ever stop.

Janet clung to Calvin with a victorious, possessive pride. Her nails raked his back, her heels dug into his thighs, every cell of her body screaming to hold him in place until nature finished the job.

She was glowing, uncontainable, a goddess of sex and maternity, determined not to let even a single sperm escape the quaking, hungry mouth of her cunt.

"Again," she groaned, still impaled, the muscles of her pussy flexing in greedy aftershocks. "Again, baby. I wanna feel another one. Don't you dare let up. Keep fucking Mommy. Keep breeding me."

The challenge in her voice was absolute, a command, and Calvin answered: hips jerking, cock already hardening again inside her warm, flooded sleeve.

There was no stopping them. They were a machine, a system engineered for rut, for breeding, for the obliteration of all boundaries. Their bodies fused together, sweat and cum and spit mingling, every sense tuned to the raw, primal imperative to destroy and claim and fill.

Janet rolled her hips, using the massive, tireless engine of her thighs and ass to grind Calvin's cock along the battered ridges of her cunt, mashing at her clit, forcing every fresh inch of meat right up against the mouth of her womb.

In one fluid, powerful motion, Janet rolled them, her thighs clamping like a vise around his hips as she took the dominant position. Her massive tits swung heavily with the momentum, their weight a promise of the smothering power to come.

Now on top, she was no longer just his mother; she was a momma-bear in full command, her cunt still stretched wide around his cock, ready to show him what a real woman could do—how she could ride, how she could milk, how she could use every muscle in her birthing tunnel to wreck him and claim every drop.

The mother's thighs flexed with predatory power as she rose up, dragging Calvin's throbbing cock to the very threshold of her drenched cunt, then slammed herself back down, the entire length of his shaft vanishing inside her like a piston through hot, gaping machinery.

She moved with the mechanical certainty of a sex-engine: up, then down, then grinding in savage figure-eights that churned his member through every inch of her bronzed, silky tunnel.

The rhythm was brutal, the tempo obscene. With each bounce the colossal domes of her tits shattered the air above him, pendulous flesh slapping together with a raw, wet percussion that echoed through the cabin.

Calvin was lost in her, completely dominated, completely smothered by her matriarchal mass. Her thighs caged his hips, pinning him to the ruined sheets. Each upward pump forced the head of his cock to scrape and drag along the convulsing ridges of her birth canal, the friction so intense it nearly emptied his mind.

And then she'd drop, with a shuddering crash, squashing their bodies together until her belly wobbled and her ass flattened out over his thighs, his penile flesh speared up so far inside her it felt like the very womb that once held him was eating his cock.

Janet never let up. She alternated: savage, all-out vertical slams that sent her ass slapping down, the impact making her pussy bulge lewdly around his base; then slow, rolling grinds, her hips churning in tight, grinding swirls, squeezing every centimeter of cock with the muscular grip of a woman whose body was designed to breed and devour.

Her hands clawed at his chest, nails dragging red furrows, while her tits writhed and jounced with every seismic bounce. Sometimes, when she leaned in, the sweaty, swollen orbs would crash down over his face, smothering him in a moist furnace of breast-flesh, letting her son get lost in the sweaty canyon of her cleavage.

He could feel everything. Every ripple. Every contraction. The sleeve of her cunt was slick but vice-tight, the inner lining so responsive it clamped and pulsed around his shaft with every motion.

The walls of her cunt were slick with a thick emulsion of their mixed fluids, a gleaming, corrugated sponge of internal flesh compressed by the powerful, rhythmic clenching of her pelvic floor.

Each muscular contraction massaged the thick, veined length of his cock with expert pressure, kneading every swollen ridge and pulsing

artery, forcing the meat to throb and kick wildly within her possessive, maternal grip.

Janet worked his cock like a tool engineered for a single purpose. Even his balls, cradled tight up between the plowed lips of her sex, felt the deep, constant suction dragging up through the veiny length, milking him, squeezing him, demanding that he let go and drown her insides again.

"God, you feel that?" Janet panted, her voice shredded.

She hovered for a moment, letting her trembling pussy lips kiss just the head of his cock, the flare of the glans stretching her hole to a perfect, gaping O. "You're ripping me open. You're made for it, baby. This is what every cock wants. To fill... to breed... to own," she snarled, slamming back down, spearing herself so hard her tits jackknifed up and nearly hit her chin.

Back at home, Janet's husband paused outside his daughters' door, the hallway still and ordinary except for the unmistakable rhythm of sex, the rise and fall of Lily and Rose's muffled moans threading closed door.

He listened for a moment, knowing the girls were probably hunched next to each other watching porn, eyes glued to a glowing screen, hands working furiously beneath their panties.

He rolled his eyes and moved on, never suspecting that, from inside that room, what he'd truly been hearing wasn't just some random porn, but his own wife and son, tangled and insatiable, fucking each other to reckless oblivion.

Calvin's breath came in hot gasps, his chest smeared in sweat and spit and the wet, cooling glaze of his own previous eruptions. He'd never imagined a woman, any woman, could fuck like this. That she could use her ass, her tits, her thighs, her inner muscles with a ruthless, almost martial skill.

The grip of his mom's tireless pussy was insane. It churned and flexed with every bounce, squeezing the shaft from root to tip, milking out a fresh leak of pre-cum that only made it wetter, nastier, hotter.

Janet's ass was a separate animal. Each time she bottomed out, the doughy mass smacked down over his hips, the cheeks jiggling,

thunderous, their flesh going wide and then snapping back with obscene recoil.

The slap of her ass against his thighs was so loud it might have startled wildlife outside the cabin; inside, it sounded like applause for the hot, raw violence of their rutting.

Between those cheeks, the crinkled pink ring of her asshole winked wetly, battered by the slamming impact of Calvin's nuts as he got driven up into her again and again.

She was relentless, swapped tempo constantly, never letting him settle, using her entire body to work his cock through every possible dimension of pleasure.

She'd squat low, thighs shaking and locked, the swollen head of her son's cock lodged deep against the spongy mouth of her cervix, and then just grind, slow and evil, mashing her fat clit down on him, the glans battering at her internal gates.

Then she'd launch up, hard, only to slam back down, fucking herself so full the bulge of his cock would outline itself along her lower belly, the sight driving them both to the edge of madness.

Calvin couldn't last. No boy could have. The view alone—the towering, shaking mass of his MILF mother's tits, the glazed, shining mound of her pussy swallowing his cock on every plunge, her face twisted in pure, victorious ecstasy as she rode him like she wanted to break him—all of it fused into a single, white-hot overload that destroyed whatever restraint he had left.

Janet sensed it in the swell of his meat, the balloon of his coronal rim thundering through her tunnel. She went feral, clawing down his chest, thighs clenching with piston-force, slamming herself down and sucking a scream right out of him.

"That's it! Cum!" she shrieked, her voice cracked and wild, "DROWN IT! Flood my womb! You can do it, baby, show me that you're better than your useless, limp-dick father!"

Calvin snarled like a mindless animal, and arched, hips jackknifing up, impaling her to the hilt as his cock flared huge inside the clutching vise of her cunt.

The first shot hit with volcanic pressure, so hot and thick it actually squirted back out around his shaft, frothing white from the battered lips of Janet's sex.

She howled at the sensation, flexing and jerking, her body milking him with rolling, relentless contractions that wrung out every last drop.

Cum geysered up into Janet's tunnel, a boiling deluge that filled her in a second. The canal overflowed. Each new pulse from Calvin's cock launched another rope of sperm, hammering the mouth of the womb, flooding it, drowning her eggs in pure, alpha seed.

At the same time, the mother came, her body erupting in a savage series of spasms, her inner muscles crushing down on Calvin's cock with a violence he could barely survive.

She bucked, wailed, nearly collapsed, but she kept going, kept fucking, kept grinding every twitch of him into a fresh detonation of cum.

The heat between them was nuclear, sweat and sperm and squirt streaking down their legs and soaking the sheets until everything was sodden, sticky, and pungent with their mixed release.

When it finished, she just sat there, impaled, refusing to lift off even as more of Calvin's load leaked and oozed out around the plug of his cock.

Milk-white cream glazed her thighs, flowed in lazy rivers down her ass, and puddled under them. Her pussy was still flexing, still twitching, still demanding more.

And Calvin? He lay flattened under her, drained and senseless, his chin smeared with sweat and tit-funk, his cock still swollen, still locked hard inside the clenching, slippery sleeve of his mother's cunt. He had never felt anything like it; the aftershocks alone made him groan, his body jacked from the inside out.

Janet looked down at him, sweat drizzling off her colossal tits to streak his face. She smiled, slow and evil, then lowered herself and mashed the twin domes of her chest over his face, suffocating him in the glistening, maternal warmth.

She rocked her hips, making sure the battered head of his cock ground against her cervix, squeezing every possible drop into her flooded womb.

"You're doing so good, stud," she purred, voice still wrecked and shaking as she kissed the top of his hidden head. "But I'm not done with you. Not even close."

She began to move again. Slower this time, like a farm machine working a field, but just as determined—a deliberate milking, up and down, squeezing his cock with her inner walls and buttocks, turning every sensitive inch to jelly, making sure nothing escaped the relentless suction of her tunnel.

The war for pregnancy wasn't a sprint for Janet; it was a marathon. Already, she could feel the volume inside herself, the chemical soup of sperm churning through her canal, fighting to get through, to conquer, to win.

Calvin's balls ached, then burned, then trembled with a fresh charge of urgent pressure. Janet never broke stride; she worked him like a hula dancer, her hips doing insane, animal tricks to grind and swirl his cock through new angles, new layers of friction.

Calvin's view was a dream. His mom's face stretched in a savage, victorious smile, tongue lolling, hair plastered back in ropes by sweat and cum and spit. Her tits dominated everything, gigantic, sweat-glazed boulders, swaying and slapping together.

He watched those heavy milkers wobble from side-to-side, up and down, sometimes pancaking against his mouth so he could suck her rubbery nipples like a starving newborn.

She did everything for the camera, too. At random intervals she'd change angles, rocking up on her knees so the iPhone lens could catch the obscene view: mother on son, hips pounding, the shaft of her boy's cock shining with cream and lube, battered lips stretched tight around the intrusion. She wanted her daughters to see it: to see the proof, to see the defeat of their father and the coronation of a new, superior stud.

But mostly she wanted Calvin to empty himself again, to let go, to paint her insides with more of the hot, gooey he was producing by the gallons.

Janet's thighs convulsed around his hips, her ass smacked down so hard the jolt ran up through her spine, her tits catapulted in the air, and she shrieked at the impact of having her pussy split with so much cock.

“FUCK, YES!” she screamed, “Do it, breed me again, FILL ME AGAIN! I want it all, yours, no one else’s, Calvin, only you, only my fucking stud!”

He detonated. Yet another orgasm hit him with seismic force, every nerve ending singing, his hips jackhammering helplessly as she milked him for another round. This load was even thicker, even hotter, the jizz pumping in high-pressure ropes that overflowed her tunnel and immediately squirted out around the base of his cock, soaking her thighs and painting the sheets white.

Her response was instantaneous; Janet convulsed in a chain of wild climaxes, clamping down with a vice grip, rolling her hips to force every last spasm out of his nuts.

They were so noisy and animal, the cabin echoed with the slap of skin, the crash of bodies, the howled and whined and grunted declarations of animal victory.

Janet eventually collapsed over him, flattened him under the mass of slick, trembling flesh. Her cunt stayed buried on his cock, refusing to release it, milking at half-strength with random, insistent twitches.

“Girls, I’ve got some great news,” their father said the next morning, his voice full of oblivious cheer as he poured coffee into his mug. “I finally found a healthy sperm donor for your mother. Top-tier genetics. Looks like your mom’s finally gonna get that baby she’s been wanting.”

Lily and Rose exchanged eye-rolls, smirking as they imagined their mother at that very moment—spread open in the family cabin, their brother’s thick cock buried to the hilt, pumping load after fertile load into her hungry, clenching womb.

“Yeah, Dad,” Lily said, a smirk playing on her mouth. “I bet she’ll be... overjoyed.”

“As soon as she gets back from the trip with your brother, I’ll tell her the good news,” Jason stated, stirring his coffee with a dull clink. “Looks like you’re both about to be big sisters again.”

“Yay!” the girls cheered with fake enthusiasm, their fat tits dancing beneath their tops.

The instant their father stepped out the twins burst into laughter. "What a complete fucking moron," Rose declared. "Mom's probably pregnant already with their own son's baby, and dad doesn't even have a clue."

"But it's perfect, isn't it?" Lily added. "Dad will just assume it's this dumb 'donor's' baby swelling inside Mom, when it's actually her own son's cum taking root."

"Fuck yeah," Rose giggled. "I bet little bro is fucking her ass off right now, and drowning her fucking egg."

Calvin stepped naked from the bedroom on unsteady legs, his body humming with the deep, residual ache of a night spent buried inside his mother.

His cock stood rigid against his abdomen, flushed dark and gleaming with a thin sheen of dried spend and her slick. The skin felt tight, oversensitive, each throb a raw echo of the relentless milking it had endured.

He moved like a man navigating the deck of a ship in a storm, every muscle loose and heavy with exhaustion. At the fridge, his fingers fumbled for a water bottle, then guzzled it down.

He moved to the couch and collapsed into the cushions, his spent dick bobbing with the impact before settling upright again, a stubborn monument to the hours of use.

"Good morning, baby," Janet sang as she prowled into the kitchen with the confidence of a queen, her colossal tits barely hemmed in by the thin, silk robe she'd thrown over her swollen, freshly-fucked body.

She returned from the fridge with two protein shakes—fuel for the marathon breeding sessions she had planned—and a jumbo can of whipped cream.

"How about some breakfast," she murmured, hips swaying as she closed the distance between them.

She placed the drinks on the floor, never breaking eye contact, and brought the cold nozzle of the can to his cock. With a soft hiss, thick

white foam spiraled over the swollen head, coating his shaft and pooling around his heavy, spent balls.

“Mmm,” she purred, licking her lips. “All covered and ready for mommy. Looks good enough to eat.”

Without hesitation, she guided him into a prone position on the couch and straddled him, her towering, bare ass eclipsing everything. The robe rode up, then vanished, whipped off and flung away in a single movement that let every inch of her lush, motherly flesh explode into view.

Her pussy was still a leaking wound, lips spread and battered, still dripping thick globs of white cream and sperm. The folds were raw, shining, flushed almost angry from the friction and heat; the clit stood out huge and demanding, fattened and squirming above the soaked, gaping mouth of her cunt.

With a controlled squirt of the can, she lathered a fat spiral of whipped cream all along her labia, letting the foam drizzle back through her crack and soak the ping-pink ring of her asshole. Then, Janet backed her hips up and over his face, pinning his head between the twin, wobbling domes of her ass.

“Eat up, darling,” she cooed, voice syrupy dark.

The scent of her filled his nose immediately—a heady, undiluted cocktail of sweat, perfume, pussy juice, and whipped cream. The weight of her was enormous; her thighs caged his ears and jaw, the doughy mass of her buttocks submerging him in darkness and heat.

She mashed her dripping slit directly across his open lips, squishing his face with the swollen, glazed cushion of her pussy.

Calvin didn’t even hesitate. His tongue shot up into the heated groove of her slit, instantly coated in the twin tastes: sweet, ice-cold cream and hot, tangy pussy juice.

The first lick made his mother shiver, the next had her whimpering, and then she began to grind down in slow, tight circles, painting his cheeks and chin with sticky, ovulating slick and sugar foam.

She writhed on top of him, working her hips with the same brute certainty she’d used to ride his cock. Every time he tongue-fucked her,

the creases of her thighs flexed and bulged, swamping his jaw in suffocating, pillowy heat.

"Yes, eat that pussy, stud," Janet moaned, the sound radiated right through the dense, smothering mass of her ass, vibrating in his skull like thunder.

At the same time, she leaned forward, lining her mouth up with the main course. Calvin's cock stood up through a mound of foam, every inch bathed in sticky, sweet lather and streaked with the residual slick of their night together.

Janet didn't hesitate. She clamped her mouth over the head, dragging the syrupy white foam into her throat as she milked the shaft with expert rhythm. The contrast was electric: freezing whipped cream, scalding sex heat, the taste of sweet and the reek of pure, musky rut in the same mouthful.

She alternated: swirling her tongue around the crown, then sucking it like her favorite popsicle, working her way down the shaft as the foam vanished between her lips.

Sometimes, she'd slap the length across her tongue and just gorge, letting the lather dribble out the sides as she deep-throated him so hard the tip of her son's cock actually bulged against the soft palate at the back of her throat.

Calvin almost went blind. The sensation was total—the soft, freezing lather, the velvet heat of her tongue, the clenching swipe of a throat engineered to devour every last drop. She coated his cock with spit, then dragged the length between her tits, sandwiching the shaft in damp, cushiony mass, before spiraling it back into her mouth for another round.

Janet aimed the whipped cream again, squeezing a neon-white swirl across the upper slopes of both gigantic tit-domes, letting the sticky foam puddle at the rim of her cleavage.

Then, she mashed both breasts together and trapped his cock between them, rolling the length up and down through the furnace-hot valley, every surface now glazed with foam and spit and the residual salt of last night's breeding.

As her scrumptious, overripe ass enveloped Calvin's nose and mouth, Janet jacked her hips back and forth, forcing her clit right against his tongue until every muscle in her body was twitching.

She used her hands to spread herself, opening the battered lips wide so he could tongue her hole from clit to asshole. Every time his tongue plunged into the canal, a fresh tide of cream and intercourse-juice flooded out, running down her thighs and dripping past her knees to spatter on the cushions.

"That's it, right there, stud, right on the clit. God, you're nasty. You know what that flavor is? That's you. You did this to me. I'm still gushing out the load you put in me last night... and you're going to do it again. You're going to fill me with round after round until nothing inside me can resist your sperm."

Her hand assaulted his cock; she jerked him with a savagery he'd never known, milking the shaft through the womb-like tunnel of her tits, then plunging his length back down her throat to drain every drop.

The whipped cream hit her lips, her cheeks, her tits, his thighs, everywhere, a sticky white tide; Calvin's own tongue was flooded with the mix of foam, pussy slick, and a brine so filthy it made him dizzy.

He tried to gasp for air, but the smothering pressure of Janet's ass wasn't letting go. She grinded, she rocked, she just suffocated him in ritzy, perfumed musk and sweat until her own body couldn't take it.

"Oh fuck..." the mother gasped, her hips moving frantically, "you're gonna eat me to orgasm, baby."

When she came, it was nuclear: her thighs collapsed around his ears, her cunt flexed and squirted, a hot, salty rush of juice saturating his jaw and running down into the foam.

Her asshole winked and shivered, every muscle in her lower body convulsing as she mashed herself over his mouth and throat, daring him to choke on it.

Janet sucked his cock like she wanted to break it off in her throat. The sensation was wet and violent, saliva flooding down the shaft, the whipped cream fizzing and popping under her tongue as she drank down every molecule.

Her lips worked the crown with a mechanical certainty—a piston, a milker, a machine designed to harvest cum from her own son and nothing else. The moment she felt his balls clench, swollen and blue from the relentless suck, she went all-in, deep-throating the entire shaft while her fist twisted the base.

“UGH, MOM!” Calvin howled as he exploded, the orgasm so violent his entire body went rigid, every muscle in his back arching as the hot, suffocating pressure finally detonated.

The first shot launched straight down his mom’s throat, a boiling charge of sperm that immediately overpowered the foam as it surged out.

The second, third, and fourth spurts followed in rapid-fire succession, so voluminous it overflowed her mouth, oozing between her lips and streaking through the cracks of her cleavage. She gulped and swallowed, but still more spilled out, painting her tits in even more semen.

“Mmm, delicious, honey,” she purred, her lips leaving a slick, glossy kiss right on the weeping slit of his cock. Her tongue flicked out playfully and she dug her fingers into his ribs for a tickle.

Calvin yelped, half-laughing, half-aroused, and scrambled backward over the cushions. She was on him in an instant, a tangle of limbs and hungry laughter, chasing him around the couch on all fours like some magnificent predator, her heavy tits swinging, nipples brushing the floor with each playful pounce.

“Come here, sexy boy,” Janet giggled as she lunged, knocking Calvin back against the kitchen wall so hard the cheap wood paneling flexed with the impact.

She sprung from the floor, and her legs shot up and locked around his hips, thighs bulging with thick cords of maternal muscle, and instantly he had her full weight crushing against his chest, her belly, her tits, her sopping wet cunt—all of it mashing and grinding up against his body, swamping every nerve ending in a single, obliterating wave of raw need.

“Fuck me,” she whispered as she kissed him, savage, open-mawed kisses that were all tongue, teeth, and spit. “Fuck me—fuck me—fuck me!”

The colossal, sweat-dappled pillows of her tits smashed into his clavicle, flattened under her own chest as she writhed and twisted. He could barely see, barely breathe, the mashed-together press of her flesh and the heat of her glistening body reducing his vision to hypnotic ribbons of cleavage and dark, wild hair.

Janet hiked herself up higher, her ass clamped in his palms, the weathered lips of her cunt dragging directly over the angry head of his cock, smearing his pre-nut through her seam.

"Don't you dare waste a second," she moaned into his ear, her voice a weapon. "I want it in me. Now. I need you to fuck my brains out, baby, stuff me so deep you can feel your cock through my fucking spine."

He staggered backwards, off balance with her weight, but her hips ground into him, the soft underbelly and the open, greedy cleft of her pussy painting a wet streak straight up his shaft.

The pressure between her legs was insane; she squeezed tight, flexing her thighs so the doughy, heat-soaked lips of her slit kissed the head of his cock, mashing it into the sticky, opening mouth of her entrance.

He lined himself up, barely able to breathe, her ass wriggling in his hands as the monstrous, engorged head of his cock brushed, then punched, into the flexing lips of her pussy.

The instant he touched her, Janet bared her teeth, her nails digging so hard into his shoulders it almost broke skin. His cock slid up, the engorged, velvet flare battering at the mouth of her cunt, forcing it to split wide and wrap around him like a living, sucking glove.

He drove himself in on instinct, using the wall as leverage, the entire length of his teenage rod ramming upward into the merciless heat of her canal.

"FUCK!!" the mother snarled as the slit of her pussy opened with a savage, wet pop, swallowing the head and then the shaft, her internal walls convulsing as she took the cock in a single, brutal plunge.

The sensation detonated through both of them: Janet howled, arched her back, and just let the mass of her tits fall, smashing into his face and chest with a pendulum impact.

He was in her now, hilted, balls mashed flat against the gaping, juice-soaked lips of her cunt. The entire weight of her body rode on his cock, driving it even deeper, slamming the tip up against the soft, clenching gateway of her cervix.

Her pussy sucked and milked him, rippling in time with her wild, animal cries, as her ass squashed and rolled in his desperate grip.

"Oh yes, fuck, YES," she wailed, her voice bouncing off the beams. "Stuff my womb, hammer it, ruin me, Calvin! Breed me deep!"

He slammed upright, using every bit of leg and core to piston her up and down. Each thrust saw her titanic ass bounce in his palms, the cheeks shuddering, the muscles quaking under the flesh as her cunt strangled and milked the length of his shaft.

Her tits, gigantic, jiggled with each motion, the milky domes wobbling and colliding in a lewd, grotesque ballet over his nose and mouth. It was like wrestling a goddess built for nothing but breeding; her body was a machine engineered to milk him to emptiness, her pussy a furnace determined to draw every ounce of cum into her core.

He couldn't stop. Didn't want to. The wet, obscene chorus of her cunt squelching around his cock fueled him, every thrust landing with a wet slap, her juice and his own slick slamming together to splatter down his thighs.

The fire in the hearth near them raged, the flames matching the animal heat between their bodies as they crashed together, the rhythm getting faster, sloppier, crazier, like two creatures possessed.

Janet howled, her face twisted in brutal, victorious ecstasy. "More! Harder! Fuck your mother raw! I can feel you in my belly, you're so deep, you're so perfect, yes, like that, like that, oh god, right there, RIGHT THERE!"

She mashed herself down, wringing the cock with every flex of her pussy, holding it deep in the furnace of her cunt, the friction so hot and violent Calvin thought he might black out.

Her feet kicked the wall, using the leverage to bounce higher on his shaft; she was riding him midair, pure muscle and sweat, her insides clutching and pulling at his cock, daring him to unload another round, to blast her open, to drown her eggs in another biblical flood of sperm.

With every bounce, her ass smacked down over his hands, the ripples spreading up through her thighs, her abs, her tits. The crashes of her hips against his pelvis were seismic, each one smashing his cock headlong into the mouth of her womb and making the walls of her tunnel collapse and spasm around him.

There was no room for thought, only rut. His body knew what to do; legs locked, back arched, hips popping up and down, treating her like a prize, an ovulating queen to be conquered.

Her pussy sucked at his length, hotter, sloppier, meaner with every cycle, each contraction of her muscles milking more pre-cum off his tip until the shaft gleamed with slippery gloss and the battered lips of her cunt overflowed, the excess juice painting his cock and balls in a gory, milky slickness.

Janet lunged forward, her arms locking behind his neck, yanked his head to her chest and just smothered him in the raw, sticky heat of her cleavage.

He gasped, mouth open, tongue lapping at the sweaty, brined crease between the globes as she jerked her hips in ever-tighter, shorter strokes.

Her voice was right in his ear, filthy, demanding: "Pump it, baby, give Mommy her baby, I want you to cum in me again, flood me, paint my guts with your cum, knock me up forever!"

He couldn't hold back. The memory of last night—the endless fuck, the milking, the domination, the surrender to this perfect, forbidden female—all of it rushed his senses at once.

His balls twisted, ached, then surged, the pressure at the root of his cock ready to detonate. The grip she had on his dick was insane, every ridge and muscle in her pussy firing at once, rolling up his shaft in a spasm-engineered to wring out every drop.

He jackhammered up, hard, one last time, and the world vanished in an explosion of heat and blinding white. His cock swelled at the root, the head ballooning huge as the slit gaped wide, then he detonated: the cum rocketed out, one, two, three, a dozen geysering jets of sperm, shot straight through the head of his cock and deep into the clenching furnace of Janet's womb.

She screamed the moment she felt it, her own orgasm matching his. The walls of her cunt pulsed, flexed, then locked like a vice around the battered length as they both came, hard, together.

The hot, creamy deluge surged through her canal, no barrier, nothing to catch it; his sperm hit home, flooding her womb with such force that it actually splattered back, mixing with her own juice and squirting out between their mashed-together flesh, streaking down the insides of her thighs and over his balls.

Janet clenched, milking him for every last drop, refusing to stop, even as her own aftershocks made her shiver and almost collapse. She dug her nails in, holding him to her, the sweat and slick binding their bodies in a glue of chemistry and crazy, animal lust.

Finally, she let her legs drop, but her body stayed tight around his cock, her swollen, leaking pussy still locked on the root, her ass smothered in his hands. She panted, lips peeled back in a savage, triumphant smile, sweat streaking her forehead and clinging to the wild halo of her hair.

“Fuck, I can feel it in me. You’re still pumping, baby. Give Mommy everything. That’s right, don’t let up, I want my stud to destroy me.”

He groaned, every muscle trembling, his cock still trapped and twitching inside her as the last pulses of sperm spurted into her hungry core.

The weight of her, the heat, the wet—all of it was a waking dream. She was right there with him, her cunt sucking out the last tremors, determined not to let go until she was chemically certain her womb was swimming in nothing but pure, victorious second-generation seed.

All around them, the cabin stayed silent, the ritual of their rut hidden from the outside, the mess and sound and sticky glory kept preserved in the makeshift den of sex and hunger they made.

In that moment, Calvin knew: he wasn’t just fucking his mother. He had claimed her. He was the stallion of this household now, and there was nothing on earth more real than the taste of her sweat and the sound of her pussy milking him to emptiness.

Calvin was transformed that day, no longer the trembling, overwhelmed boy of the night before, but a savage, rut-maddened stallion, his every motion driven by an animal hunger that wiped clean any trace of reason.

The teen braced himself above her on the bed, arms locked, muscles cording along his back as he reared up, ready to plunge again and again into the heat below.

Janet watched her own son with a radiant, worshipful lust, unable to keep from grinning as she saw the wild, predatory glint in his eyes—the way the bones of his jaw clenched, teeth bared, tongue flicking over his own lips in an unconscious mimic of animal rage.

His hips drew back, the cockhead barely losing pressure on her battered opening before he slammed home, the entire shaft vanishing into her clenching, drooling cunt with a wet, unforgiving pop.

The length of him was veiny, slippery, glistening from the mix of their fluids, and the battered lips of Janet's pussy flexed open to swallow every last inch. The collision of their bodies was seismic, the wet slap of his pelvis against her pouting mound echoing through the bedroom, punctuated by Janet's guttural, wordless cries.

Her gigantic tits rolled madly on her ribs with each stroke, the weight of them smacking together or up into his chest, the friction so intense it left her flushed, covered in streaks of sweat and milky glaze.

Calvin's eyes couldn't leave them; they watched, mesmerized, every bounce and quake, every wobble of the colossal domes as he slammed her down into the mattress.

The candlelight painted wild, liquid highlights across the sweat-slicked skin, shadows pooling in the obscene valley of her cleavage, every ripple and shudder telegraphing right up into his brain, ratcheting the hunger even higher.

"Angle yourself up, babe," Janet barked, her hands locking around his hips, yanking him into a new position so the head of his cock smashed harder against the top wall of her cunt, grinding the tip right into the furnace-hot nub of her G-spot. "Like that, you feel it? Get in there and wreck me, Calvin, make me scream!"

The command cut through the fog of rut and he responded instantly, hips rolling forward with a new, piston-like force. His cock carved through her internal sleeve, the engorged flare battering her nerve-centers with mechanical precision.

Each thrust had her arching, bucking, her thighs flying wide as her body seized in the grip of relentless, rolling mommy-climax.

Janet clawed at his back, nails gouging savage lines across his scapula and ribs, dragging him down so his full bodyweight pressed her hips deep into the sagging mattress. She wanted every atom of his mass to smash her; she wanted to feel the slap and crush of him, bone-to-bone, cock-to-cervix, as the violence of the fuck forced her to surrender.

Her ass bounced off the bed, the cheeks jiggling, twin orbs flattened by the raw power of his thrusts, and each time his balls hit the quivering ring of her asshole, the wet collision sent a new white-hot jolt all the way up her spine.

"Speed it up, honey, don't lose your rhythm," Janet snarled, "faster, faster, don't give me even a second to fucking breathe!"

She locked both hands behind his neck, yanked his chest down, and bit at his jaw, at his ear, at any patch of flesh she could reach as they rolled together. The bodies clashed, smashed, her thighs clamping around his flanks to trap the driving piston of his cock, refusing to let a single drop go astray.

Calvin was gone, wild, his face buried in the hot, steaming pillow between her tits, breath coming in ragged hitching grunts as he drove his shaft as hard and deep as his body would allow.

Janet rocked with the impacts, her whole torso shivering as his cock hit like a battering ram, the battered rim of her pussy stretching wide around the base.

Sometimes she'd flex, squeezing his length with the insane, clutching strength of her inner muscles, and just laugh when she felt him jerk, heard his throat break into an almost panicked moan.

She milked him, first slow and then with a savage, rolling wave, massaging every inch as she forced his tip to batter the gates of her womb over and over.

"Angle it up, stud, right into the top, make the tip kiss my clit-root from the inside. You feel that ridge? That soft spot? That's the engine. Fuck it, smash your head in there, grind me until I lose my mind!"

Calvin pumped, he wrenched, he jacked his hips up to match the internal geometry she demanded, and with every new configuration the pleasure ratcheted to insane new heights.

The friction of their bodies was a live current, sweat and spit and cunt-slick layering in, and the sound of their union built into a relentless, hydraulic thump that grew louder, faster, meaner.

Her own orgasm broke again, a shuddering, paralyzing ripple that started at her base and traveled through her whole core, turning her thighs to water and her voice to a guttural scream.

It didn't even slow him. Calvin was a machine now, every ounce of his weight behind the plowing, relentless piston of his cock, his abs scraping her clit from above while the tip mashed the sweet spot from within.

Her pussy seized and milked him, the striated lining flexing in a savage, rhythmic choke, determined to wring every last atom of seed straight out of his balls and into her raw, gaping canal.

"FUCK—FUCK!!" the mother snarled as she smashed him to her, caged his arms with her thighs, and rolled him under.

Now she was on top, her ruined pussy still impaled on the molten-hot column, and she drilled herself up and down, rocking back and forth, milking the cock from every angle.

Her colossal tits wobbled, flopped, collided over his jaw and nose; sometimes she just mashed his face under the sweaty pillows and dared him to breathe, to escape the motherly smother of her flesh. But there was no escape, only more friction, more flex, more wild, rolling spasms as she bred herself on her son's weapon.

Her voice shattered, her jaw dropping, sweat and spit flying as she slammed down, hips crashing, the inside of her tunnel rippling in a tantrum of clutching muscle.

The view was insanity: mother riding her child, monster-tits slapping each other, the shaft of his cock vanishing into a battered, drooling canal that bloomed open to suck it in, over and over, as if nothing might ever fill it so completely.

Calvin's hands dug into her ass, grabbing for leverage as Janet mashed her hips in a whiplash rhythm, her internal walls so strong and greedy it was like being jerked off and milked from the inside.

She was the engine; he was the fuel. Every contraction was a wrenching, wet drag through the plug of his cock, every bounce and smash driving him closer to the cliff.

Her words wrecked him, made it all even dirtier, reminding him that this wasn't just sex, but a battle—a fight for genetic supremacy, a war to see who owned the family legacy.

"Fucking take it, Calvin, take all of me! Break my pussy open, knock me up, show Mommy you're the best!"

She writhed like a demon, her cunt wringing his shaft with every muscular snap; then she'd grind, slowly, mashing her clit against his pubic bone, her lips swollen and violent, drooling slick as if they were starving for more.

The entire length of his cock was squeezed, rolled, devoured by her inner muscles, and the head of it mashed so hard into her womb the outline bulged visibly along the lower curve of her belly.

"M-MOM!" he squealed as lost it. Another detonating orgasm tore through him, the cock swelling and jerking, jets of cum boiling straight out the slit of his meatus in hot, endless ropes, smashing into the back of her tunnel and rushing up to fill her clutching canal.

Janet rode the wave, arched her back, let her tits avalanche over his face and chest, and screamed her way through a matching orgasm, the inner lining of her pussy rippling, milking, draining every millimeter of fresh sperm straight into her core.

The crown of his cock sat locked at the gate of her womb, so tight she could have picked him up off the mattress by his dick alone, the seal absolute.

The excess jizz, unable to go deeper, fountained back out around the shaft, painting the battered lips of her slit and flooding down over his balls and the sheets beneath.

Even then, Janet never eased off. She wanted him ruined, emptied, every last drop harvested from his balls and claimed by her greedy, ovulating cunt.

She braced her hands on his chest and rode him in tight, evil spirals, the motion designed to stroke up every nerve and force the cock to throbbing, aching new hardness even before the afterglow of the last orgasm had faded.

She was a queen, a destroyer, a furnace for his breeding. If Calvin slowed, she barked fresh, filthy instructions: "Faster, baby, rut me, drive it, use those hips, fuck it in deep!"

If he faltered, she locked her thighs and ratcheted her pussy down, squeezing so brutally that he had no choice but to react, bucking and howling as the wet, muscular glove dragged another surge of pre-cum up from his battered root.

The heat was animal. The sound was animal. The only thing that mattered was the cock plunging in and out of the drenched, stretching, battered hole, the soft, internal lining clinging and dragging and stripping every last drop.

With every bounce, Janet smashed her pelvis down until the cheeks of her ass collided with the tops of Calvin's thighs, the slap reverberating through their chests.

Her tits jounced so hard the nipples grazed her chin, then wobbled wetly across his mouth, every surface electrically charged with the friction, the overflow, the pollen haze of pure sex.

Inside, the walls of her pussy milked his cock for all he was worth, sparking overload after overload, ready to restart the cycle before his balls had caught their breath.

She was engine, he was ammo. Every spasm was pure biology, each load a high-pressure jet meant to erase her husband, erase the world, seed every inch of her ovulating machinery with nothing but his raw, filthy genetics.

Her own orgasms tore through her, over and over, the pleasure so intense her vision went white with static, her whole body arching, locking, then flooding with new wetness.

She wanted him to feel it; she wanted to teach him not just how to fuck, but how to own. She wanted every memory burned into his cells, the taste of victory so complete that he could never retreat, never go back.

At the peak, Janet would snarl and slam her hips down, the internal sleeve flexing in a rolling, unstoppable wave, and Calvin would answer, rutting up into her with desperate, piston-hard thrusts, his cock so rigid it seemed to gain inches with every round.

His face was a rictus of animal pleasure, mouth open, chin glazed with tit-sweat and spit, nose crushed flat by the underbellies of her tits. But his focus was absolute. He was meant for this. His body, his brain, his soul: all wired for a single purpose.

This time, his orgasm detonated like a grenade, the pressure in his balls so savage he cried out, biting at her nipple as the load rocketed into her. His cock flexed, swelled, then shot, a river of thick cream jetting out in furious pulses, so much that the overflow started instantly, slicking everything in a white mess that spilled over her winking asshole and down between the jiggling slabs of her ass.

Janet's own climax struck again, her voice vanishing as her body crushed him with concentric, crushing pulses, milking his shaft from base to head, refusing to let any semen escape unclaimed.

She milked every last drop, her cunt using grip and technique that would have made any porn star cry uncle. Her body pulsed in fresh aftershocks, each squeeze timed to match his fading throbs, stretching out the climax until he was drained, depleted, a shuddering, gasping mess buried under the mass of his own mother's victorious, sweat-drenched body.

On the final day, they fucked like monsters. A marathon, a mechanical rut, three straight days and nights of nothing but flesh, sweat, and the endless crash of bodies coming together in every possible position.

Janet became obsessed, clinical, insatiable; Calvin was just a weapon in her hands, a mass of muscle and cock meant to hammer, fill, and make her come apart as he bred her.

Sometimes she rode him, her thighs bracketing his narrow hips as she bounced and churned his cock through her slick, swollen tunnel, the battered lips of her sex stretched tight around his length.

Other times, she pinned him to the bed, flattened him beneath the suffocating avalanche of her tits, and mashed her soaking cunt down on his tireless cock until he howled, her entire body pulverizing soft tissue against rigid, boyish muscle.

Janet loved to dominate him, to use the sheer inertia and greed of her matronly curves to drive him to new thresholds. Her favorite thing was watching his face—the moment when the pleasure tipped from bearable to blinding, when his jaw snapped open and the cords in his neck stood out, when his cock swelled and jerked inside her, pumping molten, high-pressure sperm straight into her already-flooded womb.

She did whatever it took. Sometimes, she bend over on all-fours so he could fuck her from behind. Her ass, split wide and gleaming, would cushion the savage, wet slap of his pelvis, while his balls bounced off her clit with every fierce, javelin-hard thrust.

Her juice would fly everywhere, streaking down his thighs, painting the insides of her knees and the battered, writhing ring of her anus, which puckered and winked with every impact.

She'd grind back, riding him, her channel flexing and milking the shaft while she made him watch in the mirror.

"Look at that," she'd hiss, voice dark and thick. "You see how your cock splits me, baby? How your cum floods out the second you pull back? That's how real men breed. No one else could ever do this to me, Calvin. Only you."

If she wanted it softer—which was almost never, but sometimes, between rounds, it thrilled Janet to play gentle for a breathless, filthy hour or two—she'd spoon up against him and make out, their tongues wrestling like slippery eels inside his mouth.

She'd guide him in with one hand, slow, savoring the glide as his cockhead parted her battered lips and slid deep into the sticky, hot

furnace of her pussy. Then she'd clamp down, rolling her ass in a slow, obscene figure-eights, milking his penile meat, draining him, holding him in so tight that her body soaked up every shivering spurt of sperm.

But mostly, she wanted it rough. She wanted to rut, to crash, to drive herself and her son into a DNA-level, animalistic madness. She guided him through an assortment of crazy sex-positions, teaching him all the ways he could fuck and breed a girl.

They lost count of the orgasms. Janet climaxed over and over, sometimes eight, nine, ten times in a single round. Her pussy was a live wire, the inner muscles flexing and squeezing with each new rush, every shockwave making her clutch at him hard enough to bruise, desperate to milk out every possible drop from his cock.

Her screams would fill the cabin, her nails sinking into his skin, her body jerking and writhing as her brain went offline, the only thought left: breed, breed, BREED.

For Calvin, it was the same. The overload, the savage friction, the constant suffocation of sweat and tit-flesh, the relentless pressure of her clutching, skillful cunt—it built and built until the only option was to surrender, explode, fill her with another flood of sperm.

And each load was met, received, and celebrated like a victory. Janet would arch, howl, and lock him in, her body vibrating with joy as she absorbed and owned the heat of his release.

She'd flex her hips, mashing him up inside her, rolling her body to make sure every last jet of cum was hammered straight through to the mouth of her unprotected womb.

Sometimes, after a particularly savage round, Janet would just collapse over him, pinning him to the bed or sofa or kitchen table, still plugged and twitching around the root of his cock, both their bellies smeared with sweat and jizz, their minds blanked by the excessive pleasure.

She'd giggle into his neck, whisper bruised, taunting words like, "That's my boy," or "You're gonna make the strongest baby," or, "You're better than your father ever dreamed of being." And as soon as his cock started to twitch and harden again, as soon as her body felt the return of that pressure, Janet would reposition, hungry for the next round.

Each time Calvin thought he'd emptied himself completely, Janet bullied the next orgasm out of him. She'd milk his shaft in her fist or between her tits, squeeze his balls at the base with cruel, clinical precision before riding him extra slow, working his tender glans against her interior ridges.

Even when he whimpered, when he trembled and begged for a moment to catch his breath, she'd laugh and grind her hips, her face gleaming with sweat and the surety of victory.

And when she finally got what she wanted? When his cock exploded, when she felt the renewed, boiling-hot flood pulsing deep in her cunt? Janet would shriek with triumph, mash her body down over his, and refuse to let his cock go for minutes, sometimes even an hour, letting every ounce of sperm marinate inside the greedy, gaping folds of her birthing tunnel.

Calvin would spend those delightful times buried under a heavy tit, sucking like a newborn with his entire head cocooned in warm, supple tit-flesh.

Janet made sure the girls saw some of it, too. They set up the phone, filmed the chaos, sent photos and video back home so that Lily and Rose could see some of the jackhammering, baby-making action.

"See how good your brother's getting?" she messaged them while her boy drilled into her from the top. "Think you could handle him, girls?"

Janet made every session count, every climax productive. She teased, demanded, devoured, and always owned the result: a belly full, a womb so drowned that every egg would have to fight not to be overwhelmed, swamped, and fertilized by her son's DNA.

During the weekend, the cycle never stopped. Fuck, eat, fuck again—even sleep was just a hot, sweaty pause, bodies glued together by the lake of their own sticky emissions.

Calvin would wake up to feel his face jammed between her tits, her hand already milking his cock, her pussy already oozing down his shaft as she rolled over him, ready for the next round.

Even during lunch, between bites, they'd paw and grope and grind, as if the sexual imperative was the only law in their secret world.

By the end of the weekend, the cabin was a monument to rut: every room reeked of sex, every surface stained and sticky, the air heavy with the funk of baby-making bliss.

Janet glowed with satisfaction, sweat and sperm still streaking her thighs and the undercarriage of her tits as she lay, splayed and used, on the ruined sheets. But she was never content for long; even exhausted, even wrecked, she always reached for Calvin, always tried to coax that next load, that next chance at a winning baby.

And every time, his cock delivered. Hard as iron. Unstoppable. The tool that replaced his father forever.

The millions-strong army of white-hot sperm Calvin had blasted into his mother's quaking, freshly fucked cunt began their frenzied assault at once, hungry and mindless, their only purpose to swarm, invade, and conquer her very core.

Inside Janet's body, everything was chaos. The deep, glistening folds of her vaginal canal writhed with fresh semen, the walls squelching and clenching as her climax faded, milking every last sticky drop out of her son's still-throbbing cock.

Pools of cloudy, potent cream sloshed against her cervix. Already, at the molecular level, the cum-borne legions were on the move. There was no time for mercy. No hesitation.

The first wave hit the os of her cervix in a berserker, slamming rush: millions of sperm heads, each ballooned, blunted, and rammed full of next-generation DNA, battered and bored into the tight mucus plug that protected her inner sanctum.

An ordinary load would have drowned in the thickness, stillborn at the gate. But Calvin's sperm were young, potent, engineered by taboo—they were monstrous, relentless, a tidal wave with a single fixation: breach and swarm and win.

Behind the soft, stretching mouth of Janet's cervix, her uterus opened like a dark, secret chamber, bathed in slippery, alkaline fluid perfectly calibrated by hormones to encourage the strongest, wildest swimmers.

The pressure of Calvin's final, impossible orgasms had shot the bulk of his load right up against the puckered entrance, the first globs of cum spattering through, hot and sticky into the waiting tunnel.

The smell and taste and chemical signature of it hit Janet's body like a detonation, triggering an invisible web of maternal reflexes: her womb flexed, rippling, milking the load deeper, luring as many sperm as possible up toward the waiting egg.

Calvin's sperm smashed through the obstructions inside her. Thousands, then millions, broke off from the surging river of semen, snaking into the narrow crypts and channels of the cervical canal where those from earlier ejaculations still lingered.

The tips of the sperm heads were sheathed in enzymes, engineered like chemical warheads to melt through the barricades in their path. Once inside, they unraveled into a rolling, writhing mass: white, opalescent, and absolutely ruthless.

Each spermatozoon was alive with energy, propelled by a tail longer than its body—a whipcord flagellum that beat at over a hundred cycles a second, carving and punishing the fluid around it.

The strongest forged ahead, jousting with the twin walls of Janet's cervical mucus, fighting for millimeters, pushing deeper and deeper toward the ripe, gaping mouth of her womb.

By the hour, the numbers dwindled: from hundreds of millions to tens, then single millions, as the mother's internal acids and immune system slaughtered the weakest, culling every straggler, letting only the elite, the most raw and animal, proceed.

They clustered in the crypts, then spilled out, free of the cervical labyrinth at last, blinking into the wide, shimmering expanse of Janet's uterine chamber—a hot, hormone-drenched cathedral built for the sole purpose of mating, breeding, creating.

The churning sea of sperm was thrown into fresh chaos by the brutal rhythm of another mounting fuck—the wet, percussive slap of balls beating against ass, Janet's guttural snarls of “breed me” echoing in the chamber of her womb.

A new raging torrent of teenage seed was preparing to thunder up the passage, hot and thick, a volcanic pressure that sent the existing swarm into a frenzy.

Each microscopic invader redoubled its efforts, whipping its tail into a blur, driven by the primal imperative to be the first to spear that ripe, waiting ovum and claim its monstrous victory.

The mass of them churned forward, boiling at the center of her womb, drawn onward by scent signatures, sugar gradients, subtle cilia currents, all orchestrated by the machinery of Janet's mother-body.

They clustered in swirling vortices, hammering up against the sticky walls, surging ever forward to the fallopian tubes flanking the upper reaches of her uterus.

Most men's sperm would have died here, lost, slowed by the pressure and electrical polarity of the passageways. Calvin's monsters were different: faster, hungrier, more powerful, their mid-pieces packed with mitochondria like a rod of TNT ready to fire at will.

They crashed into the entrance of the tubes, a stampede of living vectors, each slamming hard against the bottleneck, using the flex of their necks to lever through the resistance, breaking loose into the sacred interior of her reproductive tract.

Phalanxes of sperm shot up the fallopian highway at blinding speed, hurtling in wild, spiraling bursts that left the weak and slow behind. They didn't travel alone; each head was flanked by rivals, as the milky mass of Calvin's seed churned and boiled, sperm fighting sperm in the primal madness of the race.

Along the way, exhausted cells collapsed and died, caught in micro-edies or trapped against the pitted ridges of Janet's inner lining. But for every one that failed, a thousand more pressed on, obsessed, feeling the pressure of more sperm being pumped into Janet's body—hundreds of millions of them starting their journey.

The egg was waiting for them—naked, swollen, the ovum just released from the velvet crypt of her ovary.

The timing was flawless; Janet's body had selected this moment as the one where she would be made pregnant, and her hormones had signaled the egg to descend at the first chemical hints of fresh, virile sperm in her tunnel.

Only hours after mother and son arrived back home, the egg hovered in the wide, velvet-soft duct at the top of Janet's fallopian tube, slow-spinning in the warm soup of mother-molecules designed to either nourish or annihilate every would-be conqueror.

The instant the first Calvin-sperm sighted the egg, they went berserk. Chemical sensors on their heads lit up, sniffing the cloud of female chemoattractant, and every sperm in shouting distance turned and beelined for the target.

The egg itself was monstrous, a colossal, glistening disc coated in thick, sugar-rich layers, the zona pellucida: tough, glassy, built to resist all but the most savage attackers. But Calvin's sperm were born of monsters, and their numbers were obscene.

They weren't just waves; they were tidal surges, entire squadrons slamming the egg's surface, hissing and scraping and battering the glossy wall with their swollen, blunted heads.

It was a siege. Sperm after sperm by the thousands crashed into the zona, hour after hour, dissolving the outermost sugar layers with their enzyme-loaded tips, working in packs, clawing and burning and melting the shell, wearing it razor-thin.

The sperm that arrived next hammered the breach, taking turns to ram and jab their chemically charged noses through the weak points, prying apart millimeter after millimeter, until the first lucky bastard broke through—a single Calvin-sperm, distorted and snarling from the battle, burrowed past the threshold and found itself pressed directly against the naked surface of the waiting egg.

The ovum rewarded the victor by opening wide. Its surface rippled, extending spiky microvilli to clutch at the sperm's head, to suck it in, to devour every cell and, in that instant, fuse and cancel the entire rest of the sperm army.

With the swift, mechanical certainty of a trap, the membrane sealed shut; every rival sperm was frozen from entry, their genetic payloads left to die and rot outside the fortress they'd battered so long.

But that one Calvin-sperm? It was inside, instantly, heroically. Its nucleus dilated, dumping the carefully guarded payload of DNA into the molten, nutrient-drenched cytoplasm of the egg.

In that first moment, genetic destiny fused: half his code, half hers, locking and whirling together, the chromosomes spinning and combining, the secret instructions for a new life meshed and clamped into a single, weaponized cell.

Chemistry exploded through the egg. Calcium surges swept the surface, hardening the boundary to complete, irreversible lockdown. The egg's interior, now spliced with traits torn straight from Calvin's teenage balls, began to divide, split, and multiply in a bubbling soup of genetic instruction.

The new code took immediate command: in hours, the one cell became two, then four, then eight, then a sphere, all the code active, all the switches flipped, all the destiny sealed.

Calvin's sperm had not just raped the egg—it had detonated it. The engine of Janet's womb ignited instantly, filling her body with the raw, glowing future of her own son's seed.

Hormones cascaded: human chorionic gonadotropin, progesterone, a flood of signals that told her body she was no longer just a mother, but a newly-pregnant woman, knocked up by her favorite animal, heavy with the fruit of incest.

The blast wave of implanting hormones overtook her. Inside, the dividing, tumbling ball of cells began to migrate through the tube. In five days, the little monster formed a trembling, hollow blastocyst floating down from the fallopian duct into the waiting, plush depths of her uterine mucosa.

Here the lining was red and raw, bathed in the sticky, jellied slime of her own post-fuck discharge, ready and eager to anchor the baby. The blastocyst landed, burrowed, and fused itself to Janet's inner wall, sending out microscopic roots and claws, tapping into her blood supply.

It claimed her: no turning back. She was annexed, remade, a pregnant, taken animal, her womb now a fortress for the secret child made from the union of incest.

Calvin's baby was growing. The zygote's code invoked genetic tools that traced his shape, his mind, even his cock, duplicating old family blueprints and mutating them in strange, beautiful ways.

In a matter of days, Janet's body would register the chemical flicker: missed period, then a pulse of hormone, then a sweet, deep ache in her belly.

Her tits would swell even more gigantic, her nipples darken and throb, her cervix soften and her pussy dampen with the perverse pride and hunger only a truly filthy, pregnant MILF would know—a hunger to be bred again, to milk her favorite son until the family tree branched in wild, untamed new directions.

Janet would want him. She would want more. But inside her, at the atomic level, the millions of sperm that had battered her from every angle were now dead or dying, their rivalries spent, their sole successful comrade fused forever to her egg.

It was the ultimate incest victory: her womb, her own, her body, now culturing the absolute proof of her infidelity. Pregnant. His.