

BETA CUCKS ANONYMOUS



BY KLRXO

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Dave shifted uncomfortably in the metal folding chair, the cold seeping through his jeans. He cleared his throat, his face flushing hot as the eyes of the group settled on him expectantly. Angie sat beside him, her hand resting lightly on his thigh. Her touch usually comforted him, but now it felt like a brand, searing his shame deeper.

"I'm Dave," he began, his voice cracking slightly. He licked his dry lips. "And I'm...I'm a cuckold." The words tasted bitter on his tongue.

Angie squeezed his leg, her ruby lips curving into a smile as she glanced around at the other women. Her eyes sparkled with pride and something else - amusement? Arousal? Dave's stomach clenched.

"My wife Angie, she's..." He swallowed hard. "She's been sleeping with our son."

The words poured out of him, each one more painful than the last. He described coming home from work early one day, expecting to surprise Angie. But when he walked into their bedroom, he was the one shocked to find her tangled in the sheets with their 18-year-old son Jake.

Dave's face burned with humiliation as he recounted how he had stood frozen in the doorway, unable to process the erotic scene in front of him. Angie's ample breasts bounced as she rode Jake's cock, her nails raking down his chest. Their mingled moans and the obscene slap of flesh against flesh rang in Dave's ears.

"I couldn't believe what I was seeing," Dave said hoarsely, his eyes fixed on the scuffed linoleum floor. "My wife...with our own son... in our bed." His hands clenched into fists on his thighs.

Angie interjected with a little laugh. "It was quite a surprise for Dave to walk in on us like that! The look on his face!" She exchanged knowing smiles with the other women in the circle, as if sharing a naughty inside joke.

Dave's cheeks flamed even hotter at her cavalier attitude. How could she be so blasé about cuckolding him with their teenage son? He felt gutted, unmanned, utterly betrayed. And yet... a traitorous part of him had been undeniably aroused by the taboo sight of his sexy wife being pleased by their strapping young son.

Dave couldn't meet anyone's eyes as shame and confusion swirled inside him. "I...I didn't know what to do," he admitted. "So I just backed out of the room and acted like I didn't see anything." He exhaled shakily, the truth now laid bare.

The facilitator, Becca, a middle-aged blonde, turned to Angie with a sympathetic smile. "Angie, would you feel comfortable sharing more details about the nature of your sexual relationship with your son Jake?"

Angie nodded, crossing her long legs. "Of course. I believe in being open and honest, especially in a supportive environment like this." She paused, choosing her words carefully.

"It started a few months ago. Jake had just turned 18 and I couldn't help noticing how much he'd grown up. He's become such a handsome young man." Her eyes took on a dreamy, faraway look as she remembered. "One day when Dave was at work, Jake came into the kitchen after his shower, wearing nothing but a towel. And well...one thing led to another."

She glanced at Dave, gauging his reaction. He kept his gaze fixed on the floor, his jaw clenched tight. Angie continued, "Since then, Jake and I have been intimate a few times a day, whenever we have the house to ourselves. I know it's unconventional, but it feels so natural and right when we're together."

Dave shifted in his chair, discomfort radiating off him. He couldn't believe Angie was sharing these sordid details so casually with a group of strangers.

Becca leaned forward, her voice gentle and probing. "And what do these intimate encounters with Jake usually entail, if you're willing to share?"

"Well," Angie said, a secret smile playing at the corners of her mouth, "We've explored many facets of our attraction. Oral sex, different positions, role play. I've introduced Jake to some of my favorite toys." She lowered her lashes. "He's a very eager and attentive lover."

Dave wanted to cover his ears, to run from the room. Each word from Angie's lips was like a hot knife in his heart. He pictured his wife and son exploring each other's bodies, their limbs entwined, lost in passion. His stomach roiled even as a dark curl of forbidden arousal unfurled inside him.

"I see," the facilitator said. "And how do you feel about this new dimension to your relationship with Jake?"

Angie looked directly at Dave, her expression soft yet unflinching. "I know it's difficult for Dave. But this feels so right to me on a deep level. It's like coming home. Jake fulfills me in ways I didn't know I needed."

Becca turned to Angie, her expression gentle yet probing. "Do you feel that Dave should be supportive and accepting of your sexual relationship with Jake?"

Angie paused, choosing her words carefully as she glanced at Dave. He kept his gaze fixed on the floor, his shoulders tense.

"I know this is a lot for Dave to process," Angie began. "But yes, I do feel he should try to be understanding. What Jake and I share...it's profound. It's not some tawdry fling."

She reached for Dave's hand but he flinched away from her touch. Angie sighed, undeterred. "I realize this goes against conventional norms. But love and attraction don't always follow society's rules. The heart wants what it wants."

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed hard. Conventional norms? He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of that understatement. His wife was fucking their teenage son and he was supposed to just smile and nod?

"I know Dave is struggling with feelings of betrayal right now," Angie continued, her voice maddeningly calm. "But I hope he can open his mind and heart to see the beauty in my bond with Jake. It doesn't diminish my love for Dave. If anything, it enhances it."

Dave finally lifted his head to stare at Angie incredulously. Enhance their love? He couldn't wrap his brain around her logic. His wife's affair with their son was tearing him apart inside, and she had the audacity to reframe it as something beautiful?

"This is an opportunity for growth," Angie said, meeting Becca's eyes before turning back to Dave. "A chance to shatter old constructs around relationships and forge a new path. I'm not asking Dave to participate, but I am asking him to find a way to embrace and celebrate the love I share with our son."

Dave's chest constricted painfully, Angie's words hitting him like physical blows. Embrace her incestuous infidelity? Celebrate her betrayal? She made it sound so reasonable, painting him as close-minded for not rejoicing at being cuckolded under his own roof.

Angie squeezed his knee, her touch burning through his jeans. "I know it's not easy, honey. But please, try to open your mind. Jake and I aren't going to stop what we've started. It would mean so much to have your support. To not have to sneak around anymore."

Dave pictured Angie and Jake openly flaunting their affair, kissing and groping each other on the couch, in the kitchen, at the dinner table. His stomach heaved at the thought. How could she expect him to condone such depravity?

Becca regarded Dave thoughtfully for a long moment. Then she said, "Dave, I know this is incredibly difficult to process. Your whole world has been turned upside down. But if you want to salvage your marriage, you'll need to find a way to come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship."

Dave stared at her in disbelief. Come to terms with it? How could he ever accept something so wrong, so taboo? His wife and son, lovers. The very idea made bile rise in his throat.

"I have a suggestion," Becca continued, her voice gentle yet firm. "A first step, to help you start dismantling the mental blocks and preconceptions you have about Angie and Jake. I'd like you to watch them engage in some non-sexual intimacy in front of you. Hugging, kissing. Just observe them together, being affectionate."

Dave's stomach dropped. Watch his wife kiss their son? He couldn't imagine anything more awkward and uncomfortable. "I don't know if I can do that," he mumbled, his palms going clammy.

"I know it feels impossible right now," Becca said. "But Dave, if you don't start somewhere, you'll lose them both. Angie has made it clear that she isn't going to end things with Jake. So you can either find a way to accept their love, or let your disgust and judgment drive a permanent wedge in your family."

Angie looked at Dave pleadingly, her eyes shining with unshed tears. "Please, honey. Just try. For me. For us." She stroked his arm, and he had to resist the urge to pull away. The thought of her touching Jake with those same hands made his skin crawl.

Dave's temples pounded as he struggled to wrap his mind around Becca's challenge. Let Angie and Jake put on a show of their unnatural affection for him? Watch them kiss and caress each other like lovers? His very soul recoiled at the notion.

And yet...did he really have a choice? Angie had made her desires crystal clear. She wasn't going to stop fucking their son. So what were his options? Divorce her in disgust and lose his family? Or swallow his revulsion and try to desensitize himself to their incestuous relationship?

"Okay," he heard himself say, the word scraping out of his tight throat. "I'll...I'll try to watch them. Just hug and kiss." The words tasted like ashes on his tongue.

Angie squeezed his hand, her face awash with relief and gratitude. "Thank you, Dave. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Angie had always turned heads with her vivacious beauty. At 38, the busy stay-at-home mom of two still maintained the youthful spark and allure that had first caught Dave's eye back in college. With her thick mane of auburn hair, piercing green eyes and full, pouting lips, she resembled a 1950s pinup model come to life.

But it was Angie's mouthwatering curves that really made her stand out. Her overflowing H-cup breasts strained against every top, the deep cleavage impossible to ignore. Her narrow waist nipped in before flaring out to childbearing hips and a juicy, shelf-like bubble butt. Angie knew how to dress to show off her hourglass figure too, favoring clingy tops, skin-tight jeans and skimpy sundresses.

Dave had always loved his wife's busty, bodacious body. He couldn't keep his hands off her voluptuous ass and huge, heavy tits. Knowing other men lusted after Angie too had always given Dave a secret thrill - he felt proud to have such a sexy, head-turning wife on his arm. Her sensuality and overt femininity were part of what had attracted him to her in the first place.

But now, picturing all those generous curves being explored and enjoyed by his own son's hands and mouth...Dave's stomach twisted with nausea even as an illicit heat unfurled in his groin. How could watching Angie kiss and cuddle with Jake, seeing their unnatural intimacy up close, possibly help him accept their incestuous affair? The very idea made his skin crawl.

And yet Becca's words echoed in his mind. If he didn't find some way to come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship, he would lose them both. The thought of his family splintering apart gutted him. But could he really sit there and witness his son being affectionate with Angie, touching her in ways no son should ever touch his mother?

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Angie and Jake at the dinner table that night. Their eyes kept meeting, lingering just a little too long, private smiles playing at their lips. Angie giggled at something Jake said, her hand brushing his arm. The casual intimacy of the gesture made Dave's jaw clench.

He couldn't help noticing the way Jake's gaze kept roaming over Angie's body, drinking in her curves. And why wouldn't he stare? Angie's low-cut blouse displayed her ample cleavage, the creamy swells of her breasts threatening to spill out with every movement. Her nipples poked against the thin fabric, as if begging for attention.

Jake had filled out in the last year, transforming from a gangly teenager to a fit, handsome young man. His broad shoulders strained against his t-shirt, hinting at the lean, hard muscles underneath. Dave's eyes flicked down to the sizeable bulge in his son's jeans. He swallowed hard, looking away.

Was that what Angie found so irresistible? Their son's tight body, his big cock? Dave's own member twitched traitorously in his pants at the thought. Self-loathing mixed with the hot sting of arousal in his gut.

Jake said something else and Angie threw her head back, laughing. Her breasts jiggled with the movement, drawing both Jake and Dave's gazes like magnets. Dave tore his eyes away, his face burning.

This was wrong. So wrong. Watching his son eye-fuck his mom, seeing the blatant lust on both their faces. Dave wanted to flip the table, to scream at them to stop.

But Becca's advice wormed its way into his brain. If he didn't find a way to accept Angie and Jake's unnatural attraction, he would lose them. The idea made his heart seize in his chest.

So Dave forced himself to take a shaky breath, to keep watching as Angie leaned close to Jake, murmuring something in his ear. Jake's eyes fluttered closed for a moment, a smile tugging at his full lips.

They looked like lovers sharing an inside joke, wrapped up in their own little world. A world Dave wasn't part of. His stomach sank even as a perverse heat unfurled in his groin.

Was this his life now? Simmering with shame and jealousy while his sexy wife openly flirted with their strapping young son? Trying to shove down his disgust and arousal as he watched their forbidden romance play out in front of him?

Dave didn't know if he was strong enough to handle this twisted new reality. But as Angie's hand disappeared under the table, no doubt stroking Jake's muscular thigh, he knew one thing for sure - he had to try. The alternative was losing his family forever.

After dinner, Angie asked their young daughter Lily to go upstairs and work on her homework. Lily gathered her books and bounded up to her room, pigtails bouncing.

Jake started collecting the dishes, bringing them to the sink where Angie had begun rinsing. Dave watched, his gut twisting, as they worked in tandem, hands brushing as they passed plates back and forth. The

domestic scene would have warmed his heart if not for the new, sordid context.

As Jake set the last glass in the drying rack, Angie turned to him with a soft smile. She reached up, cupping his face in her hands. Dave's breath caught in his throat. Surely she wasn't going to...

But then Angie was pulling Jake down into a kiss, right there in front of Dave. He watched in stunned disbelief as their lips met, clinging and caressing. Jake stiffened for a moment, darting an awkward glance at his dad. But Angie held him close, deepening the kiss, and Jake soon melted into her embrace.

Dave gripped the edge of the table, his knuckles turning white. Watching his wife kiss their son like a lover, her voluptuous body pressing against his lean one, made Dave's head spin. Nausea clawed at his throat even as a shameful heat unfurled in his groin.

When Angie finally pulled back, Jake's face was flushed, his lips pink and wet. He glanced uncertainly between his parents, clearly uncomfortable with this open display of affection in front of his father.

But Angie just stroked Jake's hair, her eyes soft and reassuring. "It's okay, honey," she murmured. "Your dad understands. He wants us to feel comfortable expressing our love."

Dave wanted to shout that no, he absolutely did not understand or feel comfortable with any of this. The words stuck in his tight throat. Becca's advice echoed in his mind, urging him to keep watching, to acclimatize himself to their unnatural intimacy.

So he said nothing as Angie pulled Jake in for another deep, sensual kiss. He clenched his jaw, trying to breath through the hot sting of tears, as he watched his wife's tongue tangle with their son's. The wet sounds of their mouths moving together, the little sighs and moans Angie let out, branded themselves into Dave's brain.

Jake's hands roamed over Angie's curves, squeezing the swell of her ass, skimming up to cup her heavy breasts. She arched into his touch with a breathy moan. Dave's stomach heaved even as his cock thickened traitorously in his pants.

He didn't know how much more of this he could take. Watching Angie kiss and grope Jake, seeing their passion rising, was shredding his heart and twisting his mind.

Dave lurched up from the table, his chair screeching across the linoleum floor. He couldn't watch anymore, couldn't sit there while his wife made out with their son like horny teenagers. Bile stung his throat as he stumbled out of the kitchen, leaving Angie and Jake behind.

He made it to the living room before his legs gave out. Dave collapsed onto the couch, head swimming. The obscene sounds of Angie's moans, the wet smack of her lips on Jake's, seemed to chase him, echoing in his ears. How was he supposed to accept this, to just sit back and watch his family become some incestuous porn cliché?

Footsteps approached and Dave tensed, glancing up to see Angie framed in the doorway. Her auburn hair was mussed, lips bee-stung and glistening. Anger and disbelief battled on her beautiful face.

"How dare you just get up and leave like that?" Angie demanded, hands on her generous hips. Her green eyes flashed with indignation.

Dave gaped at her, incredulous. "How dare I? Jesus, Angie, you were practically dry humping our son in the middle of the kitchen! What did you expect me to do, just sit there and watch?"

Angie's full lips thinned. She crossed the room to loom over Dave on the couch. The spicy scent of her perfume mixed with Jake's cologne, making Dave's stomach turn.

"Yes, that's exactly what I expected you to do," Angie said tightly. "Or have you forgotten already? You agreed to observe me and Jake being affectionate. To try to accept our relationship."

Dave shook his head helplessly. "I didn't agree to watch you play tonsil hockey and grope each other like horny kids on prom night! Jesus, Angie, he's our son!"

"I'm well aware of that," Angie snapped. "But I'm also aware that I love him, and he loves me. If you can't handle seeing that love expressed, then I don't know what to tell you."

She jabbed a finger at Dave's chest, her nail digging in. "Stop being so goddamn selfish, Dave. This isn't just about you and your precious feelings. There are three of us in this relationship now."

Dave flinched as if she'd slapped him. Three of them in this relationship? The casual way she said it, like it was the most natural thing in the world for a mother to fuck her own son, made Dave's head throb.

"I'm trying," he managed through gritted teeth. "But you have to meet me halfway here, Ange. Ease me into...whatever this is. You can't just expect me to be okay with walking in on you riding Jake's dick."

Angie rolled her eyes. "Stop being so dramatic. It was just a little kiss and a little groping, not a full-on sex show."

Her cavalier dismissal made Dave's hands clench into fists. How could she not understand how inappropriate and upsetting this was for him? To see his own son's hands all over her lush body, their mouths fused together in a lover's kiss. It violated every taboo, spat in the face of every parental instinct screaming in Dave's brain.

Angie sighed, her anger seeming to drain away. She perched on the arm of the couch, her ample ass just inches from Dave's face. The spicy-sweet scent of her perfume filled his nostrils.

"Honey, I know this is a big adjustment," she said, her voice softening. "But you need to understand - my relationship with Jake is not some passing fancy. It's deep and real and important to both of us."

She reached out to stroke Dave's hair but he jerked away from her touch. The thought of her caressing him with the same fingers that had just groped their son made his stomach heave.

Angie's lips thinned at his rejection. "I'm trying to include you, to help you understand. But I can't do that if you keep shutting me out."

"Include me?" Dave croaked. "In what, the unnatural seduction of our teenage son? Forgive me if I'm not jumping for joy at being 'included' in that."

Angie's eyes flashed. "It's not unnatural," she insisted. "Unexpected, yes. Unconventional, certainly. But the feelings between Jake and I are as natural as breathing. If you'd just open your mind, you'd see the beauty in it."

Dave stared at her, bile stinging his throat. Beauty? In a mother fucking her own child? He couldn't even process the wrongness of it, much less see anything beautiful.

Angie stood abruptly, her generous tits swaying with the movement. Dave swallowed hard, self-loathing mixing with reluctant arousal as he caught sight of her pebbled nipples straining against her thin blouse. Was she turned on from kissing Jake? The thought made his head swim.

Angie's eyes flashed with determination. "If you truly cared about me, about us, you would make more of an effort here. I need you to really try to accept what Jake and I have."

Her words hit Dave like a punch to the gut. How could she question his love, his commitment, when she was the one betraying their marriage vows in the most sickening way possible?

Angie called out sharply, "Jake, honey, can you come here please?"

Dave's stomach dropped as Jake appeared in the doorway a moment later, his expression wary. He glanced between his parents, clearly picking up on the tension crackling in the air.

"Your father needs to see us together," Angie said, her voice softening as she held out a hand to Jake. "He needs to understand the love we share."

Dave opened his mouth to protest, but the words lodged in his tight throat as he watched Jake cross the room and take Angie's hand. The easy intimacy of the gesture, the way their fingers laced together, made nausea twist Dave's stomach.

Then Angie was pulling Jake into her arms and capturing his mouth in a searing kiss. Dave's breath seized in his lungs. He wanted to look away, to run from the room, but a perverse kind of paralysis held him in place on the couch.

As Angie and Jake's lips moved together, Dave's focus zeroed in on the obscene details - the wet slide of their tongues, the soft smack of flesh, their mingled breaths growing heavy. Jake's hands roamed over Angie's curves possessively, squeezing her ass, molding the heavy globes of her breasts.

The room spun around Dave as his wife kissed their son deeply, passionately, like she couldn't get enough. Angie let out a throaty moan and ground her pelvis against Jake's, the wanton gesture shattering something in Dave's mind.

This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare, a surreal hallucination. His sexy, vivacious wife making out with their strapping teenage son, right in front of him. Trying to force him to accept the unacceptable.

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat as he watched Jake's hand skim down to squeeze Angie's generous ass. She pressed into the touch with a little mewl of pleasure, her hips rolling. The wet sounds of their kissing, the needy noises Angie let out, roared in Dave's ears until he thought his head might explode.

Angie finally broke the kiss, leaving Jake panting and glassy-eyed. She turned to Dave with a smug, satisfied smile curving her kiss-swollen lips.

"Thank you for staying and watching this time, honey," she purred. "I know it wasn't easy, but I really appreciate you trying."

Dave just stared at her mutely, his brain still trying to process the obscene spectacle he'd just witnessed. His stomach churned with a nauseating mix of revulsion, betrayal, and to his shame, reluctant arousal. He didn't trust himself to speak.

Angie sauntered over and bent to press a kiss to his forehead. Dave flinched at the contact, at the cloying scent of her perfume mingling with Jake's musky cologne. He could practically taste their sordid coupling on her lips.

"I'm going to head down to Jake's room for a bit," Angie informed him breezily. "Probably for a couple of hours."

Dave's head snapped up at that, his eyes widening. She stated it so casually, as if it was perfectly normal for a mother to block off time each night to go fuck her own son.

Angie took Jake's hand and led him down the hallway to his bedroom, her hips swaying seductively. Dave watched them go, his gut churning with nausea, jealousy and shameful arousal. The door closed with a soft click that sounded like a gunshot in Dave's ears.

He sat frozen on the couch, his mind reeling as he pictured what was transpiring behind that door. Against his will, the obscene images took shape - Angie stripping off her clothes, revealing her curvy body to their

son's hungry eyes. Jake's hands roaming over her generous tits and fleshy ass as he grew hard.

Dave knew he should stop imagining it, but he couldn't halt the progression, couldn't stem his morbid curiosity. His wife laying on the bed, spreading her thighs for her own child. Jake mounting her, sinking his young cock into her wet heat. Angie's wanton moans echoing off the walls as her son thrust into her.

Dave's stomach heaved violently and he lurched off the couch, staggering to the kitchen sink. He retched, but nothing came up, just painful dry heaves that made his abdominal muscles clench. Spit dribbled from his mouth and tears pricked his eyes.

As the nausea passed, Dave heard a rhythmic thumping sound drifting down the hall. The blood drained from his face as he realized it was the steady smack of the headboard hitting the wall. Bile seared his throat again as his imagination supplied the visuals to match that crude rhythm.

Jake gripping his mother's wide hips, slamming into her from behind. Angie's huge, heavy breasts swaying as her son fucked her hard and fast. Her round, thick ass rippling with each brutal impact of Jake's pelvis against her ample cheeks.

Dave squeezed his eyes shut but he couldn't block out the sound of skin slapping lewdly against skin. Angie's high-pitched yelps and moans carried down the hallway, punctuated by Jake's harsh grunts. They echoed in Dave's head, branding the obscene audio of his wife's depravity into his brain.

"Yes, baby, just like that!" Angie's sex-drugged voice was muffled but still audible. "Fuck Mommy harder! Spank my ass!"

The sharp crack of flesh on flesh made Dave jump, followed by Angie's ecstatic mewl. He knew that sound, had heard it many times when he

spanked her plump rump. But now it was their teenage son reddening her ample bottom as he plowed her from behind.

Dave's hands clenched the edge of the kitchen counter, his knuckles turning white. He was shaking, fine tremors running through him. The knowledge of what was happening down the hall, the unmistakable noises filtering into the kitchen, made him feel like he was losing his mind.

He tried to block out the crude slap of Jake's pelvis pounding against Angie's thickly padded ass, her escalating cries of pleasure, their son's animalistic grunts as he claimed his own mother. But it was futile. The wet, rhythmic smacks and carnal soundtrack of their incestuous coupling reverberated through the house.

"Fuck, Mom, your ass is so fat," Jake groaned, his voice thick with lust. The slapping grew faster, harder, more erratic. " make me nut!"

"Yes, fill Mommy up!" Angie wailed. "I want to feel you explode in my pussy! Give me your seed, baby boy!"

Dave thought he might vomit. His wife begging their son to ejaculate inside her, to flood her womb with his potent sperm, was too much to bear. The ultimate perversion, the vilest betrayal.

Dave shifted uncomfortably in his chair at the next cuckold support group meeting, his stomach still churning from the memory of overhearing Angie and Jake's depraved coupling. Becca's words washed over him, each one burning like acid.

"I know it's hard, gentlemen," she said, her voice dripping with sympathy that made Dave want to scream. "But you have to think of cuckolding like being on the losing team in a game. You don't quit the game just because you're losing. You be a good sport and accept the loss gracefully."

Dave's hands clenched into fists, his nails biting into his palms. Accept his wife fucking their son gracefully? The idea was so absurd, so sickening, he almost laughed. How was he supposed to just swallow his disgust and shame and be a "good sport" about the ultimate betrayal?

Becca leaned forward, her eyes boring into Dave's. "I know what you're thinking, Dave. That this is different, that incest is crossing a line. But the principle is the same. Angie has made her choice. If you want to stay in the game, you have to find a way to be okay with not being her first pick."

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat. Not her first pick? That was the understatement of the century. Angie had relegated him to pathetic third wheel in his own marriage, a sexless bystander while she cavorted with their own child.

The other men in the group nodded along to Becca's words, their eyes glazed and defeated. They looked so beaten down, so emasculated. Was that his future? A hollowed-out husk of a man, watching his wife flaunt her affair under his nose?

Dave's temples pounded as Becca droned on about the importance of being a graceful loser. Each word felt like a twist of the knife in his gut. He pictured Angie riding Jake in his childhood bed, her huge tits bouncing as she impaled herself on their son's cock. Nausea rolled through him.

How had his life come to this? Sitting in a dingy church basement, listening to some hack therapist compare the lowest point of his life to a game of pickup basketball? Rage and despair warred within him, clawing at his insides.

Dave tried to picture what being a "good sport" would look like. Shaking Jake's hand after he finished defiling Angie, congratulating him on a job well done? Sleeping alone in the master bedroom while his wife spent her nights in their son's bed?

The scenarios played out in his mind like a horror movie he couldn't pause. Jake's sperm dribbling out of Angie's freshly fucked hole as she kissed Dave goodnight. Her belly swelling with their incestuous child. Him playing the doting grandpa to the product of their vile union.

Dave opened his mouth to voice his objection to Becca's outrageous "good sport" speech, but she cut him off before he could get a word out.

"I know what you're going to say, Dave," Becca said, her voice dripping with condescension. "That this is different, that a wife sleeping with her own son is a bridge too far. But let's be real here. Angie's needs simply aren't being met by you anymore."

Humiliation burned in Dave's gut at her blunt assessment. He wanted to argue, to defend himself as a husband and a man. But deep down, he feared she was right.

"Jake is young, fit, and handsome," Becca continued ruthlessly. "And from what Angie's shared...very well-endowed." She arched a knowing brow. "Can you say the same, Dave? When was the last time you really satisfied your wife sexually?"

Dave's face flamed with embarrassment and anger. How dare this woman judge his prowess as a lover? And what the hell had Angie told her about Jake's...equipment?

"Not to mention Jake's stamina and sexual talent," Becca added, twisting the knife. "He can go for hours and knows just how to touch Angie to drive her wild. Multiple orgasms, every time." She smiled thinly. "You're just not in your prime anymore, Dave. You can't compete."

Shame coiled heavily in Dave's stomach, Becca's words hitting every insecurity he'd ever harbored. It was true his body didn't snap back like it used to, his hair thinning and belly softening. And his sex drive had waned over the years, no longer able to match Angie's voracious appetites.

But hearing how thoroughly his teenage son outclassed him as a man, as a lover to his own wife, made Dave want to curl up and die. Angie had raved to Becca about Jake's huge cock and marathon fucking skills. Yet she could barely muster a tired smile when Dave touched her these days.

"Face it, Dave - your son is better equipped to satisfy Angie than you are, in every way," Becca said brutally. "So you can either accept your place as a beta cuckold and support their relationship...or lose them both when Angie eventually leaves you for him."

Despair yawned like a black pit in Dave's chest. Was that really his only choice? Stand by like a pathetic wimp while his son cuckolded him, or get dumped for the younger, hotter model?

He stared at his shoes, the other men's pitying gazes burning into him. Angie's ecstatic moans as Jake pounded her echoed in his head, mocking him. Becca's words circled like sharks, shredding the last of his dignity.

Becca's lips curved into a cruel smile as she regarded the defeated men. "Gentlemen, I know this is difficult to hear. But the sooner you're exposed to the reality of your wives' incestuous affairs, the sooner true acceptance can take place."

Dave's stomach lurched at her words. Exposed to the reality...did she mean what he thought she meant? Surely even Becca wouldn't suggest something so depraved.

But her next words confirmed his worst fears. "I'm challenging each of you to watch - really watch - the next time your wife has sex with your son. No more leaving the room or hiding from the truth. You need to witness their depravity fully to begin to process it."

Bile stung Dave's throat and the room spun around him. Watch Angie fucking Jake? See his own son's cock pumping in and out of his wife's body, hear her wanton moans as the boy brought her to climax after climax? The mere thought made Dave want to vomit.

The other men shifted and muttered, their faces ashen. They looked as nauseated by the prospect as Dave felt. But Becca forged ahead, relentless.

"I want you to sit there and observe every sordid detail. Watch your son mount your wife, claim her in the most primal way. Take in the sweat glistening on their bodies as they rut like animals. Smell the musk of their coupling."

Dave squeezed his eyes shut but he couldn't block out the obscene images Becca's words conjured. Angie on her hands and knees, her huge tits swaying as Jake pounded into her from behind. The crude slap of flesh on flesh, his balls smacking her clit. Her orgasmic screams filling the room.

"This is the only way, gentlemen," Becca insisted. "You have to confront the beast head-on. Stare into the abyss of their transgression if you ever hope to come out the other side."

Stare into the abyss? More like have the abyss stare back at him while it desecrated his marriage bed. Dave's hands shook and a cold sweat slicked his back. How was he supposed to just sit there while his son cuckolded him in the most egregious way imaginable?

"I know you're scared," Becca said, her voice softening with mock sympathy. "It won't be easy, bearing witness to acts that should only live in the darkest recesses of the mind. But this is the path to acceptance. You must see it, hear it, breathe it in until it doesn't shock you anymore."

Dave stared out the car window as Angie drove, his stomach still churning from the humiliating cuckold meeting. Shame and revulsion twisted inside him at the memory of Becca's cruel challenge. Watch his wife fuck their son? He didn't know if he could handle witnessing something so depraved.

Angie glanced over at him, a little smirk playing at her lips. "Honey, why don't we pick up Jake from his friend's house? It's on the way."

Dread knotted in Dave's gut. He had a sinking feeling he knew where this was heading. "Can't he just get a ride home later?"

"I want to see him now." Angie's voice held a note of petulance, like a child demanding a treat. Dave's jaw clenched but he said nothing as she turned down Jake's friend's street.

Jake ambled out of the house at Angie's text, his tall frame folding into the backseat. Dave avoided his son's eyes in the rearview mirror, hating the knowing glint he saw there. Did Jake get off on cuckolding his own father? The thought made bile rise in Dave's throat.

Angie drove in silence for a while, heading out of town. Then she said casually, "Remember that spot we used to park at, babe? By the lake, under the willow trees?"

Dave's stomach dropped. Of course he remembered. It was where he and Angie used to go parking as horny college kids, steaming up the windows as they groped each other. Where he first felt her up, pushing his hand under her bra to palm her heavy tits. Where she first went down on him, her full lips stretched around his cock.

"Yeah," he said hoarsely. "I remember." An icy finger of dread trailed down his spine as he anticipated her next words.

Angie met his eyes, her smile sharp and predatory. "Let's go there now. For old times' sake."

Dave swallowed hard, his mouth dry. He darted a panicked glance at Jake in the backseat. Their son just smirked, clearly aware of the nefarious plan.

"I don't know, Ange," Dave hedged. "It's getting late..."

But she was already turning down the gravel road, the car bumping along until she pulled into the familiar clearing. The lake glimmered under the moonlight and the willow branches swayed, just like they had all those years ago. But the nostalgia was tainted now, curdled by what Dave feared was coming.

Angie put the car in park and turned to face him fully, her eyes glinting in the darkness. "You heard what Becca said. You need to watch in order to accept the reality of the situation."

Dave's stomach lurched as Angie climbed into the backseat with Jake. The car seemed to shrink around him, the air too thick to pull into his lungs. This couldn't be happening. Not here, in this place that had once held such sweet memories of young love and innocence.

Angie's voice drifted from the backseat, a seductive purr that made Dave's skin crawl. "It's okay, baby. Your dad needs to see us together. He needs to understand."

Dave stared straight ahead through the windshield, his hands white-knuckled on the steering wheel. But he could still see them in his peripheral vision, could feel the obscene intimacy charging the air.

Jake shifted uncomfortably, his voice strained. "I don't know, Mom. It's weird in front of Dad..."

Angie shushed him, the wet sound of kissing following. Dave squeezed his eyes shut against the depraved image rising in his mind. His wife, tonguing their teenage son. Coaxing him into committing the ultimate sin.

"Shh, just relax," Angie breathed. "Your father needs to face reality if he's going to accept his place. We're helping him."

Dave wanted to laugh at the twisted logic. Helping him? More like killing him slowly. Murdering his soul piece by piece.

The rustling of clothing made his eyes fly open again. He couldn't stop himself from looking in the rearview mirror. Angie had pulled her shirt over her head, baring her heavy, bountiful breasts. They strained against the black lace of her bra, the same one she'd worn on their last anniversary.

Jake made a choked sound, his eyes riveted to his mother's chest. Angie smiled, cupping her breasts and thumbing the nipples into stiff peaks. Putting on a lewd show for their son.

"Don't be shy, baby," she purred, reaching for Jake's hand. Dave watched in horror as she placed their son's palm on her breast, encouraging him to squeeze. "Doesn't Mommy's body feel good?"

Revulsion curdled like sour milk in Dave's stomach. The way Angie talked to Jake, like a pornographic parody of motherly love, made him want to gag. This was so far beyond wrong. It was sick, an abomination.

Jake panted lightly, his hand obeying Angie's instruction. He fondled her tit clumsily, his eyes glazed with a mixture of lust and unease. His gaze flicked to the rearview mirror, meeting Dave's for a horrified second.

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Angie pull Jake's shirt over his head, revealing their son's muscular chest and abs. Her eyes roamed over his body hungrily, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. Jake made a small, choked sound as Angie ran her hands down his torso, her red nails lightly scraping his skin.

Bile rose in Dave's throat when Angie dipped her head to press open-mouthed kisses along Jake's collarbone and chest. He wanted to look away, to squeeze his eyes shut against the depraved sight. But a morbid fascination kept his gaze locked on the rearview mirror.

Angie licked a hot trail down the center of Jake's abs, swirling her tongue in his navel. Their son trembled, hands fisting at his sides. Then Angie was unfastening his jeans, tugging the zipper down with agonizing slowness.

Dave's heart pounded in his ears, revulsion and dread knotting his insides.

Jake lifted his hips to help Angie slide his jeans and boxers off. Dave felt lightheaded, his surroundings tilting, as his son's erect cock sprang free. It was thick and flushed, curving obscenely toward his belly button.

Angie made an appreciative noise in the back of her throat. "Mmm, baby. Mommy loves your big, hard cock."

Dave thought he might vomit. He'd never felt so emasculated, so utterly cuckolded. Hearing his wife praise their son's generous endowment, seeing the naked hunger in her eyes as she stared at Jake's jutting erection, unmanned him completely.

Angie wrapped her manicured fingers around Jake's thick shaft, pumping him slowly. He groaned, head falling back against the seat. The wet sound of her stroking their son's cock filled the car, making Dave's skin crawl.

Then Angie was bending down, her auburn hair spilling over Jake's thighs. Dave's breath seized in his lungs as he watched his wife take their son into her mouth. Her red lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she sucked him with wanton abandon.

Jake's hips bucked upward, a guttural moan escaping him. "Fuck, Mom! Your mouth feels so good..."

Dave gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white, his short nails biting into his palms. The car seemed to close in around him, the air too hot and thick. He couldn't pull enough oxygen into his lungs.

Angie bobbed her head in Jake's lap, taking more of his thick cock down her throat with each pass. Wet slurping noises sounded obscenely loud in the confined space. Dave's stomach heaved at the debauched sight of his wife blowing their son with such enthusiasm.

Dave watched in nauseated horror as Angie climbed onto Jake's lap, straddling their son's thighs. Her full breasts jiggled and swayed inches from Jake's face as she reached between them to grip his thick, veiny cock. Jake moaned, his hands coming up to squeeze his mother's ripe tits.

Angie lined the swollen head of Jake's cock up with her glistening slit. Dave's stomach churned as he realized how wet she was, her arousal coating her son's shaft. Then with a wanton moan, Angie sank down onto Jake's enormous cock, taking him deep inside her.

Dave couldn't breathe, couldn't think, as he watched his wife's slick pussy lips stretch obscenely around their son's girth. Jake's cock looked monstrously huge splitting Angie open, the sight so profane it seared itself into Dave's brain. Angie threw her head back with a ecstatic moan as she settled onto Jake's lap, impaled to the hilt on his throbbing erection.

"Oh fuck, baby, you're so big," Angie panted, gyrating her hips. "Mommy loves how you fill her up."

Dave felt gutted, unmanned, as he watched his wife begin to ride their son. Angie rose up until only the tip of Jake's cock parted her swollen lips, then slammed back down with a lewd moan. Her huge breasts bounced hypnotically as she found a rhythm, fucking herself on Jake's rampant cock.

Jake groaned, his hands coming up to grab his mother's wildly jiggling tits. He squeezed the heavy globes roughly, thumbing her stiff nipples. Angie cried out sharply, her pussy clenching visibly around Jake's plunging shaft.

"Harder," Angie demanded breathlessly. "Pinch Mommy's nipples! Make them hurt!"

Dave's head swam with revulsion and disbelief as he watched Jake maul his wife's breasts, twisting and tugging her nipples brutally. Angie wailed in masochistic ecstasy, slamming herself onto Jake's cock with abandon. Her plump ass jiggled as she rode him hard and fast, the obscene slap of flesh filling the car.

Sweat slicked their writhing bodies, the musky scent of their incestuous coupling invading Dave's nostrils. He wanted to cover his ears against their escalating grunts and moans, to run from the depraved scene. But he was frozen, paralyzed, unable to look away as his son ravaged his wife.

Jake panted harshly, his lean hips pumping upward to meet Angie's downward thrusts. The wet squelch of his cock pounding into her sounded impossibly filthy in the confined space.

Dave's stomach lurched violently as he watched Angie's slick folds stretch obscenely around Jake's girthy shaft. He'd seen his own cock disappear inside his wife countless times, but it had never looked like this - like she was being split in half, impossibly full of their son's throbbing meat.

Dave's cock was average at best - just shy of six inches and not especially thick. It got the job done, but he knew he could never fill Angie up so completely, never make her cunt gape open like Jake's monstrous size did. Watching their son's veiny, engorged penis pumping in and out of Angie's pink hole, Dave felt pathetically inadequate.

Jake's cock had to be at least nine inches long, maybe even ten. And so fat, stretching Angie's lips wide, the bulbous head flaring obscenely on every outstroke. He pounded into his mother's cunt brutally, grunting like a rutting animal, his heavy balls slapping against her ass.

In contrast, Dave's thrusts had always been more measured, gentler. His modest-sized testicles didn't make that same lewd smacking sound

against Angie's taint. He couldn't jackhammer into her wildly like Jake was doing without his average cock slipping out.

The wet, nasty squelch of Jake's huge shaft plunging through Angie's sopping pussy turned Dave's stomach. His son's member made such an obscene, sloppy sound sawing in and out of his wife, so different from the delicate friction of Dave's own strokes. Angie's swollen, dripping labia clung to Jake's veiny cock, sucking him back in greedily.

Dave's sex life with Angie had always been vanilla, even boring if he was honest. Missionary with the lights off, five minutes of perfunctory pumping before rolling over to sleep. But the way she was riding Jake now, wantonly slamming herself down on his enormous cock, screamed of a wild, unleashed passion Dave had never seen from her.

Angie threw her head back, auburn hair cascading down her sweat-slicked back as she keened in ecstasy. Her massive breasts bounced hypnotically, the exaggerated jiggle only possible with such huge, heavy tits. Dave's modest cock could never make Angie's oversized chest heave so dramatically.

Jake's hands looked huge cupping Angie's giant, fleshy globes, kneading them roughly as she rode him. He pinched and pulled at her swollen nipples, making her howl. Dave's thin fingers had never been able to fill his hands so fully with his wife's abundant tit-flesh.

Angie's pussy clenched visibly around Jake's jackhammering cock, so wet and open compared to how it timidly fluttered around Dave's shaft.

Dave glanced in the rearview mirror at Jake, who was lost in his wife's gigantic cleavage, motorboating her huge tits with adolescent zeal. He imagined the rush of being smothered by such soft, abundant flesh at eighteen years old, finally getting his hands on the massive breasts he'd been furtively ogling for years. Jake roughly squeezed and jiggled the heavy globes, burying his face between them to lick and suck the deep valley of Angie's cleavage.

Dave's stomach turned at the obscene sight of his son groping his mother's oversized chest like a horny frat boy. The wet slurping sounds of Jake's lips and tongue on Angie's tit-flesh made bile rise in Dave's throat. But beneath the revulsion, an unwelcome stab of envy pierced him. He knew all too well the exquisite sensation of being smothered by Angie's giant, pillowy tits, of sinking into her expansive bosom and losing himself in her soft, pliant curves. The way she was letting Jake maul her enormous rack, openly panting with taboo lust, stoked the fires of Dave's inadequacy.

Angie let out a sharp, keening cry, drawing Dave's horrified gaze back to where she was furiously impaling herself on Jake's huge cock. Her pussy made obscenely wet sounds as she bounced on their son's thick shaft, her copious arousal slicking his length. Dave's own modest cock twitched feebly in his pants, pathetically outclassed by the massive rod stretching his wife's cunt. He could never make Angie's pussy squelch so wetly, never fill her up so completely that her labia clung desperately to his girth.

Jake pawed at Angie's wildly jiggling ass, gripping her fleshy cheeks hard enough to leave red marks. He pumped up into her harder, faster, grunting like a feral beast. The nasty slap of his groin against her ass echoed in the car, taunting Dave with his sexual shortcomings. Angie was practically screaming now, her nails digging into Jake's shoulders as he pounded her like a jackhammer.

"Fuck, baby, I'm gonna cum!" Angie wailed, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Fill Mommy's pussy with your hot seed! Breed me, Jake!"

Dave thought he might pass out as he watched his wife climax on their son's enormous cock, her cunt clamping down like a vice. Jake shouted, his fingers sinking into the meat of Angie's ass as his hips jerked spasmodically. His cock pulsed and throbbed visibly inside her, a tidal wave of potent sperm flooding her greedy womb.

Dave felt like vomiting as he watched Angie's tight pink slit contract rhythmically around the throbbing stalk of Jake's enormous cock, milking their son's member for every drop of his potent seed. Thick ropes of jizz gushed from Jake's pulsing cockhead, painting Angie's fluttering walls with his teenage spunk as her cunt clenched and rippled along his length.

Their mingled fluids seeped out around Jake's plunging shaft, Angie's pussy making obscene squelching noises as Jake continued to pound into her through their shared orgasm. Her swollen labia clung to his girth, stretched wide and glistening with their combined essence. Jake groaned gutturally, his cock pulsing and jerking inside Angie's quivering sheath as he spewed what felt like gallons of hot, virile cum directly into his mother's hungry womb.

Angie keened loudly, her voluptuous body shaking with the force of her climax. Her cunt squeezed Jake's enormous cock like a fist, rippling up and down his length as if trying to wring every last drop of jizz from his young balls. Each spasm of her orgasm milked another thick spurt of semen from Jake's throbbing cockhead, her son's potent seed splattering against her cervix.

Dave thought he might pass out as he witnessed the obscene spectacle of his wife's pussy hungrily milking their teenage son's monstrous cock, her body welcoming Jake's sperm into her fertile depths. Revulsion and humiliation churned in his gut, bile rising in his throat. The lewd squelching and sloppy wet sounds of their forbidden coupling reverberated in the car, searing into Dave's brain.

Jake grunted and jerked as he emptied his heavy balls into Angie's contracting cunt, his lean hips stuttering against her jiggling ass. Angie mewled in ecstasy, grinding herself down onto Jake's erupting cock as if trying to take his load even deeper. Her inner muscles rippled and squeezed, coaxing out every drop of Jake's massive creampie.

Pearly jizz seeped out around Jake's shaft, dribbling down to soak the upholstery. The musky scent of semen mingled with Angie's arousal, the air thick with the evidence of their depravity. Dave's stomach roiled at the knowledge that his wife's unprotected pussy was awash with their son's spunk, Jake's virile seed swimming into her womb.

As Angie collapsed against Jake's chest, both of them panting harshly, Dave felt something break inside him. Staring at his son's huge cock still lodged deep in his wife's stretched, dripping cunt, slick with their combined juices.

Angie lifted her head from Jake's chest, her face flushed and glowing. She turned to Dave, a satisfied smile curving her lips. "Thank you for being so understanding, honey. I know it wasn't easy for you to watch, but it means the world to me that you stayed."

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed back the bile rising in his gorge. Angie's words sounded hollow, mocking. As if his presence here, witnessing her depravity, was some great gift he'd bestowed. His eyes flicked down to where Jake's softening cock still rested inside Angie's stretched, cum-slicked pussy. He had to look away, his stomach churning.

"Ange..." Dave's voice came out strangled. He cleared his throat, tried again. "Don't you think...I mean, with how much you two are... shouldn't you be on birth control?" The thought of Jake's seed taking root in his wife's womb, growing into a monstrous product of their incestuous coupling, made Dave dizzy with dread.

Angie laughed lightly, a secret smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She exchanged a meaningful look with Jake, then turned back to Dave. "Actually, honey...I'm already pregnant. Four weeks along." She placed a hand on her flat stomach, caressing it almost reverently.

Dave's head swam, his surroundings tilting precariously. Pregnant. Angie was pregnant with Jake's child. The words didn't make sense, refused to compute. This had to be a nightmare. It couldn't be real.

"You...you're... pregnant?" Dave's tongue felt thick and clumsy in his mouth. He stared at Angie, willing her to take it back, to tell him this was all some sick joke.

But Angie just nodded, her smile widening. "Isn't it wonderful? Our family is growing. A precious new life, created from the love Jake and I share."

Dave thought he might vomit. What Angie and Jake shared wasn't love - it was a vile perversion, an abomination. And now it had spawned an innocent child, doomed to bear the twisted mark of their sin.

Jake sat up straighter, wrapping a possessive arm around Angie's waist. His hand splayed over her belly, over the microscopic cluster of cells that would become their incest baby. The gesture made Dave's gorge rise.

"We didn't plan it," Jake said, a hint of defiance in his tone. As if Dave was the unreasonable one for objecting to them procreating. "But we're excited to become parents together. This baby...it's a symbol of our love."

Dave's mind reeled as he tried to process Angie's revelation. Pregnant. Four weeks along. The timeline crashed over him like a frigid wave, leaving him numb and shaking.

Four weeks...that meant Angie and Jake had started fucking long before Dave discovered their illicit affair. While he naively went about his daily life, his wife and son had been sneaking around behind his back, rutting like animals. The betrayal cut him to the bone.

Angie must have seen the stricken look on Dave's face, the way his pallor turned ashen as the brutal math sank in. She reached out to touch his arm but he flinched away as if scalded.

"Honey, I know what you're thinking," Angie said, her voice placating. "And you're right, Jake and I have been intimate for a while before you found out. But that's not important now. What matters is that we're starting a family together. All of us."

Dave shook his head mutely, still struggling to wrap his mind around the enormity of her betrayal. Not only had she cuckolded him with their own son, she'd gotten knocked up too. And she expected him to just smile and play happy family?

Jake shifted uncomfortably, pulling his spent cock out of Angie's cum-slicked pussy with a wet squelch. Dave's stomach lurched at the obscene sight of his son's seed oozing out of his wife's gaping hole.

"We didn't mean for you to find out this way," Jake mumbled, tucking himself back into his jeans. "About the baby, I mean. But Mom's right, it's a good thing. We're going to raise this kid together, as a family."

The word "family" coming out of Jake's mouth, in reference to the abomination growing in Angie's womb, made Dave's head swim. This was all so fucked up. So wrong on every level.

Angie slid off of Jake's lap, reaching for her panties. Dave averted his eyes, not wanting to see his wife's thighs slick with their mingled fluids. He felt like he might puke at any moment.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Angie said, her voice irritatingly calm as she tugged her clothes back on. "But this is our reality now, Dave. The sooner you accept it, the easier it will be. For all of us."

She reached for his hand again and this time Dave let her take it, too shell-shocked to resist. Her skin felt unbearably hot against his clammy palm.

"You're going to be a grandpa," Angie said, smiling as if this was happy news and not an all-out catastrophe. "Isn't that amazing? Our little family is growing."

In the months that followed, Becca worked with Dave to help him come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship. She encouraged him to spend more time observing their interactions, even though it made his skin crawl.

The day Angie suggested they switch bedrooms so she could share the master with Jake, Dave thought he might vomit. Watching his son move his things into the room Dave had shared with Angie for twenty years, knowing they would be defiling the bed he'd picked out, felt like being gutted. But Becca urged him to comply, reminding him that resistance would only push Angie further away.

So Dave found himself sleeping alone in Jake's tiny childhood bed while his wife and son fucked like rabbits down the hall. Their passionate cries and the rhythmic thump of the headboard against the wall kept Dave awake, staring at the ceiling as humiliation and impotent rage ate away at his insides.

As Angie's pregnancy progressed, her belly and breasts swelling with Jake's child, so did the frequency and intensity of their coupling. Dave would come home from work to find them entwined on the couch, Angie straddling Jake's lap, her massive tits bouncing in his face as she rode him. They barely even acknowledged Dave's presence anymore, too lost in each other to care.

Becca pushed Dave to witness every sordid detail, no matter how much it shredded his soul. She insisted that exposure was the only path to acceptance. So Dave forced himself to watch Jake worship Angie's changing body, spending hours suckling her milk-heavy breasts and caressing her growing bump.

The bigger Angie got, the more insatiable she became. Dave once walked in on her bent over the kitchen table, maternity dress hiked up around her waist, while Jake pounded into her from behind. His son's hands gripped Angie's full hips, fingers sinking into her flesh as he thrust in and out of her slick cunt. Angie just looked back over her shoulder at Dave and moaned wantonly, urging Jake to fuck her harder.

Dave thought he'd reached his breaking point. But then the wedding invitations arrived. His stomach dropped as he read the flowery script: "Join us in celebrating the union of Angela Mills and Jacob Mills."

Bile seared Dave's throat. As if it wasn't bad enough that she was pregnant with their son's baby, now she was marrying the boy too.

Dave confronted Angie in their bedroom - the one that used to be theirs, before she moved Jake in. Gone were the pictures of him and his wife – replaced by pictures of Jake and Angie. His hands shook as he held up the obscene wedding invitation, the words blurring before his eyes.

"What the hell is this, Ange?" His voice came out rough, scraped raw. "You're marrying our son now? Are you insane?"

Angie looked up from folding tiny onesies, her pregnant belly straining against her snug t-shirt. She sighed, setting down the baby clothes and waddling over to him.

"I'm not divorcing you, Dave. This doesn't change anything between us."

"Doesn't change anything?" Dave sputtered incredulously. He waved the invitation in her face. "You're taking our teenage son as your husband! While carrying his incest baby! How can you say that doesn't change things?"

Angie pursed her lips, unmoved by his outburst. She plucked the invitation from his hand and set it aside.

"I'm taking Jake as my primary partner, yes. He's the father of my child and the man I love. But you're still my husband too. No one's leaving anyone."

Dave's head spun at her casual mention of loving Jake. Nausea clawed at his throat. He stared at her, uncomprehending.

"I don't...I can't share you like this, Angie. With our own son. It's sick. It's wrong." His voice broke on the last word.

Angie's green eyes softened. She reached for his hand but he jerked it away, stomach turning at the thought of her touching him with the same fingers that had groped their child.

"I know it's unconventional. But this is our life now, Dave. The sooner you accept it, the easier it will be." Her voice took on that maddeningly patient tone that made him feel like an unreasonable child.

"Jake and I aren't going to stop loving each other. We're a family - him, me, the baby...and you. You're part of this too. You're just... excluded from anything sexual."

Dave's eyes burned. He blinked hard, looking away. Part of their incestuous family? He wanted to laugh at the ludicrousness of it, if he wasn't so close to crying.

"Remember, Becca says that fighting this will only make it harder on you," Angie continued, relentless. "If you keep resisting, you'll just isolate yourself. Is that what you want? To be miserable and alone?"

Dave's throat closed up. Alone. He pictured himself rattling around this house while Angie and Jake played happy family, the perverse center of their own little universe. Rage and despair knotted in his gut.

"I want my wife back," he croaked miserably. "I want my life back, before...this."

Angie laughed, a tinkling sound that felt like shards of glass in Dave's ears. She shook her head, auburn waves bouncing.

"Oh honey. There is no going back. Surely you understand that by now?" Her voice dripped with condescending patience, like she was explaining something obvious to a particularly slow child.

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed hard. A cold weight settled in his gut. He searched Angie's face, hoping to find some glimmer of the love and desire she used to have for him. But her green eyes held only cool amusement and pity.

"You mean...you and I...we'll never..." He couldn't bring himself to finish the thought aloud.

Angie's plump lips curved into a small, almost sad smile. She reached out to pat his cheek and he flinched. Her touch burned like a brand.

"Dave, I will always care for you. You're my husband and Lily's father. But I could never go back to our lackluster sex life. Not after experiencing true passion and fulfillment with Jake."

Each word hit Dave like a physical blow. Lackluster. The sum of their years of intimacy, dismissed so carelessly. He felt like he'd been kicked in the balls and laughed at for going down.

Angie splayed a hand over her rounded belly, caressing it lovingly. "Jake is my alpha now. The father of my child. The man who claimed me, body and soul. I'm his, completely."

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat. He thought he might be sick right there on the carpet. His wife, his high school sweetheart, declaring that their teenage son now owned her. Revulsion mixed with humiliation in a toxic sludge that corroded his veins.

Angie's eyes glinted with a cruel amusement that made Dave's skin crawl. She regarded him almost pityingly, like he was a particularly slow child struggling to grasp a simple concept.

"You know, Dave, you should really feel proud," she said, her voice dripping with condescension. "I chose someone who shares a lot of your genes. Jake is essentially a MUCH better version of you."

Her words hit Dave like a punch to the gut. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she continued blithely, ticking off Jake's superior qualities on her fingers.

"He's young, virile, handsome. His cock is so much bigger and thicker than your. You know how your dick goes soft after a while? Jake doesn't have that problem at all. He can go for hours and make me cum over and

over." Angie's voice took on a dreamy, far-away quality as she reminisced about fucking their son.

Dave felt like he might vomit. Each word was a twist of the knife in his heart, in his manhood. Angie seemed to take a perverse pleasure in spelling out all the ways Jake outclassed him as a lover and a man.

"And his stamina, my God! When Jake fucks me, it's primal, animalistic. He makes me feel things I never felt with you, takes me to heights of ecstasy I didn't know were possible."

Angie's cheeks were flushed, her eyes glassy with lust as she gushed about their son's sexual prowess. Dave's stomach churned, bile rising in his throat. He couldn't believe what he was hearing, the explicit details of how his own child surpassed him in bed.

"Jake is the total package. Looks, youth, a huge cock, endless virility. Everything a woman my age could want." Angie smiled, slow and satisfied, as she twisted the knife. "He's you, but better in every conceivable way. The upgraded model."

Dave's ears rang, his vision tunneling. Upgraded model. The words ricocheted in his skull, taunting him. His wife had traded him in for a younger, studlier version - his own teenage son.

Angie glanced at him dismissively, already bored of spelling out his inadequacies. She turned back to the pile of baby clothes, cooing over a tiny sleeper as she caressed her swollen belly.

"You should be honored, really, that I stayed with your genes. That I found your son so much more appealing than you." Her voice was distracted, disinterested, as she delivered the final blow. "Jake was simply the better choice to father my children and satisfy me as a man. You never really stood a chance."

With that, Angie waddled over to the bed she shared with Jake and proceeded to fold the baby clothes, humming happily to herself. She seemed completely oblivious to the devastation she'd just wrought, the way she'd shredded the last of Dave's dignity.

"Angie, please," Dave croaked, his voice cracking with emotion. "Think about what you're doing. Think about us, what we've built together. Our history, our love..."

He swallowed hard, searching her face for any flicker of warmth or nostalgia. "Remember when we first got together? How crazy we were about each other? I couldn't keep my hands off you. We made love every chance we got."

A wistful smile tugged at his lips even as his eyes burned. "Our wedding day...God, you were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I couldn't believe I got to be your husband. It was the happiest day of my life."

Dave squeezed her hands, willing her to feel the love and yearning pouring out of him. "We've been through so much together, Ange. Highs and lows, sickness and health. Raising Lily and Jake. Building this life brick by brick. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Angie sighed and extracted her hands from his grip. She looked at him with an expression that hovered between pity and exasperation, as if he was a particularly dim child she had to patiently explain something to.

"Of course it meant something, Dave. It still does. You're Lily's father and we had some very special times." Her voice was calm, matter-of-fact, completely unmoved by his raw display of emotion. "But the truth is, if Jake had been around back when we were younger...well, I would have chosen him from the start."

The brutal words knocked the wind out of Dave, leaving him gasping. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she twisted the knife with a casual shrug.

"If I met you both at the same time, it would have been an easy choice. Jake is superior to you in every way - looks, stamina, cock size, sexual skill. He's the total package." Angie smiled dreamily, a far-away look in her eyes as if picturing their son's naked body. "I would have been his girlfriend in a heartbeat. We would have been the perfect high school sweethearts."

"I thought WE were always the perfect high school sweethearts?" Dave asked.

"I thought so too, at the time," his wife answered, "but now that I've been with Jake I realize that things would have been way better with him."

A desperate, hysterical laugh bubbled up Dave's throat as a sickening realization crashed over him. If Angie and Jake were to be married, if they were to be intimate partners in every way...

"Who...who am I supposed to have sex with then?" The pathetic question scraped out of him, making Dave cringe at how small and weak he sounded. A flush of humiliation heated his cheeks.

Angie blinked at him, nonplussed. Then her full lips curved into a smirk, green eyes glinting with cruel amusement. She shook her head slowly, auburn waves tumbling over her shoulders.

"Oh Dave," she sighed, voice dripping with mock sympathy. "Honey. You don't get to have sex anymore."

The words hit Dave like a punch to the gut, knocking the air from his lungs. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she spelled out his fate with brutal precision.

"Your days of pleasure, of intimacy, are over. That's my gift to Jake now. My body belongs to him." Angie's hand drifted to her swollen belly, caressing it possessively.

"So, I get nothing?" Dave asked, his face pale. "Nothing sexual?"

Angie's lips curved into a patronizing smile as she looked at Dave's stricken face. "Oh sweetie, a man your age doesn't need to be having sex. That's for young, virile guys in their prime, like Jake. They have the stamina and the body to really pleasure a woman."

Her words pierced Dave's heart like poison-tipped arrows, flooding his veins with icy humiliation. He stared at her, mouth hanging open in disbelief as she so casually emasculated him.

Angie shook her head and made a little tsking sound, as if scolding a particularly slow child. "Sex is wasted on middle-aged men, Dave. Your testosterone is dwindling, your muscles are going soft. Erections aren't nearly as hard and strong. You simply can't perform like you could in your twenties, and to be honest, even then you weren't really all that good at it."

She splayed a hand over her pregnant belly, rubbing in slow circles. A dreamy, far-away look entered her eyes. "But Jake...mmm, he's at his sexual peak. So hard and fit and energetic. He can make love for hours, cum over and over. His cock is hard, always ready."

A wistful sigh escaped her lips, sending a fresh wave of nausea rolling through Dave's gut. He couldn't believe what he was hearing - his wife singing the praises of their teenage son's sexual prowess while callously dismissing his own.

Angie fixed him with a look that was almost pitying. "Face it, honey - your dick just doesn't work like it used to. And that's okay, it's natural for a man your age. But it just means that you don't get to fuck anymore."

She said it so matter-of-factly, as if declaring that he'd lost his car keys or forgotten to take out the trash. As if she hadn't just shattered the core of his manhood and tossed it aside like garbage.

Dave's throat worked as he struggled to form words around the jagged lump of despair lodged there. Nausea churned in his stomach and a cold sweat slicked his back. This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare.

But the cruel glint in Angie's eyes, the casual dismissal in her voice, felt all too real. She truly saw him as a dried-up, useless husk of a man, unworthy to even touch her. While Jake, their 18 year old son, had been elevated to the status of virile alpha stud.

"I...I can still get hard," Dave croaked weakly, hating how defensive and pathetic he sounded. "My dick still works. Maybe not like when I was 20, but..."

"Oh, I'm sure it does." Angie cut him off with a patronizing little laugh. "But even at your hardest, you're no match for Jake. His cock is in a completely different league."

Dave's stomach churned with humiliation and despair as Angie's cruel words sank in. She truly saw him as a washed-up, impotent old man, his penis as useless and limp as an overcooked noodle. While Jake, their teenage son, was the raging bull whose giant cock deserved to be worshipped.

Angie smirked at the stricken look on Dave's face. "Honey, a man your age shouldn't even be thinking about sex anymore. That's a young stud's game. You should focus on...I don't know, golfing and classic cars or something."

She waved a dismissive hand. "Leave the hot, sweaty rutting to Jake. Mmm, you should see how insatiable he is, the way he sucks and bites my huge tits, fucks me for hours..."

Dave squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the obscene images, but they crashed through his mind anyway - Jake's mouth latched onto Angie's giant, milk-swollen breasts, his son's enormous cock jackhammering in and out of his wife's stretched pussy. Bile rose in his throat.

"You just can't compete with that kind of raw, potent virility." Angie shrugged, almost apologetically. "Jake was simply born to pleasure women my age with his huge dick and endless stamina. While you...well, your little pecker had its day, but that time has passed."

She rubbed her pregnant belly with a contented sigh. "I'm in my sexual prime, and need a real man like Jake, someone who can keep up with my needs and give me mind-blowing orgasms. Not a limp-dicked old coot who's better suited for bingo night at the senior center."

Each word was like a knife to Dave's manhood, carving out his dignity and self-respect. He blinked back the hot sting of tears, refusing to let Angie see how deeply she'd gutted him.

"So that's it then? You're just cutting me off completely?" His voice came out rough, scraped raw with humiliation. "Throwing me aside for a younger model with a bigger dick?"

Angie rolled her eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, Dave. I'm not throwing you aside. I'm just...redirecting your focus. Reprioritizing."

She smiled, saccharine sweet. "You can pour all that pent-up energy into being a doting grandpa. Focus on spoiling the baby, not on getting your wrinkly old balls drained."

Dave's head spun, his stomach heaving violently. He pictured himself changing diapers and warming bottles while Angie and Jake rutted like animals in the next room. Shriveling up untouched and unused while his son's potent seed claimed his wife's body over and over.

Becca insisted that Dave attend the wedding ceremony. He watched numbly as Angie waddled down the aisle, her white gown straining over her huge belly, enormous cleavage trembling with each graceful step. When Becca, who was the officiant, pronounced them "husband and wife," Dave's legs nearly gave out.

As Jake watched his father's ashen face during the ceremony, a twinge of pity twisted in his gut. He knew this was gutting Dave, unmanning him completely to watch his son take his place at Angie's side. For a moment, their eyes met, and Jake saw the devastation swirling in his father's gaze.

Part of Jake wanted to go to him, to offer some hollow words of consolation. But then the officiant was presenting Angie to him as his wife, and all thoughts of his father flew out of Jake's head. Angie beamed up at him, radiant with joy, and Jake's heart swelled with love

and possessive pride. She was his now, in every way. His wife, his lover, the mother of his unborn child. Nothing else mattered.

Becca giggled as she watched Dave's face drain of color during the wedding ceremony. The devastated, shell-shocked expression when Jake and Angie kissed as husband and wife was just too delicious.

After the officiant pronounced them married, Becca sauntered over to Dave with a smug smirk on her face. She sidled up next to him, invading his personal space.

"I'm so proud of you, Dave," she purred, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You've come a long way since those meetings. You're being such a good little beta cuckold, giving away your wife to your son like a proper wimpy hubby."

Dave flinched at her cruel words, his throat working as he swallowed hard. He couldn't tear his eyes away from where Jake and Angie were wrapped around each other, exchanging heated kisses. His son's hands roamed possessively over Angie's curves, squeezing her plump ass through the white satin.

"Just look at them," Becca sighed dreamily. "So in love. You never had a chance, did you? Not with your limp old dick and saggy dad bod."

She subtly reached down and gave Dave's crotch a condescending little pat. "Poor little guy. He's officially retired now. Your son's big cock is the only one Angie wants stretching her married pussy from now on."

Dave jerked away from her touch, his face burning with humiliation. Becca's mocking laughter rang in his ears, mingling with the happy chatter of the wedding guests. He wanted to run, to escape this nightmare. But his legs wouldn't cooperate.

"My husband was just as crushed as you are when I started fucking my son on the regular," Becca shared with a cold, amused smirk. "But men his age – your age... have no business having sex."

"Angie tells me the same thing," Dave muttered in a defeated tone.

"She's right. She has someone younger and better now, and you should be thankful. I mean, just look at the way they're eye-fucking each other," Becca commented gleefully as Jake and Angie took to the dance floor for their first dance as husband and wife. "Angie can barely keep her hands off him. I bet her panties are absolutely soaked for her hung teenage stud of a hubby."

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Jake pull Angie close, his hands splayed over her thick ass. They swayed to the music, their bodies molded together obscenely. Jake nuzzled into his mom's neck, her fat tits crushed against his upper torso. The teen's lips brushing her ear as he whispered something that made her giggle and slap his chest playfully.

"I give it an hour tops before they sneak off to consummate the marriage," Becca snickered. "Jake's probably dying to sink his huge cock into Angie's tight cunt."

Dave flinched at the humiliating words, shame heating his face. He clenched his fists at his sides, fighting the urge to run, to scream.

"I... I don't—"

"Look at the way he touches her," Becca breathed, cutting him off. "Like he owns her. Like her body is his property." She gave a throaty chuckle. "I guess it is, now that he's knocked her up and put a ring on it. She belongs to him, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

Dave's chest felt like it was caving in, his lungs straining for air. Becca's words cut him to the bone because he knew they were true. Angie was Jake's now, in every way that mattered. And he was just a pathetic hanger-on, an intruder in his own family.

"I'll bet all the guests are thinking it," Becca mused, twisting the knife. "Wondering what kind of man lets his son steal his wife. Speculating about how small and limp your dick must be, for Angie to spread her legs for an 18 year old boy instead."

Dave's stomach heaved violently and he thought he might puke right there on his rented shoes. Becca's cackle rang in his ears, sharp and cruel.

"Just remember, Dave, this is your life now," she reminded him, patting his cheek like a dog that had performed a trick. "You exist to serve them, to support their love. Your purpose is to be a good little cuckold and stay out of the way while Angie and Jake live happily ever after."

The newlyweds swept out of the chapel in a whirlwind of cheers and rose petals, the cool metal of their new wedding bands glinting in the sun. Jake's hand splayed possessively over the swell of Angie's pregnant belly as he helped her into the limo. In the backseat, she snuggled against him, her body soft and warm. Jake buried his nose in her hair, inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo mingled with the musk of her arousal.

"I can't wait to get you alone, Mrs. Mills," he murmured against her ear.

Angie shivered, her eyes darkening with lust. "Me either. I need you inside me."

Jake groaned softly, his cock hardening in his tuxedo pants. He'd been half-erect throughout the whole ceremony, the primal knowledge that he was publicly claiming Angie as his own revving his libido. Now the need to mate with his bride, to mark her as his, consumed him.

They practically tumbled into the honeymoon suite, hands grasping and mouths fused. Jake kicked the door shut and pinned Angie against it, her tits crushed against his upper torso as he ground his rigid cock against her belly. She mewled into his mouth, her fingers scrabbling at his belt.

"Fuck, I need you," Jake rasped as he shrugged out of his jacket.

"Wanted you the whole ceremony. Knowing I was making you mine forever."

"Yes, baby, I'm yours," Angie panted, her hands roaming his chest. "Now hurry up and claim your wife properly."

Jake made short work of his clothes, his body thrumming with urgency. When he turned back to Angie, his cock jutting hard and ready, he found her emerging from the bathroom in white lace lingerie. The wispy baby-doll barely covered her swollen breasts and pregnant belly, leaving nothing to the imagination. Matching panties stretched over her mound, already damp with arousal.

Jake's mouth went dry at the erotic sight. Angie, his mom, his bride, offering herself to him in virginal white. His cock jerked, a bead of precum glistening at the tip.

Angie sauntered toward him, her hips swaying seductively. She stopped just short of touching him, her eyes roaming hungrily over his naked body.

"My handsome husband," she purred, reaching out to trail a fingertip down his chest. "I'm gonna worship every inch of you."

Jake shuddered as Angie sank to her knees in front of him. The position thrust her massive tits forward, threatening to spill out of the lace cups. She nuzzled his cock, breathing in his musky scent, before trailing her tongue up his thick shaft.

"Fuck," Jake grunted, his hands tangling in her hair. The wet heat of her mouth engulfed his cockhead and he had to lock his knees to keep from bucking forward.

Angie took her time, laving every ridge and vein of his enormous cock with her skillful tongue. She sucked him to the back of her throat, humming around his girth, her hand pumping what wouldn't fit. Jake's head fell back on a groan, his hips rocking shallowly.

"Shit, mom...suck that fucking dick," he whimpered, thrusting his meat through the ring of her lips a few times, feeling his crown plunge down a gullet that had no gag reflex.

Angie released him with a wet pop, then began nibbling her way down, tonguing his balls and taint before licking a hot stripe up his inner thigh. Jake shuddered, his skin pebbling in her wake. Angie explored every inch of him with her greedy mouth, sucking marks into his flesh, mapping the contours of his lean body.

When she reached his chest, she captured one small brown nipple between her teeth, biting down just hard enough to make Jake gasp. Her hands roamed his back, blunt nails digging into his flexing muscles as she feasted on him. Jake was lost to the slick slide of her mouth, the sting of her teeth, the heat of her breath.

Finally, Angie returned to his straining cock, swallowing him down to the root with a muffled moan. Jake cried out sharply, fisting her hair and holding her to his hilt as his balls drew up tight. She bobbed on him faster, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked him deep.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum," Jake gritted out, his thighs trembling with the effort of holding back. "Swallow it, take my fucking load."

Angie hummed her assent, working him even harder. Jake's hips snapped forward as his orgasm crashed through him, pumping spurt after spurt of hot seed down his mother's throat. She gulped it down greedily, milking his pulsing cock with her lips and tongue.

Jake sagged back against the door, panting harshly as aftershocks rolled through him. Angie released his spent cock and looked up at him from under her lashes, her lips swollen and glistening with his cum.

"Welcome to married life, baby," she purred, licking a pearly drop from the corner of her mouth.

As he stared down at his pregnant bride, flushed and wanton at his feet, Jake knew one thing for certain - his father never stood a chance. How could Dave's modest cock and vanilla lovemaking ever hope to compete with the mind-blowing passion he shared with his mom?

Jake pulled his mother to her feet and tumbled her onto the bed, ready to claim his marital rights over and over. His poor cuckolded dad didn't even enter his thoughts again. All that mattered was losing himself in his voluptuous wife's body and getting drunk on the forbidden fruit of her lush curves and tight, greedy holes.

Jake's cock throbbed with renewed vigor as he drank in the sight of Angie splayed out beneath him, her white negligee straining over her ripe, pregnant curves and giant tits. Her belly rose up like a mountain between them, full and taut with his child. Milk leaked through the lace cups of her baby-doll, staining the delicate fabric. Her thighs spread wantonly, the flimsy lace of her panties already soaked through.

A primal growl rumbled in Jake's chest as he hooked his fingers in the waistband and ripped the scrap of fabric away. Angie gasped, her back arching as cool air hit her slick, swollen folds. The sweet, musky scent of her arousal filled the teen's nostrils, making his head swim with lust.

"Please, baby," Angie mewled, her voice thick with need. "I'm so empty. Fill me up."

Jake didn't need to be told twice. He crawled up the bed and settled between his mom's splayed thighs, his hardening cock nestling into her wet heat. Angie's belly and breasts blocked his view of where they were almost joined. All he could feel was slick, plush flesh cradling him.

"Ah fuck, mom... shit!" the teen gasped, sawing his dick along her gooey slit and swollen clitoris.

With a guttural groan, he snapped his hips forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in Angie's tight channel. Her plump lips parted on a silent scream, her passage fluttering around his invading girth. She was so wet, so ready for him, yet still so snug around his teenage thickness.

Jake pulled back and surged in again, setting a hard, fast rhythm. The bed creaked and shuddered beneath them as he pounded into his bride

with abandon. Angie's body was a lush landscape of rolling curves, her belly and breasts quaking with each powerful thrust.

Her strong thighs clamped around his pistoning hips, the nylon of her thigh-high stockings rasping against his skin. She locked her ankles at the small of his back, caging him in the silken vice of her legs. Jake was drowning in her, swallowed up by her ripe, pregnant body, and he couldn't get enough.

"Harder!" Angie demanded breathlessly, her nails scoring his flexing ass. "Ruin me, Jake. Claim your wife."

Jake snarled and redoubled his efforts, fucking into her with punishing force. The obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed off the hotel room walls as he rutted wildly, conquered completely by his basest instincts. Angie's cunt made filthy squelching noises around his jackhammering cock, impossibly wet and open.

He shifted angles, grinding his pubic bone against her swollen clit with each brutal thrust. Angie keened, her pussy clamping down like a fist around him. Her massive tits bounced and swayed, leaking milk with each jolt of his hips. Jake leaned down to suckle one straining nipple, groaning as sweet cream flooded his mouth.

"Fuck, you taste so good," he mumbled around a mouthful of rippling tit-flesh. He bit down just shy of too hard, making Angie yelp and buck beneath him. "Gonna milk these big tits dry. Pump you full of my cum. Breed you over and over."

"Yes," Angie wailed, tossing her head back as her orgasm crashed through her. Her cunt spasmed almost painfully around Jake's cock, rippling up and down his length. "Fill me up, baby. Paint my womb with it!"

As Jake's massive cock speared into Angie's tight, slick channel, he groaned at the new sensations engulfing him. Her pregnant pussy felt

different, hotter and wetter, her inner walls slicker with the extra secretions of impending motherhood. The textures had shifted subtly, becoming plusher, spongier, more yielding to allow for the passage of their incestuous child.

Jake could feel every ripple and flutter of Angie's swollen vaginal walls gloving his girth, squeezing him with slick, velvety heat. Her juices flowed abundantly, dripping down to soak his balls with each thrust. It was like sinking into hot, liquid silk, her body welcoming him deeper than ever before.

But most shocking of all was the way her cervix had transformed. Before, it had always been a firm barrier, unyielding against the head of his cock. Now, as Jake plunged to the hilt, he felt it give way, the muscular ring parting to let him through. The knob of his cock popped past her cervical opening and Angie let out a guttural moan, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Oh fuck, baby, you're in my womb," she panted, her nails digging into his shoulders. "I can feel you so deep, filling me completely."

Jake groaned harshly at her filthy words, at the obscene knowledge that he was fully sheathed inside his mother's cervix, his cockhead throbbing directly against the walls of her uterus. It was the deepest, most primal claiming, staking his ownership of her reproductive center. His balls churned, preparing to flood her unprotected womb with his seed.

Angie's cervical passage was even tighter, hotter, the ring clenching rhythmically around the base of his glans. It suctioned his tip, as if trying to milk the cum directly from his balls. Each thrust produced a nasty wet squelch as her pregnancy secretions sloshed around his pistoning shaft.

"Gonna knock you up again," Jake grunted savagely, punctuating each word with a sharp snap of his hips. "Pump my baby batter straight into your womb. Make you swell with my kid all over again."

"Yes!" Angie wailed, her back bowing as she came hard on her son's cock. Her cunt rippled and squeezed, her cervix fluttering wildly around his invading cockhead. "Fill me! Breed Mommy's hungry pussy!"

Jake roared as his orgasm tore through him, his cock jerking and pulsing as he geysered cum directly into Angie's receptive womb. Her cervix worked greedily around him, massaging the thick ropes of jizz from his slit, making him shout at the intensity. He'd never felt anything like it, the snug, rippling heat of her transformed passage milking him relentlessly.

Angie keened and shuddered beneath him as he pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into her greedy hole. Her legs clamped around his flexing ass, holding him deep as her womb accepted his potent offering. Jake's eyes nearly crossed from the pleasure, the base knowledge that he was ejaculating into his mother's fertile center, seeding her with what could have been his second child if she weren't pregnant already.

He collapsed on top of her, both of them panting harshly in the aftermath. Angie cradled him against her massive tits, his softening cock still lodged deep inside her brimming cunt. Thick globs of his cum seeped out around his shaft to soak the bedding

As Jake floated down from the peak of ecstasy, his cock still pulsing lazily inside his mom's cum-slicked cunt, a sense of deep satisfaction washed over him. She was his completely now - his wife, his breeding bitch, the vessel for his seed. He'd claimed her in every way possible, staking his ownership for all the world to see.

Angie hummed contentedly beneath him, her inner muscles fluttering around his softening length. Jake knew he'd never get enough of her, of this. He'd fuck her and fill her and keep her pregnant for the rest of their lives. She'd never want for another man's touch again.

And his father? Dave was less than an afterthought, a pathetic footnote in their love story. Jake almost pitied him. Almost. But then Angie shifted and squeezed around him, reigniting the spark of desire, and all thoughts of his cuckolded dad vanished like smoke.

Jake rolled his hips lazily, already hardening again inside Angie's sloppy cunt. She gasped and arched into him, her body so responsive, so eager for more. Jake grinned wolfishly down at her, drunk on his own virility and the power he held over her.

"Ready for round two, Mrs. Mills?" he purred, punctuating the question with a sharp thrust.

Angie just moaned and wrapped her legs tighter around him, welcoming him deeper. As Jake lost himself in her pliant curves once more, in the hot silk of her sheath gripping him so perfectly, he knew one thing with absolute certainty - this was just the beginning of their happily ever after. And his father's nightmare.

THE END