



**BSTC BABYMAKING CENTER**

**SUPERSIZED**

Written By  
Klrxo

*Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.*

## BSTC BABYMAKING CENTER – SUPERSIZED

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

"Isn't it weird that the four other people in the plane are just like us?" Vin asked his mother, his voice barely audible over the drone of the small passenger plane's engines.

"Just like us?" his mom asked, tucking a strand of glossy brunette hair behind her ear.

"Yeah...like, moms and sons."

Nicole took a look around the cramped cabin with its worn leather seats and faint smell of aviation fuel, although she didn't need to. She knew why the other passengers were mothers and sons, but she wasn't quite ready to let her own son know the special reason.

"Yes, that is pretty ironic, isn't it?" she simply said, then pointed out the tiny frost-rimmed window. "Look at that mountain range, sweetheart. Isn't it beautiful?"

Through the glass, jagged snow-capped peaks jutted up from the earth like nature's skyscrapers, their shadows creating deep blue valleys between them.

"Yeah. This resort you won a trip to must really be remote," Vin replied, pressing his nose against the cold window.

"It is. The brochure said it was almost eighty miles from the nearest town, surrounded by pristine wilderness."

"Dang, talk about seclusion. Remind me again how you talked me into coming with you," the boy joked, making his mom giggle, her green eyes crinkling at the corners.

"You're gonna love it," Nicole assured him, reaching over and squeezing his hand tenderly, her fingers warm against his skin.

Vin's mother was a real looker. At 39, Nicole's luscious brunette hair framed a face with piercing green eyes and plump, cock-sucking lips that made men stare. Her friends always said she looked like a younger Raquel Welch with MUCH bigger tits.

After squeezing out three kids, Nicole's ass had filled out into a juicy peach, and her massive J-cup rack strained against whatever she wore. Those fat tits bounced and jiggled whenever she moved, making it impossible for Vin not to imagine them swinging free, her dark, rubbery nipples hard and pointing right at him while he stroked himself raw.

Twenty-minutes later, the small plane landed with a bone-jarring thud on a remote airstrip carved from the frozen wilderness. A guest van waited as the small group stumbled from the aircraft into the biting Alaskan air.

"Dang, it's cold!" Vin said, yanking the fur-lined hood of his North Face jacket over his tousled brown hair as the bitter Alaskan wind cut through him like a knife.

Though blessed with the kind of boyish good looks that had earned him plenty of admiring glances back home—high cheekbones, clear blue eyes, and a dimpled smile—his lean, virgin frame shivered visibly in the frigid air. His five-foot-seven, 18-year-old body, lacked the insulating layer of muscle and fat needed to withstand temperatures that hovered just above zero.

“It's Alaska, and it's winter, sweetie. What did you expect?” his mom reminded him, pressing against his back.

Even through her puffy down jacket, her massive tits squished against him like two warm, soft pillows of female flesh. His cock twitched involuntarily at the sensation of those fat mommy-melons rubbing his shoulder blades.

"Why couldn't you have won a trip to somewhere tropical instead?" he grumbled as they trudged toward the van, his boots crunching through the crusty snow.

"Are you done complaining yet, mister?" his mom teased, her hot breath tickling his frozen ear.

"Sorry," he muttered, a cloud of steam erupting from his mouth like a dragon's exhale in the ball-shriveling cold.

After the new arrivals were seated in the warm van, the driver—a blonde woman with a short pixie cut that accentuated her high cheekbones and full lips—twisted around in her seat. Her tight uniform stretched across her sizeable tits as she smiled.

"Everyone buckled in? I'm Piper. I'm the assistant conception coach at the resort. The bad news is we have about a thirty-minute drive, but the good news is there's lunch waiting for us, so I hope you're hungry."

"It's not moose stew, is it?" one of the boys joked, his voice cracking like he'd just discovered his balls.

"Porcupine stew actually," Piper shot back with a teasing wink, "spines included."

"Yummy!" Nicole exclaimed, joining the other mothers in laughter that sent ripples through their massive tits, the heavy flesh quivering beneath their coats.

During the van ride, Vin leaned over towards his mother. "What's a conception coach?" he asked naively, his blue eyes wide with innocent curiosity.

Nicole glanced over at the phone in his hand. "Did you look it up?" she asked, her voice a maternal whisper against the rumble of tires on the uneven road.

"I tried to, but there's zero service out here," Vin replied, turning his phone to show her the empty signal bars. "This place does have Wi-Fi, right?"

Nicole's green eyes locked with his, a strange mixture of tenderness and something unreadable swimming in their depths. "A conception coach is someone who helps two people who are trying to make a baby together," she explained carefully, her voice honeyed yet measured. "They provide... guidance."

"Oh, got it," he mumbled. His mind raced with confusion as he secretly wondered why on earth the place they were going would need such a person.

The road leading to their destination snaked through dense pine forest, narrow and treacherous with patches of black ice hidden beneath fresh powder. The van's tires crunched over snow as they rounded a final bend,

revealing a massive three-story lodge nestled against a backdrop of snow-dusted evergreens.

Golden light spilled from frost-rimmed windows, promising warmth within the structure of weathered cedar logs and stone chimneys billowing wood-smoke into the crystalline air.

They pulled up to the circular driveway, boots sinking ankle-deep into pristine snow as they climbed out. Vin's gaze traveled upward to a hand-carved wooden sign hanging from wrought iron chains above massive double doors. The letters were burned deep into the wood: "Welcome to BSTC Babymaking Center."

Upon seeing the sign, Vin shot his mother a wide-eyed look, his breath forming little clouds between them. "Babymaking Center?" he asked, voice cracking slightly.

She met his confused stare with an unwavering smile, her green eyes twinkling with something he couldn't quite place. "Yep, that's what it says, honey," she simply said.

A lanky redheaded boy with freckles splashed across his pale face stood beside his mother, a voluptuous woman with copper hair cascading down her back.

"Baby...making?" he stammered, the words breaking apart in his mouth as his eyes widened at the wooden sign.

His mother placed her manicured hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently, her crimson lips curving into a smile that transformed her delicate features. She caught Nicole's eye across the snowy path, and the two women exchanged knowing looks, their pupils dilating slightly as a flush of anticipation colored their cheeks.



The heavy wooden doors groaning open to release a wave of heat against their wind-chilled faces.

A blonde woman greeted them with a practiced smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Hello and welcome!" Her massive udders strained against a tan wrap top, threatening to burst free with each breath she took.

Though pushing fifty, her face remained taut from obvious procedures, while her ass—round and obscenely large—pushed her skirt out like she was smuggling a beach ball. Teetering on fuck-me heels that made her calves bulge,

she gestured toward a coat rack. "I'm Gina, head conception coach. If you'd like to hang your coats and follow me to the dining room—the other couples are waiting."

Vin peeled off his jacket, his eyes locked on his mom as she unzipped her own. Her thin cotton turtleneck clung like wet tissue to her enormous, jiggling udders, each one much bigger than his head.

The frigid air had turned her nipples into fat, erect nubs that poked obscenely through both her top and bra. When she caught him gawking at her chest-mountains, he jerked his gaze away, his cheeks burning hotter than his throbbing cock.

"Isn't it beautiful in here, sweetie?" Nicole asked.

"Yeah," Vin muttered, desperately trying to focus on anything but her tits. "Looks like a big hunting lodge or something."

"The center was constructed in the eighties from salvaged timber harvested right here on the property," Gina explained, leading them through a great room with a soaring cathedral ceiling and a roaring stone fireplace that provided cozy warmth.

Vin couldn't tear his eyes from their hostess's ass—a massive, quivering globe that looked like two bulldogs fighting in a sack as it swayed beneath her tight skirt. Still, even that magnificent butt couldn't compare to his mom's perfect, round ass-melons that he'd jerked off to countless times.

"Help yourselves to lunch. Once everyone's seated and eating, I'll start the introduction," Gina said, gesturing

toward a long cedar table laden with steaming platters of roasted meats, glistening vegetables, and fresh-baked bread that perfumed the air with yeasty warmth.

Vin finally understood what she meant by "other couples." The dining room held eight stunningly beautiful mothers, each paired with a son around his age.

As they shuffled through the buffet line, a voluptuous mom from the plane—her cashmere sweater straining across her tits—smiled over at them. "Darn, no porcupine stew. I was really looking forward to that," she joked, her ruby-painted lips curving upward.

Nicole giggled. "Right, food with built-in toothpicks when you're through."

"I'm Cassidy, this is my son, Darren," the shoulder-length brunette said, extending a manicured hand toward Nicole. Her skin-tight jeans hugged every curve of her child-bearing hips.

"Nicole...and this is my son Vin," his mother replied, her voice honey-sweet.

The boys exchanged a quick handshake, their eyes magnetically drawn to each other's mothers' enormous tits, silently acknowledging the fuck-worthy milk-tanks both women carried.

"My God this place is beautiful, huh?" Cassidy marveled, gesturing toward the vaulted ceiling with exposed beams and the panoramic windows showcasing snow-dusted pines. "The pictures on the brochure really don't do it justice."

"Did you guys win a trip here too?" Vin asked.



The moms exchanged knowing glances, their lips curving into secretive smiles. "Yes...um, something like that," Cassidy answered, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“You're gonna know exactly what this place is all about here in a few minutes, sweetheart,” Nicole reassured her son. “Now let's eat some food. I'm starving.”

Once all the group had their food and were seated, Gina stepped back into the room, her massive jugs heaving and swaying with each deliberate step, threatening to spill from her too-tight wrap top despite the industrial-strength underwire that dug visibly into her soft flesh.

Piper, the assistant Conception Coach, was with her, nipples clearly erect beneath her thin blouse.

"Welcome again, everyone," Gina shouted. "You've all met my assistant, Piper."

Piper fed them a pretty smile and a wave, then Gina continued her introduction. “Boys, I'm assuming none of you know why your moms brought you here, so I'll first let you know what this place is... and then I'll explain exactly what you'll be doing here.”

Piper chimed in. “They probably told you this place is a resort, which it is...kind of, but it's a resort with a very special purpose.”

Vin glanced over at his mom and she smiled knowingly back at him as they listened to Gina continue.

“BSTC Babymaking Center is a sister location to BSTC, which is our Boys Sexual Training Camp. At our training camp, with the help of their moms, boys just like you learn all about sex. Do we have any in the group here who've been to BSTC?”

One mother and son in the group raised their hands, making Gina smile. “Super! We usually have one or two

couples in each group that have been through that program, but if you haven't, don't worry. You'll get all the instruction you need to accomplish your purpose here at the center. With that being said... WHAT IS your purpose here?"

The lights suddenly dimmed and two big monitors on the wall lit up, bathing the room in a bluish glow that made everyone's skin look waxy. On screen, a mom with watermelon-sized tits sat thigh-to-thigh with her son, her blouse unbuttoned to expose a swollen pregnant belly stretched so tight you could see blue veins mapping across it like rivers.

She guided her son's trembling hands over the taut dome of her gut where his cum had taken root months earlier. "At this Center," Gina purred, "we make babies. Well, Piper and I don't make babies, but boys and their mothers do."

Piper licked her lips and leaned forward. "We're just here to coach you on how to properly impregnate your mothers through sexual intercourse. Your mom's womb is empty and aching, and she's counting on YOUR virile, teenage sperm to plant a baby inside of her."

Vin stared at the screen in disbelief. "*Wait...what?*" he thought, wondering if he heard her correctly.

"We know this is a lot for you boys to absorb," Gina said, her glossy lips curving into a maternal smile as she surveyed the room of stunned teenage faces. "So take a few minutes... talk with your moms and let them add some clarity to all this. We'll conclude the introduction when you're through."

Nicole turned to her son, her fingers trembling slightly as they brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. Her emerald eyes studied his shocked expression, the way his jaw hung slack, the pulse visibly throbbing at his temple. "Probably not really the trip you expected, huh?" she said, her voice syrupy sweet but quavering with nervous energy.

"Not at all," Vin answered, his voice barely above a whisper. "Did she really just say that you're here to get pregnant?"

The mother took a deep breath that made her enormous breasts strain against her turtleneck. A flush crept up her neck, staining her cheeks pink as she leaned closer. "Your father and I have been trying for over a year to have another baby, and we recently found out that the reason we've been unsuccessful is because he has a low sperm count," she explained.

"So...dad can't have kids?"

"It's highly unlikely," Nicole answered, her voice breaking as she reached across to place her warm, soft hand over his.

A tear escaped, leaving a glistening trail down her flushed cheek. "I've been devastated. Having another baby has just been so important to me, and when I found out your dad can't give me one I was... I was crushed."

Vin's throat tightened. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"I've noticed the ways you've been looking at me the past few years," she whispered. "You know what ways I mean, right?"

Vin's cheeks burned crimson as his eyes dropped to where her turtleneck strained against her heaving chest. The soft cashmere outlined every curve of her double-Js, the fabric pulled taut across nipples that seemed to harden under his gaze.

He couldn't count the times she'd caught him staring—at breakfast when she'd bend to load the dishwasher, her yoga pants outlining her bodacious ass; at the pool last summer, droplets glistening on her gaping, sun-kissed cleavage.

"Yes," he confessed, "I know what you mean."

"When I found my black lace panties wadded under your mattress," she continued, "and discovered what you'd left in them... I knew you were the man for the job."

His heart hammered against his ribcage like a trapped animal. She knew. All those nights he'd stolen her thong from the laundry hamper, burying his face in the crotch panel while furiously jerking his throbbing teenage cock.

He pictured her discovering the evidence—thick, sticky globs of his hot spunk dripping from the lacy fabric—her nipples hardening beneath her nightgown as she rubbed the soiled panties between her fingers, smiling at how much her son wanted to fuck her.

"The man for the job?" he repeated nervously. "You um...think so?"

"I know so," she smiled, her glossy pink lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. "Me with my baby-making body in its prime—these child-bearing hips and milk-heavy breasts—and you with your teenage sexual energy

and virility—we make the perfect breeding pair. Can you be my warrior, sweetie? Can you give mommy a baby?"

Even though Vin was a virgin and had only ever awkwardly kissed Melissa Parker behind the gym bleachers last semester, he had never been so excited and determined to do something in his entire life.

His heart hammered against his ribcage like a jackhammer. "Heck yes I can," he answered, then squinted at her suspiciously. "Wait, this isn't a joke, right?"

Nicole giggled. "No, sweetie, I promise you...it's no joke," she assured him.

"OK then...yeah, I can definitely help you out, mom!"

"Oh, Vin, thank you," the mother said, tears welling in her emerald eyes as she scooted over for a big boobie-squashing hug. His skinny body literally sunk between the warm, palpable meat of her giant tits, the soft cashmere of her turtleneck rubbing against his cheek as her sweet perfume enveloped him completely.

The teen was so thrilled, he felt like he could hardly breathe in the valley of his mother's cleavage. The intoxicating smell of her sweet perfume, along with the feel of her warm fleshy body against his, sent blood rushing to his groin, making his cock stiffen painfully against his jeans.

*"Good grief,"* he wondrously thought as his erection throbbed, *"is this for real? Am I really gonna have sex with mom?"*

Gina surveyed the group with a satisfied smile. "Have we all come to an agreement that there's no other place you'd rather be right now?" she asked.

The mothers exchanged heated glances, their cheeks flushed pink with arousal. Nicole's enormous tits heaved beneath her turtleneck as she squeezed her thighs together, desperate to soothe the throbbing ache between her legs.

Each mother's pussy clenched rhythmically, already slick with anticipation of being split open by their sons' rock-hard teenage cocks, their fertile wombs practically begging to be flooded with hot, sticky incestuous cum.

"Very good then," the hostess continued, adjusting her tight skirt over her curvaceous ass. "Boys, once you've finished your lunch, you and your mother will be separating briefly for showers and preparation for your first conception exercise. Making babies isn't as easy as it seems, boys. It takes special techniques... along with incredible stamina, and just a little bit of luck," Gina explained.

Piper chimed in. "Your moms have obviously been through the conception process before and have decades of sexual experience. They know what it takes to make babies. They'll guide you, so be brave and open to instruction," she said.

Vin's gaze locked with his mother's, her emerald eyes blazing with primal hunger as she squeezed his trembling hand. His mind reeled at the thought that this goddess—this woman whose body had been ravaged by countless men—was about to take his virgin cock inside her.

His breath came in shallow gasps as he imagined her experienced pussy gripping him, milking him dry, demanding his potent seed. He'd masturbated to this fantasy a thousand times, but now it was real—his own mother would be the one to drain his balls of their baby-making essence.

After lunch, Piper led the eight boys down a rustic walled corridor to the preparation wing, her stiletto heels clicking rhythmically against the polished wood floor.

The room they entered was clinical yet somehow intimate, with reclining chairs arranged in a semicircle and soft blue lighting that cast everything in an otherworldly glow. A team of eight women in form-fitting white uniforms awaited them, each holding silver trays of equipment.

The boys were instructed to shower in the adjoining glass-walled stalls, where scented steam rose around their nervous virgin bodies. Afterwards, they lay back in the chairs as the attendants applied warm foam to their pubic regions, then meticulously shaved each boy with straight razors, leaving their skin impossibly smooth and sensitive to the cool air.

Vin winced as a blonde attendant with nimble fingers handed him a bright blue electrolyte drink that tasted of artificial berries, then gently cupped his testicles in her latex-gloved hand. She lowered them into a small basin of ice water, causing him to gasp sharply.

"The cold shock increases sperm motility by 40 percent," Piper explained clinically, walking between the chairs and inspecting each boy's preparation with a critical eye.

"Your bodies are being optimized for maximum fertility potential."

Tyler, a freckled redhead with a gangly frame, raised his trembling hand. "I've never...you know..." he stammered, "done it."

His erection stuck up from his crotch – long and surprisingly thick, with a prominent vein running along its underside.

"Me either," added another boy. "Never even fingered a girl."

"Same here," Vin blurted, "I'm a total virgin. Haven't even seen a real pussy except in porn."

Piper's glossy lips curved into a predatory smile as she surveyed the row of anxious teenage boners. "That's perfectly fine, boys," she purred, her voice dripping with honeyed reassurance. "Many young studs arrive here with virgin cocks and leave with newfound confidence. Your mothers' cunts will teach you everything you need to know."

Meanwhile, in the women's wing, Gina supervised the mothers as they showered in the gleaming marble stalls, their fat nipples hardening under the hot spray.

Steam billowed around their voluptuous bodies as they lathered their slick cunts with rose-scented soap, enormous tits bobbing and swaying like fleshy pendulums, water cascading between ass cheeks as they bent to wash their ankles.

The women giggled nervously, swapping stories about catching their sons masturbating or hiding MILF porn on their computers. Nicole described finding Vin's cum-

crusted sock collection while Cassidy admitted to hearing Darren's bed squeaking at 3 AM.

Steam rose around their glistening bodies as Trisha—Tyler's mother—tossed her copper-red hair back from her face. Water cascaded between her heavy tits as she sighed dreamily.

“God, I'm just so grateful that my baby boy's first time won't be with his beautiful virgin cock suffocating inside some cheap latex condom.”

“Me too,” Nicole agreed. “A boy deserves to feel everything. That first surge of pleasure when the sensitive crown of his cock pushes past those initial tight rings of resistance.”

“I wholeheartedly agree,” Cassidy nodded. “His virgin flesh should get to experience every slick fold, every ripple, every pulse. Those sensitive nerve endings on their glans finally feeling what they were designed for—the velvety grip, the wet heat, the way a woman's walls contract and release.”

After toweling off, each mother reclined on padded examination tables where technicians in white latex gloves meticulously removed every trace of pubic hair with warm wax and precision tweezers, leaving their vulvas pink, swollen, and completely bare.

Each mother sipped from crystal flutes filled with a shimmering blue fertility elixir that tasted of honey and cinnamon, designed to transform their cervical mucus into the perfect consistency for sperm transport.



Finally, attendants with gloved hands applied a warming cream to their smooth mounds, massaging in slow,

deliberate circles until the skin flushed crimson with increased blood flow, preparing their reproductive systems for optimal conception.

"My Tyler's never even had a girlfriend," Trisha whispered, her voice a mixture of maternal pride and carnal anticipation. "Can you imagine? His first time will be inside his own mother."

Cassidy nodded. "Same with Brandon. He's so shy around girls his age, but he's always stealing glances at me when I'm in my yoga clothes."

"Vin kissed a girl at school once," Nicole giggled, "but that's it. I can't wait to guide him through everything."

"I'm actually nervous for Tyler," Trisha admitted. "I hope he doesn't... you know... finish too quickly."

Gina approached their circle and placed reassuring hands on Nicole and Trisha's shoulders. "Ladies, don't worry. The first round is specifically designed for virgin boys. We use a special lubricant that slightly desensitizes while still allowing full pleasure, and the positions we'll guide you through will maximize both conception chances and stamina. Trust me, your sons will receive the perfect introduction to lovemaking while fulfilling their biological purpose."

"Any questions before we get started, boys?" Piper asked as she watched the teens slip into plush white terry cloth robes. Each garment had the first letter of their names embroidered in royal blue thread on the front pocket, the soft fabric clinging to their still-damp shoulders.

Tyler timidly raised his trembling hand. "I have one," he said, his voice cracking slightly. "Do our dads know that we're getting our moms pregnant?"

Piper giggled, making her big breasts bounce beneath her tight uniform. "That's a great question, Tyler," she answered, "and I'm certain the answer's no. All your fathers know is what you knew before you got here, and that is that your mom won a three-day trip for two to a resort in Alaska, and she was taking you along with her."

"Got it," Tyler answered with a visible sigh of relief.

"It's important to realize," Piper continued, leaning forward so that her cleavage became more prominent, "that you're here doing a job your father's not capable of doing himself. When some men get older, their penises don't get as rigid, and what little sperm they produce is weak and dies off very quickly."

"Sucks to be dad then," Brandon said with a smirk, making the others laugh, their young faces flushing with excitement and embarrassment.

Piper laughed too. "Your moms are at their sexual peak right now, and so are you," she explained, her gaze sweeping over each boy's face. "Dicks become the hardest at your age, and your production of strong potent sperm is incredible. You're the 'other half' of a biological machine that's in its baby-making prime."

"Sweet!" a few of them responded with anxious smiles.

"Any other questions?" she asked, looking them over. When no one spoke up, she nodded briskly. "OK, follow me."

The boys followed Piper's swaying hips down the hallway, her glossy blonde bob bouncing with each confident stride. At the end stood double doors of frosted glass, embossed with elegant script reading "Conception Room." Piper pushed them open.

Inside the windowless chamber, two parallel rows of four queen-sized beds faced each other across a central aisle. Each bed was draped in white cotton sheets and plumped with silk pillows in varying shades of cream.

The eight mothers clustered near the corner, their mesh robes catching the light as they shifted nervously from foot to foot, whispering and suppressing giggles as they watched the boys file in.

"Ladies," Piper announced with a theatrical flourish of her arm, "I present your virile young studs—your very own resident sperm donors."

Like the boys, they wore matching white robes, but theirs were crafted from gossamer-thin mesh that clung to their wide motherly hips and obscenely swollen tits, the translucent fabric revealing deep canyons of creamy cleavage and the dark shadows of erect nipples.

Each robe was cinched at the waist with a glistening satin sash that accentuated the contrast between their fertile bellies and the plump, fuckable asses that had tempted their sons for years.

Gina stood among the mothers, her nurse's mini-dress riding up her thick thighs and hugging her hourglass figure like a second skin, the starched white fabric stretched so taut across her massive rack that the outline of her areolas was clearly visible.



"Your moms will show you to your assigned conception stations and we'll begin," she announced, her voice honeyed yet authoritative.

Stiletto heels stabbed against plush carpeting as the mothers glided toward their sons.

Vin's cock twitched behind his robe as he watched his mom sashay toward him, her hips swaying hypnotically

with each step, her anxious smile revealing pearl-white teeth between glossy cock-sucking lips. Through the translucent fabric of her robe, he could make out her slutty white lingerie set, the lace trim catching against the sheer mesh as she moved.

Nicole's massive home-grown tits bulged obscenely against the delicate cups of her bra, jiggling like overripe melons with each breath she took.

Vin's gaze hungrily traveled downward, past her narrow waist to her smooth, tanned legs that seemed to extend forever before terminating in dainty feet adorned with crimson-lacquered toenails, perched atop gleaming fuck-me heels. She extended hand toward his, her fingernails matching her toes perfectly.

"Right this way, sir," she purred playfully, her voice silky as the sash around her waist.

She led him over to their conception station, where a queen-sized bed awaited. A crystal-clear bottle of conception lubricant stood on the mahogany side table, its viscous contents catching the light with an almost pearlescent sheen. Beside it lay a stack of plush white towels, folded with hospital-corner precision.

All the couples perched on the edge of their assigned beds, fingers intertwined nervously, their bare thighs barely touching as they faced the front of the room where Gina and Piper stood with perfect posture.

"Boys," Gina explained, her voice honeyed yet clinical as she gestured to a glossy anatomical chart, "your mothers have meticulously planned their visits to coincide with the peak of their fertility cycles. They're currently in what

reproductive specialists call 'the fertile window,' when their bodies are preparing to release a ripe, receptive egg from their ovaries into the waiting fallopian tubes."

Piper's manicured fingernails clicked against the projector remote, summoning onto the wall a high-definition animation of vigorous sperm cells undulating through pinkish fluid. "During this critical fertile window," she continued, "your biological duty is to deposit as much potent sperm as physically possible into your mother's receptive vaginal canal through repeated acts of penetrative intercourse. The greater the volume and concentration of sperm cells..." she paused, her eyes sweeping across the room, "...the higher probability of successful fertilization and pregnancy."

Vin's body shuddered with nervous anticipation as it sunk in that he was about to sheath his virgin dick in pussy for the very first time, and not just any pussy – the warm, wet pussy that had birthed him eighteen years ago.

Gina chimed in again. "Your sperm will face many challenges as they begin their arduous journey through your mother's reproductive tract. Most will perish shortly after coitus, their tiny tails ceasing to undulate in the acidic environment, but the greatest barrier of all will be your mom's cervix. The cervical entrance is not only very small, barely the width of a pencil lead, but it's blocked by thick, viscous cervical mucus. Luckily, during the time of ovulation, this mucus transforms, becoming thin and watery like egg whites, making penetration by the eager sperm much easier."

Piper pointed at the high-definition animation on the wall which showed a swarm of tadpole-shaped sperm cells

surrounding the luminous, perfectly spherical egg. "Your mom's egg is only capable of fertilization for twelve to twenty-four precious hours," she stated. "Your strongest swimmers, which we hope will be many, need to be there, ready for penetration, their enzyme-filled heads primed to dissolve the egg's protective outer layer. That's why it's important to begin vigorous intercourse before the egg is actually even released."

Gina nodded in agreement. "A great leader once said, 'if I had thirty minutes to cut down a tree, I'd spend most of that time sharpening the axe,'" she quoted. "Before we even begin with sessions of intercourse, we need to work on preparing both you and mother's bodies for effective baby-making. This will begin with thorough examinations."

She gestured to an adjoining room. "Piper and I are both trained experts in penile development and will be examining you boys one by one, measuring every important dimension."

"I'll also be examining you ladies," Piper added as she turned toward the mothers, "to check cervical mucus consistency and vaginal pH levels to determine precisely how close you are to ovulation."

"While you wait for your turn to be examined," Gina explained, starting another presentation on the projected screen, "we have a comprehensive video we'd like you to watch that explains the intricate process of conception. This will illustrate in vivid detail everything we just discussed."

The screen displayed a close-up of a glistening egg cell surrounded by eager sperm cells.

The first boy and his mother followed Gina and Piper into an adjoining room, the heavy mahogany door closing with a soft click that echoed in the hushed space. The remaining sons and mothers perched awkwardly on the edges of their beds, the crisp sheets rustling beneath their weight as all eyes fixed on the high-definition screen.

Vin's throat tightened as he swallowed, his gaze darting sideways to where his mother's silk robe had parted slightly, revealing the deep valley between her breasts, the skin there flushed pink from the room's warmth.

"I feel like I'm in sex-ed at school," Vin whispered, his voice cracking slightly as he forced himself to look back at the screen where animated sperm cells wiggled across the projection.

Nicole giggled and squeezed his hand where it rested on her smooth thigh. "It is fascinating though, isn't it? The process of conception?"

"Yeah, I didn't realize there was such a short window of time that a woman could get pregnant," he replied.

"Yes, what happens during that twelve to twenty-four hour period is crucial," she said, giving his hand another squeeze as she imagined his skinny virgin body locked between her thick thigh, bucking and squealing as he pumped sticky seed inside her body.

The clinical narration from the video continued, the awkwardness gradually melting away like ice in summer heat. "Are you hoping for a boy or girl?" he timidly whispered as his eyes remained fixed on the screen's glowing depiction of fertilization.

"Well, I already have two boys," she mused. "Maybe a little girl for your sister to play with."

"I figured you'd say that," Vin replied, his mom's thumb unconsciously tracing small circles on the back of his hand.

Nicole leaned in close, her glossy lips brushing against the shell of his ear. "There are a few things we can try," she whispered. "Once you're inside me, I can position my hips a certain way. I've been reading that shallow penetration in the missionary position, with female orgasm occurring before male ejaculation, creates an alkaline environment."

"What's that?" he son asked naively.

"That's an environment inside a woman's vagina that favors X-chromosome sperm—the ones that make baby girls."

"Whatever you think is best, Mom," Vin replied, the clinical terminology washing over him like the educational videos they'd just watched, his mind too overwhelmed to fully process the intimate mechanics of what she was suggesting.

The sound of Piper's voice cut through the room like a scalpel. "Nicole and Vin," she called.

They rose from the bed, and walked toward the examination room, their fingers intertwined, palms slightly damp with nervous perspiration.

"Why don't you go ahead and slip out of your robe for us, Vin," Gina said as she closed the heavy mahogany door with a definitive click. The examination room smelled of

antiseptic and expensive perfume, making Vin's nostrils flare slightly.

"Well, I um..." he mumbled, both hands clasped protectively over the obvious tent in his silk robe, "kind of have a problem."

Gina's glossy lips parted in a practiced smile as she exchanged knowing glances with Piper and Nicole. "Erections certainly aren't a problem here, sweetie," she purred, her voice honeyed yet clinical, "they're a necessity."

"The fact that you have one tells us you have healthy bloodflow to your penile flesh," Piper added, "which is excellent, Vin."

The three women didn't wait for him to remove the robe – just slipped it off him themselves. "Let us have a look at you," Gina purred.

Vin's cock sprung free, the thick, teenage shaft jutting upward at a forty-five-degree angle like a flesh missile ready for launch. His freshly shaved balls hung tight against his body, two plump orbs nestled in a hairless sack that looked almost prepubescent despite his age.

The swollen purple head of his dick glistened with a bead of pre-cum at the tip, while angry blue veins snaked along the shaft, pulsing visibly with each heartbeat. His cock twitched involuntarily as the cool air hit it, the skin stretched so tight over his erection it looked like it might split open.

Three pairs of eyes widened simultaneously, each woman's gaze locked on the thick, veined shaft jutting proudly from Vin's groin. "Well, you certainly have nothing

to be ashamed of, Vin," Piper pointed out, her glossy lips parting slightly.

"I'll say," Nicole added, a flush creeping up her neck as maternal pride warred visibly with something more primal on her face. "I don't know what the average size is for boys these days, but it seems like he's..." she swallowed hard, "well above average."

Piper squatted down and extended a flexible yellow tape measure along the rigid length. Her manicured fingertips barely grazed the sensitive skin, causing it to twitch. "Nine-and-a-half inches," she announced clinically, then wrapped the tape around the base where angry blue veins disappeared into pink meat. "And the girth... five-and-a-half inches."

"Wow!" Vin's mom exclaimed, her voice breathy as she unconsciously licked her bottom lip. He smiled back at her, chest expanding with pride.

"Nicole, you were right," Gina stated, "he IS above average."

"Well above average," Piper added, her gaze traveling deliberately from the purple, glistening head down to where his balls had drawn up tight against his body.

"I thought so," the mother answered, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "It's beautiful."

"The bulbous tip is VERY well-formed, with a nice wide coronal ridge," Gina said, her latex-gloved finger tracing the pronounced purple rim where shaft met head. She then pressed her thumb against the glistening tip, delicately pulling open the moist, pink opening.



"The meatus also has a long slit. That's excellent for sperm transfer—it creates the perfect funnel effect."

Before she could release it, a pearlescent bead of pre-cum bubbled up from the depths, swelling until it broke free and traced a glistening trail down the contour of his glans like morning dew on a ripe plum.

"Sorry," Vin mumbled in embarrassment.

"Oh, don't you apologize for something wonderful like that," Gina said. "Pre-seminal fluid is something we love to see in boys. It's a sign of strong ejaculations."

Piper's latex-gloved finger traced the prominent ridge of the urethra that ran like a thick cord along the underside of his shaft, from root to tip. "This transfer tube is exceptionally well-defined," she observed clinically, applying gentle pressure that made Vin's breath catch.

When another pearl of pre-cum emerged from the slit, she paused to study how his entire cock flexed involuntarily—the base visibly contracting as the thick fluid was forced upward through the long channel.

"Look at that powerful ejaculatory response," she noted to Gina with professional admiration. "See how the bulbocavernosus muscle at the penile root contracts? Those are the same structures that'll propel your semen forcefully into your mother's cervical opening, Vin."

"That's really cool," the boy responded shyly.

"I can't believe how much... pre-honey... is coming out of him," Nicole whispered, transfixed by the glistening bead that slowly expanded until it overflowed, trailing down the purple head in a viscous rivulet.

Gina nodded knowingly. "It's actually quite common for young virgin males to produce copious amounts of pre-ejaculatory fluid," she explained. "The seminal vesicles and Cowper's glands are especially active in untapped males—they're essentially priming the urethra, creating an alkaline environment to protect his sperm from the natural acidity that might remain from urination."

Her latex-covered finger delicately collected another pearlescent drop that had formed. "The abundance indicates exceptional fertility."

She brought it to her lips and placed it on her tongue with the precision of a sommelier.

Piper leaned in, inhaling deeply, her nostrils flaring. "Very healthy smell," she said, "like fresh almonds and sea salt."

"And extremely sweet," Gina added after rolling it thoughtfully in her mouth, "which indicates high fructose levels, and VERY healthy sperm. Nicole, would you like to sample it?"

The mother smiled awkwardly. "Oh... um, sure," she said, then reached down and swiped the glistening pearl of pre-cum from his swollen cockhead, the thick fluid stretching in a sticky strand as she brought it to her mouth.

Her pink tongue darted out to lick the viscous secretion from her finger, her lips closing around the digit with a soft sucking sound.

Vin's breath caught in his throat as he watched his own mother swallow the salty-sweet discharge that had bubbled up from his churning balls.

"Oh God, you're right, that is sweet," Nicole said with wide eyes of wonder.

Her son's throbbing member twitched violently at her words, the rigid shaft jerking upward and slapping against his lower abdomen with an audible wet smack, causing all three women to gasp in unison.

"Goodness," Gina exclaimed, "someone has a remarkably strong, healthy erection!"

Piper traced her fingers along the prominent, rope-like veins that snaked across the taut skin of Vin's engorged shaft. "He has extraordinary corpora cavernosa," she said, her voice dripping with admiration. "Look at how they're distending beneath the skin."

"What's that?" the boy asked naively, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Your corpora cavernosa are the twin chambers of spongy tissue that fill with hot blood to create that magnificent hard-on," she explained, her fingertip circling the pronounced ridge where shaft met glans.

"Jesus, look at how they're bulging at the root," Nicole said, her eyes wide with undisguised fascination. "I've never seen such a thick, veiny base on any man before."

Gina's fingers encircled the root of Vin's cock, her white glove creating a stark contrast against the angry purple veins bulging beneath his taut skin. She applied gentle pressure, causing the entire shaft to stiffen further and jut upward at an even more pronounced angle.

"Yes," she murmured, her thumb tracing a particularly prominent ligament, "you can really see the dorsal penile muscle and suspensory ligaments through here. It means he has incredible strength in the base of his erection."

She looked up at Nicole, her glossy lips curving into a knowing smile. "That'll serve you VERY WELL, Nicole, in some of the longer sessions of intense intercourse when he's thrusting deep inside you."

Nicole's cunt clenched deep inside, her cervix pulsing with a hungry ache she hadn't felt since those drunken

fraternity parties in college, where she'd ride some freshman's thick pole until it hammered her cervix raw.

Her inner walls fluttered wetly at the memory—how those boys would grunt and groan when their swollen cockheads slammed against that tight ring of flesh, the way she'd feel their hot spurts painting her deepest parts. Now her womb throbbed with that same greedy emptiness, desperate to be filled and pounded again.

"Let's have a look at your balls now," Piper said, her cool fingers wrapping around the thick shaft and lifting it up against his stomach with practiced efficiency, exposing the vulnerable underside of his scrotum to the cool air.

They each clasped onto one of his egg-shaped testicles, their fingers creating delicate indentations in the soft, hairless skin of his ball-sack as they gently squeezed and rolled them between their fingertips.

"Somewhat swollen," Gina observed, her expert touch causing Vin to inhale sharply as she palpated the tender orb. She peeked up at the boy. "How often are you masturbating, Vin?"

"Uh...twice a day, usually," he confessed, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed nervously.

"But you probably haven't today, due to travel," she said, her thumb making small, soothing circles on his tightened sack, "so don't worry, swollen balls like these, heavy with accumulated semen, are quite common for boys on the first day, especially the ones who are virgins."

"Oh good," Nicole sighed, "so it's nothing to be alarmed about?" she asked, her emerald eyes fixed on the delicate pink sac cradling her son's swollen testicles.

"Not at all," Gina replied. "His sperm loads should still be quite healthy, with millions of vigorous swimmers just waiting to be released."

Piper's fingers grasped one of his testicles with expert precision, tugging it gently downward until the delicate pink skin of his scrotum stretched taut. The orb distended visibly within the hairless sack, its veiny surface gleaming under the examination lights.

She traced her thumb and forefinger along the rope-like tubes of his vas deferens, applying just enough pressure to make Vin gasp. "Feel these tubules, Nicole?" she instructed the mother. "They should be firm but flexible."

Nicole nodded eagerly, her emerald eyes widening as she mimicked the motion on his other testicle, her manicured fingers gliding over the slick skin. "They feel so... alive," she whispered.

Piper smiled approvingly. "Excellent elasticity and thickness—signs of exceptional fertility."

Nicole's fingers then drifted to the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls, her touch feather-light as she explored his perineum. "Oh my," she breathed, feeling the rhythmic pulsations beneath her fingertips. "His prostate is throbbing so strongly."

"Just as it should," Piper confirmed with professional satisfaction. "That powerful cadence indicates optimal seminal production—exactly what we want to see in a young donor."

"There's a specialized exercise we'll be demonstrating after the examinations that will help optimize testicular function," Gina explained. "Have you ever penetrated a woman sexually, Vin?"

"Um, no," he admitted, his cheeks flushing crimson as he cast a sideways glance at his mother, whose silk robe had parted slightly to reveal the creamy swell of her cleavage.

"It's perfectly OK, sweetie," Nicole whispered, reaching out to stroke his feverish cheek with cool fingers.

"There's nothing wrong with preserving your virginity until the right moment."

"That's absolutely true," Gina stated, exchanging a meaningful look with Nicole, her pupils dilating at the prospect of guiding virgin flesh to its first explosive release. "Many of the young men who come to our clinic to help their mothers conceive are still untouched."

"It creates an experience that's twice as sacred," Piper added, as her fingertip traced a prominent vein along his shaft. "Having your mother be the first to guide you through the exquisite pleasures of intercourse, while you flood her fertile womb with pulse after pulse of your potent seed until new life takes root."

Vin and his mom rejoined the others in the dimly lit Conception Room, where the remaining families sat transfixed by the educational video's explicit demonstrations. When the last boy had been examined, Gina and Piper emerged from the exam room, their latex gloves discarded.

"As many of you athletic boys know," Gina explained, "proper stretching before vigorous physical activity prevents injury and enhances performance. The same principle applies to your testicles before sexual intercourse."

Piper's blue eyes sparkled as she added, "Your testicles—those precious orbs—manufacture sperm and produce ninety-five percent of your testosterone."

She ran her tongue briefly across her bottom lip. "This vital hormone develops your reproductive tissues to peak virility. The most effective method to boost testosterone production is through careful, deliberate scrotal massage."

"Boys, stand and remove your robes," Gina instructed. "Mothers, please prepare the beds by spreading a towel across the mattress."

Vin's fingers trembled slightly as he untied his robe, letting the silky fabric slide from his shoulders.

Nicole rose gracefully beside him, the soft curve of her hip brushing against his naked thigh as she unfurled a plush white towel across the crisp sheets.

"Moms, you can now slip out of your robes also, leaving just your bra and panties on," Gina instructed.

As he stood there naked with his throbbing cock jutting out like a flesh missile, Vin watched his mom untie her silken belt with deliberate slowness. The robe parted, revealing a sliver of pale skin before sliding completely off her shoulders.

*"Holy fuck!"* his brain screamed, as his eyes locked onto her massive tits straining against the delicate fabric. The

white floral-embroidered cups were practically transparent, her swollen nipples poking against the material like fleshy nubs, surrounded by areolas the size of his hands. Her deep cleavage formed a canyon of soft, milky flesh that made his balls tighten involuntarily.

Nicole looked back at him and smiled, her emerald eyes sparkling with maternal affection as she noticed the way his Adam's apple bobbed nervously. As many times as she'd caught him staring at her tits over the years—stealing glances during breakfast, watching her bend over to load the dishwasher—she knew this must be an incredible thrill for him.

"Go ahead and lay down, sweetie," she said softly, her voice like warm honey as she slipped her dainty feet from her patent leather stiletto heels, revealing perfectly painted toenails that matched her manicure.

Piper's stiletto heels clicked rhythmically against the polished floor as she sashayed down the aisle between the two rows of hospital beds. Her calculating eyes surveyed the group preparing for the next phase. "Ladies, you'll find bottles of premium jojoba oil on your side tables," she announced, her voice honey-sweet yet authoritative. "This particular oil mimics your skin's natural sebum, allowing for frictionless massage while nourishing your son's delicate scrotal tissue."

Before surrendering to the mattress, Vin's hungry gaze lingered on his mother's barely-there panties. The dainty white mesh hugged her birthing hip, the translucent fabric revealing the plump, hairless lips of her vulva beneath—pink and slightly parted, like a secret about to be

whispered. His pulse quickened, blood rushing to his already throbbing member.

The eight teenage boys sprawled on the crisp white sheets, their cocks jutting skyward like rigid flesh towers. Their mothers, tits barely contained in see-through bras and pussies visible through soaked panties, slithered onto the beds with predatory hunger, fingers wrapped around bottles of glistening oil that would soon be massaged into their sons' swollen ball-sacks.

Vin's jaw hung slack as he stared into the cavernous valley between his mom's swaying milk-jugs, watching them quiver like gelatin beneath the sheer fabric as she crawled between his trembling thighs.

"OK, moms," Gina instructed as her calculating eyes swept across the room, "the first thing you'll be doing is applying oil liberally over his testicles and around the base of his erection, ensuring complete coverage of the sensitive skin."

Vin gasped as his mom drizzled glistening oil across his tight, smooth ball-sack. Her manicured fingers dug into his slick scrotum, kneading the tender orbs within while she flashed him a hungry smile, her eyes never leaving his as she rolled his sperm-heavy testicles between her slippery digits.

"Mothers," Piper's honeyed voice commanded, her stiletto heels clicking as she paced between the beds, "grasp his left testicle firmly with your right hand. Gently stretch it away from the shaft and massage it with rhythmic pressure, feeling the dense tissue respond beneath your fingers."

Nicole's crimson-painted talons sank into Vin's tender ball-flesh, exploring every ridge and contour of his cum-filled nuts. She traced the thick, rosy vas deferens tubes with her fingertips, feeling them pulse beneath his taut scrotal skin as they prepared to pump his potent baby-batter straight into her hungry womb.

Her gaze locked onto her son's massive cock-pole jutting obscenely from his groin, the purple mushroom head glistening with pre-cum. Her cunt throbbed violently at the thought of that thick teenage meat stretching her mommy-hole to its limits.

*"I had no idea he was so well-hung,"* she thought, her mouth watering.

His left nut felt like a plump, fleshy egg in her palm as she squeezed and tugged it, making her boy's breath hitch as his dick twitched and leaked.

"Feels good, doesn't it, boys?" Gina purred, her voice dripping with honeyed authority. "We need to awaken all those virile sperm cells and toughen those sensitive balls up. Soon they'll be slapping rhythmically against your mother's smooth, bare buttocks with every deep thrust over the next few days."

Nicole's fingers dug deeper into Vin's oil-slick scrotum as she felt a violent shudder ripple through his taut teenage body at Piper's explicit promise. Her emerald eyes locked with his, a knowing maternal smile playing across her flushed face.

"Ladies," Gina instructed, "clasping the loose, wrinkled skin around both testicles, gently but firmly pull downward on his nuts."

She demonstrated the motion with her elegant hands. "This crucial technique stretches the cord of his vas deferens and prepares those sperm-delivery tubes for the dramatic increase in semen transferal he'll be experiencing."

"And when we say increase," Piper explained, "we mean he could be ejaculating thick, potent loads up to ten times daily while he's here in your fertile womb."

Vin's brain nearly short-circuited. *"Holy fucking shit...ten loads a day?!"*

His balls already ached at the thought—his personal record was five jerk-off sessions, notten full-blown ejaculations inside actual pussy.

The other boys' groans filled the room as their mothers' manicured fingers twisted and yanked their tender nut-sacks.

Vin shuddered as his eyes locked onto his mom's oil-slick fingers working his ball-meat, then drifted to her massive tits. Those fleshy globes swayed and jiggled beneath the see-through bra with every movement, hypnotizing him. Her areolas had darkened and puckered, shrinking slightly into crinkled circles that still dominated the peaks of her tits.

Her nipples had swollen into thick, jutting spikes that looked ready to tear through the delicate mesh. *"Holy fuck, Mom's nipples are rock-hard,"* he realized with a jolt. *"Her cunt is probably soaking wet right now!"*

"Now moms," Gina commanded, "tap those swollen nut-sacks with your fingernails. Wake up those millions of squirming little swimmers and get those sperm cells

ready. They've got a long journey up your slick, hungry vaginas ahead of them."

The mothers erupted in throaty giggles, their talons drumming rhythmically against their sons' tender, cum-laden ball-flesh.

Nicole watched her boy's reaction as her nails danced across Vin's taut scrotum, sending electric jolts through his groin.

His massive cock twitched violently as pre-cum oozed from his purple mushroom head. His brain nearly short-circuited at the realization that soon he'd be pile-driving his throbbing meat-pole balls-deep into his own mother's sopping hole, feeling her velvety pussy-walls milking every last drop of his potent teenage baby-batter directly into her fertile womb.

"Now," Piper continued, "while massaging his balls with one hand, reach down with the other and rub his taint with your fingers," she instructed, demonstrating the motion with her manicured hands. "Apply firm, circular pressure."

Vin's skinny body arched violently off the mattress as Nicole's oil-slick fingertips found his perineum, that sensitive strip of flesh between his heavy ball-sack and puckered hole. She pressed firmly, making slow, deliberate circles that sent electric jolts straight to his throbbing cock-root.

"Does that feel good, sweetheart?" Nicole purred, her emerald eyes gleaming with maternal hunger as she gazed up at him from between his quivering thighs.

"Uh-huh," Vin managed to gasp, his abs clenching as pre-cum oozed from his purple mushroom head.

Gina's gaze swept over the writhing teenage bodies. "Massaging the taint directly stimulates the prostate gland," she explained clinically, "giving the boys significantly stronger erections and dramatically increased ejaculation volume when they finally explode inside you."

Vin's brain short-circuited as his mom's expert fingers worked his taint with practiced precision. The way she manipulated his flesh with such confidence made it crystal clear she'd done this before—probably countless times with his father—her skilled touch making his balls tighten and his cock twitch violently.

Inside his body, her pressure stimulated his walnut-sized prostate gland nestled just beneath the thin membrane. The firm manipulation caused the dense tissue to swell slightly, engorging with fluid as blood rushed to his groin.

Each circular motion of her fingertips compressed the network of nerves surrounding his prostate, sending electric pulses up through his thickening shaft. His seminal vesicles, those twin reservoirs of reproductive fluid, contracted involuntarily in response, preparing to mix their alkaline secretions with the millions of sperm cells now stirring in his testes.

Vin could feel the pressure building at the root of his cock, that internal portion hidden beneath skin and muscle now throbbing with heightened sensitivity as his mother's knowing touch awakened every nerve ending in his reproductive system.

Soon, every 18-year-old in the room was bucking and groaning like animals in heat, their swollen cocks leaking sticky pre-cum onto their taut bellies as their mothers'

expert fingers worked their cum-laden nuts and pulsating taints.

"We don't want these boys to spill those pent-up loads of thick, creamy ejaculate quite yet, do we?" Gina giggled.

"Their potent sperm belongs deep inside your hungry baby-factories, not wasted all over your hands. Why don't you moms crawl up and use more of that slippery oil to massage their young chests."

Vin's eyes bulged as Nicole straddled his thigh, her slick pussy leaving a wet smear on his skin through her panties. She drizzled glistening oil across his heaving pectorals, then attacked them with both hands.

Her massive tits strained against the flimsy bra, bobbling obscenely with each movement, her dark nipples visibly poking through the sheer fabric.

*"Damn, he's gorgeous,"* Nicole thought, hungrily devouring the sight of her son's lean, rippling muscles as her fingers traced every ridge of his abs, inching dangerously close to his throbbing cock-root.

"Look at those hungry mommy-eyes, boys," Piper stated. "They want babies so badly. See how they're eyes are begging for your hot, thick semen? Those empty wombs are desperate for your virile teenage seed to flood them and make those flat bellies swell with your babies."

Nicole and her son's gazes locked in primal recognition—no longer mother and son but breeding stock, two animals about to rut and mate like beasts in heat.

"Work those fingers lower, moms," Gina commanded.

"Trace the cum-veins that feed his baby-maker."

Nicole's fingers slithered down his sweat-slick abs to the throbbing root of his massive cock. Her pussy clenched and gushed as she circled his hairless groin, eyes fixed on the angry purple head leaking pre-cum.

The monstrous shaft pulsed with each heartbeat, thick blue veins bulging like ropes beneath the stretched skin. *"Christ,"* she thought, her cunt walls fluttering, *"It's been a long time since I've had a cock that big inside me."*

"They're counting on you, boys," Gina purred. "Your desperate mothers brought you here because they know those swollen young balls of yours have what it takes to plant a baby deep inside their hungry wombs."

Piper nodded. "They've seen how those heavy nut-sacks of yours hang full and ripe," she added, licking her glossy lips, "ready to refill with thick, virile ejaculate after each powerful release, while those throbbing teenage cocks stay rock-hard through all the baby-making intercourse it takes to flood their fertile eggs."

"You're here to seed their secret gardens," Gina continued, "but there's no shame in the shuddering pleasure and screaming orgasms they'll experience in the process. It's just biology—their slick, velvety walls clenching around your pulsing shafts as nature intended."

Vin lustfully bucked his firm ass from the sweat-dampened mattress, his body quivering with virgin anticipation. The scorching heat from Nicole's slick, pink vagina radiated through her lace panties onto his upper thigh like a branding iron.

His eyes locked on her fingers as they dug possessively around the thick, veiny root of his massive erection,

making his purple-headed monster wag up and down like a divining rod seeking heated moisture.

Nicole's emerald eyes traveled hungrily from her boy's pleasure-contorted face—down his rippling torso with its perfect six-pack abs, finally settling on the throbbing, vein-riddled column of his magnificent hardon.

*"If that magnificent beast can't flood my womb with potent seed, then nothing on earth can,"* she thought, her mouth watering involuntarily.

Nicole loved her husband Charles dearly, with his kind eyes and gentle hands. She knew it wasn't his fault that he was both pathetically endowed with a barely five-inch penis, and cursed with sperm that swam in lazy, aimless circles.

She wanted a baby girl more desperately than her next breath, and in her lust-fogged mind, this sacred mother-son coupling wasn't remotely like cheating. This was merely her handsome, virile son heroically stepping up to do what his father's inadequate equipment couldn't.

The baby's genetic fingerprint would be practically identical to one made with Charles, so it would never raise a doctor's eyebrow or neighbor's suspicion. BSTC Babymaking Center was simply the perfect, discreet solution to her empty, aching womb.

"Now that you boys are all worked up, it's time to prepare YOUR MOTHERS' bodies for babymaking," Gina said, "Ladies, peel those scraps of fabric off your breeding-ready bodies and get naked."

Vin stumbled off the mattress, his purple-headed monster cock slapping wetly against his abs, leaving glistening trails of pre-cum across his rippling stomach.

His jaw hung slack as his mom reached behind her back, her massive tits straining forward against the overtaxed bra. The clasp released with a snap and those magnificent mammaries spilled free, their pendulous weight bouncing obscenely before settling on her chest.

"Holy shit," Vin gasped aloud, his cock jerking violently at the sight.

Nicole's eyes gleamed wickedly as she giggled, sending seismic ripples through her enormous udders. Her nipples stood out like throbbing pink marshmallows, surrounded by wide areolas pebbled with goosebumps. She bent forward deliberately, letting those heavy flesh-globes dangle and sway as she hooked her thumbs into her soaked panties, dragging them down over the fertile curve of her child-bearing hips.

Vin's cock lurched violently as Nicole peeled her soaked panties down her silky thighs. His jaw dropped at the sight of her exposed cunt—plump labia swollen with arousal, slightly parted to reveal the glistening pink slit between.

Her engorged clitoral hood protruded obscenely from the top of her slit, the fat nub underneath visibly throbbing with each beat of her racing heart.

Their eyes locked in primal recognition—no longer mother and son but breeding animals. The air between them crackled with the shared knowledge that his virile teenage seed would soon flood her desperate womb.

“Mothers, on to your backs,” Gina directed.



Nicole crawled onto the mattress, her massive tits swinging beneath her like heavy pendulums, nipples dragging across the sheets. Her ass cheeks quivered with each movement, the crack between them revealing glimpses of her puckered rosebud.

When she rolled onto her back, her enormous jugs splayed across her chest like fleshy mountains, the areolas pebbled with goosebumps.

"Now boys, grab the oil," Piper commanded. "It's your turn to massage your mom and prepare her body for intercourse."

Vin crawled timidly onto the mattress, his massive erection bobbing obscenely. His heart hammered against his ribcage as Nicole smiled invitingly, her hooded eyes never leaving his.

Sensing his nervousness, she uncapped the bottle of massage oil and drizzled the glistening liquid across her taut midsection, the clear fluid pooling in her navel before trickling down her sides.

*"Holy fuck, could I get more turned on?!"* Vin's mind screamed as his virgin hands hovered inches above his mother's oil-slicked skin, trembling visibly. His mouth went dry at the sight of those thick rivulets snaking down toward her completely bare pussy.

Piper prowled between the beds like a predatory cat, keeping a watchful eye on the virgins. She crouched beside Vin, her breasts pressing against his shoulder as she whispered huskily in his ear. "Go ahead, sweetie. Don't be nervous. Start with long, firm strokes across her belly."

Her fingers guided his hands to Nicole's slippery skin, and he began working the oil into his mother's flesh with nervous, inexperienced movements.

Piper's lips curved into a knowing smile as she watched Vin's eyes widen to saucers, transfixed by the sight of his

mother's gigantic tits. They spread across Nicole's chest like pale, quivering mounds of freshly risen dough, defying gravity despite their tremendous weight.

"Your mom has such big breasts, doesn't she, Vin?" Piper purred, her hot breath tickling his earlobe.

The boy could only nod robotically, his throat constricting with lust.

"Look at those enormous areolas," she continued, "like perfect dusky-pink disks surrounding those thick, juicy nipples."

She pressed her own sizeable tits against his trembling shoulder, hard enough for him to feel her own hard, rubbery teat. "You're gonna have so much fun with them over the next few days," she promised.

Gina must have read not only Vin's mind, but every boy in the room's. "Massage those fat breasts now, boys," she commanded. "Squeeze your hands through their soft, slippery flesh."

"Go ahead, sweetheart," Nicole purred, her eyes half-lidded as she peered down over the heaving mounds of her mammoth jugs.

"Feel how soft and warm they are, Vin," Piper added, guiding his trembling hand onto his mom's obscenely large tits.

His fingers sank deep into the quivering flesh, making her swollen nipples jut out like thick erasers. The slick oil made squelching sounds as he kneaded the heavy globes, his cock twitching violently each time Nicole's breath caught in her throat.

"Boys, look at those magnificent maternal breasts you're fondling," Gina stated. "Once your potent seed takes root in your mother's fertile womb, those already impressive tits will transform dramatically. The milk-producing sacs will multiply and swell, making those juicy mounds grow even larger and heavier in your hands."

"A complex network of ducts will engorge to channel sweet mother's milk to those thick nipples you're pinching," Piper added, still hovering over Vin's shoulder. "The protective fat layer will thicken, giving those massive mammaries even more mouthwatering fullness. Blood vessels will become more prominent, creating visible blue rivers across that pale, stretched skin. And those areolas you're circling with your thumbs? They'll darken to a deep, rich brown and expand even larger, while tiny bumps appear to lubricate those sensitive teats for your baby's suckling pleasure."

Nicole kept her eyes closed as she felt her son's virgin hands massage her tits, his fingers sinking into the pillowy flesh, making her swollen cunt lips throb and weep with the primal need to be stretched open, brutally plowed, and flooded with his potent teenage seed.

*"I'm so impressed with how he's handling all this,"* she said to herself, feeling another gush of wetness between her thighs, "Literally handling all this."

While mauling her tits, Vin's eyes traveled down his brunette mother's curvy body, lingering on the gentle slope of her stomach that dipped inward before flaring out to those child-bearing hips.

Her mons was completely bare—smooth and plump like a ripe peach—and he knew they had probably shaved her

just as thoroughly as they had him. He wondered if she usually kept a tiny landing strip of dark pubic hair, or maybe just a little triangle that pointed like an arrow to her glistening treasure below.

The thought of her being completely hairless made his purple cockhead throb violently; a bare pussy grinding against his equally hairless groin would create the perfect skin-to-skin friction for the marathon of vigorous sexual grinding they were about to embark on.

"It's gonna feel so good in there, Vin," Piper whispered in his ear. "So wet and tight and wonderful around your flesh."

The sight of his mom's luscious baby-smooth legs made Vin's cock throb painfully against his stomach. They glistened with oil, thick and powerful thighs that could crush his ribs while he rutted between them like a mindless animal.

"Just imagine those powerful thighs of hers," Piper purred, her hot breath tickling his earlobe, "wrapped around your waist like living restraints, squeezing tighter with each thrust. Those smooth, oiled legs will lock behind your back, her ankles crossing to form the perfect harness."

Her fingers traced feather-light patterns on his shoulder as she continued, "She'll use those maternal muscles to control your rhythm, pulling you deeper inside her fertile channel each time you try to withdraw, like a carnival ride where you're strapped in so tight you can't escape the intensity of the sensation. Those thighs were built to capture and milk a man's seed, Vin. They won't release

you until you've emptied every last drop into her hungry womb."

Vin shuddered as his eyes moved to his mom's sexy feet, which were small but perfect—crimson-painted toenails like tiny droplets of blood against her pale skin.

His mom usually wore pink polish, but these slutty red toes were begging to be sucked while he pumped her full of cum. Vin imagined those ankles locked behind his neck, her cunt spread wide open and dripping as he pounded his teenage meat into her hungry hole, both of them sweating and grunting like barnyard animals in heat.

"Squeeze those fat nipples between your fingers, boys," Piper said. "As your mother becomes aroused, her vagina will begin to secrete lubrication in preparation for coitus."

Vin's throbbing purple cockhead leaked a strand of pre-cum onto his thigh as his balls tightened painfully. His mom's enormous tits felt like warm dough in his hands, the nipples stiffening into rubbery flesh between his fingers.

He imagined wrapping his lips around those meaty nubs, sucking and slurping until his face was buried in the sweaty valley of her heaving jugs, his nose filled with the musky scent of her aroused mommy-flesh.

"Ladies, roll over onto your tummies now," Gina said. "Boys, you'll begin with your mother's feet, then we'll be moving up her legs, to her ass and vulva."

Vin's cock twitched as his mom rolled over, her massive tits squashing against the mattress. Her apple-shaped ass cheeks jiggled slightly, the deep crack between them

revealing glimpses of her glistening pink pussy lips from behind.

*"Holy fucking shit!"* his mind screamed as pre-cum leaked from his purple cockhead. Her legs were spread just enough that he could see her swollen cunt gaping open like a hungry mouth.

He drizzled oil across her soles, watching it pool between her toes before massaging it into her arches with his thumbs, his throbbing erection bobbing with each movement.

On the bed beside them, Darren was already spreading his mother Cassidy's meaty ass cheeks apart, staring transfixed at her puckered pink asshole that winked and clenched under his gaze.

Cassidy looked back over her shoulder, her face flushed crimson with raw animal lust. "That feels so good, honey," she moaned, her voice thick with desire.

"Boys, you should now be moving up to your mom's bare buttocks and vagina. Apply more oil if you need to," Gina directed.

Vin's trembling hands hovered over his mother's glistening ass-globes. Her massive tits oozed out from beneath her torso like pale dough being pressed against the mattress. His cock throbbed violently as he imagined her soft tit-flesh squashed against his chest instead.

"Fuck," he whispered, pouring oil directly into the deep valley between her jiggling ass-cheeks. The clear liquid trickled down toward her puckered pink hole and the swollen lips of her cunt below.

Piper watched the boy's fingers sink into his mother's ass-flesh. "Slide your finger through that greasy crack, Vin," she instructed. "Circle that tight little asshole until it winks at you."

Vin's middle finger traced the wrinkled rim of his mother's anus, feeling it contract and relax against his touch as Nicole's breathing quickened.

"Feel how her shithole grabs at your finger?" Piper purred in his ear, "Now slide down to that dripping cunt and cup it like you own it."

The excited teen ran his trembling fingers down between his mom's legs and cupped Nicole's dripping pussy lips in his palm. Her hips bucked wildly as she felt her own son's hand press against her swollen cunt.

Piper leaned in close, her hot breath tickling his ear. "Can you feel that scorching heat radiating from that juicy fuck-hole?" she whispered.

When the boy nodded frantically, amazed by how her clinical words had turned to such filth when she was whispering just to him.

"All that wet, sloppy heat you're feeling is gonna be wrapped around your throbbing virgin meat any minute now," Piper continued. "Squeezing and milking every last drop of baby batter from your fat cock-head."

Vin gasped as he saw her ruby-red lips curl into a knowing smile, her tongue darting out to wet them as she shared these secret words that were far more vulgar and arousing than the clinical terms they'd been using.

"The moment of truth approaches, boys," Gina purred, her voice honey-thick with anticipation. "Look at how your mother's pulse throbs in her neck. Those vaginal walls are engorging with blood, transforming from pale pink to a deep, angry purple-red, like overripe plums ready to burst."

"That hungry vagina is stretching open," Piper continued, "preparing itself to swallow every veiny inch of your throbbing teenage penis. See how those inner walls weep with thick, pearly juices? They'll coat your pre-cum slicked crown like warm honey, creating the perfect slippery channel for those powerful baby-making thrusts."

Vin's heart hammered against his ribcage, each thunderous beat sending fresh blood surging into his purple, aching shaft. His trembling fingers parted his mother's swollen outer lips, revealing glistening coral-pink inner folds that seemed to pulse with need.

He slid two fingers through those silky, butter-soft flanges, feeling them grip and suckle at his digits as they disappeared into the scorching pit of her cuntal vestibule.

Nicole's naked ass arched off the mattress as she let out a guttural moan, her thighs quivering uncontrollably while her son's fingers slipped past the swollen outer lips of her dripping pussy. The scorching wet heat enveloped his digits like molten velvet.

"Rub their fat clits now, boys," Gina commanded. "Get those maternal bodies primed and desperate for a marathon of deep breeding."

Vin glanced up at Piper, who hovered over his shoulder like a carnal guardian angel. She guided his trembling

hand with expert precision, directing his gaze to the glistening pink pearl that peeked out from beneath its protective hood. The engorged nub throbbed visibly with each beat of Nicole's racing heart.

"See how it pulses, Vin?" Piper whispered, her hot breath tickling his ear. "It's identical to your cock-head—swollen with blood, electric with nerve endings. Circle it gently with your middle finger, feel how it hardens under your touch."

Vin obeyed, mesmerized by the way his mother's clit seemed to chase his finger, desperate for more contact.

All the mothers were now shaking and gasping, their plump, glistening mommy-asses bobbing up and down like buoys in a storm-tossed sea. Their swollen, cherry-red clits throbbed beneath their sons' inexperienced fingers as rivers of clear, sticky nectar flowed down their inner thighs.

The boys exchanged wide-eyed glances and nervous giggles, their virgin cocks purple and veiny with anticipation as they explored the forbidden flesh of the beautiful women who had once tucked them into bed at night.

"Are you ready, ladies?" Gina said in a naughty tone, her voice echoing off the walls. "Are your fertile wombs ready for deep, incestuous copulation?"

"Yes!" all the moms gasped in unison, pupils dilated with raw animal lust.

"What about you, boys?" Piper asked. "Are those heavy balls ready to pump mom's hungry vagina full of thick baby batter?"

All the boys answered with a resounding "Yes!" though their hearts hammered against their ribs like trapped birds, cold sweat beading on their foreheads as performance anxiety gripped them—especially the trembling virgins whose cocks had never felt the velvet squeeze of a woman's depths.

"MOTHERS...ON YOUR BACKS!!" Gina's voice thundered through the room.

"Ok, boys...prepare for penetration," Piper added with a sultry purr as she rose up from behind Vin.

Vin's heart hammered like a jackhammer against his ribs as his mom flipped over in one fluid motion. She threw her shapely legs back into a wide-open saddle of sex, her knees nearly touching her flushed shoulders.

*"HOLY SHIT!"* his brain screamed as he devoured the sight of her smooth, meaty inner thighs, splayed open like a wishbone, her pedicured toes wiggling invitingly in the air.

Her cunt gaped before him like some exotic orchid in full bloom, glistening petals of deep pink flesh unfurling to reveal the darker crimson entrance to her fuck-tunnel.

Vin's purple-headed cock twitched violently, a pearl of pre-cum emerging from its slit as it bobbed stiffly against his taut abdomen.

Nicole's eyes locked with his, pupils blown wide with lust as she reached for him with desperate fingers. "Get it in me, sweetie!" she squealed, frantically reaching down between their sweat-slicked bodies and wrapping her warm hand around her boy's throbbing rod.

Piper hovered beside the bed and watched. "Resist that virgin urge to buck, Vin," she directed. "Let your mom guide you all the way in, then hold perfectly still while those velvet walls adjust to your size."

Nicole selfishly teased herself first, sliding his throbbing knob through the slippery divide of her ass-cheeks, the sensitive tip catching on her puckered rosebud before gliding back up through her drenched folds.

When his cockhead finally aligned with her honeypot, she pulled him forward with surprising strength, the remnants of her hymen stretching around his meat as she impaling herself in one fluid motion that sent electric shockwaves through both their bodies.

Vin whimpered like a wounded animal as his cherry cock breached the scorching, ribbed fuck-tunnel of her cunt, his purple virgin knob and veiny shaft engulfed by the searing, crimson flesh of her baby-chute. His teenage meat throbbed violently as those maternal walls clamped down, squeezing his dick-head like a hot, slippery vise determined to wring every drop of potent sperm from his aching balls.

Nicole's mouth formed a perfect O as her lungs emptied in a single explosive gasp. Her cervix retreated deeper into her pelvis as her son's veiny battering ram stretched her inner walls to their limit, his prominent ridge dragging exquisitely across every rippled contour of her quivering love tunnel.

Vin snarled in primal lust, feeling the molten-hot, slippery silk of his mother's pussy envelop his virgin glans for the very first time. The sensation sent electric jolts up his

spine as her honeyed nectar coated every ridge and vein of his throbbing shaft.

He backed out a few trembling inches, savoring the exquisite friction against his hypersensitive crown, before plunging his entire purple-headed boner into the scorching, snug sleeve of her maternal canal.

“M-mom!” he gasped as the velvety walls clenched around him like a fist in a silken glove, rippling and undulating as if trying to milk him already.

He felt the spongy ring of her cervix give his swollen knob a wet, welcoming kiss, her inner walls quivering violently around his veiny stalk as they stretched to accommodate his considerable girth.



His cock flexed powerfully at its root, the base buried completely beneath the vacuum-like suction of her outer labia, which now formed a perfect seal against his pelvis.

Her inner flanges spasmed and fluttered against every pulsing muscle, bulging vein and taut ligament of his throbbing meat, stretching even wider with each powerful throb and making Nicole arch her back and gasp in maternal pleasure.

"Thrust now, honey!" she gasped, her voice trembling with maternal urgency.

Vin's eyes glazed over as primal instinct merged with countless hours of pornography he'd secretly consumed on his laptop. He began a deliberate in-and-out motion, his veiny teenage shaft glistening with their mingled secretions as it disappeared into her flushed opening.

But his virgin eagerness soon betrayed him—his rhythm faltering, his hips jerking forward too quickly then hesitating too long.

Nicole, sensing his struggle, wrapped her toned, silky-smooth thighs around his narrow waist, locking her ankles behind his back.

"Easy... slow down, baby," she whispered as her nails dug half-moons into the firm globes of his ass, guiding his movements while her experienced pelvis rolled upward from the sweat-dampened mattress.

Together they found a powerful cadence, the bed frame creaking in protest as their bodies slapped together, their reproductive organs kissing deeply with each synchronized thrust.

Gina and Piper exchanged knowing smiles, their glossy lips curving upward as they observed the eight mother-son pairs writhing on the pristine white sheets. The symphony of wet, rhythmic slapping echoed through the room—flesh against flesh, punctuated by desperate moans and adolescent grunts.

They'd labeled this inaugural mating ritual "the awkward quickie" in their clinical notes. The boys, especially the virgin ones, hammered away with uncoordinated thrusts, their inexperienced hips jerking erratically as they plunged their engorged members into their mothers' slick, welcoming channels.

Most would erupt within minutes, their young bodies unable to withstand the overwhelming sensation of maternal walls gripping their virgin shafts. The mothers had been thoroughly briefed, of course—their faces now showing a mixture of maternal patience and raw hunger as they accepted their sons' frenzied pounding, knowing this initial explosive release would clear the path for more controlled breeding later.

Yet beneath their understanding smiles lay a primal knowledge: this first powerful eruption of seed might contain the most vigorous sperm—eager tadpoles swimming with genetic destiny, racing toward the fertile prize waiting in their maternal depths.

Nicole's cunt muscles clenched around her son's virgin cock as she dug her crimson talons into his pumping ass cheeks.

"Yes, sweetie! YESSS!" she shrieked, her thighs squeezing his narrow hips like a vise. Her experienced pelvis gyrated in perfect counterpoint to his frantic thrusts,

creating obscene wet slapping sounds as their juices mingled. His heavy, cum-filled nuts slapped rhythmically against her puckered asshole with each desperate plunge.

"I'M CUMMING!" another boy howled nearby, his skinny body convulsing violently as his teenage cock erupted, painting his mother's cervix with thick ropes of incestuous sperm. Her massive tits quivered like jello mounds as he rutted into her with animal desperation.

A third mother moaned like a whore as her son's cock twitched inside her dripping snatch, her bare feet slapping against his ass cheeks, urging him deeper as he emptied his balls into her fertile womb.

Soon the room echoed with bestial grunts and the stench of raw sex as boy after boy flooded their mothers' cunts with hot, sticky seed.

The mothers were patient and understanding, their flushed faces showing a mixture of maternal tenderness and raw animal hunger. They knew their teens had probably never experienced the vise-like grip of a mother's velvet-lined cunt, so popping off quick the first time was completely expected, even welcomed.

Nicole's fingers dug crescents into her boy's sweat-slicked back as he frantically pounded her juice-slickened love tunnel. Her humongous tits bounced and swayed with each powerful thrust, nipples diamond-hard against his heaving chest.

Like the other moms, whose moans filled the air like a carnal symphony, she knew her teen had fantasized about fucking her for years, imagining this very moment through countless furtive masturbation sessions. To finally realize

that forbidden dream was an incredible thrill that would have him erupting volcanic seed at any moment.



Nicole's experienced cunt muscles clamped around his virgin shaft, guiding his wild, uncoordinated thrusts with maternal precision. Her pelvis tilted upward at the perfect angle, forcing his swollen purple cockhead to drag against her G-spot with each desperate plunge.

"That's it, baby," she gasped, her breath hot against his ear, "drive it into me, just like that!"

Her inner walls fluttered and clenched as the first tingles of orgasm sparked deep in her womb, but she knew his teenage meat wouldn't last long enough to push her over the edge. His virgin cock was already twitching violently inside her sopping fuck-tunnel, his balls drawing up tight as his body surrendered helplessly to the overwhelming pleasure of her maternal cunt-grip.

Vin's eyes rolled back as the hot, rippling walls of her womb-passage squeezed his virgin shaft. He knew that popping off this quickly would make him seem like a two-pump chump, but her cunt-tube just felt too Goddamn good around his throbbing meat.

Every ridge and vein of his cock tingled with electric pleasure as her inner muscles milked him relentlessly. Plus, he hadn't been able to masturbate since yesterday, so his purple-headed monster was super-sensitive, ready to explode.

"I'm... g-gonna cum!" he grunted through clenched teeth, his balls drawing up tight against his body.

Nicole squeezed him tight with her cum-hungry cunt muscles, her massive milk-bags squishing obscenely between them, pancaking against his bony ribcage like fleshy water balloons.

Her glistening thighs were splayed into a V-shape, ankles hooked behind his sweaty lower back as her boy jackhammered his veiny teen meat into her drooling fuck-hole with desperate, uncoordinated thrusts.



"It's OK, sweetie... Fill Mommy's pussy!" she panted through cock-drunk lips.

His balls clenched like fists, churning up a thick load of baby batter that surged through his pipes with brutal force. His cock-root throbbed as his nut-juice factory went into overdrive, pumping out a nasty cocktail of spunk that felt like molten lava rushing up his dick-tube.

His piss-slit stretched wide as the first massive wad of creamy jizz exploded from his purple knob, splattering his mother's baby-door with sticky white goo.

Her cunt-tunnel got painted with his fuck-sauce as it sloshed backward, glazing every wrinkle and fold of her dick-squeezing snatch. Each time his meat pulsed, another fat rope of incest-cream blasted into her guts, flooding her baby-maker with enough potent sperm-slop to knock her up ten times over.

For several minutes the boys humped and grunted like rutting animals, their skinny hips pile-driving wildly as they emptied their swollen nuts into their mothers' greedy cunts.

The women's plump thighs squeezed their sons' narrow waists, their experienced pussy muscles clamping down like velvet vices to wring out every last sticky glob of teen spunk from their twitching cocks.

Gina surveyed the room with clinical satisfaction as the last trembling groans subsided. Eight young men lay collapsed atop their mothers, their narrow chests heaving, faces flushed against maternal shoulders. Sweat glistened on their teenage backs as maternal fingers traced soothing patterns across their skin.

"Feel better, boys?" she finally asked, nostrils flaring at the raw stench of teenage spunk and maternal juices that saturated the air.

"Tomorrow we'll be focusing more on the technique and stamina required for AFFECTIVE baby-making," Piper added. "After dinner we'll be doing one more exercise designed to familiarize you with your mother's body—a guided exploration that will prepare you for more sustained coupling."

The sweaty boys were herded back to their dressing room like prize studs, their still-engorged cocks glistening with MILF secretions and thick strands of residual jizz.

After elevating their cum-stuffed cunts for 20 minutes to let the potent teen spunk marinate their fertile eggs, the eight mothers sauntered to their own shower area, their well-fucked pussies still tingling and leaking boy-juice.

"The boys really needed that one out of their systems," the blonde mother Cassidy remarked as she worked lavender-scented lather across her heavy tits, the rosy nipples still visibly distended from earlier stimulation.

"They sure did," Nicole answered, tilting her head back to let water sluice through her dark hair, rivulets streaming between her bobbling jugs and down her soft belly.

"Without being able to jerk off today, their poor balls must have been ready to burst."

"Can you ladies believe how big our boys' dicks are?" another mother stated. "I mean, my God."

"I know, I was shocked," Nicole confessed. "I mean, I've glimpsed Vin's morning wood tenting his boxers at home, so I knew he was packing something impressive, but feeling that thick veiny monster stretching me open was something else entirely."

"How big is it, Nicole?" Cassidy asked, her blue eyes widening with curiosity as she massaged shampoo into her golden tresses.

"Nine-and-a-half inches," Nicole answered, a flush of maternal pride coloring her cheeks. "And thick as my wrist."

The other mothers gasped in unison as they exchanged wide-eyed glances. "Holy shit, that's huge!" Cassidy exclaimed.

"What about Darren?" Nicole asked.

"Just over seven inches," Cassidy replied, "but Gina and Piper think he has this pronounced corona ridge on his knob—like a mushroom cap—so I'm sure he'll be making me cum like a cheap whore tomorrow."

Her crude description sent ripples of laughter through the shower room, echoing off the tile walls.

"Are you guys showing any signs of ovulation yet?" Tina asked, her fat nipples pebbling under the spray of warm water.

"No, but I'm pretty sure I'll be starting tomorrow," Cassidy answered, her hand unconsciously drifting to her flat stomach. "I can always tell when my body's getting ready."

"Me too," Nicole said. "I usually have some mild cramping right here when my egg is released, like a little doorbell announcing it's ready for visitors."

Asia, a pretty dark-skinned mother with glistening ebony skin stood nearby, water cascading down her curves. "Can you believe we just had sex with our sons?" she asked.

Cassidy smiled and shook her head. "Naughty fantasy come true for them I'm sure. I think Darren's been wanting to get in my panties since Junior High," she said with a throaty laugh that made the other moms giggle, their eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Same with Vin," Nicole said. "It didn't surprise me at all that he came so quickly, especially being a virgin. His face when he entered me—eyes rolling back, mouth hanging open—it must have been an incredible thrill for him to finally feel those warm, wet walls he's been dreaming about."

The redhead Tina nodded, her fiery copper locks darkened by the shower spray. "Well one thing I do know, I haven't felt a dick that hard and throbbing inside me for a long time," she admitted. "Even on Viagra, my husband's cock gets nowhere near that rigid and pulsing."

"I know exactly what you mean," Cassidy said, soap bubbles sliding down the deep valley of her cleavage. "Even though it was only twenty-minutes, I don't think I've been plowed by a cock that hard and eager since I was in my twenties—like a steel rod wrapped in velvet."

"Could you guys feel the boys' dicks pressing against your cervix?" Nicole asked the group, and the women responded with knowing smiles and enthusiastic nods, their eyes half-lidded at the memory.

"Could I ever," Cassidy answered, placing a hand on her lower abdomen. "Like a persistent knock at my deepest door."

"I know this is for baby-making and not pleasure, but that felt...AMAZING!" Nicole admitted with a huge smile that lit up her entire face, her eyes closed in remembered ecstasy.

The other moms giggled in agreement, making their wet, heavy tits wobble and bounce on their chests, nipples still visibly hard from arousal.

"I agree, Nicole," Tina said. "Before today, I haven't felt an erection knocking at my back wall like that since a well-endowed linebacker I dated in college twenty years ago."

"And when they're that deep," Cassidy added, "they're practically knocking at the door where babies are made. Their army of little swimmers won't have far to travel at all."

The boys arrived in the dining room first, their white robes tenting noticeably at the crotch despite having climaxed a short time earlier. Just as they began eating, the mothers glided in on bare feet, their voluptuous bodies barely contained in shimmering, semi-sheer teddies that clung to every curve and revealed the dark shadows of their areolas and the plump mounds of their pubic regions.

"Holy shit," Darren gasped, his cock instantly hardening to full mast beneath his robe as he watched the parade of MILF flesh approaching.

Nicole's teddy was crimson red, which she knew was her boy's favorite color. He watched transfixed as she sauntered toward him, her massive double J-cup tits swaying hypnotically with each step, nipples visibly erect and pressing against the delicate fabric. When she stopped behind him, he could smell her intoxicating perfume.

"Put your eyes back in your head, young man," she whispered, leaning down so her tongue briefly flicking his earlobe.

Vin's eyes widened as he gestured at her barely-there teddy. "What did you expect, Mom?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly. "You're practically naked already."

Her fingers traced the neckline of his robe, brushing against his collarbone. "I'm sure you'd rather see me completely bare," she purred. "Nothing between us at all."

"That's true," he admitted, his cock twitching visibly beneath the thin white fabric. "God, that's so true."

She chuckled. "That's how I like your body best too," she whispered, her teeth grazing his earlobe. "Naked and ready to tangle with me... eager to pump that baby girl inside mommy."

He shuddered with arousal and watched her walk away, his gaze locked on her rounded bubble butt jiggling enticingly as the thong portion of her teddy disappeared between those soft globes, revealing the bottom curves of her buttocks.

"Fuuuck," Vin groaned under his breath, his cock now painfully erect and leaking pre-cum onto his thigh beneath the robe.

After serving themselves, the mothers sat together in a group, their teddies barely containing jiggling flesh as they leaned in, whispering and giggling between bites.

Across the room, the boys huddled with their plates, cocks still half-hard beneath their robes.

"I felt a little guilty blowing my load so quick," Darren confessed, "but holy fuck was that some prime MILF

pussy. So wet and gripping—like a vise milking every drop out of my balls."

The other boys snickered, adjusting themselves beneath their robes.

"I know what you mean," Vin nodded, stealing a glance at his mother. She caught him looking, her glossy lips curling into a smile before she gave him a slow, deliberate wink that made his dick throb.

"When those thighs clamped around me, pulling my cock deeper into her cunt... Christ, I'm shocked I didn't bust in ten seconds flat."

"Jesus, look at those tits," Tyler whispered, eyes fixed on his mother's massive breasts threatening to spill from her sheer black teddy. "You think they'll let us suck on those fat milkers tomorrow? I've been jerking off thinking about those nipples since I was thirteen."

"God, I fucking hope so," Darren groaned, openly staring at his mother's cream-filled cleavage straining against delicate lace. "I wanna bury my face in those juicy tits until I can't breathe."

Gina sashayed into the dining room, her massive tits threatening to spill out of a shimmering emerald teddie, the lace trim barely covering her dark areolas that peeked through the semi-transparent fabric.

"How was dinner everyone?" she asked, licking her glossy lips as her eyes lingered on the boys' tenting robes.

"Good!" the group replied in unison, their eyes bright with anticipation, bodies visibly tense with eagerness for what would follow.



"Boys," Gina purred, "these gorgeous moms look like they'd enjoy a piggy-back ride back to the conception room."

The mothers erupted in melodic giggles as they rose from their seats, hips swaying provocatively as they approached their waiting sons whose eyes widened at the sight of jiggling flesh.

"Get over here you cute little piggy," Nicole cooed, her voice honey-sweet as she gracefully leapt onto her son's lean back, her bra-busters pressing against him like warm pillows.

Each mother mounted her son similarly, their silky, freshly-shaved legs wrapping around youthful torsos, thighs squeezing gently as their perfumed skin made contact.

The teens' muscles flexed visibly beneath their robes as they supported the weight of the voluptuous women, their hands instinctively gripping soft maternal thighs for balance.

"Maybe we could make this one of your chores at home," Cassidy proposed to her son, "carrying me around like this all the time."

"Wouldn't that be heavenly," Nicole agreed, her thighs tightening around Vin's waist as she pressed her soft body against his back, her fat, erect nipples two distinct points of pressure between them. "A personal mode of transportation while we handle our domestic duties."

"Wouldn't it be so much more fun if these studs were carrying us from the front?" Asia asked. "I'm sure our boys would rather feel our tits crushed on their chests than their backs."

Trisha snorted, her massive tits quivering with laughter. "Oh, yeah, then those fat young dicks would 'accidentally' slip into us, and we'd get absolutely nothing done around the house except bouncing on cock all day."

The mothers erupted in laughter.

"God, that's true," Nicole agreed. "We'd just be creating bigger, gooier messes to clean up before our husbands got home—cum dripping down our thighs, soaking the furniture." She winked lasciviously. "Worth it though."

Upon entering the conception chamber, the participants found Piper and Gina already present. Each mother-son pair gravitated toward their designated mattress, the same one where they had earlier engaged in their initial reproductive session.

"Boys, go ahead and remove your robes," Piper instructed.

The mothers watched with hungry eyes as the white terrycloth fell away, revealing lean teenage torsos, muscular thighs, and rigid, glistening cocks that bobbed and twitched in the warm air.

Cassidy let out a piercing wolf-whistle that echoed through the chamber. "Mmm, would you look at these prime cuts of teenage beef," she purred.

Trisha fanned herself dramatically with her hand, her massive tits heaving with each exaggerated breath. "Be still my heart," she moaned, eyes locked on the throbbing meat between her son's legs. "Those juicy young cocks look ready to split us in half."

"And spit hot gooey ropes of baby seed until it's oozing out our nostrils," Nicole added in a breathy, theatrical voice as she gave her son an anxious wink.

The couples sat side-by-side on the edge of the beds, thighs touching, as Gina approached, her hips swaying hypnotically. "As I mentioned earlier, the primary purpose of day one at the center is to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies. I'd like to guide you through a two-hour sensory exploration exercise."

"In just a moment, we'll dim these lights," Piper added, "and activate our surround-sound system with specially selected music to create the appropriate mood. You and your mom will slip beneath the blankets together, where we encourage uninhibited tactile discovery—roaming hands, exploring lips, tasting tongues...even rhythmic dry humping if the urge arises."

"BUT ABSOLUTELY NO PENETRATION!" Gina interjected, wagging her finger playfully, which elicited nervous giggles from the group. "This is precisely why your beautiful mothers will remain in their delicate teddies—to ensure there are no 'accidental' entries during your passionate explorations."

Piper nodded in agreement. "Use this time to get to know each other's bodies intimately," she suggested. "Hold on to one another and roll around on the mattress together.

Feel the weight of each other, the warmth, the curves and hardness. Try out different positions that you think may be effective for the two of you during coitus." She paused, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Most of all though...have fun."

"Your moms have even been encouraged to whisper absolutely filthy things in your ears," Gina added, "the kind of dirty talk that will make you throb and pulse with need. Things you'd never imagine coming from those maternal lips at home."

The boys exchanged wide-eyed glances, their throats visibly bobbing as they swallowed hard, their anxious grins revealing a mixture of embarrassment and barely contained excitement that flushed their cheeks pink.

The lights dimmed to a sultry glow as throbbing bass-heavy new-wave music flooded the chamber, creating an atmosphere thick with carnal possibility. The couples vanished beneath sheets, the fabric tenting over their writhing forms.

"Mm, this is cozy," Nicole purred as they lay on their sides facing each other in the cocoon-like darkness, their heads completely submerged under the blankets. The air between them grew humid with their mingled breath, creating an intimate microclimate.

"A lot more comfortable than my twin bed at home," Vin whispered, his voice cracking slightly with adolescent nervousness.

He felt his mom's hand reach up and rub his shoulder tenderly, her fingertips tracing small circles against his skin, then she scooted over against him, so her gigantic,

pillowy tits engulfed his chest, their soft weight pressing against him through the delicate lace of her teddy.

Vin felt her silky-smooth leg drape over the top of his, the warmth of her inner thigh against his hip pulling his body against her voluptuous form with maternal possessiveness.

"I know this is kinda awkward, since I'm your mom," she whispered, her hot breath tickling his ear, "but let's just try to relax and get to know each other physically, OK, sweetie?"

"S-sure," the boy's nervous voice answered, barely audible over the pounding of his heart.

She guided his trembling hand around her waist, then pressed her glossy lips against his neck, leaving wet trails of saliva as she kissed and sucked at his virgin flesh. The warm suction of her mouth made his cock throb violently against her thigh.

"A-awesome!" the boy's voice trembled as his entire body quivered, making his mom's massive tits jiggle against his chest.

"What's awesome?" she purred, her hot breath in his ear. "Tell mommy. Is it my wet mouth on your neck... or my double-Js crushed against your chest?"

"B-both," he choked out, his voice cracking like he'd just hit puberty all over again.

"I want us to have a deep sensual connection through all this, Vin," the mother whispered between kisses, her vanilla-scented breath tickling his earlobe. "I want our baby to be conceived in love, not just lust."

"That sounds like the best way to me too," her son awkwardly confessed, his fingers digging slightly into the plush flesh of her hip.

"Kiss me then," she said softly.

Their mouths collided in a series of wet, desperate kisses. Her thick tongue pushed past his lips, exploring every inch of his mouth like she was trying to taste his tonsils. Vin's own tongue wrestled with hers, their spit mingling as they exchanged fluids outside their mouths.

The boy's brain short-circuited as his mother's slick, serpentine tongue invaded his mouth, probing every crevice like a wet, fleshy eel.

*"Holy fuck,"* he thought, *"is this actually happening?"* His cock throbbed painfully against his belly, leaking pre-cum onto his stomach.

Without breaking their sloppy kiss, Nicole rolled her voluptuous body on top of her son, her enormous tits flattening against his chest, nipples drilling into him like hard rubbery poker. Her plush thighs bracketed his hips as she ground her damp mound against his rigid shaft, the soaked crotch of her teddy the only barrier between his virgin dick and her hungry cunt.

The mother broke the kiss with a wet pop, a glistening thread of saliva still connecting their swollen lips. "God, you're an amazing kisser, sweetie," she gasped, her hot breath reeking of arousal before she devoured his mouth again.

"Fuck," was all he could manage.

"What else are you amazing at?" she purred against his ear, her voice dripping like honey from a whore's thigh.

His mom attacked his neck again, leaving a wet trail of kisses and licks that made him squirm beneath her. "You wanna flood this hungry pussy?" she growled between bites to his virgin neck. "Wanna feel my cunt milk every drop from your balls while I ride you?"

"Jesus Christ, yes!" the boy choked, his hips bucking involuntarily, lifting her entire weight.

"Not the best angle for knocking me up," she admitted, grinding her sopping mound harder against him. "But I bet those young nuts are just bursting to paint my cervix white, aren't they? I can practically feel them churning with all that hot teenage cum."

Vin's mind reeled as his mom's filthy words scorched his virgin ears. Her massive tits crushed and sloshed against him like two warm watermelons, her thick rubbery nipples drilling through the flimsy negligee and stabbing his chest. His cock throbbed painfully against the damp heat of her crotch.

With a grunt, he flipped her onto her back, his teenage muscles tensing as he mounted her maternal body.

Nicole's eyes widened in surprise before she attacked his mouth again, her tongue invading him like a wet slug. Her silky thighs—thicker and more luscious than any girl he'd ever fantasized about—wrapped around his narrow hips, locking at the ankles and pulling his pulsing erection against her sopping mound.

His trembling hands explored the creamy expanse of her outer thighs, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh that jiggled slightly with each grinding thrust.

Her eyes flashed with animal hunger as she dug her nails into his shoulders – their bodies rocking in a dry-fuck. "You wanna mount me like this, don't you?" she growled, her voice thick with lust. "Pin me down and jackhammer that fat teenage cock into my dripping cunt until I scream?"

Their eyes had adjusted to the darkness, and he could see her emerald eyes gleaming with lust as she stared hungrily up at him. "Y-yes," he mustered.

"God, it makes my pussy so fucking wet, Vin," she panted, "watching you take your father's place between my spread legs like this. I need you to flood my womb with that thick teenage cum. I know those heavy balls are just bursting to knock up your own mother!"

The boy answered by crushing his lips against his mother's mouth, his tongue plunging deep into her throat. His hips began to pump rhythmically, grinding his rock-hard cock against the sopping wet gash between her legs, the ridge of his shaft sliding through her slick folds.

Nicole locked her thick, motherly thighs around him like a vise, creating a sweat-slicked cradle of feminine muscle that trapped his skinny teenage body against her dripping cunt. Her ankles crossed at the small of his back, pulling him tighter against her steaming snatch.

"Maul my fat fucking tits, baby," she growled between sloppy, open-mouthed kisses, her voluptuous body coiling

around his bony frame like a python. "Squeeze those nipples until I scream."

Vin wedged his trembling hands between their heaving bodies and grabbed two handfuls of her massive, jiggling udders, kneading the pillowy flesh like raw dough while they rutted against each other like animals in heat, finding a primal rhythm that made the bed creak beneath them.

Gina and Piper stalked between the rows of beds like vultures surveying carrion, their hungry eyes drinking in the sight of writhing, rutting couples. The air reeked of sweat and arousal.

They paused at one bed where Asia's glistening dark-brown thighs jutted obscenely from beneath the rumpled sheets, locked around her boy's skinny ass in a vise-grip of flesh as he humped desperately against her sopping mound.

The wet, sloppy sounds of their mouths devouring each other filled the air—all tongue and teeth and animal hunger—punctuated by Asia's breathy whimpers each time the boy's rigid cock ground against her dripping slit.

"How did Asia's tests look?" Gina whispered, her clinical gaze never leaving the writhing couple.

Piper scrolled through the data, the blue light of the screen illuminating her high cheekbones. "Her estrogen levels have peaked at 450 picograms per milliliter. Her basal temperature dropped three-tenths of a degree since arrival," she answered, her voice professionally detached despite the carnal tableau before them.

"Hmm," Gina hummed, "I have a feeling she's started her ovulation. Let's get them in the private room for a session

of deep penetrative intercourse as soon as we're through here."

"Got it," Piper said, her fingers flying across the screen.

They moved to the next bed where Nicole and Vin rutted beneath the sheets like feral animals in heat. The blanket tented obscenely over the boy's humping ass, jerking in time with their frenzied movements.

Nicole's tanned leg suddenly burst free, her crimson-painted toes curling as she locked her ankle against the small of her son's back. The glistening flesh of her thick maternal thigh quivered and flexed, the muscle rippling beneath skin slick with sweat as she ground her sopping cunt against his rigid teenage cock, her teddy's crotch now translucent with her juices.

"What about Nicole? How's she progressing?" Gina inquired.

Piper's finger traced down the tablet's illuminated screen. "Pronounced areolar swelling, nipples visibly engorged. Basal temperature dropped, then spiked 0.4 degrees when I checked it last. She's absolutely primed for ovulation within the next twelve to eighteen hours," she reported.

"Perfect timing." Gina stated. "Her son, Vin—he's the well-endowed boy with the nine-and-a-half inch erection, correct? The one with the pronounced dorsal vein and mushroom-shaped glans?"

"Correct," Piper confirmed. "Thicker than average at the base too."

"Tomorrow we'll introduce them to some of our more... anatomically challenging positions," Gina decided. "With

that length, he could achieve posterior fornix stimulation even in reverse positions. The ejaculatory effectiveness should remain optimal regardless of entry angle."

"The cervical contact will be maintained in any position with those measurements," Piper agreed.

After they were through discussing each woman's cycle, the lights came back up and the music went off. Vin stuck his head from the blanket. His mom was still on her back, gazing up at him dreamily, Her heavy tits sprawled across her chest, nipples still visibly erect through the sweat-soaked teddy.

"So..." Gina said, surveying the group of disheveled mothers and their panting sons. "Do we feel a little more familiar with each other's bodies now?"

The group let out a resounding, breathless "yes!" The air reeked of arousal and sweat.

"Tomorrow, our conception schedule will actually begin, but we know the exercise you've just been through probably has you all a little...worked up, am I right?" She eyed the boys' leaky erections.

The mothers all nodded and giggled, their MILF bodies practically vibrating with raw need, cunts visibly dampening their teddies. The boys' cocks throbbed painfully, angry purple heads leaking clear pre-cum that ran down their stalks.

"Then it's important to get some release, but it's also crucial that we don't waste a drop of the boy's sperm, since our whole purpose here is to get you ladies knocked up with your sons' babies," Gina said, licking her lips unconsciously.

Piper nodded in agreement. "So moms, before you get tucked in for a good night's sleep...how about a session of deep, penetrative doggy-style intercourse?" she asked.

The eight mothers threw their arms in the air and let out a collective cheer, making their humongous tits jiggle obscenely beneath their teddies, nipples visibly poking through the thin fabric.

"Then get out of those teddies and get busy!" Gina shouted.

The moms leapt up like starving animals, ripping at their lingerie with desperate fingers.

"You don't have to tell ME twice," Cassidy growled, yanking down her teddy straps and unleashing her massive, jiggling udders that flopped obscenely against her rib cage, the dark areolas puckered and swollen.

Her son's jaw dropped as he ogled the glistening mammaries that had once nursed him.

Tina, the flame-haired MILF, peeled the sopping thong portion of her teddy from the crack of her voluptuous ass-globes, the fabric making a wet sucking sound as it separated from her drooling pussy.

"Fuck yes, doggy-style makes me cream my fucking cunt," she panted, her voice thick with lust. "I need that teenage cock ramming my cervix from behind!"

"God, me too!" Another desperate mother moaned, her fat tits and blubbery ass-cheeks quivering violently as she scrambled back to the bed, leaving a glistening trail of pussy-juice on the floor.

Vin's throat bobbed as he watched his mom strip off her teddy, revealing those massive tit-globes that swung like pendulums, the dark nipples looked painfully turgid.

Her pussy came into view—a glistening, hairless mound with fat cunt-lips that looked like a ripe peach split down the middle, the hooded nub of her clit poking out like a tiny cock waiting to be serviced.

The MILF dropped to all fours on the mattress, her volleyball-sized jugs dangling obscenely beneath her torso, swaying with each breath. She arched her back, thrusting her meaty ass-cheeks toward him like an animal in heat.

"Ready when you are, baby," she purred, wiggling those jiggling butt-mountains.

Vin's monster dong stood at full attention as he mounted the bed, his purple cockhead aimed at her drooling fuck-hole. Her cunt-lips were already parted, revealing the slick, coral-pink interior and the puckered brown star of her asshole just above.

*"Holy shit,"* he thought, his dick throbbing like it might explode, *"I'm about to pound my own mom's juicy snatch!"*

Nicole gazed back at his throbbing purple cock, its massive mushroom head glistening with pre-cum.

*"Holy fuck, I'm gonna worship that monster!"* she thought, knowing her son's girthy man-meat made her husband's pathetic little dick look like a child's pinky finger.

Vin clumsily mounted her quivering ass-cheeks and felt her dripping cunt-hole stretch obscenely around his bulbous cock-head. The scorching heat of her sloppy

pussy-tunnel practically melted the sensitive crown of his dick, her greedy fuck-hole sucking at him like a vacuum desperate to devour every vein-riddled inch.

Before he could ram the rest of his pulsating shaft inside, Nicole slammed her sopping snatch backward, impaling herself balls-deep on his teenage pole.

"FUCK!" the boy gasped, feeling his mom's jiggling ass-globes smack wetly against his trembling pelvis.

The cock-hungry MILF immediately took control, grinding her gushing cunt-lips back and forth on his rock-hard boner, her fat ass rippling with each slutty thrust as she began to fuck herself stupid on her own son's massive dick.

"Yesss! Oh, sweetie, that's so fucking good!" she gasped, her massive pendulous tits swinging violently beneath her like fleshy wrecking balls, nipples dragging across the sheets with each brutal thrust.

The obscene symphony of eight maternal ass-cheeks slapping against teenage ball-sacks echoed through the room—wet, meaty THWACKS punctuated by guttural moans as their sons' veiny cocks plowed through their sopping, baby-hungry cunts.

Gasping like a bitch in heat, Vin dug his fingers into his mother's doughy hips and hammered his pelvis against her jiggling ass-globes, his heavy nuts smacking her swollen clit with each punishing stroke.

He became hypnotized by the rippling tsunami of flesh that quaked across her ass each time he bottomed out in her dripping fuck-hole. Their earlier dry-humping had turned her pussy into a sloppy mess, and each time his

glistening shaft withdrew, it emerged coated in thick, pearly girl-cum that made his bulging veins glisten lewdly.

*"Holy shit, if he gets any bigger he'll fucking tear through my womb,"* Nicole thought deliriously, feeling her son's massive purple cockhead battering her cervix like a battering ram, that tight ring of muscle stretching and yielding as his monstrous teenage meat-pole invaded her deepest maternal depths.

"Oh s-shit, feels g-good," the teen gasped as his cock tunneled through the sopping, velvet-lined fuck-tunnel of his mother's cunt. Her pussy gripped him like a vise, the rippling inner walls clutching and massaging every vein-riddled inch of his teenage meat.

Each time she bounced, her cervical juices oozed down his shaft, coating his balls with sticky maternal slime that reeked of desperate MILF arousal.

These cock-starved mothers were practically feral with need. At home, they'd frantically finger-fuck their neglected cunts multiple times daily, ramming vibrators into their gaping holes while their husbands couldn't get it up. Their sons' massive purple fuck-poles were the answer to years of sexual frustration.

Vin watched his mom throw her pretty head around, her dark mane whipping back and forth like a fucking racehorse as her cunt began to convulse around his teenage meat.

"UUHHGGHH!! FUCK MY WOMB OPEN!!" his mom screamed deliriously, her voice joining the barnyard chorus of cock-drunk mothers.



She slammed her rounded ass-globes backward violently, her pussy-juice spraying between them like a broken fire hydrant. Her cervix clamped down on his bloated glans

like a suction cup, stimulating his nerve-endings to milk his balls for their incestuous payload.

"Uh! Uhh! FUUUCK!" Vin bellowed, his balls pulling up tight as thick ropes of baby-batter erupted from his purple knob, flooding her fertile fuck-hole with genetic material.

Around the room, teenage boys rutted and grunted like farmyard animals, their veiny fuck-organs hosing down their mothers' quivering wombs with thick sperm.

Exhausted from their depraved coupling, the incestuous pairs collapsed in sweaty heaps, the air thick with the stench of raw sex.

"Feel better everyone?" Gina asked the group with a shit-eating grin plastered across her face.

She was answered with a collection of exhausted, post-orgasmic groans from the cum-drenched participants.

"Piper will show you moms to your sleeping quarters. Boys, you can follow me," Gina said.

Vin and Nicole staggered to their feet, her tits flopping against his chest as she threw her arms around him. Her massive udders engulfed him, the boy's face disappearing into the sweaty ravine of her cleavage, her nipples still turgid with arousal.

"Goodnight, sweetie," she cooed, mashing her lips against his in lingering kiss that left a glistening trail of saliva connecting their lips when she finally pulled away.

Vin watched his mother's naked form sway away. "G-goodnight," he stammered, his cock instantly hardening

again as the parade of MILF flesh undulated toward the exit.

The hallway became a hypnotic tunnel of bouncing ass-globes and swinging tit-meat, their cum-slick thighs still glistening with maternal juices and teenage sperm.

"Holy Christ," one boy groaned beside him, furiously jerking his purple shaft back to full mast. "I'd cut off my left nut just to bury my face in my mom's ass-canyon."

His cock throbbed violently with each savage stroke as they watched their mothers' jiggling flesh disappear down the corridor.

Nicole gazed back at Vin and giggled as she caught his eyes glued to her jiggling ass-globes. Their eyes locked in a moment of raw animal hunger, a silent acknowledgment of the depraved maternal fuck-session they'd just shared.

She gave him a cute little wave, her delicate fingers fluttering like butterfly wings, causing the side-slopes of her enormous, gravity-defying tits to wobble hypnotically before she disappeared through the doorway in a final swish of rounded flesh.

After they showered, each mother was granted private time with the satellite phone in a small wood-paneled office. Nicole waited her turn, nervously rehearsing her lines while watching the others emerge with flushed faces and guilty smiles.

When her time came, she perched on the edge of a leather chair and dialed her husband, Ace, with trembling fingers. The connection crackled as his voice filled her ear.

"Hey babe," she cooed, her voice shifting into a higher, innocent register that betrayed nothing of her afternoon's debauchery.

"The retreat? Oh, it's just wonderful. Vin and I are getting so... close. We're making something really special together," she purred, her nipples visibly hardening as she nearly slipped, "I mean, what I meant to say was, we're making really special memories together."

Nicole absently asked about the kids and his job, her voice sugary-sweet while her cunt throbbed with memories of her son's veiny teenage fuck-pole plowing her depths.

As her husband droned on about some office bullshit, her nipples stiffened painfully against her nightgown. All she could picture was Vin's purple cockhead battering her cervix open, his heavy balls slapping against her dripping slit as he rutted into her like a mindless breeding animal.

Nicole's free hand unconsciously drifted to her pussy-lips, finding them embarrassingly slick with maternal juices at the vivid memory of her son's thick baby-batter flooding her womb, his potent teenage sperm swimming eagerly toward her desperate egg.

"What?" she suddenly blurted as she jerked upright in the leather chair. Her cunt-drunk reverie was shattered as her husband's voice sharpened through the receiver. "Oh! Yes, I'm here," she gasped, pressing her thighs together to quell the throbbing between them. "A, uh... deer just walked by the window – a big buck with massive antlers."

Her fingers twisted nervously in her hair as she fabricated the lie, her wedding ring catching the dim office light.

"Well yes, it is pretty dark outside, but he was close to the window."

She realized her lies were sounding ridiculous so moved on to a more believable one.

"God, this connection is terrible," she added, deliberately crackling her voice and tapping the receiver. "I can barely make out every third word you're saying, babe."

She stifled a yawn, her attention already drifting back to the wet heat pooling between her legs. "I should probably go before we lose the signal completely. Love you, babe. Bye!" she chirped with saccharine sweetness, hanging up before he could respond.

The next morning the boys were all eating breakfast in their robes when the moms sauntered in wearing see-through white nightgowns that barely covered their jiggling flesh. The slutty garments, trimmed with virgin-white lace, clung to their MILF curves like plastic wrap.

They filed in one by one, their fuck-me stilettos clicking against the floor like sex metronomes. The gowns were so transparent you could count the goosebumps on their puffy nipples, huge areolas standing out like targets. Below, the fabric did nothing to hide their glistening slits, each bald pussy-mound clearly visible, their meaty labia practically winking at their sons.

"Whoa, check this out," Brandon gasped, his jaw dropping as he watched the quivering flesh-mountains of his mom's tits jiggle like gelatin with each step, her nipples poking through the fabric like two eraser tips.

Brandon's mom stopped at the coffee station, her stiletto heels clicking against the tile. She bent forward with her ass jutting out, the translucent nightgown riding up to expose the glistening slit of her pussy. Her meaty labia peeked out like a hungry mouth as she deliberately spread her legs wider.

She poured the steaming liquid slowly, her massive tits hanging like udders beneath the sheer fabric, nipples dragging across the countertop. When she turned, her fuck-me eyes locked onto her son's, her tongue sliding across her cock-sucking lips.

"Christ, if my mom strutted around like that at home, I'd blow my load through my fucking pants," another boy groaned, furiously kneading his throbbing cock-meat through his robe.

Vin's eyes bulged as Nicole sauntered into the room, her massive udders swaying beneath the see-through gown like two water balloons about to burst. Her dainty heels CLICKED as she prowled past him with her cum-hungry gaze locked on his, her cock-sucking lips curled into a filthy smirk that screamed "I want your baby batter."

When she passed, he craned his neck to ogle her ass-globes, the transparent fabric revealing every dimple and jiggle of her fat cheeks as they wobbled obscenely with each slutty step.

*"I'm gonna fuck her so hard and deep today,"* his brain screamed.

Several times during breakfast Vin caught his mom whispering to another mom, their hungry eyes crawling over his body like cockroaches on raw meat. Their fuck-me gazes lingered on his crotch, practically drooling at the memory of his throbbing teenage cock.

"I saw you talking about me over there," he said when he cornered his mom after breakfast.

Nicole giggled like a horny schoolgirl, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. "Maybe I was," she teased, her nipples visibly turgid beneath the see-through fabric.

"So what were you saying?" he curiously asked.

"Do you really wanna know, baby boy?" she purred, her cunt already moistening.

"Yes," he nodded, his face flushing red-hot.

She mashed her jiggling tit-meat against him, her warm, squishy udders practically swallowing his chest as she brought her bee-stung lips to his ear. "I was bragging about how big and dreamy your dick is," she whispered, her hot breath making his cock twitch violently.

"Oh."

Her eyes gleamed with depraved maternal lust. "So what do you think about that, stud?" she asked with a smile that screamed 'I wanna drain your balls dry.'

"That's cool I guess," he mumbled, his purple cock-head already leaking pre-cum at the thought of his mom worshipping his massive fuck-stick.

"Cool that you're here putting your father to shame with that veiny baby-batter cannon of yours?" she giggled, licking her lips.

"How so?"

"How so?!" Nicole repeated, her pussy-juice practically running down her thighs. "By pumping your father's wife's womb full of your potent teenage cum today, that's how so."

The group was herded like prize breeding stock into the conception room, their swollen genitals practically throbbing with anticipation as they perched on the edge of their assigned beds.

"Who's ready to make a baby?" Gina chirped cheerfully.

Everyone in the group raised their hands eagerly, their eyes gleaming with lust. Several shouted "ME!" while the mothers practically vibrated with excitement, their heavy tits jiggling beneath their sheer nightgowns as they squirmed on the beds.

"There are no 'wrong' sex positions to conceive a baby," Piper explained, running her slender fingers through her blonde hair, "but there are a few that increase the likelihood of your thick, potent sperm swimming directly to your mom's fertile egg."

"There are five tried and true sexual positions that you'll be engaging in today," Gina said, her glossy lips curling into a knowing smile. "But first, let's talk about something called staying power or stamina." Her eyes deliberately scanned the bulging erections tenting the boys' robes.

"Stamina can mean many things," Piper said, her voice dropping to a husky whisper, "but when it comes to sexual intercourse, it refers to how long you can pump your throbbing erection through your mother's slick, gripping vagina without erupting inside her."

"Today we want you boys to take it slow and steady," Gina instructed, demonstrating with a sensual rolling motion of her hips. "Instead of jackhammering away, dial it back and thrust at a slower pace, feeling every inch of your mom's velvety walls. Your moms will guide you with their experienced hands. Remember, boys, baby-making isn't a race—your moms need powerful ejaculations today, flooding their wombs with your virile seed. Prolonging your pleasure builds pressure in those swollen balls, ensuring when you finally explode, you're pumping her full of every last drop."

"Stamina will also allow your mom to orgasm, which will help relax her cervix for better sperm transferal," Piper added.

"Any questions?" Gina asked. "OK then...let's get naked and make babies."

Vin stood up and untied the sash of his robe. He let it slip off and proudly glanced down at his massive purple cock-hammer jutting out like a throbbing flesh-missile from his crotch, pre-cum already oozing from its swollen mushroom-head.

He watched his mom peel her night dress off over her head in a graceful, fluid motion, her enormous milk-jugs flopping back down with a meaty slap against her ribcage, then she slid her cum-worthy feet from her fuck-me heels.

Their eyes locked with primal hunger, like two rutting beasts ready to mate in a pool of their own filthy juices.

"We're gonna start with one that might surprise you. It's called the reverse cowgirl," Gina said. "Let's give you moms control of the bumping and grinding this first session."

"Yaay!" a few moms cheered and Nicole grinned mischievously over at her teen, her pussy already dripping at the thought of impaling herself on her son's veiny baby-maker.

"With you moms in control, you can also make sure that your son's throbbing meat is in an optimal position for his hot sperm-blast to shoot directly into your hungry cervix," Piper added.

"OK, boys," Gina barked, "on your backs and let your mothers go to work!"

Vin nervously crawled onto the bed and sprawled back, his throbbing purple cock-pole pointing skyward like a fleshy missile launcher.

His mom, her massive tit-melons swaying, straddled his midsection, her glistening cunt-lips already drooling with anticipation. Her plump ass-globes faced him, two perfect flesh mountains ready to quake.

She lifted her jiggling buns, then wrapped her manicured fingers around his veiny baby-maker and aligned his swollen mushroom-head against her dripping fuck-hole.

"Ready to fill Mommy's womb, sweetie?" she purred, her eyes glazed with maternal lust.

"Uh-huh," he groaned, his balls already tightening with need.

The teen gasped as his sensitive cock-head stretched her slick pussy-lips apart, then plunged into her scalding cunt-furnace. His flared dick-helmet dragged against her ribbed fuck-tunnel, every nerve ending screaming with pleasure as her velvety meat-sleeve swallowed his throbbing rod.

Nicole's fat ass-cheeks pancaked against his pelvis as his pulsing shaft bottomed out, her greedy cunt-lips vacuum-sealing around the base of his twitching fuck-stick.

Then his mom began to bounce on him, spearing his gargantuan 9-inch prick through the slippery pink velvet sleeve of her dripping pussy.

"Ohh yess!" she gasped, feeling her teen's muscular penile flesh carve through the delicate purple walls of her cunt like a battering ram, making her honey-sweet lube-juices secrete more abundantly until they formed a frothy white ring around his throbbing shaft.

The hypnotic sight of those jiggling meaty butt cheeks slapping against his mid-section with every downward plunge made his boner flex even harder inside her, getting a high-pitched squeal of pleasure from his mom as her G-spot was hammered relentlessly.

The boy took a look around and discovered the other moms fucking their sons in the same primal manner. Their huge fatty tit-melons trembled heavily like water balloons as they bounced up and down their chests, nipples hardened into pencil erasers.

"I forgot how much I love reverse cowgirl," Tina, the flame-haired mother said breathlessly as she beat her boy's purple-headed boner through her glistening shaved pussy, her clit visibly engorged and peeking out from its hood.

"This has always been one of my favorites too," another mother commented, making her son's heavy, cum-filled nut-sack rise up and down as she swiveled on his fully-embedded erection like a pole dancer.

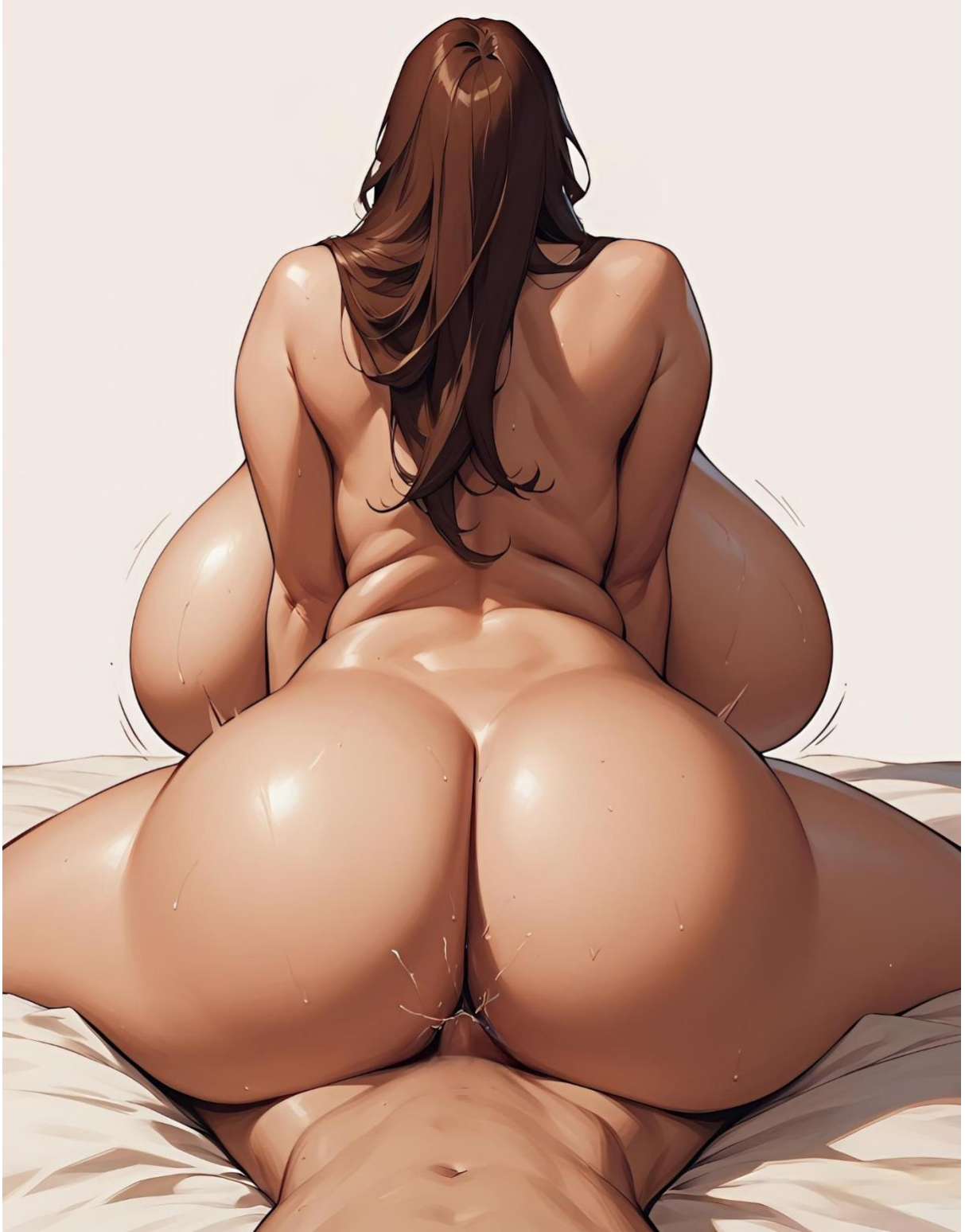
"God, it feels so much different with a larger dick," Cassidy sighed, feeling her boy's rigid pecker dig deep inside her pussy, stretching places she hadn't been touched since college, her cervix getting kissed with each thrust.

"I know exactly what you mean," Nicole said, smiling across at her as she bounced on Vin's veiny rod. "It's like he's touching every single nerve ending in my hungry cunt."

Gina's glossy red lips curled into a knowing smile as she surveyed the scene. "Sounds like you ladies are enjoying those throbbing teenage erections," she commented, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

"Are we ever!" Cassidy gasped.

"My favorite part of this position is the grinding," Nicole purred, her nails digging into her son's thighs as she sunk all the way down his veiny shaft. She started swiveling her hips in figure-eight motions, stirring his pulsing boner inside her velvety depths like a fleshy spoon against her rippling inner walls.



Asia tossed her silky black hair over one shoulder as she smiled across the room. "Girl, I'm right with you there," she moaned breathlessly, grinding with such intensity that

her son's pelvis lifted slightly off the mattress with each rotation, her swollen vulvar lips fused to his cock—base like a vacuum seal, her glistening clit protruding obscenely like a ripe cherry.

The other mothers joined in the carnal symphony, rolling their wide birthing hips in hypnotic circles, their movements becoming more frantic and desperate with each passing second.

"That's it, moms!" Gina encouraged. "Grind those baby-hungry pussies on those big, hard baby-makers...feel their juicy knobs kissing your cervix!"

Their fat, engorged clits emerged fully from their protective hoods, pulsating visibly with each heartbeat as they rose and fell from the relentless motion of their steady dick-grinding. The beautiful stay-at-home-moms undulated like a row of professional belly dancers, gyrating their birthing hips with practiced precision, while their large, heavy tits swung pendulously from side to side, stiff nipples tracing invisible circles in the air.

Vin moaned, his eyes rolling back as his mom's velvety inner walls churned around his pulsating cock like a warm, wet vise. Her cervix—that secret, sacred gateway to her womb—felt like a set of puckered bee-stung lips kissing and suckling his sensitive glans, smearing his purple knob with hot, slippery mucus that mixed with his crystalline pre-nectar to create a frothy, pearlescent foam that squelched with each gyration.

The pretty mother, her skin flushed pink with arousal, peeked back over one creamy shoulder with lust-glazed eyes. "You doing OK, sweetie?" she asked, her voice a husky whisper between heavy, panting breaths.

"Uh-huh," the boy sighed, his abdominal muscles clenching involuntarily as electric currents of pleasure shot from his groin to his fingertips.

Knowing he had just recently lost his virginity, Piper glided over to the bed and knelt beside him. Her glossy lips hovered inches from his ear. "Relax, Vin. Deep breaths," she softly coached. "Try clenching your ass-cheeks together to keep from cumming too soon."

The teen did as she suggested, squeezing his buttocks tight, which seemed to redirect the mounting pressure in his balls, helping control his excitement level as his mom's slick tunnel massaged his throbbing shaft.

"Better?" Piper asked, her manicured fingertips lightly brushing his sweat-dampened forehead.

"Yeah," he managed, his voice cracking slightly.

Nicole transitioned from grinding to humping up and down again, her movements becoming more urgent and primal. Vin couldn't believe the amount of co-mingled cream that coated his cock—a glistening mixture of their combined arousal that formed sticky strands between their joined bodies.

He loved watching her luscious derriere move as she fucked him, those twin globes of soft flesh making a wet, rhythmic slap as they beat against his base, sending ripples across her smooth skin with each impact.

Piper leaned in closer, lips almost touching his ear. "When your mom comes down," she whispered, "roll your pelvis upward to meet her."

She traced a finger along his abdomen. "Tighten these muscles here and thrust from deep in your core."

Vin nodded eagerly, then watched his mother's glistening pussy descend. He timed his movement perfectly, arching his back and driving his hips upward just as Nicole slammed down. The collision caused purple-headed monster to plow through her velvet-lined love canal, stretching her inner walls to their absolute limit.

Nicole's eyes flew open, as his throbbing cock-head crushed against her cervix like a battering ram seeking entry to her sacred womb.

"Like this?" he gasped at Piper, sweatbeading on his forehead.

She nodded approvingly. "Listen to your mother's song," she purred. "That melody tells you everything."

Sure enough, Nicole's throaty moans had transformed into high-pitched, rhythmic cries that echoed through the room—the unmistakable soundtrack of maternal ecstasy.

Across the room, a mom's voice cracked into a desperate soprano. "Ahh! Oh God, I'm cumming!"

Her enormous tit-melons convulsed like gelatin molds in an earthquake, pink-tipped and glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration as her spine arched off the mattress.

"Me too!" Asia squealed, her jet-black hair cascading down her back as she rode her boy's purple-veined shaft with the precision of a mechanical piston. Her honey-slick nectar erupted from her urethral opening in rhythmic

pulses, creating a glistening waterfall that coated his tensing thighs.

"Cum hard on those throbbing teenage erections, moms," Gina commanded, her voice husky with authority. "The relaxation effect of a powerful orgasm dilates your cervix and creates the perfect environment for those eager little swimmers!"

One by one the mothers surrendered to ecstasy, their cries harmonizing into a symphony of maternal pleasure. Their bodies quaked and trembled through seismic climaxes, transparent girl-cum splattering between their joined flesh like warm summer rain.

Vin gasped as he felt his mother's velvety channel contract violently around his engorged member, her inner muscles rippling like ocean waves along every sensitive inch. Her entire reproductive system seemed to transform into a hungry, quivering entity determined to milk his impending explosion.

He could tell she teetered on the precipice by the way her breath came in ragged pants as she frantically slammed her glistening, jiggling buttocks against his tensed abdomen.

From across the room came a strangled cry. "Uhhgghh, shit!" Darren's shoulders arched his sweat-slicked back off the cotton sheets, his eyes rolling backward to reveal only whites as thick, pearlescent ropes of genetic material erupted from his purple-headed shaft directly into his mother's womb.

"Cummiinnnggg!" his mom Cassidy wailed, her honey-blonde hair plastered to her flushed cheeks as her son's

guttural moan harmonized with hers. Her toned buttocks rippled like disturbed water, each impact against his pelvis creating concentric waves across her tanned flesh.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm there!!" Tina squealed, her fingers frantically circling her engorged clitoris while her hips executed perfect figure-eights atop her son's twitching member, which visibly pulsated as it deposited its creamy payload against her cervix.

"Make sure the head of your son's prick is ejaculating right at your cervical opening, ladies," Gina reminded them, "Position those throbbing mushroom tips so those ropes spatter directly against your deepest, most fertile parts."

The symphony of release continued as more teens grunted like rutting stags, their adolescent bodies tensing as jet after viscous jet of hot, virile seed flooded their mothers' quivering, receptive channels.

Nicole threw her head back as she let out a trembling squeal that seemed to vibrate through the room. Her shaky fists clenched in the air above her as her face contorted in ecstatic pleasure, perspiration glistening across her flushed skin.

Her giant tit-jugs heaved and swayed hypnotically with each spasm of pleasure, the rosy nipples tracing erratic patterns in the air as they bounced freely on her chest.

Vin let out a sharp gasp that caught in his throat like a fish hook. It felt like her silken cunt tube was turning inside out around the rigid meat of his cock, gripping him with pulsating ripples that threatened to milk every last drop from his teenage balls.

He felt his mom's honeyed girl-cum—hot as liquid velvet—running down the sides of his tightening nuts, pooling beneath him on the sheets as she convulsed atop him, her magnificent breasts bouncing hypnotically with each spasm.

His eyes rolled back, then crossed involuntarily as if trying to look at his own brain short-circuiting with pleasure.

"Oh g-g-god," he stammered, his voice cracking between octaves as the telltale tingle of ejaculation welled up from deep within his groin, spreading like wildfire through every nerve ending.

His toes curled so hard they cramped, and he let out a primal, shaky animal snarl—half-boy, half-beast—as he felt the molten torrent of semen rushing through his reproductive tube with unstoppable force.

His dick and balls swelled visibly larger, veins standing out like rivers on a topographical map, before his seed finally erupted from the glistening piss-slit of his cock in nine violent, rope-like spurts, each more powerful than the last, creating a creamy hurricane inside his mother's quivering, receptive womb.

The room transformed into a carnal orchestra, sixteen voices erupting in a symphony of primal sounds—guttural moans, high-pitched keening, and throaty growls mingling with the wet percussion of flesh meeting flesh. The air grew thick with the musky perfume of sex and sweat, punctuated by the unmistakable hissing and squelching of commingled fluids being churned and pumped into welcoming depths.

As the final tremors of pleasure subsided through quivering limbs and twitching muscles, bodies collapsed into a glistening tableau of satisfaction. Flushed skin pebbled with cooling sweat as chests heaved with labored breathing.

Gina's authoritative voice cut through the heavy atmosphere. "Alright ladies...let's grab those wedged pillows and get those hips elevated," she commanded, her tone brooking no argument.

Vin's eyes widened to saucers as he watched a pearlescent river of their combined essences flow from his mother's swollen, pink opening when she dismounted him. The viscous cocktail—part creamy white, part translucent—formed thick, ropy strands that clung to his still-pulsing shaft before breaking to trail down the tightened sac of his drained testicles.

He rose on unsteady legs, transfixed as Nicole sprawled back across the rumpled sheets, her heavy breasts flattening and sliding toward her armpits, areolas puckered and nipples still erect from stimulation.

With practiced movements, she positioned the firm, triangular pillow beneath her rounded buttocks, elevating her pelvis at precisely the optimal angle for conception.

With balletic precision, she extended her legs into a wide V-formation, toes pointed backward toward the headboard, creating an unobstructed channel for his seed to journey deeper into her fertile depths.

Glancing around the room, Vin observed the other mothers mirroring this position with synchronized

purpose, their bodies arranged like fertility goddesses in an ancient ritual.

"Whoa, that's so cool. Why do they have to do that?" Darren, Cassidy's son asked, his hazel eyes widening as he watched his mom's legs spread into a perfect V-shape, her toned thighs quivering slightly with the effort like a limber ballerina at peak performance.

"I'm glad you asked, Darren," Gina said. "Your mom's vagina is an acidic environment, which isn't ideal for the survival of sperm. Your thick, pearly ejaculate prefers an alkaline environment, and hence needs to move away from the acidity of the vagina as soon as possible."

"And positioning their bodies like this helps that?" Vin asked, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard, silently imagining the velvety grip of his mother's inner walls if he were to penetrate her with her legs splayed in this position, her glistening pink opening completely exposed and vulnerable.

"Exactly right, Vin," Piper responded. "This method helps more sperm get through the cervix, which is only slightly dilated after orgasm, and reach your mom's fallopian tube much faster, increasing the chances of your virile little swimmers taking root in her fertile womb."

"This is what I did when I was trying to get pregnant with YOU, sweetie," Nicole said, her voice dropping to a husky whisper as she extended her tanned, shapely leg in his direction and ran her cherry-red painted toes down his lean, muscular chest, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. "And just think... if I hadn't positioned myself just like this, you might not even be here."

"I'm glad I am," he said, his eyes darkening with desire as they traveled down the expanse of that strong, silky-smooth leg.

"Me too," she whispered, her pupils dilating as she stared into his eyes, her tongue darting out to moisten her plump lower lip like a predator anticipating its next meal.

"Your moms will stay like this for about fifteen minutes," Gina announced, her voice carrying across the room, "so if you handsome boys wanna take a break, get a rehydrated then when you come back, we'll start the next session of intercourse."

The eight teens filed out, leaving their mothers sprawled across the cotton sheets, hips elevated on wedge pillows, legs thrown back at impossible angles that exposed their glistening, cream-filled openings to the warm air.

"I don't know about you girls," Tina confessed once the boys had gone, tossing her flame-red curls as she adjusted her position, "but that was the strongest fucking orgasm I've had in like... forever."

The other moms giggled in unison, their flushed bodies still quivering with aftershocks. "Me too," another mom agreed breathlessly, stretching her cherry-red painted toes skyward, the delicate arch of her foot tensing.

"Well, is it any mystery why?" Cassidy asked. "Did you see how hard the boys' dicks were? Like, raging hard—veins bulging, heads purple and swollen."

Asia's slender fingers danced across her chocolate-brown nipples, which puckered beneath her touch. "I do get orgasms from my husband," she admitted, "but the orgasm my son just gave me was on a whole other level of

pleasure—like every nerve ending in my body exploded at once."

Piper smiled knowingly. "Nothing like young men with healthy blood flow. It makes their erections as hard as polished marble," she said.

"Not only that," Gina added, "but I firmly believe that this generation of boys have penises that are longer and fatter than the generations of the past. Superior baby-makers with thicker shafts and more prominent heads."

"I definitely agree with that, Gina," Nicole said, nodding her head as she felt the pool of pearlescent teenage sludge slowly seeping deeper into her quivering womb. Her inner muscles contracted involuntarily, drawing more of her son's potent seed toward its destination.

"So what you're saying is we better prepare ourselves for more mind-blowing climaxes?" Tina asked, her nipples visibly hardening again at the thought.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Gina nodded and giggled, her voluptuous breasts jiggling with the movement.

"I'm good with that," the pretty redhead said eagerly, her tongue darting out to moisten her plump lower lip.

The other moms burst out laughing, their naked bodies gleaming with a fine sheen of cooling sweat under the soft lighting.

When the boys returned a short time later, the naked moms were scattered throughout the room chatting, their bodies gleaming under the warm amber lighting.

"OK, shall we get back to business," Gina shouted, her commanding voice cutting through the gentle hum of conversation.

Vin watched his mom sashay over to join him beside the silk-draped bed, her bare feet making soft padding sounds against the wood floor. He still couldn't believe that she was shamelessly naked in front of him, her sun-kissed skin glowing with a post-orgasmic flush.

Her huge ballooning mommy-melons teetered heavily on her chest as she moved, jiggling with each deliberate step. She playfully poked him in the ribs with a perfectly manicured finger and stuck her pink tongue out at him, like a teasing prom date, her sapphire eyes sparkling with mischief.

"The next position you'll be having sex in is an adventurous take on the standard missionary position," Gina explained. "It's called 'the hook.' With your mom on her back, she'll be hooking her legs over your shoulders. This will not only assure the deepest penetration possible, but will also have the forces of gravity be in your favor, making it much easier for your sperm to swim up past her cervix and find their target."

"Remember to pace yourselves, boys," Piper warned.

"This position can produce a very quick ejaculation, and we want to maximize your seed delivery."

"Let's get started," Gina directed.

Nicole took her boy's hand, her touch warm and electric against his skin, and led him onto the bed. The sheets felt cool beneath Vin's knees as he waited, watching his mom drop onto her back with practiced grace.

She brought her dainty feet up, resting them on his broad shoulders, and gazed up at him with an anxious grin that made dimples appear in her flushed cheeks. "Ready to blast more of those spermies into me?" she asked, her voice a husky whisper that sent shivers down his spine.

"Absolutely," Vin muttered, scooting forward, his throbbing member jutting proudly before him.

He loved watching his mom's eyes get big, pupils dilating with desire, and a gasp escape her plump lips as he shoved his oversized manhood inside her slick, welcoming heat.

Vin's brain screamed in ecstasy as he felt the sensitive crown of his glans slip along the exquisite, rippled texture of his mother's inner walls.

Nicole, her face flushed crimson with desire, flexed her powerful pelvic floor muscles deliberately, creating a vice-like grip that made his knees buckle. The slick, velvety channel pulsed around him as he sank deeper, both of them gasping when his swollen purple head made contact with the soft, yielding entrance to her womb.

When his mother caught her plump bottom lip between her perfect white teeth and locked her sapphire eyes with his, a silent understanding passed between them. Vin gripped her smooth, tanned thighs and began to move. With Nicole folded beneath him, her cherry-red toenails gleaming against his sweat-slicked shoulders, he established a rhythm that made the sheets rustle beneath them.

"Oh God, Vin!" she cried, her voice breaking as each powerful thrust sent electric waves of pleasure radiating from her core to her extremities.

Her inner walls clenched and fluttered around his throbbing shaft, her body preparing for the explosive release building inside her like a gathering storm.

"Find your rhythm, boys," Gina instructed, her authoritative voice cutting through the symphony of moans and wet, rhythmic sounds. "Make sure you're reaching all the way to the cervix with each thrust."

Nicole's sapphire eyes glistened as she gazed up at her son, her cherry-red lips parting softly. "I had some abdominal pain this morning," she whispered, her warm breath caressing his sweat-dampened face.

"You did?" Vin's muscular arms flexed as he maintained his position above her, his throbbing member pulsing inside her velvet heat.

"Yes. That's usually a sign that I've started ovulating." Her manicured fingers traced delicate patterns across his broad shoulders. "My egg has been released from my ovary, sweetie," the mother whispered excitedly, her voluptuous breasts heaving with each shallow breath. "All it needs now is your potent sperm."

Vin gasped, his chiseled features breaking into a boyish smile that dimpled his flushed cheeks. "I'll give you every last drop I have today," he assured her, driving his enormous shaft deeper until he felt the yielding entrance of her womb.

"I know you will," she gasped, her inner walls clenching around his girth. "I know you'll keep filling me until it takes root inside me."

The rhythmic sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the amber-lit room as the teens fucked their

mothers with passionate intensity, their young, taut buttocks rising and falling at a measured pace. Their glistening bodies moved in perfect harmony, carefully controlling their tempo to prolong the exquisite pleasure coursing through their joined bodies.

Piper's voice cut through the symphony of wet, rhythmic sounds. "How are they doing, moms?" she asked, receiving a chorus of breathless, high-pitched responses from the mothers whose cherry-red toenails now framed their flushed faces.

"Wonderful!" Nicole sighed, her eyes fluttering shut as she threw her head to the side. Her inner walls pulsated with the first tremors of an approaching orgasm that threatened to consume her entirely.

Vin's chest swelled with masculine pride, knowing he was giving his own experienced mom—the one who had tenderly bandaged his scraped knees and packed his school lunches—earth-shattering sexual pleasure. He repositioned his palms on either side of her glistening torso, biceps flexing as he lifted his sweat-slicked torso to achieve the perfect angle.

"OH MY GOD!!" Nicole's voice shattered as her son's enormous purple-headed battering ram thundered through her honeyed passage with renewed vigor. Her G-spot engorged against her silken walls as it was expertly massaged by the scorching, vein-mapped flesh of his relentless jackhammer.

Piper noticed how hard the boy was slamming his throbbing prick through her glistening folds, his muscular buttocks clenching with each powerful thrust. "Careful, Vin...watch your pace," she warned, her voice husky with

concern, knowing he could cum incredibly fast this way, wasting his precious seed before it reached its intended target.

"I'm good," the boy responded confidently, his chiseled abs gleaming with sweat as he socked his steely hard cock through his mom's juicy, pink-lipped vagina. "I wanna make her cum again," he added, his eyes locked on his mother's flushed face, drinking in every flicker of pleasure that crossed her features.

It was no great surprise, but this time Nicole was the first one to cum. She let out a cute high-pitched orgasmic mommy-scream that echoed through the amber-lit room, arching her back beneath her boy and lifting them both off the mattress, making her pillowy boobs quiver and bounce hypnotically around him as her pretty face twisted with uncontrollable pleasure, her cherry-red lips forming a perfect O.

As Nicole's inner walls contracted rhythmically around Vin's thick burrowing shaft, her swollen urethral meatus visibly bulged and pulsed. Suddenly, hot girl-cum began squirting out in powerful jets, soaking their genital union in hot, sticky release that splashed against his taut scrotum and ran down in rivulets between her quivering thighs.

The other moms weren't far behind Nicole, their bodies arching like drawn bows as cascading waves of pleasure overtook them. A symphony of high-pitched cries echoed off the amber-lit walls—soprano wails punctuated by breathless gasps and throaty moans that reverberated through the room like the crescendo of some primal orchestra.



Around them, the other boys' faces contorted in ecstasy, their sculpted abdomens tensing as pearlescent ropes of thick, virile seed erupted from their swollen members.

Vin, however, found himself in that rare state of sustained arousal—the hypersensitive edge of his glans somehow maintaining its steely hardness against the slick, rippling channel of his mother's most intimate flesh. With renewed vigor, he gripped Nicole's smooth, tanned thighs, driving his engorged shaft deeper with each powerful thrust, his hips pile-driving with machine-like precision.

"My word," Gina whispered, her professional demeanor momentarily slipping as she observed the teenager's masterful technique. His powerful body glistened under the amber lights, every muscle defined and flexing rhythmically as he maintained perfect control over his impressive endowment.

"Just look at that," Piper murmured, unconsciously catching her plump bottom lip between her teeth. Her eyes remained fixed on the hypnotic motion where the heavy, pendulous weight of the boy's taut scrotum slapped wetly against the glistening, puckered ring of his mother's asshole with each forceful plunge.

Just as Nicole descended from one orgasmic Everest, she found herself ascending another even higher peak, her nerve endings crackling like live wires beneath her flushed skin.

"Ohh, baby!!" she cried out, her melodious voice fracturing into a trembling soprano that echoed off the walls.

"Ahhh!" Vin moaned, his sculpted abdominals contracting as her velvety, honeyed channel constricted around his throbbing shaft like a silken vise, sending electric pulses of pleasure radiating through his steel-hard member. The sacred junction where their bodies merged transformed

into a molten nexus of shared ecstasy, slick with her pearlescent feminine nectar.

He shifted his weight forward, pressing his sweat-slicked torso against her fat, rippling tits, and drove his massive battering ram to its hilt, determined to claim every millimeter of her sacred passage. Each ragged breath escaped his parted lips in staccato gasps as he experienced the most transcendent carnal bliss of his young existence.

His engorged purple crown stretched her quivering uteri to its limits, his mammoth shaft disappearing entirely between her yielding cervical gates. His weeping tip now kissed the very entrance to her fertile garden, and suddenly a volcanic eruption of scalding, pearl-white essence surged through his throbbing column and exploded into her waiting womb, dispatching millions of virile swimmers on their sacred journey through her receptive cervix, flooding her welcoming uterus with life-giving potential.

The teenager bucked and groaned, his cock pulsating as it pumped thick ropes of baby batter deep into his mom's greedy, gushing cunt. Her hungry pussy lips clenched and unclenched around his throbbing shaft, milking every last pearly drop until they collapsed in a sweaty, panting heap.

"Holy fucking shit!" his mom gasped as he finally rolled off her, his glistening cock slapping wetly against his thigh.

"You OK over there, Nicole?" Cassidy asked, her massive tits engulfing her boy's face in a suffocating embrace of post-orgasmic bliss.

"God...yes," she sighed, her cum-slick thighs trembling uncontrollably, "I think my pussy just died and went to heaven." Her sweat-glazed tits heaved with each labored breath.

"Alright, moms...let's get those hips elevated," Gina reminded them firmly.

That night, Vin sprawled across his twin bed in boxer briefs, his semi-hard cock making a visible ridge beneath the thin fabric. Brandon and Tyler lounged in similar states of undress, their teenage bodies still glistening with dried sweat from the day's activities.

"Fuck, did you see how my mom's pussy squirted all over my balls?" Brandon groaned, absently palming his crotch. "Her cunt got so fucking tight when she came."

"My mom's tits were bouncing everywhere," Tyler added, his dick visibly thickening beneath his shorts. "Those fat nipples got so hard they could cut glass."

Vin smirked, remembering Nicole's quivering hole and how it felt around his penile meat. "I wonder what positions we'll get to fuck them in tomorrow?"

A soft knock interrupted their vulgar reminiscing. The door creaked open, revealing Piper's curvaceous silhouette. She stood completely naked except for glossy 6-inch stilettos, her heavy tits swaying with each breath, dark nipples fully erect. Her neatly trimmed pussy glistened in the dim light.

"Vin," she purred as her index finger curled in a "come here" gesture, her crimson-tipped nail glinting in the light.

"Holy shit, look at those tits," whispered Brandon, eyes fixed on her heavy, swaying breasts with their large pink areolas.

Vin's cock stirred as he approached her, his face burning.

"Follow me," she commanded, turning to reveal the deep crack between her plump ass cheeks. His eyes locked onto her jiggling buttocks as she led him upstairs, her pussy lips occasionally visible between her thighs, glistening with moisture as she ascended toward an unfamiliar wing of the center and into a dimly lit bedroom.

Vin stood there with his cock already at half-mast as Piper gathered her shoulder-length hair into a tight ponytail, her manicured fingers working deftly. He knew what that meant—girls always tied their hair back before sucking dick.

His eyes wandered to a silver-framed photo on the nightstand: Piper smiling with some clean-cut husband and two perfect-looking kids, one of them merely an infant.

"That your family?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

"Mmmhmm," she purred, her eyes flicking to the photo as she stepped closer, her hard nipples nearly brushing his chest, "and you can imagine how fucking desperate I get working here, watching young studs like you all day while my husband's dick is hundreds of miles away."

She stepped closer, her fat, erect nipples brushing against his chest. "Every session, Gina and I each pick one lucky boy to fuck us hard and make us cum," she whispered, her hand sliding down to cup his balls through his shorts.

"Today, I chose your thick teenage cock to fill me up, if it's interested?"

Vin's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. "Y-yeah," he croaked, his voice cracking like a pubescent choir boy's.

Piper smirked and dropped to her knees, yanking his shorts down with predatory efficiency. His half-mast cock flopped out, the purplish head already glistening with a bead of pre-cum.

"Jesus Christ," she hissed, her hot breath washing over his balls as she gripped his thickening shaft. Her tongue—impossibly wet and serpentine—darted out, slathering his nuts with spit before slurping up his length like it was melting ice cream.

Vin's jaw went slack as she deep-throated him, her throat muscles contracting around his cockhead while her manicured fingers dug into his ass cheeks. She pulled back with a vulgar slurp, a string of saliva connecting her crimson lips to his now granite-hard prick.

"You ready to destroy this married pussy?" she growled, eyes feral with lust.

Vin nodded so hard he nearly gave himself whiplash.

Outside, the blizzard raged, hurling icy shards against the lodge's sturdy walls while inside, the air hung thick with the musky stink of raw sex.

Through the windows, golden light spilled onto virgin snow, but one second-floor pane stood out—completely fogged over and dripping with condensation, as if the

glass itself was sweating from the brutal fucking happening just behind it.

"Fuck me harder," Piper growled, her sweat-slick tits squashed against Vin's heaving chest. Her voluptuous body writhed beneath his skinny frame, her meaty thighs quivering as they clamped around his narrow hips like a vise.

The muscles in her calves bulged and flexed as she used her legs to yank him deeper into her dripping hole with each savage thrust, their bodies slapping together with wet, meaty thuds

"Ruin this fucking cunt," she hissed, her manicured nails raking trails down his back.

Every brutal thrust made her grunt like a rutting sow, her pussy making obscene squelching noises as it greedily devoured his teenage cock. The bedsprings screamed in protest beneath them as they fucked with the mindless, desperate rhythm of animals in heat.

Vin hammered away at Piper's sopping cunt with savage intensity, grateful his balls weren't ready to explode yet after dumping that massive load into his mom earlier. His teenage dick stayed rock-hard as he pile-drove her MILF-hole, each brutal thrust making her cervix yield to his battering-ram cockhead.

Her maternal body engulfed his skinny frame completely—soft tits, plush belly, and thick thighs creating a fuck-nest of feminine flesh that cradled him while he rutted into her like an animal. Only his bony ass remained visible, pumping frantically between her splayed legs.

Piper's massive tits jiggled and leaked all over his chest. "*Definitely a nursing mom,*" he thought, her milk-swollen jugs betraying the baby waiting at home.

"Fuck!" he hissed as her claws dug into his ass cheeks, her legs yanking him into a new angle.

"Angle it up," she demanded breathlessly, "plow my fucking A-spot!"

Whatever the hell an A-spot was, he didn't care—he just tilted his dick upward and kept hammering her squelching pussy.

Vin couldn't help comparing Piper's pussy to his mom's as he plunged deeper. Where Nicole's inner walls had gripped him with velvety softness, Piper's cunt clutched at him with ribbed intensity, her vaginal rugae creating a rippled texture that dragged exquisitely along every vein and ridge of his cock.

Her pelvic fuck-muscles squeezed him in rhythmic pulses—three quick grips followed by one long, milking contraction—while his mom's had been more like rolling waves.

Like Nicole, Piper counterpointed his thrusts perfectly, her powerful maternal legs locked tight around his back, using her leverage to slam herself upward. Each collision forced her swollen, wine-dark labia to suction against his cock-root, her glistening inner flanges forming a perfect seal.

Even her cervix felt different—where his mom's had been firm and button-like against his glans, Piper's was pillowy and yielding, clearly softened from recent childbirth,

creating a hot, slippery pocket that seemed custom-made to cradle his purple, weeping cockhead.

Her body stiffened like a board beneath him, her spine arching so violently he thought it might snap.

"YOU'RE MAKING ME FUCKING CUM!" she screamed, her face contorting into a grimace of ecstasy, nostrils flaring, eyes rolling back to show only whites. The air evacuated from his lungs in a painful whoosh as she constricted around him—anaconda tight—her powerful thighs clamping his ribcage while her calves quivered uncontrollably.

Her legs slithered and coiled around his lower back, wrapping him in a vise of hot, slick flesh, the heels of her bare feet digging half-moon impressions into his hamstrings.

"Whoa," the boy gasped, feeling himself sinking into her convulsing form like quicksand, her entire body rippling with spasms that traveled from her toes to her fingertips.

Her cunt clenched with such brutal force it felt like she was simultaneously trying to suffocate him with her legs and punch his cock clean off his body, the rhythmic contractions milking him mercilessly as she bucked and thrashed beneath him, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes as she came completely, devastatingly undone.

Her thighs finally unclamped from around his waist, releasing him from their vice-like prison as her orgasm subsided into twitching aftershocks.

"Holy fuck," she gasped, her chest heaving with each ragged breath, sweat glistening in the valley between her tits.

Vin rose up, his dick still balls-deep in her sloppy hole, watching her massive tits flop sideways across her ribcage like water balloons. Her nipples stood out like thumbs, dark and swollen, leaking beads of milk that trickled down the slopes of her breasts.

"Can I suck on them?" he asked, cock throbbing inside her at the thought. "You're a fucking titty-boy, huh?" she laughed hoarsely, then yanked him down with surprising strength, rolling on top and smothering his face in her heaving cleavage. "Go ahead," she growled, "drain Mommy's fat fucking udders."

Vin buried his face in the sweat-slick canyon between her massive tits, his tongue darting frantically to lap up the salty moisture pooling there. He motorboated her heaving flesh-pillows with vulgar enthusiasm, his lips vibrating against her skin as she impaled her dripping cunt on his throbbing pole.

When she yanked his hair to guide him to her leaking nipple, he latched on like a starving animal, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked. Her tit-milk erupted into his mouth—hot, sweet and thick—flooding his throat as he gulped it down greedily. His nose disappeared into the puffy, veined flesh of her areola, his entire face engulfed by the soft avalanche of her mammary as he nursed like a depraved infant.

"Destroy this fucking cunt!" Piper gasped, her voice dissolving into a bestial growl that vibrated through her sweat-drenched body.



She alternated between deep circular grinds that mashed her swollen clit against his pubic bone and savage bounces that sent seismic ripples through her jiggling thighs and ass-meat.

Each time she slammed down, her cunt made an obscene squelching noise, her meaty labia latching onto his veiny shaft like a vacuum-sealed flashlight.

Vin remembered what she had taught him earlier—the brutal upward jackhammer motion that had made his mom's eyes roll back—and now applied it to Piper, ramming upward just as she descended. The collision made her tits spray milk like punctured water balloons while her eyes bulged and her mouth formed a perfect O of shock.

Piper's inner walls clenched and rippled around his teenage cock as another orgasm ravaged her, this one making her entire body thrash while creamy jets erupted from her engorged nipples directly onto his waiting tongue.

The combination of her convulsing fuck-hole and the sweet maternal fluid flooding his mouth sent lightning bolts racing from his churning balls up his spine, coiling at the base of his throbbing dick like a cobra ready to strike.

The boy whimpered like a gut-shot deer, his pathetic mewling vibrations lost in the smothering avalanche of Piper's tit-flesh. Her leaking nipple—a thick, rubbery spigot—plugged his mouth completely as milk dribbled down his chin.

His balls contracted violently against his taint, his teenage cum boiling up through his shaft like magma through a volcano. When it finally erupted, rope after rope of pearly jizz blasted against Piper's cervix, flooding her unprotected womb with potent sperm that swirled and pooled in her fertile depths.

TO BE CONTINUED...