

MY SON, THE SLEEPWALKER

ChloeKendall

Sleepwalking Son mounts Mom, Dad is powerless to stop it.

Incest/Taboo

4.59

9.2k words

The doctors had never seen anything like it before. We'd gone to several of them over the years, but none had ever seen a case of sleepwalking that was as chronic and debilitating as the one that afflicted Tom, my son of nineteen years.

His father, Donald, and I had spent his entire childhood trying to find a reason to explain his situation. We could not let him stay the night at a friend's house, or go to sleepaway camp. Things that a normal boy *should* have been able to do had been out of the question for Tom, and even as an adult his illness was too severe to allow him to lead a normal life.

The only solution, beyond the therapy and medicine, was to keep Tom strapped down at night. A third party was required to fasten the buckles, so without me or Donald, he was completely helpless to manage his own condition. Tom would have to live with us until someone else was willing to take over that nightly ritual.

It sounded harsh, but it was absolutely imperative that he not be allowed to escape. As a child, his 'jailbreaks' had occasionally ended with a call to the fire department. Even his less destructive ones had still caused us no end of headaches.

As he'd aged, his outbursts and his 'missions,' as we called them, had become increasingly severe. The dark turn had occurred when Tom was seventeen, on a night where Donald had mistakenly left a buckle undone that had facilitated his escape.

The events of that night were difficult to talk about as a family. Tom did not remember anything of the trauma he had inflicted on his father and me, but for me and Donald, it was a vivid memory.

On the night in question, Donald had caught Tom trying to climb out of his bedroom window. By the time he'd gotten to our son, Tom already had one foot outside of the window. There'd been nothing below to catch his fall, so whatever 'mission' he'd been on would have led to injury, and possibly even his death. My husband had heroically tackled Tom to the ground just moments before he leapt out, but being unable to complete his 'mission' had put Tom in a fit of rage.

I had never seen Tom hit someone before, but that night I'd watched helplessly as he'd gone on a violent rampage against my husband. He was at least a foot taller than Donald, and had easily had forty pounds over him by then, leading to a one-sided bludgeoning that had not at all represented a fair fight. The beating had ended with Donald in a pool of blood with several of his teeth missing.

When it had run its course, Tom had climbed back into bed like nothing had happened. He'd only awoken when the ambulances had arrived, with no idea who had beaten his father into a pulp.

With that incident fresh in our minds, it had become painfully obvious that Tom's condition was getting worse. We could not afford to take risks any more.

One evening, while seated around the dinner table, Tom mentioned that he was going to make a profile on a popular dating app. Perhaps it was an unusual thing to tell ones parents, but due to Tom's illness there was an atmosphere of vulnerability and openness amongst us that few other families could replicate.

Though he had some loose acquaintances, he did not have many close friends through which to meet women. Despite taking the initiative to create an account, he was not optimistic.

"What kind of woman would want to be with a guy that she has to tie down every night? I'm screwed!" He was half joking, but the way his smile quickly faded told me that it was not a laughing matter.

"That's total— I'm sorry, honey, but - *bullshit!*" I said defiantly.

Donald pointed his fork at me. "Your Mother is right. That's nothing compared to the baggage most guys your age come with."

Tom snorted. "What do you know about guys my age, Dad?"

Donald folded his hands like a wise guru. "I remember *being* one, for a start."

"Please, Father, please teach me the ways of your eternal wisdom," Tom pleaded sarcastically.

I hated the idea that Tom saw himself as unmarketable due to his sleepwalking. He was a fantastic person, with a heart of gold and a face that *anyone* could love.

If I was twenty years younger... was a phrase I had caught myself thinking on more than one occasion, but I always felt guilty for it. What kind of mother thinks of her son that way, even for the briefest flash? I could not help myself. He was a catch, and I wished that there was some way I could make him believe that himself.

Later that night, the three of us watched a movie. I'd made a huge bowl of popcorn, but found myself in the kitchen making a second one before the opening credits were finished.

About forty minutes into the movie, there was an unexpected sex scene. It was not overly explicit, but I could tell that Tom was on edge from the subject matter alone. I thought that he was simply uncomfortable with watching such a scene with his parents, but a thought crossed my mind that was as alluring as it was terrifying.

My son is horny.

I wanted to ignore the idea, but the more I tried to brush it off, the louder it became inside of my mind.

I reflected back on the desire he had expressed over dinner. Tom wanted a girlfriend for the obvious reasons: partnership, growing close with someone, and all the innocent stuff that moms think about when they picture their baby boys entering the dating world. Seeing how the sex scene had made him squirm on the couch, however, made it crystal clear in my mind that he was deeply troubled by the hormonal urges that had once pestered us all.

When the movie ended, Tom quickly retreated to his room, leaving me in the family room with two things: my husband, and the sobering realization that, in the wake of mulling so intensely over

Tom's horniness, I had contracted a case of those same urges myself. I could not admit to Donald the source of the lust that suddenly drove me up the wall, and he was too excited to ask questions.

I pleaded with Donald to sequester Tom into bed as soon as he could, promising that he could have whatever he wanted from me when he returned. Without that step in place - without the knowledge that Tom was secured in bed until the morning - nothing could move forward. Thankfully, Tom did not seem interested in staying up late.

When my husband returned to our bedroom, there was sheer, unabashed glee written across his face.

I giggled at his palpable elation. "I hope you didn't look like *that* when you tucked in Tom."

"Is it that obvious?" Donald asked, cringing.

"Only to me, honey." I spread my legs for him and, in the absence of any underwear, exposed my naked pussy.

Donald swallowed dryly. "Oh, wow. Lily, you look fucking beautiful."

"Then come make me *feel* beautiful, my big, strong man," I cooed, adding a wink.

It started out good. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't amazing; it was rarely the latter. There were *some* days where our sex was truly fantastic, but I had greater luck gambling on roulette than I did predicting whether or not Donald would be able to conjure up a memorable performance.

I loved my husband with every inch of my heart. He was the only man that I had ever been with, as is often the tale with high school sweethearts, so our sex was all I knew. I had never orgasmed with him, but I did not blame him for that fact. I could rarely bring myself to orgasm, even with the benefit of vibrators and whatever other tools one could imagine.

That night, like many before it, was not the passionate, lust-fueled romp that I was hoping for. I sucked Donald's dick for a minute or so, which always earned me exceptional praise.

When we'd started dating, I had convinced him that I did not have a gag reflex. It was a silly lie that I had concocted to explain why I could deepthroat him so effortlessly, but the truth was that he was simply small enough for me to swallow his whole cock without much struggle. I knew men could often be sensitive about that fact, so, for better or worse, I wanted him to think it had nothing to do with his size.

When I was done sucking Donald's dick, I got onto my hands and knees so he could fuck me from behind. It was our bread and butter, and he was absolutely thrilled with it. Since I had essentially given up on any hopes of achieving my own orgasm, I was simply content to give him a way to make himself feel good.

A few minutes passed, each one filled with Donald's laboured grunting. My face was buried in the sheets for most of it, but when I felt him getting close, I raised my head so that he could pull my hair. It was his favourite move, and I could see it coming a mile away.

When my eyes snapped open, they were aimed at the door. It was open, just a crack, but without any light it was difficult to see into the shadows that haunted the hallway.

Still, in that dark, looming blackness, my brain recognized something. It was not a conscious thought, but once I paid attention to it, the threat became undeniable. Alarm bells rang out. Panic seized my body and stiffened the hairs on the back of my neck into tiny, delicate razorblades. A tall, menacing figure, shrouded in darkness, shuffled side to side behind the door.

He was watching us.

"H-honey..." my voice trailed off, my throat spontaneously dry. "There's someone there."

Donald chortled. "What?"

"The door. Oh my god. The fucking *door*, Donald!" I wanted to run into the closet, hide under the bed, or jump out the window - anything to get myself out of this situation - but I could not move. I was frozen in fear, and stayed that way when the lumbering giant pushed open the door to our bedroom.

Tom was a redwood, towering and still, in the doorway. He blocked our only viable escape route, trapping us inside the room unless we broke a window. His eyes were shut tight, and he was as naked as the day I'd pushed him out of me. The pair of boxers in his right hand were clenched as tightly as his jaw, making him look like a barbarian proudly clutching a loincloth trophy from a fallen enemy whose dwelling he had just ransacked.

"How did he get out?" I squeaked.

Donald lowered his head. "I was in a rush to get back to you, so I guess I missed a buckle."

My voice was small and scared. "Let's just see where he goes. Maybe he won't do anything stupid this time."

Donald's eye twitched nervously, haunted by the trauma of his violent beating. "Whatever he does, we cannot wake him up."

Fight or flight: that's exactly what I felt, for the first time in my life, when Tom stepped further into the room. I gave a startled gasp, but stifled the end of it with my hand. I bit down on my palm to stop myself from whimpering like a frightened puppy while our son crept closer to the bed.

The door was on my side of the bed, placing me between Tom and my husband. I hated Donald for not throwing his body in front of me as a shield. The panic in my body demanded he protect me, yet he remained motionless. All we could do was watch in silent terror as Tom made his way to my bedside.

I had always been proud of the size of my breasts. I know it is not something one can control, but over the years Donald had drilled into my head the notion that they were "*as big as they are beautiful*." This led me to embrace the hubris that came with overtly flaunting such a floppy, oversized pair of tits.

The affection Donald had for my boobs was clearly genetic, because his son was possessed of the same hopeless infatuation. With his boxers still clutched in one hand, Tom extended his other towards me with an obvious intention. Horror gripped Donald and me like an iron claw, both of us too scared to intervene, lest we incur his wrath.

Tom mindlessly groped my naked flesh, pawing at the breasts before him with no concern for whom they belonged to. He was not gentle, so I remained thankful that he was only using one

hand. Stretch lines appeared around fingers, which sank in so deep that his nails were completely submerged.

If there was one thing to be grateful for, it was the fact that Tom had his eyes closed. Having my breasts exposed to him was incredibly shameful. He had not touched my boobs since I'd breastfed him as an infant. Despite the fact that his hands were mauling the tender milk bags from which he had once suckled so greedily, I was at least thankful that he could not see the vulgar display of blubber oozing through his fingertips.

He urgently kneaded the pile of dough in his hand, making his approval known through a series of satisfied grunts. I could not help that the attention made my body react on an instinctive level, turning my once-lifeless nipple into a firm, pink gemstone that protruded from my body. My rubbery areola was much too wide to fit in his palm, and no matter how widely he stretched his fingers, he could not contain even half of my gigantic breast in one hand.

"Honey," I gulped anxiously. "He's hard."

"I know," Donald sighed.

"And he's *huge*." My heart raced a little faster.

Donald laughed, which took some of the tension out of the air. "I can see that. He should be thanking us!"

I joined in his laughter, happy to embrace anything that did not remind me that my son was lazily fondling my tits. Unfortunately, the moment of levity was short-lived. I sucked my teeth and turned to face my husband. "Should we tell him about this tomorrow?"

"I don't think so, he'll be too embarrassed. I guess it'll be our little secret. I'm sure he'll get bored soon and—" Donald stopped talking mid-sentence. His wide-eyed, nervous gaze was tracking something behind my head. I was scared to turn around.

Tom's hand, with fingers made of stone, took a fistful of my hair. He yanked my head backwards so that I was staring up at the ceiling. My eyes darted around, looking for something to focus on that would explain the source of my whiplash, but found only one thing to land on: Tom's face, with his eyes still closed, looming overhead.

I was a timid mouse, and he a fearsome lion, come to devour me in a single bite. Had my jaw not been tightly clenched, my chattering teeth would have been heard a block away.

"H-honey, what do I do?" I begged, with my racing heart punching holes in my ribcage.

"I don't know, I don't know, I don't know..." Donald chanted uselessly.

"Is he... oh God, he's going to make me..." I could not even bring myself to say the words.

Tom did not accept resistance. His grip on my hair tightened, and he dragged my face over to his crotch so that I was face to face with his enormous erection. The nine-inch monster jutted out from his body like a veiny, muscular flagpole. The bulging mushroom on the end flared angrily, engorged with blood and demanding satiation.

"Do... Do... Do I..." My heart was pounding in my ears, every beat reverberating through my skull. I could not think straight enough to form a single word, much less a whole sentence.

Donald sniffled and sucked in a wavering breath, admitting defeat. "Just open your mouth, honey. I don't want him to hurt you."

"N-no," I stuttered. "No, please. Please, this can't be real."

Tom emitted a low, furious grunt and shook my head like a toddler with a malfunctioning toy. He was out of patience.

"He could hurt us, Lily," Donald reminded me matter-of-factly. I don't know whose safety he was more concerned for - mine, or his - but he was right.

The head of Tom's cock nudged against my lips. It was hot — full of rage — rapping against my closed mouth in frustration. All I had to do was keep it shut and he would have no way to force himself inside, but the danger to Donald and me was too great. I had to open myself willingly and *let* him in, and that was the part that hurt most of all. I released the tension in my jaw, my lips trembling as I accepted the horrible nightmare that had become my reality.

I whimpered nervously, parting my lips so he could wedge the tip of his dick between them. The fleshy crowbar pried them open, pushing the rest of the fat, bulbous head inside. His manhood throbbed against my tongue, which was immediately flattened to the bottom of my mouth when he forced even more of his dick into my mouth.

My eyes were wide with fear and disbelief. I had never sucked a cock besides Donald's, so I was completely unprepared to feel the muscles in my jaw straining under the stress of their new, oversized guest. The head, lodged firmly against the roof of my mouth, was as smooth as glass, but soft and spongy like a marshmallow. His dick hugged every small bump and ridge along my upper palate as it ventured deeper, refusing to pause until the helmet nuzzled against the back of my throat.

I gagged instantly, my body lurching like I had just been punched in the stomach. A tear dribbled out of the corner of my eye. Warnings flashed through my brain, begging me to retreat, but I had to ignore them. I could not breathe properly with Tom so deeply embedded in my gullet, and what breath I could manage to draw was nothing more than a wet, gurgling mess.

The implications of gagging in front of Donald were not obvious to me, but they were to him. "I thought you didn't have a gag reflex?" he said.

When I did not answer, obviously preoccupied by a mouthful of our son, he clarified. "You never gag on *my* dick when you deepthroat me."

I could not believe *that* was what he was thinking about. I hated that, even with the unbridled panic coursing through my veins, my only thought was to comfort him in his moment of pain. I wanted to make his hurt disappear, no matter what I was going through.

Tom's grip relaxed on my head just for a second. It was not much, but it was enough. I channelled all my strength and pulled my head back, breaking free of his clutches. In that brief moment, I could not think of anything to say other than the truth.

"I'm sorry, honey. I lied, so you didn't feel so—" A small, wet belch escaped my lips, along with a glistening string of saliva that connected me to Tom's throbbing cock, dangling less than an inch from my face. "—So small."

The realization set in, and Donald's heart broke into a million tiny pieces.

Tom pumped his dick down my throat like I was a puppet. He drove himself against the soft wall at the back of my gullet, ignorant to the grotesque, wretched sputtering that he forced upon me. In between his long, drawn-out thrusts, there were only fractions of seconds when I could draw breath before he embedded himself again and cut off my air supply.

Only once his balls rested on my chin would he finally pull out so that I could take a breath. His persistent plunges ejected another resentful tear from the corner of my tightly clenched eye, forcing my cheeks to bear yet another salty badge of shame.

It was frighteningly easy to get used to Tom's routine thrusting, however rough it may have been, but I'd stopped feeling fear by then. I'd stopped feeling anything, emotionally, and only a distant recognition of my own physical discomfort.

I could handle the depth, despite what one might have inferred from my violent, full body convulsions each time Tom's helmet brushed against my uvulae. What still concerned me - all the semblance of emotion I could muster - was that he was going ever faster, gradually building speed over a series of thrusts before he found a pace that matched his enthusiasm. I, on the other hand, was not excited about the change.

GLUCK, GLUCK, GLUCK

My throat sounded like it was made of slime, into which somebody was furiously shoving their entire fist. Tom hammered relentlessly, ignorant to the gaze I cast up to him. It was like a soldier on the battlefield begging their conqueror for mercy. Sadly, there was none to be found. His eyes were still closed, and I knew that guilt wasn't keeping them that way. It was just sleep, and sickness.

I felt sick to my stomach. I wanted to pull away again, but after my last escape, Tom had secured his nails in my hair too tightly, holding it like reins on a horse.

With his increased pace, I knew that we were nearing the dreadful end. Much like his father did, when he was about to cum, Tom pulsated with magnificent energy, like his dick was proudly announcing the impending reward for all my hard work.

He did not slow down, ramming his cock through the soggy tunnel until my throat was beaten soft like a tenderloin. Every gag only served to clench the muscles around him, smothering his dong in the process. My body was trying to eject the intruder, but it could not. Every failed attempt, every fierce spasm, made me heave around his cock, but my pathetic attempt to eject the hulking slab of meat from my esophagus equated to nothing more than a pleasant massage.

"Is he gonna..." Donald's voice was shaky as he contemplated the finale.

I nodded my head sadly, unable to comfort him as I had before. "Mmhmm."

"Jesus, honey," he whispered under his breath. "I'm so sorry."

I nodded again with a sad, somber whimper. I reached out blindly, searching for my husband's hand. His fingers pressed down on my knuckles and brought me a little bit of comfort.

I hoped that I could do the same for him. My fingers stumbled across his wedding band. I wondered how many of the promises represented by that ring would remain in place after the night was over. Donald gave my hand a reassuring squeeze, though we were both shaking with fright.

My husband gently kissed the gold ring on my finger. "I love you, so much."

"Ah hoph ou, oo!" I forced out the words in the small spaces between Tom's eager thrusts, trying to utter them all before his impending orgasm rendered speech impossible. I hoped Donald could understand me, but with our son's cock pounding my windpipe, I sounded like I was speaking gibberish.

I never swallowed for my husband. Early into our relationship, I confided that I hated the taste with a passion. It was not a big deal for him to forgo the act, so we never talked about it again. It simply became an unspoken rule that I do *not* swallow cum, but Tom did not know that rule. I'm not sure it would've mattered if he had.

Our son flattened his cock against the back of my throat, growling with a primal fury that echoed around our bedroom. His roar, such an intense display of aggression, struck me with a wave of panic whose arrival made beads of sweat form across my tightly furrowed brow. As it stood, however, he was also suffocating me with his enormous, pulsing cock.

I kept my mouth, and my eyes, shut as tightly as I could. I did so to avoid making a mess I would have to clean up, but that was not the only reason.

I could not - I *would* not - willingly bear witness to the pleasure stricken across my son's face when my mouth brought him to orgasm. Deep in the recesses of my psyche, I buried the sick, perverted voice of curiosity that told me to take a peek. I convinced myself that it was normal to *want* to look - like a car accident you cannot help but watch - but that I still shouldn't. The reason was largely the same - a sense of decency - though I was more like the car getting wrecked than a mere onlooker. Somehow, my maternal instincts managed to convince me that Tom was the other car. He'd fallen asleep at the wheel, through no fault of his own.

As morbidly curious as I was, I clung to the idea that I - we - might still recover from everything Tom had done. I hoped that, if I did not acknowledge the obviously excited voices whispering in the back of my mind, they would go away on their own. I had never wanted anything, in a sexual sense, from Tom, but having it insisted upon me had removed the burden of taboo.

I don't have a choice, so I might as well try to enjoy myself. Whether the thought manifested as a matter of self-defence or perverse pleasure, I was not sure.

My throat convulsed around his pulsating cock, its velour embrace smothering every inch. He perceived the spasms as a challenge, and, in response, clenched his ass cheeks to intentionally drive his fat, bulging helmet against my supple throat meat just as his orgasm reached its peak.

Tom growled triumphantly and spewed rope, after rope, after rope, of hot, greasy liquid into my open gullet. The saline syrup flooded my mouth, saturating my tongue with a flood of dense, white cream that sizzled like battery acid on my taste buds.

Another helping was ejected from the tip, pressed directly against the back wall, which sprayed in every direction. It was like, when washing dishes, I would accidentally aim the stream of water directly into the concave part of a spoon, sending a tidal wave over the countertops. Thankfully, Tom's mess - a much warmer, stickier kind - was contained entirely in my mouth.

Tom flexed threateningly, sending another thick stream into the pool of salty, pearlescent slime. He was ignorant to the bruises that his bloated cock head beat into my throat with every thrust.

Donald had not relinquished his grip on my hand for a single second. He was whispering words of encouragement in my ear while our son's dick, at last, began to slowly soften. My husband's vocal

support was silenced, along with my hopes of escaping with an empty stomach, when Tom shook my head like a piñata. I did not want to swallow, but the choice was not up to me.

The cum stored within my cheeks sloshed around wildly when Tom shook my head, coating every inch of my mouth. The few corners that did not already have a thick layer of glue pasted on them were drenched instantly, making it impossible to escape the taste, feel, or smell of my son's semen bathing my tongue.

I tried to pull away, but Tom grunted angrily. I knew what he wanted, and he was not going to remove his dick from my mouth until he got it.

I could not bring myself to look at Donald, but I could feel his pathetic, whimpering gaze. I hated that I was allowing our son to break a rule that I had forced him to obey so strictly, and could not imagine how jealous he must have been to watch me succumb to the will of another man. My husband never once asked me to change my mind about swallowing, yet Tom was gifted the pleasure of having me gulp his cum into my gut without even asking.

I gathered the mouthful of goo into one large mass. I buckled down, sucking in a deep breath to steady my focus. There was such a devastating amount of semen that one of my eyes actually twitched involuntarily when I forced the condensed ball of cum past my tonsils and into my stomach. I might have been imagining it, but I swear I felt my throat expand like a snake after swallowing a mouse just so that it could down the entire bulk in one gulp.

Tom, satisfied with my performance, finally withdrew. Strands of saliva still connected my lips to his dick like long, glistening cables. They snapped once he pulled too far away from my mouth, leaving the sticky, broken strands to fall and stain my heaving breasts with their syrupy residue.

I was panting like a tired, old dog with drool leaking from my trembling lips, too enthralled with the return of fresh air to my lungs to care that I sounded like an ugly, sputtering mess of a woman.

Tom stood still for a while. I felt tension building between Donald and I, yet again, as we both wondered what he would do next. I thought it was over, but could not deny the pieces of me that wished it had not ended so soon. Yes, I prayed that it would be over, yet longed to see what would happen if the situation was allowed to play out.

Against my will and better judgement, my brain was sending me very confusing messages, each of which made me question *why* exactly my pussy had become so disturbingly wet.

Am I enjoying this? I could not help but wonder, but there was no time to truly consider that fact.

With an affirmative grunt, Tom grabbed the back of my head and pushed me, face first, into the mattress. His grip was unrelenting, forcing me to comply until he had maneuvered me onto my hands and knees with my cheek scraping the sheets.

I squealed, fearfully. "W-what is he doing?"

"Honey..." Donald could not bring himself to confirm my horrific suspicions. My husband was a shell of himself, refusing to acknowledge out loud what was about to happen to me.

"What is he *doing*?" I repeated, with far more urgency. I did, in fact, know the answer.

All that Donald, the man who had sworn to protect me, could do was watch. Like a broken record, and likely for his own comfort more than mine, he repeated, "It's okay, it'll be okay, we're okay."

Tom gripped one of my bum cheeks with one hand, ensuring that his other one stayed firmly rooted in my hair so I could not escape. He pulled my ass open, like he was parting a pudgy, white curtain to expose my vagina, and my wrinkly, puckered butthole. I was thankful that his eyes were closed. I could not have lived with myself knowing that my son knew the intricate details of what my private parts looked like.

Tom lifted his hand into the air, then brought it down with a thunderous smack on my backside, making fat ripples reverberate through the loose, meaty globe. I yelped in pain, biting down on the duvet to stifle any further exclamations. He was not going to be gentle with me, so that high-pitched squeal would surely not be the last.

The surface of my plump bottom - usually a pure, even cream colour - burned with red-hot intensity when Tom's brand tarnished my backside. He'd seared me with his handprint, solidifying my transformation into his personal property for the rest of the night.

Donald sat against the headboard next to me, less than a foot away from where my face was submerged in the sheets. He was completely removed from the situation, with a look of shock on his face like an artillery shell had exploded beside his head.

Tom let go of my hair, finally, and clutched my waist with both hands. I could not see him, but predicted that he was lining his cock up with the mouth of my vagina. My fears were confirmed a couple of seconds later when his dick nudged against my opening. I was so thoroughly soaked with juices that it felt foreign. I could not remember a time when I had been so profoundly wet, and cursed my body for responding to a touch I knew I should despise.

Being manhandled was thrilling me in ways I did not expect, and I hated my brain for betraying me. It should have made me sick to my stomach that my son, of all people, was the one controlling me, but even with so much of his thick, salty, sticky cum down in there, all I felt were butterflies. My body was responding to automatically, on a primal level, to the hulking behemoth readying himself to mount me with unrepentant lust.

The head of Tom's cock, inflated to its full potential, lodged between my pussy lips. He was so big that simply wedging the fat crown into my tiny entrance made me seize up. I knew right away that it was not going to be like any sex I had ever experienced with Donald and his comparably small penis.

My son aimed his weapon into the center of my creamy, pink tunnel and pushed forward, sinking the enormous knob into me with one even motion. My pussy was so profusely wet that it welcomed his cock inside with no hesitation. It made room to fit the throbbing bulb, which was nearly twice the size of my husband's on a good day, and eagerly asked for more.

Tom obliged it, trudging through the densely packed pocket of succulent pussy meat one garishly thick, veiny inch at a time. Places inside of me where I had never felt so much as a poke, shifted to make room for my son. They graciously accepted him into the untouched confines of my vagina, where no man had explored before.

The journey was long, but the destination was what truly shook me to my core. After what felt like an hour - though, in hindsight, it was only a few seconds - Tom reached the bottom. His bloated cock head sank into my depths like a heavy stone, pushing aside the walls of his wet, fleshy prison no matter how tightly they hugged him. He was determined to go as deep as he could, and I - for no reason other than sheer curiosity - wanted to let him. I had never experienced the sensations

that my son was giving me, and feeling them in that moment made me crave him like he was the last source of dopamine in the world.

"Oh, oh my G-God," I squealed. "He's so fucking *big!*" I kicked my feet against the mattress, as though it would alleviate the sensation of having a baby's arm plunged into my guts.

Donald said nothing.

Tom's spongy helmet flattened against my cervix, disappointed that there was nowhere left for it to explore. I cursed myself for sharing in his frustration, wishing as he did that I had more to give him. It was just one more feeling that should have sickened me, but didn't.

My son clenched, flexing his muscular cock against the bottom of my well, which also served to pull his balls tightly against his body— making me keenly aware of the position they held between either of my soft, chubby ass cheeks.

"Is he... did you..." Donald was desperate for information, yet horrified of what would be revealed if he asked.

I tried to lift my head to speak to him, but it weighed a thousand pounds. I left my face smothered in the covers and croaked out, "He's in. I did it."

"All of it, honey?" Donald almost sounded proud of me.

"All of *him*," I corrected my husband, unwilling to use such impersonal terms for my own child.

Donald gave a deep, somber sigh. "I didn't think you could do it."

"Barely! It— *ugh, fuck!* It h-hurts a little. He's too fucking b-*big!*" I struggled to come to terms with what an understatement that was, my insides groaning as they sculpted themselves around the massive invader.

Tom was abundantly blessed in the dick department. Had he not been my son, his was a cock that I would have been extremely pleased to see on a computer screen, from the safety of my office chair, with nobody around to see me salivate over the grotesque baton of muscle being stuffed into a girl that was far too tiny to fit it all.

That night, Tom made me into that girl. He would be forever ignorant, I hoped, to the claim he was laying to my body. I was supposed to be defended against such vile intrusions, but Tom's went unchallenged, despite my life partner sitting right next to us, watching in horror.

My body shook when Tom finally dragged his dick from the furthest reaches of my pussy. The hole that had been promised solely to my husband had experienced its first taste of a foreign cock since I'd made that solemn vow. The pillar of meat sliding out of me left a vacuous space in its absence, and I craved to have it filled again.

Tom could read my thoughts, it seemed, since he obediently plunged his cock back into me all at once so that he was flush against my cervix once again. He used that thrust to gauge how far he could pull back without falling out, and somehow he stored it immediately in his muscle memory.

Tom's thrusts started slow, but once he found the rhythm there was no way to halt the rapidly advancing pace. Soon, the air became rich with the sounds of his hips slapping against my ass. Thanks to my overly plump derrière, the noise we made sounded fiendishly similar to a lonely

audience member giving a rambunctious round of applause. There was only one pair of hands clapping, but they were making an awful lot of noise.

Every thrust jostled around my internal organs, like he was hastily redecorating the interior of my bedroom to fit his tastes now that he was moving in. He was moulding my pussy - the very shape of it - into a pocket built to smother his dick in warm, buttery hugs.

"Does it hurt still?" Donald whimpered, lamely.

"N-no, honey," I answered. "I think I'm okay." It was the truth, but it was not the whole truth. It took a minute to get used to his absurd size, but once I had, the pain was quickly eroded, allowing pleasure to take its place.

Tom was at the bottom of my pussy, and I was at the base of his cock. He had nothing more to feed me, and I had no more room to store it. It was a union so perfect that it must have been crafted in some dark, perverted fairy-tale. If bigger coincidences existed, I was unaware of them.

My son's cock had been handcrafted to perfectly fit inside of me, like some divine fate had gifted him with the unique measurements suited to perfectly fill out his mother's pussy. I did not recognize that until the pain subsided, but once it had, it became obvious that our connection was meant to be. I had made him from scratch inside that safe, sacred place, and he was returning to it with no knowledge of the sinful act that he had committed in doing so.

Once I had grown accustomed to Tom's particularly strong thrusts, I was ashamed to find myself enjoying it. To half-truths, I added lies of omission. Though it was all against my will, I was feeling pleasure that rivaled anything we had ever experienced together.

Tom pumped into me one more time, then withdrew his dick from my sweltering oven all at once. It clenched angrily, its raw, honey-soaked lips gawking aimlessly without anything for it to squeeze.

Donald perked up, hope rising in his voice. "Is it over?"

I shook my head, painfully aware that the situation was just beginning. "I don't think so. He still has to... you know. I mean, he hasn't finished."

"He didn't, *er*, c-cum?" Donald choked on the last word, like he was fighting the urge to utter it up until the moment it left his lips.

"I'm so sorry, honey. Not yet." I could offer nothing more.

Tom picked me up and flipped me onto my back like a sack of potatoes. He tossed me further onto the bed, which inadvertently landed me directly onto Donald, so that he could climb on and kneel on the mattress. My husband sat against the headboard at a ninety degree angle, making the perfect bed for me to lounge on while awaiting my suitor to restart our breeding session.

I was tucked in the crook of Donald's elbow. My head was on his chest, like it often was when he cuddling me while watching a movie. I looped my right arm around his thigh and held on for dear life, clinging to him while our son crawled towards me— a ravenous beast with an appetite for only one thing.

I craned my neck back so I could look my husband in the eye. We did not need to further lament the circumstances we found ourselves in. All that was left to do was to be there for each other.

Donald bent his head down so he could touch his forehead to mine. We closed our eyes together, jointly existing in a brief, blissful moment before reality came crashing down around us.

Tom lifted my legs as though they weighed nothing and spread them apart. My gooey pussy lips parted their creamy, pink gates, wafting the aroma of my nectar towards him like a welcome mat. He swiftly inserted himself into my pussy again, plugging the hole that longed for him, so dearly, after just a few seconds apart.

Every thrust from our son made me bounce on Donald's chest. I was grief-stricken that the love of my life who, despite being weaker than his son in the realm of sex, was everything I had ever wanted out of a man.

Donald was compassionate, funny in the right moments, and made everyone around him feel special. He made *me* feel special; that was why I married him. After two decades of wonderful matrimony, it broke my heart to see him used as a glorified support pillow for me to lay on while another man mounted me. Looking into his eyes, plagued with dismay, I knew that he felt the same — but that was far from the only thing I saw.

I was confused to discover that, when I looked away - too ashamed to face him any longer - my eyes wandered to the staggering erection between his legs. I had never seen such an impressively virile display from my husband, but something about that night had clearly flipped a very confusing switch in his brain.

"Honey?" I asked, my mind racing with possible answers as to why he was hard in a moment that should have devastated us both. I, too, was feeling strange pleasures that I did not expect, and could not explain. Perhaps he was stricken with the same curiosity I did.

"I don't fucking know what is happening to me," Donald admitted.

"Do you... I don't know how to ask this." I could not take my eyes off of his throbbing cock. "Do you *like* watching him have sex with me?"

"I don't know! It's fucking confusing!" Donald was shouting, but no volume would have been great enough to wake Tom from his sleepwalk.

"I'm not judging you." I meant that promise with all my heart. "Do you... do you want me to help you?" The question didn't come from a place of guilt, though I was still feeling some for having ingested so much of our son's cum. It came from a place of love, and also curiosity - that morbid feeling that Tom had stirred up in me against my will, but had quickly become undeniable.

Donald gulped dryly. "Help, meaning?"

"Uh-huh. Maybe it will take my mind off of... well, *him*." I nodded my head towards the young man writhing between my legs, stuffing himself into my pussy like the secret to eternal life was at the bottom.

I enclosed my fingers around Donald's cock, fitting the swollen head into my palm and treating it to a flurry of light squeezes with my fingers. I used the powerful, body-lurching thrusts from our son to accent the strokes of my hand, channeling the momentum into a handjob fueled by our son's own rampant fucking. Every time Tom pushed into my vagina, he succeeded in helping me jerk off his father.

Donald never lasted long, so I knew as soon as I felt him pulsating with excitement that he was about to pop. Once I allowed myself - on some level - to embrace the pleasure that Tom gave me, I could not stand him being the only conscious person who was not enjoying themselves. It did not seem fair.

"Honey?" My tiny voice broke the melody of skin slapping against wet, slippery skin.

"Y-yeah?" Donald choked out.

"Can we be honest with each other?" I asked, and Donald's feverish nod was all I needed.. "Okay... uh, yeah. Yeah, I-I think he's going to make me cum."

"What? But you said you *can't*." Whether or not he was ready for another harsh truth, he was about to get one.

My brain was overloaded with dopamine, and, as such, it let my thoughts spill out of me unchecked. "I lied! I lied! I've done it a couple times by myself. But it's hard, and... I don't know. I think that's what I'm feeling now? I don't— I don't— *fuckkkk!* Oh, honey, I'm sorry, but he feels so fucking *good!*"

I came on my son's cock like a dishevelled whore, succumbing without remorse to the pleasure he was bringing me. My cunt squeezed like a python around Tom's dick, thanking him for the serotonin raining over my brain like the first thunderstorm across an arid desert, awakening receptors that had been dormant for far too long.

For Donald, the sight of me cumming in front of him for the first time was too much for him to handle. With my legs looped around the sharply arched spine of our own son, who was laying into me like I was a human punching bag, I embraced the first orgasm that a man had ever given me. The two of us, in greater harmony than we had ever displayed in the bedroom, came in unison to the sight of Tom dominating me.

Donald fired cum onto his belly, seeping into his stomach hair while he throbbed in my firm grip. Moral conventions did not exist, giving us a fraction of time where we accepted the situation for what it was and allowed our bodies to follow the flow of pleasure that came so naturally.

He quickly began to soften, drawing deep, bated breaths, and by the time his erection was gone it had been replaced by abject terror plastered over his face. It took me an extra couple of seconds to catch on, but I soon realized the terrifying truth that had both of us had been too distracted to pay heed.

Many years ago, Donald had gotten a vasectomy, so condoms and birth control pills were a thing of our past. Going without them for so long had made us forgetful of their importance, and since I'd never planned on sleeping with another man besides my husband, we did not take *any* other precautions.

It was too late then to do anything about it. My son was moments away from implanting his fertile seed in my womb. There was nothing standing in the way - nothing to stop him from breeding me and making me into a grandmother on the very same night that he lost his virginity.

Donald's voice cracked, his entire body shuddering when he promised me, "Whatever happens, we will deal with it."

"What if he gets me—"

"Whatever happens," he reassured me. "Don't worry about that right now. Just stay calm. Don't panic."

That was not an option. My pulse skyrocketed, my heartbeat taking off like a runaway freight train as mind-numbing fear overtook me. I ranted incessantly. "What the fuck do we do? No, no I can't. I can't let our son impregnate me! Those are supposed to be our fucking *grandbabies* in there!"

"Breathe, breathe." Donald kissed the top of my head and fit his hand around mine, cradling my shaking hand with a steady grip that reminded me why I had fallen in love with him in the first place.

I dug my nails into his hand, focusing on the feel of his knuckles popping under my fingers, so that I could be distracted from the incestual breeding ritual that we were about to complete.

"L-love you, honey. I love you. I love you, Donald." I sniffled, chanting the words to myself like a comforting mantra while watching, powerless to stop it, as my son picked up speed in a way that could only mean one thing.

I reached up with my other hand - the one that was not secured in my husband's iron grip - to gingerly stroke the side of his face, calmly reassuring him that our love would survive.

I accepted my fate. We had come too far; it was not worth trying to fight him off if it meant he might go ballistic and hurt one of us. We would have to let him finish, then deal with the fallout later.

To this day, I remember exactly what it felt like: every long, gluey rope of cum splattering against my cervix like paint. Hot, frothy bubbles churned in my gut from his chaotic thrusting. Tom added another dose of liquid love into the cauldron of slimy, white goo, then displaced it with yet another forceful drive to the bottom of my pussy.

My son's children - perhaps, soon to be *our* children - swam eagerly into their grandmother's open womb, seeking out my eggs once they had found a home inside of the cozy pocket.

Donald had cum inside me many times before, but it had *never* felt like that. Tom had bred me, in the most feral sense of the word. Once a dominant jungle cat, I was reduced to a pathetic, mewling kitten at the undeniable behest of my hormonal hunger.

We bucked and writhed together, grinding our bodies to coax out as many healthy volleys of semen as we could. We were a team, my son and I, working urgently to wring the cum from his balls while he was still throbbing. I was in no rush to climb out from under him, and so allowed his full body weight to rest on me while the remnants of his load trickled out.

Tom pulled out, his dick slapping against his belly. Considering how quickly Donald returned to normal after an orgasm, it was astounding that Tom was still so menacingly erect even though he'd spent two full minutes marinating inside me after he was done.

I was afraid that, since he was still so hard, he might want to have another go at me. Thankfully, for the sake of my pussy and my husband's sanity, Tom slid out of me without so much as a final thrust. He climbed off of the bed and stood at attention with his arms flat by his sides, like a statue, with the exception of the massive dong swinging between his legs. It still glistened with the leftover concoction of pussy juice and baby butter that we had created together, visually confirming just how thorough our bout of lovemaking had been.

His cum seeped out of my pussy, which I could tell without using my fingers had been completely blown out from his rough abuse. Much like earlier, I felt positively empty. There was a gaping void in my belly that wanted to be filled again, and due to the savage beating that Tom had inflicted on my poor, unsuspecting pussy, I feared that nothing else would satisfy me.

Donald stroked my hair, saying nothing. We lay in silence, pondering what the next day would look like, wondering how we'd gotten to where we were, and mulling over the way everything was going to change going forward.

I thought for a few long moments - all while feeling Tom's cum seep out of my ravaged hole - until I heard my husband speak.

"What do we do now?"

What is there left to do? I thought, but knew there was no easy answer.

There were a million things to consider, and none of them would become any clearer while I lay there with my unprotected womb being assaulted by a deluge of cum.

All we could do that night was wait and see what the new day would bring.

Donald confirmed to me that he had triple checked the locks. After the previous night, of which Tom had absolutely no memory, we were not going to take any risks.

Things were weird between my husband and me, but that was to be expected. It would take a lot of time to recover, or build something new.

"I want to go check on him," I declared.

I trusted Donald, but could not rest easy until I had rid my mind of the burden weighing on it.

"He's been asleep for an hour," Donald said. "Just let him rest."

My mind, however, was already made up. I crept into Tom's bedroom, greeted by his faint snoring. I tugged on one of the buckles and found it was tightly secured.

"Shit," I muttered.

I knew I would not get away with undoing the buckles myself - not after Donald had *triple* checked them. No, I would have to be patient.

I leaned in close to my son's ear and whispered, hoping that my words would float their way into his dreams. "One day, maybe tomorrow, maybe a year from now, your father is going to get lazy again. When he does, I'll be waiting for you. When he does, I'm all yours."

From deep in the trenches of sleep, Tom mumbled, "Love you, Mommy."

My heart beamed with pride and, more despicably, lust. "Mommy loves you too, baby boy - very, very much."