

Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory – Valerie & Zane

By Klrxo

Valerie was crushed when the results of her husband's sperm count came in. The sterile silence of the small clinic room seemed to magnify Valerie's disappointment. She stared at her husband, John, who sat beside her, his face ashen with disbelief. The doctor's words echoed in her mind, each one a weight upon her heart.

"I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Shotwell," the doctor had said, his voice tinged with sympathy. "Based on the results of the sperm count, it seems highly unlikely that you will be able to conceive naturally."

Valerie could hardly comprehend the news. All those dreams of having another child together felt shattered in an instant. She clenched her fists, trying to find solace through the pain that threatened to consume her.

John reached out and took her hand, his touch offering a flicker of comfort amidst their shared despair. Their eyes met, silently affirming their love and commitment, even in the face of this unexpected obstacle.

Together they left the clinic, stepping out into the bright summer day. The world around them felt like a cruel juxtaposition to their current state of despair. They were the proud parents of two teenage children, but for years they had been trying to have another. Valerie couldn't help but notice the joyful laughter of children playing in a nearby park. Each sound, each carefree giggle, served as a painful reminder of what they might never have again.

As they walked towards the car aimlessly, Valerie felt a surge of determination rise within her. She refused to let this setback define their future.

Valerie was a sight to behold, her platinum blonde hair cascading down her shoulders in soft waves. Her curves were accentuated by the tight-fitting dress she wore, hugging her body in all the right places. Her huge tits and full, round ass caught the eye of every man who passed by.

With a renewed sense of purpose, she turned to John and spoke softly, her voice filled with hope.

"John, I know this news is devastating, but we can't give up. There are other options out there for us," Valerie said, her eyes shining with determination to have another child.

John nodded, his grip on her hand tightening. "You're right, Valerie. We've always been a team, and we'll overcome this together."

Their journey towards building a family had taken an unexpected turn, but Valerie refused to let it deter her.

"You're home late," said Valerie as she stood in her son's doorway just after midnight.

Zane stood in front of his mirror, half-dressed in nothing but his boxers. Moonlight streamed in through his open shades, casting a soft glow on his well-toned chest and chiseled abs. His mother's hourglass figure was silhouetted in the doorway, a look of surprise etched onto her face.

"Sorry, mom...things have just been crazy at work."

"Are you sure you wanna keep that job at the pizza place? It seems like they've been requiring you to do a lot of extra hours."

Valerie stepped further into her son's room, her eyes sweeping across the cluttered space. Posters of bands and sports teams adorned the walls, contrasting with the stacks of textbooks and

papers scattered on the desk. She could sense his fatigue, the weariness etched in the lines of his face. Zane turned away from the mirror, finally noticing his mother's presence. He ran a hand through his tousled hair, sighing softly.

"I know, Mom," he replied, his voice tinged with exhaustion. "But I need the money right now to save up for college."

Zane loved it when his mom came into his room late at night. The middle-aged, platinum-blond's nightshirt clung tightly to her curves, the fabric barely reaching the bottom of her rounded ass. Her bare, toned legs were on full display, accentuated by the soft moonlight streaming through the room. Valerie's humongous, unfettered breasts bobbed heavily on her ribcage as she took a step closer to her son, her maternal instinct kicking into overdrive.

She reached out and gently placed a hand on his arm. "Zane, I understand how important it is for you to secure your future," she said, her voice filled with empathy. "But don't forget to take care of yourself too."

Zane nodded, his eyes meeting hers. "I won't, mom. I promise."

Valerie smiled softly, her heart swelling with pride for her son. She knew how hard he was working to achieve his dreams, and she was determined to help him succeed.

As they stood there, mother and son, in the quiet of Zane's room under the pale and gentle moonlight, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that something else was weighing on his mind.

As if reading her thoughts, Zane spoke up, his voice gentle and confessional. "Mom, can I ask you an odd question?"

"Of course, you can, honey. What is it?"

"I know this might seem like a random question, but I'm curious - does wearing briefs instead of boxers, like the ones I have on, affect a guy's sperm count?"

Valerie let out a giggle. "You're right, that is an unusual question for you to ask," she remarked.

Zane could see the curiosity in his mother's eyes, but he knew it was important not to reveal too much. He took a deep breath before continuing.

"There was this one time when I was doing some research online and I came across an article about how wearing certain types of underwear could affect a guy's sperm count. It got me thinking about what might be best for me, especially since...you know...I might want kids one day."

Valerie's eyes softened as she placed her hand on Zane's shoulder, offering comfort and understanding. "So what did the article say?" she asked gently.

Zane hesitated for a moment, torn between sharing more or keeping some things private.

"Well, apparently, wearing tight underwear like briefs can actually reduce sperm count and quality over time."

Valerie's mind raced with thoughts and questions, attempting to connect the dots between Zane's newfound curiosity and their own fertility struggles. She couldn't help but wonder if there was a deeper significance to his inquiry, beyond mere coincidence.

"Zane," Valerie began cautiously, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Is there a reason why you're asking about this? Does it have to do with your dad and me?"

Zane's eyes widened in surprise, his mind racing to process his mother's question.

"Mom, I...I didn't know you guys were trying to have another baby," Zane stammered, his voice tinged with guilt. "I'm sorry if I've intruded on something private."

Valerie's hand tightened on his shoulder, her touch reassuring. "No, Zane, you haven't intruded at all. In fact, your curiosity might have just shed some light on your father and I's situation."

Zane looked up at his mother in confusion, wondering how his inquiry about underwear could possibly be connected to their fertility struggles.

Valerie took a deep breath before continuing, her gaze never leaving her son's face. "Your father and I recently received some heartbreaking news from the doctor and it's been weighing heavily on us. We've been trying to have another baby for a while now, but it seems like each attempt is met with disappointment." Valerie paused, her voice filled with raw emotion. "We never told you because we didn't want to burden you with our struggles."

Zane's eyes widened as he took in his mother's words. The pieces of the puzzle started to come together, and he felt a sense of guilt wash over him. He had been so wrapped up in his own life that he hadn't noticed the pain that his parents were going through.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," he whispered, the weight of his words heavy in the air. "I had no idea."

He moved forward for a hug, letting out a small sigh as he felt his mom's giant, braless tits squash out against his chest beneath her nightshirt. "It's okay, Zane. We didn't want you to worry. But your question about underwear... It made me realize that sometimes the solution to our problems might be right in front of us."

Valerie couldn't help but feel the warmth of her son's heartbeat as she hugged him close, her thick nipples hardening on the peaks of her jugs. She could feel the strong muscles in his arms and the softness of his skin against hers. Valerie's intoxicating perfume lingered around them, along with a hint sweet pussy that wafted up from her shaved snatch.

Zane pulled away, looking at her with both concern and determination. "If there's anything I can do to help, I'll do it. You can't go through this alone."

Valerie squeezed his arm tightly, thankful for the support of her son. "I know you're busy with your job and getting ready for college, but just knowing that your care means the world to me."

She noticed her son's arousal; his boxers tenting outward from his growing erection. Zane tried to cover himself with his hands, blushing in embarrassment. "Shit, sorry," he mumbled awkwardly.

Valerie chuckled softly, a gentle smile playing on her lips. "It's alright, Zane. You're a young man with urges. It's natural to get hard like that."

"Yeah, I guess one disadvantage to wearing boxers is it they don't do much to hide your boners."

Valerie couldn't help but laugh at her son's attempt at humor. "Well, maybe you should start wearing briefs then, it might help keep things under wraps," she suggested, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Zane blushed even more, looking down at the front of his boxers and realizing just how much of the meat of his erection was visible through the gaping fly hole. He couldn't help but wonder if his mother was turned on by it. He had always found her incredibly attractive, and seeing her like this, wearing only a nightshirt that

barely covered her curves, was making his desire for her grow even stronger.

Valerie, on the other hand, couldn't help but be impressed by the size of her son's tent pole. He was growing up so fast, and while it was a bit strange to see him so sexually mature, she couldn't deny the attraction she felt for him. As a mother, she understood the natural instinct to protect and care for her children, but there was also a part of her that wondered what it would be like to explore the desires that sometimes bubbled to the surface. "Don't let the girls at school see you like that," Valerie grinned. "They won't be able to keep their hands off you."

Zane couldn't help but grin at his mother's teasing. "Yeah, well, I think I'll stick to my boxers for now. That's more my style," he said, trying to downplay his erection.

Valerie simply raised a playful eyebrow at her son's comment, but there was a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Suit yourself, young man," she replied, her tone barely concealing her amusement. She knew that she should tread carefully considering the situation, but the sexual tension between them was undeniable. "You don't need to hide it on my account, but I don't think your father would be too amused seeing that big thing stick out like that."

"True," Zane agreed.

"But hey, you know what they say... if you got it, flaunt it," said Valerie, thrusting her bosom out playfully and rocking her shoulders, making her ballooning, stiff-nippled tits rock back and forth.

"Damn, mom!" Zane exclaimed, his eyes wide as he stared at his mother's chest.

"What? You're not the only one with a little something extra to show off," Valerie chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Oh, I've noticed, trust me," the boy confessed.

"Of course, you have," she giggled, staring at his rigid crotch. "Why else would your purple headed soldier be standing at attention like that."

Valerie watched as her son's eyes devoured her body, a strange mix of warmth and embarrassment coiling in her stomach. She had always known that Zane was growing up, but seeing this side of him was quite a thrill. He was turning into a man right before her eyes, and she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of arousal. "How about another hug before bed?" she suggested.

"You read my mind."

Zane stepped closer to his mother, his erection bobbing stiffly beneath his boxers. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling the warmth of her body and the suppleness of her large chest pressed against his. Valerie returned the embrace, her rubbery nipples hard and sensitive against Zane's chest.

"You know, I've always been proud of you, Zane," Valerie whispered softly into his ear. "But tonight, I'm extra proud of how much you care for me and your dad. We're going through a tough time right now, and having your support means the world to us."

Zane pulled back slightly to look at his mother, her eyes teary and full of gratitude. "I'm sorry we kept everything from you," Valerie continued. "We didn't want to burden you with our struggles. But now that you know, we're not alone in this. You're a part of this too."

"I'm here for you both, Mom," Zane assured her, his eyes filled with determination. "And I promise to help in any way I can."

Valerie squeezed Zane tightly once more, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. She knew that he would be a great support and they would face this challenge together as a family.

As they pulled apart, Valerie couldn't help but notice how close they had come to one another, their faces mere inches apart. She couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to kiss her son, to feel his lips against hers, their tongues touching, to let the forbidden desires that flowed through them take over. But she knew better than to act on such thoughts.

"Goodnight, Zane," Valerie whispered, her voice tinged with a newfound longing.

"Goodnight, Mom."

"The baby making factory?" Valerie asked her sister, Kaylee, as they spoke over coffee the next day.

"Yes, it's a place where local young men help women get pregnant, the natural way."

"You mean by fucking them?" Valerie asked in shock.

"That IS how you conceive a child naturally, Val," Kaylee giggled.

Valerie blushed at Kaylee's blunt response, her cheeks turning a shade of crimson. The idea of seeking help from the baby making factory seemed both scandalous and desperate, but Valerie couldn't deny the flicker of hope that ignited within her. She glanced down at her untouched cup of coffee, contemplating the possibilities. "It just seems so unconventional," Valerie mumbled, her voice barely audible over the chatter in the café.

Kaylee's eyes softened as she reached across the table, gently clasping Valerie's trembling hands. "Sometimes, Val, unconventional is the only path left to take. You and John deserve to experience the joy of parenthood once more."

A mixture of fear and excitement swirled within Valerie's chest. The baby making factory felt like a secret world—a hidden haven where dreams were given a second chance. But jumping into this uncharted territory came with its own set of anxieties. Would John be open to the idea? Could they navigate this unorthodox path to parenthood together?

"I'm not against the idea of letting a teenager pump a baby inside of me, I just don't know what John would think of the idea," Valerie expressed.

She knew she couldn't keep the conversation with Kaylee a secret. She owed it to John to be open and honest about her thoughts and feelings. That evening, as they sat side by side on the couch in their cozy living room, Valerie took a deep breath and turned to her husband.

"John, I need to talk to you about something," she began, her voice steady but tinged with nervousness.

John looked at his wife with concern in his eyes, his expression inviting her to continue. "What is it, Val?"

Valerie reached for his hand, seeking comfort in their connection. "You know how devastated I was after we received the news from the clinic. It's been weighing heavily on me."

John squeezed her hand gently, urging her to go on.

"I spoke to Kaylee today," Valerie said, taking a small pause before continuing. "She told me about a clinic called the baby making factory."

John's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he processed Valerie's words. "The baby making factory? What on earth is that?"

Valerie took a deep breath, her voice steady but filled with vulnerability. "It's a place where couples like us, who are struggling to conceive, can find help. Local young men offer their assistance to women who are trying to get pregnant naturally."

John's eyes widened in surprise, his grip on Valerie's hand tightening instinctively. "Local young men? You mean... they have sex with these women?"

Valerie nodded, her gaze fixed on their intertwined hands. "Yes, that's how it works."

For a moment, there was silence in the room as John absorbed the information. Then, he let out a shaky breath and looked into Valerie's eyes. "Val, if you're asking me to have sex with another man, I'm not so sure I can go along with that."

"I know," Valerie replied softly. "But Kaylee made a good point. Sometimes the path to parenthood isn't straightforward or conventional, and we have to be willing to explore other options if we truly want to expand our family."

John leaned back against the couch, deep in thought. Valerie could see the mix of emotions playing across his face—confusion, apprehension, and a touch of fear. She knew that this was a conversation that required time and understanding.

"Valerie," he finally said, his voice filled with tenderness. "The thought of you being with another man, even if it's for the purpose of conceiving a child, is something that horrifies me. But I also never imagined that we would face this kind of challenge either."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with gratitude for her husband's honesty. She reached out to cup his face in her hands, locking eyes with him. "I know this isn't an easy decision for either of us," she said

softly. "But we've always faced our challenges together, and I believe we can face this one too."

"I don't know. Allowing my wife to sleep with another man may be the greatest challenge I've ever faced."

"Kaylee and I would at least like to check this place out tomorrow and find out exactly how their program works," said his wife.

John sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration. His mind was racing with conflicting thoughts and emotions. The idea of Valerie being with another man was unnerving, but he couldn't ignore the longing in her eyes, the hope that shimmered beneath her vulnerability.

He looked into Valerie's eyes, searching for answers. "Are you sure about this, Val? About wanting to explore this option?"

Valerie nodded, her voice filled with determination. "I can't deny how badly I want to have another child, John. And if there's a chance that the baby making factory can help us achieve that, then I think it's worth considering."

John took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He knew how much having another child meant to Valerie, how it had consumed her thoughts and dreams for years. And as her husband, he wanted nothing more than to see her happy.

"Alright," he said finally, his voice laced with uncertainty. "Alright. Go check it out with your sister tomorrow and let me know what you find out."

Zane plopped down on his bed, exhausted from a hard day's work. He heard a gentle tap at his door and Valerie appeared in his

doorway. "Hey, kiddo," she said softly, concern etched across her face. "How'd things go at the pizza parlor today?"

"Busy as usual, but I got through it."

"You must be a little sore. Would you like to take a soak in the hot tub with me?" Valerie asked, her pretty eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Sure, my body is worn out, so a soak would probably do me some good."

"I'll meet you out there," Valerie said with a wink, and she disappeared from his doorway.

Zane met his mom on the back patio a few minutes later, his curiosity piqued by her playful demeanor. As they approached the hot tub, Valerie reached into her robe and pulled out a small vial. She handed it to her son, and he took it curiously, reading the label that read "Relaxation Mixture."

"Go ahead and pour some of this in the hot tub, Zane," Valerie instructed, her eyes wide with mischief.

Zane raised an eyebrow, but he quickly poured the contents of the vial into the steaming water. As the hot tub began to fizz and bubble, Zane couldn't help but grin at the sight. He was feeling more tingly inside than he had in a long time, and he couldn't help but wonder what was in that vial.

"A moment of relaxation can be just what the doctor ordered," Valerie said, her eyes soft and loving. She reached over and patted her son's arm. "Sometimes, it's good to let go of the stress and enjoy the moment. You've been working hard, and you deserve a break."

Zane climbed into the hot tub, sinking into the warm water and feeling his muscles loosen. He couldn't recall the last time he had truly relaxed, and he was grateful for the moment. As he soaked in

the water, he couldn't help but feel lighter, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Valerie untied her robe and slipped it from her shoulders, making her boy's eyes widen at the sight of her skimpy turquoise micro bikini. The fabric was semi-sheer mesh, allowing Zane to see just a hint of the wide, darkened rings of her areolas.

"Wow, mom," Zane stammered, trying to hide his embarrassment at seeing his mother in such skimpy clothing.

Valerie let out a soft chuckle, her eyes sparkling with playful mischief. "Relax, honey, it's just the two of us," she reassured him, knowing that Zane's father would be mortified if he caught her wearing something like that in front of him.

"It's time for mommy to relax too," she continued. Zane got a good look at her crotch as she climbed into the hot tub with him. Through the semi-sheer fabric, he could barely make out her puffy outer labium and how the twin lips merged together in the center to form a deep cuntal cleft. Valerie sunk into the water next to her son, sighing from the feel of the heated water bubbling around them.

Zane couldn't help but notice how content his mother looked, her eyes closed and a smile on her face. He tried to relax and enjoy the moment as well, but his mind kept wandering. "Hey, mom, what was in the vial?" Zane asked, breaking the silence. "That stuff made the water fizzy."

Valerie opened her eyes, a knowing smile on her face. "Well, that was my little secret relaxation mixture. It's a combination of herbs and essential oils that's known to help relax both the body and the mind. I wanted to help you take some time to unwind and forget about your troubles for a little while."

Zane couldn't help but feel a little awkward as his mother spoke so candidly, but he couldn't help but appreciate what she was trying to do for him.

"So, you're saying it's like, you know, magic water?" Zane asked, not quite sure how to phrase his question.

Valerie chuckled, her tan skin shimmering from the iridescent glow of the hot tube lights. "In a way, yes. It's just a little something to help us both relax and enjoy the present moment."

Zane's eyes were glued to the sight before him – his mother's gigantic breasts, barely contained by the skimpy bikini top. The way they were slung creating a deep tit-cleavage that caught the light just right and seemed to shimmer with its own radiance.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of pride and affection for her son as he took in the sight before him. She knew that seeing her sexy, huge-breasted body like this was likely a new experience for him, and she hoped it would help him to understand and appreciate the beauty and strength of the female form.

"You know, Zane, our bodies are amazing things," Valerie began, her voice soft and warm. "They're capable of so much, from growing new life to healing ourselves. And yes, they can be a source of tremendous pleasure and attraction as well. It's all a part of being alive."

Zane nodded, still unable to take his eyes off off her tits as they bobbed buoyantly in the churning water. "I... I never thought about it like that before," he admitted, his voice cracking slightly.

Valerie reached over and placed her hand on his arm, giving it a comforting squeeze. "It's normal to be curious, honey. But it's important to respect our bodies and treat them like the amazing, powerful things that they are."

Zane bit his lip, still feeling a little embarrassed by his curiosity. "So, are you going to... talk to me about all of that?"

Valerie raised an eyebrow, a playful grin spreading across her lips. "You want me to tell you about my sexual experiences, honey?"

Zane's face flushed red, but he nodded, unable to look away from the sight before him.

"Well, sweetheart," Valerie began, her voice low and sultry. "When I was your age, I was just starting to discover my own body and what it could do. I was curious and eager to learn more, just like you are now."

As she spoke, Valerie moved over and straddled her son's upper thigh beneath the water, bringing them even closer. She began to slowly caress Zane's bare chest beneath the bubbles.

Zane felt a sudden rush of wantonness, his heart beating faster at his mother's closeness. He met her gaze, and saw the desire mirrored in her eyes.

"I was curious about my sexuality," Valerie continued, her fingers brushing softly against her son's nipples, causing him to shudder. "And I was excited to explore the sensations it could bring me. But I also learned that it's important to be careful and to respect the boundaries of others. Just because I was curious about my own body, it doesn't mean that I should force anyone else to be involved in that exploration."

Zane nodded, still feeling the rush of arousal that her words and touch were causing in him. "I bet you had sex with a lot of guys when you were my age," he stated, knowing that if she was just as beautiful then as she was now she'd have guys lined up down the street to fuck her.

Zane's words hung in the air between them, and Valerie could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes. She could feel the heat between them, the tension that was building as they sat there, close and submerged in the hot, churning water.

"Well," Valerie began, her voice low and husky, her fingers still gently caressing her son's chest. "When I was your age, I did let a few guys explore my body. I was curious and eager to learn more about myself and about the pleasures that a man could bring me. And I was lucky enough to be with some really nice guys, who were respectful of my needs and made it really good for me."

Zane listened intently, his mind racing with the thoughts her words and touch were stirring within him. His cock was already fully erect beneath the water. "I bet you made it really good for them too," he brazenly whispered.

Valerie let out a soft laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, honey, I CAN'T tell you everything right now," she teased, her fingers continuing to trace gentle circles on his chest. "But let's just say that I know a thing or two about satisfying a man."

Zane's curiosity was piqued, and he felt a growing sense of excitement and anticipation as he listened to his mother's words. He wanted to know more, to learn from her, to experience the pleasures that she had once given. "Can you give me an example of what you mean?" Zane asked, unable to contain his excitement as his mind raced with the possibilities.

Valerie smiled, a devilish glint in her eyes. "Well," she said, her fingers trailing down his chest and teasing the edge of his swim trunks, "one of my favorite things to do is to straddle a man's face, giving him a front-row seat to my most intimate area."

Zane's eyes widened at the thought, his cock throbbing even harder as he imagined himself beneath his mother, enjoying the sights and sensations that she had just described.

"I love to watch him savor every inch of me, moaning and groaning with pleasure as he devours my sweet, female fruit," Valerie added.

Zane couldn't help but feel a surge of desire and lust at his mother's words. He imagined her straddling his face, letting him plow his tongue through the fragrant folds of her cunt, her heavy breasts swaying above him. He imagined hearing her soft moans and feeling her silky skin against his face, as he pleased her clit with his lusty licker.

Valerie slithered further forward, boldly straddling her son, resting her heated crotch on the bulge of his fuck-muscle. "After he had his fill of my taste, I would climb off his face and straddle him, just like I'm doing to you, and impale myself on his rock-hard cock," she whispered, staring into her son awestruck eyes. "I loved the way it felt to have him inside me, his thick, young shaft stretching me open and filling me to the brim."

Zane moaned softly, his eyes glazed over with lust as he imagined his mother riding him, their bodies moving together in perfect sexual harmony. His mind was racing, imagining all the things he could learn from her, all the pleasures they could share together.

"I would ride him so fucking hard," Valerie continued, her voice becoming more urgent and aroused as she began to subtly dry hump her boy's boner beneath the water. "My hips gyrating and grinding against his, my big tits bouncing up and down as I fucked him with all my might."

"Jesus, mom!" Zane gasped, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His face was only inches from the swell of her wet, nearly-naked tits and he stared into the deep, creamy canyon between her swaying melons.

"I did warn you that little vial could relax the mind, didn't I?" she giggled.

"Don't think I was complaining," said Zane, his breaths coming in short, sharp gasps, "you just got me really excited, that's all."

He imagined himself underneath his mother, feeling her warm, wet pussy enveloping his cock, squeezing it with her maternal cunt muscles, as he thrust up into her with every ounce of sexual energy he had. He could feel his own cock throbbing and leaking pre-cum, desperate to be soaked with his mother's sweet nectar.

"Oh, trust me, honey, I can feel how excited you are," the mother cooed, giving his aching meat a meaningful nudge with her vulva. "And it definitely tells me one thing about you..."

"What's that?"

She leaned forward, mashing his face between her warm, spongy tits as she brought her lips to his ear. "That you love to fuck just as much as your mother does," she seductively whispered.

Zane couldn't believe what he was hearing. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, arousal, and excitement at the realization of his mother's secret desires. He felt his own cock throb even harder, his erectile meat straining against the grinding heat of his mother's pussy lips.

"Oh, mom," Zane murmured, his voice muffled by the churning water and the pounds of tit meat that was surrounding his face.

"Shhh, you'd have to say anything, sweetheart. Just relax and unwind," her soothing voice stated. As turned on as she was, Valerie couldn't help but feel a bit guilty by her scandalous behavior, especially with her husband just inside the house sleeping.

But the feeling was short-lived, as the warm water, the sensuous caresses, and the aphrodisiac had taken hold of them both, binding them together in a carnal dance that transcended their mother-son bond.

Valerie could feel Zane's teenage erection pulsating against her clit, the swollen head teasing her with promises of mind-numbing pleasure. She moaned softly and squeezed him tighter, their bodies aligning perfectly as they began to move in delightful, dry humping harmony.

"Oh my God," the boy uttered, his face shoved so far between her king-sized tits that he was kissing her breastbone. His big dick flexed on his crotch, threatening to burst right through his shorts.

Valerie knew if she didn't come to her senses soon, her teenager's trunks would be down to his ankles and he'd be splitting her twat with his love-hammer. "We should stop, Zane," she whispered into his ear, her voice shaky but determined. "I can't cheat on your father, especially with you."

Zane nodded slowly, his eyes fluttering open to meet his mother's. He could feel the heat radiating from her body, the raw desire that seemed to emanate from every pore. But he knew she was right. They had to stop.

Reluctantly, Valerie pulled away from her son, and they got out of the tub, their bodies leaving the tantalizing embrace of the warm water. Zane couldn't help but stare at his mom's delicious-looking bubble butt. The G-string of her bikini was tucked between her ass-

globes, so her wet, shimmering buttocks may as well have been naked in front of him.

They towed off hurriedly, trying to ignore the fact that their hearts were pounding in their chests with desire.

"I'll see you in the morning, honey," said the mother as she awkwardly headed inside.

"Goodnight, mom," Zane replied, his voice shaking slightly with need. He watched her leave, his eyes lingering on the curve of her hips and the sway of her rounded ass-meat as she walked away.

The baby making factory was an unassuming building tucked away in a quiet corner of town. Valerie and Kaylee stood in front of the entrance, nerves knotting their stomachs. They exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with a mix of anticipation and apprehension. Taking a deep breath, Valerie pushed open the door, stepping into a world that held both mystery and potential.

The inside of the baby making factory was surprisingly bright and cheerful, with colorful walls adorned with pictures of smiling families. Soft music played in the background, creating an atmosphere of warmth and comfort. Valerie and Kaylee approached the reception desk, where they were greeted by a friendly woman named Sarah.

"Welcome to the baby making factory," Sarah said warmly. "How can I help you today?"

Valerie took a moment to gather her thoughts before speaking. "My sister and I are here to learn more about your program. We've heard about this place as an alternative for couples who are struggling to conceive."

Sarah smiled knowingly. "You've come to the right place," she replied. "We understand that the journey to parenthood can be challenging, and our goal is to provide support and options for couples like you."

Valerie felt a glimmer of hope as she listened to Sarah's words. She had expected the baby making factory to be a cold, clinical environment, but instead, it exuded compassion and understanding.

"We offer a range of services tailored to meet your needs," Sarah continued. "From fertility consultations and treatments to our unique donor program."

Valerie exchanged a glance with Kaylee. The mention of a donor program piqued their interest. It was an option they hadn't considered before, but now it seemed like a viable path toward expanding their family. "Tell us more about the donor program," Valerie said, her voice steady despite the excited flutter in her chest.

Sarah nodded. "Our donor program is designed for women who may prefer conceiving a child the natural way. We have a pool of carefully selected donors who are willing to help couples like you. They undergo a rigorous screening process to ensure their health and compatibility with our clients."

Valerie's heart raced as she listened, her mind filled with equal parts excitement and uncertainty. It was a new and unconventional path, but the possibilities it held were too enticing to ignore.

"Do you have any information on the donors?" Kaylee asked, her curious gaze fixed on Sarah.

Sarah nodded and handed them a pamphlet. "Inside this brochure, you'll find detailed profiles of our donors. It includes their physical attributes, personal interests, and medical history. You'll have the

opportunity to choose someone who aligns with your preferences and values."

Valerie took the brochure in her hands, flipping through its pages. Each donor had a brief description and a photo, accompanied by information about their hobbies, education, and even their favorite books.

"This... this is incredible," Valerie murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "To have the chance to choose someone myself... it's like having a say in our child's genetic makeup."

Sarah smiled, her eyes filled with empathy. "We understand how important that aspect is for many couples. We want to provide you with as much control and peace of mind as possible throughout this process."

Valerie nodded, her fingers tracing the faces on the brochure. The idea of selecting a donor had never crossed her mind before, but now it seemed like a lifeline, a glimmer of hope. "What happens next?" Kaylee asked, her voice laced with anticipation. "After we choose a donor?"

Sarah explained the next steps in the process—how they would guide Valerie and John through selecting a donor, conducting medical and genetic screenings, and ultimately arranging the donation process itself. "The process of conception takes place right here at the baby factory, under the close supervision of our trained staff."

Valerie felt a surge of determination wash over her. This was their chance to take control of their fertility journey, to explore alternative options that they never thought possible.

When they got back in the car, she looked at Kaylee, gratitude shining in her eyes. "I'm so grateful that you found out about this

place, Kaylee," Valerie said, her voice filled with emotion. "I never thought we would be here, considering something like this, but I can't help but feel hopeful."

Kaylee smiled warmly at her sister. "I just want you to be happy, Valerie. I know how much having another child means to you and John."

Valerie reached out and squeezed Kaylee's hand, tears welling up in her eyes. "Thank you for always being there for me, for supporting me in everything. I couldn't ask for a better sister."

The two women remained parked there for a moment, basking in their sisterly bond and the hope that now flickered within them. Kaylee flipped through the brochure, looking at the pictures of the donors. "I must say, some of these young men are quite attractive," she commented, raising an eyebrow mischievously.

Valerie chuckled, grateful for the lightness that her sister brought to the situation. "Well, I suppose that's an added bonus, isn't it?"

They both laughed, making their heavy breasts jiggle, their worries momentarily pushed aside by the playfulness of the moment.

Kaylee flipped the page, then gasped suddenly.

"What?" her sister asked, staring over at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Kaylee answered, trying to hide her shocked expression.

Kaylee's sister, Valerie, quickly grabbed the brochure out of her hands. "You're terrible at lying, Kaylee," she commented as she glanced at the page that had provoked such a strong reaction from her younger sister.

"Valerie, wait, you should—"

Kaylee stopped talking as her sister let out a sharp gasp, her eyes fixed on the picture of Zane, Valerie's son, in the brochure. Her surprise was evident as she blurted out, "Zane?! What on earth is a photo of Zane doing in here?"

Kaylee let out a confused laugh. "Your son is listed as a donor in the brochure," she said. "It looks like he's been busy making babies and not pizzas like he told you."

Valerie's mind was racing, the pieces of the puzzle slowly coming together. She knew Zane had been working extra shifts and odd hours, but she had never suspected this. The thoughts swirled in her mind, a mix of shock, confusion, and even a hint of betrayal.

"I can't believe he would do something like this without telling me," Valerie whispered, her voice filled with a mixture of disbelief and hurt.

Kaylee reached over and placed a comforting hand on Valerie's arm. "You don't know all the details yet, Valerie. Maybe there's a reasonable explanation."

Valerie nodded, trying to steady herself. "You're right. I need to talk to him and find out what's going on before I draw any conclusions."

Valerie's heart pounded in her chest as she contemplated the conversation she needed to have with her son. The car ride felt longer than usual, each passing moment adding to her anxiety. After dropping her sister off and finally arrived home, Valerie found Zane in his room, seemingly unaware of the bombshell that was about to land on him.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie knocked softly on the door and entered. Zane looked up from his desk, confusion etched across his face. His resemblance to the picture in the brochure was uncanny—it was unmistakably him.

"Zane," Valerie began, her voice trembling slightly. "I need to talk to you about something... About this."

Zane's eyes widened as he saw the brochure in his mother's hand and his smiling profile picture. He stood up abruptly, a mixture of panic and guilt crossing his features.

"Mom, I can explain," he stammered. "I never meant for you to find out this way."

"So all this talk about working at the pizza parlor was a lie?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

Valerie took a step closer to her son and looked into his eyes, a mix of concern and confusion. "Zane, why? Why would you do this without telling me?"

Zane's shoulders slumped, his face filled with remorse. "I didn't know how to tell you, Mom. I wanted to help couples who couldn't conceive naturally, and the money... it seemed like an easy way to make some extra cash."

Valerie felt her heart soften slightly at her son's explanation, but the shock of the situation still lingered. "You should have talked to us, Zane. This was a very unconventional job for you to take on, especially at your age."

Zane nodded, his gaze downcast. "I know, Mom. I didn't think it through. I thought I could keep it a secret and use the money to save up for college, but I never imagined it would come back like this."

Valerie sighed, a mix of frustration and understanding washing over her. She had always been proud of Zane's ambition and empathy, but this situation had caught her off guard. "You should have come to us, Zane. We're here to support you, no matter what."

His feelings of remorse quickly shifted to intrigue. "Hold on, how did you manage to obtain that brochure?" he inquired, fully aware that it was only distributed to individuals who expressed interest in the program. "Are you considering being a client there?"

Valerie hesitated for a moment, unsure of how much she wanted to reveal to her son. But looking into his eyes, she saw a mixture of vulnerability and curiosity, urging her to be honest with him.

"Yes, Zane," she admitted, her voice steady but tinged with uncertainty. "Your Aunt Kaylee, found out about the program and thought it might be something for your dad and me to consider."

Zane's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Wait, you and Dad are thinking about using a donor?" he asked, his voice laced with confusion.

Valerie nodded, feeling a knot form in her stomach. "Yes, we are. Like I told you the other night; we've been struggling with fertility issues, and this seemed like an option worth exploring."

Zane took a moment to process the information, his face contorted with conflicting emotions. "I... I had no idea the extent of dad's issues, I guess," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

Valerie approached her son slowly, reaching out to place a comforting hand on his shoulder. "It's not something we've shared with many people," she admitted, her voice filled with compassion. "But you deserve to know, Zane. And now, more than ever, we need to have an open and honest conversation about this."

Zane looked up at his mother, his eyes filled with a mixture of regret and understanding. "I'm sorry for keeping this a secret from you, Mom," he said softly. "I didn't know your struggles with fertility were this serious, and I never thought our paths would cross in such a strange way."

Valerie smiled gently at her son, her heart swelling with a renewed appreciation for their bond. "Life has a funny way of surprising us," she said, her voice tinged with a touch of irony. "But it's how we navigate those surprises that defines us."

Zane nodded, finally meeting his mother's gaze. "So what now, Mom?" he asked earnestly. "Do want me to stop working there?"

"Well, no...but I do have a few questions for you."

"Ok," said Zane, preparing to be interrogated by his mother.

"Did you really take the donor job for money or was it just so you could have sex with a bunch of women?" Valerie asked.

Valerie's tone was sharp, cutting to the core of Zane's intentions. He looked away, his eyes darting to the floor as if trying to find an answer to her question in the worn-out linoleum tiles.

"I... I didn't think about it like that," Zane started hesitantly. He took a deep breath, attempting to find the right words. "I wanted to help. I knew there would be some benefit to me, but I didn't go into it with the intention to sleep with a bunch of women."

"So why did you get involved with this program then? I know you could have found other ways to make some extra cash, like working at the pizza place full-time," Valerie pressed further, her curiosity piqued by her son's uncharacteristic secrecy.

Zane's face softened, his expression contrite as he looked at his mother. "Mom, it's not just about the money," he said earnestly. "I genuinely wanted to make a difference in people's lives. Seeing how much joy and hope couples had when they found out I was their donor, it was... overwhelming, in a good way. It felt like I was helping them create something beautiful, something they couldn't achieve on their own."

Valerie's eyes softened as she listened to her son speak. She could see the sincerity in his words and the passion that fueled his actions. It wasn't just about the financial gain; Zane had found a deep sense of purpose in this unconventional job.

"I never expected it to turn out like this," Zane continued, his voice tinged with remorse. "I should have been more open with you and Dad from the beginning, but I was scared. Scared of how you would react, scared of what it would mean for our family."

Valerie sighed, reaching out to hold her son's hand. "I understand, Zane," she said softly. "Sometimes, fear can cloud our judgment and make us do things we wouldn't normally do. But you have to remember that we're a family, and families stick together through thick and thin. We're here for you, no matter what."

Valerie pulled her son into a warm, tit-squashing embrace, holding him tightly as if trying to convey all the love and understanding she felt in her heart. As they stood there, embracing each other, Valerie couldn't help but wonder how many women had clung to him this way while he pounded his penis into them at the baby making factory.

"So, not to pry or anything, but how many women have you helped at your new job?"

"Oh, you know, just a few hundred," Zane replied nonchalantly, not even flinching at the awkward question.

Valerie's eyes widened and she quickly pulled away from him. "A few hundred?!" she asked in shock.

Zane burst out laughing. "I'm kidding. I've only helped out six so far."

"Brat!" Valerie exclaimed, giving him a playful swat on the arm.

"I had you just for a second," her son snickered.

"Were they younger women? Moms my age? I'm curious."

"Mostly women your age who's husband's couldn't get them pregnant," Zane answered.

"So, of the six that you helped, did they all get pregnant?"

"Yes. That is the goal of the program, mom," her son proudly replied.

"So you're telling me that I'm a Grandmother and didn't know it?"

"I guess 'technically' that's true. I never really saw it that way"

"How did you even find out about a job like that?" his mother asked.

Zane shrugged. "It was kinda by accident. I was scrolling through a dating app, and there was an ad for it. It seemed like an opportunity to make some easy money, so I applied."

Valerie's eyebrows furrowed. "A dating app? What dating app was this?"

Zane grinned. "Tinder."

"Tinder? That's where women go to meet prospective partners, not sperm donors!"

"Well, I guess not everyone on there is looking for love," Zane quipped, trying to lighten the mood.

Valerie's face softened. "Tell me about the process. Are you having sex with these women clients multiple times?" she asked, preparing to be shocked.

"Well, women hardly ever get pregnant the first time, mom," he answered.

"That's true. It took your father and I months to finally get pregnant with you, " Valerie asked, her voice tinged with disbelief and a bit of jealousy as she sat down on the edge of his bed.

Zane nodded. "It's kind of like being a professional baseball player – you need to get up to bat multiple times in a game to score the home run, right?"

Valerie chuckled at the analogy. "I suppose that makes sense," she said, then fed him a teasing look. "Though I can't help but wonder how many at-bats you get in a day."

Zane hesitated for a moment before answering. "A half-dozen, maybe?"

Valerie's eyes widened. "A half dozen?!" she exclaimed. "Goodness gracious, Zane!"

"It's a job and you have to have the right tool and know how to use it. I suppose that's why they hire younger donors like me."

"I guess you're right," his mother said, looking at him with adoration. "Young men in their prime do have a lot of sexual stamina and shorter refractory periods."

"A higher sperm count too," added her son. "They test us for that regularly."

"Yes, the more sperm the greater chances of pregnancy. Your dad's sperm count is under 15 million per milliliter of semen, which means the odds of it fertilizing my egg are very low," Valerie shared.

"The staff who tested me said I'm producing over 1.2 billion sperm per day," Zane bragged.

"Wow, no wonder you're so good at what you do," said his mother, gazing at him in awe and adoration.

"They told me my size helps too. That if you have a longer penis your sperm doesn't have to swim as far."

"Oh, is that why you took the job, because you knew you'd just have this HUGE advantage?" Valerie teased.

Zane laughed at his mother's remark, but it was true - his oversized dick did give him an advantage, and he knew it. However, he couldn't help but feel a bit sheepish as he realized he'd never had this conversation with his mother before, at least about himself. But contrary to his initial fears, she seemed more accepting and understanding than he could have ever imagined.

"No, Mom, it wasn't just about that. But I guess it does add a certain...unique element to the whole thing," he admitted, a hint of red creeping up his cheeks.

Valerie smiled at her son, a smile that was full of joy but also a hint of humor. "I suppose it does," she said, and the two shared a moment of mutual understanding. "But don't worry, I won't tell your father. He's only average-sized, and already feeling inadequate enough just not being able to get me pregnant, " Valerie added, in a light-hearted tone.

"So, are you serious about using the baby making factory to help you get pregnant?" Zane asked.

"I understand it may not be the norm, but personally, I believe conceiving a baby naturally is the most logical option," replied the mother.

"I agree," said Zane with a sheepish grin. "and the most enjoyable option too."

"Sounds like someone enjoys the baby making process as much as his mother does," she winked.

"Probably more."

"I doubt that. I have a pretty insatiable sexual appetite," Valerie admitted, while staring into his eyes.

"You'd love the baby making factory then. Not to make it about sex, but that's pretty much all that goes on there."

Valerie chuckled, intrigued by the information. "I'll just have to take a look at the material they gave me and give it some serious thought. It's good to know though that I have someone on the inside who can answer any questions I have, and help ease my anxiety about it."

"Sure, mom, anything I can do to help, and thanks for being so cool about me working there."

Over the next two days, Valerie read over the information packet to the baby making factory several times. If she were honest, of all the donor bios, Zane's bio sounded the best to her as a potential suitor. The only problem was they were mother and son.

She looked over the other donors again and several of them seemed hopefully, but she just kept coming back to her own son's bio, reading the information for the hundredth time.

Zane Shotwell, an 18-year-old, stands at a height of 6'1" and weighs 180 lbs. He has brown eyes and brownish-blond hair, passed on through his Italian heritage. His penis measures at 9-3/4 inches in length and 5-3/8 inches in circumference. Zane consistently produces 344 million sperm per ml of semen and is capable of achieving multiple ejaculations in a single session. In his free time, he enjoys playing soccer, video games, indulging in pizza, and spending quality time with his family."

Valerie's fingers ran over the smooth paper, her nails tapping lightly against the surface as she reread the statistics about her son's physique and abilities.

Zane's bio also included a section about his education and work experience, which only made Valerie more proud. He had straight A's in high school and plans to attend college in the near future. At the bottom of Zane's bio page was a review section and Valerie's heart tingled as she read them over.

"When I found out my husband was infertile I was devastated. However, the Baby Factory gave me hope. My sessions with Zane were nothing short of amazing! He was polite, charming and his sexual stamina was astonishing. When I found out he had gotten me pregnant I was overjoyed. I highly recommend this clinic.

– Tina."

"Great staff! Great Sex! (Zane 😊) Great results! Five Stars from this happy mom!"

-Margaret."

My husband was skeptical and naturally jealous, but with a baby now on the way we BOTH know that we made the right decision. Zane is a superstar!

-Aubree."

As she continued to read through the bios of other potential donors, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that Zane was the best match for her. Her mind was a storm of conflicting thoughts and emotions, torn between societal norms and her own desires that burned like a wildfire within her. She couldn't escape the idea of creating a child with her own son, the perfect combination of genetics and love. It was a forbidden fruit, but one that seemed so irresistible.

"Am I crazy?" Valerie asked her sister over the phone, hoping she would validate her decision. "I mean, I'm talking about making a baby with my own son."

"Honestly, Val, I don't think it's crazy at all. You're just trying to ensure the best possible outcome for yourself and your future child," Valerie's sister reassured her.

"But isn't it just a little... weird?" she asked hesitantly.

Her sister chuckled. "We've all heard the age-old saying about the business being family-owned, right? Well, what's more family-owned than having your son produce your next child?"

Valerie pondered her sister's statement. "You're right. The baby will carry our family's DNA instead of that of a complete stranger," she added thoughtfully.

"The most awkward part will be having sex with Zane. Have you given much thought to that?"

"How could I not? Like I told you, we nearly fucked in the hot tub the other night, so I don't think the idea of having sex with me is anything he'll shy away from."

"True. I've seen the way he stares at your tits," chuckled Rylee. "I'm honestly surprised that HE hasn't brought up the idea of being your donor by now."

"I'm more worried about how John will react, honestly," said Valerie with a concerned expression. "He'll either see the brilliance in the idea, like I do, or murder me for even considering it."

"Then why tell him and risk him overreacting?"

"Rylee, I can't just not tell him. I'll have a baby growing in me soon and he'll know it's not his."

"I don't mean don't tell him you're using the clinic, just don't tell John that Zane works there and that the two of you will be fucking like rabbits in order to get you pregnant. Tell him you chose one of the other donors."

Valerie couldn't help but giggle at her sister's suggestion. "That might just work," she said, a mischievous grin spreading across her face, "and he'll be none the wiser."

She continued to mull over the idea, weighing the pros and cons of making a child with her son. While Zane's bio did seem incredibly impressive, she couldn't help but wonder if the potential for emotional complications outweighed the benefits. And what if her husband eventually found out the truth?

It was a risky decision, but Valerie couldn't shake the idea of having her next child with her son, especially since she'd gotten so sexually excited by him recently. With her sister's encouragement and advice, she decided to move forward with the plan, choosing Zane's bio as her selection.

"So, this is the guy you're choosing, huh?" asked Valerie's husband, looking over one of the bios in the brochure. "This is the guy who's gonna be the father of my child?"

Valerie had meticulously selected a charming 19-year-old, but now she needed to persuade her husband to agree to the plan. "John, YOU will be the father of our child. The young man is simply a sperm donor. Please keep that in mind, my love."

John studied the donor's bio, his brows furrowed in concern. "This is a bit strange, Valerie. I mean, we're choosing a sperm donor like we're shopping for a car or something."

"I know, the process is a bit unorthodox, but that's just how they do things."

John turned the page in the brochure and noticed that a page had been ripped out. Little did he know that his son's donor profile had once been there. "What happened to that page?" he asked.

"The receptionist at the factory told me to rip it out," his wife lied.
"She said that donor was no longer with the company."

"Are you sure about this one?" he asked, turning back to the boy his wife had chosen.

Valerie smiled, hoping to put John at ease. "Yes...positively sure. I'm selecting the guy who I think will produce the healthiest child for us."

"And what if the donor wants to know the child or even wants a relationship with them later in life?"

Valerie paused, considering John's concern. "I understand your worry. But this is a one-time transaction. The donors are bound by confidentiality agreements. They won't be able to come forward and reveal their identity, ever."

"Valerie, you're gonna be having what could be lots of sex with this kid. How am I suppose to be ok with that?"

"Sex, yes, but please try not to see it as just that. It's more like a business transaction, and that's all."

John frowned, clearly still not convinced. "So you're telling me that after you've had sex with this kid, you'll never see him again?"

"That's the idea, John. That's how it works." Valerie replied, trying to sound as certain as possible.

"And if anything goes wrong, if the baby is sick, or something else happens, who do we turn to for help?"

"John, I've researched this and the donors are thoroughly screened. The chances of anything going wrong are slim to none. Besides, we'll have regular check-ups and appointments with the doctors at the clinic."

"I'm still not convinced this is really the best option for us," John muttered, clearly still not fully on board.

Valerie let out a deep sigh, realizing at this point it was necessary to use guilt as a motivator. "John, I can't take the blame for your health problems. I've put in so much effort to find the best solution for both of us, and yet you seem to be resisting every step of the way," she said passionately, her eyes brimming with emotion.

John stared at his wife, his heart breaking at the sight of her so emotional. He realized that this was a decision that came from a place of love and concern for their family's health. He took a deep breath, swallowing his pride and reluctantly agreed.

Valerie couldn't believe her husband had finally agreed to her plan. She wrapped her arms around him, grateful for his love and understanding. "I'm so happy that you trust me to make the best decision for our family."

"I trust you, Valerie. Let's just hope that this works out for the best," John replied, his face softening.

Valerie proceeded to fill out the necessary paperwork, choosing her son as the donor, her heart pounding with excitement and nerves. She knew this was the right decision for her family, and she wouldn't let anything stand in her way. After some thought, she decided to keep it a secret from Zane and surprise him on their special day.

With the paperwork complete, Valerie scheduled an appointment at the factory on the day she knew she was starting her ovulation cycle. The wait in the reception area seemed endless, until a woman who appeared to be twenty years her senior finally emerged. The busty staff member had a warm and welcoming smile. "Hello Valerie, I'm Avah. I will be guiding you through the conception process here at the baby making factory."

"Pleased to meet you, Avah," said the mother, exchanging a handshake.

She led the mother through the clinic, showing her where the lab was where they tested the sperm. As they walked, Avah explained, "You know, Valerie, our team is dedicated to bringing happiness to families like yours for the past 20 years. We've had a lot of experience and we have a 99% success rate for our clients.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement and hope within her. "That's excellent. It sounds like I've come to the right place."

"You have. Now, let's get you prepared for your special day," Avah said, leading Valerie to a private room and closing the door for privacy. "I understand your donor happens to be someone very close to you."

"Yes, he's my son, Zane."

"Zane is a great kid, and very handsome. The clients he's helped have done nothing but rave about him."

Valerie spoke with confidence, "I am happy to hear that. I have always been proud of Zane and I believe I made the right decision by choosing him."

"Here at the facility for creating life, we have a strict policy of not judging others. In fact, it is even more meaningful when a child is brought into this world by two people who share a deep connection."

"Have you had other mothers and sons create children together here?" Valerie curiously asked.

"Indeed, yours is not the first mother-son pairing to conceive at our clinic, and I'm sure it won't be the last."

Avah conducted a thorough assessment of Valerie's basal body temperature and hormone levels. This confirmed that Valerie had

begun her ovulation process as planned. "It looks like you're as fertile as a turtle," Avah assured the mother.

"That's good to hear," said Valerie with an anxious smile.

"In a few minutes, I'll move you over to one of our breeding suites, where Zane will be joining us. He'll be ejaculating two loads of semen inside of you, back to back and then we'll elevate your hips for one hour to allow his sperm to soak into your cervix."

Valerie was a bundle of nerves. "I understand. It's just a bit overwhelming to think about sharing such an intimate moment with my son."

"I completely get it, hun, but let me assure you that our priority here is to ensure that your experience is as comfortable and stress-free as possible. You're in good hands."

The mother's expression was a mix of gratitude and anxiety as she spoke. The upcoming moment felt surreal; she was about to do something incredibly primal with the son she had raised since birth.

"What that said, it's important to note that you, the client, are in charge of these sessions. We are firm believers here that female orgasm plays a important role in the baby making process. Your cervix dilates and releases special proteins when you're aroused and climaxing that assist with fertility. "

"So you're saying I should try to enjoy myself while we're at it? Even if it's with my son?"

"Absolutely, Valerie. We encourage our clients to feel relaxed and comfortable while engaging in sexual intercourse. Your satisfaction is just as important as the end result."

"Alright, I think I can handle that," said Valerie, still shaking with nerves.

"Having said that, I will need to pass along a few instructions to your donor, so he has some basic information on how to make this experience exactly what you want."

"Alright," said Valerie with a willing nod. "What do you need to know?"

Avah smiled warmly and replied, "First, let's talk sexual positioning. Some clients prefer missionary to ensure deep penetration, while others opt for doggy style for a more... direct approach. Ultimately, the decision is yours, and Zane will work your body in any way we instruct him to."

Valerie nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. "I think missionary might be best for me. I'd like for him and I to have eye to eye contact, at least the first time we do this."

"That's completely understandable," Avah reassured her. "Now, as for your orgasm, Zane will need to know if you prefer clitoral or internal stimulation, as well as your preferred speed and rhythm of his thrusts. We'll also need to know if you have any specific fantasies or kinks that you'd like him to indulge in, if any."

Valerie considered this, a blush rising to her cheeks. "I... I think clitoral stimulation works best for me, and maybe some gentle but rhythmic thrusting at first and faster and harder as we approach orgasm. I don't really have any specific fantasies or kinks...although I do have very sensitive nipples, so I really like having them sucked on."

"That's perfectly fine, Valerie, and Zane will do his best to please you, I have no doubt," Avah said, her eyes warm and understanding. "One last question for you."

"Yes, ask away."

"How do you feel about engaging in oral sex during this process?"

"Oral sex?" Valerie repeated the word, uncertain of where this conversation was heading.

"Yes," Avah confirmed, "oral sex is a valuable aspect of the conception process, as it can aid in cervical stimulation and increase the likelihood of conception."

Valerie's face flushed, her heart racing as she considered the implications of this proposal. Oral sex with her son? It seemed unimaginable, yet necessary for the success of the procedure.

"Hmm, I'm learning all sorts of new things today."

"It's completely up to you, Valerie," Avah continued, "but I must say, our clients have reported a significantly higher success rate when oral sex is incorporated into their sessions."

Valerie hesitated, her mind racing with the idea of engaging in such an act with her son. Yet, she knew that if this was the key to giving her family the child they so desperately wanted, she couldn't deny it.

"Okay," Valerie said softly, "so are you talking about him going down on me, me going down on him, or...both?"

Avah smiled, giving Valerie a pat on the back. "Good question, Valerie. For some clients, it's best for the donor to perform oral sex on the client. Others prefer the opposite. And, of course, some clients are open to both. It's really up to your comfort level. We're here to make sure you're completely satisfied during this process."

Valerie bit her lip, mulling over the options. She knew that if this was what it took to make her dream come true, she needed to put aside any reservations and do what was necessary.

"I think... I think I'd like to try both," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Alright, my dear," Avah replied. "It's completely up to you, and we'll make sure that Zane is fully prepared for whatever you're comfortable with. We always want to make sure you're going to have the best possible experience and the highest chance of success."

Valerie nodded, still feeling a bit overwhelmed by the prospect of things.

Avah then proceeded to give Valerie a detailed explanation of the process and what she and Zane could expect in terms of sensations and events. Valerie listened attentively, her mind still reeling from the enormity of it all.

"Are you ready to prepare for the breeding suite now?" Avah asked, once she had finished her explanation.

Valerie took a deep breath, preparing herself for what was to come. "Yes, I think I am."

Avah moved to a wardrobe and opened it, revealing an assortment of sexy negligee. "Before you and Zane engage in sexual intercourse, you'll really wanna get the sperm in his balls brewing by letting him see you in something sexy."

Valerie decided on a alluring robe. After getting completely naked, she slipped it on. The peach colored mesh robe hugged Valerie's skin, revealing tantalizing hints of her curves through the sheer material. The intricate lace trim bordered the edges, adding a touch of elegance and sensuality. The robe flowed down to her knees, showing off her smooth, toned legs. The low-cut bodice teased at her enormous cleavage, accentuated by the satin waist belt cinched tightly around her waist. The matching G-string peeked out from underneath, adding a playful touch. Her high heeled mules elongated her legs and added a seductive sway to her walk.

As Valerie followed Avah down the hall, heels clicking delicately on the surface, she couldn't shake the feeling of nervousness and excitement mixed together in her stomach. The thought of what was about to happen with her son filled her with both anticipation and fear. She wondered if she could truly go through with it, but she knew that the outcome was too precious to give up on.

The hallway was filled with closed doorways and the sounds of moms, just like her, being fucked savagely inside the rooms. The rhythm of flesh slapping against flesh and the symphony of women's moans and screams were almost startling in their intensity.

Avah led her into their private breeding suite, which was dimly lit and had a soft, almost romantic atmosphere. There was a large, comfortable bed in the center of the windowless room, with soft white sheets and plush pillows. Valerie couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious as she looked around, taking in the intimate surroundings.

"Welcome to where the magic happens," Avah announced with a smile, gesturing to the bed. "Now, before we begin, I'd like you to create a safe word," said Avah.

"Safe word?" Valerie inquired with a curious expression.

"Yes, in case you need to stop at any point during intercourse."

"Well, I'm...not really sure why I would even think about stopping during sex," the mother blushing admitted.

"I suppose I should just come out with it, since you'll find out soon enough," Avah stated. "Valerie, your son has a VERY large penis, and some clients have found both his size and aggressive techniques during sex somewhat overwhelming. You'll be able to communicate any discomfort or changes in your comfort level with Zane, but you

also have the option to use your safe word to signal that it's time to pause the session."

"I see. My safe word is 'cinnamon,'" Valerie replied, her voice still shaky.

"Excellent. Now, remember, this is a judgment-free zone. Whatever happens in this room, stays in this room. You have complete control over your experience, and we're here to cater to your needs and desires. Are you ready to proceed?"

Valerie took a deep breath and nodded. "I am."

Avah smiling warmly. "That's the spirit, Valerie. Now, let me point out some of the features here in the breeding suite."

Avah began to explain the room's amenities. "Over here, we have the wall mirror, so you can watch Zane's erection slip in and out of you. Watching the act of baby making is such an obscene but wonderful thing."

"I agree."

"Over there, you'll find the tissues for any...emotional moments you might experience. There's also lubrication and towels in case they're needed."

Valerie nodded, taking all of this in as Avah continued. "The bed has been set up in a way that allows for both missionary ,doggy style and cowgirl positions and it does shift around in order to accommodate other positions as you see fit. Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

Valerie paused for a moment, taking in the information and the reality of the situation. She was about to embark on something that was both terrifying and exhilarating all at once. "No, I think that's everything I need to know. Thank you, Avah."

Avah smiled and gave Valerie a reassuring pat on the back. "You're welcome. Remember, you're in control of this entire process. Zane will be guided by your every move and instruction. If at any point you feel uncomfortable, you can use your safe word and we'll take a break. But I have no doubt that you'll have the most amazing experience and get the result you've been hoping for."

"Zane knows I'm planning on coming here today, but he doesn't know I chose him as a donor. I'm a little nervous how he'll react."

"Don't be," Avah snickered. "He's young, horny and has a beautiful mother. I think you'll get just the reaction you're hoping for. I'll be in the room monitoring and providing some guidance on the first day, then tomorrow you and Zane will be on your own."

"Got it," the mother nodded eagerly.

Avah made a suggestion. "Why don't you stretch out on the bed in a sexy pose? I'll go down and give him a rundown, but don't worry, I won't ruin the surprise." Avah then left the room quietly.

As Valerie lay on the bed, naked beneath her robe, she couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and nervousness. She had never experienced anything like this before and it all seemed so surreal. She knew that this was her last hope for having a child and she would do anything to make it happen.

After a few minutes, Avah returned with Zane in tow. He looked shocked, but also excited and curious. "Mom? What are you doing in here?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the gaping cleavage bulging from the slit in her robe.

"Waiting for you...so we can make a baby together."

Zane's heart did a somersault in his chest. Avah filled him in earlier on the details, explaining the process and the specific details of what

he would be doing in the session, but he had no idea she was talking about his mom.

Zane's eyes grew wide as it dawned on him what he was about to do. "So... we're going to... you know, have sex?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, Zane, that's correct," Avah replied, her voice calm and reassuring. "It would be kind of hard to create a baby with having hot sex first."

Zane's face was a mix of fear, excitement, and disbelief. He couldn't believe that his own mother was about to have sex with him, all for the sake of a baby. But somehow, he couldn't shake the feeling that this was the right thing to do.

Valerie, despite her own nervousness, saw the same fear in her son's eyes. She wanted to comfort him, but she knew that this was something he needed to experience on his own terms. So, she took a deep breath and tried to smile reassuringly at him. "It's okay, honey," she said softly. "I know this is a big moment for both of us, and I'm here to support you every step of the way."

Zane nodded, still looking slightly dazed. Whatever doubts he had before, they were slowly fading away as he looked at his mother's curvy body in front of him.

Avah closed the door behind her, looking over at the teen. "He's all yours, Valerie," she whispered.

"Yeah, mom, you're the client. Your wish is my command," Zane added.

"Wow, if I only got this type of cooperation at home," she joked, making them laugh and breaking the tension in the room.

The blonde-haired beauty stood from the bed, her giant unfettered tit-melons bobbling heavily beneath the robe. She stepped over in front of her son. "why don't we start by getting rid of these robes," she suggested, untying the sash to hers.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother's robe fell to the ground, revealing her voluptuous half-naked body. He could see her nipples standing at attention from the centers of her wide areolar caps. His eyes drifted down to her G-string panties and despite the unusual situation, he couldn't help but feel a stirring in his loins.

Valerie gasped as her son's robe slipped off, revealing his lean, youthful body. She couldn't help but feel a tinge of pride as she took in his muscular frame and toned chest. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and the thought of having his oversized penis inside her sent shivers down her spine.

"You're beautiful, honey," the mother whispered, her alluring eyes drifting down to his fully erect cock. The pink skin was pulled tight along the shaft, making the helmet of his glans mushroom with desire, ready for the task at hand. "It looks so big and powerful."

"It'll give you that baby you've been wanting, that I promise you," the boy said, smiling with pride.

"Are you ready to proceed, Valerie?" Avah asked, her voice barely audible.

Valerie stepped out of her heels, then peeled her panties down her sexy legs and stepped out of them, exposing her shaved pussy to her boy's gaze. She took a deep breath and looked at her son, her eyes filled with determination. "Yes, I'm ready."

Zane couldn't help but feel a sense of overwhelming lust as he looked at his mother's bare naked body. He knew this was wrong, but he couldn't deny the desire that was coursing through his own frame.

He stepped closer to her, his hand reaching out to touch her toned stomach, feeling the warmth of her skin and the softness of her flesh.

"I...I can't believe I'm doing this," he whispered, his voice shaking with a mix of fear and excitement.

Valerie reached out and gently touched his cheek, her eyes filled with love and understanding. "It's okay, sweetheart. We're doing this for a very special reason."

"True."

Valerie took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "Why don't we start by getting into position?"

Zane nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. He moved to the edge of the bed, his erection leading the way. Valerie crawled onto the mattress gently, her bare booty swaying and dangling breasts rocking heavily as she moved. Sprawled on her back, Valerie drew her knees nearly to her shoulders as she lewdly splayed her thighs open, offering a comfortable seat for her captain.

As Zane hovered over his mother, his eyes locked onto her wide open pussy, glistening with the secretions of arousal. His heart raced as he took a deep breath, preparing himself to enter her for the first time. Valerie reached up, her hands guiding him as he slowly lowered himself onto her.

Yes, he'd had his share of women, but this sensation was like nothing he had ever felt before. Valerie's body was warm, inviting, and it seemed to swallow him whole. He could feel her muscles in her arms and legs tightening around him, gripping him with a force he had never experienced.

Valerie could feel her son's thick, long member press against her entrance, crushing against her prepuce, and she knew it was going to

be a tight fit. But she was determined to make this work and have the child she so desperately wanted.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie slowly relaxed her muscles, allowing Zane to split the fleshy lips of her twat and slide inside her.

As he entered her, the mother felt a wave of pleasure wash over her. It was different from any other sexual encounter she'd ever had, more intense and more emotional.

Zane's eyes widened as he felt the warmth and tightness of his mother's pussy enveloping him. "Shit!" he hissed through gritted teeth, feeling her smoldering walls drawing him in, stretching around his thick, unyielding meat. He knew he had to be gentle at first, but he also felt a rush of adrenaline as he began to thrust inside her.

"You've got her, Zane," Avah, said, her eyes set upon their joined genitals. "All the way in and let her adjust to your size."

Zane complied, holding himself still, in full penetration inside his mother's slick cavity as he felt her contractions adjusting to his girth.

Valerie could feel the thickness of her son's dick, stretching her tight twat to the point of discomfort. She knew this was necessary though, to make this work and any discomfort would soon be replaced with exquisite pleasure.

"Okay, sweetheart, now you can move," Valerie managed to say, her voice shaking with emotion as she stared up into his eyes with desperate desire.

Zane began to thrust gently, feeling the pleasurable resistance of his mother's pussy. He couldn't help but marvel at the sensation, seeing the waves of lustful pleasure course through her body. He could see her lips quivering, her eyes half-open, and her face a mix of concentration and desire.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...", Valerie moaned, her voice barely a whisper.

Avah watched with lustful anticipation as the two of them moved in harmony, the lewd sounds of sex filling the air. She could see the passion in their eyes, the determination to bring a new life into the world. "That's it, Zane. Let your mother feel the power of your teenage cock!" she urged.

Zane realized that this moment was not just about lust and desire, but about love and responsibility. He gripped the outsides of his mother's thighs, pulling her closer to him and thrusting deeper into her.

Using the grip of her legs as leverage, Valerie pumped her bubble butt from the mattress meeting his thrusts with her own. The feel of her son's cock-shaft sliding in and out of her, stretching her insides with every movement was divine. She tightened her legs around him, bringing him even closer, and the pleasure sensation seemed to intensify.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...fuck me!" Valerie moaned again, her voice filled with a mix of pleasure and pain.

Zane's thrusts became more pronounced, his cock thundering in and out of his mother's twat with a lewd slapping sound. His vein-encrusted boner slid all the way out, so only the knob remained inside his mother. Then, he socked it home again, make her gasp from the feel of his bell tip stretching the uteri at the back of her vagina. Valerie was arching her back, her fingers digging into the sheets beneath her.

Avah watched with a mix of arousal and concern, wondering if the mother would need to use her safe word being speared so hard and deep. Valerie's voice eased her growing concern.

"Fuck me harder, Zane, make me cum!" Valerie begged, her orgasm edging closer with each stroke.

"Go get it, Zane!" Avah urged, encouraging the boy to hit their client hard and make her toes curl.

Zane complied, his full length thrusts becoming more aggressive. He was lost in the lust and desire, his mind only on the pleasure he was giving his mother. His raging cock sliced through his mom's dripping baby-chute, his big, hairless nuts beating lewdly against her ass-cheeks.

"I'm cumming, honey!" Valerie cried out, her body trembling with the force of the orgasm that was washing over her.

Zane felt the walls of his mother's pussy tighten, milking his cock with cuntal contractions. By now the teen was an experienced fucker, used to having hot pussy tightening and ejaculating all over his meaty cock. He had trained his pelvic floor muscles to flex, holding back the flow of liquids so he could pound a girl straight through her climax without cumming himself.

"Excellent, Zane!" Avah shouted, acknowledging the boy's self-mastery.

Valerie's moans reached a crescendo as the pleasure intensified. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her body convulsed with every thrust. She felt like she was being taken to another world, a place of pure ecstasy where there was nothing but pleasure and desire. She gripped her son's shoulders with her nails digging into his flesh. Her legs trembling as she met each one of his powerful thrusts, her pillowy tits sloshing between their writhing bodies.

Zane's sinewy boner was on fire, pulsing with each contraction of Valerie's tight, juice-slickened pussy-tunnel. He could feel her orgasm

cresting, her muscles squeezing around his erectile shaft as she cried out in pleasure.

The boy sat up upright, but continued to fuck. He wanted to look down and watch her ballooning knockers roll and ripple up and down her rib cage. He took pride in how meaty and savage his boner looked stabbing in and out of her tight shaved pussy. Her pink labial lips were stretched obscenely, clinging to the outline of his muscled stalk.

"Suck them, Zane," Avah urged. "Suck her titties."

The boy sprawled back on top of his mom, this time latching his lips around her nipple as he fucked. The pleasure that coursed through Valerie's busty body was immense. "Oh, God, I love that!" he quivering voice cried out.

Zane's thrusts became quick and rabid, fucking his mother's pussy like it was his last chance to make her cum. Having socked it to her for nearly forty-five minutes now, his body was glistening with sweat, and his cock was dark with the juices of their lustful connection.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum!" Zane groaned, his climax building up inside him. He couldn't hold it back any longer, he had to release his seed into the fertile womb of his mother.

"Yesss!" Valerie hissed, her body shaking with another boobie-rippling climax. She could feel Zane's cock swelling inside her, pulsating with an electric charge. She knew that in a few moments, her body would be filled with the essence of life.

"I'm cumming!" Zane grunted, his eyes squeezed shut, focusing on the pleasure that was coursing through his veins. His balls tightened, and his body shook as he released the torrent of his sperm deep into his mother's womb.

Valerie moaned and arched her back, her orgasm peaking as her son's hot, thick load filled her. She could feel the warmth of his cum coating the inside of her pussy, her muscles contracting involuntarily.

"Oh yes... that's it," Zane groaned, his hips thrusting hard against his mother's hips as she moved in counterpoint to provide increased friction on his boner. He could feel the powerful contractions of her muscles around his cock, milking his seed deep into her womb.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, Valerie and Zane lay there, panting and sweaty, their bodies entwined in a mess of passion.

Avah stood at the foot of the bed, a look of awe on her face as she watched the mother and son lie there, their bodies glistening. "Well done, Zane," she praised, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "You did an excellent job."

"Yes, honey, that was amazing," his mother cooed, running her long painted fingernails through his sweaty hair.

"Thanks," the boy sighed, then lifted himself up on extended arms, staring down at the huge, perspiration-sheened breasts that were jutting from his mom's chest. "I've got one more load to pump inside you today though, remember?"

Valerie made her son's still erect cock slip wetly from her pussy as she sat up. "Oh, yes...I remember," she eagerly replied.

Zane observed as his mom swiftly crawled onto her hands and knees, presenting her plump buttocks towards him. "Let's not waste any time, my handsome donor," she glanced back with a suggestive smile, shaking her curvaceous rear end.

"I love your attitude, Valerie," Avah stated, grinning from ear to ear. "Hungry for more semen...just like a mother in the making should be."

Zane gave his teenage cock-muscle a few rejuvenating strokes in front of them, making it return to its former rock-hard glory. It was still glistening with fuck-juice, eager to beat through the tube of his mom's vagina again.

"Come give mommy a round belly, sugar," Valerie cooed, gazing back at him with lust-filled eyes. She wagged her butt-meat teasingly, inviting her son to mount her haunches.

As Zane's rigid cockhead nudged at its fleshy target, he marveled at the enormity of what they were doing. The two of them, mother and son, one of them carrying the life that would result from their union. Valerie's ass was round and succulent, quivering before him, and he could hear her soft, breathy moans.

"Come on, son, fuck me from behind and knock me up," Valerie whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Give me your seed."

Zane didn't need more encouragement than that. He positioned himself behind his mother, his cockhead finding its way to her entrance. With a deep breath, he thrust into her, feeling her flesh resist his erection just long enough before giving way, enveloping his cock with warmth and wetness.

Valerie groaned, her body quivering as she felt the familiar sensation of her son filling her once again. "That's it, Zane," she cooed, her voice thick with lust. "Give mommy some doggy dicking."

Avah watched from the foot of the bed, her eyes wide with fascination. She had always found the idea of a mother-son relationship to be both taboo and incredibly arousing, and this wasn't the first time she had ever witnessed such a thing in person.

Zane began to thrust into his mother's tight, wet pussy, feeling her flesh gripping his cock with each stroke. Her peach-shaped ass

jiggled with each movement, and her pussy muscles clenched around his cock, milking him for all he was worth.

As his cock plunged in and out of his mother's wet pussy, Zane knew that he was creating a life, a being that would be a direct result of their love. It was a thrilling and terrifying thought, but he was committed to his task.

"Fuck yes, Zane, that's it," Valerie panted, throwing her ass back against him. "Give me your cum! I want to feel your seed inside me."

Zane picked up the pace, his thrusts becoming faster and deeper. He felt like he was being drawn into his mother's lustful orbit, pulled into the depths of her desire. The layer of fat beneath the skin of her ass rippled with every strike to her son's abdomen. Her tits danced wildly as they hung down nearly to the mattress.

Valerie panted like a bitch in heat, the feel of her son rigid pisser scraping along her nerve endings exquisitely. "Zane, I'm cumming!" she moaned, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with fascination, as Zane's hips bucked and his cock thrust deep inside his mother's womb. She could see the sweat glistening on their bodies, the passion and intensity of their lovemaking evident in every movement.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you're so tight!" Zane groaned, his grip on his mother's hips tightening as he drove himself deeper inside her.

Valerie gasped, her eyes rolling back as the pleasure coursed through her mature body. Her humongous tit-knockers hung from her chest like pendulums and rocked to the rhythm of the incestuous union.

As Zane's thrusts became more erratic and urgent, Valerie could feel another sensation of pleasure beginning to build within her. She knew that soon, her son's warm seed would be lubricating her womb, nurturing the new life that would soon grow inside her.

Avah watched with a mixture of awe and desire, resisting the urge to rub her own pussy. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, wishing it was her being filled by Zane's throbbing cock.

But Zane was too focused on his task to notice Avah's arousal. With each thrust, his cock buried deeper and deeper into his mother's welcoming pussy. He could feel the warmth and wetness of her inner core enveloping him, and he knew that he would soon release a second load into her fertile cunt.

After nearly an hour of ass-smacking, doggy style sex, Zane's body stiffened, his cock throbbing within his mother's pussy. He could feel the warmth of her secretions surrounding him, the muscles and pleats of her pussy clenching around his shaft as he spurted his seed deep inside her.

"Fuck, yes!" Zane groaned, his body shaking with the intensity of his release. He could feel his hot, thick cum-ropes filling his mother's womb, mingling with his first load and creating a new life within her.

Valerie cried out, her body shuddering with pleasure as she felt Zane's seed spurting into her. She could feel his boner twitching, the warmth and wetness of his cum coating her womb, and she knew that this was the moment she had been waiting for.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and desire. She could see the love and passion in Zane's eyes, and she knew that he had given his mother everything he had.

Zane groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt his mother's warm and wet pussy milking his cock and his balls for what felt like eternity. The sight of his Valerie's huge, perspiration-sheened breasts bouncing with each of his thrusts was almost too much for him to handle.

"Let's elevate those hips and let gravity help us along," Avah suggested.

Zane watched as his cock slide out of his mother's pussy and a stream of his cum followed it, oozing down along her twitching asshole.

"What a beautiful baby making nectar you two have created," Avah giggled, pointing to the frothy mix of his cum and his mother's juices, trickling down her now open pussy lips.

Zane couldn't help but chuckle, his breaths shallow as he fought to catch up with the after-effects.

As their bodies collapsed onto the bed, spent and satisfied, Valerie ran her long painted fingernails through Zane's sweaty hair. "Thank you, son" she whispered, her voice thick with emotion, "that was the most beautiful sex ever."

Zane grinned, finding satisfaction in knowing their sessions weren't done. There was likely tons more sex to be had before he impregnated her with his baby.

So, what happens now?" her husband asked, hoping the nightmare was over.

"It's a three day process, during my ovulation period, honey. I'll meet our donor at the clinic each day at scheduled times, and we'll... 'conduct' these sessions," Valerie replied, trying to sound as clinical as possible.

Honestly, Valerie couldn't wait. It wasn't every day she got to fuck her own handsome teenage son and create life at the same time.

"And the chances of conceiving are... pretty high, according to the staff there," Valerie continued, trying to sound as professional as

possible. She didn't want her husband to know how much she was looking forward to seeing Zane and cumming mindlessly all over his teenage cock.

"So, this kid donor was OK to you then? He didn't get too aggressive?" John asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

Valerie hesitated for a moment, trying to come up with an answer that would satisfy him, but also not give away her true feelings for Zane. "Yes, he was very professional," Valerie replied, trying to sound convincing. "He was kind and gentle, and I felt comfortable with him. The process went smoothly and without any issues."

"That's a relief," John said, visibly relaxing. "I just don't want anything to happen to you or the baby."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with love for her husband, who was so concerned about her and the unborn child. But she knew that her true feelings for Zane were too strong to ignore.

A few minutes passed before Zane entered through the doorway. "Hi, Mom and Dad," he greeted them with a warm smile before exchanging a knowing look with his mother.

Valerie's nipples perked up at the sight of her son and she greeted him with a smitten grin. "Hey there, honey. How was your shift at the pizza parlor?"

Zane chuckled, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, you know how it is, Mom. Busy as always." He winked at Valerie, who felt her heart race at the sight of her son's flirtatious grin. Zane's adrenaline was still pumping from having fucked her for nearly two hours at the clinic and pumping two loads of hot, baby making goo inside her fertile womb. "We had a pretty important customer come in today," he informed his parents.

"And did you leave them feeling satisfied?" Valerie asked, her eyes locked onto her son's lasciviously.

"I think so. Hopefully they went home with a 'full' belly."

His mom couldn't help but snicker, drawing a curious look from John. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing, honey," she answered, then focused back on her son.

"Long shift tomorrow, huh, kiddo?" Valerie ask with a tiny smirk and excitement in her eyes. "I guess you'll have to work twice as hard."

"I'm up for the task," her son smiled back.

"And I'll bet your customers love the work you do," said Valerie with a meaningful stare, "and wanna just keep 'cumming' back for more."

"I hope so."

"Well, make sure you get plenty of rest tonight. Your customers will expect the very best out of you tomorrow. You'll need to 'deliver' your best work yet and have them 'screaming your name'...with praise."

John just sat there and listened, oblivious to the true meaning of their conversation. For all he knew his wife and son were talking about his gig at the pizza place, not the fact that they had a hot day of incestuous baby making planned for tomorrow.

As Valerie lay in bed that night, she couldn't stop thinking about Zane. She began to wonder if some of his sperm was swimming towards her egg at that very moment, eager to pierce her ovum and create a baby. She had never experienced such intense pleasure and connection with anyone before, not even with John. Valerie couldn't help but wonder if Zane was feeling the same way. *"Was I a better fuck than those other women he got pregnant?"* she thought. *I'm*

"gonna ride his ass off tomorrow and leave no doubt that I'm the best piece of pussy he's ever had."

The next morning, Valerie woke up early, eager to see Zane again. She knew that she would have to do everything she could to make sure their encounters were as satisfying as possible, so that they would have the best chance of conceiving.

Valerie spent the first couple hours of the day preparing herself mentally and physically for the upcoming sessions. She knew that she would need to be as aroused as possible, so she spent time fantasizing about Zane's body and the way he made her feel.

When the scheduled time arrived, Valerie entered the clinic, her heart racing with excitement as she reached the breeding room. She was surprised to see that Zane was already there, completely naked and waiting for her. He smiled at her, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Hi Mom," he said, his voice low and sultry. "Ready for round two?"

Valerie couldn't help but feel a shiver run down her spine as she stared at his jutting erection. She nodded, her heart pounding in her chest as she approached him, letting her robe slipped off and pool at her feet. "You better believe I am," she whispered, her voice trembling with desire.

"If you to need anything, just hit the call button," Avah said with a grin as she back out the doorway.

"Thank you, Avah," Valerie replied, anxious to be completely alone with her donor today.

Zane grinned, his eyes locked onto to his mom's humongous tits. Her areolas were crinkled in arousal, but still as big around as grapefruit. He licked his lips, eager to wrapped them around her fat nipples "I can tell you're looking forward to today, just like I am," he said, reaching out to cup her squishy breasts in his hands.

Valerie moaned softly as his touch sent electric shocks through her body. She reached down and wrapped her fingers around his cock, feeling its hardness and thickness as she stroked him. "You're so big," she murmured, her eyes widening in awe as she realized how tiny her hand seemed around his enormous prick.

"Yeah, I get told that a lot," he cockily replied, squeezing his pelvic muscle and making his hunky meat-shaft flex in her hand.

"It's my turn to show off today," his mom whispered with a devilish grin. "I'm gonna ride you."

"Before you straddle my dick, do you wanna straddle my face?"

Valerie grinned from ear to ear, impressed that her son had remembered their discussion in the hot tub. "You've got my attention, honey," she replied. "Let's see if you're as good with your tongue as you are with your dick."

She led him by his boner to the bed and Zane sprawled out on his back, his heart thumping hard in his chest with anticipation.

Valerie climbed onto the bed and straddled his face, her shaved pussy hovering above his mouth. "Lick me like you mean it," she demanded, wanting to feel his tongue invade her most intimate parts.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, his licker darting between her folds and into her wet, swollen pussy. Valerie moaned deeply as he worked his magic, his talented tongue sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her body. "Oh, fuck yeah, that's it! Drive your tongue deep inside me, Zane," she begged.

Zane complied eagerly, plunging his tongue into her depths and swirling it around, exploring every inch of her most private place. The flavorful taste and pungent scent made him dizzy with desire.

Valerie felt her body tensing, preparing for the intense orgasm she knew was building.

"Oh, my god! Keep going!" Valerie cried out, her quivering voice barely above a whisper. She felt his tongue delving deeper and deeper, stimulating her in ways she didn't even know were possible.

Zane continued to lick and suck at her pink pussy-flesh, taking in the intoxicating taste of her juices.

As Valerie came closer and closer to the edge, she reached down and grabbed a handful of Zane's hair, using her newfound strength to pull him even deeper into her.

"That's it, baby," she groaned, her body writhing, her cunt grinding on his face frantically. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Zane could barely contain the excitement surging through his veins as he tasted the sweet nectar of his mother's climax. He continued to lap at her rapidly pulsing cunt, wanting to milk every last drop of thick pussy-honey from her.

As Valerie's orgasm peaked, her body convulsed, her huge, meaty tits trembling, and she let out a loud, primal moan that echoed through the room. She collapsed onto Zane's face, her pussy still gushing, her legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Oh, that was amazing," she whispered, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. "Where the fuck did you learn to eat pussy like that, Zane?"

"It's something that every client seems to ask for, so I get a lot of practice," he stated, ejaculatory juice dripping from his chin.

Valerie crawled towards his cock. "My turn now," she mewled as she guided his fat, bell-shaped knob towards her saliva-drenched lips.

Zane watched in awe as his mother slowly engulfed his cock, her practiced mouth moving up and down his shaft, taking him deeper with each stroke. He groaned in pleasure as she caressed him with her tongue, her lips wrapped tight around his tingly cock-shaft.

Valerie moaned around his cock, her throat stretching to take in his length. "Oh, mom!" her son groaned in delight as her lips spread out around the root of his prick.

She sucked him harder, her saliva coating his length and providing a slippery sensation that he loved. She bobbed her head up and down, creating a tight vacuum around his manhood.

"I want you to nut in my mouth, honey," she gasped, her voice sandpaper rough with lust. "I want to taste the cum that's gonna make our baby."

Zane's eyes widened at her words, the thought of his own mother carrying his child in her womb driving him wild with desire. He thrust his hips, driving himself deeper into her mouth, his tender meat enjoying the warmth and wetness of her oral embrace.

Valerie's nose was filled with the musky scent of her son's arousal, and she breathed in deeply, savoring the potent mix of testosterone and innocence. She swirled her tongue around his shaft, tasting the pre-cum that leaked from his piss-slit.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, I'm so close!" Zane groaned, his hips thrusting faster and harder, his cock slipping in and out of her mouth with a wet, throaty sound.

Valerie hummed in response, her lips tightening around him as she sucked harder. She wanted to feel his hot cum explode in her mouth, to taste the essence of their future child.

As Zane's orgasm built, he began to pant and writhe, his body trembling with the intensity of the oral pleasure he was receiving.

Valerie could feel the tension in his throbbing dick, and she knew that he was about to erupt.

"I'm cumming!" Zane bellowed, his hips bucking wildly as he released his load into her eager mouth.

Valerie savored the taste of his cum, swallowing it eagerly as it spurted into her mouth. She couldn't believe how much semen he produced, and she was ecstatic that she was able to drink it all down.

"That was incredible!" the boy sighed as Valerie pulled away from his spent member, giving his spongy knob a sensual kiss.

"I'm so glad you liked it," said the mother, then threw her leg across his midsection. "But I think I've got something you're gonna like even better."

With a smirk on her face, Valerie reached down and guided his throbbing erection towards her entrance, feeling his glans gently press against her swollen, moist lips. "Are you ready for me, Zane?" she asked seductively. "Are you ready for mom to give you a baby-making fuck you'll never forget?"

"Oh, fuck yes, Mom," he groaned in anticipation. "I can't wait to feel you ride me."

Valerie looked into his eyes, her desire reflected in their depths. She slowly lowered herself onto him, his thick shaft sliding inside her pussy in a delicious stretch that made her moan aloud.

"Oh, fuck!" he hissed as her tight, hot pussy engulfed him. He could feel her ridges and muscles gripping him, squeezing him, making him shiver with pleasure.

As Valerie began to move, her hips undulating rhythmically.

Zane felt as if he was being consumed by his mother's love, her body enveloping him in a way that was both forbidden and utterly desirable. He watched her pretty face contort with pleasure, her eyes locked onto his, as though they were sharing a deeper connection.

"Oh, fuck, you're so tight, Mom!" he groaned, his hands clenching the bedsheets as she continued to grind against his rigid fucker. He could feel every ripple and fold of her pussy, her hot, slippery secretions dripping down his shaft, heightening his desire for her.

Valerie let out a low, guttural growl, her breathing becoming ragged as she slammed onto him, her hips bucking with each thrust. "Fuck me, Zane, fuck up into me!"

He complied without hesitation, matching her rhythm, his balls slapping against her ass with each deep thrust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her gargantuan tit-melons as they jumped and rippled the motion of their mutual thrusts.

To say his mom could ride cock like a pro was an understatement. He could feel her love, her motherly affection, and the raw, primal lust all mingling together in a perfect blend that overwhelmed him completely. Valerie alternated between pumping her pussy up and down the length of his pole and grinding fluidly in full penetrating. She swung her wide hips, stirring his steely pecker around inside her pink portal.

As they continued to fuck, Zane's palms left the sheets to move to his mother's massive tits, kneading and squeezing their supple flesh as he continued to fuck her. He knew he was in the presence of a sexual goddess, and he was grateful for this opportunity to be inside her.

Valerie moaned, her orgasm arriving suddenly, as Zane's massive cock filled her up, pulsing inside her like a living, breathing organ. She had always known she possessed a wild side, but never in her

wildest dreams did she imagine that her own son would bring it out. And yet, here they were, with her luscious body bouncing on top of his, her cunt pulsating around his thick, veiny cock as she plowed down onto it with a primal energy that left her breathless.

Zane's fingers dug into her tit-flesh as he pounded her, his cock sliding in and out of her soaked pussy with a squelching sound that echoed through the room. He could feel the slick walls of her cunt gripping his cock, pushing him to the edge of his own climax.

The boy heard his mother moan his name, her body quivering as another, full-body orgasm washed over her. "I need you to cum inside me, Zane. Give me your seed. Make me pregnant!" she cried out, riding his cock with wild abandon.

Zane's hips bucked wildly, his cock pulsing in her pussy as he felt the familiar sensation of his orgasm building. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he warned her, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked on his as she felt the heat of his ejaculation begin to fill her. She could feel his sinewy cock twitching deep inside her, emptying itself into the fornix her greedy pussy. "Oh, fuck, yes!" she hissed, her nails digging into his thighs as she rode him through his climax.

As the last of his cum spurted into his mother's eager pussy, Zane's senses were overwhelmed by the sight of her swollen, glistening cunt surrounding his cock, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and lust, her tit-melons jiggling wildly with each thrust. He knew that he had just completed the most taboo act of his life, and yet it felt as natural as breathing.

Valerie collapsed on top of Zane, their sweaty bodies mingling in a tangled mess of limbs and flesh. She couldn't believe what had just transpired, that she had just fucked her own son from the top and enjoyed it so much. But there was no denying the raw sexual energy

that had exploded between them, the passion that had consumed them both in a way that had left them breathless and satisfied.

"I'll be honest," Zane breathed. "I've fucked some pretty experienced women, but I've never had anyone ride me that good."

Valerie grinned and winked at him, still trembling from their passionate encounter. "You know what they say about us moms...we're just the best at everything we do."

Zane couldn't help but laugh at her comment. The idea of his own mother being the best at anything seemed surreal, but he had to admit that their experience together had been unforgettable. He couldn't wait to see what other secrets his mother held and how long it would take them to create a baby together.

"Do you wanna go out to the lounge and get something to drink before we have sex again?" Zane asked.

"Sure, honey. Should we get dressed first?"

Zane chuckled. "It's the baby making factory mom. Everyone just stays naked."

He guided her down the corridor of the breeding wing, accompanied by a symphony of heavy breaths and ecstatic cries. Behind each door lay a donor like Zane and a woman like Valerie, who was eagerly hoping to make her dreams of pregnancy come true.

A heady mixture of sweat, musk, and sex permeated the air. The scent was almost overwhelming, but it only added to the erotic atmosphere of the breeding wing.

The lounge was dimly lit with warm, amber lights, casting a cozy glow over the room. Different groups of naked women sat or lounged on soft couches, their bodies glistening with sweat and flushed with pleasure. Nearby, boys who looked to be Zane's age were chatting

and mingling, all of them clearly donors like him. It was like a scene from a high school dance, with girls and boys separated on opposite sides of the room.

"Exciting day, huh?" A redheaded woman asked Valerie. She stood side by side with another mom, their bodies glowing in the dim light of the lounge. The redhead's hair was vibrant against the dark-haired mom's mane, and both were dressed in nothing but their flushed skin. Their heavy tits were on display, jutting out proudly, with pink nipples still standing at attention.

Valerie spoke up, introducing herself with enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Zane had made his way over to engage in conversation with some of the other donors who were essentially his colleagues.

"You're so lucky to have gotten paired with Zane," said, Penny, the redhead. "He was my top choice, but I guess he's very popular and in high demand."

"Well, I may have gotten preferential treatment, since I'm his mom," Valerie giggle.

Erin, the dark haired mother's face lit up. "Oh my God, you and your son are making a baby together?! That's so cool!"

"We're both pretty excited about it," Valerie shared.

"You should be," Penny said, staring over at Zane with lust in her eyes.

Erin leaned in and stage-whispered, "Right? I mean, like, what's hotter than fucking your own son?"

Penny giggled and rubbed her tummy. "I have to conceive and raise a son before I even start thinking about fucking him."

Valerie blushed and looked away, a mix of embarrassment and arousal coursing through her veins. She couldn't help but notice

Zane's confidence and ease around the other boys as he chatted up a storm. His charisma and charm were evident, adding to his already impressive physique and sexual prowess.

"Dude, you landed a freaking hottie," Tyler, a fellow donor said to Zane, staring over at Valerie. "Look at the size of those fucking tits."

"Yeah, she's hot alright, and she can really fuck too," said Zane, his gaze locked onto Valerie's, their eyes connecting in an intense and intimate exchange across the room. Their bodies were both flushed and bare, adding to the intensity of their silent communication.

"Look at the ass on that mom I'm fucking," said Tyler, gazing across at her.

The woman was in her mid-twenties, her hair a vibrant shade of strawberry blonde that caught the light in the room. She had a curvaceous figure, plump in all the desired places, with a noticeably rounded buttocks. She stood with a group of similarly naked women, talking and laughing, but couldn't resist glancing back at Tyler with a longing gaze.

"If her husband knew how much she was squirting on my cock he'd probably freak the fuck out," Tyler whispered, making the two coworkers laugh.

Zane couldn't help but feel exhilarated as he thought about how his father would react if he could see the way he had been pleasuring his mom earlier. The way she had screamed with intense pleasure, while drenching his manhood in her juices.

"Look at the way they're looking at us, dude," Tyler pointed out. "You can just see how fucking horny they are. I bet most of these women don't even care about getting pregnant. They just wanna get fucked by young guys like us because they're husband's just aren't doing it for them."

"You could be right," Zane nodded.

Valerie and the two other women couldn't tear their eyes away from Tyler and Zane as they sipped from their cups of water. Their gazes were both longing and hungry, filled with desire and lust.

"Isn't it amazing how hard their dicks stay?" Erin pointed out. The three women's eyes hungrily devoured the sight of the erect cocks pointing out from the donor's lean crotches. They were large and thick, pulsing with raw, sexual energy.

"And how quickly they bounce back after ejaculating," Penny add. "Before this week, I haven't been fucked two hours straight since college."

"Are you guys sucking their dicks?" asked Valerie, wanting to make sure she wasn't the only one who agreed to that as part of her sessions."

"I sure am," Penny grinned. "There's no way I'd pass up giving a blowjob to a hot teenager like that."

"Mm, me too," Erin added, running her long pink tongue across her lip. "Dick that's barely legal taste so much better."

The other moms' eyes sparkled with mischief and anticipation as they watched Zane approach, his muscular body glistening with sweat and his cock standing tall and proud between his legs. They couldn't help but salivate at the sight of his perfect physique and throbbing baby maker.

"Are you ready to get back to it, mom?" he asked, sticking out his hand for her to take.

"Absolutely," Valerie replied, her voice trembling with excitement. She told the other two mothers goodbye, then took her son's hand and allowed him to lead her towards their breeding suite.

They seemed so perfectly suited for such a magical task. Zane's teenage frame, every muscle defined and taut as he walked beside Valerie. His erect penis stood tall and proud, nearly ten-inches long, bobbing with each step on his well-toned body. Valerie's oversized tits bobbed and swayed on her rib cage, accentuated by her nakedness. Her curvy figure, with her ample hips and thick, round bubble butt, moved with a mesmerizing sway and jiggle as she walked with her son.

The fact that her Zane's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again once they arrived in the suite. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed, pushing her son onto the bed.

Zane watched her crawl like a hungry lioness onto the mattress with him, her tits hanging down like huge ripe melons, rocking back and forth in tandem as she climbed on top of her teen.

There was nothing more thrilling to Zane than watching his own mom straddle him, grasping his cock and pointing it up towards the tight little pussy-slit that had birthed him out so long ago. He wanted to go out of his skin as he watched his bulbous knob split her twat and sink inside her warm, welcoming orifice.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he moaned, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. "I can feel every ridge and every little nook of your pussy. It's like you're made just for me."

Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her desire reflected in their depths. She knew that they were both thinking the same thing: that this was more than just a twisted fantasy or a forbidden taboo. This was

something deeper, something that went beyond the physical. It was a connection that went straight to the heart.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Valerie began to ride her son's cock with renewed vigor. Her blushing ass-cheeks slapped against his thighs, each movement more deliberate than the last. She reached down and shamelessly played with her own swollen clit, feeling the electricity coursing through her body.

Zane watched his mother's beautiful, naked body move above him, her massive tits bouncing in perfect rhythm with her hips. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her, feeling like he was in a dream. He reached up and cupped her breasts, feeling the immense weight and warmth of her flesh in his hands.

Valerie moaned, feeling her son's hands on her, with a previously unimaginable feeling of desire and longing. She leaned down, her lips meeting his, her tongue exploring his mouth, tasting the sweetness of her own arousal on his lips.

Having gotten two orgasms out of his system, Zane was in it for the long haul this time, determined to fuck his mother for as long as she needed him to.

He linked his hands behind her waist, pulling her closer, their hips grinding together in perfect harmony. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, a fierce animalistic intensity in their depths. She could feel her own orgasm building, the heat and electricity coursing through her body.

"Fuck me, Zane, harder!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with desire. "Make me squirt all over your hard, fat pussy pleaser!"

Zane complied, matching her rhythm, his hips bucking with each deep thrust. His girth was filling her up, stretching her pleatedining to its limits. Valerie could feel the walls of her cunt pulsating around his cock, gripping him tightly.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so Goddamn tight!" Zane groaned, his hands clenching the sheets again as he pounded her.

Valerie moaned as her son's fingers dug into her hips, generating a new level of pleasure in her that she hadn't felt before. The sound of their bodies connecting in a rhythmic frenzy filling the room. She felt like she was in a sexual trance, lost in the sensations of her son's body inside of her.

Despite Valerie's efforts to control herself, the overwhelming desire took over her body, causing her to become disconnected from reality. Her mind was consumed by the raw, primal lust she felt for her son and the need for his cum, but she knew that she couldn't stop now. The feeling of his cock pulsing inside of her was too much to bear.

"Oh, fuck, Zane! I'm going to cum again!" Valerie cried out, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and shame. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she convulsed in a powerful orgasm, her love-juices gushing down his shaft, drenching it in her feminine fluids.

Valerie leaned down, burying her boy's face between her cushy boobs, while her fleshy booty bobbed tirelessly up and down, pumping her pussy-tube along the spike of his hardon. He kissed his way around inside her cavernous cleavage, making his way to one of her turgid nipples.

He pulled it into his mouth and suckled deeply, the tip of his tongue flicking over the hard nub of flesh.

Valerie groaned, her body trembling with the pleasure of his oral ministrations. "Oh, yes, baby," she moaned, her hips moving faster and harder, impaling herself on his thick cock. "Suck my tits, Zane. Make me cum!"

Zane obliged, his hands grasping her luscious globes, kneading them roughly as he continued to suckle her nipple. Valerie's cries grew

louder and more desperate, and she knew that she was close to cumming again.

A sudden wet sound filled the air, as her pussy convulsed around Zane's cock, her love-juices gushing down his balls, coating every inch of him. Valerie clawed at the sheets, her eyes rolling back in her head as a powerful orgasm coursed through her body.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's entire body shook with pleasure, her face twisted in a mask of ecstasy. He could feel her cunt gripping his cock with a force he had never experienced before, each contraction causing her fuck muscles to chew at his erectile meat.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Zane's chest, her body limp and breathless. Her tits, now slick with sweat and cum, pressed against his chest, their mingled scent intoxicating him.

"Fuck, Mom," he panted, his chest heaving with the effort of keeping up with her. "You're incredible."

Valerie giggled, her eyes still glazed with lust. "I told you, baby. Moms know best."

Zane couldn't help but chuckle at her words as he marveled at the intensity of their encounter. Nearly three hours had past since they first started, and the passion between them was still burning bright. He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

The fact that her son's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed and slowly began to move her hips, rolling her pussy over Zane's pulsating length, feeling his cock twitch and throb inside her.

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He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

Valerie felt like she could ride her son like a cowgirl for yet another three hours. The intensity of the moment seemed to have no end, as Zane's dick never seemed to soften. Valerie's pussy quivered and contracted, milking his cock, her orgasmic aftershocks sending waves of pleasure throughout her body.

Zane's chest heaved with each breath, his body glistening with sweat, beads of it trickling down his forehead and between his pecs. His hands gripped his mother's waist, steady and strong, as he thrust his hips upward, meeting her every movement.

"Damn, Mom, you're something else," he grunted, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his, her body responding to his every touch, his every word. She felt a new sense of power, a newfound confidence in her sexuality, her motherly instincts taking over.

"You're not kidding," she replied, her voice breathy and sultry. "But you know what? I can do better."

With that, Valerie gave a another surge of energy, her hips bucking wildly, her body gyrating in a frenzied dance that Zane had never seen before. Her oversized, sweat-sheened tits flopped around crazily, reeling, rippling and smacking together; creating quite the spectacle for the boy who had a front row seat. Her pussy seemed to pulse with a life of its own, gripping her son's thick cock with a force that made him gasp for breath.

Zane's boner was being rocked to another level of sensations, as if it had never been more alive. He felt like he could cum again, but he

wasn't ready to let go just yet. He needed more, needed to go deeper, to fuck his mother harder and stronger.

"Fuck, Mom, what are you doing to me?!" he cried out, his voice filled with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Valerie threw her head back, her eyes closed, and let out a primal scream as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her love-juices flowed down her legs in rivulets, soaking the sheets beneath them. Zane felt her pussy muscles clench around him, milking his cock like never before.

"Oh, God, Zane, I'm cumming! I'm cumming so motherfucking hard!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with pleasure.

Zane could feel her cunt pulsing around his cock, each contraction causing him to moan in delight. He knew that he was close to cumming himself, but he didn't want this to end just yet. He wanted to savor every moment of this intense, passionate connection between them.

Valerie felt like she was floating on a cloud, her body enveloped in a warm, tingling sensation that seemed to radiate out from her pussy. She could feel each pulse of her inner muscles gripping Zane's cock, pulling him deeper into her with every throb. Her mind was a haze of pleasure, her body a temple of lust, and her heart was filled with an overwhelming love for her son.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she felt a new surge of desire coursing through her veins. She could feel the tension in her son's body, the way his cock was throbbing inside of her, begging for release. She knew that he was close, and she wanted to give him the most intense orgasm he had ever felt.

"Fuck me, baby," Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his. "I want to feel you pump a baby into me,"

Zane felt the words reverberate through his body, a low growl rising in his throat. He thrust his hips harder, faster, his cock hitting her cervix with every stroke.

Valerie could feel the resistance of his thick rod, her inner muscles clamping down on him, pleading for release. She knew that her son was close, and she wanted to feel him cum inside of her. The thought of him pumping his seed into her, filling her with his love, made her heart race with desire.

"I'm going to cum, Mom," Zane moaned, his voice strained with passion. "I'm going to fill you up with my sperm."

At the sound of his words, Valerie felt her own orgasm building once again. She began to move her hips in a circular motion, milk his cock in a deep pussy-grind. She felt the wetness between her legs increase, beads of her love-juices dripping down his balls, coating his thighs.

Zane felt like he was going to pass out from the intensity of the sensation around his hardon. As his orgasm hit him like a freight train, he cried out in pleasure, his hips thrusting harder and faster, driving his cock deeper into his mother's pussy. He felt like he was losing control, like his body was possessed by some unholy force, but he didn't care. He wanted this feeling to last forever.

Valerie could feel the waves of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body with each thrust, like electricity shooting through her veins. She knew that her son was cumming, and she was ready to welcome his love-juices into her womb.

As Zane's orgasm peaked, she could feel the hot, pulsing stream of his sperm filling her up, bathing her insides with his love. She writhed passionately on top him, her pussy clenching around his cock, milking every last drop of his pleasure from him.

Finally, Zane's orgasm subsided, his body limp and weak from the intensity of their lovemaking. He could feel his heart beating in sync with his mother's, their bodies intertwined in a post-coital embrace.

"I love you, Mom," Zane whispered, his voice barely above a whisper. "I just know we're gonna create a super-cool baby together."

Valerie smiled, a warm, loving smile that radiated from her heart. "I love you too, Zane, and I agree. We're gonna make the greatest little baby ever."

The following day, John made the decision to swing by and visit his son at the pizza place. However, as he pulled into the parking lot, he didn't see his Zane's car anywhere. Despite this, he decided to go inside, hoping that maybe his son had gotten a ride to work that day.

"Hi, is Zane working today?" John asked the worker at the register.

"Who?" The young man asked, clearly looking confused.

"My son, Zane. Zane Shotwell."

"Sorry, no one works here by that name."

"That not true. He's worked here for a couple months now," said John, his face masked with confusion.

"Look, man...I've worked here for a year. If there was a Zane here, I think I'd know it."

John went out to his car and attempted to call his son, but got no answer. He tried his wife's phone, but was also unsuccessful, which didn't surprise him since he knew she was at the clinic.

John grew worried when he didn't see Zane's car at the house. He quickly made the decision to drive over to the clinic himself and try to talk to Valerie in person. He was taken aback when he came across both Zane's and his wife's vehicles in the parking lot.

"Can I help you?" asked Heidi, the receptionist.

"Yes, I was wondering if I could speak to my wife, Valerie Shotwell. She's a client here."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, Valerie is in the middle of a session. Is this an emergency?"

"No, it's not an emergency, but it's very important," John replied.

"I understand, Mr. Shotwell, but our policy is unless it's an emergency we don't interrupt sessions here at the baby making factory."

"I see. My son Zane's car is in your parking lot. Did he stop in here by chance?"

"Mr. Shotwell, I'm not at liberty to discuss our clients' information, but I can assure you that we don't allow anyone to enter the premises without their appointment. If you have any questions or concerns about your son, Zane, you should reach out to him directly."

"Well, how long until my wife is through with her session?"

"It's hard to say. She could be another hour or two, maybe less. The session lengths vary really."

"Could I just go back and talk to her? It'll only take a few minutes," John asked pleadingly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, only clients and donors are allowed beyond this point. You're more than welcome to hang out in our waiting room, but I'm afraid I can't give you any more information on how long they'll be."

John sighed, feeling increasingly confused and worried. "Okay. I'll just wait here then."

As he settled in the waiting room, John couldn't help but notice the other female clients there his wife's age. Some looked anxious, while others looked excited or even nervous.

As Heidi was occupied with another potential client, John seized the opportunity to discreetly follow a woman who had been taken to the back hallway. Surprisingly, he managed to slip into the restricted area without being noticed.

He snuck past the lab and through the heart of the baby making factory, where clients and donors were engaged in their private sessions of sexual intercourse. John couldn't believe his ears as he snuck past the closed doorways and heard the moans and groans of people giving and receiving pleasure. The air was thick with the scent of sex and desire.

Amongst the chorus of female cries, one in particular caught his attention – it sounded hauntingly familiar. He quickly made his way towards the room where it originated from. As he neared the room, he could hear explicit, passionate moans that belonged to none other than his wife, Valerie. His heart pounded in his chest and his palms began to sweat as he tried the door, but found it locked. It apparently needed some type of key card to enter.

Filled with sick curiosity, he put his ear to the door to have a close drop on what was taking place inside. John felt a chill run down his spine as he listened to his wife get fucked hard. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises that made him feel both repulsed and excited.

"Yess, oh, God...fuck meee!" his wife's voice cried out from inside the room, clearly in the throes of passion. John knew he had agreed to this, but it didn't make it any easier to listen to.

He tried to imagine lewd scene that was taking place inside the room. He heard the man, who must have been the baby factory's

donor, groan in pleasure as he thrust harder and faster, his balls smacking against Valerie's ass.

Suddenly, a door across the hallway opened. It was Avah and she glared at John in shock. Behind her, in the room, a beautiful, middle-aged redhead was feverishly riding the cock of a boy that looked barely 18. The teenager's eyes were big and glazed with lust as he watched a set of huge alabaster tits bounce around wildly above him.

"Um, excuse me, you shouldn't be back here," Avah told John with a stern expression.

"Sorry, I was just looking for my wife, Valerie," John said, his cheeks red with embarrassment.

"No, this area is restricted. You can wait in the waiting room and she'll be out when her session is over."

"Got it, sorry," said John, clearly embarrassed as he made his way back towards the front of the building.

As John made his way back towards the front of the building, he couldn't shake the images or sounds that he had heard. He sat nervously in the waiting room, trying to distract himself until Valerie was finished.

Finally, Valerie emerged from her session, a fresh flush on her face and a satisfied smile playing on her lips. John couldn't help but feel a pang of envy as he watched his wife exit the baby factory.

"John, what are you doing here?" Valerie in a slightly annoyed tone. "Avah said she saw you sneaking around in the hallway."

"I'm looking for Zane. I went by the pizza place, but they claimed he doesn't work there and never has. Then I come here and his car's parked next to yours."

Valerie's expression changed from annoyance to nervousness as she looked at John. "Well, he, um...did mention something about wanting a job here. Maybe he's in an interview," she said, desperately trying to make up a plausible explanation.

"A job here...doing what?! And why did he lie to us about flipping pizza?"

"Honey, I'm not sure what's going on with Zane, but now is not the right time or place to have this conversation. We'll discuss it at home when we can all sit down together and get a clear understanding of the situation from Zane himself. Right now, I need to go back in for another session."

"Another session?" John asked.

Valerie rolled her eyes and sighed, clearly frustrated with John's interrogation. "Yes, John, another session. I'm a client here, remember? This is the baby making factory."

She turned and walked away, leaving John standing in the lobby of the clinic, feeling more confused and disturbed than ever. He rubbed his temples, trying to piece together the fragmented pieces of information he had been given.

John made his way back to his car, contemplating the strange and unsettling day he had experienced. As he drove home, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Not only was there the mystery of his son's sudden disappearance, but now the baby making factory and its clients were added to the mix.

"What did dad want?" Zane asked as his mother came back to the breeding suite and began undressing.

"Apparently, he went to the pizza parlor and you weren't there, then he came here and saw your car in the lot."

"Oh, shit...what did tell him?" Zane said with a panicked expression.

"Very little. Needless to say, we'll need to do some damage control when we get home later," said Valerie as she unclasped her bra, releasing her bobbling tits. "You don't need to worry about that right now though. You have a job to do, young man, and that's where your focus needs to be."

Zane began stroking his semi-hard pecker, while watching his mom shed her dainty panties. He licked his lips, staring at her hairless pudenda, eager to see it stretched around the meat of his cock again.

"Mm, get it nice and hard, Zane," his mother cooed, crawling onto the bed in front of him. "We have a baby to make."

She rolled onto her back and spread her lovely legs wide in the air, smiling seductively at Zane. Then, Valerie reached down, spreading her wet, pink lips open, beckoning him to slide inside. "Come wash mommy's womb with you hot semen, baby," she moaned, her voice dripping with desire.

Zane wasted no time crawling onto the bed and positioning himself at the entrance of his mother's already moist sex. With a groan of pleasure, he thrust into her, feeling her hot, tight walls enveloping his thick shaft.

"Oh yes, that's it, baby," Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with need. "Give me all that fucking nut and make me pregnant with your baby."

Zane slammed into her over and over again, his cum-bloated balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying rhythm. The sight of his mother's body, spread out beneath him, was the most wonderful thing in the world.

Valerie reached down, rubbing her clit furiously, her eyes rolling back in her head as she neared her climax. Having had two ejaculations earlier, one from having his dick sucked and the other from fucking his mom doggy style, Zane felt like he could go at least an hour without cumming again.

The boy loved watching his mom orgasm; the way her back arched and her giant breasts heaved with each deep breath. Her eyes were closed in bliss, her pretty face masked in ecstasy as she reached the pinnacle of her pleasure. It was an awe-inspiring moment, and the boy was immediately entranced.

He watched as she rode the wave of her climax, screaming as her body convulsing, her muscles clenching, and her breath ragged.

"Auugh, shit!" the teen gasped as he felt her pussy spasm and bathe his boner with smoldering girl-cum.

He fucked harder and deeper than before, his own desire building with every thrust.

"Oh, Zane! Yes, yes, yes!" cried Valerie, her voice still pitchy from her release. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me!"

The lewd sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises filled the room as Zane thrust harder and faster, his balls smacking against his mother's rounded ass.

"Oh my God!" Valerie gasped, her voice full of intensity as she neared her climax again. "I'm going to cum again, Zane! I'm going to cum all over your fucking cock!"

The teen could feel his own passion building, the lust inside him reaching a fever pitch as his mother's moans became more fervent. He thrust deeper, his cock pulsating with every full-length plunge.

He relished the sight of her contorted face, her moans echoing in the room, as if it were a secret kingdom that only he had the key to. The teen could feel the pulsating energy inside him, a testament to his dominance, as he delivered pleasure after pleasure to his mother.

As he explored her desirous depths, a strange sensation washed over him, a feeling of connection, of pure, unadulterated lust. It was as if they were not just a mother and her son, but two beings united in a bond forged by unbridled desire. This newfound sense of connection gave him a thrill that he had never experienced before, not even when he had conquered his first conquest.

He rested his weight against her, crushing Valerie's jiggling tits against his chest as she wrapped her silky mommy-legs high around his back in a carnal embrace.

As Valerie writhed beneath him, Zane couldn't help but wonder what his father would say if he could witness this moment. John's eyes would surely be wide with shock, his mouth gaping as he tried to process the scene before him – his son plunging his cock into the very woman who had given birth to him, the boy who they had raised together.

Even if John did catch them, it wouldn't have mattered. His baby making days were over and Zane was clearly the alpha male in his mother's life at the moment.

Zane's body moved with force and precision, his muscles flexing as he thrust into Valerie's body. Her skin glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and tangled, her eyes filled with a mix of desire and pleasure.

The room was filled with the musky scent of their bodies, a combination of sweat, cock, pussy and hot cum. The smell was intoxicating and only heightened their desire for each other.

Valerie's limbs flexed as she clung to her teen, her luscious body glowing with a thick sheen of perspiration. They kissed passionately, their tongues frantically exploring each other's mouths.

As the minutes passed, Zane's heart pounded, and his breath grew ragged. He felt as though he could never have enough of his mother's body, her warmth, her wetness, and her moans of pleasure. Valerie's own lust was palpable, and it only fueled his own desire.

He shifted his position slightly, lifting his mother's lovely legs over his shoulders, bringing him even deeper into her welcoming depths.

Valerie cried out in pleasure, her body arching off the bed, her hands clutching at his back as he filled her with his immense member.

"Zane, I'm so close," she panted, her voice filled with raw need.

With each thrust, Zane felt his own orgasm building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger with every plunge, but he refused to climax until his mother reached her peak once more.

"I'm gonna cum, Zane," Valerie groaned, her voice shaking with passion. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard."

Zane grunted in response, his hips moving in a desperate rhythm as he drove himself deeper into his mother's slick, tight pussy. Her hot, wet walls seemed to suck him in deeper, and he knew he was close.

"Cum with me, baby," Valerie pleaded, her voice thick with lust.

"Cum inside me, fill me up with your hot, sticky seed."

Zane needed no further encouragement. He thrust harder and faster, his balls slapping against his mother's quivering derriere with a rhythmic SMACK. His cock pummeled deep within her, bursting with

blood and cum. His orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave, his body wracked with convulsions as he pumped his essence into the woman who had given him life.

Valerie screamed, her orgasm cresting over the edge as well, her body shuddering beneath him. She clawed at his back, her nails leaving little trails of pain and pleasure in their wake.

Zane's knob swelled like a blooming mushroom as ropes of cum erupted from his meatus, hosing down the head of his mother cervix and her quivering cuntal walls. His pearly-white jizz looked almost iridescent against the deep pink background of his mother's cunt tunnel.

As the boy's body stilled, he collapsed onto Valerie, his spent cock twitching inside her. His mother wrapped her arms around him, pulling him close, and they kissed deeply, their tongues mingling and twining together in a dance of passion and satisfaction.

For minutes, they lay there, their bodies slick with sweat and cum, their hearts beating in sync. It was a moment of pure bliss, a moment that would be forever etched in their minds, a moment that would forever bind them together in a love that knew no bounds.

Slowly, Zane pulled out of his mother, his cock glistening with a mixture of his cum and her juices, creating a new scent that was uniquely theirs. Valerie moaned softly, a mixture of pleasure and loss in her voice.

"That was amazing, Zane," she whispered, her voice still thick with lust.

Zane grinned, his face flushed with satisfaction. "I agree," he replied, his voice filled with pride.

With a kiss to her sweaty forehead, Zane slithered from his mother's embrace and slowly stood up. His wet cock still jutted from his crotch in full meaty hardness, his knob still twitching from his powerful ejaculation. He glanced down at his mother's spent body, the glistening fluids still seeping from her now-empty tunnel.

Valerie lay in the bed, her heavy tits drooping slightly off the sides of her chest, her body still twitching slightly with the remnants of her orgasm. The mother's eyes were misty and half-lidded, her gaze heavy with adoration and desire as she looked up at her son's glistening, muscular body. His broad shoulders and carved chest were a sight to behold, his wet cock still standing tall and proud between his legs. Having given him a short refractory period, knowing that a teenager could bounce back quickly, it was time to resume fucking.

Valerie swiftly moved to the edge of the bed and stood, then effortlessly leapt from the ground and wrapped her limbs around the boy in a tight embrace.

Zane grasped her ass, his fingers sinking into the fatty meat of her cheeks as he held her against him. Valerie's squishy tit-orbs were crushed between them, bulging out at the sides. "Get that fucking dick back inside me," she whispered wantonly, then dove for his lips.

Zane's kiss met Valerie's with urgency, their tongues fucking each other's mouths as if they had a mutual need to be ravished. Valerie released one hand from Zane's neck and moved it between their bodies, her fingers finding his cum-leaking erection. She began to stroke him slowly, her grip firm yet gentle, as if caressing a prized possession.

She rubbed his spongy tip against her prepuce, prying back the fleshy hood to expose the grape-sized nubbin of her glans. "Ahhh!" Valerie gasped as she rubbed their love-bulbs together.

With his mother's help, Zane's cockhead found its mark, slipping into his mother's silky entrance with ease. The sight of Valerie's widening eyes as she gazed back at his own sent a shudder of lust through him. How many times had they done this now? Ten? Twenty? It was impossible to remember.

Valerie's internal muscles clenched around his stiff member, milking it and pulling it deeper into her depths. They adjusted their positions slightly, Zane pinning his mother against the wall.

Valerie's face was a mask of raw emotion, her eyes glazed with lust and her skin glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved in perfect syncopation, Zane's cock sliding in and out of his mother's cunt as if it had a mind of its own. The scent of their mingling fluids hung heavy in the air, a potent mix of hormones and sexual energy.

"I can't get enough of this, mom," the boy sighed, feeling his boner relieve a deep cuntal massage.

"I can't either," she whispered between kisses. "Isn't it obvious?"

With her warm, thick thighs clamped tightly around his waist, Valerie used the heels of her feet against his taut ass to guide her son's thrusts. Her toes were clenched, her brightly painted toenails shimmering in the dimly lit room.

As Zane thrust in and out of his mother's warm, wet pussy, he couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at the way her body responded to his. Valerie moved in counterpoint, muscles rippled and clenched around his cock with every stroke, pulling him deeper inside her with each thrust.

Valerie's moans grew louder and more desperate, her hands gripping his back and pulling him closer with each cry of pleasure. She showed her sexual mastery, her hips bucking wildly as she rode him, her body arching and twisting in a sensual dance of passion.

The smell of their combined lust and sweat filled the air, the room growing hot and humid as their bodies collided and their desire built to new heights.

Valerie's oversized hooters rippled wildly with each thrust, her nipples fat and erect, begging for attention.

One and on they fucked, like two animals, screwing each other with fervor and lust.

Valerie's cunt walls continued to pulsate around his shaft, milking every drop of his precum. Zane adjusted his angle, so his cock head plowed against her G-spot with each thrust, sending shockwaves of pleasure through his cum-drenched cock.

Hi mother's moans became more desperate, her back arching as she clung to him, her nails digging into his skin. Valerie's breath grew ragged, her moans turned into screams of pure joy, and her body convulsed with the force of tit-trembling orgasm.

Zane's own ejaculation was building, the sensation of his mother's cunt gripping his cock like a vice made his penis throb and his balls churn. "Fuck, mom!" he grunted, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Do it, baby!" Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with arousal. "Give mommy your hot baby seed!"

Zane thrust one last time, his cock finding its mark deep inside Valerie's sizzling hot cunt. His body tensed, and with a howling cry of ecstasy, he exploded, his cock shooting hot jets of nut-nectar into the depths of his mother's love canal.

Valerie cried out at the sensation, her cunt walls gripping his cock like a vice, milking every drop of his seed from his erectile flesh. The room filled with the sound of their panting breaths and the sloppy smacks of their heated pissers beating together.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, as if the two of them were one living, breathing organism, their bodies intertwined in a dance of passion that defied all reason.

As his ejaculation subsided, Zane just held his mother against the wall, his twitching boner soaking in the furnace of her cunt. Valerie continued to cling to her boy...her donor, her soft, heavenly arms and legs squeezed tightly around him. His head rested against her shoulder as she combed her long nails through the back of his hair. It was a scene of primal intimacy, a mother enfolding her child in a cocoon of ecstasy.

"So, let's talk about where you were today," said John as he confronted his son at home later.

Valerie sat at her son's side, holding his hand to show support.

"I had an interview at the baby making factory. The one mom's using to help you guys have a baby."

Valerie spoke up proudly. "Not only did Zane have an interview, but they hired him. Look, they've already added his bio page to the brochure," she said, handing her husband the information.

John scanned through it, impressed by its contents, except for the part that described the length and girth of his son's cock. That part gave him a pang of jealousy.

"A donor? Wow, that's great, Zane. I'm proud of you, son." John said, trying to hide his mixed emotions.

Valerie leaned over and kissed her son's forehead. "You'll make a great baby-daddy, my little stud."

"So, you're gonna be having, uh...sex with women, like your mom's age?" John asked.

"Yeah, they said at least two women a week, during their obulition cycles," Zane answered.

"Ovulation cycles, honey," his mom giggled, correcting him.

John couldn't help but feel a little envious. "Well, I certainly hope you doing this for the right reasons and not just to have sex with these women."

"Of course not, dad," Zane replied, trying to reassure his father. "I'm just helping out and providing a much-needed service. And besides, the money is pretty good too."

Valerie chimed in, "It's a win-win situation. Zane gets to have sex with beautiful women, while the women get a chance to have a child with a handsome, young donor."

John sighed, feeling a bit resigned. "Just don't let it go to your head."

"Of course not, dad," Zane assured him.

John could see the expectation in his wife's eyes, the longing for a child, and he felt a tinge of bitterness, wondering if she were pregnant yet from her donor.

"I'm sure you're going to excel at your new job," Zane's mother beamed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "You might even become the top baby-daddy at the factory."

Their eyes held a deep, secret understanding, a shared moment of intense carnal pleasure and forbidden desire. The thrill of their taboo tryst was heightened by the knowledge that they were keeping it hidden from John, adding an extra layer of excitement to their already passionate affair.

As an afterthought, John added, "Also, I just wanted to remind you not to lie to your mom and me about having a job at a pizza place just because you're searching for one."

"Got it, dad. It won't happen again."

It had been exactly seven days after their time at the clinic when Valerie burst through the door of the house, buzzing with excitement. "Gather around, everyone! I have some exciting news to share," she called out enthusiastically.

John, Zane, and her younger daughter rushed into the room, eager to hear Valerie's announcement. "What's the news?" John asked, crossing his fingers for the outcome he desired.

"I'm pregnant!" she shouted excitedly, looking right at Zane.

Her husband rushed over and gave her a big hug. Even though the method they had used was awkward and unconventional, he couldn't be more proud. "Oh, honey, that's great news."

"Yeah, congratulations, mom," said Zane, giving her a meaning smile.

"I gotta call my parents and give them the good news," said John, rushing out of the room.

Valerie's daughter also left, showing little excitement about having a new sibling.

"We did it, Zane," she blurted, rushing over to hug him. "You did it."

"No, mom, it was both of us. We were a team."

"We were an amazing team!" she added, excitedly bouncing on her heels as she hugged him tight. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!!"

"You're welcome, mom," the boy chuckled, enjoying the way her huge, soft titties were jostling around against his chest. He wished he could hike up her skirt, rip off her panties and fuck her savagely right there on the couch in celebration of their success. He hadn't buried his cock in Valerie's tight pussy since their last day at the baby making factory and he was longing for it.

Zane wasn't the only one suffering. Valerie's desire for her son's touch was like a wildfire, spreading through her body with an intensity that she couldn't ignore. Her longing for him was deep and primal, a physical ache that could only be satisfied by his dreamy rod. But with a new life growing inside of her, she had to push those desires aside and deny herself the pleasure she craved. It was a bittersweet torture, knowing that her son was the only one who could truly fulfill her, but also knowing that it was now forbidden and unacceptable.

As the months passed, Valerie's pregnancy progressed and her body bloomed with life. Her belly swelled enormously round with not just one, but two twin fetus's growing inside of her. Valerie's breasts grew larger and rounder, almost bursting with the weight of the milk that they were producing. Her nipples and areola were darker and more prominent, a clear indication of her body's preparation for motherhood.

Along with those changes came a significant shift in hormone levels. Valerie's sex drive skyrocketed, leaving her feeling more aroused than she ever had before. She had worn out three vibrators since being knocked up, but even several daily masturbation sessions couldn't quench her desperate need to be fucked. She could barely contain her urges, and her thoughts were constantly consumed by her son. She wished she could have him inside her, so they could fuck day and night, but she knew she couldn't risk it.

"I'm going fucking crazy!" she told her sister as she hit her ninth month of pregnancy. Her belly was so round, and her breasts so ginormous and milk-swollen, it was all she could do to keep up with the demands of her new body.

"It's normal, Val. A woman's hormones are all over the place during pregnancy," her sister reassured her.

Valerie had been the master of her own desires the past nine months, but now, with her hormones raging and her son's donation still fresh in her mind, the line between motherhood and lust was becoming increasingly blurred. Her body longed for him in a way she never thought possible, but she knew that if she gave in to her desires, she would risk losing everything.

"I can't stop thinking about Zane," she admitted, "about his cock."

"I know the sex you had with him was amazing, but remember, it was a business transaction. That was all."

"That's easy for you to say. You have a husband that actually knows how to fuck you."

"Sex with John can't be that bad, can it?"

Valerie sighed in frustration before answering, "Let's just say spending two to three hours with Zane results in dozens of mind-blowing orgasms, while five to ten minutes with John often doesn't even lead to one. You do the math."

"I don't doubt that Zane is superior to his father sexually in every way," said Kaylee. "I just don't wanna see you do something that you might later regret."

"Do you remember when you went skydiving last year and I was afraid that your parachute might not open? What did you tell me?"

"That it was highly unlikely, and worth the risk," her sister answered.

"Exactly. If Zane and I are careful, there's no way John will find out, and it'll definitely be worth the risk," Valerie said with a devilish grin.

"But you'd still be cheating in him."

Valerie shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "Then I'm a cheating slut for my son. I'm fine with that," she stated.

"I'm outta here!" said John the next morning, snatching up his briefcase. He gave his wife a quick kiss, patting her enormous tummy. "Call me if anything happens."

"I'm still a week from my due date, so I'm not counting on any surprises today," Valerie stated.

Once her daughter caught the school bus, the naughty, pregnant mother was so excited she could hardly stand it. She was finally in the house alone with her son and had every intention of fucking him. She went to her bedroom to pick out something revealing. Valerie decided a stretchy mini tube dress, that hugged every curve, showing off her huge, fetus-packed belly and her monstrously engorged breasts. She put on a pair of sky-high heels, feeling every bit the seductive, irresistible MILF she knew she was.

When Zane returned home from his shift at the factory, he couldn't help but notice the change in his mother. She was radiating sex appeal, and it was driving him wild.

"Mom, are you feeling okay?" Zane asked, concern etching his features.

Valerie gave him a wicked grin, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know exactly how I'm feeling, Zane. I'm feeling like I need you," she whispered, the words coming out like a seductive mantra.

Zane's eyes flicked downwards, lingering on her ample bosom, swollen with milk and need. Since the dress was semi sheer and she was braless beneath, he could just make out the huge rings of her areola and her nipples stuck out turgidly, like stumps in a swamp.

Zane hesitated for a moment, knowing that their secret affair could be the end of their family if discovered. But the sexual tension

between them was palpable, and it was like a wildfire, burning with an intensity that neither of them could ignore.

Valerie's feet were clad in sky-high heels, the slender straps wrapping around her ankles as she confidently strode towards Zane. With each step, the heels clicked against the hard wood floor, creating a tantalizing rhythm. Her tits were impossibly large, quivering atop her obscenely round belly. The plump shape of her milk-engorged breasts were accentuated by her braless state and the semi sheer dress she wore.

Valerie reached out and touched his chest, her fingers tracing the lines of his muscles. Zane's heart raced as their eyes locked, and he knew that he couldn't resist her any longer.

"Did you fuck too hard at work this morning, or did you save enough energy for more fun?" the mother asked, staring into his eyes.

"I always have the energy for more fun," he answered.

"That's what makes you so special, baby," Valerie whispered, tracing her nails down his chiseled abs, "besides your hot looks and sweet personality. You're young, and your virile...with balls that are always bursting with hot cum."

"I suppose so," he grinned.

"Don't be so modest, you know it's true, sweetheart," Valerie grinned, sliding her fingers gingerly onto her son's cock-bulge. "You know you have what every mom wants...especially your own mom."

"She has everything I want too," said the boy, gazing at the bulging tit-cleavage that seemed to be staring back at him.

"Come with me," Valerie whispered, leading Zane by the hand towards the bedroom. The excitement and anticipation built up inside him with every step. He could hardly wait to feel his mother's warm

skin against his, to smell her intoxicating scent, to be inside her once more.

He gazed down as he followed her, mesmerized by the alluring sway of her hips and buttocks. Through the thin material, he could make out the deep crack separating the twin half-globes of delectable ass-meat.

The moment they entered the room, Valerie let out a sigh and looked at her son with longing in her eyes. "Do you remember how good it felt to be inside me when we were making these babies together, Zane?" she asked, her voice low and husky. "Do you remember the way we used to fuck, you thrusting deep inside me, making me come over and over again?"

Zane took a deep breath, his eyes burning with lust. "I remember every moment, every touch, every sound," he responded, his voice thick with desire. "I remember how much you loved it, how you begged for more."

"Then let's go back to that place," Valerie said, her voice urgent and pleading. "Let's make love like we never stopped."

Zane's heart raced as he watched his mother slip out of her skimpy tube dress.

As Valerie stood before him, completely naked, except for her heels, her body was a vision of feminine glory. Her heavy melons hung low, their nipples thick and erect, beckoning him to touch them. The last time Zane had seen the caps of her tits they were dusky pink in color. Now they were a dark pinkish-purple from increased blood flow, and definitely more pronounced, making them stand out against the softness of her skin. Her pregnant belly was a sight to behold, round and swollen with life, a testament to the bond they shared.

He took a step toward her, his eyes locked on hers, and he knew that he could never resist her call. In one swift motion, he knelt before her, his hands reaching up to cup the delicious cheeks of her ass, drawing her close to his eager mouth.

"Oh, Zane," Valerie moaned, grabbing onto his shoulders. "I've been dreaming of this moment since the day I found out I was pregnant with your twins."

The teen's eyes widened as he took in the sight of Valerie's shaved vulva, her outer flanges plump and swollen with desire. The skin around her vagina was smooth and glistening with moisture, inviting him to explore.

Zane leaned in, the tip of his tongue grazing the sensitive skin of his mother's pussy. As he inhaled deeply, Zane was hit with the musky, feminine aroma of his mother's arousal. It was a heady scent, a mix of sweetness and motherhood that made his mouth water. The teen felt an urgent need to taste her, to suckle at her sex like an infant. As his tongue explored her damp folds, Valerie moaned loudly, her body trembling with pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, yes," she murmured, her fingers clutching his shoulders tightly. "You're the only one who can make me feel this way."

Zane's mouth moved lower, his tongue delving inside her wet, coral pink slit. Valerie's moans became louder, her body bucking against his face.

Zane peeled back the dome of her prepuce and latched his lips around her fat, juicy nubbin. In that moment, he felt a strange connection to his own past, the times he was nursed by his mother's body. Now, he was nursing at a different wellspring of life, drawing strength and pleasure from his mother's primal, sexual essence.

As he licked and sucked at her clit, he felt a surge of desire course through him. His cock was hard and throbbing, aching to be sheathed hot, prenatal pussy. He had gotten plenty of women knocked up, but never experienced one whose body had gone through the wonderful changes of pregnancy.

Valerie panted, her body shaking uncontrollably. "Oh, Zane, don't stop, please!" she begged.

Zane's mouth continued its rhythmic exploration, the suction and swirling of his tongue sending pleasure coursing through Valerie's veins. The sound of her moans filled the room, it was erotic and primal. Her scent was overpowering, intoxicating. He could feel her juices dripping down his chin, and he knew that she was ready.

He stood, quickly shedding his clothing. He heard his mother gasp as his cock sprung from his briefs, pitching upward at the perfect angle. His knob was the same color as her nipples, both equally engorged. Blue veins bulged and snaked their way across the length of Zane's teenage cock, displaying its strength and rigidity. His mother's eyes were fixed on the chiseled contours and pulsating veins of his erection, a monument to his virility and her ultimate pleasure. Memories of their wild, passionate encounters at the factory flooded her mind, sending a shiver of anticipation down her spine. She couldn't resist the intense desire to taste and feel him once more, drawn to the raw and primal energy that radiated from his throbbing member.

"Fuck, Zane... I need you," she whispered, her voice laced with desperation. "I need to feel you inside me."

He stepped forward, then lifted her up with ease, her legs wrapped around his waist, thighs clamped to his hip. Her giant tits and belly distended outward, crushed between them. She was so warm, so

soft, and he could feel the unborn life within her, kicking and squirming as he carried her to the bed.

As Valerie was cradled in his arms, Zane's cock throbbed even harder as his mother's warm, pliant flesh enveloped him. He lowered her onto the bed, her skin glistening with a mixture of perspiration and arousal. Her eyes locked onto his, pleading for him to take her, to make her his once again.

Valerie's knees were pulled back, revealing the soft curves of her matronly thighs and the wide expanse between them. Her bare feet, with toes painted a bright, red nail polish, hovered in the air, the delicate arches showcased in the dim light of the room, spurring on her son's arousal.

Without a moment's hesitation, he climbed atop his pregnant mother, positioning himself at her entrance, his engorged tip pressing against the pink, swollen folds of her sex. Her vagina was dripping wet, a testament to the raw, untamed desire that coursed through her body. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her expression pleading, her body trembling with anticipation.

Zane's heart raced as he slowly began to push inside her, feeling her muscles clench tightly around his cock. She already had the most exquisite pussy he ever fucked, but now that more blood was drawn to her vagina from pregnancy, the pleats lining her pink sleeve were more pronounced, offering even greater resistance.

"Ahh, fucking shit, mom!" the boy gasped, as his boner snaked its way through her birthing tube, his nerve endings stimulated divinely by the snug walls and hot, slippery secretions.

Valerie's breath hitched in her throat as she felt her son's cock slide inside her, filling her up with his virile essence. Her pussy clenched tight around him, her body rocking in time with his, her muscles flexing, gripping him in a vice-like hold.

"Oh, Zane, yes, give it to me, baby!" Valerie cried out, her voice raspy and full of passion. "Fuck me like you've never fucked anyone before!"

Zane's hips bucked, driving himself deeper into her body, his dick sliding between her thick, swollen labia. His balls slapped against her ass, each strike sending a shockwave of pleasure through her entire being.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you feel so good," he groaned, his eyes locking onto her heavy tits, as they rolled along her rib cage like big bowling balls with every thrust. "I can't believe I'm fucking you again."

Valerie moaned, her voice a mix of pleasure and shame. "I've wanted you so badly, Zane. Fill me up with your massive cock."

His hips kept pounding, her pussy sucking him in deeper, the wet friction causing his swollen head to rub against her G-spot. He loved the way his chiseled torso sunk against the meat of her rounded belly, feeling the babies they had created sandwiched between their writhing bodies.

Valerie's frame began to quiver, her heart pounding in her chest, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She clawed at the bedsheets, her nails digging into the fabric, each thrust sinking him deeper into her, the walls of her sex constricting and releasing in perfect rhythm with his thrusts.

"Fuck, yes, Zane, right there, that's it!" Valerie screamed, her body arching off the bed, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Give it to me, baby, give me all of that dick!"

Zane's pace quickened, his hips slamming into her over and over, each thrust sending her higher and higher, the tightness of her pussy forcing him to the brink of madness. He could feel his release building, the pressure in his balls like a ticking time bomb. He

clenched his pelvic floor muscles, so he could jackhammer her tight pussy without cumming.

Valerie's orgasm crashed upon her like a tidal wave, her body shaking violently as the pleasure washed over her. Her clit was on fire, her pussy clenching and unclenching around Zane's cock, milking him for every last drop of pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" she cried out, her voice hoarse from the intensity of the experience. For nine months she had waited to cum this fucking hard again and she was determined never to make that mistake again.

Zane felt her pussy pulsating around him, her inner muscles rippling with each contraction. It was the hottest sensation he had ever experienced, and he knew that he would do anything to feel it again and again.

He pregnant belly wobbled with every thrust, a testament to the miraculous life growing within. He could feel the babies shifting and squirming, as if in sync with their mother's pleasure. The thought filled him with a sense of awe and responsibility, and he knew that he would never take his mother's body for granted.

He lowered his head and latched on to one of her engorged nipples, sinking his face into the rippling, fatty mass of her tit-melon. Valerie let out a low growl as Zane's cock penetrated her to the hilt, eliciting a flood of fluids from her pussy. She could feel his throbbing member, pulsating inside her, and it felt like a wave of heated pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Fuck me, Zane!" Valerie begged, her voice ragged with desire. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

With each thrust, Zane felt Valerie's body tremble beneath him, and her pussy squeezed his dick with an intensity he had never

experienced before. He could feel his own climax building, the intensity of her pleasure driving him towards his own release.

"I'm cumming, mom!" his tit-smothered mouth groaned, his body tensing as he slammed into her harder and faster. He could feel his balls tightening, his cock swelling with each full-length thrust.

Valerie felt the familiar tingling sensation in her abdomen, a reminder that their children were feeling their parents' lovemaking from within her. She trembled with desire, imagining their little ones squirming and reaching out to touch her, feeling her contractions and the vibrations of Zane's huge boner slamming against her cervix.

"Cum inside me, Zane," she pleaded, her voice hoarse with lust. "Fill me with your cum, and give our babies life."

Zane groaned, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm. He thrust into her one last time, burying himself deep inside her, before collapsing onto her, his weight pinning her to the bed.

Valerie could feel the warmth of his cum spurting inside her, each spasm of his cock sending fresh nutrients to their unborn offspring. She writhed beneath him, her body convulsing in a wild orgasm of her own.

As Zane's cock continued to pulsate inside her, Valerie felt a surge of love and gratitude for her son, for giving her this incredible pleasure and for the beautiful life they had created together.

When at last Zane's body went limp and he rolled off her, Valerie lay there, panting and sweaty, her hair stuck to her forehead. She could feel the heat of his cum still boiling inside her, and it was a feeling that she would treasure forever, a connection that went beyond mere flesh and blood.

They lay there, bathed in the afterglow of their passionate lovemaking, both of them basking in the knowledge that they had reunited after such a long, miserable break from each other.

As Zane reached over and held her hand, she whispered, "Thank you, Zane. You don't know how bad I needed that."

"My pleasure, mom...literally," he sighed.

Valerie turned on her side, facing her son, making her breasts and belly balloon outward in a breathtaking manner. She ran her fingers across her son's sweat-sheened chest, gazing at him adoringly. "I know you've been getting plenty of hot MILF pussy at the baby factory, but I hope I was nice and tight for you?"

Zane smirked, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, very tight, mom," he replied, running his fingers along the length of his still-erect cock. "You were tighter than any of the other girls, I think."

Valerie chuckled, her chest rising and falling rapidly with her breath. "I bet you say that to all the moms."

"Maybe," Zane said with a shrug. "But what can I say? I've got a thing for pregnant women now."

Valerie smiled and pulled him closer, so their bodies became tangled in a mess of limbs and sweat. "Well, I'm glad you do, because this pregnant woman can't get enough of your big dick."

"Help yourself to it, anytime you want."

"Mm, well in that case, I have three requests."

"Oh?" Zane asked, raising an eyebrow as he nuzzled against her engorged tits.

"First, leave your job at the baby making factory. You'll have plenty of pussy right here at home. Plus, I'll be honest, I'm VERY

possessive, and the idea of you going off to fuck other girls when you could be fucking me would make me extremely jealous."

Zane chuckled and nodded, his lips grazing her nipple as he whispered, "I'll quit and we'll create our own baby factory, right here at home. You won't have to share me with anyone else."

Valerie's lips curled into a satisfied grin. "Well, I may have to get used to having a round belly then. That's ok though, the more babies we make means the harder your father will have to work, and him being gone longer hours gives us a lot more time to fuck."

"True. So, um...what's the second request you have?" Zane asked.

"My second request is more...uh, intimate..." she said, a blush creeping up her face.

"I'm all ears, mom," Zane said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"I've always had this fantasy of a young guy driving me out to the woods and fucking me up the ass on the backseat of his car," she confessed. "I want you to make that fantasy come true."

Zane's jaw dropped at his mother's request, but he quickly recovered and nodded eagerly. "Consider it done, mom," he promised. "We'll find the perfect secluded spot and make all your anal fantasies come true."

Valerie's heart swelled with desire and the ring of her asshole throbbed between her ass-cheeks at her son's willingness to fulfill her every sexual desire. She could barely contain her excitement as she played with the thick muscles of his biceps. "So, let's plan it for tomorrow afternoon," she suggested. "We'll go out to the woods behind the old barn outside of town, where no one will be able to see us. And I'll wear my tightest, sexiest outfit to get you even more worked up."

Zane chuckled and agreed to the plan. "I can't wait," he murmured, his fingers dancing over her fat, ripe breasts. "I'll bring a blanket to spread over the top of us, so we can make it as comfortable as possible."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful," Valerie purred, her body trembling with anticipation. "It'll be like we're in our own little world, just you and me, making all sorts of dirty, filthy, kinky anal love in the forest."

Zane couldn't help but reach down to squeeze his horny cock. "Damn, mom...just talking about it has me all worked up," he said excitedly.

Valerie reacted with a mischievous grin. "You'll love the third request I have for you then."

"What is it?"

Valerie rose up and crawled down between her son's legs. She hovered there on all-fours, then used her hand to lift Zane's boner, pointing it up the huge canyon between her dangling udders. "Well, since we're all about trying new things, I'd like you to tittie-fuck me."

Zane grinned and lifted his head off the bed, just enough to look at his mother's hanging tits and the beautiful, round baby factory beneath them. "Well, then you'll be making one of MY dirty fantasies come true too then."

"Come with me," she whispered, "I have the perfect place for our tittie adventure."

Valerie's pregnant belly was a full and round, taking up most of her frame as she led Zane by the hand into the en-suite. Her cute waddling walk only drew attention to her large, heavy breasts as they swayed back and forth with each step. Her face held a sly grin, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Zane felt like he was being led to paradise as he watched his mom naked, undulating ass. His boner bobbed stiffly on his loins with each anxious step he made.

Valerie stopped at the tub and began filling it with water, pouring bubbles and essential oils into it. "Get in," she commanded, then gave her boy a sensual kiss on the lips.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, stepping into the steaming hot water and sinking into the bubbles. He looked up at his mother, who was now perched on the edge of the tub, her naked body a vision in front of him.

Valerie reached down, grabbed her son's stiff cock, and began to stroke it slowly. "Now, I want you to imagine something," she whispered seductively, her voice low and sultry. "Imagine that my milk-filled tits are the most delicious pies you've ever seen, inviting you to take a bite. Your cock is the fork, and it's about to pierce through the flaky crust and into the warm, gooey filling. Can you see it?"

Zane's eyes widened as his mind's eye filled with the image she painted. He nodded eagerly, his heart pounding in his chest. Valerie smiled knowingly and stood up, the swell of her pregnancy hovering over him as she stepped into the tub.

Zane breathlessly watched her straddle his legs and lean forward. With his mother draped over him, her stiff-nippled tits hanging down like huge, succulent melons, he felt as if he were in another world. His mother's skin glistened with steam rising from the water, her face flushed with excitement.

"Would you like to taste the pie, baby?" she whispered.

Zane gave her a nod and Valerie leaned forward, her massive breasts towering above his face. With a confident grin, she lowered her chest

onto his nose and mouth, trapping him against the fleshy mass of her boob. His nostrils filled with the scent of her skin, along with her breastmilk, heavy with hormones. Zane breathed in deeply, savoring the intoxicating aroma.

As he inhaled, Valerie began to move her chest, her breasts ripple-swelling with each wave. The sensation was overwhelming. Zane felt as if he were being enveloped in a cocoon of his mother's most intimate parts.

His hands went right to work, massaging the plump flesh, and his tongue darted out to taste the first droplet of milk that trickled from the tip of her nipple.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "You're such a good boy. Taste all the creamy pie you want."

Zane obliged, lapping up the milk voraciously, his tongue swirling around the thick, sensitive teat. The taste was unlike anything he'd ever experienced, a mix of sweet, salty, and slightly metallic. It was intense, and he couldn't get enough. Zane's eyes closed in pleasure as he rubbed his wet, throbbing penis against Valerie's soft, round belly.

Valerie started to sway her breasts in a gentle tempo, pressing her body against his. As she moved her bosom from side to side, Zane could hear a faint swishing noise as the weighty flesh shifted and the milk inside his mother's melons sloshed around.

"Oh, baby," she softly mewled. "I love how you suck my big tits."

Hearing his mother's expression of pleasure, Zane felt a surge of lust coursing through his veins. He gripped the fatty undersides of her mounds harder and began to suck with increased vigor, his tongue whipping all over the engorged caps of his mom's tits in a frenzied dance. The heat of the water and the intoxicating scent of his

mother's milk heightened his senses, and he felt as if he was in a dream.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes closing as she surrendered to her son's attentions. The feeling of Zane's hot, wet mouth on her nipples was exquisite, and she reveled in the sensation of being needed by her boy. Her hand found its way to the back of his head, guiding his face deeper into the squishy meat of her tit, urging him to suck harder.

"Oh, fuck, that's it, baby," she moaned, her voice thick with passion. "Feed on my fucking tits."

It was a primal scene of desire, his face buried in the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast as he eagerly suckled and devoured the sweet, creamy milk that flowed from her milk-ducts. He was lost in a haze of pleasure, his lips and tongue exploring the round, pinkish-purple crest, the weight of her tit-melon pressing against his face like a comforting blanket. In that moment, there was only the two of them, mother and son, bound together by the intoxicating sensations of their taboo act.

A few minutes later, Valerie shut the faucet off before the bubbling water could cover their bodies. Zane was still exploring her boobies, kissing and licking his way through the spongy canyon of her tit-cleavage. She reached down between them, gripping his throbbing cock with her sudsy hand and began stroking it.

Smothered between his mom's soft, wet mammaries, Zane's eyes rolled back their socket. Valerie knew just how to stroke cock, her fist twisting in a delightful corkscrew motion, her thumb squeezing across the band of skin that separated his shaft from his glans.

"You like that, baby?" her soft voice asked.

"Uh-huh," his bewildered face mashed against the inner slope of her tit.

She moved her hand down his shaft, massaging his balls gently, feeling them draw up against his body as his pleasure increased. She peeked down into the depths of her cleavage and stole a glance at his face, noting the rapturous expression on his features, his eyes closed, his lips parted, and his forehead glistening with a sheen of sweat.

"You're so fucking horny, aren't you, baby?" Valerie's voice was a low, seductive purr. "So eager to fuck mommy's titties."

Zane could barely speak, his mind was swimming with the pleasure of being trapped between his mother's massive, milk-filled tits, his erection throbbing in her hand as she manipulated him.

Valerie's hand tightened around his shaft, her fingers stroking him in quick, firmer motions. She knew how to make her hand feel just like a tight pussy and could feel thick, sinewy boner flexing in her grasp, and she knew that he was on the brink.

"Say it, baby," she whispered. "Tell mom how bad you want to fuck her tits."

Zane groaned, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-flesh. "I wanna fuck your tits so bad, mom," he managed to get out.

Valerie's eyes sparkled with desire. She released his cock, and he slipped out from between her tits. He had one hand planted firmly on her round belly, while the other hand nestled between her feet on the slippery floor of the bathtub.

"That's it," she whispered, sliding her jugs down onto his chest, while vigorously yanking on his cock-shaft. "You say it, baby. You want to fuck my tits, you say it again."

Zane's voice was shaky, but he managed to eke out the words, while staring into her sparkling eyes. "I want to fuck your tits, mom."

"Good boy," Valerie purred. "Now, I'm going to help you, baby. I'm going to show you how it feels to have your cock buried between mommy's tits."

She reached over to grabbed a bottle of body wash, then squeezed some of the clear gel onto her palm, her wet boobs dangling above her son's wide eyes.

Valerie rubbed the soapy gel between her massive jugs, one of her rubbery nipples grazing the tip of Zane's nose as she moved. She loved to feel the wet, slippery sensation of the gel spreading between her tits. She moved down, positioned herself above him, lining his erect cock up perfectly between her cleavage. "Are you ready, baby?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with excitement and lust.

Zane couldn't speak, his breathing ragged as he stared up at his mother's massive, pregnant. He could only nod his head in agreement.

Valerie lowered herself onto him slowly, her breasts enveloping his shaft inch by inch. He felt the warm, soft weight of her tits surround him as she lowered herself all the way down, his cockhead pressed firmly against her chest.

"Oh, fuck," Zane moaned, his eyes rolling back in pleasure.

Valerie began to rock her body back and forth, slowly at first, her tit-meat swaying and rubbing against his hard cock. "Oh, you're so hard," she whispered beneath her breath, then picked up the pace, her massive boobs slapping against his stomach, her nipples grazing his chest.

Zane threw his head back and groaned, his hips bucking up to meet her movements. He could feel his cock sliding between her soft, warm tits, the slick gel providing just the right amount of resistance.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "Fuck mommy's tits. Make them leak more milk for you."

Zane's mind was a blur of sensation, his cock gliding between his mother's massive melons, the weight of her breasts pressing down on him, the sound of her heavy breathing filling his ears.

Minutes of glorious tit-fucking passed and Valerie's body movements continued to intensify, her tits bouncing up and down on his shaft like the waves of the sea. Zane felt completely consumed by the pleasure, his cock throbbing with each thrust, each slap of her tits against his body.

"Oh, fuck, mom!" he panted, desperately trying to maintain control over his rapidly escalating lust. "I'm going to cum!"

"That's it, baby!" Valerie moaned, her voice thick with desire. "Cum inside mommy's tits. Give mommy your hot, milky load!"

Zane's eyes rolled back in his head as his orgasm approached, his breathing became shallow and ragged. His hips bucked wildly, his cock twitching and throbbing between his mother's huge, milk-filled tits. Valerie continued to rock back and forth, her breasts swaying and her nipples brushing against his wet skin.

With a hoarse cry, Zane erupted. Hot, thick cum shot from his meatus, coating the inside of his mother's cleavage with a warm, creamy substance that glistened in the dim bathroom light. Valerie moaned in delight, allowing herself to enjoy the sensation of her son's cum filling her sensitive chest.

The room was filled with the sound of their labored breathing and the lewd squishing of cum as it oozed from between Valerie's tits. They

continued their rhythmic movements, Zane's hips pumping wildly as he emptied his seed in between his mother's milk-engorged mammarys.

As Valerie felt the weight of her son's orgasm, she could feel her own arousal building. She rocked faster, her tits bouncing and slapping against his body, driving him deeper into her cleavage. Zane's face was a picture of pure ecstasy, his eyes closed tightly, lips parted, and forehead glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved In perfect harmony, rocking back and forth in a sexual dance that seemed to go on for hours. Valerie's tits were slick with lather, soap, and cum, as she continued to ride her son's cock for every ounce of jizz, her nipples grazing his wet skin with every thrust.

"Oh my God, that was beautiful, Zane," the mother sighed, then laid her body down flat against his.

"Yes," he breathed, still reeling from his powerful ejaculation. His mother's lips fused against his in an open oval, their tongues meeting in a slow, sensual dance.

Their bodies merged beneath the water like two heated pieces of metal, each contour fitting perfectly against the other in a molten embrace. Every touch, every movement, was a symphony of pleasure, a perfect harmony of desire and connection that transcended any societal norms or judgments. In that moment, they were simply two beings consumed by the passionate fire of their love for each other.

While they hungrily feasted on each other's lips, Valerie could feel her boy's rod crushed against her vulva, and she could also sense his excited heartbeat through the fat crown of his cock. One of the things she adored about her teen was his short refractory period.

fact, his cock had hardly gone soft at all, tempting her to bury it inside her aching pussy. "I wanna fuck again," she purred between kisses.

"I'm ready," he answered, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Valerie reached down, her tongue nearly hanging out in lust as she grasped her son's boner, giving it a few preemptory strokes, while sliding her knees up astride his hips in the tub.

Zane watched with wide eyes as his mother positioned herself above him, her massive breasts hugging his neck like a big, fluffy scarf, her ass in the air. She angled herself just so, aligning his rock-hard cock with her sopping wet pussy, her swollen lips parted around the bell glans of Zane's cock and quickly swallowed him up.

"Oh fuck," Zane gasped, his eyes widening in amazement as he felt his mother's tight, wet sleeve wrap around his cock.

Valerie moaned as her son slid into her core, filling her up in a way that no other man ever could. She loved the feeling of his young, muscular cock inside of her, especially after all the time he had just spent stimulating her tits.

"Oh, Zane," she moaned, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she started to move her hips, riding her son's cock with a wild, animalistic frenzy.

"Oh, shit, yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his mother's wet pregnant flesh writhe and ripple against him as she bore her cunt down with heated thrusts on the shaft of his cock.

The scent of their combined arousal filled the steamy air, a heady mix of sweat, sex, and a hint of essential oil from the bathwater. The slapping of their flesh and the sound of their rapid breathing filled the small bathroom. Moans and gasps escaped their lips, mixing with the sound of water sloshing in the tub.

Valerie buried her face in the nap of her son's neck, her lips and tongue darting and probing, as she continued to ride him with abandon.

Zane's hands gripped his mother's hips tightly, guiding her movements as she took him deeper, feeling the veins and ridges of his cock stretching her canal. Her titties felt divine sloshing between them like two huge, wet pillows fighting for space. Her pregnant belly was contorted around his torso in a loving embrace, as if to say, "Look what we made together."

As they fucked, Valerie's body shuddered with each powerful thrust, her massive tits spilling over her son's shoulders, their weight forcing Zane's head back as he tried to maintain eye contact with his mother. She moaned and gasped, her hands around his back, gripping his shoulders, her fingers digging into his skin.

The water In the tub was a bubbling cauldron, disturbed by the frantic movements of their writhing bodies. It threatened to overflow, the water almost reaching the brim as it swirled and churned in a frenzy.

Valerie gasped as she neared her climax. Her entire body felt electrified, her arousal building and building with every delicious thrust. The tip of her son's dick dug against the head of her cervix, inches from where their babies were held in their womb-sacks. She had already lost her mucus plug, making her cervix softer and thinner. It also secreted a hot, slippery goo that felt out of this world as it sizzled around the glans of Zane's erectile meat.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna cum so hard!!" Valerie's shaky voice announced.

Zane's heart pounded in his chest as he felt his mother's hips bucking wildly, his cock thrusting in and out, the tight walls of her pussy sucking greedily on his cock with each thrust.

"Cum for me, mom!" he grunted, his own climax building, his balls aching with the need to release. His mother was riding him so fucking hard that her meaty tits were flopping around all over his face.

Valerie's body tensed up, her orgasm barreling towards her like a freight train. Her mind was lost in a sea of sensations, the sound of her son's grunts, the feel of his cock pounding through her cunt-tunnel, the sight of his cute face lost in the rippling swell of her cleavage.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Valerie screamed, her hips bucking wildly, and her pussy contracting around her son's thick shaft.

Zane felt like he was riding a roller coaster, his own orgasm building like a tidal wave, his balls tightening, and his huge veins in his cock bulging out against the quivering walls of his mom's pussy. "I'm cumming!" he announced. His voice was a primal roar, echoing through the intimate and smothering space between his mother's heaving breasts, as he was overcome with intense pleasure and release.

Valerie planted their crotches together sealing her cunt-flanges around the root of his prick. She ground on her boy's appendage, stirring his entire sinewy boner around inside her spewing cunt.

The water splashed around them, creating a symphony of wet slaps and heavy breathing. Valerie's legs locked around Zane's hips as he thrust inside her, their bodies melded together as one. The fire between them was a raging inferno, consuming them both in an all-encompassing passion.

Zane's eyes rolled back into his head, his lips parted, and his body tensed as he felt the seed gushing forth from his cock in thick, hot jets. Valerie's cunt gripped his shaft with a force that made him cry

out. The sensation was indescribable, like pure energy coursing through him, fueling his every movement.

Valerie wrapped her arms around her son, pulling him closer to her, their bodies molding together as they rode out the storm of their passion. She felt the heat of Zane's seed spilling deep inside her, filling her with life, with a connection that transcended even the most primal of instincts.

As the orgasm subsided, they lay quietly in the water, their bodies still entwined, their breaths shallow and ragged.

"Damn, I am so hot for you, Zane," she sighed, like the weight of the world had just squirted out around his dreamy teenage cock.

"I never would have guessed that, mom," he snickered sarcastically.

She sat upright and slapped his chest teasingly. "Don't make fun of me, young man," she blushing giggled.

Zane was overwhelmed by the sight in front of him. His mom's tits jutted out like the two huge watermelons they brought to the family reunion every summer, and her pregnant belly looked like a beach ball ready to burst. The soapy water cascading down her mommy-orbs only accentuated their enormity. His cock couldn't help but twitch, still hard and encapsulated in the warm, liquid sheath of his mom's cunt.

"I felt that," she giggled, then bit her bottom lip and squeezed her masterful cunt muscles around him.

Zane sighed in ecstasy. "God, the things you do to me, mom."

"Oh, I haven't even scratched the surface of what I plan to do to you," she said with a devilish grin. "In fact, I'd drag you into my bed and fuck you again, but I think you're father's gonna be home soon."

"I guess I'll have to wait for our anal outing tomorrow," said Zane.

"Well, I guess that gives us both something to look forward to then," she said with a saucy wink. Valerie lowered down on her son once more, smothering his young body with her huge, pliable orbs. Her lips hovered an inch from his as she gazed into his eyes with a sultry stare. "Tonight you can think all about mom's tight asshole, gripping around the shaft of your cock on the backseat of your car," she teased," and how fucking amazing it's gonna feel."

"Dreams do come true, mom," he whispered, his heart racing with anticipation.

She leaned forward and captured his lips with hers in a deep, searching kiss. Their tongues dueled playfully, teasing and tasting. Memories of their shared passion in the tub started to fade as they focused on their upcoming anal tryst.

Valerie slowly started to disentangle herself from her son, feeling the cool air replace the warm bath water. Zane followed, and their sexual body parts bounced and bobbed as they dried off. They quickly dressed and just made it downstairs as John was walking in the door from work.

"Hey, what are you guys up to?" he asked.

"Just finishing up our workout, honey," Valerie said with a sly smile. Zane gave her a wink, but they both knew their workout had been a lot more intense than just weights and cardio.

"I didn't know you two were working out together?" John said.

"Oh, yeah...lots of times now. Incredible workouts too. I wanna make sure I'm in tip-top shape to push those babies out."

Zane chimed in, "And I need to make sure I'm strong enough to start lifting those double strollers in and out of mom's car."

John chuckled and shook his head, "You guys are something else."

"Oh, you have no idea," Valerie snickered, giving her son a knowing wink.

Zane gave his notice at the baby making factory the next day and was home earlier than usual. He certainly wouldn't miss pounding all that fertile mature pussy at the clinic, as long as his mom kept putting out. He had a successful year of employment there, with an 88% success rate. He had impregnated 63 women in total, including his beautiful mother.

"Baby, are you ready?" Valerie ask she sashayed up the hallway to his bedroom.

"Just about, mom," he replied, doing a double take as she stopped in his doorway.

Valerie's buttery blonde hair cascaded down her back in soft waves, perfectly styled and highlighted. Her makeup was pristine, with expertly applied foundation, neutral tones on her eyes, and red lips that made her features pop. The mini dress Valerie was wearing hugged her curves in all the right places, emphasizing her shapely, prenatal figure. The strapless neckline showed off her smooth, tanned shoulders and swollen tit-cleavage, the all over cheetah print was eye-catching and bold. The empire waistline created an elegant silhouette, flowing into a loose skirt with an asymmetrical hem. Her six-inch stiletto heels added even more height to her already statuesque frame. Her toes were painted a bright pink, peeking out from the toe strap of her heels. "It's raining cats and dogs out there

today, but we can't let a little rain ruin our plans, can we?" she asked with a sultry smile.

"Damn, you look stunning!" Zane exclaimed, resisting the urge to reach down and squeeze his cock.

"Thank you, dear," she purred, sauntering over to him with a sway of her hips that made his cock stir even more. "I'm all ready for our little anal adventure."

Zane's eyes widened in anticipation as he looked at his mother, his heart pounding with desire. He couldn't believe how beautiful and sexy she looked, and he knew his ball would be drained by the end of the day.

"Let's do this," he said with a fierce determination, his voice low and husky, matching the sound of the storm outside.

Valerie smiled and leaned in to kiss him passionately, her lips warm and soft against his. She reached down and squeezed his hardening cock through his pants, making him moan softly.

"I can't wait to feel this thick, hard cock inside my ass," she whispered, her voice shaky with desire.

Zane and Valerie climbed into his car and made the journey across town. As they turned onto the long, bumpy road that led to the abandoned barn, Valerie slipped off her heels, unfastened her seatbelt and turned to face her son in the driver's seat. "Your father attempted to fuck me from behind last night, but only lasted about two minutes," she snickered. "I swear to God sex in my marriage has just gotten laughable compared to the fucks that you and I have."

"I guess I'll just have to start pulling double duty then," Zane grinned. "To make up for dad's poor performance."

"Is that a promise?"

Valerie's full, pink lips were slightly parted as she bit down on her bottom lip, a look of seduction and desire in her eyes as she gazed at her son. Her mini dress was hiked up, revealing the pale pink fabric of her panties, sheer and delicate against her skin. The outline of her labia could be seen through the fabric, molded to perfection. Zane's eyes traced the distinct cleft that separated her puffy twin flanges, his heart racing with arousal.

"You bet that's a promise, mom. I'm your at-home donor now."

Valerie stretched out her long, sleek leg and placed her seductive bare foot on top of Zane's bulging crotch. Using her toes, she began to massage it sensually.

Zane's hands trembled with excitement as he felt the silky skin of her foot against his virile erection. He could hear the raindrops patter against the windshield, but it was nothing compared to the storm raging within him. Zane gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning white as he fought to keep his focus on the road and not the erotic display taking place on his lap.

"I bet you can't wait to plunge that big cock of yours into my tight little ass, can you, baby?" Valerie purred, her voice dripping with lust. "You're going to fuck my ass so good that mommy's gonna have, hard, quivering butt-gasms all over your erect cock."

Zane's heart pumped in his chest, and he could feel his cock throbbing in response to his mother's words. He took a deep breath, trying to focus on the road as they continued to drive. His mom's cock-massaging toes and filthy words weren't making it any easier.

"I can feel my asshole clenching just thinking about you filling it with your hot, thick cum," she moaned, rubbing her foot against his bulge. "My tight hole is longing for your cock, baby. You're the only one who can give me the cum-filled, ass-busting fucks that I crave."

Zane's gasped, his mind was consumed by lust, his thoughts a hazy blur of images of his mother's naked body, her thick, rounded ass bouncing up and down on his lap. He could almost feel the rough texture of her ass, hear the wet, smacking sounds of his cock penetrating her depths, feel the tightness of her sphincter as he thrust in and out.

"There's the old barn," the boy breathed, like he'd been holding his breath for a minute. "Should I pull around back?"

Valerie winked at him and looked out the window, taking in the dark, crumbling structure. It used to be a dairy farm years ago, but now it was abandoned. It was the perfect place for their clandestine adventures. "Pull in here," she instructed, pointing to a dirt driveway leading to the barn.

Zane carefully maneuvered the car into the driveway, the gravel crunching beneath the tires. "There's an old orchard on the other side of the barn. Take us back there," the mother instructed.

Zane drove around the old barn, following the winding, overgrown road that led to the orchard. The trees were tall and gnarled, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers. The rain was coming down harder now, drumming a rhythmic beat on the hood of the car. The wind howled through the bare branches, adding to the atmosphere of the place.

Zane parked the car near a fallen tree, its trunk still partially standing. He shut the engine and his mother sat up close to him. "This is about as private a place as you can get, and we have all afternoon to fuck and cum and fuck and cum until our bodies can't take anymore," she murmured seductively, leaning in to kiss him passionately.

Valerie ran her hands through Zane's hair, pulling him closer as their tongues danced together. Her fingers traced the outline of his lips,

feeling the moisture and desire that had built up in him. She broke the kiss, her breath hot and heavy in his ear. "Let's get in the back seat," she whispered, her voice low and husky.

Zane nodded in agreement, and they both got out of the car. The rain was coming down harder now, and he could feel the droplets soaking through his clothes. Valerie climbed into the back seat first, and Zane followed, his erection straining against his jeans.

He sat down next to her, his eyes drinking in the sight of his mother's voluptuous, pregnant body. The dress she was wearing had ridden up, revealing the smooth, pale skin of her thighs. Her breasts were heaving, threatening to burst right out of her mini dress, her nipples clearly hard and erect.

She quickly began to undress. "Let's get naked," she urged, her voice a sultry purr.

Zane watched in awe as his mother stripped off her clothing, her movements fluid and graceful. He began stripping anxiously, but kept his eyes glued to his mom the entire time.

Valerie's ginormous tits bobbed heavily as she removed her bra, her large nipples standing erect and proud. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and slipped them down her thighs, revealing her shaven twat, it's slit glistening with slippery nectar.

Zane's cock sprung into the air as he removed his briefs. His throbbing erection pulsed with excitement, the head a deep shade of red and dripping with precum. His mother's eyes widened as she took in the sight, a yearning desire clear in her gaze. The musky scent of hard, cum-leaking cock and sweet, wet pussy hung heavily in the air, mixing with the earthy smell of the rain. It was a heady and intoxicating combination.

There was no time for words. They were too fucking eager to do what they came for. Valerie quickly snatched her son's hand and pulled him down on top of her as she sprawled back across the seat. He eagerly positioned himself between her legs, his engorged cock pressing against her swollen, lustful vagina. Valerie cradled him between her thighs, her strong, shaved legs wrapping high around his back, pulling him against the plushness of her tits and baby-filled belly.

Their lips met for a furious make-out session, their tongues dancing wildly inside Zane's mouth.

It was a tangle of limbs, lips, and tongues, an intricate dance of desire and forbidden love as Valerie and Zane surrendered to their passionate impulses. The heat from their bodies mingled with the rain-washed air, creating an atmosphere of unrestrained lust and primal need.

"I need you in my ass," the mother finally breathed, her voice thick with desire. She unfastened her legs from around him and Zane sat up.

Valerie's movements were quick and urgent as she reached for her handbag. Her full, pendulous breasts wobbled with every move, drawing Zane's gaze to them. She pulled out a small vial of lube, her fingers deftly twisting off the lid. She raised herself up, her body glistening with perspiration, and pushed Zane into a seated position. Her luscious curves were on full display, her beautiful blonde hair cascading down her back.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother tossed her leg over his lap, her bare foot landing gracefully on the seat next to him. She hovered above him, a vision of feminine power and sensuality, her body glistening with a light coat of perspiration and her blonde hair

cascading down her back. Her enormous breasts swayed with every breath, commanding his attention.

She took the bottle of lube in her hand and squirted a generous amount onto her fingers, spreading it around her asshole with determined strokes. Zane could see the slick, glistening ring of muscle, yearning for his cock.

Valerie wet her fingers again with slippery oil. This time grasping her teenager's cock and coating it quickly, but generously.

Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she she adjusted her position slightly, bringing the head of Zane's cock to her tight anal entrance. Taking a deep breath, the mother slowly began to impale herself on the spike of his cock.

"Oh, shit!" Zane gasped, watching her muscled ass-ring stretch over his lube-slickened glans and swallow it completely.

Valerie moaned softly, her nails digging into the leather seats for support as she began to sink deeper onto her son's rock-hard cock.

Zane was in awe of his mother's anal prowess. He knew that she was no stranger to this type of pleasure, but seeing her in action was a whole new experience for him. Slowly but surely, Valerie took all of Zane's length into her ass, her muscles protesting the intrusion before finally submitting to the unyielding cock invading her rectal depths. She cried out in pleasure, her head thrown back in ecstasy as Zane filled her up completely, her obscenely-stretched asshole resting snugly against the hilt of his cock.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride him on the seat, preparing to ride him hard. She could feel his erect shaft pulsating inside her tight ass-tract, the veins throbbing and the head swelling deep inside her tight, spongy rectum.

Valerie's gaze burned with desire as she met his eyes. "I hope you're ready for this," she murmured in a sultry tone.

Zane watched in amazement as his mother's body began to move, her hips swaying in a balls-deep rhythm. She rode him slowly at first, savoring the feel of his hard cock in her tight ass. Then, her movements grew faster, more urgent, as she chased the pleasure that she knew his cock could provide.

As his mom bounced on his boner, Zane had a front row seat to the greatest show on earth. His mom's tits and pregnant belly were like the curves of a mountain range, a sight both mesmerizing and awe-inspiring. Each movement of her hips was like an earthquake, the vibrations spreading through her body, make her enormous boobs leap up and down, quaking and jiggling in unison as they smacked against her baby-orb.

Zane's penis throbbed inside Valerie's anal tunnel, the tight, slippery walls milking his shaft with each rhythmic thrust. His hands gripped her hips tightly, guiding her movements and matching her pace. He stared straight ahead at pregnant tummy, obscenely large and swollen with life, her skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat as she rode him hard.

The rain continued to pour down outside, but inside the car, it was a world of its own. The temperature was rising, the air thick with the scent of sex and desire. Zane's breaths were coming out in short, sharp gasps, his chest heaving as his mom's body moved with a powerful intensity.

The car seats beneath them creaked with their weight, the leather groaning under the force of their combined bodies as Zane thrust up into her ass, matching her rhythm. His sinewy cock, thick and hard, slid in and out of his mother's ass-tunnel with ease, each thrust causing her to let out a low, throaty growl.

Zane looked up above his mom's bouncing udders to find her looking down. Her eyes were locked onto his, a fierce, almost animalistic desire evident in their depths.

"Oh, yeah," Zane groaned, relishing the feeling of his mother's ass completely consuming his erection on every plunge, her rounded buns smacking against his upper thighs, rippling delightfully.

Valerie's gaze was intense, her dark eyes seeming to drink in every detail of her son's face as he fucked her.

"That's it, son," she purred, her voice thick with lust. "Make me fucking cum."

As Valerie rode Zane's unyielding cock, she reached beneath her belly and began to massage her engorged clit, her fingers moving in a furious rhythm.

The rain continued to pelt the car, and Valerie's scream of pleasure drowned out the storm. Her body stiffened, and she arched her back, her hands gripping the edge of the seat for support as she came.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's body convulsed, her beautiful face contorting, ass clenching tightly around his cock. The sight of her climax was like a vortex of ecstasy, pulling him into the deep abyss of her pleasure.

His own climax was nearing, the pressure building up inside him like a tidal wave. He used every trick in the book to keep from cumming, determined to let his mother bounce on his boner as long as she needed to, but after nearly a half-hour of hard-core ass-fucking he was drifting closer to the edge.

The tit-loving teen reached up and grasped onto her big flopping jugs, barely able to hold onto them there was so much fucking meat. He dug his fingers into the squishy peaks, pinching her nipples

between his fingers. White tit-nectar began to trickle out of her milk-ducts raining down onto his sweaty chest.

Zane loved to squeeze his mother's mammarys, feeling their weight and warmth in his hands as he felt his climax draw near. The feel of her breasts, coupled with the sight of her ass bouncing on his cock, was enough to send him over the edge.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm going to cum!" Zane groaned, feeling the pleasure build up to an unbearable level.

Valerie didn't miss a beat, continuing to ride her son's erection at a fierce pace, her breathing ragged. She was every bit as caught up in the moment as he was, desperate for the release that only her son's cock could provide.

As Zane felt the pressure building to a fever pitch, he knew he had to change things up. He gripped her hand tightly, pulling her down onto him forcefully, making her tits and belly slap against his heaving chest. His cock was driving into her ass with an animalistic ferocity, pounding her rectum with the power of a locomotive.

The mother howled in pleasure, her beautiful, strained voice shaking the car with its intensity. She continued to milk Zane's cock with her anal muscles, each thrust from him causing her to spasm and shiver with delight.

Zane could feel his orgasm reaching its peak, the eruption building in his bouncing balls like a tidal wave. He thrust into his mother's ass one final time, slamming her onto his cock with all his might, his mushrooming knob burrowing deep in her shitter.

Their bodies shook together, the rainstorm outside a mere backdrop to the primal, animalistic fuck-fest taking place in the car. Zane's cock throbbed inside his mother's ass, the head swelling and pulsating.

Valerie's eyes widened in pleasure as she felt her son's cock spasming inside her, pumping her full of his hot, sticky milt.

Slumped in the seat and buried beneath his mother's sweaty, jostling tits, Zane let out a primal groan. His cock throbbed violently, each pulse sending a shockwave of pleasure up his spine as he emptied himself into her ass.

Waves of ecstasy washed over Valerie as she felt her son's cum shoot into her, the warmth and wetness of it coating her walls. She moaned and bucked her hips, eagerly milking him for every last drop.

Their bodies continued to writhe together, the rain outside pummeling the car, making it feel like a sacred, secluded space where they could lose themselves in each other's pleasure. The air was thick with the musky scent of sex, sweat, and desire. The wet, earthy smell of the rain mixed with the heady aroma of their bodies, creating a unique and intoxicating scent.

As the final pulsations of Zane's orgasm subsided, he slowly withdrew his cock from his mother's ass, leaving a trail of whiteness in its wake. Valerie's ass clenched sporadically, her muscles trying to hold onto his cum inside her, but some slowly trickled out.

Zane collapsed back onto the seat, his face flushed and his breath ragged. He stared at his mother's sweating, cum-streaked body, feeling a surge of pride and love and lust all at once.

Valerie lay on top of her son, her chest heaving, her body glistening with a sheen of sweat. She looked down at him, her dark eyes filled with emotion – love and lust. She smiled, a slow, knowing smile that said she was far from done with this newfound pleasure.

After two hours had passed, Zane's small vehicle remained parked in the orchard. The suspension groaned as it swayed back and forth in

the rain. The car's windows were fogged up, blocking any view of the outside world.

Inside the car, Valerie's rounded bubble butt flew up and down, her asshole still stuffed full of her son's cock. They had moved to the front seat, where Zane could recline back comfortably while his mother rode his rod. Their bodies were dripping with sweat and the rain continued to pelt the car, the droplets dancing off the windows and mingling with the steam created by their bodies.

Zane's face was buried beneath the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast, obscured by her huge, squishy tit-melon and the heavy strands of her wet hair. His lips formed a tight seal around her areola, his cheeks hollowed out as he sucked hungrily on the rubbery peak her breast.

For the past hour it had been his private paradise, a utopia of pure pleasure, where Zane was lost in the intoxicating sensations of his mother's flesh. The warm, velvety softness of her heavy tit enveloped his face, her milk, a sweet nectar that nourished his body and soul. With every suck and pull, he felt himself sinking deeper into the blissful oblivion of their taboo ecstasy. The feel of his rock-hard manhood pummeling through the tube of his mom's ass only added to the intensity of the experience.

Valerie's voluptuous body moved with a dangerous grace, her wide hips rolling and grinding as she rode her son's pulsing cock. Her hair, wet and clinging to her flushed face, bounced with every thrust, and her curves glistened with a sheen of sweat. Zane's hand gripped her hip, guiding her movements as she bounced up and down, impaling herself on his thick shaft.

Despite the cramped space of the front seat, her movements were fluid and precise, her feet tucked up on his thighs as she pumped her delicious ass-globes up and down with tireless energy.

Zane moaned into the flesh of her tit, the sensation of the wet, wriggling nipple in his mouth making his cock throb and harden even more.

As the rain continued to pelt down outside, the two of them became more and more lost in the world of their own making. It was as if the car was the only place in the universe that mattered, and everything happening outside was insignificant.

While he continued to gorge himself on his mom's milk-filled tit, Zane's hands explored the huge contour of her pregnant belly, where the twins that had been created from his sperm called home. He ran his fingers over the tight, taut skin, feeling the life within her as the babies kicked and squirmed in response to his touch.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes half-lidded as she rode her son's cock with abandon. The sun peeked through the clouds and shone through the car window, casting sparkles off the shiny diamond wedding ring on Valerie's finger. Its glimmer caught her eye, a reminder of how she was being delightfully wicked. She could still see John, her husband's face in her mind, the love she had for him evident in the way she looked at the ring. But now, her son owned her sexually, and the ring seemed to symbolize their forbidden relationship.

Zane's teeth grazed the tip of her nipple, causing her to jolt in pleasure. He sucked harder, eliciting a low, guttural moan from her throat.

"Oh, Zane," she breathed, "I'm so close."

Zane could hardly contain his excitement as he felt the heat of his mother's orgasm building within her. He increased his pace, plunging his cock deeper and faster with each thrust.

Valerie's eyes rolled back in her head as the ecstasy washed over her, her body tensing and bucking against Zane's. She grasped onto his shoulders, her nails digging into his skin, as she screamed out in primal pleasure.

The warmth of her orgasm seemed to spread through her entire body, connecting every part of her and causing her milk to flow with greater intensity inside Zane's mouth, as if her ass and tits were somehow linked and responding to the rhythm of her pleasure.

Zane felt the familiar, incredible sensation of his mom's climax, the walls of her ass gripping him like a vice.

Suddenly, Valerie's cellphone started going off. She answered, even though she was still reeling from her toe-curling climax. "Hey, hon," she said, holding the phone to her ear.

"Hey, you sound out of breath. Are you ok?" John asked, oblivious that his wife had just experienced an earthshattering anal orgasm.

"I'm fine. Zane and I are just doing our afternoon workout," she answered, her ass still bobbing up and down, beating against Zane's thighs.

"Isn't he getting a good enough working at that job of his, having sex with all those women?"

"No, Zane's not doing that job anymore, honey," Valerie said, gasping just a little from the way her boy was aggressively sucking her nipple.

"Did he get fired?"

"No, I just figured with twins coming I could definitely use his 'contributions' more around the house. He's offered to quit his job and help me with 'MY' needs."

Zane came up for air, squirming out from beneath his mom's tit-mass. He looked like he just got off a roller coaster ride at a carnival. He was drenched in sweat, his face was flushed, his features glowing with an almost satanic glint in his eyes as he listened to his mother and father talk on the phone.

"Well, that's very loyal of him. We'll have to make sure he gets rewarded in some way," John suggested.

"Don't worry, honey, I already have that part covered," Valerie grinned, giving her son a wink and tightening her asshole around him. "We moms offer the sweetest rewards, don't we, Zane?"

"For sure!" he answered moving his lips to hers for a sensual kiss.

The constant smacking of her ass against Zane's thighs was something that her husband was growing more and more curious about. "Hey, what's that sound I'm hearing?"

Valerie chuckled, almost surprised that John couldn't figure it out. "Oh, that's just Zane doing on his workout routine. He's been putting in some extra effort lately, so he can keep up with my needs."

"I see," John said, his voice sounding a bit distant, as if his imagination was painting a different picture. "Well, if that's what you need, I'm all for it."

Valerie felt another orgasm swelling in the core of her ass. "Honey, I'm gonna need to go. Zane wants me to pump his... uh, I mean...pump some iron with him."

John laughed, his voice sounding a little strained. "Alright, just make sure you're both safe. I'll see you both later."

"Of course, honey. Love you," Valerie replied, her voice breathy. She ended the call and looked into Zane's eyes as he continued to plunge his cock into her ass, his lower belly glistening with sweat and the

sheen of her bodily fluids. "Fuck, you feel so good in my tight ass, baby," she cooed.

The rain continued to hammer against the windows, its rhythm a steady beat to their carnal dance. Valerie's hands found their way to Zane's, and they squeezed each other's hands tightly, their connection undeniable.

"Let's cum hard together," the mother suggested, peeling her sweaty tits and baby-belly off her son's sweaty chest as she straightened her torso.

"I like that idea," said Zane looking up at the tits floating over him like clouds in the sky.

Valerie increased her ass-fucking tempo, bouncing on her son's prick like she was riding a wild pony. As she leaned back, her arms stretched out behind her and her hands came to rest on Zane's upper thighs, her belly and tits seemed to defy gravity, ballooning outwards in an obscene display. The rhythmic motion of her body as she bounced on her son's cock created a mesmerizing sight.

"Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped, watching the way her flesh bounced and rippled with each plunge. He thrust upwards to meet her, his hips bucking violently, trying to get deeper into her rectum.

Valerie moaned loudly, her head thrown back, her eyes closed, completely lost in the pleasure of the moment. "Fuck me, Zane! Pound that fucking meat inside me!" she screamed, her voice raw and hoarse.

Her son complied, drilling into her even more furiously. He suddenly sat up in the seat, throwing her arms around her and she did the same, clinging onto her boy, drawing him in to her squishy flesh like a sponge absorbing water. Their lips clashed together in a primal, intense kiss, their tongues dueling with each other's.

Their hips jerked frenziedly, stirring Zane's cock around inside his mother's hot bowels. The car rocked with their combined movements, the storm outside seeming to match the intensity of their passion. They were lost in their own little universe of desire and lust, the car their stage for their wild anal passion.

Valerie felt her orgasm building like a tidal wave, her body tensing and her ass clenching around her son's cock with suctioning pressure. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her, the veins pulsing along his pink, muscular shaft.

"Oh, Zane!" Valerie screamed, gripping her son's shoulders with all her might as she plunged down onto his cock, her anal walls rippling and squeezing around him in a powerful and pleasurable grip.

"Fuck, mom!" Zane roared back, his face contorted in a snarl of intense passion. He felt her climax building inside him, the warmth and wetness of her ass flooding him with sensations beyond his wettest dreams.

"Give me everything you've got!" Valerie demanded, her voice hoarse with lust.

Zane increased his pace, fucking his mom hard and fast, making her bounce wildly on his lap. "I'm close!" he grunted, his balls tightening and his cock throbbing.

Valerie moaned, her own orgasm surging through her, her ass clenching and unclenching around her son's cock in rhythmic waves. "Cum with me, baby!" she pleaded, her voice nearly screaming.

"I'm cumming, mom!" Zane bellowed, his cock pulsating as it released its hot, thick load deep inside his mother's bowels.

Their bodies shook, their orgasms rippling through them like electrical currents, connecting them in ways they never thought possible.

"Oh, fuck!" Valerie cried out, her ass twitching around Zane's cock as he filled her with his hot goo.

Their movements slowed, their bodies stilled, their hearts pounding in sync. Zane reclined in the seat and guided his mother back against him. For a while, they laid there, lost in the aftermath of their intense lovemaking, their bodies drenched in sweat, their faces flushed and their eyes closed. Valerie traced her fingers along the beads of sweat on her son's chest, her heart swelling with love and pride.

"I love you, Zane," she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "Thank you for being my rock, my support, and my lover. You're everything I could ever want in a man."

Zane smiled, his eyes locked onto his mother's, his heart swelling with love and gratitude. "I love you too, mom. You're everything I could ever want in a woman. I'll do anything for you, always."

They shared a tender kiss, their lips melting into each other's, their tongues dancing with passion.

Two days later, while engaged in a furiously-wild fuck with Zane, Valerie's water broke and she went into labor. Her son quickly drove her to the hospital, where she was immediately taken into the delivery room. The amount of semen that leaked from her vagina before the babies were born definitely raised the eyebrows of the doctor and nurse on duty.

Valerie gave birth to beautiful twin baby girls. Her and Zane gazed down at their tiny daughters. One was covered in dark hair, just like Zane, while the other had a head full of Valerie's golden locks. They both had the same piercing blue eyes, like a mix of both their parents.

"They're perfect," Valerie whispered, her voice breaking with emotion. Zane didn't say anything, just held her hand tightly. He could feel the emotions that were surging through her, her love for these babies as deep as the ocean.

Zane was a huge help to his mother at home, both with the new babies and with the hunger for cock that burned between Valerie's legs. The two of them fucked furiously, in every room of the house. Their passion was like a wildfire, relentless and insatiable, burning through each room with a ferocity that left them breathless and spent. Every surface was marked with their love, every corner filled with their frantic desire. It was a symphony of flesh and longing, a dance that swept them away and left them craving more.

THE END