

# DAD: GOLD-STAR WINGMAN

By Klrxo



This story is completely fictional, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

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Evan bucked like a rutting animal, sweat-slick and feral beneath the crushing weight of tits and ass. His cock, purple-veined and throbbing, disappeared into the drooling cunt above him with each savage upthrust. The woman's heavy tits smothered his face, fat nipples dragging across his open mouth as she bounced, her pussy making obscene slurping sounds each time it devoured his length.

"Fuck my raw dick," he growled, fingers digging into the jiggling flesh of her ass.

Her cunt gripped him like a sopping fist, the creamy froth of her arousal coating his shaft and balls in sticky strings. She ground her swollen clit against his pubic bone, her thighs trembling as another gush of her juices splattered down, pooling in the musky hollow where their bodies frantically joined.

Evan peered from beneath the quivering avalanche of sweat-drenched flesh, her mammoth tits slapping against his neck and face like raw meat as he heard a sudden knock at his bedroom door.

"What?" Evan snarled, voice scraped raw from animal grunting.

From beyond the locked door came his father's muffled bellow. "Evan, have you seen your mother?"

Evan clenched his jaw, fireworks exploding behind his eyelids as the stranglehold of cunt-muscle clamped and milked his shaft, electric jolts of pleasure shooting through his balls like lightning.

"No, haven't seen her," he snapped, barely able to grind out the words as the convulsing woman writhed and squealed, hips slamming down to milk every inch of his cock.

"You alright in there, son?" His father, Greg, asked.

The woman's massive breasts engulfed Evan's face like twin flesh-mountains, her nipples dragging across his cheeks as she continued grinding.

Evan twisted his head sideways, gasping for air between the suffocating mounds. "I'm fine, dad." he called back, voice muffled by the sweaty flesh pressed against his mouth, "just busy right now!"

Ignoring the exchange, the female's feral hands dug furrows through Evan's hair and across his back, the insistent clutch of her cunt a wet vise that wrung him without mercy.

The hung-dicked 18-year-old could feel each flex, each slippery ripple drawing his prick deeper into her, her hungry pussy sucking and gushing. Evan's world shrank to the fever of sweltering flesh, the ragged moans, the soaked sheets, and the suffocating grip of her body as she tried to wrench every drop from his aching shaft.

The boy's eyelids clamped shut as his spine arched off the mattress, a guttural "oh shit" tearing from his throat while the woman's cunt strangled his cock in rhythmic spasms.

Her cream gushed around his buried shaft, scalding hot girl-lava flooding down to baptize his heavy balls in sticky rivulets. Each pulse of her orgasm milked him like a fist, her pussy lips suctioned to the base of his dick as though determined to drain every last drop from his aching sack into her greedy, molten hole.

Greg struggled down the hallway, the sound of his crutches loud and unsteady as he lurched forward, the heavy encumbrance of his leg cast throwing every step off-balance.

He grimaced, determined, sweeping the kitchen with a hard glance. Empty. His wife hadn't materialized there either; no hint of her, not one rustle or the sound of her voice.

He snatched up his cell phone, thumbed her number—and the shrill, familiar ring burst from its resting place on the kitchen counter, underscoring the fact that she was still somewhere close, somewhere in the house, just out of reach.

The sound of a door opening and closing down the hallway met his ear. Gregory pivoted on his good leg, the rubber tips of his crutches squeaking against the tile as he lurched toward the sound.

His wife, Ashley, emerged from the shadows, her chestnut hair mussed and falling across one flushed cheek. The top buttons of her blouse were misaligned, revealing a sliver of bra-lace beneath, and a thin sheen of perspiration glistened along her monstrous cleavage.

"Hi, honey," she said with exaggerated sweetness, her chest rising and falling with rapid breaths. "Were you looking for me just now?"

"Yes," Gregory said, eyes narrowing as he studied her disheveled appearance. "I've been all over the house. Called your phone too."

"Oh." She tucked a damp strand of hair behind her ear. "I was just gathering up the kids dirty clothes. For laundry."

Her fingers fidgeted with the wedding band on her left hand, twisting it in nervous circles.

Gregory shifted his weight on the crutches, wincing as the hard plastic dug into his underarms. "I've been thinking," he said, his voice dropping to that tone he used when trying to sound casual about something important. "We should still go up to the ski cabin this weekend."

"Honey, I—"

"I know I broke my leg," he blurted, cutting her off, "but it's our tradition. Twenty-three years without missing a December trip. The kids need some normalcy."

Ashley's mouth thinned to a tight line. She crossed her arms, the wrinkled fabric of her blouse pulling taut across humongous tits. "It's not practical this year, Greg," she said, each word clipped. "You can barely make it down the hallway. And Skyler already made plans with her friends."

"What if just the three of us went? You, me, and Evan?" His voice held a note of desperation.

Ashley's face—still flushed pink along the cheekbones—suddenly brightened, her eyes widening with an enthusiasm that hadn't been there moments before. "Or," she said, tapping one manicured fingernail against her bottom lip, "you could just go by yourself."

Greg blinked, momentarily speechless. He gestured down at his plaster-encased leg, the bulky white cast protruding from his sweatpants. "With this?"

Ashley waved her hand dismissively. "The cabin's tiny, Greg. You'd barely need the crutches. Just hobble from the bedroom to the kitchen to the fireplace. It would do you good."

She stepped closer, her perfume mingling with something muskier. "Don't let us stop you from enjoying your tradition."

Greg's face clouded with doubt. "Too risky," he muttered. "Remember last time? No cell service for miles. If I fell..." He trailed off, eyes dropping to his useless leg.

Ashley's pulse quickened beneath her skin, a war between disappointment and calculation playing across her features.

"If the three of us went..." his wife said, "you'd need to take the pull-out sofa by the fireplace." Her fingers

toyed with a loose button on her blouse. "The bedroom has that narrow doorway—your crutches would never fit. Evan and I could manage in there."

She held her breath, watching Greg's face soften with resignation.

"Fine," he conceded. "Makes sense I suppose."

Greg hobbled down the hallway, the rubber tips of his crutches squeaking against the hardwood as he made his way to Evan's room. He found Evan's door ajar, a sliver of afternoon light cutting across the threshold.

Through the gap, he could see his son sprawled across rumpled sheets, completely naked, premium headphones clamped over his ears. The teenager's lean torso glistened with a sheen of drying sweat, chest still rising and falling with the rhythm of recent exertion.

The stink of raw, animal fucking saturated the air—that unmistakable reek of pussy juice and ball sweat—hitting Greg like a punch to the gut as he froze at the doorway.

His eyes dropped before he could stop himself, landing right on his son's meaty cock flopped against his thigh, the veiny shaft still wet and glistening with the slick evidence of where it had just been buried.

Greg rapped his knuckles against the doorframe, the sound barely audible over whatever pulsed through Evan's headphones.

The boy's eyes flew open, his body jerking upright as he yanked the headphones off. "Jesus, Dad!" His free hand scrambled for the nearest pillow, dragging it over his exposed groin.

"For God's sake, close your door if you're going to lie around like that," Greg warned, voice low and rough-edged. "Your mother or Skyler could've walked by instead of me."

"Got it, Dad," Evan mumbled, adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

Greg's nostrils flared as he caught another whiff of that unmistakable pussy aroma. "Were you just having sex in here?" he asked, each syllable dripping with disgust.

Evan's fingers dug into the pillow hiding his still-sticky cock. "Yeah," he said, eyes darting to the window, then back. "She, uh... she just bolted."

Greg's eyes narrowed as he glanced toward the half-open window. "What, she scrambled out the window like some goddamn alley cat?"

Evan nodded, a cocky half-smile spreading across his face. "Yeah. She a bit of a shy one, dad."

Greg's gaze dropped to the floor where a wadded-up thong lay crumpled beside the bed leg, the crotch panel visibly soaked through. "Looks like she left something behind." He jabbed his crutch toward the stained panties.

"Yeah, made her cum so hard she probably forgot her own name too," Evan said with a low chuckle that echoed in the stuffy bedroom air.

Greg leaned heavily on his crutches, the aluminum frames creaking under his weight. "Hit the shower and pack a bag," he said. "We're heading up to the cabin this weekend."

"With that thing?" Evan gestured toward the bulky white cast. "You sure that's smart, Dad?"

"Already discussed it with your mother. I'm taking the pull-out in the main room." He paused, watching his son's face. "Which means you'll be sharing the bedroom with her. I hope you don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind," Evan said, the pillow on his lap shifting as his cock visibly tented the fabric. A slow, knowing smile spread across his face, revealing teeth that seemed suddenly predatory. "Don't mind at all."

An hour later, Greg shifted his broken leg into a less painful position, the cast wedged awkwardly against the dashboard of their SUV. Every pothole sent a jolt of pain up his thigh.

Ashley's knuckles were white against the steering wheel, but her attention wasn't on the winding mountain road.

Her eyes kept darting to the rearview mirror, hungry and shameless, drinking in their son's reflection until the SUV lurched toward the rocky shoulder.

When she caught Evan's gaze, her lips parted in a fuck-me smile, her pink tongue snaking out to leave a wet trail across her mouth like she was tasting invisible cum.

Greg watched her throat work as she swallowed, imagining what filthy thoughts made her squirm against the seat.

"Jesus, Ash," he muttered, gripping the door handle as they narrowly missed a guardrail. "Stop screwing around and watch the damn road before you kill us all."

Ashley shifted in her seat, thighs pressing together. "I need a potty break at the next gas station," she announced.

"Me too," Evan said. His eyes locked on his mother's reflection, adjusting the thickening bulge straining his zipper.

Ashley's gaze flicked to the mirror again, her glossy lips parting as she sucked her bottom lip between her teeth. A flush crept up her neck while her nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin blouse.

Greg stared out the window at the blur of pine trees. "We should probably fill up anyway," he muttered. "Tank's getting low."

When they pulled into the grimy station with its flickering fluorescent sign, Ashley cut the engine and turned to Greg. "Just stay put, honey," she said. "No sense struggling with those crutches. Evan and I can handle everything."

Five minutes stretched to ten. The dashboard clock blinked accusingly as Greg watched the empty space by the restroom doors. Fifteen minutes. No sign of either of them.

With a grunt of frustration, he heaved himself out of the passenger seat, the crutches biting into his armpits as he swung his body toward the convenience store, determination hardening his features.

Greg hobbled toward the restroom, his crutches clacked against the grimy tile floor. He found the door locked, his knuckles rapping against the peeling paint.

That's when he heard it—wet, obscene slurping sounds punctuated by muffled gags. The unmistakable GLUCK-GLUCK-GLUCK of a throat being stuffed full.

His stomach clenched as he recognized the same sloppy cocksucking noises Ashley made when she took him balls-deep.

"Ashley?" he called, voice tight. "You in there?"

The slurping stopped abruptly. A moment of tense silence followed, broken only by heavy breathing and a soft, masculine groan.

"Greg?" His wife's voice was raspy, breathless. "I thought I told you to wait in the car."

He leaned heavily on his crutches, jaw clenched so tight his teeth might crack. "That was fifteen minutes ago. Is Evan in there with you?"

"Of course not," Ashley called back, a nervous tremor in her words.

Through the door, he heard fabric rustling, a zipper being yanked up. "He probably went around back to pee in the bushes. There's only one bathroom, you know."

"It shouldn't take fifteen minutes for two people to pee."

"Jesus, Greg." Her voice had that defensive edge now, the one that always made his stomach knot. "We're—" A pause, followed by a sharp intake of breath. "I mean, I'm almost finished. Just go back to the car. I'll pay and be out to pump the gas in a minute."

A few minutes later, Greg watched as Ashley and Evan strolled back, fingers intertwined like teenage lovers. His son's swagger was unmistakable—the loose-limbed strut of a man who'd just emptied his balls.

When Ashley slid into the passenger seat, her lipstick was smeared across her mouth like a child who'd eaten messily. "God, I feel so much better now," she purred, leaning close enough that Greg caught the rancid-sweet stench of fresh cum coating her tongue, that familiar bleachy reek he knew after she'd given him countless blowjobs.

Greg shook his head and forced the thought away—his wife on her knees, throat bulging as their own son's thick meat pumped jizz down her gullet? The idea was insane.

The family cabin was a weathered A-frame with knotty pine walls and a stone chimney that had blackened from

decades of fires. Nestled among towering pines that creaked in the mountain wind, it sat just a half-mile from Blackcomb's ski runs.

After hauling in their bags—Greg supervising from his crutches—he managed to stack logs in the river rock fireplace, wincing each time he shifted his cast.

Across the open floor plan, Ashley sliced tomatoes at the butcher block counter, her big tits shifting beneath her blouse as she bent to retrieve a pan.

Greg's throat tightened watching his wife work, remembering how she'd once straddled him on that very counter, her need so urgent they hadn't even made it to the bedroom. Now, with his useless leg propped on the ottoman, he wondered how long before her notorious sexual appetite would seek satisfaction elsewhere, if it hadn't already.

After lunch, Ashley stretched like a cat, her nipples visibly hardening against her thin top. "I need to lie down," she announced, her voice thick and breathy. "That ride wore me out."

Evan's eyes crawled over her body, lingering on the damp patch darkening her shorts at the crotch. "Me too," he grunted, adjusting his bulging zipper. "The trip up here is super-exhausting."

"Need anything before we rest, honey?" she asked Greg, already backing toward the bedroom, ass swaying.

"I'm good," he muttered, watching them disappear into the downstairs bedroom, the door clicking shut with gut-wrenching finality.

After what he saw at the gas station, Greg's imagination tortured him with vivid scenes he couldn't shake. His mind's eye he pictured Ashley's fingers unhooking that red lace bra, her heavy tits spilling out with dark nipples already stiff and ready for their son's hungry mouth.

He pictured her whimpering as Evan yanked those flimsy panties down her baby-smooth legs, revealing the glistening, swollen pussy lips that had once belonged only to him. The thought of his own son's thick, veiny cock—probably bigger than his—stretching Ashley's eager cunt made bile rise in Greg's throat.

*"Fuck, stop," he hissed to himself. "Just because I'm imagining this sick shit doesn't mean it's actually happening."*

As minutes ticked by, Greg's eyes kept drifting to the bedroom door, his pulse quickening each time he imagined what filthy scene might be unfolding behind it. He simply couldn't ignore what he'd seen and heard that

morning. He needed to see—to catch them red-handed with his son's thick cock buried in his wife's greedy cunt.

Gripping his crutches, he hauled himself up, his cast scraping across the floor as he hobbled toward the door. His sweaty palm wrapped around the doorknob, testing it with a gentle twist – locked tight, just as he suspected.

When he pressed his ear against the wood, he heard it—the unmistakable wet slap of flesh pounding flesh, punctuated by the rhythmic creaking of bedsprings straining under vigorous fucking. His stomach clenched like he'd been gut-punched, bile burning the back of his throat.

*“They...can't be,”* he told himself.

Greg's heart hammered against his ribs like a trapped animal as he pressed his sweaty ear to the door. The old bed's springs wailed in protest—a high-pitched, rhythmic squeak-squeak-squeak that seemed to mock him.

Each metallic cry conjured images of his wife's sexy legs spread wide, her cunt stretched around their son's thick cock. That same bed where he'd gently made love to Ashley now endured a savage pounding that made the headboard slam against the wall like gunshots.

His son—that muscled lacrosse player with his six-pack abs and teenage stamina—was in there rutting like a goddamn bull, probably making Ashley's eyes roll back as he jackhammered her like a cunt-fucking pro.

The squeaking accelerated to a frenzied pitch that Greg's aging body could never hope to match.

*“Christ, they're going at it like animals in there,”* he thought, picturing his wife's voluptuous body clinging to the athletic teenager as he fucked her with long, savage thrusts.

Greg's mind raced through his shitty options. He could pound his fists on that bedroom door and demand answers, but those two rutting animals would just zip up, straighten their clothes, and stare at him with those innocent faces. His wife would bat those long eyelashes while his son would stand there with his dick still twitching in his pants, both of them looking at him like he was the crazy one.

No, he needed to catch Evan balls-deep in Ashley's stretched-out cunt, needed to see the evidence dripping down her thighs, before they could spin their bullshit excuses.

Greg stared into the flames of the fireplace for an hour, his mind conjuring filthy scenarios while his fingers drummed against his cast.

He glanced back at the bedroom door. Were they finally done? Passed out in a sweaty heap of tangled limbs and dried cum?

Hauling himself up on his crutches, he dragged his useless leg back to the door. The squeaking hadn't stopped—if anything, it had intensified. That familiar rhythm hit him like a punch to the gut.

This time it was Ashley's signature cowgirl bounce-and-grind, that circular hip motion that had always made his cock feel like it was being sucked into a wet vortex.

His own stamina had never lasted more than five minutes under that relentless milking. Yet here was his son, an hour deep into what sounded like the most brutal pussy-pounding that bed had ever witnessed, still going strong.

Greg's stomach churned with a toxic mix of jealousy and unwanted arousal as he pictured his wife's giant, sweat-slick tits bouncing while she impaled herself on their son's tireless cock.

Greg's mind flashed back to that morning's glimpse—Evan's obscene python resting against his abdomen, the purple head bulbous as a plum, the shaft thick as his wrist with veins roping around it like angry blue snakes.

The kid's balls hung heavy and full, two tennis balls in a stretched sack that screamed virility. Greg's own dick, a decent six inches when rock-hard, would look like a child's toy next to that monster.

He imagined that battering ram hammering Ashley's cervix, stretching her cunt walls to their limit, the massive cockhead punching places inside her that Greg's dick couldn't even reach—places that would have her eyes rolling back, toes curling, screaming filth she'd never uttered with him.

*"I've gotta stop imagining such nonsense,"* he told himself, throwing another log on the fire.

Ashley emerged after two hours, her hair a tangled mess despite her attempts to finger-comb it. Her skin glowed pink, cheeks flushed and lips swollen and raw.

The crotch of her cotton booty-shorts was visibly damp, a dark stain spreading between her thighs where Evan's cum had leaked out and soaked through the fabric.

"God, that nap helped," she purred, voice still raspy from what Greg knew wasn't sleep but throat-fucking.

She avoided his eyes, tugging her shirt down over the fresh hickeys blooming on her neck. "I'm gonna

shower," she mumbled, thighs squeaking together as she walked. "Don't wake Evan—poor thing's exhausted."

Greg's eyes narrowed. Seeing the wrecked bedroom—sheets soaked with their mingled juices, the musky stench of rutting animals—would be almost as satisfying as catching his son's cock buried in his wife's stretched-out hole.

When the shower hissed to life, Greg hobbled to the bedroom door. The knob turned easily now—unlocked. He nudged it open with his crutch. The sour reek of cum and sweat punched him in the face—the unmistakable stench of a fuck-marathon. That pungent cocktail of pussy juice, ball sweat, and fresh spunk that clung to the air like a fog.

His wife's black lace thong dangled from the bedpost, visibly crusty with dried fluids. Evan's boxer-briefs lay crumpled on the floor, a wet spot darkening the fabric where his son's had leaked pre-cum before frantically peeling them off.

On the bed, Evan sprawled naked, his lean body glistening with post-fuck sweat, one muscled arm flung carelessly above his head. The boy's cheeks were flushed pink – like he'd just spent the past two hours suffocating beneath his mom's heavy milk-makers.

Greg's eyes fixed involuntarily on his son's cock—still thick even half-soft, lying against his thigh in a puddle of milky fluid. The massive purple head gleamed obscenely, coated with Ashley's juices, a string of her cream still connecting it to his balls like spider silk.

The sheets beneath him were soaked through, darkened in a massive stain that reeked of sex and marked where his wife had gushed her pleasure all over their son's groin, the kind of uninhibited squirting she'd never done with Greg in twenty years of marriage.

*"I can't believe what I'm seeing,"* Greg told himself.

His stomach lurched as the realization hit him like a sledgehammer to the balls. This was the exact same position he'd caught Evan in earlier that day—sprawled out with his cock still wet and glistening. The "mystery girl" who supposedly scrambled out the window was nothing but bullshit. That little motherfucker had been balls-deep in Ashley then too, probably laughing his ass off while Greg limped away like a clueless cuckold.

His son's cum-soaked dick told the whole filthy story—there was no other slut. His wife had been sneaking into their son's room, dropping to her knees and choking on the same cock that grew inside her womb.

The two of them had been rutting like animals right under his nose.

Later that evening, Greg's hands trembled as he laid out what he'd witnessed. "I saw everything," he said, voice cracking. "Your thong hanging off the bedpost, Ashley. Evan sprawled out naked. The sheets soaked through."

His wife's face drained of color before she recovered, tucking a strand of damp hair behind her ear. She glanced at Evan, whose father gave her a slight smirk.

"It was sweltering in there, honey," she stammered, fingers fidgeting with her wedding band. "You know how the fire can make the cabin feel like a sauna sometimes. We just... we stripped down to cool off. Those stains? Just sweat, Greg. Just sweat."

"You stripped naked? In front of each other?" Greg asked in an accusatory tone.

Ashley's eyes flashed with indignation, her nostrils flaring as she stepped toward him. "For God's sake, Greg," she hissed, jabbing a manicured finger at the window where heavy curtains blocked the fading daylight. "It's pitch black in there with the curtains drawn. We couldn't see a damn thing."

“Ashley, the smell when I peeked in there. It's—

"I can't believe you'd accuse us of—" Her voice cracked perfectly, cutting him off. "Your own son. Your wife." Tears welled in her eyes, threatening to spill onto her flushed cheeks. "You should be ashamed, Greg."

The rest of the evening crawled by like a wounded animal. Greg sat across from them at dinner, watching Ashley's lips wrap around her fork, imagining those same lips stretched around their son's cock hours earlier.

Nobody spoke. Forks scraped against plates in the silence.

When Ashley finally stood and said, "I'm going to bed," her voice still carried that wounded, martyred tone that made his balls shrivel with doubt.

Evan followed her without a word, their bodies nearly touching as they disappeared into the bedroom. The door closed with a soft thud, followed by the metallic click of the lock sliding home—deliberate, defiant.

Greg sat alone by the dying fire, straining to hear any telltale sounds. His cock betrayed him with a twitch as he imagined Ashley dropping to her knees the moment that door closed, hungrily swallowing down Evan's

young meat while staring up at him with those fuck-me eyes she never gave Greg anymore.

*“Maybe I was just reading into things,”* he told himself. *“But the sounds I heard through the door. That WASN'T my imagination.”*

The confused father dragged his broken leg to the door and pressed his ear against the wood, praying his paranoid mind had invented those earlier sounds. Maybe, if anything, his accusations had shamed them into keeping their hands to themselves.

The thought evaporated as the familiar creak-creak-creak of bedsprings assaulted his eardrums, punctuated by the unmistakable wet slap of sweaty skin pounding against skin. His wife's muffled whimpers leaked through—those breathy little gasps she'd never made for him—followed by his son's guttural grunts as it sounded as though he was hammering his mother's cunt with the relentless vigor of youth.

Greg's cock twitched traitorously as doubt gnawed at him. Was his broken mind just conjuring these cuckold fantasies?

"Fuck it," he muttered, dragging his useless leg through the cabin's front door. Bitter cold slapped his face as he stumbled into knee-deep snow, his cast immediately soaking through.

His teeth chattered violently as he hobbled along the cabin's exterior, nearly eating shit twice when his crutch plunged through the crusty snow. Sweat froze on his forehead by the time he reached their window, his pathetic reflection staring back from the fogged glass.

He wiped a small circle clear with trembling fingers, leaving snail-trails of ice on the pane. *"I'm not gonna be able to see shit through this,"* he told himself.

Through the small cleared circle, the bed appeared as a writhing shadow-mass in the dim room. Rhythmic movement caught his eye—what had to be his son's muscled ass pumping between spread thighs, the unmistakable bounce of flesh against flesh.

Greg's fingers scraped frantically at the glass, but the fog bloomed from inside where their rutting bodies had likely turned the bedroom into a sweat-box. The window's surface ran with condensation—their animal heat literally dripping down the glass.

Though he couldn't make out the wet details of where cock met cunt, the frenzied pace of those humping shadows told him everything: his son was pile-driving his mother's pussy with savage intensity while Greg stood freezing in the snow.

*"There's no other explanation for what I'm seeing, is there?"* he asked himself.

Even as his frozen fingers clawed at the fogged glass, Greg's mind spun with doubt. Was he really seeing his wife getting railed by their son, or was his pathetic cuck brain inventing the whole thing?

He needed to catch Evan's thick cock sliding in and out of Ashley's sloppy cunt with his own two eyes—needed to see her legs wrapped around their son's back, her tits bouncing as Evan hammered her into the mattress. Only then could he confront them with proof, not just these fucking shadows and wet sounds that left just enough room for their lies.

The next morning, Ashley cornered Greg at the breakfast table, her silk robe clinging to her giant, unfettered tits as steam rose from her coffee mug.

"Did you find what you were looking for last night?" she asked, voice honey-sweet but eyes glacial.

When Greg's face contorted in feigned confusion, she leaned closer, the scent of her shampoo mingling with something muskier. "We saw where you wiped the frost away, Greg. Your little peep show left evidence."

She traced a finger through the condensation on her mug, mimicking his desperate pawing at the window.

Evan emerged from the bedroom then, bare-chested and smirking, muscles rippling as he stretched deliberately.

"I guess we're all being dishonest here then, aren't we?" Greg asked with defiance.

Ashley batted her eyelashes, all wide-eyed innocence dripping from her face. "Dishonest? Me? How exactly am I being dishonest, Greg?"

"It looked like you two were going at it pretty hot and heavy from the window, Ashley,"

"Oh, honey," she snickered, "we were just play-wrestling. You know, innocent horsing around."

"Yeah, Dad," Evan chimed in. "Mom gets all squirmy when you tickle her in the right spots."

Before Greg could respond, Evan playfully pounced on his mother, his muscular body dragging her to the couch. His fingers dug into her ribs as she giggled and writhed beneath him. Her silk robe slid up her thighs and gapped open to reveal the heavy swell of her tits, nipples visibly hardening as her son's pelvis ground against hers under the pretense of innocent play.

"I'm gonna get you back, young man," she purred, voice dripping with a sick parody of maternal playfulness.

She yanked him against her fleshy tits, the robe gaping to expose one swollen nipple that visibly hardened against his chest. Her bare thighs wrapped around his waist like pythons, her cunt pressing shamelessly against his obvious bulge.

"I get it, I get it," Greg interrupted, shaking his head.

Their heads snapped toward him, momentarily frozen in their obscene tableau, their bodies pressed so tightly together you couldn't slide a credit card between them if you tried.

"Evan and I are going skiing this morning," his wife announced, seeming anxious to move on from their discussion. "Are you gonna be alright here on your own?"

Greg forced a smile. "I'll be fine."

A short time later, the cabin door slammed behind them, and Greg hobbled to the window, watching Ashley's ass jiggle in those skin-tight ski pants as she walked. His broken leg throbbed in time with his paranoid heart.

*"They weren't going skiing," he thought. "They were probably headed to some secluded spot where Evan could bend his mother over a snowbank and rail her from behind, her tits swinging like pendulums while she begged for his cum."*

Greg's knew that behind locked doors, they could deny everything, but if he caught them with his son's cock buried in Ashley's cunt, their slick bodies grinding together in broad daylight—then they couldn't spin their bullshit excuses anymore.

The ski lodge was just a quarter-mile limp through the snow, his cast dragging like an anchor while his mind conjured images of their flesh rutting in some shadowy corner.

The resort had those single-occupancy bathrooms with the flimsy locks where Ashley could drop to her knees, gagging on their son's throbbing cock while muffling her slut moans against his balls.

Or maybe they'd find one of those secluded equipment sheds, Evan bending his mother over a stack of equipment, her pussy dripping down her thighs as he split her open from behind. They'd be sloppy, thinking crippled Greg was trapped at the cabin—too fucking horny to notice a limping cuckold peering through frosted windows.

Greg lurched through the snow like a three-legged dog, his soaked cast weighing a ton, face burning with humiliation as a family of four openly stared at the pathetic cripple.

Inside the lodge, the blast of heat hit him like a slap. That's when he spotted them—Ashley perched on Evan's lap in a shadowy alcove, her ass grinding subtly against what Greg knew was their son's rock-hard cock.

Greg's stomach heaved as he ducked behind a stone pillar, watching his wife's glossy lips brush against Evan's ear, her hand disappearing between their pressed bodies. Evan's face flushed crimson, his eyes half-lidded with that unmistakable look of a man getting ear fucked.

Greg squinted, his eyes locked on Ashley's glossy lips as they formed filthy promises. Though no lip-reader, he could make out "fuck" and "cock" punctuating her whispers like exclamation points.

Her ass ground in slow circles on their son's lap, the friction of their ski pants creating a soft swishing sound as she deliberately rode the thick ridge tenting the fabric.

Evan's jaw slackened, his Adam's apple bobbing as Ashley's hips twisted and pressed, working his shaft through the layers of clothing like she was milking a fat udder.

A finger jabbed Greg's shoulder blade. "Is that your wife and boy?" rasped a female voice.

He whipped around to find a fleshy woman in her seventies, her face a roadmap of deep wrinkles. Watery blue eyes peered out from hooded lids, but her mouth was obscene, two plump cushions of meat that looked like they'd sucked miles of cock in their heyday.

Greg's gaze dropped to her chest where two massive tits strained against a bedazzled sweater, the kind of pendulous flesh-sacks that probably swung to her navel when unleashed from that industrial-strength bra.

"Y-yes," Greg managed. "That's my wife and son."

She smacked her coral-lipsticked mouth. "How long they been ruttin' like jackrabbits?"

When Greg's jaw went slack, she cackled, tit-jugs trembling like gelatin. "Don't play dumb, sugar. The way she's grinding on him? That ain't like no mama-son huggin' I ever seen."

Greg's face flushed crimson as he stammered, "They're just... just being affectionate. Mother and son, you know?"

The old woman's mouth twisted into a knowing smirk as she glanced at a balding man across the room nursing a watery beer. "See that poor bastard over there? He never knew I was draining our boys' balls every chance I got."

She licked her lips, leaving a smear of coral lipstick on her teeth. "All four of my sons learned to fuck on mama's pussy. I'd grind those thick teenage cocks until my nectar was pouring down their nut-sacks, then let them pound my stretched-out cunt—the same hole they came out of."

Greg's throat constricted. "Ashley wouldn't—she's not—"

The hag's pendulous tits shook with laughter. "You dumb cuck. You're just like my husband, jerking your pathetic dick alone while your wife's getting her pussy destroyed by your son's young cock. My boys used to suckle these old titties, just like when they were babies."

She leaned closer, her hot breath at his ear. "Your wife's got some prime milk-makin' hooters just like mine," she wheezed. "Bet she lets your boy suckle those fat teats while she drains his young nuts dry."

Greg's jaw clenched as he shook his head. "Not likely," he managed through gritted teeth.

"If you think she'd rather bounce on your limp, middle-aged cock than get her cunt stretched by some handsome, thick-dicked teenager with stamina for days, you're more pathetic than you look."

Greg watched Ashley and Evan spring to their feet, her manicured hand clutching their son's forearm with white-knuckled urgency.

Evan's ski pants tented obscenely at the crotch as Ashley whispered something that made his pupils dilate like a junkie getting his fix.

"There they go," the old woman cackled, jabbing a gnarled finger toward them. "Fixin' to fuck like rabid weasels. Look at her nipples poking through that sweater—hard as fucking bullets. And that boy's cock is about to split those pants wide open."

"They wouldn't," Greg protested weakly, his voice a pathetic whimper.

The hag snorted, spraying spittle onto her pendulous chest. "Headed for them ski lifts, guaranteed. I've bounced on my boys' throbbing dicks in those enclosed cars more times than I can count. We'd ride that lift for hours, my hot cunt juice fogging up the windows while I impaled myself on their teenage meat. The cars sway just right to drive a cock deep into momma's womb with every swing."

Greg shook his head. "I doubt that very much," he croaked. "They're probably just going out to ski."

The old woman's laugh gurgled from deep in her throat. "Honey, I'd bet my triple-M titties that your limp dick hasn't properly fucked your wife in years. Those little blue pills probably just give you a half-chub that wilts before you can even get her panties off."

"I broke my leg, alright," Greg snarled, knuckles whitening around his crutch. "That would be the only reason she would—"

"Maybe that's how it started. But trust me, once she's felt your boy's thick teenage cock stretching her cunt open, pounding spots you never reached, she'll never go back to your pathetic husband dick."

"I need to go," Greg snarled, lurching after Ashley and Evan on his crutch. Each step sent daggers of pain shooting up his thigh as he followed them to the ski lift area, watching their bodies press together while waiting in line.

When they climbed into an enclosed car, Greg hobbled desperately forward, wedging himself into the next one just as the attendant was closing it.

Two women—late thirties with expensive highlights and tight ski suits that showcased their huge MILF tits—squeezed in across from him, reeking of mimosas and entitlement.

As the car lurched upward, the blonde's raspy voice cut through the mechanical whirring: "I swear to Christ, my jaw still aches from this morning. Tyler's cock is getting so thick I can barely get my mouth around it anymore."

Her friend snorted, adjusting her cleavage. "Tell me about it. I gagged so hard on Jason's cum I nearly puked on his balls. But fuck, watching your own son's eyes roll back while he pumps your throat full? Worth it."

The blonde's glare sliced across the lift car at Greg who nosily watched them, her ice-blue eyes narrowing to venomous slits. "Do you fucking mind?" she hissed, her glossy lips curling back to reveal perfect veneers.

Greg mumbled a pathetic "sorry" and jerked his head toward the window, his ears still straining as they resumed their filthy exchange.

"Anyway," the blonde continued, lowering her voice to a husky purr, "I'm gonna ride Tyler's thick teenage cock until my pussy's raw once Dave passes out by the fire pit."

Her friend giggled "Same. I've been edging Jason's cock all day with my hand down his pants. Poor baby's balls are probably purple by now."

"Tyler's already knocked me up," the blonde confessed. "Pumped his thick teenage seed so deep in my cunt it took root. But fuck if it hasn't made my pussy even hungrier for his cock."

Her friend's eyes widened, a throaty laugh escaping her glossed lips as she squeezed her own meaty tits through her thermal. "Jason's been raw-dogging me every day after school," she hissed. "Floods my married pussy with so much hot cum it leaks down my thighs for hours. My womb's practically swimming in my own son's baby batter—I'm just waiting for those virile little swimmers to knock mommy up any day now."

The blonde jabbed a manicured finger toward the window. "Look at that car swinging like a fucking pendulum. Someone's getting railed in there."

Greg turned with practiced casualness, his stomach dropping as he watched his wife and son's lift car rocking violently against its cable.

The brunette snickered, her massive tits jiggling beneath her thermal. "Remember when we double-teamed inside those lift cars with our boys last season? My cunt was so sloppy wet I left a puddle on the seat."

Her friend nodded enthusiastically. "Christ, I came so hard my pussy was convulsing around Tyler's thick

root. Made these obscene squelching noises every time he bottomed out."

The brunette threw her head back, cackling. "I remember that. I screamed so fucking loud when Jason filled me with cum, I'm shocked ski patrol didn't come investigate. Sounded like someone was being murdered."

The blonde leaned forward, her massive tits nearly spilling from her unzipped jacket. "That's definitely a mother-son duo in that car. They were practically dry-humping in the lift line in front of us."

She licked her plump lips. "Bet her pussy's already gushing all over his strong teenage cock."

"If that's the case," the brunette snorted, adjusting her thighs wider, "that MILF is probably cumming her brains out right now, legs spread like a two-dollar whore while her son's balls slap against her asshole."

The blonde nodded toward the swaying car. "That gondola's gonna be dripping with cunt juice by the time they're done. They'll ride up and down this mountain for hours, that poor lift seat soaked through with mommy's cream."

"Meanwhile," the brunette cackled, "her pathetic husband's probably sitting by the fire with his limp dick,

thinking his sweet innocent wifey is just bonding with their boy."

Their cruel laughter echoed in the small space as they high-fived with manicured hands.

At the summit, the women disembarked with a vulgar flourish, the blonde's ski pants stretched tight across her ass as she bent unnecessarily low to adjust her boot. She shot Greg a look of pure contempt.

"Enjoy the show, limp-dick," she spat before sauntering away, hips swaying.

Greg remained seated, his stomach churning acid as the gondola began its descent. Through the frosted window, he couldn't tear his eyes from his family's car, still bucking violently against its cable.

At the bottom station, two female attendants in tight uniforms exchanged knowing smirks, deliberately ignoring the obscenely rocking car where muffled, rhythmic thumping echoed.

"Going back up?" one asked when Greg's door slid open, her eyes flicking to his crotch.

"I'm riding again," he mumbled, glancing at the wobbling car out the window in front of him.

The attendant's face twisted with disgust. "Fucking pervert," she spat, slamming his door shut.

Greg rode the lift for nearly an hour, his gaze fixed on his wife and son's car as it bucked and swayed like a mechanical bull. Their windows had fogged completely, occasional handprints smearing through the condensation before disappearing again.

A parade of strangers cycled through his gondola—first a bearded man who kept adjusting his crotch, then two giggling college girls with nipples visibly hardening in the cold, followed by an elderly couple who reeked of bourbon.

As Greg began his seventh circuit, the dark-haired MILF from earlier slid into his car, dragging her lanky son behind her. Her ski pants hugged every curve of her ass as she positioned herself directly across from Greg, spreading her thighs wide enough that he could make out the outline of her camel toe.

The boy—cheeks flushed, eyes downcast—pressed his thigh against his mother's while her manicured hand disappeared beneath his jacket.

Greg fixed his eyes on the window, but his gaze kept dragging back like a magnet to a fridge. The MILF had her manicured claws buried in her son's hair, yanking his face to hers.

"Mommy needs your tongue, baby," she purred loud enough for Greg to hear.

Their mouths collided in a grotesque display—her glossy lips engulfing his, spit-slick and hungry. The wet, obscene sounds of their makeout session filled the gondola—slurping, sucking noises that made Greg's stomach heave.

Her massive tits heaved against the boy's chest as she shoved her hand up his shirt, raking red welts across his pale teenage skin while grinding her crotch against his thigh.

Greg shook his head violently, his brain refusing to process the filthy tableau unfolding around him. His reality had warped into some depraved alternate universe where mothers hungrily devoured their sons' cocks like starving animals.

The thought of Ashley's lipstick-smearred mouth wrapped around Evan's teenage shaft made bile rise in his throat.

His eyes darted back to their gondola, watching it buck and sway on its cable. Each violent rock screamed that his wife—his Ashley with her massive, jiggling triple-H tits that he'd worshipped for twenty years—was at this very moment spread-eagled on the sticky floor, her

cunt dripping and squeezing around their son's thick meat while she begged for his hot load.

The mother across from Greg wrenched her mouth from her son's with a wet pop, saliva bridging their lips.

She shot Greg a venomous glare. "When we hit bottom, I need you to get the fuck out. Mommy needs to drain her baby's fat cock in private."

Her fingers visibly squeezed something substantial beneath the fabric, making the teenager whimper.

Greg couldn't tear his eyes from the obscene bulge tenting the boy's ski pants, the outline unmistakably thick and throbbing against his mother's greedy palm. A small wet patch had formed where the tip pressed against the fabric.

"Whatever," Greg mumbled, exiting at the station while the woman yanked her son down on the seat, already tugging his zipper down with hungry desperation before the door even closed.

Greg slumped on a bench at the base station, his eyes never leaving the obscenely rocking gondola as it completed two more circuits. When they finally disembarked, Ashley's cheeks were flushed crimson, her ski pants clinging to her sweaty thighs. Her

massive tits heaved beneath her unzipped jacket as she caught her breath.

"Greg?! What are you doing here?" she asked, voice ragged and breathless, one hand clutching Evan's shoulder for support. The boy wouldn't meet Greg's eyes, his lanky frame hunched forward as if hiding something.

"Watching you two ride up and down for the past two hours," replied with suspicion in his tone.

"That's ridiculous. We've been skiing... over the north face," she snapped, though neither carried poles, and their boots were suspiciously dry.

"It wasn't my imagination at all, Ashley," Greg insisted, gesturing toward the lift. "Everything I've seen on this trip—the way you look at him, the way you touch him, that car swinging like a goddamn pendulum—you're having sex with our son, Ashley."

"We need to get back to the cabin," his wife stated.

"The cold's fucking with your brain, making you delusional, Greg."

His wife grabbed Evan's elbow, steering him toward the exit, leaving Greg alone with the mechanical groan of the lift cables overhead.

By the time Greg stumbled through the resort's glass doors, the family SUV was already idling at the curb, exhaust billowing in the frigid mountain air. Evan sat behind the wheel, his knuckles white against the black leather, eyes fixed straight ahead.

"Mom sent me down to get you," he muttered as Greg slid into the passenger seat.

As they pulled away from the resort, Greg studied his son's profile—the same jawline as Ashley's, the same full lips now pressed into a thin line.

"Evan," Greg said, his voice steadier than he felt, "I need you to be honest with me."

He placed his hand on his son's tensed forearm. "I promise I won't get angry. I won't tell your mother you told me anything. But I need to know."

The SUV slowed at a curve, snow crunching beneath the tires. "Know what?" Evan asked.

"Are you sleeping with your mother?"

Evan smirked, his eyes flickered briefly to his dad's, then back to the road. "You promised, Dad... just between us," he whispered, his voice cracking.

"Remember that."

Greg leaned closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "You have my word, son. Man to man."

Evan's shoulders relaxed slightly as he exhaled, a smirk playing at the corners of his mouth. "Dad, I've been balls-deep in Mom since your broke your leg."

"Balls-deep?" Greg uttered.

"Yeah, you know what balls-deep means, right?"

"Yes, I just, uh..." the father stammered in disbelief.

"Every night, while you're passed out on painkillers mom and I are in on my bed fucking our asses off."

His voice took on a dreamy quality. "Her cunt is so goddamn tight—grips my dick like a vise."

Greg's stomach lurched as Evan continued, "The ski lift? Jesus, she was insatiable. Had her panties off before we even left the station. Rode me raw, Dad—those huge tits bouncing in my face while she ground that sopping wet pussy all over my cock. We never even touched a fucking ski today."

Greg's stomach clenched like a fist. "And last night, in the bedroom?" he managed.

Evan's lips peeled back in a wolfish grin. "Fuck yeah. Pounded Mom's cunt so hard the headboard left dents

in the wall. That puddle you saw? Her squirt soaked through the mattress pad. She cums like a crazy when I hit her cervix just right."

"Stop," Greg whispered, his vision swimming with black spots. "For God's sake, stop. You can't keep having sex with your mother, do you understand?"

"Wait, fuck that," Evan sneered, his eyes flicking to the rearview. "You said be honest, not stop drilling mom's pussy. That wasn't part of our deal."

Greg's knuckles whitened as he gripped the dashboard. "Evan, she's my wife," he choked out, spittle gathering at the corners of his mouth, his voice cracking like thin ice.

Evan snorted, his lips curling into a cruel smirk. "Yeah, a wife with a neglected cunt that drips like a broken faucet the second I whip my big cock out," he sneered, adjusting himself through his pants. "If it's not me balls-deep in her, it'll be some other young stud splitting her open while you pop pills. And I'm not giving up that prime pussy."

"You have to," Greg said with a desperate tone.

"It won't happen, dad," his son stated. "Mom's insatiable—rides me till my dick's raw, begging for load

after load. None of those basic bitches my age can fuck like she does when she's gagging for it."

Greg's face contorted. "So what—I'm just supposed to sit back with my thumb up my ass while you plow my wife's cunt?"

Evan snorted, one hand lazily adjusting his still-swollen crotch. "Nah, Dad. You could be useful. Be my wingman or some shit. You've been fucking Mom for twenty years—tell me what makes her pussy gush. Which positions get her screaming loudest."

"That's ridiculous," Greg snarled. "I'll do no such thing."

Evan's mouth twisted into a cruel smirk as he downshifted. "Doesn't look like you've got options, old man. Mom's gonna keep getting young cock stuffed in her hungry cunt whether you like it or not. Not to be cruel, but you might as well get used to the sounds of her gagging on my fat dick."

"Perfect," the father uttered defeatedly, gazing out at the passing trees. "Thanks a lot, Evan."

Evan's eyes narrowed as he glanced sideways at his father, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "By the way, dad," he said, "be sure to remember that promise you made, about not telling Mom."

He let the statement hang in the frigid air between them.

"Because if you break that promise," he continued, his voice hardening like ice forming over a lake, "I won't just stop telling you things... I'll never trust your word again."

Ashley towered over Greg that evening, her massive tits straining against her thermal top like two overfilled water balloons, nipples visibly hard despite the layers. She planted her hands on her wide hips, thighs still slick with sweat beneath her unzipped ski pants.

"Are you finally ready to stop with these disgusting accusations?" she asked.

Greg's eyes darted to Evan, who leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed. His son's face remained impassive, but his eyes flashed a cold, unmistakable warning.

"I'm sorry," Greg mumbled, the lie burning his throat like bile. "The meds must be messing with my head."

"You're ruining the trip with this sick paranoia, Greg," she hissed, running her fingers through her hair. "As if Evan and I would ever..." She let the sentence hang,

exchanging a quick glance with their son that lasted a heartbeat too long.

Evan rolled his eyes. "For fuck's sake, Dad. Guys don't screw their own mothers," he spat, his voice dripping with manufactured disgust. "That's some sick incest shit."

Ashley's nostrils flared. "I've had enough of these filthy accusations," she hissed, her chest heaving. "Not another word about me spreading my legs for my own son, Greg. It's revolting."

"I'm sorry," Greg choked out, even though he didn't mean it.

"Good," she purred, lips curling. "I need a hot shower to wash this day off me. My pillow's calling."

She turned to Evan, her tongue darting across her bottom lip. "You should come to bed too, sweetheart. Your father needs his rest—and his pills."

Evan licked his lips, eyes lingering on his mother's ass. "I'll be right in," he called, watching her hips sway hypnotically beneath the thin thermal fabric, the deep crack of her rounded, jiggling buttocks clearly visible with each step.

Once the bathroom door clicked shut, he slumped down beside his father. "I need your advice, Dad," Evan

whispered, leaning in conspiratorially. "Something man-to-man."

Greg's jaw tightened, clearly put-off by the day's revelations. "What?" he finally muttered.

"Mom's sucks me off like a fucking champion—takes my whole cock down her throat till she gags—but I've never eaten her pussy." His voice dropped lower.

"Tonight I wanna make her cunt drip all over my face."

Greg recoiled, trying to push himself up from the couch, but Evan's hand clamped onto his shoulder.

"Come on, Dad," he hissed, fingers digging in. "You're my fucking wingman now, remember? Tell me how Mom likes her clit licked."

Greg couldn't believe he was about to coach his own son on how to eat out his wife—their family shattered into this grotesque new reality.

"She likes... circular motions," he finally croaked, his voice hollow. "Start slow, then faster. Use your whole tongue, flat against her."

Evan scoffed, his lips curling into a sneer. "That's called the 'flat-tongue technique,' Dad. Amateur shit." He leaned closer, breath hot with excitement. "What really gets a girl off is the Kivin Method—side

approach, tongue working perpendicular to her slit.  
Puts direct pressure on her clit hood."

"If you've got it figured out, then why did you ask me?"  
Greg said, which was more of a statement than a  
question.

"Mom's got this fat, swollen clit—like a ripe cherry,"  
Evan explained. "When she rides me cowgirl, she  
grinds that juicy button against my pubic bone until  
she's fucking trembling. Leaves my stomach soaked  
with her cream."

His eyes glazed with the memory. "Sometimes she'll  
cum three, four times just from that friction alone,  
shaking like she's being electrocuted."

Greg managed only a weak "Okay," the single syllable  
catching in his throat like a bone. "Sounds like you'll be  
focusing on her clit then."

Evan leaned forward, eyes gleaming. "What about her  
G-spot? You ever hook your fingers inside while you  
suck her clit? Makes bitches cream like crazy."

Greg's face contorted. "I don't—"

"Mom's G-spot is like a fucking trigger, Dad," Evan  
stated, cutting him off. "When I'm balls-deep, I just  
angle my cock upward—" he demonstrated with a crude  
thrust of his hips, "—and rake that fat mushroom head

right across that spongy spot. Her cunt clenches so goddamn tight it's like a vise grip milking every drop. She gets this glazed look, eyes rolling back, drooling all over herself while her pussy spasms. Fucking drenches my balls with her juices, man. Makes these guttural animal noises you've probably never heard."

"I'm uh... I'm not really sure," Greg uttered. "It's—"

"What about her asshole?" Evan interrupted, licking his lips. "Mom ever let you tongue-fuck that tight little pucker? Bet it tastes fucking amazing."

When Greg could only stutter, Evan smirked. "Forget it, man. I'll bury my face in Mom's ass tonight and give you a full report tomorrow."

A short time later, Greg lay sprawled on the lumpy sleeper sofa when Ashley emerged from the steamy bathroom, her hair slick and dripping.

The towel barely covered her ass, riding up to expose the plump underside of her bodacious buttocks with every step. Water droplets trickled between her massive tits, which threatened to spill from the threadbare terry cloth.

"Need anything before bed?" she purred, adjusting the towel to flash a glimpse of her areola.

"I'm fine," Greg muttered, his throat tight, desperate to ask why she was parading her nearly-naked body before disappearing into his son's bed.

"No more window snooping tonight, right?" she asked.

"Right," her husband whispered.

"And if you do hear strange noises in there, it's not because Evan and I are... rutting like a couple of farm animals."

Greg couldn't say what he really wanted to. He had made a stupid promise to his son and couldn't go back on it. Despite this, he couldn't help but make a request.

"Don't bother locking the door then."

Ashley's expression shifted to feigned concern, her blue eyes widening with practiced innocence. "Honey, you remember those break-ins last winter?" she asked, voice honeyed with false worry. "That couple that had all their stuff stolen from their cabin not far from here?"

She toyed with the edge of her towel, deliberately letting it slip another inch. "I just feel safer with the bedroom door locked, honey. You know, for an added sense of security."

"I would protect you, Ashley," he insisted.

Ashley's laugh was musical but cruel. "With that broken leg?"

She gestured dismissively at his immobilized limb. "I'm just being practical, keeping Evan and me safe behind a locked door." Her lips curved into a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "You understand, don't you?"

"Fine," Greg uttered, even though he really wanted to lash out and confront her.

Ashley's lips curled into a condescending smile. "It's an old cabin, honey," she whispered. "These walls creak and moan all night. The pipes rattle. The wind howls through those loose window frames."

She straightened her tiny towel to keep it from slipping off her tits. "So if you hear... noises... that your medication-addled brain might mistake for two people having sex. You know—grunting, moaning, the headboard slamming rhythmically against the wall—just roll over and try to go back to sleep, ok?" she said with mock tenderness. "It's all just cabin noises playing tricks on you."

"Got it," said Greg, trying his best to disguise the fact that he knew she was about to get fuck hard, creating just the noises she described.

"Night, honey," she cooed with syrupy sweetness before sauntering away, her ass jiggling obscenely. The bedroom door closed with a decisive click of the lock, leaving Greg alone with the mental image of his wife's cunt getting stretched by their son's cock.

Ashley sashayed to the bed where her son sprawled naked, his thick cock jutting upward like a fleshy divining rod.

She let the towel fall open, revealing pendulous tits that swung heavily with each step, their areolas dark and bumpy as chocolate cookies, nipples protruding like rubber stoppers.

Her freshly-showered cunt gleamed in the low light, meticulously shaved and obscenely swollen, labia parted like a ripe fruit split open, her engorged clit peeking from its hood like some blind, hungry creature.

"Ready to pound Mommy's hungry hole?" she purred.

He smirked, licking his lips. "First I want to taste that dripping snatch," he growled, patting his face. "Get up here and ride my fucking tongue."

"Mmm, something new," Ashley purred, her voice thick with lust.

She crawled over her son's naked body with predatory slowness, deliberately dragging her massive, pendulous

breasts across his torso. Her stiff nipples left wet trails on his skin as those heavy, doughy-soft mammaries slid up to his face, where she let them smother him momentarily before positioning her dripping cunt directly above his eager mouth.

Evan's eyes locked onto her glistening pink folds, her pussy lips swollen and parted like some obscene flower, her clit protruding visibly from its hood.

"Fuck my face with that juicy cunt, Mom," he growled, gripping her thick thighs to pull her down.

She giggled, looking down through the deep valley between her heaving tits at her son's hungry expression.

"Won't feel as good as when I'm bouncing on that thick cock of yours," she said with a filthy smile, "but I'm not about to turn down that talented tongue."

Ashley lowered her dripping cunt onto his face, her swollen labia parting against his eager mouth like a ripe peach being split open.

Evan snarled, his tongue immediately attacking her from the side, working perpendicular to her slit just as he'd bragged to his father. His rough hands gripped her ass cheeks, spreading them wide as he devoured her pussy with animal hunger.

Ashley's spine arched violently, her massive tits heaving and slapping against her rib cage as his tongue found her engorged clit, flicking it mercilessly until her thighs began to quiver uncontrollably against his ears.

“O-h-h-h baby,” she gasped. “Where did you learn to eat pussy like that?”

Evan had feasted on countless teenage cunts at school, his tongue becoming legendary among the cheerleading squad for making those tight little slits gush like broken faucets. Even the married teachers—Mrs. Peterson with her prim exterior and secretly filthy, musky-smelling twat, and Ms. Hernandez whose pussy cream tasted like salted caramel—had writhed and bucked against his devouring mouth until they'd squirted their hot juices across his eager face.

Now, he applied that hard-earned expertise to his mother's dripping snatch, his tongue darting and swirling in patterns designed to make her cum harder than that limp-dicked father of his ever could, feeling her thigh muscles clench and tremble against his ears as her cunt began to pulse with the first warning spasms of what would surely be a mind-shattering orgasm.

He slurped her swollen clit between his lips and sucked it hard, rolling the engorged nub against his tongue like

a cherry-flavored jawbreaker. Her pussy juices coated his chin in thick, musky rivulets as he applied the same merciless suction he craved on his own throbbing cock-head.

Ashley's hips bucked wildly against his devouring mouth, her stifled whimpers transforming into guttural, animal grunts. He felt her cunt spasm violently, the tiny slit of her asshole bulging against his upper lip before erupting in hot, sticky gushes of female ejaculate.

The tangy fluid flooded his eager mouth and splashed across his cheeks as he greedily gulped down her release, drinking from his mother's cunt like a man dying of thirst.

Evan snorted with savage pride against her drenched flesh, her swollen clit still trapped between his teeth as violent aftershocks ripped through her quivering cunt.

When her throbbing love-button finally popped free with an audible slurp, he dragged his tongue through the sopping gash of her slit, lapping up the tangy slime coating her taint before burying his face between those big rounded ass-cheeks.

His tongue circled her puckered, pink starfish, tasting the musky, forbidden flavor as he speared that twitching sphincter with relentless, probing jabs. It winked and throbbed against his assaulting licker.

Ashley's manicured fingers twisted viciously in her son's hair, yanking his face deeper between her meaty ass cheeks. She ground her puckered hole against his probing tongue, her hips swiveling in filthy circles as she smeared her musky rim across his eager mouth.

"That's it, baby," she hissed, her voice a guttural rasp. "Eat Mommy's ass. Shove that tongue deep in my shithole."

Her eyes darted toward the door, a cruel smile twisting her lips at the thought of her pathetic husband just feet away, oblivious to her depravity.

Meanwhile, Greg lay rigid on the lumpy sofa bed, his stomach churning as unwanted images flooded his mind—his son's face slick with his wife's juices, her thighs clamped around their boy's ears, her cunt gaping and dripping onto their son's hungry tongue.

Ashley peeled her sopping cunt off his face with an obscene squelching sound, strands of her sticky juices stretching between her swollen labia and his glistening chin.

"My turn," she growled, crawling backward until her massive tits dragged across his heaving chest. She wrapped her manicured fingers around his throbbing cock, which jutted upward like a veiny flesh missile, its purple head already leaking pre-cum.

Lowering her mouth, she swirled her long tongue around his bulbous glans, tasting the salty fluid before engulfing the entire head between her plump, dick-sucking lips. Her eyes locked with his as she bobbed greedily on his shaft, her cheeks hollowing with powerful suction.

"You ate Mommy's cunt so fucking good," she mumbled around his thick meat, "now I'm gonna drain these big balls dry."

Her expert throat muscles relaxed as she impaled her face on his pole, her nose burying in his sparse pubic hair while thick ropes of saliva coated his twitching shaft.

Evan's eyes rolled back, his toes curling as her throat constricted around his sensitive cock-head. "Oh holy fucking shit, Mom," he gasped, his fingers twisting in her tangled hair. "You're the best fucking cocksucker I've ever had—better than all those tight little cheerleader throats combined."

His mother's mouth descended again, her throat muscles rippling around his shaft like a python swallowing its prey. Drool cascaded from her stretched lips, pooling at the base of his cock before trickling down to soak his heavy ball sack.

She pulled off with an obscene slurp, her tongue immediately bathing his tightening nuts, drawing each bloated testicle into her hungry mouth while her hand pumped his spit-slick shaft.

Her tongue probed lower, slithering across his taint before circling his puckered asshole with depraved enthusiasm.

Ashley's fingers coiled around his cock like a vise, squeezing the lower portion until the veins bulged obscenely along the thick shaft. She jerked it straight up, making the swollen purple head balloon to the size of a ripe plum, a pearlescent bead of pre-cum oozing from its weeping slit.

"Look at this monster," she purred, licking her glossy lips. "Twice as long and twice as thick as your pathetic father's little dick."

Evan's face split into a cocky grin, his hand roughly palming one of her heavy tits. "Get that dripping cunt on this fat cock, Mom," he growled. "Let's get this fucking party started."

Ashley excitedly straddled his hips, her sweat-slicked thighs spreading wide as she hovered over his throbbing erection.

"You wanna fucking party with Mommy, baby?" she snarled, her voice thick with filth as she reached between them to grasp his veiny shaft.

Her massive tits swayed pendulously above him, nipples distended like ripe berries, droplets of perspiration rolling down the deep valley of her cleavage. "Let's get this motherfucking party started," she continued, positioning his purple cock-head against her glistening slit.

With a guttural moan, she impaled herself on his rigid pole, her sopping cunt stretching obscenely around his girth, her inner walls clamping down on every inch of his meat as she took him balls-deep in one savage thrust.

"FUCK!" Evan gasped as his voluptuous mother impaled herself on his throbbing cock, her weight making the mattress springs protest with rhythmic metallic squeals.

His tongue lolled from his slack-jawed mouth while he watched her massive tits—those perfect fucking milk-factories he'd fantasized about since puberty—bounce and slap against each other like fleshy wrecking balls, their jiggling areolas hypnotizing him as sweat collected in the deep crease between those heaving mounds.

His eyes slid down her sweat-slicked belly to her completely bare cunt, watching in awe as those puffy pink lips swallowed his cock to the root.

She twisted her hips in filthy circles, her dripping hole strangling his massive shaft like a fist in a velvet glove. Her fat, swollen clit—engorged to the size of a small grape—juttied obscenely from its hood, grinding against his pubic bone with each nasty rotation of her hips.

“Goddamn,” the teen hissed as his bloated cockhead punched against her cervix, that tight ring massaging his sensitive crown while their combined fluids—his sticky pre-cum and her thick maternal juices—formed a frothy, obscene cocktail that squelched noisily around his veiny battering ram.

“You like that?” she panted, fucking her baby-tunnel down on his veiny dong.

"Oh god, Mom, you have the perfect fucking pussy," his voice cracking as her velvety walls milked his pulsating shaft.

"All for you, baby boy," she purred, before her hips began grinding with feral intensity.

Her ass slapped against his thighs as she swiveled up and back, her cunt making obscene squelching noises with each brutal thrust.

"Gonna...fucking...cum," she gasped. Her body suddenly went rigid, trembling violently before a gush of hot, sticky fluid erupted from her spasming hole, drenching his cock and balls before streaming down his sweat-slicked midsection in filthy rivulets.

Next came Evan's favorite part—his mother collapsed forward, smothering his face between her sweat-glazed tits. Those massive udders engulfed him completely, cutting off his oxygen as he motorboated her abysmal cleavage with desperate, animal-like grunts.

His tongue carved slobbering paths across her salt-slick skin while Ashley continued grinding her cum-soaked cunt on his throbbing cock, her big, meaty ass-cheeks clapping wetly with each exquisite thrust.

Evan latched onto one puffy nipple like a starving infant, his lips vacuum-sealed around the rubbery areola while he buried his nose in the doughy expanse of her heaving breast-flesh.

Her tit-meat smothered his entire face as he sucked that distended nub, drawing it deep into his mouth until his cheeks hollowed obscenely.

For the next hour, Ashley's cum-hungry cunt devoured his iron-hard cock like a starving beast, her bloated labia sucking and slurping around his veiny shaft with each savage bounce.

Her massive tits flopped violently, slapping against his face and chest while thick rivulets of her tangy cunt-juice cascaded down his throbbing balls, soaking the mattress beneath them in a spreading puddle of maternal secretions.

"Take it, you fucking mommy-fucker," she squealed through her fifth orgasm, her pretty face contorted in primal ecstasy as her greedy hole convulsed and farted around his battering-ram cock.

Evan seized his mother's sweat-slicked torso and flipped her onto her back with a bestial grunt, her massive tits flattening against her chest before jiggling outward like flesh-colored water balloons.

He mounted her with savage purpose, his veiny teenage cock slapping wetly against her cum-soaked slit before he rammed it home to the hilt.

"Fuck my motherfucking cunt!" Ashley shrieked, her face contorted in filthy ecstasy as she flung her thick, toned legs skyward.

Her crimson-tipped toes pointed to opposite corners of the ceiling while her son's bloated purple cockhead hammered her cervix like a battering ram. Each brutal thrust made her fat tits wobble obscenely, her stiff nipples tracing lewd circles in the air as Evan's sweaty

balls slapped against her sopping asshole with meaty, rhythmic smacks.

“CUMMING, FUCK!” Ashley squealed, her body convulsed violently beneath him, her spine arching like a bow as her cunt clamped down on his cock with vise-like spasms.

Evan giggled as his mother thrashed wildly, her limbs flailing and her massive tits quaking like gelatin in an earthquake. "Look at you, losing your fucking mind on your son's dick," he sneered, gripping her sweat-slick shoulders and pile-driving his veiny shaft into her sloppy hole.

Her pussy farted obscenely around his cock with each brutal thrust, squirting her thick, musky fem-cum in explosive arcs that drenched his abs and splattered across her own quivering thighs.

He manhandled her limp, orgasm-wracked body like a filthy sex doll, his teenage cock jackhammering her cervix with merciless force.

“Oh yeah, here it comes,” he gasped, his balls drawing up tight against the base of his cock.

A white-hot surge of electricity shot from the depths of his groin, racing through his swollen prostate and the

thick cords that fed his cock as his erection swelled impossibly larger.

The pressure built like a dam about to burst, his shaft pulsing violently as the first rope of thick, steaming cum blasted through his twitching meat-tube.

"FUUUUCK!" he roared, too overtaken to even consider that it may have been loud enough for his father to hear.

Evan's entire body convulsing as jet after jet of hot teenage spunk flooded his mother's gripping fuck-hole, painting her cervix with incestuous baby-batter that oozed back around his still-pumping shaft in obscene, frothy rivulets.

For a good five minutes, their sweat-drenched bodies bucked and twitched like they were being electrocuted, his still-hard cock buried in her cum-flooded cunt as her walls milked every last drop from his balls.

Ashley's massive tits heaved with each gasping breath, nipples still rock-hard as aftershocks rippled through her pussy, making obscene squelching noises around his shaft.

They finally collapsed in a reeking heap of mingled fluids, her face pressing against his neck as they exchanged sloppy, tongue-heavy kisses.

"Fuck, I love your cock, baby boy," she panted, while he mumbled "Best pussy ever, mom," against her cum-sticky lips.

The next morning, Evan cornered his father with a smirk. "Dad, need your help outside. Gotta split some wood for the fireplace."

Greg hobbled after his son on his crutches, the cast on his leg a constant reminder of his weakness. In the yard, Evan's muscled arms swung the axe in powerful arcs, each blow sending wood chips flying as he fixed his father with a predatory grin.

"How the fuck do you not eat Mom's pussy every goddamn day?" he asked, embedding the axe in the stump with a meaty thunk. "That juicy cunt tastes better than anything I've ever had in my mouth. Last night she fucking drenched my face—soaked the sheets with her cum while I tongue-fucked her."

Greg shifted uncomfortably on his crutches, his face flushing. "I suppose I would do it, if she asked for it more," he mumbled, eyes fixed on the ground.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Dad," Evan snarled, his muscled forearms glistening with sweat. "Don't make her beg for

it like some pathetic little bitch. You just spread those fat ass cheeks and bury your face in there."

He licked his lips, eyes gleaming. "Last night I had my tongue so deep in Mom's shithole I could feel it fucking pulsating, man—contracting and winking against my tongue like it was trying to suck me in deeper. Tastiest fucking rim job of my life."

"I... really didn't need to know that, Evan," Greg stated, feeling even more emasculated the longer his son spoke.

They both looked up as Ashley waved sweetly from the kitchen window, her fingers wiggling daintily.

"See that?" Evan sneered. "Don't let that Stepford wife bullshit fool you. Mom's just like every other cock-hungry slut—she fucking melts when you eat her holes like you're starving animal tearing into raw meat. Lap up that cunt-juice like it's your last fucking meal, and she'll be your personal fuck-puppet for life."

"Is that...is that all you two did last night?" Greg asked, voice cracking like a pubescent boy's.

Evan threw his head back and laughed, a cruel bark that echoed across the yard. "Are you fucking kidding me? Mom and I are goddamn sexual Olympians, dad."

He leaned in, breath hot against his father's ear. "It takes hours of filthy rutting to drain our tanks. You should've seen her bouncing on my cock like a methhead on a pogo stick—thighs trembling, tits slapping against her chin, cunt-cream foaming around my shaft and dripping down my nuts every five minutes like clockwork. She wasn't just riding me, she was competing for the fucking gold medal in cock-rodeo."

The screen door banged open as Ashley sashayed onto the porch, her body barely contained in a threadbare silk robe that clung to her bobbling tits like a second skin.

"Breakfast is ready, you two," she announced, her voice dripping honey.

The flimsy garment gaped obscenely at her chest, revealing the deep valley between her massive, pendulous tits that swayed heavily with each step, their dusky nipples clearly visible through the semi-translucent fabric.

"Thanks, Mom," Evan grinned, then jabbed his father with an elbow. "Would you look at those giant fucking udders, Dad? Triple-H fun bags, one hundred percent home-grown."

He licked his lips lewdly. "Had those sweaty meat-pillows smothering my face half the night while I

sucked on her teats like a starving calf. Could barely fucking breathe, but what a way to go."

Ashley cocked one hip against the porch railing, her robe splitting to reveal a mile of baby-smooth thigh. She arched her foot, blood-red toenails gleaming like wet candy, and shot her son a look that belonged in a back-alley peepshow.

"What are you boys whispering about over there?" she purred, her tongue darting across plump lips.

"Just guy stuff, Mom," Evan answered with a wolfish grin.

"Just guy stuff, huh?" She giggled, the sound dripping with filthy promise as her robe gaped wider.

Evan leaned toward his father's ear. "Look at those fucking legs, Dad," he hissed. "Like goddamn flesh-shackles that lock around your back when you're drilling that juicy cunt. Last night they damn near crushed my spine when I was pile-driving her."

Ashley flashed them a suspicious smile, her glossy lips curling like a predator's. "Come get breakfast before it gets cold, boys," she purred, voice dripping sex.

They watched her turn and saunter back inside, the obscene globes of her ass jiggling hypnotically beneath the practically transparent robe. Each step made her

buttocks bounce and quiver like two overfilled water balloons, the thin silk wedging deeper into the sweaty crack between her cheeks.

"Jesus Christ, Dad," Evan whispered hoarsely, "look at that fucking ass. Like two Christmas hams fighting in a silk sack. I love it when those fat, sweaty cheeks clap against my pelvis while I'm drilling her doggy-style. The way that sweaty crack swallows my cock when I'm balls-deep in her shitter."

Greg swallowed hard, adjusting his crutches. "You heard your mother," he muttered. "Let's eat."

Evan grabbed his father's shoulder. "One last thing, wingman," he sneered.

"What is it now?" he sighed.

Evan's lips curled into a predatory grin, revealing teeth too white and straight for someone who'd never worn braces. "This ski camp's been in the family forever, right? There's gotta be some special fuck-spot around here where you and Mom made memories."

Greg hesitated for a moment, then answered. "The overlook by Moose Creek," he mumbled. "Where I proposed to her."

Evan's eyes lit up like a jackal spotting wounded prey. "Fucking perfect," he growled. "I'm gonna drive mom

out there today and fuck her ass off. Knowing it's your special place will make her squirt like a goddamn fire hose all over my cock."

"Evan, I—" Greg started to plead for him not to, but his son cut him off.

"You're a fucking gold-star wingman, Dad," Evan sneered, patting him on the shoulder before heading inside.

Greg stood frozen in the yard, aluminum crutches digging into his damp armpits. His brain felt like scrambled eggs, trying to process his new role as both cuckold and sexual consultant to a testosterone-fueled monster who was pile-driving his wife's holes every day.

The mental image of Ashley's legs wrapped around their son's waist as he fucked her on the very spot where Greg had asked her to marry him, made his stomach heave and his pathetic, unused cock twitch simultaneously.

*"Life has a way of turning some men into a limp-dicked joke,"* he thought, as the smell of breakfast and his wife's arousal wafted from the open door.

THE END

