

# Chapter 1

Kyle was a tall, muscular 18-year-old. It was summer vacation and he was home almost every day with his mother, while his father had to work.

Julie was a 38-year-old maternal beauty. She was about six feet, 130 pounds, with long, brown hair, sparkling brown eyes, long, milky-white legs, a remarkably round ass, and even more remarkably big boobs. She exercised daily, almost fanatically, so her body stayed in top shape. Her body was soft, feminine, and curvy, yet somehow surprisingly firm and muscular at the same time.

Kyle was very successful with girls his age, since he was charming, handsome, had a huge penis, and knew how to use it. But he often wondered what it would be like to fuck his mother. She was the hottest mother in the neighbourhood, by far. All his friends said so. He longed to prop her feet on his shoulders and feel his large cock saw in and out of her sweet cunt. He wanted so badly to dump his load deep into her womb, where his mother's eggs would surely be waiting.

Julie knew her son (and her only child) carnally desired her. It was obvious by the looks he'd been giving her. A part of her was flattered by her son's admiration, and any woman would admit that the boy was muscular and handsome. But he was her son and she was happily married to her husband of 20 years, Jim. Given time, she was confident her son's fascination for her would pass.

Kyle came down to breakfast in nothing but his boxers, where he found his mother at the stove cooking. He paused to admire her long gorgeous legs and shapely ass. Julie was in just a short, blue silk robe and a dainty pair of high-heeled slippers. She noticed her boy staring at her ass from the doorway.

"Good morning, sleepy-head," she said in her sweet, motherly tone, while still facing away from him.

"Morning, Mom." Kyle answered. He walked up behind his mother and gave her a hug from behind.

Julie turned her head to him and smiled. She could feel his large, erect penis pressed against the crack of her ass. She knew that her son's endowment was much larger than her husband's, thanks to seeing the size of his tenting bulge through whatever he was wearing, and more recently from sometimes brushing up against it. Not for the first time, she figured it was diplomatic to pretend it wasn't there.

"How'd you sleep?" she asked, even as she secretly reveled in the feeling of his hard-on nestling into her ass crack.

"Okay, I guess. Is Dad gone already?" he asked. His muscular arms were just under her huge rack. He could feel the weight of her spongy tits resting on the top of his arms. He also was able to sense that she wasn't wearing a bra, since her bras were thick and heavy to support her hefty, round boobs.

"Yeah, he left a few minutes ago." Julie answered.

Her husband Jim was a financial analyst and wore a three-piece suit to his downtown office, where he worked nine to five every business day. His six-figure salary meant the family was able to live in an upper class house in suburbia and Julie didn't have to work.

She knew why her son had asked about Jim. Kyle's behavior was much different when his father wasn't there. He became much more touchy-feely with her. She didn't mind, and even kind of encouraged him at times. She told herself the horny teen was just going through a stage and he would never try anything "over the line" without her consent.

Kyle squeezed his mother tightly. His shaft was beginning to wedge deeper into the crack of his her ass. He gently and carefully repositioned his hands until they were "accidentally" cupping the undersides her immense globes.

"I love you, Mom," he said, creating an excuse for the intimate hug to keep going.

Julie reached back and stoked the back of Kyle's head lovingly, her long nails combing through his dark brown hair. She twisted her upper torso and looked over her shoulder into his brilliant brown eyes.

"I know you do, Sweetie, and I love you... more than you know," she said. She was secretly thrilling from their unusually intimate contact. It was outrageous the way he was cupping her tits, and it was something she'd almost never allowed him to do before, but the throbbing of his huge erection in her ass crack was even more exciting. That was only rarely allowed too, and never both actions at once.

He was overcome with lust and love for her. He struggled to express his desire for her. "I mean... I... I really love you, Mom... I..."

Julie turned to fully face him, and placed her finger over Kyle's mouth. That forced their naughty ass and breast contact to come to an end. "SSSSHHHH! I know, Sweetie. You don't have to explain it to me, I know what you're going through," she said warmly.

"You do?" Kyle asked with worry. His incestuous desire for her could hardly have been more obvious (when Jim wasn't around), but it was something that had never been openly acknowledged before.

"Yes, and it's perfectly naturally for boys your age to love their mother's this way." Julie stepped forward and enveloped him in another hug. That allowed her massive breasts to squash against his hunky chest. The feel of her silky blue robe against his bare chest was electric for both of them.

"Tell me what you're feeling?" she asked encouragingly.

"Jealousy, I guess." he muttered sadly.

"You're jealous of your father, because I'm his?" she asked. Her nipples were stiffening because she secretly found his rampant desire for her flattering and exciting. She was kind of regretting not wearing a bra, or panties for that matter. She was worried he'd be too encouraged when he felt her arousal through her erect nipples. The flirting should only go so far, she figured.

"Yeah." He sighed. "And I guess... I guess I know how much you want a baby and... well..."

There was a short pause. Then Julie took her boy's hand and smiled up into his eyes. Her silk-covered erect nipples continued to press into his bare chest. "So you're jealous that I'm trying to have a baby with your father and not with you?"

"Yeah," he boldly admitted. "I'm sorry, I know it sounds stupid," he said, feeling defeated. "It's just that I love you so very much, and you're so beautiful that it hurts!"

Her heart thumped faster and faster, and she could even feel her pussy starting to throb and moisten a little bit. She felt a wicked desire to kiss his lips, but she knew it could never happen. "It's not stupid, Sweetie. Your feelings are very real. The truth is your father and I have been trying to have a baby for seven long years, and so far... no luck."

"For that long? Is everything okay with you?" Kyle asked. His penis was still throbbing needfully in his boxers, but he was genuinely concerned for them. He was looking forward to having a new sibling too.

"I'm fine, but I'm afraid your father has a very low sperm count. That's what the doctor told us recently. It's possible that he may never be able to get me pregnant again," she admitted in a low tone.

Kyle's eyes lit up. He had what he thought was a brilliant idea. "Well, why don't you let me try, Mom?! I know I could do it, really!" He exclaimed excitedly. His heart thumped wildly and his erection lurched with new life.

Julie giggled. They still stood very close facing each other, her hands resting on her son's shoulders, and her silk-covered huge breasts still pressing into his bare chest, with her stiff nipples poking noticeably into him. "Hold it, mister. You know that you and I can't go there."

Even as she said that, she secretly wished it was somehow possible for them to get intimate. Sometimes, in fact often times, she fantasized about being "taken" by her own son! Lately, she'd been getting a little crazy with allowing him to flirt with her when Jim wasn't home. Plus, she was dressing far too "casually" when they were alone, such as the silky robe and high heeled slippers she had on now... and nothing underneath! But she told herself that some "harmless flirting" was one thing, actual sex was quite another!

"Why not?! Dad wouldn't have to know. You could tell him the baby was his. It would be our secret," Kyle suggested. His erection was throbbing needfully in his boxers.

Julie felt another secret rush of arousal. She thought, I could picture it, getting repeatedly fucked by my extremely handsome, well-hung

son, and passing the baby off as Jim's. So wicked! Her pussy was getting wetter just from the idea.

But she felt she had to shut him down before he got too carried away with the impossible idea. She laughed and shook her head. "Kyle, listen to yourself. Do you realize what you're asking me?!"

"It makes sense, doesn't it? You could get pregnant without having to cheat on Dad." His lust was surging so strongly that he boldly slipped his hands down to her ass. That allowed him to pull her in closer until her pussy mound was pressing up against his huge boner!

She quietly gasped and her heart thumped faster as she felt the sheer size of his arousal. However, she pretended not to notice. "But I would be cheating on your father... with you."

"Yeah, technically, but the kid would look like Dad and everything. No harm, no foul, right? Mom, I promise I would never say a thing." Kyle pleaded.

Julie was tempted, sorely tempted. She already knew her son's penis was twice the size of her husband's, and she longed to be truly, royally fucked at least once in her life. Feeling his bulging arousal hotly pressing through her silky robe really drove home how exceptionally endowed he was. However, she remembered how much she loved Jim, despite her years of sexual disappointment with him. It was a fun fantasy to imagine getting fucked by her son, but it could never, ever actually happen.

She told him sadly, "Sweetie, we can't."

"Why? Why can't we, Mom? You want this baby desperately badly," he pointed out. "Wouldn't you go to extreme lengths to make it happen?!"

"Yes, but not at the cost of my marriage! Son, this idea of yours isn't about me having a baby. I know you, you naughty boy. This is about you getting into my panties. I have never once in 20 years of marriage cheated on your father and I don't intend to break that streak with my overly-horny 18 year old son," Julie said firmly.

She felt better for taking a clear stand on the issue, but she still couldn't get herself to pull back from their hug. She continued to secretly thrill at the feel of her immense tits pressing against his bare chest, and his throbbing boner pressing against her lower tummy.

Kyle hung his head for a moment, then looked back at her. "What if I get his permission?" he asked with renewed hope.

Julie let out a surprised giggle. "Your father's permission? Seriously?!"

"Yeah. What if Dad agrees to let me get you pregnant?"

"Good luck with that!" She laughed with even more amusement, because she considered the idea so preposterous.

"No. seriously. What if Dad says it's okay?" he asked with surprising insistence.

"You would actually have the guts to ask your father to get me pregnant?! That's dangerous!" She felt another surge of lust that her son was so hot for her that he would do stupid things.

"What if he agrees to it?" he persisted.

Julie's face went blank for a moment and she stared off into space. God! What if?! That would be heavenly! I'd finally get to fulfill my naughty incestuous fantasy. And with full permission, so no guilt! Well, not much guilt, anyway. And I'd get to be a mommy all over again! I want that so much that I can't stand it!

Her arousal soared even higher. She didn't realize it, but as she wiggled excitedly against her son, her robe started to open up in front.

But what's the point in imagining? There's no way in hell Jim would ever agree. He's rather chop his own arms off, I'm sure!

"What if Dad says it's okay?" Kyle asked again, almost annoying with his persistence.

"First of all, there's no damn way your father is going to let his son, of all people, have a crack at his wife. He might even kick you out of the house or something drastic like that for merely asking!" she said with genuine concern.

"But what if he says 'yes?'" Kyle asked.

"Well, if he says yes, which I know he won't, then... I'd... I'd be willing to sit down with you and discuss it," she said seriously. She felt more jolts of pleasure race up and down her spine just from thinking about what could be, in a perfect world.

"You and me making a baby together? The old-fashioned way?!" Kyle asked almost breathlessly. He had remarkable control over his urge to cum, usually, but he was teetering on the verge of shooting off his cum load just from thinking about that possibility.

"Yes, I'd be willing to discuss the possibility of you and me making a baby together," she said carefully, trying not to sound too encouraging for what she considered a doomed and crazy suggestion.

She finally managed to break the hug with him, if only because she was getting so worked up that she worried he'd notice. But by pulling back, she unthinkingly showed off how her robe had opened up in front, revealing a dramatic amount of cleavage, all the way to her belly button! The robe was so open that he could see parts of her nipples, and in fact it was the stiffness of her nipples that caught the edges of the robe and stopped it from opening still further.

Kyle cheered in triumph. He definitely noticed her partially exposed boobs, but he was so overjoyed that that was just like the icing on his very delicious cake.

Then, overcome by joy, he hugged his mother tightly and then lifted her entire body up off the floor! He actually hefted her up and down some, like he was doing his usual daily weight lifting and she was his bar bells.

That caused her silky blue robe to open up even more in front, until even her erect nipples could be seen! Her huge tits flopped up and down in the open each time he lifted her up and down.

She squealed in both sexual excitement and distress, "Son! Please! Put me down!"

He reluctantly brought her back to the floor.

She quickly pulled her robe closed in front. With a flushed, aroused face, she told herself, That just didn't happen! We're erasing that from the memory banks!

He gave her another victorious hug. "Mom! You have no idea how happy this makes me!" He loved the feel of her enormously spongy boobs against his chest, especially since he'd just been able to see them bouncing completely out of her robe.

Julie smiled at her happy son. She thought, It's cute how excited he is at the possibility of breeding me, but we both know it will never happen. There was no way my husband would ever go for such a thing. I guess I've been going too far with the flirting, and encouraging him too much. I need to be more careful. Especially with this stupid robe! She blushed from thinking about how she's just fully exposed her massive breasts to his gaze.

She warned him, "Don't get too excited, Sweetie. You haven't talked to your father yet. We both know there's no way in hell he'll agree, and you're probably going to get in serious trouble just for asking!"

Kyle was smirking. "Maybe so. But if he agrees, can we start tonight?!"

"If he agrees, I'll die of shock." She smiled. Her heart was still racing, and her pussy was getting quite wet. She had to admit that his openly admitted desire to fuck her was a big rush, and the fantasy of Jim giving permission was an even bigger thrill. She knew she'd be secretly masturbating to that idea for quite some time to come.

"But if he does, can we?" Kyle pressed.

"If your father agrees, we'll sit down tonight and talk," Julie said. Swept away by his enthusiasm, and her own secret lust, she daringly added, "You know how much I want another baby. I guess you could say I'd agree to just about anything to make that happen, if it wasn't actual cheating."

"YESSSS!" He pumped his fist in the air. He was over the moon. He very nearly had a spontaneous orgasm on the spot, thanks to those encouraging words.

Kyle smiled to himself confidently. He thought, Ha! I know for a fact that having Mom's ankles propped back on my shoulders as I eagerly fucked her hot cunt is about to become a reality! I know it because I know something about Dad that Mom does not! Dad has made a BIG MISTAKE! It's about to cost him dearly! But his loss is my gain!

## Chapter 2

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Kyle knew just the time to be at his father's office.

Jim had his cock buried deep in the tight young pussy of his sexy secretary Dora, when his son barged into the room.

The partially naked blonde slut pulled up her panties and ran from the office into another private room, embarrassed as hell.

Jim just stood there in complete shock as his own son glared across the room at him. Then he remembered to hastily tuck his penis away and zip up his pants.

"Havin' fun, Dad?" Kyle asked. He'd already secretly taken some photos of the adulterous sex session, then put the camera away in a safe place so Jim wouldn't get the idea to try to steal it before he could make copies.

"Kyle, I... I was just..." Jim couldn't think of any excuses. He'd been caught red-handed.

It was the first time Kyle had seen his father's penis as it slowly went flaccid, before it had been tucked away. He silently chuckled at how small it was. He was anxious to see how his mother would react having a cock over four inches longer than her husband's plowing her depths. Not only was his dick longer than his father's, it was a great deal thicker, with fat bulging veins and a huge purple knob.

"Relax, Dad. I've known for a long time now." Kyle lied by adding, "It's cool. I don't really mind that much. Sometimes, temptation gets to be more than one can resist, doesn't it?"

At least Kyle honestly understood the sentiment behind that last comment. His own temptation to fuck his mother had grown so great that he was driven to blackmail his own father. He didn't even feel that guilty about it, because it was as if he had no choice in the matter. His libido was in total control.

Jim felt miserable. The guilt was hitting him like a sledgehammer. "What about your mother?! Oh God, please tell me you haven't said anything about this to her!"

"Don't worry, Dad. Mom doesn't ever have to know about this, but in order for things to stay that way, you're gonna have to do a little something for me," Kyle said with a grin.

"Okay... what do you want?" Jim asked. He'd taken his tie and jacket off for the fucking, and started to put them back on.

"Your permission," Kyle said with a smile.

The horny son went on to explain the whole idea of how he could help Julie get pregnant.

Needless to say, that didn't go over very well. There was lots of yelling and cursing. But Kyle held all the cards, even without having to bring up the photos he'd secretly taken as insurance.

In the end, Jim felt he had no choice. Besides, he decided that he'd tried for seven years to impregnate his wife and it just wasn't happening. This was their last realistic chance, other than maybe adoption. So at least some good could come of this disaster.

Later that night, Kyle lay on his bed waiting. Jim had been home for a few hours and he and Julie were downstairs talking. Finally, at about 11 o'clock, Kyle heard a gentle tap at his door.

Julie poked her head in. "You still awake, Sweetie?" she shyly asked.

"Yeah, I'm up." Kyle answered. He thought with a snicker, Of course I'm up, and in more ways than one! What teenage boy could sleep when they're finalizing the deal of a lifetime?! A chance to fuck a baby into my own beautiful mother!

Julie came in and closed the door. She was in her silky robe again and the dainty high-heeled slippers.

He sat up in bed. He was wearing nothing but his boxers. The tenting at his crotch was obvious, and almost comical.

As she strode towards him, Kyle watched her enormous boobs sway beneath her robe in a way that proved she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. He was confident that soon he'd be up to his ears in naked matronly tit-flesh as he pumped his baby-makers into his mother's womb.

Julie nearly stumbled as she glanced at the sheer size of his erection in his boxers. That size took on a whole new meaning for her now. She sat at the edge of his bed with an odd expression.

There was a long silence. She nervously stared anywhere but at his crotch or his muscular bare chest. "Well... I don't know how you managed to do it, buster," she said with genuine amazement. "I just had quite possibly the strangest conversation with your father in my life!"

"Dad said 'Yes?!'" Kyle tried to act surprised. Also, even though he knew it was a foregone conclusion, his excitement soared anyway, from it coming closer to reality. He had to try to suppress his euphoria too.

Julie looked at him with wide, amazed eyes. "I can hardly believe it, but yeah, he did! Your father seemed to think you made a pretty convincing case," She was already panting hard from thinking about the incestuous fucking to come, which was causing her massive knockers to heave up and down inside her robe.

"Really?!" Kyle asked, still playing dumb. He was secretly pleased to note her stiff nipples pressing through her silk robe, as well as all her sexy and unsupported tit heaving.

He thought, She's totally into it! She wants me to fuck her!

Julie couldn't resist glancing at his bulge again. Holy mother of God! That thing is going to fit inside me?! For real?! Lord have mercy on me!

Her stomach was doing backflips, and she felt downright dizzy. Her arousal was soaring, and her pussy was wet. But she did her best to try to appear outwardly calm. She gave him a warm motherly-smile and looked into his eyes. "Really! Which means, Mr. Smooth-Talker,

if you're still willing, and able, I think we should start our plans on making a baby together."

She thought, I can't believe I just said that! I can't believe any of this is really happening! But it is! I'm gonna get split-roasted and skewered for days on end! Gaawwwd, he's such a handsome stud! He goes through sexy girlfriends like he's Casanova, and I'm going to be his next conquest!

"Plans? You mean we can't start tonight?!" Kyle asked with severe disappointment.

She giggled, and stroked her son's dark brown hair. "You silly boy. You don't know too much about making babies, do you? It's a lot more complicated than just crawling between Mom's legs and doing your thing. It can only be done at a certain time, using certain techniques to ensure my pregnancy."

As her huge, bra-less tits kept heaving up and down from her heavy breathing, she went on to describe the ovulation process and how only during that certain window of time can a baby be created. It was a window which she was due for in a few days.

He knew all that already, but he'd been irrationally hoping they'd start fucking just as soon as Jim gave permission. He was secretly crushed, but tried hard not to show it. However, he wasn't so sad that his erection was in danger of going flaccid. The mere idea that he'd get to fuck his bombshell mother someday soon was keeping him almost permanently aroused, ever since the last conversation he'd had with her about it, earlier in the day.

She took her son's hand in hers and their eyes met. "Sweetie, I realize this is a brand new experience for you. I think it's important for us to keep in mind throughout this whole process, who we are and why we're doing this. It's all about procreation, and giving you a new brother or sister. I think our sessions should be very cut and dry,

without any... how shall I say this... unnecessary pleasure. Strictly clinical and dispassionate. Do you know what I mean?"

Kyle nodded, as if in agreement. He figured, She says that now! But once I have my nine-inch cock burrowing deep within her womb, all that "unnecessary pleasure" shit will fly out the window! I've fucked a lot of girls, the sexiest girls in school. They all go crazy for my pecker, and beg for more!

But he tried to look and sound innocent. "Okay, I get it. We can't fuck tonight."

She interrupted, "Can you not use such vulgar language, please? What if you say 'copulate' instead?"

"Okay, fine. Copulate.' Or what about 'breed?'"

"Um, I suppose that works too."

He resumed, "I get that I can't breed you tonight. But the fact is, I'm going to breed you soon."

She felt a secret thrill each time he used the word "breed," but she tried hard not to show it. Her heavy tits were still heaving up and down, and all that heaving had caused her robe to open in front, nearly to the edges of her nipples, and down to her belly button.

Her breasts were so large for her chest that they tended to touch each other even when completely unsupported. He started with an intense lust at her deep cleavage. Soon, I'll have my hands right there! Hell, I'll have my dick right there! Oh, man! I could pass out right now!

He tried to dial back his blatant desire, and managed to look back up into her eyes, despite all the sexy heaving. "You know this is a dream come true for me. To kind of celebrate what we're going to do, can we at least do something tonight, to sort of tide me over? Maybe a blowjob?"

She glared at him in extreme irritation. "Brian! Just what do you think I am?! So kind of wanton slut?! That will NOT be happening, now or ever! Have you not been listening to a word I've been saying?! Our goal here is procreation, not sexual pleasure! A blowjob doesn't get me pregnant, so that's right out!"

That seemed hypocritical given that she was sitting there nearly topless while obviously panting heavily with desire, but he let it slide.

He held his hands out in placating gesture. "Okay, okay! Sorry! But look at this from my point of view. I mean, is it really so evil of me to want to experience SOME sexual pleasure?! As the saying goes, I'm 'young, dumb, and full of cum.'"

She couldn't resist gazing at the outrageous bulge in his boxers. "You are that!" She giggled nervously.

She glanced down at his boxers. They were white and thin, allowing her to vaguely see the shape of a "snake" resting on one of his legs. Whoa! Have mercy! If he cums as much as his penis is large, 'full of cum' will be an understatement! I'm gonna drown in his sticky love!

He went on, "As you know, I've desired you for a long, long time. I know you're going to say that's wrong..."

"That IS wrong," she stated firmly.

He rolled his eyes. "Even so, this lust of mine is a necessary ingredient for the baby making to happen. We can't deny it's not there. You say I might have to wait for days. Days! Can't you at least throw me SOME kind of bone tonight, to get my hopes up?!"

She glanced at his crotch again, and said wryly, "I can see that your 'hopes' are way up already." She added in embarrassment, "Speaking of which, can you please, uh, tuck yourself in there?!"

He looked to his crotch at saw that several inches of his boner was sticking through the slit on the front of his boxers! He hadn't actually planned that "accident," but he was happy that it had happened. Still, he didn't want to push too hard, so he muttered, "Oh, sorry," and readjusted his boner so it was entirely covered again.

Julie's heart pounded like a hammer. She thought, Good Lord! Did I really just see that?! Even now, I can't believe my eyes. It's like he has a fleshy cucumber stuffed in there! I swear, the several inch section of it I just saw is bigger than all of Jim's penis, and that's just part of my son's total endowment!

The thickness of that thing is INSANE! No wonder all the girls in school can't wait for their turn to ride him. I wonder how many cherries he's popped with that, that... deadly weapon! AND I'M NEXT!

Sweet Jesus! Julie, what are you getting yourself into?! Is that really going to fit inside me?! I tell myself that I'm doing this just for the baby, but... UNGH! I can't deny... I want it! I want him! Just once or twice, to see what it's really like! To have sex with my SON!

"Penny for your thoughts?"

Julie was startled out of her reverie. She realized with embarrassment that she'd been gawking at his erection. Even though it was tucked back in his boxers, she could still see its shape quite

clearly, because it was tenting straight out, threatening to rip his boxers in two! There was a gap of several inches between the waistband of his boxers closest to his hard-on and his body, since his boxers were stretched out so much.

That allowed her to directly see his patch of pubic hair and an inch or two of his remarkably thick pole again.

She decided, I'd better not say anything about what he's showing this time. Why embarrass him again? After all, I'm going to see it all, very soon. And feel it all too! Oh, dear God!

She lamely muttered, "Um, nothing."

He knew that was a lie, and was secretly pleased that she was checking out his package. He could tell her heart had to be racing even faster, because her tit-heaving was increasing even more. Much of her areolae had come into view as a result. He could smell her wet pussy too.

He was seriously tempted to simply up and fuck her right now! He figured she would soon give in. But he knew he couldn't. It was vital to his long term plan that she get fucked willingly, and with Jim's full permission.

He resumed, "Anyway, like I was saying, can't you give me some sort of sexual treat tonight, just to hold me over?"

She was feeling exceptionally horny, and getting more so all the time. She'd repeatedly told herself that she was going to be "dispassionate" with him from now on, but she was the one who'd chosen to come into his room alone in just her silky robe, high heeled slippers, and nothing else.

For a moment, she was seriously tempted to at least give him a handjob. But then she thought, No, wait. Am I mad?! That's a slippery slope. I can never go down that path. The very fact that I have lustful feelings for him that I can't deny means I'm going to have to redouble my effort to keep things clinical and unemotional. It sucks, but that's how it has to be!

She told him with a sad, sympathetic smile, "I'm sorry, but you know I can't do that either."

He asked with boundless hope, "Well, what about just standing naked for me then?! I don't even have to touch you. That would be a dream come true for me all by itself, and it'll keep me going for days! I promise!"

She was genuinely disappointed to say, "Sorry. Even that would be too much. You realize that when we, uh, do it..."

"When we breed," he helpfully clarified.

"Yes, when we do that, I'm going to have to remain clothed. Otherwise, things could spiral out of control. YOU may get some sexual pleasure out of it. That can't be helped, or you won't ejaculate. But it's not necessary that I feel pleasure, and I don't want to upset my husband. So that's how it has to be. I'm sorry."

Surprisingly, Kyle just nodded, and stayed silent. He vehemently disagreed with the entire "dispassionate copulation" plan. But he figured now wasn't the time to have that argument with her. He didn't mind "losing" this discussion tonight, just so long as he got to fuck her like two wild and animalistic lovers before all was said and done.

He also figured that it wouldn't help him to point out that she was practically topless already. And with the way she was constantly

panting and heaving with arousal, it was actually probably a more titillating sight than actual toplessness.

He thought, I know what I'm going to be masturbating about when I got to sleep tonight! Not to mention just as soon as she leaves the room too!

Julie was actually a little disappointed that he didn't try harder to talk her out of her robe. But she left his room a few minutes later without further incident. She was highly confused, because her lust for him was soaring and yet she was forced to deny those feelings as much as humanly possible.

Like him, she was masturbating and then cumming only a few minutes after she left his room. Luckily, Jim was still downstairs and didn't realize how eager she was for this "copulation" plan to get started.

## Chapter 3

Several days passed.

Kyle waited eagerly for the word from his mother. He longed to masturbate pretty much 24 hours a day, but he greatly restrained himself so he'd be at his full sexual powers when the time finally came. And though he didn't have a serious girlfriend at the time, he also could have easily called up one of his many "friends with benefits" for a "booty call," but he didn't do that either, for the exact same reason.

Finally, on a Thursday morning, Kyle was sitting at the breakfast table alone when Julie sat down next to him. She wore a big smile. She was wearing a red silk robe this time, but it was just as sexy and revealing as her blue one. And once again, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

That didn't mean anything in and of itself though. Ever since their conversation confirming the impregnation plan, she'd been very flirty with him, and wearing robes with no underwear more often than not. At least when Jim wasn't home. She'd even "accidentally" flashed him a few times.

The bottom line was both of them were practically dying of anticipation, even though she kept telling herself the fucking was going to be "clinical" and "dispassionate."

"So... feel like making a baby today, mister?" she asked casually. But her heart was already thumping like a big bass drum in her ample chest.

Kyle's eyes lit up and his heart started to wildly race too. "Seriously?!" His penis was fully erect in seconds.

"Seriously. I started my cycle. I hope you're not going anywhere for a while. I really need to know that I can count on you these next three days," she said earnestly.

"Of course you can, Mom! I won't go anywhere, that's for sure!" He was giddy, almost delirious. It was all he could do to stay relatively calm. "So we can start this morning?!"

Julie gave her son a warm smile. She paused dramatically, and then told him, "As soon as your father leaves for work."

Kyle's already stiff dick became as hard as steel. YESSSS! My great dream is finally about to come true! This is the day! Pinch me, I must be dreaming!

She got up and began doing errands near him, such as taking dirty dishes away to the kitchen and then coming back for other things. But in fact, she really was more interested in getting him further aroused by showing off her fabulous body for him. She kept to a strict exercise regimen, so there wasn't an ounce of fat on her... except on her breasts, which were soft and delightfully squeezable. She had plenty reason to be proud of her figure.

She told herself she was going to stick to wearing clothes while they fucked, but she'd decided it was harmless if she built his anticipation some by letting her red robe slip open in front enough to show off a lot of cleavage. She figured he'd seen a lot of that part of her body in recent days anyway, since it seemed she couldn't stop flirting with him, whenever Jim wasn't around.

The verbal flirting between them had gotten pretty hot and heavy at times too. She kept acting coy and emphasizing the need to be "dispassionate," but it was hard to stick to that in flirty practice when she knew he was actually going to be fucking her soon!

It helped that they could talk about practical matters relating to the upcoming "breeding session" (and "breeding" had suddenly become a very common word between them), such as which rooms they would use or what clothes they might wear. While such talk could remain seemingly "clinical" on the surface, both of them got hot as ovens thinking about all the actual fucking that was going to take place.

Kyle's tongue just about hung to the floor from seeing her huge tits bouncing around inside her robe, clearly unsupported by any bra. Although he'd seen her like that a lot in the past few days, it took on new meaning now that the green light had been given. As she continued to come and go from the room, there were times when he could almost see to her nipples.

He thought, Fuck this whole "dispassionate copulation" idea! I'm not going to be too pushy at first, or I'll blow this whole thing. I'll start out fucking her any way she wants, even if we're both wearing

straightjackets. Jesus Christ, it'll be awesome enough just to fuck her, period! But I swear, it won't be long before I'll have her screaming my name like a bitch in heat! And I'm gonna get my hands on her huge ta-ta's! I'm gonna get my mouth on her nipples too! Hell, I'm going to do absolutely anything and everything with her, while I have the chance! I swear it!

Kyle was in his bedroom waiting with bated breath when he heard his father's car leave the driveway. The anticipation was so great, he was a total wreck.

A few minutes later, his mother stopped in his doorway on her way to her room. She was still wearing the revealing red robe. She tried not to show it, but she was dying of anticipation too. She'd had many, many dreams and fantasies of getting fucked by her son in the past couple of years, though she would never admit that to anyone.

"Ready, Sweetie?" she asked casually, as if she was about to take him to soccer practice or something mundane like that. She appeared calm on the outside, but she was scared shitless on the inside.

Kyle's stomach sunk to his feet. This was the moment of truth and he was nervous as hell. His erection towered inside his boxers, since his arousal was off the charts. However, his body was frozen in the sitting position on his bed. He was a confident veteran "cocksman" with the gorgeous, busty girls at school, but when it came to his mother, he felt as nervous as a total virgin.

Julie just about swooned to see the size of his bulge again. But she tried her best to ignore that. She walked over and took his hand. "You're nervous. It's only natural. I am too. This is a big step, a big change in our lives. But please relax. You're gonna do fine, I'm sure. Remember that when this is all over, you'll have a baby brother or sister in nine months! Let's keep the focus on that. Isn't that exciting?"

"Yeah," Kyle said with genuine enthusiasm. The idea of knocking her up and seeing the resulting baby thrilled him greatly.

But as exciting as that was, both Kyle and Julie knew that he was even more excited that he would soon be sliding his young, thick pecker into her hot box.

"Come on," she said softly. With his hand in her, she guided her young stallion to her bedroom and closed the door.

The tension was so thick that one could have cut it with a knife.

After an awkward pause, she said, "I'm gonna go into the bathroom and get ready. I want you to go ahead and get undressed and get into bed, okay?"

Kyle nodded. He watched his mother go into the bathroom. Just seeing her ass cheeks undulate up and down as she walked away made him pant harder. Oh, God! Soon I'm gonna touch that ass! Clench it, even, as I'm thrusting in and out of her! This CAN'T be happening for real, but it IS!

He quickly undressed and crawled under the sheet on his parents' marital bed.

He loved how wicked it felt to be there taking his father's place. He had a "long game" in mind that involved him taking that spot in bed permanently. But a lot of cards would have to fall his way before that could happen.

A few moments later, Julie came out of the bathroom. She wore a big white T-shirt that fell just below her waist. She had her brown hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Kyle could tell from the way her huge boobs were bouncing about as she walked that she was braless. Her erect nipples made their own little lewd tents in the shirt, and it was thin enough for him to see the darker areas of her areolae. He figured she was probably pantyless too.

He was so sexually aroused that he felt like he could cry like a baby, just from the anticipation! He told himself to buck up and keep his act together. It was vital that he impress her from the very start.

She set a tube of something on her nightstand.

Feeling naughty, she stood fairly far from the nightstand as she did that, "forcing" herself to bend way over. That caused her shirt to ride all the way up, briefly exposing her entire ass.

Kyle gasped at her bubble butt. He couldn't see how it could be any more flawless and sexy.

She slyly grinned. Already, she was having a great time.

He asked about the tube with genuine curiosity, "What's that?"

"It's lubrication, in case we need it," she said.

He was silent, but he thought, I swear to God, I'm gonna fuck her so good that she's NEVER going to need that!

Then it hit him, Hot damn! This is it! The years of waiting and wanting are over! I'm finally about to fuck Mom! Really honest-to-God fuck her! Holy fucking fuck! Best day of my life! Thank you, Dad, for cheating!

Julie slid her cute little bare feet from their slippers and crawled under the sheet next to her son. She lay on her side and looked at him in a serious manner. "Are you're sure you still want to do this for me?"

Kyle smiled. "Seriously?! You have to ask that?!"

She smiled widely. "Yes, I do."

"Hell, yeah! I'd do anything for you, Mom!"

She smiled teasingly. "I don't know about that. But I do think you'd do absolutely anything to be the one to get me pregnant!"

They both laughed. He couldn't deny that.

"Are you ready?" Julie asked warmly.

Kyle nodded. He gulped. He was worried he'd cum before they could get seriously started.

Julie lay on her back and put her hand on his shoulder. "Come over on top of me."

Their laughing had eased the tension some, but both of them were beyond excited, as if they'd just finished running a race. They were panting hard, and they hadn't even gotten going yet.

Kyle moved over. Just getting on top of her was a dream come true.

Julie spread her legs slightly as her son took position between them. She pulled her T-shirt up above her waist to her belly button. She felt Kyle's bare cock press against her pubic mound.

She sensed he was tentatively holding his body up above hers, like he was doing a push-up.

"It's okay, rest your full weight on me," she said, pulling her son down so that their chests met.

He sighed blissfully as he felt the huge mounds of spongy tit-flesh flatten out against his chest. He thought, Aaaah! Paradise already!

She placed her hands on her son's shoulders. With bended knees, she spread her long legs apart.

He laid his head on her right shoulder and started to nudge his stiff dick against his mother's sex, searching for that magic entrance.

"Lower!" she whispered into her son's ear. She didn't mean to, but her word came out with urgency and passion, because she was excited beyond belief. She warned herself to be more clinical.

Kyle felt the head of his cock enter the smooth creamy groove of Julie's matronly slit. His purple plumb split his mother's slit and popped into her steamy sheath.

She let out an audible sigh as her sex stretched tightly around the helmet of its new guest. Already, it was a brand new experience for her. She'd had some other lovers before Jim, but none of them had been anywhere near her son's remarkable size, especially his girth.

He pushed forward. His thick fuck-meat sunk inch by veiny-inch into Julie's depths. He could feel his mother tense up. It was at that moment he knew that she had never had experienced a penis anywhere near this large.

She was trying to stay silent and calm, but she felt so anxious and horny that she was on the verge of hyperventilating. Already, she was feeling a lot of pain as her vagina valiantly tried to stretch to accommodate the unfamiliar invader. She knew she was about to be worked hard in places she never knew existed.

Kyle began to take short, slow strokes, fucking his monster deeper and deeper with each thrust. He would have been deliriously overjoyed, but that was tempered by the fact that he already had to concentrate intensely just not to cum already. The mere feeling of being partially impaled in his mother's cunt was more than enough to send him over the edge!

Julie drew in a sharp breath as her son's baby-making battering ram entered the unexplored depths of her most secret place. Her pussy walls molded around the spongy meat of her boy's cock, triggering sensitive nerve-endings only touched once before, ironically during that same boy's birth. She felt the tip of his absurdly thick prick nudge against the opening to her cervix, bottoming out with another inch left to go.

Kyle's natural instincts took over. He started to fuck his big fat cock up and down his mother's love-canal. He was riding on the verge edge of having to cum at any moment, but he was constantly squeezing his PC muscle for all he was worth to delay that time a little longer.

He tried hard not to think about the fact that he was fucking his mother, the woman of his dreams! Such a thought could tip him over the orgasmic edge at any moment. But even though he avoided such thinking as much as possible, the general feeling that he was an actual motherfucker now was keeping him as high as a kite.

Julie held her baby boy against her, hanging on for the ride. She brought her sleek, muscular legs up and wrapped them around him.

Mother and son began to moan as they continued and intensified their mating dance.

After only two-minutes of serious, steady humping and thrusting that Julie was struck with the most intense orgasm of her life. She was completely at its mercy. "OHHHHH... GOD!"

She'd previously told herself that she wasn't going to scream at all, because that wasn't "clinical" and "dispassionate." But that plan went out the window almost immediately! The pleasure was so great, she felt like she was truly losing her mind! It was orders of magnitude greater than any pleasure she'd ever felt while getting fucked by her husband, or even any other previous lover.

Kyle kept fucking her hard and deep through her big climax. He watched as his mother gritted her teeth, her face red and contorted. He'd never felt so triumphant in his life! And yet he somehow hung on a little longer without cumming. At the very least, he wanted to make sure she finished enjoying a really big orgasm first.

Julie let out a series of grunting screams, like a woman during childbirth, as the waves of orgasmic contractions ripped through her body, over and over and over again. She was actually incredulous, and thought, When the hell is this ever going to stop?! Holy mother of God! Too intense!

She didn't realize it, but she and Jim were badly matched when it came to fucking. His penis had a decent, average length, but it was thin. Whereas her pussy was unusually loose. Yet Kyle's cock was so exceptionally thick that her looseness was an ideal tightness for him. She'd had other lovers before Jim, but none of them with penises remotely as thick as her son's. As a result, already the fiction and

feeling of fullness felt better than she'd ever thought physically possible!

Kyle's thick young dick pistoned in and out of her 38-year-old cunt, his big floppy balls slapping against the already sweaty crack of her ass again and again and again. For ten remarkable dick-grinding minutes, he continued to hump his dream-pussy. It was everything he imagined it would be... and better!

It was a wonder even to him that he hadn't climaxed inside her yet. He wasn't a virgin by any means, and he'd developed unusual stamina and skill fucking lots of very sexy girls his own age. But it seemed all those fucks were just inadequate practice leading up to this momentous event. He made a superhuman effort to delay his orgasm in order to impress her, and also to prolong the greatest pleasure he'd ever experience in his life!

Suddenly, he felt his mother tense up again.

"OHHHHH MYYYY GOOODDDDD!" Julie wailed, in a crying tone. Once again, she simply couldn't believe how fantastic it felt as another climax started to rip through her entire body.

Somehow, right in the middle of cumming, she managed to think with amusement, Lord, have mercy on me! Getting fucked by my son is a five-course gourmet meal, and getting fucked by Jim is a stale and dry rice cracker!

Once again, Kyle picked up his pace as that second orgasm continued to course through his gorgeous mother. Sweat flew off his brow as he gave it his all.

Julie nearly cried from tears of joy and intensity, because the climax hit her so hard. Her body shook and quivered from head to toe. She let out a long, passionate wordless wail, so loud that she worried the

neighbors might hear it. And they lived on a large property, with the nearest neighbor quite a ways away.

Finally, he could hold out no more. Even as her own orgasm intensified still more, he felt his nuts tighten. A torrent of semen erupted from his cock. It was pure heaven!

Using her heels Julie drew him in, his cock knocked against the back of her tight fuck-sheath.

"Go deep! DEEP!" she commanded, delirious in her sexual rapture. "SON! Fuck me deeper!"

Julie felt the ropes of hot jism jetting against the mouth of her cervix. Billions of potent sperm would soon start their journey in search of her eggs.

## Chapter 4

As Kyle lay there, basking in the afterglow, he thought, I seriously can't believe it. That was the greatest experience of my life, by several orders of magnitude! But I can't forget that this is just the first of many such fucks we're going to enjoy in the coming days! It can only get better and better! I'm a true motherfucker now. She doesn't know it yet, but I'm never going to give this up!

Not only that, but as they rested, as if half-dead, he realized that at the height of his orgasm, he'd clutched at her huge tits. In the ensuing writhing and excitement, her T-shirt had rode up all the way to her armpits! That left his hands on her magnificent bare boobs! He even was able to rest his head against her "tit pillows" while he recovered.

It was heaven all over again for him, but of a different and more mellow kind.

Julie had been totally out of it. As she slowly came to, she sensed with alarm that her massive knockers were fully exposed, and her son had his hands and his head resting on them. Worse, his hands were gently caressing and exploring her soft and silky smooth tit-flesh there.

She felt a shiver of arousal from his wandering fingers, not to mention the naughty thrill of knowing her son was finally realizing his dream of playing with her enormous tits.

But she reminded herself, "Clinical." "Dispassionate." I have to keep my T-shirt on. Breast play isn't going to get me pregnant.

She reluctantly told him, "Um, Sweetie? Can you do me a favor and tug my T-shirt back into place?"

He was secretly crushed to hear that, but he reminded himself he was playing a long game. Sometimes that meant two steps forward, one step back.

So he just said, "Um, sure." He pulled the T-shirt down to about the middle of her tummy. But then he continued to rest his head in the valley between her two massive mounds, and his hands stayed on her tits, holding them through her shirt.

She was feeling exhausted from her epic orgasms, as well as all her non-stop pleasure when she wasn't cumming. She decided to let that "forbidden" contact slide, for now.

After a few more minutes, she began to wiggle uncomfortably, indicating she wanted him to move.

He rolled off of his bombshell mother. He was still tripping out about the fact that he'd just dumped a huge load of spunk deep within her cunt.

The sheet had slid all the way off their bodies during their fuck session, since it was a warm summer day and the only reason for even a single sheet was modesty. So he could see everything when she propped a pillow under her bare ass as she stayed lying on her back.

"What are you doing, Mom?" he asked with genuine curiosity.

"I have to elevate my hips to let as much of your sperm as possible into my cervix."

"Did I do okay?" he asked. He tried to sound casual, but the question was like life and death for him.

"Okay? You were... You did wonderfully," she said, stroking her son's cheek.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He longed to make her cum hard, because he loved her and he naturally rejoiced in seeing her happy. But he also felt it was imperative to rock her world so they'd be able to move beyond her "clinical" fucking method as soon as possible.

"All that screaming you did, I felt like I was hurting you," he said. He didn't actually think that, but he was fishing for a reaction.

"Hurting me? Oh, Sweetie, no. It... It was a different type of screaming," she said with embarrassment. She still was incredulous at the intensity of her orgasms, not to mention how great getting fucked by him felt the rest of the time.

"What do you mean?" he asked, still playing dumb.

"Well, lots of women scream when they have really powerful orgasms. You should know that since everyone says you're the 'cocksman' of your entire school. Mom was just feeling really good, that's all," she said bashfully.

"I like to make you feel good," Kyle said, this time with total sincerity. In fact, he longed to make her cum hard many times a day, for years to come. But he didn't dare express that to her yet.

She smiled at him warmly. "I know you do, my love, but we need to remember that making each other feel good isn't really our purpose here. We have to make this as clinical as we can, like a medical procedure. Our goal is to make you a little brother or sister, okay?"

"Okay," he answered without protest. Again, he vehemently disagreed, but he was playing a long game.

She suggested, "I'm gonna lay here for a little while. It was a pretty uh, intense, er, I mean... energetic experience, so I'd kind of like to rest and recover for a while. Why don't you go play some video games or something for a bit?"

"All right," he said.

Kyle went to his room for an hour. There was no way in hell he was going to play video games or do anything else but think about what had just happened. He couldn't get the amazing experience of fucking his mother and making her cum twice out of his mind.

Eventually, he could hear his mother's shower come on and knew she was getting cleaned up. Enough time passed that he was easily

able to get erect again. All he had to do was think about how her naked body would look in the shower. He was raring for more fucking!

A few minutes later, Julie called from her bedroom. "Kyle, Sweetie? Can you come back here, please?"

He leaped off his bed and was back into his parents' room in a flash. He'd never bothered to put any clothes on since the fuck ended, so his turgid pecker bounced wildly with every step he took.

He froze when he saw his gorgeous mother standing in front of her mirror, brushing her long brown hair, which was still wet from her shower. She wore a blue tank top undershirt which hugged her enormous boobs - and no bra underneath. She also wore a skimpy pair of almost transparent white panties, which were cut so low that nearly a third of the crack of her shapely ass was exposed. She also wore a tiny pair of glass-like slippers, with a four-inch heel that firmed up her already very firm thighs and ass and made her look even more like a fucking sex goddess than usual.

She turned to him and smiled warmly. "Ready to have another go at it?" She couldn't resist doing a double take when she saw him standing there in the nude, his gigantic boner sticking out like a divining rod.

"Hell, yeah!" he said with wild enthusiasm. He leaped back into his mother's bed.

She giggled at his eagerness. "You're so cute," she said lovingly.

She added in her mind, But you also have a damn tree trunk between your legs! Mercy! That fuck session was way too intense! He just about split me in two. I sure as hell hope I'll get used to his size, or else I'll be screaming my voice hoarse before my ovulation is done!

She stood there with a hand on a hip, striking a sexy pose. "I hope you don't mind, but I thought I'd try wearing something else, since that big T-shirt had trouble staying on."

He pretended nonchalance. "Hey, whatever works for you. I'm a kid in a candy store no matter what."

She chuckled. "I don't doubt that!"

Kyle watched his mother round the bed. Her huge tits rolled from side to side with every step, like big milk-sacks, with very stiff nipples poking through the fabric.

Julie sat on the bed. She looked at her son with a smile as she slipped out of her panties.

For a brief moment, he was able to see her exposed pussy mound, and even her pussy lips. They were red and swollen from the recent fucking. He already knew she'd shaved her bush off years ago, but it was startling to see how bare her skin was there just the same.

He thought, I'm gonna smash that pussy even harder this time! Fuck, yeah!

After just a few seconds, she moved under the sheet next to him. She was trying hard to stick with the clinical approach, but she couldn't resist teasing him a little bit by asking, "Shall we plant some more seeds, mister?"

He smiled from ear to ear. "Oh boy! I'm going to plant enough seeds to forest the entire Sahara Desert!"

She laughed. However, she felt obliged to point out, "You can't grow a forest there. No water."

He joked, "No worries. I have enough cum churning in my balls from thinking about you to keep the entire place soaking wet!"

She laughed some more. "I'll bet you do!"

This was getting easier for her. She wasn't nearly as nervous and excited as the first time.

Kyle felt much better, and more relaxed too. He figured it was all going to be one incredible joy ride after another from now on, so there was no reason to stress out. Plus, he'd managed to hold out a very long time before cumming. If he could do it then, he could do it again.

He followed as his mother silently directed him to lie on top of her.

Her long legs parted.

Kyle's dick found its target and slowly but surely sunk back into the warm softness of his mother's cunt.

Julie thought, Mercy! Here we go again! Already I know that first time was no fluke. He's so handsome, and yet so hung! If only he wasn't my son, and I wasn't married! Gaaaawwwwd, he fits me like a glove! SO TIGHT!

But, uh, "clinical." I'm a married woman! I can't get too carried away! I can't do much about making the thrusting less pleasurable. But at the very least, I need to keep my breasts covered from now on, and his hands off them.

It wasn't long before he was deeply impaled inside her again. Soon, he started to hump and thrust in earnest.

But she stopped him. "Wait! I've got an idea. We need deeper penetration this time. That'll make impregnation easier. Let's throw my legs back and rest my ankles on your shoulders."

He couldn't believe his ears. Is she serious?! That's the position I've dreamed about fucking her the most! What a great day! Thanks again, Dad! Cheaters never win. I've got official permission here, so there's no cheating going on. I hope Dora was worth it.

Julie kicked her legs back with ease.

Kyle panned them down so that his head was now between his mother's pretty little feet. Her fat cunt splayed wide open, allowing her baby boy's thick young dick to quickly stuff it full.

His absurdly thick cock sunk deeper and deeper inside her, all the way to his balls. His cockhead wound up smashed against the lips of her cervix.

The two of them were absolutely over the moon! Even before the fucking really got going, just completely stuffing her cunt full was an intense pleasure for both of them.

Like a pro, he started fucking his mother with long hard stokes. His earlier nervousness was gone, so he really did go at it with confidence and experience.

They were face to face. Julie stared into her son's eyes as she felt the enormous girth of his cock fuck her harder and deeper than she'd ever been fucked. At first, she was humiliated to make eye contact

with him, because she was his mother and she was willing letting him fuck her in this obscene position!

Despite all her "dispassionate" talk and resolve, she couldn't resist letting her lust and love flow freely. The emotional bond between them was too strong. She found herself even more emotionally transported whenever they stared lovingly into each other's eyes, which soon became most of the time.

She thought, I need to remember that it would be better if he fucks me doggy-style next time, because the eye contact on top of the deep thrusting is too emotionally intense for me. It's not "clinical" at all. Heck, I almost feel like I'm gradually falling in love with him, in a way a mother never should!

He noticed her mouth was partially open, since she was lightly panting with each thrust. The sight of her feet on his shoulders with her pretty little toes pointed was driving him nuts. Like a steam-engine, he pumped her cunt with a relentless, steady rhythm.

He was determined to fuck more than a baby into his matronly beauty. He was going to make her cum harder than she ever had before, again and again, until she was hopelessly addicted to their incestuous rutting. He was grateful he had three days to accomplish that instead of an hour or two.

It didn't take the virile and fit 18 year old very long to reach his immediate goal of giving her her next big climax. After about ten minutes of pussy-pounding, she started panting heavily. She was still staring into his eyes, but now it was like a helpless little puppy-dog at the mercy of its master.

She was so far gone that she was only dimly aware of the fact that he'd subtly tugged her tank top up until it was bunched up at her armpits, just like the T-shirt wound up last time. His weight was on her, causing her huge tits to mash underneath him, but they were so

immense that he still had plenty of tit-flesh to play with, especially from the sides.

At one point, she realized that she probably should remind him to not play with her breasts, but they were so far into their fucking euphoria that it seemed petty to bring it up. She made a mental note to talk to him about it afterwards. Besides, his wandering hands felt damn good.

She thought, This is bad, because it feels way too good! What would Jim think, if he knew the extreme ecstasy I'm feeling right now?! My boy has a huge cock and he knows how to use it. That's a fact! Mother or not, I can't help but respect that. In fact, I fucking love it!

Oh no! Here it comes again! He's gonna make me cum and lose my mind!

"OH MY GOD!" she wailed.

Kyle's dick went into overdrive, fucking Julie's tight yet sopping wet cunt like a wild man.

"OHHH MYYY GGGOOODDDD, KYLE!" Julie screamed. "OHHH BAAAAABBBYY! EHHHEEEEEEE!"

She stiffened and her entire body started to convulse as an even greater orgasm hit her than the last two from the previous fuck session.

He held her legs down and just kept feeding his fat cock in and out of her needy mommy-cunt. For a full two minutes, she shook and screamed, growling through gritted teeth as she rode through one incredible orgasmic contraction after another.

He smiled confidently. Now that he'd gotten over the initial wild roller coaster ride of fucking her for the first time, he knew that he could practically go on forever. He had amazing stamina and was determined to keep his mother cumming in buckets. He rested his full weight down on her and worked his cock into a nice full-stroked rhythm. He could feel great gobs of spongy boob-flesh quivering against his chest, and more in his hands, while she continued to cum and cum and cum.

The next three days were his and he was going to savor every fucking second of it.

## Chapter 5

Kyle and Julie had been at it non-stop for nearly an hour. She had cum six more times, with each orgasm seemingly more intense than the last. It was as if her body and especially her vagina were slowly being trained to love her son's cock more and more. He'd already given her more orgasms today than she'd had in the entire month with her husband.

Kyle finally dumped his cum load deep into Julie's twat and rolled off of her, completely exhausted.

She'd had one last orgasm at the same time he did, because it felt so very good to feel his cum squirting deep inside her. Not only was the sensual pleasure incredible, but she got a heady rush for considering that this cum load just might be the one to impregnate her.

As her orgasm finally faded away, she thought, My son is breeding me! For real! Like a stud horse breeding his mares. It's so wicked that I'm going to have my son's baby. No matter what happens, I'll get a secret thrill looking at my youngest son or daughter, knowing he or she was born through incest! Kyle and I will always share that naughty secret, with only my poor hubby also knowing the truth.

She propped her hips up with a pillow to keep all his potent sperm-sauce inside of her.

Her tank top was still up around her armpits. He'd wound up playing with her huge tits for the better part of the last hour, somehow managing to do that while pounding her cunt nearly non-stop that entire time. She'd made a mental note more than once to warn him after the fucking was over that such breast play was off limits. But now that it was over, she was so fucked out that she plain forgot.

Besides, deep down, she didn't really want him to stop.

In fact, in the post-orgasmic glow, he continued to fondle her great globes. He even lightly licked on and around one of her nipples. He was secretly thrilled that her "dispassionate copulation" plan was already starting to fall apart.

As he kept playing with her tits, he asked, "So, Mom, was that good for you?"

She gushed, "Oh my God! Dear Lord! You have NO idea!"

But then she remembered, Clinical! Dispassionate! I'm a married woman! He's way too enthusiastic and talented already. God help my poor pussy if I encourage him more!

She tried again. "Er, what I mean to say is, yeah, I must admit it felt pretty good for me. I suppose that's inevitable, because nature has made our bodies a certain way, to encourage procreation. But that doesn't matter. Whatever pleasure I feel is irrelevant to the goal of getting knocked up."

He pointed out, "But Mom. I read that a woman is much more likely to conceive after she's had a really big climax."

She looked at him suspiciously. "Really?!"

"Really. I found an article about it. I can show you."

She thought, Oh shit! I kind of hope that isn't true, because what if it is?! I'm almost obliged to get my head fucked off over and over again! And all so he can successfully breed me, which is way too arousing a thought, in and of itself!

What the hell have I got myself into?! How is my marriage going to survive this?! Already I can tell that compared to my son, my hubby is like a eunuch! He might as well be totally castrated, compared to Kyle's magnificent baseball bat! UGH!

She tried to avoid the whole topic, because she didn't want to think too much at the moment. "Sweetie, why don't you go down to your room and have a nap? You must be exhausted."

"Okay, Mom. Whatever you say." He felt like he didn't need a nap at all, and didn't intend to take one. In fact, he was feeling even more energized than when they started. But he understood she needed to be alone for a while.

He'd been going back and forth between licking each of her nipples. He gave each nipple one last kiss and lick, and a few final tit squeezes for good measure. Then he disengaged and got up off the bed.

She only pulled her tank top back into place after he'd left, when doing that was basically pointless. She thought, I suppose some breast play can't be helped. He's so very tit-obsessed that trying to stop that would be like trying to hold back a river.

Besides, his touch there really turns me on. I know he pretty much exclusively dates busty girls. He clearly has had a lot of tit play practice, so he knows just how to drive me wild with his wandering fingers. But that's okay, because if I cum faster, that'll help him cum faster, and that'll actually help him breed me faster too.

UNGH! I really should stop using the word "breed." It makes me feel like... I don't even know. But it's just too damn suggestive! "Copulate" is definitely safer and better. I'm going to stick to that from now on.

Kyle went to his room. All that fucking was exhausting, even though he was muscular and at peak fitness. Despite his intention not to nap, within minutes, he was fast asleep.

He woke an hour later to someone stroking the side of his head. He turned to find his mother sitting on the edge of his bed.

She smiled down at him. "Wake up, sleepyhead. Time to get back to 'work.'" She chuckled at her knowing use of the word "work."

He took a good, long look at her. She was wearing a silky red robe, the same robe she'd worn the night when she'd told him Jim had agreed to let him impregnate her. Except this time it was wide open in front, with the sash very loosely tied. Furthermore, she was leaning way over towards him to wake him. That allowed her massive tits to fall free of the robe altogether!

He woke up in a hurry, thanks to that arresting sight! It was all he could do not to reach out and start fondling her dangling udders, and even suckling on them. But he remembered he needed to play a long game to win his ultimate prize, and part of that meant not being too pushy.

It took great willpower, but he tried his best to pretend she wasn't accidentally flashing him with a drooping tit show for the ages. "What time is it?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

She'd been not so furtively checking him out too. He'd gone to sleep without bothering to put any clothes on. And it was the middle of the day, so there had been no need for him to even tug a sheet over his body. As a result, his entire hunky naked body was on display.

She was chomping at the bit! She could hardly wait to get fucked by her handsome and strong son yet again!

She was almost shocked to see his penis in a flaccid state, but she was confident it wouldn't stay that way for long. In fact, even as she watched, it started to rapidly engorge, no doubt helped along by her provocative pose.

She finally stood up, which brought her arousing titty show to an end, more or less. At least, her nipples were covered again, but all of her dramatic cleavage was still on display, as the robe remained open down to her belly button.

She told him, "It's three-thirty. We have time for one more session before your dad comes home. Why don't you freshen up, and then come back to my bedroom, okay?"

"Okay," he answered with a grin. He was highly restrained, given that he knew "come back to my bedroom" was code for "come skewer me with your incredible cock some more."

His penis had just gotten fully erect again, mostly thanks to her titty display. But even without that, he could have willed it to a firm stiffness merely from thinking about the fact that he was about to fuck the woman of his dreams for the third time!

Julie found herself hopelessly staring at his revived hard-on even more. Have mercy! I so want to say "screw the whole clinical approach." But I'm married! Already, I don't know how I'll ever get back to normal. I can't let things get out of hand more than they already are!

But God, do I love getting fucked by my son and his massive cock! Just look at that monster! And he's just so handsome all around. My heart flutters in a very unmotherly way every time I see him, starting long before this crazy breeding plan began!

She kept staring at his exposed boner while unthinkingly licking her lips. It took her a full minute or longer before she pulled her willpower together and managed to say, "Oh, and please at least put some boxers on, okay?"

"No problem."

She left. Even the way she walked out of his room was a sight to see, since the red robe barely covered all of her fulsome ass cheeks.

Kyle washed his face and went back down to his parents' bedroom. Although he had put his boxers on, his boner lewdly bounced and tented as he walked.

His mother was sitting at the foot of the bed waiting for him, still loosely wearing the robe. She unthinkingly licked her lips some more as she watched his erection wobble wildly inside his boxers.

Hmmm, she thought. I wonder what it would be like to suck on that fat thing. Could I even get it in my mouth?! Would I want to even try?! It's too big! It's probably a good thing that blowjobs are off the menu. Sucking and bobbing on that monster would be a nightmare!

He noticed a wooden chair nearby. "What's that for?" he asked about the chair, which he'd never seen in her bedroom before.

"Sit down and I'll tell you," she said.

Kyle sat in the chair, which he noticed had no armrests. He correctly guessed that could be why she was using that one instead of any other chair already in the room.

Julie had her long legs crossed, and he couldn't help but admire them.

He thought, I can't believe that I had those beautiful legs wrapped around me earlier as I drilled her cunt. My MOM'S cunt! It all seems like one big wet dream. And yet the mild ache in his penis is just one clue that all of it had really happened!

She told him, "They say that ninety-percent of a man's sperm never makes it through the opening to the woman's cervix. So I have an idea that might greatly increase our chances of getting me pregnant."

"Okay," he said, very curious.

"If we could somehow get your, uh, battering ram, through the head of my cervix ...when you ejaculate, your sperm will have already bypassed one of their biggest obstacles."

"Is that possible?" Kyle asked with genuine interest.

She couldn't resist gawking at his crotch. She was transfixed, because more than half of his erection was accidentally sticking out through the slit in front of his boxers!

Actually, it wasn't an accident, but he figured she didn't need to know that.

She continued to stare at his exposed cock as she said in amazement, "Well, you definitely have the length for it! And... and the width!"

She finally managed to make eye contact with him. "But, um, we'd have to try a new position in order to achieve maximum depth. Would you be okay with that?"

"Why wouldn't I?" he asked back. "It sounds like fun!"

"Well, the first two times, we were under the sheet and you were on top. This time, we'd have to be a little more exposed... and I'd have to be on top of you," she said with increasing bashfulness. She was trying to hide it, but her arousal was steadily rising too as she contemplated her new plan.

She lamely added, "And remember this isn't about 'fun,' at least not for me."

"Well, whatever has to be done, I suppose," he said, pretending indifference. Actually, the new position sounded downright fantastic to him.

She smiled at him lovingly. "You are such a sweetheart, doing this for me."

She stood up, walked over to him, and gave a little tug on the leg of his boxers. "Get these off," she whispered in an urgent and needy way.

He slipped out of his boxers, causing his big dick to bob up and down.

Julie stared at her boy's cock and unthinkingly licked her lips. Good God, do I love that thing! I'm going to have to redouble my effort to be dispassionate, because I could see myself falling hopelessly in love with getting fucked by my son, if I don't watch out!

She couldn't resist gawking at his turgid cock-meat even more. "I don't know where you got your size. It must have been my side of the family."

"Dad's isn't this big?" Kyle asked with seeming innocence, although he already knew the answer. He held his hard-on from below and pointed it in her direction.

Her heart skipped a beat, and her pussy got wetter. She was almost rendered speechless, because her fuck-need was suddenly so great. "Your father's penis is... fair sized, but I would say that what you have down there is, well... how shall I say this... much, much larger than most. I have a feeling it's going to make lots of beautiful babies... starting with ours." She smiled warmly.

"I hope so," he said proudly. "I can't wait until I've successfully bred you."

She felt shivers race up and down her spine from the "breed" word. That never failed to at least give her a tingle.

"Well, mister..." she said as she reached under her robe and slid her panties down her long legs. She kicked them to the side and smiled at him.

She remained standing there with her bald pussy on full display. "We have a baby to make. Let's not waste time." She started to move to the bed.

"Mom... I..." he started, shyly.

"What's wrong, Sweetie?" she asked.

"I was just wondering if maybe you'd..." He tried to spit out his words as he looked at the swell of his mother's enormous breasts. "If you'd..."

"Take off my robe before we get started?" she asked, anticipating his tit-obsessed thoughts.

"Yeah," he said bashfully.

"That would leave me completely naked!" She acted a bit scandalized by this suggestion. In fact, she was secretly craving for that exact thing to happen.

"I know!" he said in wide-eyed wonder. It wasn't hard for him to imagine how she'd look that way, especially because her silky red robe was opening more and more in front. He could see most of her massive tits, and even all of her swollen and abused pussy! Still, never in his life had he seen her completely naked.

"I don't know, my love. I promised your father that I'd keep our sessions as unrevealing and clinical as possible." Although she said those words, in her heart she was all but pleading with him to talk her into change her mind.

"Yeah but... you've seen me naked today. It's no big deal, right?" Kyle asked. "In fact, you're seeing all of me right now." He pointed his flagpole of a cock up towards her even more dramatically.

She was seriously tempted to fall to her knees and take that cock in both hands! But she kept her cool, and said, "Sweetie, your penis is a necessary part of this process, but... my breasts aren't. I just don't know if it's a good idea."

"What about your orgasms? Are those a necessary part of this process?"

"Now hold on a minute, mister. Those are totally beyond my control. I can't help but feel some pleasure, as much as I try to fight it."

"True. But I told you that the more you cum, the more you're likely to conceive. Maybe the reason Dad hasn't gotten you pregnant is that he doesn't really ring your chimes."

She thought with a start, You know what? He may be right about that! If it takes a big orgasm, then Jim is totally hopeless! Whereas my son will be able to breed me in a matter of hours!

However, she told him, "Let's not get distracted with side issues." She was so horny that even her chiding was sexy and flirty, because she playfully wagged a finger at him.

He said, "The way I figure, the more you cum, the better. And the more I cum, that's better still, because each time I do, I pump more baby batter in you to breed you. Right?"

She felt goose bumps all over. "Right." She appeared calm on the outside, but thought, My son is breeding me! How hot is that?! When I have the baby, for the rest of my life, I'll be reminded how he drilled me and knocked me up with his huge, unstoppable cock! Mmmm!

He went on, while all but wagging his boner at her, "So, if some breast play helps you cum, and/or helps me cum, that's a big help with our

overall breeding plan. Right? I'm sure it'll help. At worst, it can't hurt."

She wanted to be convinced, and he'd done it, using basically the same logic she'd already told herself earlier about his tit play then. The fact that he'd come to the same conclusion gave her greater confidence that such logic was sound and it wasn't just her great lust leading her on.

She said with as much reluctance as she could manage, "Well... I suppose I can't argue with that."

"Yeay!"

She chuckled. "However! Don't you DARE tell your father that I got a little naked here and there. Or that you touched my breasts. Please?! It would break his heart."

"Yeah... he'd be pissed as hell." Kyle smiled almost wickedly. The way he figured, Jim had destroyed his marriage by fucking his secretary. It was just that Jim and Julie didn't know their marriage was doomed yet. Jim pretty much deserved whatever he had coming, for cheating on his divine goddess of a wife.

Julie stood there with a hand on the sash to her robe. But her hand stayed still as she chided him, "You haven't promised me yet."

He rolled his eyes. "Of course! Duh! You know I love him and don't want to hurt him. It's just that I really, really enjoy fucking you too."

That answer pointed to a very problematic future, but she decided to ignore that for now. She said, "Well, okay then." She sexily undid her sash, then let her robe fall completely open in front. She felt flushed and extremely aroused.

But then she suddenly changed moods, at least on the outside. She put her hands on her waist and glared at her son. "And one more thing, buster. Just because my boobs are fully exposed and they're bouncing around on you doesn't mean they're up for grabs, understand?"

"Perfectly." Kyle answered. But then he added, "Although... I might end up accidentally holding them and playing with them from time to time. I'm such a boob-focused guy, it kind of comes naturally to me, without thinking."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Ugh! You really are a case!"

But then she finished her sexy striptease, letting her red robe slide all the way off her body until it puddled around her feet.

He wanted to play it cool so she wouldn't get cold feet about losing the robe. However, he couldn't stop himself from gushing as he took in her hourglass figure in the buff for the very first time, "MOM! You're magnificent! Utterly magnificent!"

She wasn't used to such compliments. In particular, the intense look of lust and love in her son's eyes blew her mind, because she knew it was completely genuine. To try to downplay the moment, she joked, "I think you mean 'udderly magnificent.'" She held her huge orbs from below and slightly hefted them up.

"That too!"

The two of them shared a laugh over her bad pun, but at the same time, his arousal soared to the sky.

His arousal was already somewhere up in the stars.

Her need to get seriously fucked was growing by the second as well. Standing completely naked for her awed son was a very heady aphrodisiac for her.

She moved to where he sat in the chair and boldly threw her leg over his lap, straddling him. "Are you sure you're gonna be able to handle the weight of me on top of you?"

"Yeah, no problem," he answered.

Julie sat on Kyle's lap, with his big hard dick wedged up against her fat clit. She brought her feet up and placed her heels on the back edge of the seat of the chair. She rested her hands on his shoulders.

He could feel the full weight of his mother's ass resting on his lap.

He gawked at her enormous breasts. The "udders" jutted dramatically off her chest and were capped with large, stiff nipples.

Suddenly, her great tits were the center of his attention, even more so than usual. He was so transfixed that he unthinkingly cupped them from below and hefted them up slightly, in wide-eyed wonder.

She basked in his attention and his talented touch, even as she squirmed with lusty desire on his lap. "See? You're not the only one in this family who's well endowed," she said with a smile.

"Wow... they're beautiful!" he said with even more awe.

"They're a bother to me. They're too heavy... and they'll get a lot heavier as I progress into my pregnancy... but first I have to GET

pregnant which is never gonna happen if you just sit there staring," she said with a giggle.

"Oh... sorry," he said.

"It's okay, love. I realize it's not every day that a boy your age gets this close to boobs as big as mine," she said as she combed through Kyle's dark brown hair with her long nails.

She went on, "I know for a fact that NO girl in your school has breasts as large as these, not even Melinda or Charlotte." She named two of the girls that she knew he liked fucking the most often, due to their general beauty but especially their unusually large breast sizes. They were arguably the two hottest girls in school, and yet they never dated because they always wanted to be available if Kyle wanted another "booty call" with them. He had a firm rule about never dating (or just fucking) a girl in a relationship with someone else.

She added, with justified pride at her natural endowment, "So it must be a little overwhelming for you now."

"A little," he said, his eyes still glued to his mother's amazing chest.

She'd been stalling for time a little bit to give him a chance to enjoy her tits, despite the fact that he'd played with the plenty during their last fuck session in particular. But she was chomping at the bit to get royally fucked again. So she asked him, "Well, shall we try and get that big baby-maker of yours into my cervix?"

"Yes, please!" He was eager for more fucking too.

Julie moved forward and her spongy tit-sacks pressed against his chest. She lifted her ass, grabbed his meaty pecker, and positioned

the bulbous knob into the fleshy groove between the swollen pink lips of her labia. She lowered her ass back down.

Kyle's cock slowly stretched his mother's pouch as it sunk in inch by inch.

He felt his fat cockhead grind against the back wall of her cunt when he finally bottomed out a couple of minutes later.

Julie held her son tight, resting her head on his shoulder as she worked her hips back and forth. For a good five minutes, she worked the lips of her cervix against the tip of her baby's cock.

"Come on, Sweetie, we've gotta work it through." She panted.

She started to bounce slightly on her son's lap. She thought with wicked pride, I know I'm a hot fuck! Melinda and Charlotte can eat my heart out! I'm twice the fuck they'll ever be, combined! So there!

Already, she was forgetting most of the time how she was supposed to stay unemotional.

It wasn't long before Kyle felt his fat knob work itself into the groove of his mother's cervical lips.

"Oh my God, yes! Thrust your hips, baby! I can feel it going in... So deep! ... That's it, work it through! UNNGH!" she said with a victorious grunt.

Finally, he felt his cockhead slide through the lips and into her cervix.

"Yessssssss! Oh darling, you did it! You're inside my cervix!" Julie announced with even more joy and arousal.

She worked a good inch of her son's thick shaft into her secret chamber. Her cervical ring pulsed all over it, closing tight around the thick invader.

After adjusting to the strange but delightful new sensation, she advised him, "We need to keep it inside. I want you to stay as still as you can while I ride you!"

For the next 15 minutes, Julie did a sexy little bump and grind. Using her strong cunt muscles, she squeezed and released, and squeezed and released, over and over, trying to milk an orgasm from him, but at the same time keeping the tip of his cock inside her precious cervix.

"How are you feeling, love?" she asked after a long time with no talking, just lots of panting.

"I don't know if I'm gonna be able to cum this way, unless I thrust," he said, honestly. Thanks to his great stamina, it really did take a lot to get him to cum.

"No, you can't thrust, Sweetie. I have to keep you inside my cervix," she said insistently.

She thought for a moment, while still working her hips in a small circle on his manhood. Then she came to a decision. "Okay, there's only one way this is gonna work. We both have to completely let go."

"What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"What I mean is, for a few minutes, we have to forget that we're mother and son. We have to break the rules and completely let go. If we do this, I think we'll be able to excite an orgasm out of you."

His heart raced faster to hear that great news. But still, he asked, "What do you mean by 'break the rules?'"

"We'll have to do whatever we can to heat things up. That might mean kissing on the lips as mother and son never should, or saying dirty things like we're genuine lovers, or who knows what. But you need to understand that what I'm about to do will never, ever happen again. I'm only trying this to get you excited for this one special breeding procedure, understand?"

She gave him a severe, motherly look, despite the fact that she was sitting buck naked on his lap and he was balls-deep inside her.

"Yeah," he said, trying not to show too much excitement.

He thought, The whole "clinical" and "dispassionate" bullshit is already slowly going by the wayside. But this'll help speed that up in a big way! I love it!

As Julie continued to work her cunt muscles like a pro, she looked straight into Kyle's eyes. Slowly, she brought her lips to his and gave him a slow sensual kiss. Then another, then another.

Then she pulled his face to her big pillowy boobs.

"Oh sweet baby... suck my big soft titties, lover." She moaned needfully.

He began doing just that, and holding and sensually caressing them with both hands as well.

## Chapter 6

Kyle and Julie didn't know it, but Julie's husband Jim had come home early!

Jim knew full well that there was a chance that his wife and son might be having one of their fuck sessions upstairs. Even though he knew he was getting some kind of karmic payback due to the way he'd been cheating on his wife, he couldn't help but feel absolute rage at the fact that his cocky teenage son was dicking the wife he so dearly loved. And even worse, that the two of them were making a baby together, something he should have been capable of doing, but wasn't.

Shortly after coming through the front door, Jim heard his wife let out a loud and sensual moan all the way from upstairs. He carefully crept up the steps and down the hallway to the door of his own master bedroom. He could hear Julie panting and moaning erotically as she rode their son's young yet oversized cock.

He'd been bracing himself to hear something like that. What he was completely unprepared for was hearing his wife's attempt to get their son to cum.

"Oh Kyle, baby, feel my pussy surrounding your big cock, lover! It feels so goooooood! Oh, that's it! Suck my big titties, baby!" She moaned like she was cumming again, even though she wasn't yet.

Jim's stomach sunk as he listened to the two of them. There was a rhythmic "thump, thump, thump" that was driving him mad.

"Come on, stud! Pump a baby into your mother, lover! Oh my God, I think I'm gonna cum again!" Julie moaned with unrestrained passion.

Jim's timing couldn't have been worse. His mouth fell open as he listened to his wife's obscene words, even as she started to loudly experience another epic orgasm.

"Oh God... OH GOD! I THINK NUMBER TEN IS GONNA BE A BIG ONE! UNGH! YESSSS! OH GOD, SON, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YOUR MOTHER CUM HARD, BABY! OH SHIT! OH FUCK, YOU AMAZING LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER!" By the point, she was shouting about as loudly as she possibly could.

Jim backed down the hallway. He was feeling sick and looking pale. As his wife reached the peak of her climax, her unrestrained and generally wordless screams filled the entire house.

"I'M CUMMMMIINNNGGGG! ANNNGHHHHHH!"

Jim jogged down the stairs and into the kitchen, but try as he might, he couldn't hide from his wife's voice.

He thought, I've never heard more heartfelt and intense sexual ecstasy in my entire life! But it's my wife getting fucked by my SON! I've been betrayed!

"OOOHHHHH! OOOHHHHH!" Julie wailed.

Upstairs, Kyle's face was buried in twin pillows of towering tit-flesh. He licked and sucked his mother's stiff and needy nipples.

Julie continued to grunt and groan as the orgasmic contractions kept shaking her.

Kyle felt the rush of his mother's hot orgasmic fluid soak his big balls, and kept on thrusting.

Jim sat in the kitchen, which was about as far from the master bedroom as he could get while staying in the house. His head was in his hands, and he'd slung his business jacket off and loosened his tie. He felt utterly miserable and defeated. But at the same time, he also felt great confusion and embarrassment, because he was experiencing a raging erection that just wouldn't quit!

Ten minutes of glorious incestuous fucking later, Kyle felt a torrent of semen rocket up his shaft. "Oh, Mom... I'm cumming!" he proudly announced.

Julie worked her coital wall with intense force, coaxing the milk from her young partner's beefy wand. She yelled to encourage him, "That's it, Son! Cum for me! Cum for Mommy! Mommy loves your big cock so very, very much!"

She suddenly felt thick ropes of jism explode into her cervical chamber. She hadn't been expecting to experience another orgasm herself just then, because she was still fairly wiped out from her last really epic one. But she felt a pretty good one race through her body just the same. It was mostly triggered by the feeling of her son blasting his cum load into her, while she had dizzying thoughts of getting successfully bred by him.

Strand after thick potent strand of creamy fuck-milk filled her insides. She knew that the billions of sperm were well on their way to finding and penetrating her precious egg. The race was on to see which lucky spermatozoa was the winner.

Jim was still sitting at the kitchen table, just staring off into space, when Julie came down the stairs a half an hour later. His embarrassing erection had thankfully faded away right when he heard his wife and son had finished fucking. He tried hard not to think about his arousal and what it might mean for his future sex life.

She looked freshly showered and wore a yellow sundress and red high-heeled slippers. Once again, she was going sans underwear. She paused in the kitchen doorway when she saw her husband.

She hadn't been expecting him at all, so she was secretly shocked. It was a lucky thing she was even wearing clothes.

Jim glanced her way and saw her, so it was too late for her to try to sneak off.

She immediately tried to switch gears and act like she was fine with him being there. "Honey! What a nice surprise. Um... you're home early. Is everything okay?"

"No... not really," he answered, with a stormy look in his eyes.

A nervousness swept over Julie's face. She suddenly felt naked and ashamed, despite the thin sundress. "How long have you been home?"

"Long enough to hear my wife's lately orgasm. 'Number ten,' huh?" he asked disappointedly.

"Jim, I... We didn't really..." She was at a loss for words. She knew she'd been caught red-handed.

"I can't believe you'd do this to me! Jesus, Julie, the things you were saying to him!" Jim complained indignantly.

But Julie didn't really feel that guilty, because the pleasure she'd felt had been so very prolonged and incredible. She asked, "Hold on a minute. If this is such a problem, then why the hell did you give us the okay to make a baby in the first place?"

"I gave our SON the okay to get you pregnant, not to fondle your breasts and whatever the hell else he was doing in there! You're my wife, not his shameless little fuck toy, for Christ's sakes! And he's got so many gorgeous girlfriends already. That little bastard has some nerve!" Jim spouted.

Julie felt stung by his words. She shouted sternly, "DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! YOUR SON IS DOING US A FAVOR! IF IT WERN'T FOR HIM, YOU AND I HAVING ANOTHER BABY WOULDN'T EVEN BE A POSSIBILITY!"

But Jim wasn't easily cowed, since he felt so wronged. "You promised me that your sessions would be quick and unrevealing. But I heard you call him 'your lover' and an 'amazing little motherfucker.' How the hell am I supposed to take that?!" he asked incredulously.

Julie shook her head as she sat down in a chair. "I don't know what to tell you... but if you're expecting an apology, you can go fuck yourself! Kyle and I are doing what we have to do to make this baby," she said angrily and defiantly.

"Ten orgasms. Is that what it takes to get pregnant these days?" Jim asked in a smart-ass tone.

"What seems to be the problem, Dad?" Kyle asked as he entered the kitchen from the hallway. He had been naked, but he'd heard his father's voice so he'd quickly thrown on a T-shirt and his boxers.

Jim jumped up from his chair to accuse his son. "The problem is she's your mother and a married woman! I know what I agreed to allow happen. A big mistake in my opinion, though too late to take back. That's bad enough. But from what I heard, the two of you were getting into it much too hot and heavy!" He was getting increasingly angry as he talked.

"I thought we have a deal, Dad," Kyle said sternly.

That gave Jim pause, because it was a not-so-subtle hint about how Kyle knew of his father's adulterous activities.

Jim continued, but in more restrained and careful tones, "We do, but this funny business isn't part of the deal."

Kyle thundered, quietly but forcefully, "Don't talk to me about funny business! I have some photos I haven't told you about yet that show some REAL funny business!"

Julie had no idea what her son was talking about, and the conversation was moving too fast for her to ask. She certainly didn't suspect a veiled reference to her husband committing adultery.

But Jim guessed exactly what he was talking about, that he'd taken some photos of him getting it on with Dora. That seemed highly probable, and it took the wind of his indignant sails.

Kyle went on, "The deal is that I get Mom pregnant. Period! I don't think you're really in a position to tell us how we can or can't make that happen, do you?" he asked, staring his father down.

Julie looked up at her son, who had now moved to stand next to her where she sat. She then looked at her husband, awaiting his answer.

"WELL... DO YOU? DO YOU?!" Kyle shouted with surprising authority and force, as if he suddenly had become a Marine drill sergeant. It was all the more shocking, because he was known for being an easy-going guy with no temper at all.

"No, I don't." Jim answered, looking at the floor like a scolded child. He was still reeling over the reference to the photos.

Kyle took charge of the situation. "Then here's what's gonna happen. Mom and I are gonna make this baby, OUR WAY, and you're gonna keep your fucking mouth shut about it! Understand?" The good son also never, ever cursed at his parents.

Julie looked up at her young hero. Her eyes traveled down his muscular body and it struck her, Kyle is a complete stud, in every possible way! At the tender age of 18, he's more of a man than my husband could ever be. And he fucks me like a human sex machine too!

She suddenly felt a complete awe and respect for this handsome stud of a teenage boy. The middle-aged mother gazed up at her son like a submissive teenage virgin at the feet of an aggressive, charismatic, dominant, and well-hung football player who was about to take her cherry. It was pure puppy-love, except with a heaping helping of hot, incestuous lust.

Kyle threatened Jim, "Now, how 'bout you get the fuck out of here before I decide to call this deal off?!"

Jim was fuming mad, but he knew that his son held a secret that would completely destroy his marriage, especially with the photos. "Fine! But this is not over!" He stormed out of the kitchen and clear out of the house, leaving his business jacket behind.

Julie listened to the sound of Jim's car driving away with a slight smirk on her face. Her heart was racing and her pussy was newly throbbing and wet. She couldn't believe how much power her son had over her husband. She stood up so she could be face to face with her new "hero."

"Are you okay?" Kyle asked her with tender concern.

"Yeah... I'm fine. Sweetie, that was... so brave of you!"

"I just had to set him straight, that's all," he said with lots of emotion. "He can't say, 'Okay, Son, go ahead and breed my wife,' and then turn around and say, 'On second thought, you're not allowed to enjoy yourself having sex with her.' That makes no sense!"

Julie took Kyle's hands into hers and stared into his eyes. "You're so brave! Like a knight in shining armor... And I'm like the princess... the princess who's falling for him," she said lovingly. Her heart was beating fast, and her immense globes were rising and falling with excitement.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his heart suddenly surging with love, hope, and lust.

"What I mean is what I said," she answered as she moved in close to him. "You'd better be careful, 'cause right or wrong... YOUR MOTHER'S FALLING FOR YOU... BIG TIME!" she squealed excitedly and wickedly.

She gave him a loving peck on the forehead, but she longed to madly kiss his lips instead. Her "clinical" rule still held her back from doing that, especially since they weren't in the middle of another "breeding session" where she might be able to justify that to herself.

Then both of them stared into each other's eyes for a good ten seconds, like two lovers sharing a silent look of lust and longing.

For the first time, Kyle had no doubt that Julie was hungering for his cock, and not just for the purpose of making a baby. His "long game" strategy was already working better than expected.

On a rash impulse, she reached around to her back and unzipped her yellow sundress halfway down her back. Then she dramatically slipped one shoulder strap down her arm, and then the other one down the other arm. That left nothing holding the dress up, and it slowly slid down her body, fully exposing her massive boobs as it did so. It wound up getting stuck bunched up around her waist.

He took that for the open invitation it so clearly was, and gleefully cupped her huge tits with both hands. Normally, he was cool and in control with his girlfriends, but he felt like a shy total virgin again, with his cock trembling with need and his heart threatening to thump right out of his chest.

She smiled lovingly and approvingly at the way he held her bare breasts, even though that was against her rules too. "Mmmm! Son, I guess there's no stopping you from your boob- focused insanity. So I'm not going to even try anymore. But, uh... as long as we're like this... and since we were making out a little bit upstairs earlier... Do you think it would be okay if we bend the rules just one more time? Because I'd really like for you to kiss me again. On the lips!"

He smiled from ear to ear. "I think that'll be just fine." He leaned his head in and planted his lips on hers.

At first, the kiss was tentative, almost like it was their very first true kiss, despite what they'd done upstairs a short while earlier. But it gradually gained strength and passion as the seconds passed by. All the while, he continued to freely fondle his mother's tremendous jugs, and even pinch and twist her nipples.

Julie thought, This is bad! This is NOT dispassionate! In fact, it's the exact opposite! I almost feel like I'm falling for my own son, head over heels! But I just HAVE to let him kiss me this one time, because he's my knight in shining armor. Of course he gets to kiss the princess, because he saved me from the bad, bad man, the evil villain!

She realized with a start that the "evil villain" was in fact her husband who she was supposedly happily married to.

But that didn't really bother her much, because she was on such a high of lust and love for her hunky son. Okay. Jim's not an 'evil villain' per se. He's just confused because he came home and listened in on something that it was best he didn't know about. Kyle's right: you can't have sex without at least some passion. This whole "clinical" approach just isn't going to work. Jim either needs to be cool with that, or stay the hell away until we're done!

Even as she thought all that, their kiss kept going and kept getting hotter and hotter. It was turning into a five-alarm scorcher! And her pussy was absolutely gushing and throbbing, thanks in part to the expert way he handled her massive melons.

Julie's thoughts grew increasingly erotic and heated. And speaking of getting things done, my big strong hero needs to get rewarded even more for being so brave! It's not enough for him to just kiss the fair princess; he needs to give her a good fucking too! A serious fucking! A "royal" fucking, even! Hee! He needs to drill me deep and hard and long!

She'd had her hands wrapped around the middle of his back. But as they continued to kiss while he played with her tits, she used her hands to push her sundress further down her waist and writhed her hips to slowly wiggle out of it. After a minute, she managed to slide it down her long sleek legs and then step out of it entirely.

That left her completely naked once again, except for her red high-heeled slippers, which helped firm up her legs and ass just like real high heels did.

Then as if that latest move wasn't bold enough, now that she had her hands free, she brought them to her son's crotch and boldly gripped his enormous erection. Within seconds, all ten of her fingers began slipping and sliding up and down his thick shaft.

She hadn't planned on even touching him there, but she simply couldn't help herself. Her desire for his cock was too great!

He was so pleasantly surprised by this that he broke the kiss to ask what was going on.

But before he could speak, she said, in a playful tease, "Don't get any big ideas! I am NOT giving you a handjob here."

He was secretly amused, because it was so clear that she already was doing exactly that. As he continued to aggressively fondle her massive globes, he asked with seeming cluelessness, "You're not?"

"Of course not. That's against the rules." Her big bare tits were bouncing in her hands because her entire body was on the move thanks to her vigorous two-fisted handjob motion. She was less teasing him with those words and more in denial about what she was doing.

She added, "But the way I figure, there's now time like now for you to fuck me again! There's something about the way you sent Jim packing that's really got me hot to trot! Son, you're becoming a MAN, right before my very eyes!"

"Thanks, Mom!" He briefly kissed her lips again. He slipped his hands down to fondle her bare ass cheeks for a while, since she was completely naked.

She savored the sweet kiss while still stroking his hot meat. Then she said, "So, no, this isn't a handjob. I'm just getting you warmed up so we can continue our breeding activities upstairs shortly. Does that sound agreeable to you?"

"Very!"

He kissed her lips again. It was such a heartfelt kiss that they just couldn't stop.

They wound up necking off and on for the next ten minutes, at least. And all the while, he alternatively played with her tits, ass, and pussy like he owned her entire body, while she steadily jacked his big fat cock in a way that supposedly somehow wasn't a handjob.

Sometimes, he even fingerfucked her needy slit.

When she briefly broke the kiss to complain about that, he pointed out that he wasn't really fingerfucking her, he was just "warming her up" to help get the fucking started.

She couldn't disagree with that, even to herself, since she'd used that exact same logic to justify the handjob she was still giving him.

They went right back to their necking and fondling, with even more fingerbanging.

When their lusts finally rose to "unbearable" levels, they managed to disengage, but only so they could rush back upstairs to the master bedroom.

Just a minute or two after that, Kyle was balls-deep in his mother again, fucking her missionary style.

And only a few minutes later, Julie was screaming her head off yet again, as her epic orgasm number eleven shook her entire body. (She wasn't counting all the little ones she had too.)

Her husband Jim was totally forgotten, except for some vague annoying idea that he was bound to come home again after a while. She hoped that he would have the good sense to stay away for a few more hours, at least, so a lot more "breeding" could get done.

Thankfully for everyone involved, he did exactly that.

## Chapter 7

Jim gazed over at his wife as they lay in bed together that night. She looked so beautiful lying there on her back, staring up at the ceiling, even though he couldn't see much of her body due to her usual full length pajamas she was wearing (just as he was). The look on her face was like that of a lovestruck and lusty girl who'd just gotten laid for the very first time. The problem was that Jim knew it wasn't his penis or his fucking skills she was lying there thinking about.

"I'm sorry I blew up at you earlier," he said to her.

Julie didn't answer, because she didn't even hear him. She was off in her own little world. It was a world dominated by a handsome young face with sparkling brown eyes, a strong and curiously thick teenage pecker, and big plump balls full of potent cum-cream.

She thought about her son, Mmmm! I remember when he fucked me for the very first time this morning. It was soooo great! He totally rocked my world! But who could have known that he was just getting warmed up?! Each time got better and better! The last few hours were total bliss - once I got completely naked and stayed that way, and all that silly "clinical" crap was in the past.

I'll admit that it's important that I don't get TOO carried away by my son and his incredible cock. I'm going to have to go back to my boring, normal married life eventually, which is sad. But it's impossible to get fucked without experiencing SOME pleasure, so why try to resist that so much?

Especially given the way Kyle fucks me! Good Lord, there's no way to resist that at all! He's a sexual superman! The last hour we fucked, especially, is a memory to last a lifetime, all by itself! The way he churned his hips on me... and then his thrusting! Ungh! And his impaling! The impaling is the best! Oh, and the kissing! Such kissing! He's a natural at that too! God, and the way his hands roam all over my naked body! I feel so free and alive! But at the same time, he's possessing me in such a sexy way. Such natural confidence. He's even bewitching me!

Mmmm! I can't wait until tomorrow! I wish my ovulation period would last for three weeks, not three days! But it's probably for the best to end this soon, because my poor battered pussy is gonna have to cry uncle and tap out in any case! Hee!

"Julie!" Jim finally called to her, with a much louder voice. He'd been saying her name a couple more times in his usual voice, to no effect.

"What?!" She snapped at him as she was jarred back to reality.

Once Jim saw he actually had her attention, he confessed, "I just wanted to apologize for blowing up at you and Kyle. I overreacted I

guess and I'm sorry, Dear. This whole thing is just... uncomfortable for me."

"Then, Honey, why did you agree to it?" Julie asked.

She was genuinely puzzled by that, especially now that it was becoming clear the "deal" was going so very badly for him. It was another mystery to her why he hadn't called the deal off, after seeing how passionate she obviously was getting with all the fucking.

He replied, "I just know how much you want this baby and... well, I want you to be happy."

That much was true, though of course he didn't mention how Kyle had caught him committing adultery with Dora, leaving him no choice but to keep the deal going.

Julie smiled as she scooted over and hugged her husband. It was a warm yet chaste hug, especially since they were both in their pajamas.

She thought, Isn't that sweet? It's not his fault that his son is ten times the man he'll ever be. I should be more appreciative of his love, because he's my one and only husband. What Kyle and I are enjoying... it's fantastic, but it's like a temporary time-out from the real world. It can't last! My future is with my hubby right here.

She said with renewed emotional effort and concern, "Oh Honey, I know this hasn't been easy for you. I'm so sorry. That's why he and I are only copulating during the day while you're at work. No husband should have to hear some of the things you heard today. That was very unfortunate."

Earlier in the evening, she'd explained to him about how she'd been "forced" to resort to "extreme measures" due to the difficulty of getting their son to cum inside her cervix. That had helped soften the blow in some ways, but made him more jealous in other ways.

"It was pretty shocking," Jim admitted. And yet, even as he thought back on that painful time of listening to them fuck, he felt his penis suddenly surge to a full erection!

He tried to pretend like that wasn't happening, and keep it hidden, because it made no sense to him. It was only a further frustration and humiliation. Luckily for him, it was hidden in his pajamas and under the sheet and blankets for good measure.

Julie suggested, "Honey, maybe you should stay at your parents' house for a few days. It'll get your mind off all this and give Kyle and me a chance to really focus on making this baby."

Jim frowned. "You and he are here all day. How much more time do you think you need?"

It was hard for her not to break into a big smile as she contemplated getting fucked all over the house, both day and night. She was secretly very annoyed that she felt obliged to sleep with her husband as usual, when her son was just down the hall with big balls that were constantly producing more cum that could help successfully breed her.

She said, "You remember when we were trying to get me pregnant with Kyle. You remember how much time and effort it took?"

"Yeah, I remember," Jim said, thinking back on the week full of non-stop sex. In retrospect, he felt those had been his glory days.

Julie tried to sound calm and reasonable, even as her heart was doing joyous backflips about the idea of getting to be her son's fuck-socket for 24 hours a day, if only for a short time. "Besides, you should spend some more time with your parents. You told me recently how you don't visit them enough. It'll be good for you. With any luck, when you come back we'll have a little son or daughter already starting to grow in my womb. Won't that be exciting?"

"Of course," Jim said, forcing a smile. He bitterly thought, But I won't be the father! My SON will be! UGH!

Despite the pain of that line of thinking, his erection lurched in his pants with renewed heat and urgency.

"So, what do you think?" Her pussy was getting wet again just thinking about having Kyle all to herself.

Jim vaguely commented, "We'll see. I'll think about it."

He thought, What the fuck?! Am I getting turned on by thoughts of my son fucking my wife?! It can't be! I won't let it. That's all kinds of messed up!

A short time later, Jim gave his wife a goodnight kiss - on the cheek, and she did the same. He turned out the light, and the two of them settled in to go to sleep.

Julie was able to go to sleep straight away, because she felt so tired out and sexually satiated from all the incestuous fucking.

Jim, though, tossed and turned for quite a while before finally getting to sleep. He felt he was caught in a trap, with no way out. He had no idea what to do except play along with the role Kyle had forced him into and hope against hope that things would somehow turn out okay

eventually. The adulterous photos especially that his son had alluded to were playing a key part in keeping him in line.

## Chapter 8

The next morning, Kyle strolled into the kitchen dressed in only his boxers. He was proud of his body and wanted to show it off. His big semi-erection wobbled as he moved.

Julie was sitting alone and sipping from her morning coffee. She greeted him with a smile while checking out his muscular bare chest and especially the outrageous phallic shape tenting his boxers. Oh boy! Today could easily end up being the best day of my life! I'll bet that's true. My son is going to fuck me silly, all day long! And he's going to BREED me!

Her heart was beating fast and her pussy was already lubing up in anticipation.

But all she said was, "Morning, Sweetie."

"Hey, Mom," he answered casually, while he also tried to hide how excited he really was.

As far as he knew, his mother owned two skimpy robes, a red one and a blue one. He'd had a lot of great memories with each of them in recent days. So he was pleasantly surprised to see her in a previously unseen orange robe that was even more revealing than either of the other two!

Or maybe it wasn't the size of the robe but how she was wearing it - it was hard for him to tell due to the way she was sitting. The robe was already dramatically open in front. He could see her huge tits nearly to her nipples, which were surprisingly stiff already. (She'd

been getting hot and bothered waiting for him to show up.) He could see bare skin clear down to the sash, which was slung low just above her pussy mound.

"Guess what?" she asked with an even bigger smile.

"You're pregnant?!" he asked back excitedly.

"No, not yet, you silly boy!" She chuckled. "Dad's gonna stay with Grandma and Grandpa for a few days," she said with a lusty fire in her eyes. Jim had given her that news a little while earlier, shortly after both he and she had woken up.

"So we'll be alone all day?!" Kyle's heart thumped like a jackhammer, he was so thrilled by the news.

"All day AND all night! Better eat your Wheaties this morning." She grinned while running a finger along the open front of the robe. As she did that, she caused it to open a bit more, allowing one of her erect nipples to come into full view.

"Sweet," Kyle said, his semi-erect cock was so inspired by the news that it visibly lurched and twitched in his boxers until it was fully erect.

Julie giggled at how eager he was, and how stiff her words made his dick in a matter of seconds. She stood up. Rising on her tip-toes, she gave him a big tit-squasher of a hug.

With only the thin silk fabric of her robe separating her chest from his, Kyle sighed with joy as he felt the spongy softness of her big mommy-boobs flatten against him.

But then the hug got much better, because her robe was mostly open in the front already, and after a little wiggling and readjusting between the two of them, it wound up completely open. Both of them reveled in the feel of her massive tits making skin-to-skin contact with his chest.

"Feels like someone's ready to get back to 'work,'" she said as she felt his brick-hard boner resting against her tummy. She reached to it and lovingly caressed it from top to bottom.

"I'm ready for a long HARD day, Mom!" He smiled while reaching up to cup the undersides of her bare breasts with both hands.

"Good! I can tell you are." The way she was holding and caressing his rampant cock was starting to turn into a slow and tender handjob. Her heart raced faster and faster as her fingers explored every inch of his thick cock-meat, and she mentally imagined how it would feel to have all of that "tree trunk" fully sheathed inside her cunt again. She panted fast, because it was such an incredible prospect.

But then she forced herself to pull her hands away from his crotch, since her thoughts drifted to Jim and she remembered that he was still in the house. She even took his hands off her great globes and tugged her robe partially closed in front for good measure. She didn't want to do anything that might get Jim to rethink his decision to go to his parents' house.

Kyle wasn't too concerned about that burst of resolve, because he could tell she was totally hot to trot. Temporarily foiled at her chest, he brought his hands down to her ass cheeks instead. Feeling the bothersome orange robe there, he just pushed it up and out of the way and began directly kneading her meaty ass flesh.

She sighed contentedly. She'd gotten very familiar with him playing with her ass yesterday, even deep in her ass crack. So she didn't even

think to get him to remove his hands, despite being mindful that Jim was somewhere nearby.

She said, "As soon as your father leaves, we'll go upstairs and put this big, thick, fleshy thing of yours somewhere warm. This guy isn't gonna make a baby bobbing around out here." As she teasingly said "this guy," she couldn't resist holding Kyle's stiff cock again. Seconds later, her mere holding turned into more sensual stroking of his thick shaft.

"Did you mean what you said yesterday... that you're falling for me?" Kyle asked shyly. He brought both hands back up to her immense tits again. As he did so, he cleverly opened her orange robe even wider in front, causing it to slide off both of her shoulders.

But she said, "Watch it, young man. Not here, not now. I don't know if you understood what I just said, but your father is still somewhere in this house. We need to respect his feelings and not get too frisky." She pulled the robe back onto her shoulders, though she left it completely wide open in front.

"Oh." Kyle reluctantly let go of her magnificent tits, for now.

Again, he didn't mind the setback much. He knew he was going to be balls-deep inside her hot, tight cunt in a matter of minutes, so everything else was gravy. Besides, her robe was still partially open in front. One couldn't immediately see it due to the way their bodies were tightly pressed together, but his raging hard-on was directly resting against her bare skin and slightly rocking back and forth.

He correctly knew that contact alone would slowly drive her into a sexual frenzy, making her an even hotter fuck.

Julie grazed her long red nails across his chest as she chose her words carefully. "Yesterday, you may recall how I was insistent much

of the day to keep things 'clinical' and 'dispassionate.' I'm not so worried about that today. I know we're doing all this to make me pregnant, but... well, it's just that you're so young and uh, well endowed. And to be honest I really didn't expect things to get as intense as they did yesterday."

"I hope things get even more intense today. Can we be naked again when we do it?" Kyle asked. He subtly rocked his hot cock-meat against her smooth skin to help influence her answer.

That was an easy question for her, especially since she was practically naked already. "Well, we'll do whatever we have to do to get all that sperm out of your balls and into my womb. If that means being a little more emotional and expressive, then so be it. And it if means being naked... well then I guess we'll get naked."

"Sweet!" Kyle said with a smile.

Julie giggled at the way her words had such an effect on him. She coiled her arms around his neck and moved her lips towards his face.

"Come here, you," she said in a sultry purr. Then she began giving her son gentle little kisses on his neck and along his jawline.

Jim came downstairs wearing his usual three-piece suit, with suitcase in hand. He already was dreading what he was likely to see. An even sicker feeling entered the pit of his stomach as he rounded the corner to the kitchen and saw his wife and son embracing while they were both half-naked. It confirmed all his worst fears.

Julie's face was buried in the crook of Kyle's neck, gently kissing his skin there over and over. One of her legs was bent at the knee, with her sexy little bare foot dragging up the back of Kyle's calf.

Kyle slid his hands down and dug his fingers into the meat of his mother's buttocks, right through the silky orange robe.

Jim was about to say something out loud to get their attention and force them to stop. But somehow he didn't. It was as if some force was compelling him not to.

Instead, he found himself just mutely staring in horror as the other two kissed and fondled with increasing passion. While he watched, his penis stirred. Soon, he had a raging erection to end all raging erections!

Within seconds of Jim starting to spy on them, Kyle flipped Julie's orange robe up and away from her ass again and resumed directly fondling her ass cheeks.

Far from complaining, Jim's wife just moaned erotically and wiggled her bare ass in delight. She muttered, "You're so baaaad!"

That gave Jim some hope that she'd at least do something to limit their sexual contact.

But no. She followed up that comment by kissing her son on the lips! Within seconds, the two of them were making out like long-lost lovers!

To make matters worse for Jim, he saw Kyle bring his hands back up to his wife's awesome rack. He couldn't directly see much, due to the angle he was standing looking at them, plus the way their bodies were closely pressed together, but he could tell that her robe opened all the way in front and Kyle was freely playing with her huge orbs!

Even worse than that was his fear about what was happening to his son's penis. He couldn't see any sign of it, but he assumed it had to

be fully erect, if only because the kissing and fondling was so very hot. Plus, her son was seemingly permanently aroused anyway. With Julie's robe so open in front, how could that thick, long cock not be rubbing directly against her naked skin?!

Of course, that was exactly what was happening.

Jim hated what he was seeing. He despised it. Not only were his wife and son clearly extremely hot for each other, but they were showing love and intimacy that was even more concerning. Julie was acting exactly like she was head over heels in love and lust with their son!

Yet, despite such concern, and a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, Jim had an erection that threatened to rip right through his slacks! He'd never felt so aroused in his life, even as jealousy threatened to completely consume him.

These conflicting emotions confused the hell out of him. He didn't know what to say or do. He was torn between rushing over and aggressively pulling their bodies apart or just... cumming on the spot!

He decided he needed to act somehow, regardless. He cleared his throat, making his presence known.

Julie quickly broke the very intimate embrace. She took a step or two back while also tugging her robe closed in front as fast as she could.

However, it wasn't fast enough for her to hide from Jim the way Kyle's big, fat, exposed cock had been resting up against her lower belly.

Jim's eyes bugged out, because for a few seconds he caught a glimpse of the sheer size of his son's equipment before Kyle was able to turn and stuff his monster back into his boxers.

Jim was utterly destroyed and emasculated. It was worse than a punch to his solar plexus. Holy mother of God! Is that his third leg?! Seriously! Jesus Christ! How the hell can I compete with THAT?!

Yet his bizarre arousal surged to even greater heights!

"Oh, Honey... I didn't hear you come downstairs," Julie said mildly. She felt slightly embarrassed, but only slightly. To be honest, she didn't care that much how her husband felt, because lust was coursing through her veins. She was moony and giddy towards her hunky son.

Jim was going to give both of them a piece of his mind. But his inexplicable arousal all but forced him to get out of there fast. He needed to leave in a hurry before he spontaneously orgasmed in his slacks and thus really embarrassed himself!

He muttered, "Yeah well I'm off to work. I'll be over at my parents' house after that." He was blushing in shame and defeat, still reeling from the sight of his half-naked wife making out with his handsome son.

Julie walked her husband to the door to kiss him goodbye. At first, her robe was still dramatically showing off her cleavage and much of her tummy. But as she drew closer, she did her best to close her robe in front and look at least semi-presentable. Besides, she had a strange feeling of not wanting her husband to see her nudity, as if that was a prize only Kyle deserved.

"I'll call you later," she tenderly told Jim. "I worry about you and how you're coping with this." But she only gave him a chaste, brief peck on the cheek.

Jim just nodded. He wanted to be angry, but instead he felt woozy, almost like he was on the verge of passing out.

Julie stood there with her big pendulous breasts protruding out, her nipples barely covered by her clearly undersized orange robe.

Kyle walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. It was as if he was subtly laying claim to her body. Not only was Kyle's penis visibly erect, but most of it was poking through the slit on the front of his boxers!

Jim felt that was some kind of final indignity for him, further breaking his spirit. Just the part of his son's erection he could see was longer than his own erection ever was, and he knew there was even more of it inside Kyle's boxers.

He wanted to break down and cry.

Julie was impatient to see her husband go. She told him, "Take care. I love you!"

Again, Jim could only nod. His mouth was dry, remarkably dry, and no words seemed able to come out.

Then he watched as Kyle casually slid a hand down Julie's back until he was cupping one of her ass cheeks. He noticed how her robe rose up a bit in back, making clear his son's hand was directly holding and slightly caressing her meaty bubble butt.

Still staring, Jim thought, Fuck me! So much for her trying to be unemotional about the whole thing. She's putty in his hands! It isn't an easy thing to look back at your beautiful wife and know she's about to be balled by your own son. Probably within minutes of me leaving! And I have to slave away at my boring desk job while they fuck like rabbits all over the house! MY house, that I paid for! Life is so damn unfair. And I have to leave with this fucking annoying erection that just won't quit! Dammit!

Jim took one more look, especially at Kyle's enormous hard-on poking through his boxers, taunting him with clear sexual superiority and impossible size. He silently sighed in defeat. He turned and walked towards his car.

He winced when he heard the front door close and lock behind him. Oh God! Dear God! Please! Let this nightmare end! Yet he was still stuck with a painful and needy hard-on, and he was so aroused that he wondered if he'd even be able to safely drive his car.

Back inside the house, impatience turned to unrestrained joy as soon as the front door was closed.

"I'll race you upstairs, Mom," Kyle said to Julie with all the eagerness of youth.

"How about you be a gentlemen and carry me upstairs to the bed?" She smiled seductively, then brought her hands to her shoulders and dramatically pulled her robe all the way off.

Kyle just stood there, transfixed and amazed, as he watched the robe slip to the floor and puddle around her feet. He very nearly came on the spot as he ogled his mother's near physical perfection. God DAMN! She's like a goddess, a naked goddess! Those tits! That ass! That sultry face! Fuck me! And today, she's all mine! I'm gonna fuck her like, like... a tornado! Like a hurricane! I'm going to absolutely DESTROY her with my deep thrusts until we're both half-dead and bathed in sweat!

In an instant, Kyle swept the buck naked, big-busted mother off her feet and into his arms.

She felt goose bumps all over from the way he lifted her as if she weighed nothing at all. She ran her fingers across one of his broad shoulders, staring at him in awe. "Soooo strong," she said excitedly.

"Thanks." He smiled confidently.

She thought, Gaaaawwwwd! He's such a stud, in every way. If it came to a fight between my son and my hubby, it wouldn't even be close. Kyle would wipe poor Jim all over the floor like a broom! And look at him hold me like this. It's like he's claiming me, like Tarzan. And he IS claiming me! He's going to take me upstairs and fuck me within an inch of my life, and BREED his baby into me to boot! I feel so helpless, but it feels sooooo goooooood!

She was suddenly filled with resolve. Mommy's gonna be the best possible fuck I can be! Since he's constantly rocking my world, I'm gonna rock his world right back! I'm gonna churn and grind on his huge pole until he absolutely loses his mind!

We only have a couple of days together as lovers, so we need to make the most of every moment.

"Sweetie," she said, her big gleaming brown eyes gazing into his very similar brown eyes. They were closely related, after all.

"Yeah, Mom?" he answered, while still holding her with ease.

"Let's go make a baby!" She said this in an erotic, wanton voice that sent shivers up and down his entire body.

The two of them giggled almost deliriously as he carried her up the stairs. They couldn't have been more overjoyed.

He carried her right next to the bed in the master bedroom, and gently let her down until her sexy little bare feet touched her bedroom carpet.

Kyle stood there for a moment in awe as he admired her remarkably fit yet soft and curvy nude body. He was so transported that he spoke his mind without thinking. "DAMN! Mom, I've wanted to fuck you so much for so long! For years! And today's the day! Yesterday was just the warm-up! Today, I'm literally going to fuck you to death!"

She gave him a sexy smile as she got down on all fours on top of the bed. She teased him, "Hmmm. Sounds dangerous!"

He just about passed out from too much lust, due to seeing her posing on all fours.

She stretched and preened, like a cat. She gently swayed her entire body back and forth, as if he already had his hands on her firm butt and was slowly fucking her doggy-style. Clearly, she was lingering in that pose to drive him wild. It was working!

Then she moved on her hands and knees to crawl up the bed a little bit, towards the pillows. She made sure to make a dramatic show of it. Her huge hanging tits swung back and forth and her big bubbly buttocks stuck out, giving her son the perfect view of her swollen labial meat and her puckered butt-hole.

She loved being naked for him. With Jim, it had been different. She'd felt embarrassed when he looked at her nudity, and preferred having sex in the dark. But with Kyle, she loved the hunger and desire in his eyes. She wanted to be naked and wet for him literally all the time.

Gazing back at him, she giggled and finally lay down on the bed.

She rolled onto her side to face him. "You gonna stand there staring all day, goofball, or are you gonna get up here and help me make a baby?" She smiled.

For some reason, Kyle was still wearing his boxers, even though most of his thick cock had been poking out of the slit for the past few minutes. He peeled them down his body until he also was as naked as the day he was born.

He stood there, his heart racing out of control, with his big boner wobbling up and down on its own in anticipation. Good GOD! I'm so happy I could cry!

Then it dawned on him he could be fully sheathed in his mother's tight, hot cunt-furnace instead of just enjoying gawking at her nude hourglass figure. He moved with speed to get on the bed and on top of her.

Seconds later, Kyle sighed in utter blissful satisfaction. His eyes rolled back in their sockets as he felt his super-engorged cockhead slip through his mother's delicate pink folds. His strong blood-engorged pipe with its bulging blue veins sunk down deep inside her hot clutching birth canal.

"Oh, Son!" Julie cried out in ecstasy. She flexed her soft vaginal walls, clamping tightly against the large teenage phallus as it slipped back, then plowed forward, its big bulbous head sinking against the mouth of her cervix.

"OH Y-Y-YEAH!" she cried out.

Julie's marital bed rocked wildly as she and her son set into a nice steady rhythm. The busty mother's long, smooth legs curled up around the bucking teen.

His ass rose and fell, his big hairless balls thumping against her butt hole.

"Oh-h-h wow, Mom!" His voice trembled.

"Oh, Kyle! Oh, Sweetie! You're doing so good!" she panted.

Like a well-lubed piston, the teenage fuck-pole glided through the smothering cavern of love, its bulging helmet and rock-hard shaft plowing along the sensitive glands of her soft yet tightly squeezing vaginal walls.

She thought, Now, THIS is what real fucking is! I don't know what the hell Jim thought he was doing to me all these years with his little thing, but it sure as hell wasn't this! This is how men and women are meant to mate. To breed! Oh, YES! To BREED! I'm just my son's helpless fuck-socket, and he's going to pound a baby into me at will!

"OH GOD!" She cried, announcing her impending orgasm. She was amazed and impressed that she could already felt another really big one coming on, only a couple of minutes after getting started. She'd lost count of all her really massive orgasms yesterday somewhere around twenty, and then had many more after that. She wasn't even going to try to keep count today, since she knew it was going to be such a high number. Besides, it was all pretty much one endless orgasm whenever his cock was inside her anyway.

Kyle picked up the pace, going from bulb to balls on every stroke.

"OH, KYLE! OH, BABY! I LOVE YOU!" Julie shouted as her body began to convulse.

Seeing and feeling such a ravishing beauty, grunting and crying while her big tits sloshed around beneath her young partner, would have

sent most boys over the edge. But not Kyle. He just kept fucking her, like a relentless, pistoning machine.

Ten, twenty, and then thirty minutes passed. Admittedly, it wasn't all non-stop fucking at the highest intensity. He did slow way down or even stop at times to re-gather his energies. But he was surprisingly relentless and energetic most of the time. It was as if he'd rested all night just to have the stamina to fuck her all the way into orbit!

Finally, the sex-mad teen felt a raging torrent of sperm rising from his balls. He wailed, "OH GOD, MOM! HERE COMES MY LOAD!"

"SQUIRT IT HARD FOR ME, SWEETIE!" She cried back, even more deliriously. She'd already had several big climaxes, and she felt another one coming on.

It was getting to the point where she automatically came whenever he did, no matter what, because the mere thought of him squirting his virile baby-makers into her was too exciting for her to handle. And the feeling of him filling her up deep inside with his spermy cream without any condom was even better!

He groaned as he felt the long milky strands of jism pulsing out from his raging hard-on.

Flexing her coital walls, Julie's pouch became like a clutching fist, pulling all of the baby-making syrup from her son's quivering cock-rod. She hadn't been very talented at that sort of thing with Jim, but she was quickly learning. She felt she had to step up her efforts several notches in order to at least try to pay back her son for the way he repeatedly sent her soaring to the moon and back.

As his orgasm started to fade, she spoke some more inspiring words to coax more of his cum out into her needy cunt. "There you go, my love! Squirt it all out for me! Mommy's egg is waiting, Sweetie!"

The "Mommy's egg is waiting" comment in particular made him swoon in excitement and caused him to squirt a few more times than he otherwise would have.

After the final dribble, he rolled off his mother. He was wiped out, and worried he'd overdone it a bit. He didn't want to tire out too soon, since he had a full day of fucking "work" ahead of him.

Julie quickly positioned the pillow under her ass.

She muttered, "Good God! That was intense! If that didn't fuck a baby into me, then I don't know what will do it. Especially since your orgasm theory turns out to be correct."

Last night, after Jim came home, she'd done some Googling to see if Kyle's claim was true. She'd been pleasantly surprised to find out that it was. Although she knew it didn't really matter, since he was going to give her one epic orgasm after another regardless.

Already, if she had to make a "thirty best sexual experiences of my life" list, all thirty would have been with her son, and none with her husband! Sometimes, she felt a crushing sadness from thinking she'd only get to be fucked by Kyle until her ovulation was done. She couldn't see how they could possibly stop, and yet she dearly loved Jim. She tried hard to push such vexing thoughts out of her mind. She had a feeling that somehow events would take their own course, and it was impossible to know the future at this point anyway.

He ran a hand down her tummy, all the way to her pussy. He playfully diddled her clit a little bit, making her shudder. "Mom, I wouldn't love this if I didn't think you were loving it too. My goal is to make you

cum so hard and so often, that even the eggs your body hasn't created yet will get fertilized too!"

She laughed at that impossibility. "With you, and your relentless cock, I could believe it!"

After a couple of minutes, Kyle eyed the soft tit-sacks standing proudly on his mother's chest.

"Put your tongue back in your mouth, mister," she teased.

However, she didn't stop him when he reached out to fondle her great globes. She figured that if he had the willpower to do that despite his post-orgasmic exhaustion, she didn't want to let him down. Besides, she remembered that today she was going to play a lot more fast and loose with her "rules" anyway.

But mere fondling wasn't enough to satiate his tit-hunger. "Can I suck on them... just for a few minutes?" he asked pleadingly.

"I don't know... Would that be considered a necessary part of getting your mom pregnant?" she asked, teasingly.

He didn't realize how much she was toying with him. He wasn't sure, because she had generally tried to limit him from doing that yesterday, though there were several "slip-ups" where his lips on her nipples felt too good for her to put up much of a protest.

He attempted to argue his case. "Well, it would turn me on... like when you talked dirty to me yesterday. Then I'd probably get erect again. And I would get inspired to fuck you some more. And cum inside you. And breed you." He smiled, sensing his words were having a good effect.

"Nice bargaining skills, slick." She smiled back.

She felt giddy as she contemplated the repeating fuck cycle that always led to more of his cum flooding his vagina. Again, the word "breed" made her heart race faster. She already felt proud that her baby-to-be would be created with his clearly superior seed.

He joked as he ran his hands all over her round melons, and also on her taut tummy, "What can I say? You inspire me."

Her smile grew even larger. "Well, I suppose if that's what it takes to get that cannon locked and loaded again, then so be it."

"So that's a 'yes?'" he asked excitedly, just to make sure.

"Go ahead, knock yourself out." She winked.

Kyle dove face first into her ample tit-pillows, latching onto one of her engorged nipples with his mouth while pinching and rolling her other nipple with his fingers.

He sucked like a hungry baby for what seemed like hours.

Julie rested with her eyes closed, luxuriating in the way he was continuing to suckle and generally have fun fondling her tits and whatever other parts of her nude body were in reach. Wouldn't it be lovely if I could enjoy this every single day? If my son was my actual husband?!

Oh God! Good Lord! What a thrilling thought THAT is! It could never be in reality. I made my vows with Jim, and those are for life. But I can imagine a fantasy world where it somehow was possible... And what a world that would be! I swear, I'd never get out of bed! And I

definitely would never wear any clothes, except maybe some frilly, see-through thing to help get him erect sometimes. And I'm sure that would be ripped off my helpless body in a matter of minutes! Hee!

Living with a human sex machine would be pure paradise! Especially because he's the son I love with all my heart!

Well, that vision can never be in a long-term way. But it IS my reality for the next couple of days. So I damn well better make sure I savor the experience to the fullest, to create memories to last the rest of my life! I have no doubt this is going to be the greatest time of my life. It already is, by a mile!

Sorry, Jim, I'm going to put you completely out of my mind for a while. When this is all over, we can try to get our marriage back on track. But, for now, I belong to Kyle. I'm going to let my sexual desires run wild and be a wanton, sexy, big-titted fuck slut for my son!

"Are you hard?" She finally asked Kyle. It was an unnecessary question though, because her hand found his dick and her fingers were already exploring its full size as if for the first time.

"Umm-humm," he muttered, his mouth still stuffed full of tit-meat.

"Come back inside me," she cooed, bending her legs back. They'd been resting a good while, and they were both recharged and ready for more fucking.

Kyle was happy to oblige. He crawled between her heavenly legs. Both of them were on cloud nine as he crammed his fat cockhead back inside her and slowly pushed and pushed, until his thick shaft drove all the way home.

## Chapter 9

About an hour later, Kyle and Julie were still fucking up a storm. Surprisingly, Kyle hadn't had his second orgasm yet, although he'd taken some significant breaks to repeatedly recharge his batteries. He knew he had to carefully limit his climaxes so he could literally fuck his mother all day long.

Even as he steadily sawed his pulsing fuck-pole in and out of her clenching cunt, he casually suggested, "I think we should send Dad a couple pictures of what we're doing."

"Have you lost your mind?!" Julie giggled at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"No... seriously!" He slowed his rutting down so they could discuss this.

She furrowed her brow and stared at him in disbelief.

He suggested, "He should share in this experience... don't you think?" Kyle said this knowing full well his father would be enraged.

Julie scoffed, "Yeah, he got to 'share in this' yesterday when he heard me talking dirty to you. Have you forgotten how he reacted to that? We're lucky that didn't go much worse."

"Come on, Mom. It's not like he doesn't know exactly what we're doing. Just a few shots," Kyle asked.

"No way! You must be out of your mind!"

"Maybe... But did you notice the bulge in his slacks right before he went to work?"

She frowned as she thought back. "Now that you mentioned it, I did. I kind of dismissed that as a trick of the light or something though, because how could it be he was aroused just then?"

Kyle's enthusiasm grew, and he picked up the fucking pace somewhat. "He was **TOTALLY** aroused! And not for the first time either. I noticed he had an erection when he caught us yesterday too."

"Seriously?!" She was shocked, because that suggested a pattern instead of a fluke.

He nodded sincerely, because he really had seen that.

She was floored by his sincerity, and the implications. She usually was able to tell when he was lying to her. "But... but... how?! Why?! That makes no sense whatsoever!"

Kyle managed a shrug, even as he continued to thrust in and out of her tight cunt-tunnel. "Some guys, they're just that way. It's called being a cuckold. Have you heard about that?"

"Yeah, sure, but I've been married to him nearly twenty years now, and trust me, he's no cuckold. I have the opposite problem, of worrying about his wandering eyes, and even his wandering hands. If anything, he's the kind of guy who would cuckold someone else."

Kyle said, "Yeah, well, that's what I figured too."

He thought back to how he'd caught Jim banging his secretary, and he wondered if Dora might be married. But he wasn't even going to

hint about that, since that was part of the deal he'd made. "Still, seeing is believing. Maybe this is all new to him too, and we just look too sexy together for him not to be aroused. Why not at least test that theory out? If it turns out I'm right, that'll make everything way easier for everyone. If I'm wrong, he'll get mad, but it'll blow over."

"Sweetie, I..." she started. But she stopped the objection she was going to make, because she realized she was intrigued. Very intrigued.

"Please!" he begged.

"I just don't know if..." she started again.

"Just a couple... please, Mom," Kyle said, bringing his body down against hers. "Just a test. See what happens. Small risk, big reward. Thing how great it'll be for all of us if he really does get off on you and me fucking!

He still had only been fucking her on a kind of "simmer mode," because it was tough to really go at it and keep a conversation going. But, to help convince her, he resumed powerfully driving his cock deep inside her vagina.

His renewed thrusts made her gasp a little. She complained, "Don't think you're going to fuck me into going along with this crazy idea!"

But in fact, that was exactly what was happening. He steadily humped into her for another minute or two, until he had her close to the edge of cumming yet again.

Then he softly brought his lips to her ear. "Come on, Mom... It'll be fun! Just think about posing for the pictures. Plus, don't you want to take some pictures of us doing it anyway?"

"You're rotten." Julie giggled. She decided she definitely wanted some pictures. Since she figured these few days would be the clear sexual highlight of her life, she would want some pictures to help her remember (and masturbate to) the experience in years to come.

She reluctantly said, "Well, maybe some picture taking. But just for us! We can't possibly send them to Jim anyway. That would be too dangerous. What if someone else sees?!"

About ten minutes later, Jim sat at his desk doing some work on his computer when his cell-phone chimed. He took it out of his pants pocket and saw that it was a text from his son and that there was a picture attached.

The text just said: "Hope you like this. Let us know right away if you don't. K."

What the hell would Kyle be sending me a picture of?! he thought.

Needless to say, after riding Julie's cunt for a good while, Kyle had got her to give in to the sending of pictures idea, even with her legitimate concern about the security issue.

Jim opened the attachment and gasped as he saw a picture of his wife and son having sex! Kyle was on top of Julie, and both of them were buck naked and sweaty. The cocky teen wore a shit-eating grin for the camera. On the pillow beneath him, Julie's head was tilted back and her back was arched. Her eyes were closed and her mouth agape as if she was being struck with a powerful orgasm.

In fact, it occurred to Jim, Holy FUCK! At first, I thought it was a Photoshopped fake or something. But such a pose can't be faked, and she IS in the middle of a powerful orgasm! Thanks to our son fucking the hell out of her! They must have used a timer to take it, since it's

clear nobody is holding the camera. I know they both know how to do that.

His stomach was twisting and turning. He worried he was going to vomit all over his desk. But he couldn't stop staring at the way his wife's arms and long sexy legs were wrapped tightly around their son, clutching him desperately.

Then Jim's phone pinged, because another text came in.

This one read: "Mom and I thought you'd like to be a part of the baby's conception. Enjoy! K."

"You little fuck!" Jim spat angrily at the phone. "Enjoy?! Is he fucking deranged?! I'll kill him!"

Luckily, he had his own office, with a closed and locked door, so nobody else saw or heard his reaction.

As he sat there fuming, but also still closely examining the photo, he felt his penis start to stir and then engorge. He sighed in frustration at the way his body was betraying his mind. "Motherfucking son of a bitch!"

His mind reeled in confusion. What the fuck is happening to me?! How can I be aroused by this sick shit?! I've never been so outraged in my life! I hate it! Hate it, hate it, hate it!

Just then, another text arrived with a photo attachment. He couldn't help but open it.

This one was a close-up shot of his son's cock buried nearly to the balls inside his wife's pussy, with just a couple inches of his thick

pole showing. He noticed how his Julie's labia was stretched tight around the fat shaft of his son's pecker. There was a frothy juice trickling down onto her butt-hole.

Underneath was written: "Mom's favorite... she took this pic while I was cumming in her. The feeling of plowing repeatedly against the soft head of Mom's cervix is out of this world. Wow! I've never cum this hard! Thx so much for giving me permission to do this! K."

Jim was beside himself with anger at this point. God fucking dammit! This is an outrage! Not only is my son throwing it in my face that he's at home fucking MY wife, but he's also proudly showing off the size of his damn cock! Which, unfortunately, is a fucking baseball bat!

For the next ten minutes, Jim sat at his desk, his work totally forgotten. Even though he continued to be dangerously close to throwing up in disgust, his penis remained so erect, and he was so insanely aroused in general, that he darkly wondered which would happen first, vomiting or spontaneous ejaculation. He felt utterly miserable.

He fought it as long as he could, but finally he decided to call Julie on his cell phone and give her a piece of his mind.

As soon as Julie answered, he barked at her, "Are the two of you sick?! Insane?! On some kind of death wish, maybe?! What the hell makes you think I want to see your depraved photos?!"

To his complete shock, Julie merely innocently asked, "So, you don't want us to send more photos like that?!"

The question hit him like a two-by-four to the head, due to his reaction. At first, he was going to indignantly complain that she really had to be insane to even suggest that. But his extreme arousal hadn't gone away, and some other part of him was fascinated at what other

photos might look like. He'd never felt so horny in his life, and his mind raced with wild imaginings of more fuck photos. He wanted to see those. Worse, he pretty much needed to see them!

As a result, he didn't know what to say. He was torn in two, between wanting to tell his wife to go fuck off and practically wanting to beg for more photos.

He tried to somehow thread the needle and retain some dignity along the way. "I don't want to see more photos like that. No way! But, on the other hand, it's probably important that I keep an eye on you to make sure things don't get out of hand. You promised to be dispassionate and clinical. What happened to that?! I'll hate it, but maybe it's for the best that you send me more photos since that's the only way I can keep an eye on you from my office."

Kyle and Julie looked at each other in excitement and amazement. As it so happened, Kyle was balls-deep in her while she was sitting up on him, riding him cowgirl-style. They shared a victorious look, because Jim's bizarre answer made no sense unless he was getting some kind of sick thrill from seeing the pictures. His "getting out of hand" worry was obvious bullshit, since the last two pictures showed that things already had gotten way out of hand. The whole "clinical" approach was long gone, and all three of them knew it.

Mother and son shared a victorious look with each other, and then silently high-fived. Julie had been frozen in place since the phone call began, but she was so ecstatic that she resumed churning her hot cunt all over her son's huge boner.

She somehow managed to say into the phone with a straight face, "That makes sense, Honey. We can do that if you want."

Jim silently sighed with relief, not realizing that they'd caught on to the fact he was uncontrollably aroused by thoughts and images of his son fucking the living hell out of his wife. He tried to keep the

ruse going. "I think that's for the best, even though I'll hate every minute. You said you want me to be a part of the process, huh?! Fine! I agree, if only to help keep things under control and save my marriage. From now on, I wanna know when, where, and how you and him are having intercourse! Do you understand?" Jim barked this out as if he was issuing an ominous threat.

"You're serious?!" Julie asked. She was trying to play along, and it was hard for her not to sound overjoyed, especially since she was tripping out on lust from the continued fuck rhythm.

"Dead serious! Is that a problem?" Jim asked in his best non-nonsense, commanding tone, like he was forcing her to something she didn't want to do.

Julie struggled to keep up with her husband's bizarre suggestions. She had to bring her fuck-grinding to a near halt so she could fully focus on the phone call. "Well, Honey... No... it's no problem at all. It just kinda surprises me after the fit you threw yesterday. Do you really wanna be this involved?"

"Well, I think I have a right... as your husband... and father of this baby... don't you?" he asked. Even as he did so, he had to wince at his own words. He felt like some spirit had taken possession of his mouth, forcing him to say things he never would have said in a million years. But his strange arousal was in control.

"Okaaaayyy..." Julie said carefully. "Just to confirm, you want us to send you MORE pictures like the two we just sent you?! Some of the pictures might get a bit... racy." The "racy" comment was a laughable understatement.

He griped, "I don't 'want' it. I hate it! But I feel like I have no choice. Someone needs to keep an eye on you two, and who else can it be but me?"

She responded, "Yes, but... Jim, I know you... If I do this... it's just gonna get you worked up into a jealous frenzy again. Isn't it?" Even as she said that, she couldn't resist squeezing her pussy walls repeatedly around her son's fully sheathed boner.

Kyle was taken by surprise by her talented cunt. He had to clasp a hand over his mouth to stop himself from letting out some very erotic moans.

Jim was frustrated, because he knew his wife was right. He was almost certain he going to work himself up into a "jealousy frenzy" again sooner or later. In fact, he was feeling that way at the moment so much so that he could barely contain himself and stay civil. The problem for him was that his lust was even stronger, and somehow his jealousy and anger heightened his arousal even more.

But he realized he would have to keep those feeling in check if he wanted to continue to ride this crazy train of jealousy and lust, including getting to see more pictures. "Tell you what... If you're honest with me, I promise I won't let it bother me... and I won't give you and Kyle a hard time." Once again, he had to wince, because he could scarcely believe the words coming from his mouth.

"You mean it?" Julie asked. She was tripping on extreme arousal, slowly churning her hips on his son's rampant flag pole some more. Now that the phone call was going well, she was really getting off on the fact that she was secretly fucking her son while casually talking to her husband.

Jim confessed, "Yes. I guess if I'm honest... I've just been driving myself crazy... sitting here at my desk, unable to work. All I'm doing is wondering about you and our son. I think it would be easier if I just knew... some of the details. As painful as seeing more pictures is going to be, it's better knowing than not knowing and thus having my mind run wild."

That was how he really felt. Not knowing was torture. But it was ironic, because there was virtually no scenario he could imagine that was "worse" than what was actually happening and what the pictures he'd seen showed. Basically, he was screwed either way.

"Okay," Julie's soft voice answered.

She had to bite her lip, because Kyle had reached up and was fondling her huge, bouncy tits. She could handle that much, but he'd begun rolling one of her nipples between his fingers as well.

She silently chuckled, and mouthed the words, "You naughty boy!" But she didn't try to stop him. She calculated the phone call was ending soon, and hopefully she wouldn't let out a tell-tale erotic moan before it did.

Even though she was managing to keep the sexual noises relatively quiet, Jim couldn't resist asking, "So... what are you two doing now?"

Her voice turned harsh. "Trust me, you don't want to know."

That cryptic comment caused his lust to soar so much that he was sorely tempted to unzip his fly and jack off, even though he was in his office. His imagination ran wild, intensifying his jealousy and anger along with his arousal.

He whined, "Please! Like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing and just wildly speculating."

She sighed. "Fine. You asked for it. If you must know, we were busy making babies when you called unexpectedly, and we're still at it!"

He nearly swooned with his bizarre cuckold lust. "Seriously?!"

"Seriously. Kyle is lying on the bed, your and my bed in the master bedroom, and I'm sitting up on him, riding him like a cowgirl! We've paused for your phone call, but once it's done I'm sure we'll get right back at it."

In fact, they hadn't really paused much, as she was churning and grinding up and down even more. But she was trying to be at least a little bit diplomatic, since she still found it hard to believe her husband got off on this sort of thing.

Jim was so overcome by jealousy and lust that he realized his cell phone was trembling in his hand. He whispered in awe, "Oh my God!" Then, after a pause, he asked breathlessly, "Are you... are you naked?!"

She growled impatiently, "Of course I'm naked! So is he. I doubt I'll bother to wear a stitch of clothing all day! He can hardly breed me if I'm fully clothed, can he?! Sheesh!"

It hit Jim all over again that his son was on a mission to impregnate his wife, and that was too arousing for him to even contemplate. He had to strain with all his might to avoid cumming on the spot, into his underwear and slacks. He was so close to the edge that he could barely speak through clenched teeth. "Well, don't... don't... get carried... away!"

She rolled her eyes in disgust, while rotating her hips on her son's thick meat like she was churning a butter churn. She was secretly relieved that the phone call was confirming her husband appeared to be some kind of cuckold, but at the same time she was disappointed that he was sounding so wimpy and docile. After all, she figured she was hitched to him for life. Her voice was dripping with sarcasm as she griped, "We'll be careful. Now, I've gotta go."

She was about to hang up the phone, but she couldn't resist adding, "I can feel Kyle's big fat cock flexing inside of me. Oh God! And I'm riding on it! Up and down and all around! It feels soooo good! Does that help you? Is that better than not knowing?"

"Ummm..." Jim was speechless. But his heavy panting betrayed his insane arousal.

She finished, with her own increasingly heavy breathing, "We've got a LOT of breeding here to do. Soooo much... breeding! UNGH! I'll send you some more pictures soon. Bye!"

As soon as she heard the click of the phone call ending, she tossed her cell phone off the bed and onto the plush carpet. Then she cried out, "Son, did you just hear me, we've got lots of breeding to do, so breed meeeee!"

Mother and son were so worked up from the successful phone call (from their point of view) that they kicked their fucking efforts into high gear. Soon, sweat was flying off their faces as their bodies vigorously slapped against each other. Kyle's huge battering ram pounded deeper and deeper into her hot, tight cunt as he humped up as much as he could. But even better and more effective was the way she essentially skewered herself up and down on him, over and over again!

After hanging up, Jim sat there for a bit wondering what the hell he just did. His erection was still so stiff and insistent that it was painful. He was even more tempted to unzip his fly and masturbate, but he'd never done that in his office before and he felt undignified to start now. He was a financial analyst in a three-piece suit in a high class downtown skyscraper, after all.

He knew he'd be cumming in a matter of seconds if he let himself go. But to do that would mean having physical proof that he was really getting off on his son fucking his wife. As long as it was only in his

mind, he could still delude himself that those feelings weren't really real.

He continued to sit with his eyes closed, trying to get his overemotional mind to calm down. It wasn't working. He pondered, Would it really be easier for me to know, rather than to wonder? God! I have no fucking idea. But what's done is done. I can't take that call back. Besides, I hate uncertainty.

Another ten minutes passed for him. He felt he was stuck in a rut and unable to get out. There was no way in hell he was going to get any work done, so he didn't even make a pretense of trying. He just kept his eyes closed or stared vacantly into space with lustful thoughts about what was possibly going on in his bed at home.

He was snapped out of his trance by a text on his phone.

It was from Julie and read: "KYLE'S BED. ME ON TOP. I LUV YOU!" (She was writing in all caps to make clear that the note was from her and not Kyle.)

Jim heart was racing, his face burning with jealous excitement. He tried to picture them going at it on Kyle's twin bed. He could envision it so very vividly in his mind: a busty middle-aged mother straddling her teenage son, bouncing on his big dick while her huge hanging tits flopped around wildly above his eyes.

Another minute passed. Then he was sent an attached photo that showed exactly what she'd said. It matched the images created by his fevered imagination almost exactly. But he reveled in examining the details, such as seeing the lines of sweat trickling down their naked bodies.

That picture was the final straw for him in the sense that he simply couldn't hold his lusty need back any longer. He frantically unzipped

his fly and directly grasped his boner. Before he could even start to stroke it, he felt the mother or all orgasms welling up inside of him and crossing the point of no return.

He'd never contemplated ejaculating in his formal and fancy office before. He looked around frantically and spied a trash can next to his desk. He just barely had time to reach it and bring it in front of his crotch when he started to unload.

The relief he felt was simply indescribable. It was even better than the best sex he'd had fucking his gorgeous wife.

But when his climax ended, his anger and jealousy came roaring back to the forefront of his mind. Worse, he now also had guilt and shame to deal with. He was disgusted at himself for ejaculating to thoughts of his son fucking his wife.

He muttered under his breath, "Motherfucking son of a bitch! What the fuck is happening to me?! This can't be for real. I'm no cuckold. I hate it! HATE IT!"

He did hate what was happening, but that didn't lessen his arousal one bit. In fact, mere minutes after his orgasm, new lusty thoughts were swirling around his brain. After cleaning up his cummy mess by taking the trash out and furtively washing it clean, he sat back at his desk and tried to get some actual work done.

But it was no use. All he could think about was how much his wife had to be enjoying getting royally fucked by his son.

He lasted another ten minutes before he gave in and took another look at the three sexual pictures he'd been sent. He couldn't stop staring at them and even closely examining every detail. Not surprisingly, that caused his arousal to rise higher.

He despised what was happening to himself with a passion. But it was like he was helpless to stop any of it. Kyle and Julie looked unbelievably sexy together. It was better than the best porn he'd ever seen, and he'd seen a lot of porn. He wanted to cry like a baby.

## Chapter 10

It was nearly an hour later when Jim received the next text.

Julie wrote (while still using all caps so he'd know it was her): "**KYLE'S BEEN DRILLING ME LIKE A JACKHAMMER FOR SOOOO LONG! HE JUST EJACULATED DEEP INSIDE ME. FINALLY! IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. I'M SOOO PROUD OF HIM, JIM. I'M ELEVATING MY HIPS TO HELP HIM BREED ME. LUV YOU HONEY!**"

Jim groaned in agony. He'd only just started doing some simple and mundane tasks a little while earlier. Now even that was going to be impossible. Fucking hell! You've gotta be kidding me! They're been fucking non-stop all this time?! How the hell am I supposed to compete with that?! I've never lasted half that long in my entire life. I'm so screwed. Julie will never truly enjoy sex with me again!

He felt like he wanted to kill himself. But, at the same time, he discovered that he had a new erection that was just as powerful and irresistible as the last one. That made him moan out loud in frustration and agony.

He tried his hardest not to imagine all the orgasms his wife must have had during that hour. But the harder he tried, the more his thoughts ran wild with visions of her lost in the throes of ecstasy again and again and again.

His arousal was so intense that he could barely think straight. All he could do was pant heavily at his desk, like he was running a race. This is so FUCKED UP! Here I am, in utter misery. Meanwhile, my cocky asshole of a son is probably lying on top of my naked wife,

making googly eyes at her and whispering sweet nothings while endlessly playing with her big breasts. Hell, that's what I'd do if I was in his shoes.

I'm her husband, dammit! I have half a mind to rush over there and force them apart. The deal is off, period!

But I can't. *FUCK!* Kyle knows my terrible secret. As bad as things are, they could get a million times worse if he tells Julie everything about Dora. All I can do is just grin and bear it.

But I know one thing. I am *NOT* going to masturbate again! That was a moment of weakness, because I was just so damn confused. All my libido sees are two almost physically perfect people making incredible, athletic love, as if they were Greek gods and not mere mortals. How can I not want to cum from watching or thinking about the best porn imaginable?! Somehow, I forget they're actually my wife and my son. It will *NEVER* happen again, I swear it!

He attempted to get back to work. But he wound up staring at his computer screen, reading the same paragraph over and over again. He tried not to consciously admit it, but he was disappointed Julie only sent a text this time and not an accompanying photo as well.

Ten minutes later, his phone chimed again.

"You've gotta be kidding." Jim muttered to himself. "Does this nightmare never end?!" Then he looked at his phone.

This time, Julie wrote, "**IN THE SHOWER. KYLE'S HOLDING ME. I'M WET IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. MY LEGS ARE WRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST. MY ARMS AROUND HIS NECK. HE'S SO STRONG, JIM. SO INSATIABLE. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SO PROUD. HE'S GONNA BREED ME TODAY FOR SURE, SO DON'T WORRY. I LUV U TOO!**"

Jim was overcome with a wave of excitement. He pictured their fit and firm bodies, naked and glistening, as the water cascaded over them. He envisioned his wife, squirming and writhing while helplessly pinned against the wall. He could practically see his son's hips bucking powerfully, driving his long and thick peter deep into the warm wet sponginess of her strong, experienced cunt.

He pictured Julie's big bobbling tits as they slipped against their son's hairless chest, her nipples tingling and engorged.

This time, he couldn't consciously deny his longing to see a photograph or two of the shower action. In fact, that urge was so strong that about ten minutes later, he texted back: "Photos or it didn't happen."

He loathed himself for writing that. His jealousy was burning like an out of control wildfire. But he could have written another text to cancel that request, and he didn't.

An agonizingly slow five minutes later, he finally got the reply. There was a short note from Julie: "YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND. THX FOR BEING SO COOL ABT THIS. HERE'S YOUR REWARD. (AND YES, HE'S STILL DRILLING ME DEEP!)"

There was a picture attached. Jim could barely breathe, he was so excited to look at it.

The picture surpassed all his wild imaginings, because those were just thoughts and this was really real. Julie was standing while bending forward with her hands up above her head on the wall in front of her. It looked much like she was in position to get frisked by the police, except she was buck naked and soaking wet, and more water was pouring down on her. And instead of there being a cop in sight, her nude son was standing right behind her, fucking her doggy style. There was a significant gap between their bodies, and apparently Kyle only had the tip of his cockhead in her cunt, so most

of his long, thick shaft could be seen. Kyle also had his hands reaching around Julie so he was freely fondling her massive jugs. One of her fat knockers was mushed out of shape due to Kyle's vigorously kneading hands.

Julie's eyes were closed, which was a disappointment for Jim. But her head was tilted way back and her mouth was opened very wide, despite the shower water raining down on her. Clearly, she was lost in the throes of intense pleasure at the moment the photo had been taken.

The previous photos had been the most arousing things he'd ever seen... until this one came along. This shower photo blew the others out of the water. He could have stared at it for hours, and in fact he realized he eventually probably would.

It was easy for him to imagine all the rivulets of water trickling down Julie's skin were Kyle's cum streaks instead! His body trembled as he imagined his wife that thoroughly covered in that much of his son's cum. He mused that she really could look like that, right now, if he was always cumming on her instead of inside of her.

Another minute passed. Then there was a short text from Julie. "JUST CHECKING: R U UPSET?! I'M NEVER GOING TO FORGET THAT YOU'RE MY HUBBY AND THIS IS JUST A TEMPORARY THREE DAY BREEDING INSANITY. LUV U!"

That made him feel a lot better. He quickly wrote back, "Luv u 2. I'm hanging in there. I'm in a no-win situation, but like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing. I realize Kyle is just doing what is expected of him." He wanted to add, "I just wish he wasn't so damn good at it," but after typing that sentence, he deleted it. Instead, he finished with, "We'll get through this together. Pls keep me in the loop."

Julie wrote back, "THX! U R THE BEST!"

But then the communication stopped for a long while.

He felt even more miserable than before. His arousal and erection simply wouldn't go away no matter what he did. He remained solely tempted to masturbate and ejaculate once more, but he was determined to keep his vow and not give in to his crazy cuckold desire.

Instead, he just sat there. Luckily, he didn't have any urgent meetings or a need to interact with co-workers, because he was a basket case. He even kept his secretary Dora at bay (the woman he'd been having his secret affair with), telling her that he was dreadfully busy with vital work and nobody should come into his office for any reason, including her. His mind raced, torn between jealous rage and extreme arousal. Worse, he often felt both emotions at once, somehow tangled together.

Ever since Kyle had caught him with Dora, his affair had been put on hold. Technically, he'd told Dora that their affair was over, but he wasn't sure if that was true. Dora was quite sexy in her own right (though different than Julie, with a slim, young figure) and she was head over heels in love with him, or at least in lust with him. They'd been secretly fucking for months, and he knew that all he'd have to do was say the word and Dora would gladly drop to her knees and blow him.

That was a highly tempting prospect, especially since his sexual confidence had been taking a severe battering. He longed for an ego boost. But he also dearly loved Julie, and was trying his hardest to save his marriage. Besides, he didn't want to go through the torture of being cuckolded for three days, only to get caught again and have his marriage go up in flames anyway.

So he was hanging in there, alone. Time dragged on painfully slowly. Already, it felt like the longest day of his life.

As he waited and waited, he wondered, Why is it that I've had much more sex in the last six months with Dora than with Julie? I could say it was the thrill of the new, but I don't think that's the main reason. Julie is such a physically ideal sex goddess that sex with her never gets old. No, in light of seeing Kyle fuck her, I'm wondering if it's because I somehow feel intimidated, like I'm not quite good enough for her.

Sometimes, even before this "breeding" nightmare began, I've had my secret fears, like there must have been some mistake and she married the wrong guy. I'm a decently handsome man, maybe a seven on a one to ten scale. But if that's the scale, she's completely off the scale! Kyle would be like a solid ten, as good as a man can get, but she'd be a twelve! At least!

Somehow, it just was easier with Dora. She's about a seven or an eight. We would make a much better sexual match if we were married, because I wouldn't have to try to be someone who I'm not.

He spent a lot of time thinking about future texts and photos. He wondered, How long are they at it this time? Are they still fucking?! That can't even be physically possible, can it? I'll bet they're taking a nap. Please, God, tell me that they're napping! I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown as it is!

The next text from Julie came about forty-five minutes later.

She wrote: "KYLE AND I JUST GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER. BEST SHOWER EVER! BUT ALL HE DOES IS FUCK ME, SO DON'T WORRY. NO BLOWJOBS OR TITFUCKS OR 69S OR THE LIKE. WE'RE EXCLUSIVELY FOCUSED ON BREEDING. SPERM RUNNING DOWN MY LEG SO I NEED TO HURRY TO THE BED AND LET IT SOAK THROUGH MY CERVIX. LUV U!"

Jim was surprised that his anger was lessening and his arousal was rising. He couldn't help but still feel constant pangs of jealousy, but overall, he was doing better with the situation. In fact, the thing that upset him the most was that he only got a text and no photo this time.

He thought bitterly, "All he does it fuck me, so don't worry." Is that some kind of joke?! Gee, thanks. No need for this clueless hubby to worry because my bombshell of a wife is ONLY getting fucked silly for hours on end. No problem there, because at least there's no blowjobs! Sheesh!

He was bitter, and then some. Jealousy, rage, confusion, shame, guilt, humiliation - these sorts of feelings were becoming his constant companions. But it was like all that was a dull roar that he was learning to live with. His lust was so intense that it overwhelmed all those other feelings. He still tried to fight the fact that he was incredibly turned on by thoughts and visions of Kyle and Julie fucking. But it seemed the more he fought those feelings, the stronger they got.

The only small thing he could feel good about was the fact that he was keeping to his vow not to masturbate. But that was becoming a problem because his erection would never go down, not even for a minute. The blue balls he was experiencing was getting to be quite painful.

A half hour later, Jim got another text.

"BEEN BREEDING ON OUR BED. KYLE ON TOP. SO HAPPY THAT U WANNA BE A PART OF THIS HONEY. I LUV U EVEN MORE."

He thought, Seriously?! They're still at it? STILL?! Fuck me! The way I figure, this is the fifth long fuck session between them since yesterday. Apparently, they haven't taken any significant naps yet.

And it's only two in the afternoon! They'll have the rest of the day and all the night together too!

Jim couldn't help but look at the clock incessantly, always waiting for Julie's next text.

He managed to find some mindless busy work to do on his computer. But that was the problem, that it was mindless. All his thoughts remained focused on what was happening at home, so keeping busy didn't help him.

He thought, How can two people fuck that much and not just drop dead from exhaustion? Why do they both have to be so damn fit? They're literally taking part in a sex marathon, probably burning as much energy as a real marathon. And my erection STILL won't go away. I'm getting to the point where I'll be forced to masturbate soon, if those warnings about calling a doctor for erections lasting more than four hours have any truth to them.

An hour went by, but there still were no new texts or photos.

Another half an hour passed, and still nothing. He surmised that they probably were taking that nap after all. (In fact, he was right about that: all that fucking could exhaust anybody, even Kyle and Julie, with both of them at the peaks of their physical fitness and able to run real marathons after only a little bit of conditioning.)

After another half an hour, Jim couldn't handle the suspense any longer. He decided to text. He wrote: "Everything OK? Napping, maybe?"

An answer came soon after.

Julie wrote, "YEAH, WE HAD A NICE NAP. NOW IT'S BACK TO BREEDING. KYLE'S STILL ON TOP OF ME AND HE'S ALL THE WAY INSIDE ME. HIS HEAD'S NUZZLED AGAINST MY NECK LIKE A BABY. IT'S SO CUTE. I THINK HE'S A LOT LIKE YOU JIM. HE LIKES MY LEGS WRAPPED UP AROUND HIM, JUST LIKE YOU DO. MY ARMS ARE HOLDING HIM AGAINST ME WHILE WE ROCK."

Jim felt tremendous relief, even though he was baffled by that feeling. He told himself that it was removing the uncertainty, so he wouldn't fear that they were doing something worse. But that didn't make much sense, because he couldn't think of anything "worse" than the two of them fucking, especially since it sounded like they were more making love this time. It seemed certain they had to be bonding in a new way, thanks to their new physical intimacy.

He wrote back, "I hope he gets the job done soon."

Julie's reply came a minute later. "I'M SURE HE WILL. SO MUCH OF HIS CUM IN ME. I'M DROWNING IN IT! HE'S SOOO STRONG JIM. SO HANDSOME. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SLOW STEADY THRUSTING. OUR BODIES ARE DRIPPING WITH SWEAT. GONNA NEED ANOTHER SHOWER AFTER THIS I THINK. HEE-HEE! LUV U HONEY!"

His urge to cum was reaching a breaking point. He was practically feverish when he wrote, "P.O.I.D.H. (pics or it didn't happen)."

To his surprise, instead of getting the picture he craved, he got a phone call. It was Julie.

After some brief hellos back and forth, she asked him, "I've got a nice picture or two to send you. But before I do, I just want to double and triple check that you're 100% okay with this. I remember how upset you were yesterday. I want to make sure that won't happen again."

Jim replied, "I get that. But trust me, it's the not knowing that gets me worked up and upset. When I find out what you're doing, with a picture, text, or call, then I feel a lot better. I can breathe again."

Julie asked, "Even when you see or hear evidence that we're fucking up a storm?"

He lied, "I can't really get upset at that, can I? That's exactly what the plan is. How can he breed you without cumming inside you? And how can he reach that point without getting worked up with lots of thrusting and all the rest?"

Julie was relieved, and sounded it. She still found it hard to believe that Jim was getting off on being cuckolded, even though the evidence to that effect was growing stronger and stronger. She gushed, "Oh, thank God! I'm soooo glad to hear you say that. But do you really mean it? What if I tell you that he's fucking me right now?"

"Is he?!" Jim couldn't keep the lusty excitement out of his voice.

"He is!" She felt greatly encouraged by hearing that excitement, not to mention the heavy panting that Jim was unable to hide. "It's pretty much still exactly like I described in my last text or two. He's still on top of me, and his huge cock is fully impaled inside me. I'm so proud of him! He's really become a man!"

Jim was incredulous. "How do you two manage to keep going? You're putting the Energizer Bunny to shame!"

"We are!" She giggled. Then she truthfully admitted, "But actually, we've slowed down a lot since the shower. This morning, we were going at it pretty hot and heavy, but now it's more of a mellow coupling. He's all the way inside me most of the time, and we just kind of spoon together, wiggling and writhing, fondling and kissing,

whispering sweet nothings. It's heavenly! I feel he could fuck me like this for hours and hours without cumming a single time!"

Then she added while giggling, "For him, that is. Meanwhile, it feels like I'm pretty much cumming non-stop!"

She knew her words had to be firing Jim's libido, due to his increasingly heavy panting. But just to be sure, after a pause, she asked, "Is that the sort of information you want to hear, so you don't feel that nagging uncertainty?"

Jim spoke with surprising honesty, "It's not like I WANT to hear that. In fact, I hate it. But I feel somehow that I HAVE to hear it. It's hard to explain, but that's how it is."

"Oh, I see," Julie said, even though she didn't understand him at all.

There was a long pause, while both of them tried to come up with what to say next.

During the silence, Jim heard some strange sexual noises over the phone line. He couldn't resist asking, "What's that I'm hearing?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I wouldn't ask unless I did."

Julie honestly explained, "Mostly, that's the sound of your son slowly pounding in and out of me. Our privates are soaking wet, and even a bit frothy, so each thrust sounds a bit squishy, I guess."

All of a sudden, Jim felt such a rush of arousal that he nearly fainted. In a flash, his vow not to masturbate again was destroyed. It was as if he had no say in the matter whatsoever. He quietly unzipped his fly and started to furtively stroke his hard-on.

As he did that, he asked, "Is that all? I hear some other noises too."

There was a pause, and more strange noises. Then Julie responded, "I can't hear what you hear, but I can guess. Maybe you're hearing the sounds of Kyle playing with my breasts, or ass, or other parts of my naughty, naked body. His hands are always on the move. I've long given up trying to stop him or slow him down. He treats my naked body like it's his personal playground, and I guess that's just how it is."

She belatedly added, "For the rest of the breeding session only, obviously. Of course."

"I see," Jim said noncommittally. He was trying to stay calm so his wife wouldn't realize his growing cuckold fetish. Unfortunately for that intention, he didn't realize how heavily he was breathing, or how much that gave away.

Julie added, "Or maybe you're hearing the sound of kissing. It seems that pretty much whenever I'm not talking to you, he and I are making out. By the way, do you mind about that? At first, I was pretty adamantly against any sort of kissing. But so often we're fucking face to face, with our mouths practically touching anyway, like we are right now, and I figure it seems kind of silly to let him fuck me to his heart's content while objecting to mere kissing. Don't you agree?"

Jim was almost incapable of responding, because his arousal was soaring to dizzying heights. Actually, hearing the kissing details greatly pissed him off, because it suggested even more intimacy and pleasure that had little to nothing to do with impregnation. But he was so close to cumming that he was unable to explain his feelings.

Instead, all he could manage to say was, "Um, we'll talk about it later. Someone's knocking on the door. Gotta go!" That was a lie.

"Okay! Love you, Honey! And thanks again for being so understanding about all this! Remember that we're all about the breeding. That's why all those other sex acts I mentioned earlier are completely out of bounds."

"Right. Later!" He ended the call.

He was in a rush to get off the phone because he'd crossed the point of no return. But this time he hadn't thought to get the trash can in place, since he was so distracted by the phone call. He wound up splashing his cum against the wooden paneling on one of the drawers of his fancy desk.

He hated himself for his inability to control his cuckold arousal. But then again, his orgasm was beyond the beyond. Like the last one, it felt better than the best sex he'd ever had, probably because all of his emotions were magnified and intensified many times over.

Jim thought that was the end of the crazy roller coaster ride he'd been on for hours. He felt much better after cumming, and he was thankful that his penis went flaccid and stayed that way. His guilt and shame threatened to come crashing in again, especially since he'd broken his no masturbation vow, but he was so physically and emotionally exhausted that he simply decided to postpone that reckoning until later, and his mind was willing to go along with that.

He managed to get a towel, sponge, and some water, then clean away all evidence of his cummy mess.

After he did that, he tried to get back to work. He was relieved that he was finally able to do more than just mindless tasks. He dove into

some important paperwork with gusto, because keeping his mind busy helped keep his strange erotic thoughts at bay.

But his relative peace and productivity was shattered when he got another text twenty minutes later.

Julie wrote: "KYLE JUST HAD HIS ORGASM. YEAY! POOR BABY WAS REALLY GRUNTING AND GROANING AND THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF ME FOR SO LONG. I THINK IT WAS A REALLY STRONG ONE. I COULD FEEL HIS COCK PULSING FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS! I FEEL LIKE I HAVE A GALLON OF SPERM SLOSHING AROUND INSIDE ME. GONNA LET IT SOAK. LUV YA!"

Just like that, Jim's head reeled because his erotic feelings came roaring back with the power of a runaway freight train.

He had the small solace that although his mind was filled with obscene thoughts, at least his penis was staying flaccid this time. All those hours of blue balls had been an ordeal. He wasn't like his son, with an ability to get it up again and again and again with ease.

But even this solace was snatched from him a minute or two later, because Julie texted again, "OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT. THANKS FOR THE P.O.I.D.H. REMINDER." There was a picture attached.

As always, Jim couldn't resist the temptation of seeing what it was. This time, it was a close-up of Julie's pussy. Clearly, it had been through a hell of a battering! It was red and swollen from so much fucking.

But what took Jim's breath away were all the rivulets of cum leaking from her slit! Much of that wetness had to have been caused by her own arousal. That alone would have made it a remarkable photo, because her entire crotch was soaked, much more wet than he'd ever seen. However, even more arresting was the fact that still more of the

wetness had to be Kyle's cum leaking from deep within her vagina. Upon close inspection, Kyle's cum was whiter and thicker than Julie's pussy juices. There was so much of it that Jim simply couldn't believe his eyes!

That's why his solace was ruined, because there was something about seeing his son's cum flowing from his wife's well-fucked pussy that drove him absolutely insane and gave him yet another raging erection.

By this point, it was impossible for him to deny that not only was he turned on by thoughts and images of Kyle and Julie fucking, but he was MORE turned on by that than anything else in his entire life! It was way more arousing even than getting to have his way with his wife's remarkable body in any manner he desired. He didn't understand why, but that was the reality.

However, he remained determined to fight these feelings. His hope was that if he resolutely refused to scratch his itch, the itch would slowly but surely fade away. He'd had success with "mind over matter" when it came to actual poison ivy itches and such, and he didn't see why that approach would fail to work here.

So despite his boner, he resumed his vow not to masturbate. In fact, he redoubled his resolve on that matter.

He tried hard to focus on his office work the rest of the afternoon... but with only partial success at best. He simply couldn't help but picture a long and thick teenage cock squirting rope after rope deep inside his wife's warm, clutching cunt. Thanks to the last picture that had been sent, he thought just as much about her son's cum filling her vagina so much that some of it overflowed and made a large wet spot in the bed.

He thought, That's on MY bed, the very one I sleep in every night! Disgusting! I'm making another vow, to buy a new bed and throw the

old one out, just as soon as her ovulation is finished and my living nightmare came to a merciful end.

Just before leaving for the day, Jim got another text.

"LIVING ROOM. DOGGIE-STYLE. SAY HI TO MOM AND DAD FOR ME. LUV U!"

It took Jim a half-hour to get to his parents' house, and that text left him with another uncomfortable hard-on most of the drive there. He knew the route there well, so he drove as if on autopilot. That freed up his mind to imagine his son drilling Julie from behind... and much, much more. He envisioned his son's massive prick causing the cheeks of her strong, meaty buttocks to ripple, thanks to his incessant pounding.

He felt like a broken man, a shell of his former self. He couldn't even work up a righteous anger, due to the incestuous porn film playing in his head. It was a wonder he didn't crash the car.

## Chapter 11

Just before getting out of his car to go into his parents' house, he got a new text.

Julie wrote: "ON MY TUMMY ON THE COUCH. KYLE'S LYING ON TOP OF ME, STILL HUMPING AWAY! HE'S SO CUTE. HEE. I THINK HE'S GONNA POP SOON, SO I'VE GOTTA GO. ANOTHER BIG 'O' COMING FOR ME, I'M SURE. KISSES!"

Jim went inside and talked to his parents. The interaction seemed surreal. His body was in one place, but his mind was far away.

Ten minutes later, just after his kindly old mother served him some tea and biscuits, his cell phone chimed again.

This time, he had to be extra careful to read Julie's next text in a way that his parents couldn't see.

The text read, "KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ. SO MUCH CUM INSIDE ME, BREEDING ME, FILLING UP! I FEEL LIKE HIS HELPLESS LITTLE FUCK TOY. IT FEELS GOOD! WEIRD, HUH? WE'RE GONNA SHOWER AGAIN, SO GOTTA GO. LUV U."

There was another photo attached, but he had no choice but to put off looking at it, since his mother and father were sitting only a few feet away from him.

Jim's mother saw some strange expressions cross Jim's face immediately after he read the latest text. She asked, "Darling, you seem distracted. In fact, you've been kind of 'off' ever since you arrived. Is everything okay at home?"

"Sure, everything's fine, Mom." Jim forced a fake smile. He brazenly lied, "There's absolutely nothing wrong at home. Julie and Kyle are doing great. But I'm having some work issues. I thought that by coming here, I could get away from it all and clear my head.

He thought bitterly, They are doing great, too great. That's the problem!

His mother replied, "Oh, I see. Well, you certainly can do that any time you want. Our house is your house, as always." She gave him a warm smile, like the kindly grandmother that she was.

Jim mused, Maybe I should come clean to my parents, and get their advice. What should I say? "Hey, Mom and Dad, guess what? I've

been fucking my secretary for the last six months, until Kyle caught me in the act. So when he offered to fuck a baby into Julie in return for not telling her, I couldn't say no. But, funny thing. It turns out he's some kind of impossibly endowed and unstoppable sex god! He's literally been fucking his mommy all day long, for hours! And she loves it! She's probably orgasmed dozens of times already. But here's the craziest part of all: I can't help but get extremely aroused by it all! Anyway, that's my day, so you can see I'm a little tired out from worrying with an insistent erection the whole time. My marriage is fucked, and I can't do a damn thing about it. How are things with you?"

He wanted to laugh deliriously, because the idea of telling his parents or anyone else any of that was so ridiculous. If he did, they possibly would have heart attacks and die.

Jim decided to watch a baseball game with his own father to take his mind off his wife and son and all their rampant fucking. He didn't even like baseball, but even the football preseason hadn't started yet, and he was desperate for anything to occupy his mind.

It wasn't long before the next chime of his cell phone spoiled that idea.

"ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, CLINGING ONTO HIM AGAIN. HE'S SO STRONG JIM. IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY HE CAN BOUNCE BACK. HE'S THRUSTING SOOO HARD. SOOO MUCH STAMINA. I CAN HARDLY WRITE, BECAUSE I FEEL SO FUCKED TO DEATH! BYE FOR NOW. KISSES! J."

That text got his motor running so much that he decided he just had to see the photo that had been sent a little while earlier. He snuck off to the bathroom and pulled out his phone.

The relevant text with the picture had said, "KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ," but didn't mention other details of where and how.

However, it turned out that was a good description, because the picture was of exactly that. Unlike all the previous photos that focused mostly or exclusively on Julie, this one was mainly of Kyle. One could see Julie's battered cunt and a few inches of Kyle's cock sticking out of it. But the rest of the picture was Kyle's muscular nude body with a focus on his face. His head was thrown back and his eyes were rolled up into his head. It looked like he was experiencing the greatest orgasm of his entire life!

Jim ruefully figured that was almost certainly true, with the notable caveat that Kyle had doubtless had other orgasms of that remarkable caliber since the motherfucking began yesterday. Jim felt crushed to realize that he almost certainly would never feel that sort of pleasure, no matter how long he lived or what he did. He'd fucked the exact same woman for years, yet had never come close. His two recent masturbation climaxes had been epic by his standards, but he figured Kyle was operating on an entirely different level. Jim just wasn't built like a "sex god."

Jim wanted to masturbate to the picture, as well as earlier pictures. He particularly wanted to look at the doggy-style fuck in the shower photo a lot more. But there was no lock on the bathroom door in his parents' house and it was next to impossible for him to get much privacy while he was there in any case.

Sure enough, after only a few minutes of Jim examining the newest picture, his mother knocked on the bathroom door and asked him why he was taking so long and why she hadn't heard any flushing yet.

He was forced to put his phone away and go through the motions of going to the bathroom, in order to make all the proper sounds.

Not long after returning to his parents' living room, he got yet another text. This time, it was actually from Kyle.

It read, "Hey, Dad! Tnx for being so good about all this. My dick is soooo sore! I'm totally beat too. Luckily, we're just chilling out and eating dinner. But it's totally great 'cos Mom's sitting on my lap naked and fully impaled on my junk! She's doing this thing where she repeatedly squeezes with her pussy walls that feels great even when we're both tired and can hardly move. And we're feeding each other bites of food like we're toddlers or something. Cool, huh? Anyway, if you're feeling too jealous or whatever, let us know. Although we can't really stop. Gotta breed her while her egg is ready! Later! K."

Jim wanted to stand up and stomp around, and curse the heavens. Motherfucking son of a bitch! Lucky bastard! He fucking IS a motherfucker! What a cocky little shit! He was probably smirking like a jackass as he wrote that, while MY wife fucks him in his lap! At OUR dining table, probably while sitting in MY chair! Fuuuuuuuuck!

But he was paralyzed. With his father sitting a few feet away, he felt like he couldn't say or do anything in response. He wanted to write an angry text message back, but he didn't even dare do that. He figured the worst of all worlds would be if Kyle revealed his adultery secret AFTER getting to fuck her so very much. He was forced to be on his best behavior.

A half hour later, Jim was flopped out on an easy chair, still in the living room. His father was absorbed by the baseball game, but Jim was so bored by that he'd closed his eyes and he was drifting and out of consciousness. He was exhausted. Although he hadn't done much all day except sit at his office desk, the mix of lust, jealousy, guilt, shame, and much more was so intense that he felt completely emotionally drained.

Then another text came. The pinging sound caused him to become fully awake in a hurry.

Thankfully, his father was so involved in the game that he was able to read the message without having to sneak off.

This time, Julie wrote: "KYLE'S FAT COCK JUST FLOODED MY PUSSY YET AGAIN! IS HE INSATIABLE OR WHAT? YOU HELPED RAISE A REAL LADY KILLER AND PUSSY TAMER, THAT'S FOR SURE! RIGHT NOW, I'M JUST HOLDING HIM AGAINST MY NAKED BODY WHILE WE ROCK. SOMETIMES HIS COCK STAYS ERECT FOR A FEW MINUTES AFTER HE'S BLASTED A LOAD INSIDE ME. ISN'T THAT INCREDIBLE? I CAN FEEL THEM: THE BILLIONS OF POTENT SPERM SWIMMING TOWARDS MY EGG. IT WONT BE LONG NOW UNTIL HE'S BRED ME FOR SURE. LUV YOU HONEY!"

Jim was plunged into the pit of despair yet again. His jealousy soared still higher. He was downright incredulous that Kyle could keep going well into the evening. He wanted still more photos to prove it. He also was feeling increasingly inadequate.

He thought, If even a small fraction of what Julie is claiming is true, I can't see how my wife will ever enjoy sex with me again. That is if I even manage to perform with her again. I'm going to have impotence issues for years now, for sure. Ugh!

Isn't Kyle simply going to cum out of cum eventually?! How many times can one guy cum in a single day, anyway? He MUST be running into some kind of physical limit by now, right? I guess that he's secretly wanted to fuck Julie for years, so he has a lot of pent up desire coming out, but they MUST be winding down. I'll bet that was his last orgasm of the day. Please may that be true!

Jim might have been able to temporarily dodge all of his many worries and issues by sneaking off and enjoying a long masturbation session to still further thoughts and fantasies of Kyle drilling his wife. But there was nowhere to go to do that, at least until his parents went to sleep. He was sorely regretting his choice of staying with them for the night. Even a lonely hotel would have been much better.

Besides, he remembered that he was supposed to maintain his no masturbation vow, so he couldn't get his rocks off in any case.

Around eight o'clock, Jim's parents went up to bed, since they were "early to bed, early to rise" older people.

Jim had just retired to the guest bedroom, which in fact was his old bedroom and barely changed since he was a teen. He felt relieved. Now, he'd at least be able to review all the photos and texts of the day without being disturbed by his nosy mother.

But before he could get started on that, his cell phone rang, indicating a call and not another text.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Hey, it's just me calling again, Honey," Julie said breezily.

"Oh, hi." Jim muttered.

"I just wanted to give you a quick call to confirm yet again that everyone's okay with you. I'm feeling kind of insecure about where you stand, since you haven't texted back in a long while. I keep thinking that if I were in your shoes, I'd be hopping mad and spitting bullets. Are you really okay with the fact that Kyle has been fucking me pretty much all day long?"

Jim sighed. He was feeling too defeated to sound angry. "I keep telling you, I'm not okay with it at all. But what choice do I have?! I look at it as some kind of odious task, like getting a root canal at the dentist's. This has to be done so we can have our second child. I just have to grin and bear it, grin and bear it, over and over. I'm pretty much counting the hours until it's over and we can get back to normal." He sighed sadly again.

She said, "That's too bad, but I totally get it. Have my texts and photos helped? I've been trying to show you that I've been having a really good time, so at least there's no suffering on my side."

Jim thought, To say the least! That's the main problem, that you're having such a great time! Kyle has probably RUINED me for you, forever! After his monster-sized dick, my penis will feel like a pencil! Especially since he's probably permanently loosened your pussy, due to his sheer thickness!

At the moment, he was in denial about how much he'd been encouraging her to send more texts and pictures, due to his baffling cuckold urge. But at least he was aware enough to keep his thoughts to himself, since he knew the situation was much more complicated than that made it appear, and he was partially to blame.

After a long pause, he answered her question, "I wouldn't say the texts and photos 'helped.' It's like I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't. But like I said earlier, I guess I'm better off knowing than not knowing, so thanks at least for taking the time to keep me frequently updated."

"No problem!" Julie said brightly. "You are my husband, after all. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

Even as they talked, Jim felt that devilish arousal rising in him again. His penis wasn't erect this time, at least not yet, but he was dying of curiosity. He asked, "On a different note, what are you two up to now?"

"Oh, not much, for once. We're both pretty beat and are ending things early. We're getting ready to crawl into bed for the night."

Jim perked up a bit from hearing that. Finally! Thank God! Apparently, even sex gods and goddesses can run out of steam.

But then he pictured them lying together in the darkness, with her nude body spooned against her son's, and realized she probably wasn't talking about the two of them sleeping in separate bedrooms. He asked, "So he's sleeping with you too... in our bed?!" A spike of jealousy hit him hard.

"Well... yes. But that's the point, isn't it? How else will he keep breeding me? We'll probably have three or four more sessions throughout the night. It's just more convenient and practical this way."

He sighed again. "And are you naked right now?"

"Er, yes. After the way Kyle fucked me for hours and hours and hours, clothes seem kind of pointless. You know? We were so drenched with sweat half the time that they didn't make much sense anyway."

Jim's jealousy surged still higher. "So, where is he now? Is he with you?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. He's sitting a few feet away. I'm standing up and combing my hair a little bit while I talk to you."

"While you're completely naked," Jim pointed out.

"Well, yes. Of course." She figured it was probably better not to mention the five-inch high red heels she was currently wearing.

"You must be putting on quite a sexy show," he grumbled.

"I suppose I am," she brazenly admitted. She couldn't resist adding, "I suppose I'm less combing my hair and more just striking sexy nude poses for him, But that's what you have to do when you're dealing with a guy like him."

Jim's lust was rising fast, catching up to his extreme jealousy. "What's that supposed to mean?!"

"Consider the fact that he climaxed inside me so many times today. I don't even know how many times because I lost track. Seven? Eight? Nine, maybe? But even he has his limits, and each time it's been getting harder and harder for me to inspire his cock to full size for the next go-round. So yeah, I'm flirting with him a little bit."

Jim thought, Shoot me. Someone please just shoot me now!

She sensed his gloomy mood and thought of something she could honestly tell him that he might consider good news. "But don't worry. I can assure you that it's ALL about the fucking and the breeding. As the day has gone on and he's become more sexually exhausted, he's asked me a couple of times if I could suck his cock to help get him back up. But I said no each time! Definitely not! That can never be. Ditto with titfucking. He practically begged me about that, but I've put my foot down on that too. I'm sure those acts would help, but I figure that if he can't get it up yet again, then so be it. Seven or eight or nine times or whatever that he filled my pussy to the brim, that's plenty enough for one day."

Jim's mind reeled. Now he had visions in his head of his wife cocksucking and titfucking too. His lust had surpassed his jealousy and other emotions.

His extreme arousal blunted his verbal reaction. He merely whined, "Julie, don't you think this is a little ridiculous? Even seven or eight times in one day is crazy, when each session lasts an hour. You probably got relentlessly fucked as many hours today as most people

work on a nine-to-five shift! I mean, even when you and I were trying to get you pregnant with Kyle, we never had sex this much. Not even close! Hell, not even in an entire week combined!"

She chided him, "Honey, you promised you wouldn't let this bother you. Don't start backsliding on me now."

He sighed. "I know... but is all this sex you and Kyle are having really necessary?!"

Julie suddenly turned stern and annoyed. "I can't believe you're asking me this! DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT WANT THIS BABY?!"

He felt strangely cowed, just as Kyle had intimidated him with his forcefulness recently. "Of course I do... It's just... well, I just want my wife back too."

Julie's voice softened. She spoke sympathetically. "Oh, Honey. I know you do... but my doctor said that's it's crucial during my ovulation period that I have intercourse as often as possible."

Jim groused, "Yeah, well a dozen times a day is pretty often."

"Jim," Julie said testily.

"Sorry, Dear," he answered.

She pointed out. "Consider the alternative. What if we cut back and he doesn't make me pregnant? Then we'll have to go through all this again one month later! Do you want that?"

Jim thought, I'd kill myself first! Seriously, I would. This is torture! Even with my strangely powerful arousal that I can't deny, it's still torture. I'm slowly dying here!

He said, emphatically, "Anything but that! Please don't even mention that!"

"Sorry. Do you want me to stop the texts and pictures then? Maybe they're not good for you."

He could scarcely believe what he said next. It was like he was glutton for punishment. "No. Keep sending them. As I keep saying, it's the not knowing that bothers me. For instance, my mind is running wild imagining you combing your hair with Kyle watching. Somehow, I'd feel better if I just SEE what the reality is. So, uh, could you take a picture of yourself right now? Please?"

Julie said with pleasure, "No problem! I'll just have Kyle snap one off for you." She whispered into the phone conspiratorially, "To be honest, he was just taking some racy photos of me right before you called anyway. I know that's not strictly about breeding, but he says it'll help get him erect and it doesn't even involve any touching. Pretty clever, huh?"

That was all true, although she failed to mention that Kyle's penis was stiff even before the photo taking began.

Jim seethed to himself, Yeah, pretty clever for HIM! I can see it now: long after you two stop fucking, he'll still have all sorts of incredible photos of your sexy naked body to drive his masturbatory fantasies for years to come. But at least he'll only be masturbating to you instead of actually fucking you. I suppose I can live with that.

Just as he was about to say something else, he heard a ping on his phone. It was the picture Kyle had just taken of Julie.

The image took Jim's breath away. He already felt that his wife was a goddess amongst mere mortal women. But in the photo, Julie had a radiant afterglow that somehow was even more arousing than all the fucking photos he'd seen so far. Furthermore, she was posing while combing her hair, with one foot up on a chair, showing off her swampy pussy, which made him dizzy with sexual desire. But the most titillating aspect of all was how she was staring at the camera. There was so much motherly love and yet carnal desire in her eyes that Jim might have staggered to his knees if he'd been standing.

Then it hit him, Her wanton yet loving look must be directed at the guy behind the camera: Kyle! Not me, her own husband! Motherfucking SON OF A BITCH!

He wanted to openly weep. And yet, the photo was so arousing that he wanted to cheer for them too. It was like they were meant for each other, and the intensity of their bond shown in the photo was something that could only be celebrated by anyone who saw it, even him.

His heart was racing fast as he ogled the photo when Julie asked him, "So, did you get the photo yet?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I haven't seen it yet. Is it a good one?"

He spoke before thinking. "It's a great one! So sexy!"

She purred with pleasure at the obvious lusty enthusiasm in his voice. "Oh! That's nice to hear. Sounds like sending you those photos and texts is helping after all."

He struggled what to say next. "I guess that's true. I... In fact, I..."

"You what? Talk to me, babe." Julie asked.

"I'd like to come back home." Jim muttered, on a whim. The idea had just come to him, and he didn't really understand it, but it felt right.

"Honey, you will, soon. I ju-" Julie started.

But Jim quickly cut her off. "No, I mean tonight. Now! Don't worry, I won't bother you and Kyle... It's just... well... if I'm gonna be a part of this then... well, there should be nothing wrong with me being around the house. Right?"

Jim didn't want to admit it, not even to himself, but as arousing as the photos and texts were, he wanted to see them fucking with his own eyes.

Kyle had put down the camera because he was getting horny and erect again. He walked to his mother and took her in his muscular arms, causing her to end her sexy posing. He brought one hand to her ass and his other to her tits. He began fondling her naked body like he owned it. But he was careful not to make enough noise to cause Jim to ask questions.

Julie spoke softly and carefully into the phone. "Are you sure? You remember what happened yesterday." At the same time, she took Kyle's currently only half-erect dick in her free hand and started stroking it back to full size.

Although she really had put her foot down on blowjobs and titfucks and other sex acts with her son, she certainly had lost all of her restraint when it came to handjobs!

Jim answered her, "I remember. I acted like a child and I'm sorry. Things will be different this time. I promise."

Julie looked to Kyle while she lovingly jacked him off. She knew he could hear what was being said on both ends of the phone, now that he had her in his embrace. But he had a neutral expression on his face, so she didn't know how he felt about Jim's suggestion.

Kyle was listening, but he was distracted by her handjob, and more. He'd just brought one hand to his mother's pussy and he was diddling her clit and fingering her tight yet soaked slit.

That gave Julie a newly urgent desire to get off the phone, especially because her son's cock was stiffening up nicely in her hand at the same time. She told Jim, "Let me talk it over with Kyle. I don't want you being here to throw him off. I really need him right now. I think it's important that he fucks me tonight at least once or twice. I know you'll say he's pumped gallons of cum into me already, and that's true, but you never know. What if one of the times tonight is 'the one' and one lucky spermatozoa swims home and penetrates my egg?! And we miss it?! I need him to breed me so very badly!"

In truth, she was more thinking, I need him to fuck me some more so very badly! She tried to cover that up by adding, "You know how much I want to raise another child. You do too. This is our big chance!"

"I know you do... and, yeah, I do too. Just let me know," Jim said with sad resignation.

"Okay, I will."

It was a wonder that Julie's voice sounded relatively normal, because her entire body was writhing in place, thanks to Kyle's increasingly aggressive fondling. Feeling cocky and devilish, he was trying to get

a tell-tale verbal reaction from her that Jim would notice before the phone call ended.

Julie knew his intention, and it was so naughty that it fired her lust even more. He was really going to town on her clit and slit with his fingers, driving her crazy. Plus, his cock was fully erect by now, and she was lovingly pumping her hand up and down his already hot and wet shaft.

She had a lot of reasons to get off the phone, and fast. So she continued, "I guess that's about it, then. I'll talk to you later. Bye!" Then she ended the call and tossed the phone away.

As soon as the phone call was over, she laughed and squealed, as she pretended to try to wiggle free from her son's aggressive, roaming hands. "You... you beast! You were trying to embarrass me so Jim could hear. Don't try to deny it!"

"Guilty as charged." He planted his lips on hers, effectively ending that line of discussion.

Julie was swept away on a tsunami of lust. Jim was totally forgotten already as her hunky son literally swept her off her feet and then laid her down on the bed. Then he laid his naked body on top of her.

As she necked with him some more, while still jacking him off, she thought, My Lord! My son, he's just too much! Gaaaawwwwd, even after all this fucking today, I need his cock in me now like I need air to breathe! How can I say no to him ever again?! I can't! But I must! But I can't! I long to be his vessel for pleasure, his shameless mommy slut! If he wants me, if he wants to plow my fertile fields any time, I'm his!

Her moral conscience tried to rally. No, I can't say that. That's just how I feel now, in the heat of the moment. My willpower will return

later, if he ever stops fucking me long enough for me to catch my breath, that is!

She fumbled with his cock, trying to line it up with her swampy cunt-tunnel. Seconds later, he started to slide in. The pleasure was so intense, she almost blacked out. Oh! Paradise!

Meanwhile, Jim hung up and lay back down. His urge to masturbate some more was almost overwhelming after that call, and especially after that photo of his nude wife combing her hair and provocatively posing for their son. But he was fiercely determined to stick to his no masturbation vow this time. He simply laid on his bed, waiting for his arousal to simmer down while also waiting for a reply to his please to return home tonight.

A few minutes later, he got his answer.

"COME HOME," the text read. "BUT NO JEALOUSY. NO COMPLAINING, NO MATTER WHAT!"

He simply wrote in reply, "Agreed."

Jim wasted no time, since he'd been just lying in bed in a kind of slow sexual torture anyway. He left a note for his parents, then made the hour long drive.

## Chapter 12

It was eleven o'clock when Jim arrived back home. The house was dark and quiet.

Jim wandered up the steps. When he reached the upstairs hallway, the pungent smell of sex hit his nostrils. It was a potent mixture of wet pussy and teenage jizz.

His erection had finally gone down on its own during the drive home, but it suddenly came back with a vengeance. Holy fuck! What a powerful smell. This whole upper floor smells like a whorehouse! Good God, they really did fuck up a storm the entire day!

His renewed arousal drove his curiosity. He bravely snuck to his bedroom door and peeked inside.

Kyle was lying on his back in the center of his parents' marital bed. He was awake but merely watching some news channel on TV. Julie was lying directly on top of him sleeping, with her head on his shoulder.

On a subconscious level, Jim was disappointed that he didn't catch them mid-fuck, but wasn't willing to admit that to himself. He thought, somewhat sarcastically, Well, I'll be. Miracles still do exist. There are actual times they're together without fucking. Must be as rare as a unicorn sighting.

He took a closer look at the two nude lovers. The blankets were pulled down to their waists. He could clearly see his wife's immense spongy breasts bulging out as they lay flattened against his son's naked chest. Julie looked content and blissful as she slept against Kyle's body. Kyle was ostensibly watching the TV, but probably not really paying any attention to it. Nobody watched the news with the kind of huge blissful smile that was on his face.

After a minute or so, Kyle noticed his father standing in the doorway. He flashed him a cocky grin and gave him a tired wave. He quietly muttered the words, "Hey, Dad!"

Jim forced a smile and nodded back. He wasn't in any mood to say anything. In fact, his jealousy surged yet again and he was filled with an urge to wring his son's neck. But he'd promised no jealousy, so the best thing he could do was get out of there, fast.

A part of Kyle still couldn't truly believe his father was a willing cuckold. But looking at him just silent stand there convinced him that it was true and not some elaborate act. His "old dad" would have never passively accepted such an outrageous situation.

Jim went down to Kyle's room and crawled in his bed.

Even that simple action was an indignity for him. Once he was in bed after undressing, lying there with the lights off, he couldn't resist noticing the symbolism. Here I am, with my place and Kyle's place exactly reversed. I should be in MY bed with MY gorgeous wife while my son sleeps here alone. But no! And it's my stupidity and greed that's put me here. Sure, I'd really love to raise another child. But there are various medical procedures to try, or even adoption. Anything but having my very own son "breed" my wife with his gigantic cock!

I suppose this is my punishment for cheating. Karma is a bitch. I guess I'll be lucky if I make my way out of this mess with my marriage still intact. Greatly reduced, and with our sex life in tatters, but at least still intact. Dora is a hot young slut, sure, but she's no Julie.

One Julie gets pregnant, that'll give our marriage a new focus and a distraction from all this. It'll take years, but I could see raising a second child being the glue that allows us to heal. True, I'm gonna

be stuck raising my son's bastard child for the rest of my life, but I guess that's more karma too.

As for these fucking annoying "cuckolding" feelings, that's not me! I don't know who that is, but it sure as hell isn't me. Somehow, the wires in my brain must have gotten crossed. Maybe when I look at Kyle fucking her, I'm seeing myself fucking her, since he looks a lot like I did when I was that age.

Though he's more handsome, muscular, and well-hung. Dammit! Especially the well-hung part. He's hung like an elephant!

Anyway, my point is, this... this... cuckold thing... has to be some temporary feeling that will pass. The truth is, the two of them look so hot and sexy with each other that I dare anyone to not be affected! Time is the great healer. I just have to ignore all my inappropriate lustful urges until they wither on the vine and fade away.

Back in the master bedroom, Kyle's thoughts were much simpler. What a great day! Best day ever! But I'm no idiot. I can't let this come to an end when Mom's ovulation ends. I still have to play the long game. It's such a trip that Dad's on some weird cuckolding kick. I totally didn't expect that, but it plays right into my hands. That opens up many intriguing possibilities! I need to learn more about just how strongly he's into that before planning out my next steps though.

Normally, Jim slept in pajamas. But since he didn't have access to his things in his bedroom, he was forced to sleep in just his boxers.

Sometime in the middle of the night, he woke to the sound of his wife's voice, crying and wailing in orgasm.

Jim snuck down the hallway and peeked inside his room to find Julie's sexy nude body being repeatedly nailed to the mattress. Her legs were thrown back into a huge spread eagle. Kyle's ass was

bucking up and down, his pussy-tamer plunging in and out of Julie's sucking hole. Her red and swollen pussy lips were stretched obscenely around its strong thick girth.

The big bed rocked noticeably as Kyle and Julie humped and rutted like two desperate animals.

Jim couldn't tear his eyes away. Watching his wife being fucked so hard and fast was absolutely astonishing. It was way more interesting and titillating than even the most arousing photos he'd been sent. Dressed in just his boxers, with his modest-sized penis tenting them, he stared with sick fascination as his son's long jutting cock slid in and out of his wife's cock-grinder.

He imagined how fantastic all that soft slippery pink pussy must feel around Kyle's throbbing glans. Of course, he'd fucked Julie himself many, many times, but he surmised that Kyle had to be feeling pleasures several orders of magnitude greater than anything he'd ever felt, so he could only guess what it was like.

"O-h-h-h my God!" Julie's voice trembled. Her lusty cries weren't nearly as loud as they'd been earlier, since she was trying to restrain herself with Jim in the house.

Being in a spread eagle, Julie's legs hovered mid-air, scissored apart so that her cute little toes pointed in opposite directions. That pose allowed Jim to see a thick frothy mix of their genital excrement running from her twat, down across her butt-hole.

He heard his wife let out a primitive guttural moan. He watched as her toes clenched and her legs began to shiver. Her entire body started to shake, as if she was having an epileptic fit that was only tempered by her son's body on top of her.

Jim was newly astounded. Oh my God! I've never seen Julie cum this hard! If what I did to her is "fucking," then we need a whole new word for this. He's absolutely DESTROYING her! I could never do that in a million years!

Jim was grateful for the lighting. There was a lamp that was only dimly lit on the lowest setting next to the bed. There was no light coming from the hallway whatsoever. That meant that if Kyle or Julie managed to reposition and look his way, they almost certainly would be unable to see anything at all, not even his silhouette.

Confident that was the case, he pulled his boner out of his boxers and started rubbing it a little bit. He knew that was against his no masturbation vow, but he told himself it didn't really count so long as he didn't ejaculate.

He continued to watch. Incredibly, his arousal only soared higher and higher, until he reached some kind of heady euphoria he'd never felt before. His feelings were so intense that he actually was forced to sink to his knees in the hallway outside the door, because he literally was incapable of remaining standing.

Once he was settled in his new position, he resumed his jacking off. He just couldn't help it. His mind was spinning with mixed emotions. True, he was jealous as hell. All the other "usual suspects" from his earlier emotional heartbreak came back too, such as guilt, shame, inadequacy, humiliation anger, and so on. But none of that mattered much, because sheer lust trumped them all.

He listened to Kyle's balls steadily beat against his wife's ass. He couldn't help but notice how his son kept a nice rutting rhythm going, seemingly indefinitely.

He thought, Holy shit! That kid can fuck! Once again, I'm in awe. How does he do it?! I might as well be castrated, in comparison. I've been bested in every possible way!

Despite these gloomy thoughts, his arousal continued to rise, helped along by his increasingly vigorous handjob.

He waited there on his knees for another five minutes, wondering when his son was going to pop. Or, at least, he hoped for a slowing down or even a much-deserved strategic pause. But those things simply weren't happening. There were just the sounds of heavy panting and wet flesh smacking together, over and over and over again.

After a while, he heard his wife loudly grunt and groan again, for nearly a minute, followed by a muffled whimper. But that was about the only break in the routine. He guessed that was a minor orgasm, by her recent standards.

Despite the lack of much variation, he was endlessly fascinated. It was similar to watching someone holding their breath underwater: the longer it went on, the more remarkable it was, even though there wasn't much visibly happening.

Five more minutes went by, and he kept on stroking his boner.

Then Julie let out a high pitched scream as she creamed on Kyle's dick again.

She'd had a bigger orgasm than her last one. However, that still seemed a mere minor orgasm compared to the kinds of epic screamers he already knew Kyle was capable of giving her.

When she'd more or less recovered, she muttered, "Oh, Son! What do you do to me?! I'm so hopelessly in love with your huge pussy-tamer! Tame my pussy a little more! Please! More! More!"

Hearing those words made Jim burn with jealousy, but also burn with lust. He was teetering on the edge of cumming himself, as he kept on masturbating.

By this time, fifteen minutes had passed since Jim had snuck to the door. Yet Kyle's cum-lathered thick pole continued its seemingly endless assault.

Jim furtively moved on his knees until he had more of a side view of the fucking action. It was a big risk to sneak deeper into the room, but it was as if he couldn't stop his own body from doing it. He told himself he would be okay, due to the darkness of that part of the room.

He was rewarded with a better view of his son's relentless cock sliced through his wife's twat like a medieval battering ram. Kyle's strong hips rocked fluidly, propelling his veiny hard-on deep inside her inner sanctum, over and over and over and over and over!

Julie's long, muscular legs were wrapped around her son, but they were visibly jerking and trembling from the power of his thrusts.

Jim thought while still stroking his hard-on, I should be bored by now, except I'm not. The kid's like a God-damn machine! They've been at it for who knows how long before I even got here, but I'm sure I'm gonna cum way before he does!

However, that guess turned out not to be true. Just when Jim was starting to seriously think his son had superhuman sexual skills, Kyle finally announced, "OOH-H-H-H! OH YEAH! MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!"

Jim watched his son's ass cheeks tighten. The large testicles seemed to jerk inside Kyle's scrotum, firing their contents up his cunt-smothered cannon and deep into Julie's hot, cum-hungry womb.

Jim still needed to urgently cum himself, but he didn't dare do it in or near the master bedroom. He quietly snuck back down the hall, listening to Kyle's quivering grunts and his wife's passionate, wordless wails. He could still easily imagine his son's fat knob, squeezing up through her tight cervical ring, with long thick ropes of cock-milk jetting from his asshole.

As soon as Jim was back in bed, he took his boxers off and used them as a cum rag. He blasted his load into them after just another minute of fervent stroking, then tossed them to the floor in shame.

He thought, True, my no masturbation vow has been broken again, but I consider what just happened an extraordinary circumstance. It was the first and hopefully last time I saw his wife and son fuck with his own eyes. How could I resist being overwhelmed by their sheer sexuality? How could anybody?

Tomorrow, I'm going to do a lot better. I swear it. The shock of what I'm seeing will wear off and I'll regain control of myself. My crazy cuckolding feelings have to be banished somehow.

He was so physically and emotionally drained that he fell right to sleep after that.

## Chapter 13

Jim woke up early in the morning, before the other two did. He peeked in their bedroom just to be sure, and saw them still naked and spooned against each other. The smell of sex still filled the air.

He figured it was no surprise at all that they slept in, since they had very literally fucked each other to total exhaustion.

He knew it was a Saturday, which meant he wouldn't have the refuge of going to the office. The prospect of staying home all day while his son fucked his wife over and over was simultaneously a cuckold's dream come true but also a living nightmare.

He decided, Rather than being grumpy, and grouching with jealousy, I'll make breakfast for everyone. I promised to be good. I'll surprise them by showing that I'm not going to let any of this get me down and defeat me. Or least I can put up a front to that effect. Besides, time is on my side. It won't be long now until Julie's ovulation window closes and my confusing nightmare comes to an end. Thank God!

Kyle reached the kitchen before Julie.

He and Jim exchanged drowsy hellos, like it was just another typical morning in suburbia. He poured himself a big glass of juice from the fridge and then sat down on a stool at the kitchen counter, since his father was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Jim didn't want to speak alone with Kyle. He figured his son's cockiness was more likely to bring out his jealousy and even rage than if he was with Julie, or the three of them were together. But he really had no choice, unless he wanted to leave that part of the house like a coward.

"You must have tired you mother out... she's usually up by now," Jim said while keeping his hands and eyes busy with his cooking tasks.

The implied reason why Julie was tired out loomed like an elephant in the room.

Kyle boldly responded, "Well... we were up most of the night, but it's not my fault. She was the one waking me up every few hours." He said this with a cocky smile.

Jim felt slightly enraged, but he kept his cool. He said, "Today should be her last day ovulating, which means tomorrow things should be back to normal around here." He was pointedly reminding Kyle that his time as "motherfucker" was coming to an end.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, Dad." Kyle smiled.

"What do you mean by that?" Jim asked. He felt a growing pit in his stomach.

It wasn't prudent to his long term plan, but Kyle was young and not yet fully mature. He couldn't resist a little boasting. "I don't know... Mom said she's falling for me. I remember her saying that I'm 'young and well-endowed.' And there was something about how she 'couldn't live without my cock drilling her deep inside.' I guess she really digs that sorta thing."

"You're full of shit!" Jim snapped, even though he had no doubt those sort of things had been said.

"Am I? Think about it, Dad. If a car dealership lets you drive a Ferrari for three days, do you think you're really gonna wanna go back to driving that old hunk of junk you have in the garage?"

"For your information, that car is not an 'old hunk of junk'," Jim said with irritation, since the metaphor was based on at least one real car. Even though he was fairly rich, and he used a newer car to go to work every day, he kept an old and beat-up Toyota that he'd own for many years due to its sentimental value.

"But it's certainly not a Ferrari, and you're certainly not 'young and well-endowed.' Let's not forget those were Mom's words... not mine," Kyle said.

"What were Mom's words?" Julie asked from the doorway.

Kyle and Jim flashed each other hostile looks as Julie strolled towards them, her unsupported breasts bobbling beneath her silk robe.

And it wasn't just any robe, either. It was the same orange one that Kyle had never seen her wear before, until yesterday. It turned out there was a good reason for that too. She'd ordered it on-line as a replacement for her blue robe, but she'd accidentally been sent one that was a size or two too small for her. She'd buried it deep in a closet rather than bothering to send it back... until now.

Kyle hadn't gotten a good enough look at the robe yesterday to know for sure if it was too small or it had been the way she'd been wearing it semi-open in front that excited him so much. But now he realized it was definitely too small! It didn't even come all the way down to the bottom of her pussy, and she couldn't have closed it all the way in front if she tried. Needless to say, she wasn't wearing any bra or panties underneath it either.

This wasn't a mere robe. This was an open invitation to get fucked!

And nobody in the room had any doubt who she wanted to fuck her, and who was going to do it.

But before there could be more of a reaction to the daring robe, Julie had asked, "What were Mom's words?"

Jim needed to respond to that in a way that got them away from the contentious discussion he'd been having with Kyle. He lied, "Oh, um... that you like your eggs scrambled and hate a runny yolk."

Julie stood there with her hands on her hips, which opened her robe in front even more. That pose left all of her huge tits and pussy mound completely exposed. She responded, "That's true, but I could have sworn that I heard something from the living room about someone being 'young and well endowed?'" She raised a questioning eyebrow.

Kyle and Jim looked at each other. Both of them felt unable to respond to that, because they didn't want to reignite their dispute with her listening in.

Julie walked to the kitchen counter, between Jim and Kyle, but just out of Kyle's reach. She said, "Okay, boys, enough with the hostility already."

She looked at Kyle. "You've done an awesome job with your breeding task so far, young man, but you need to tone down on the cockiness just a tad."

Kyle lowered his head slightly and nodded. He knew she was right.

She turned and looked at Jim. "And you, husband of mine, you need to stop telling someone they can do something, then turn around and act like a jealous child when they do."

Jim reluctantly nodded too.

She placed a hand on both their shoulders, like a referee standing between two fighters.

Acting as if she wasn't effectively buck naked with her robe open wide in front, she looked back to her boy. "I think I heard more of your little spat than either of you two realize. A Ferrari is good to have around, when there's a race to win and you and I my handsome son have one day left in this race to make a baby."

Then she looked at Jim. "That old Toyota is nice to have around too. It provides support and stability, which means you, my love, you have a purpose here too. One can't and shouldn't drive a Ferrari every single day."

Then she looked back and forth between them. "I suggest the two of you stop treating this like a contest and start acting like a team here. We're all on the same team, the baby-making team. We're family, and we love each other too. It's just that we have different roles."

"You're right... I'm sorry," Jim said with genuine contrition.

"Me too, Mom," Kyle said, also feeling properly chastened. He was glad she had come in when she did, because his conversation with Jim was likely to backfire in a big way anyway, especially if he'd kept boasting and taunting. It was important he didn't show his hand - his plan to find a way to keep fucking his mother forever - too soon.

Julie pulled both of them in close for a loose group hug.

She said, "I love you both... and I'm counting on both of you, in your own way, to help me make this baby."

She broke the group hug and turned to embrace only her husband. "Jim, hold me close."

Her huge, bare tits squashed against Jim's chest, with her nipples hard and engorged. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a firm hug.

Then she peeked back at her son. "Kyle, take off your boxers and get behind me."

For once, Kyle was stunned into silence. He couldn't believe the implications of what she was saying.

Seeing his reluctance, she added, "That's an order."

Both Kyle and Jim looked at each other awkwardly, as if they couldn't believe what was about to happen.

What they didn't know was that Julie had eventually figured out last night that Jim was in the master bedroom and probably masturbating to the sight of Kyle fucking her. She hadn't been able to actually see him, but she'd heard his lusty panting. That gave her confidence to test the strength of his cuckold desire even more.

Kyle thought she was being too rash, but he was too hot and bothered to turn down the invitation. He dropped his boxers. His dick was already fully erect, and had been within seconds of her walking into the room wearing just the open and undersized orange robe.

As Kyle moved in behind his mother, Julie looked up into her husband's eyes. She said, "The other day, when you came home and reacted the way you did, I was completely disgusted with you. I told Kyle I was falling for him because I felt as though I was falling away from you and I needed someone there to catch me."

Kyle stepped in close to his sexy, stacked mother. He lifted her robe in back, bunching it around her waist. Knowing what she wanted, he began to grind his long, thick cock against the crack of her firm, meaty buttocks.

She said to Jim, "But now, with all the support you've been showing Kyle and I these past two days... I feel as though you've come back to me. You're being the husband that I need you to be." Julie was suddenly overtaken by genuine love for her husband. She smiled at him, but with tears in her eyes.

"It's because I love you," Jim said with heartfelt emotion.

"I love you too," she said just as sincerely.

Then she twisted in place, breaking her tit contact against Jim's chest. That allowed her to look up into Kyle's eyes. "And I love you too, my baby."

Jim watched as his wife and son's lips came together. They didn't fully smooch, but instead planted a series of soft sensual kisses on each other's lips. He shouldn't have been, but he was a little surprised to see their tongues peek from their mouths and flutter together for a moment.

Then, as if that wasn't frustrating enough for Jim to watch, mother and son fully and passionately kissed each other on the lips. Furthermore, Jim stared as Kyle reached around and cupped and fondled Julie's enormous orbs as if he owned them.

And while Jim couldn't see what was happening behind Julie's back, he correctly surmised from the way Kyle's body was rising up and down a little bit that his son's cock was wedged in her ass crack and effectively dry humping it.

Jim was pissed, especially since his wife hadn't even kissed him at all. But he also was moved by her reaffirmation of love for him.

He decided, I need to be the bigger man and let things slide. Besides, today has to be the last day of Kyle having sexual control of Julie's body. Technically, tomorrow all will return back to normal, so I just needed to be patient. Although... I have trouble seeing how anything in our family could ever return to anything even close to normal ever again. But that's a problem for later.

The incestuous kissing and fondling came to a merciful end.

Julie twisted back to her original position fully facing her husband. But then she playfully teased Kyle, "Now, get busy back there, mister. You know what I want. You have work to do."

The other two didn't realize it yet, but since she'd walked into the room, she had manipulated events to bring things to this point. She was convinced by now that Jim was a cuckold who got off on seeing Kyle fuck her, but she still was trying to figure out exactly what that meant. Plus, she knew it would be incredibly exciting and enjoyable for her and her son!

Jim... probably not so much! But he seemed to get off on this sort of thing, she figured.

Kyle joyously grabbed his hard-on and pulled it free from her ass crack. After re-aiming it, he dragged its tapered head up and down her slippery gash. Then he slowly fed it inside her gooey cunt-hole, sighing with pure pleasure as he felt it sink up inside her birth canal.

Jim was beyond incredulous. Is this really happening?! Are we really doing this?! This is so fucked up! It makes all of yesterday look normal!

He would have put the fucking to a stop before it could get started, except that a part of his psyche was held hostage to his new cuckold feelings. He felt helpless to put a stop to anything, so long as he was swept up by intense arousal, as he was now.

Julie let out a cute little moan caused by Kyle's fat knob pushing deeper and deeper into her tight cunt. It had been hours since he'd last fucked her, and her body was already craving a "refill."

Jim watched from less than a foot away as her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her little eyelids fluttering. It was a look he hadn't seen in many years, since they were just teenagers and he was arguably a "Ferrari" of sorts.

Jim was painfully aware that not only was his son providing his wife with a rock hard cock, but one that was much longer and thicker than his own. Kyle was touching Julie in places that Jim never possibly could. That made him feel emasculated and humiliated, but also even more inexplicably aroused.

Jim felt Kyle slip his arm between him and his wife, reaching across her waist. He leaned back against the kitchen counter to provide stability. His wife had just told him that was his job, after all.

Kyle thrust his hips, sliding his fat cock-knob up and down the spongy glove of his mother's cunt. He could feel her gripping him tightly internally, using her strong vaginal muscles to add increased friction around his thick teenage pole. On every up-stroke, his abdomen would sink into the soft supple flesh of her buttocks.

It wasn't long before her son was really pounding into her. Kyle's head rested against her shoulder as he bucked back and forth against his beautiful mother. She was increasingly sandwiched between her studly son and her husband.

Her ass cheeks began to ripple as Kyle fucked her with impressive force.

Jim could hear the lewd smacking of his son's balls beating against his wife's clit. He was fascinated by Kyle's stamina and how he was relentlessly using Julie's body, like a rutting animal.

It's not every day that a man gets to hold his wife while his son brings her to orgasm.

Julie's body shook as she whimpered in climax. Her hips quivered and jerked. For once, she managed to avoid screaming out, for fear of yelling something that would humiliate Jim too much and ruin the mood.

In fact, neither Kyle nor Jim said a word either, also in fear of saying the wrong thing.

Kyle held on and stayed with Julie all through her intense orgasm, not missing a stroke.

Jim felt his wife's big bare tits sloshing against his chest, her nipples engorged and sometimes sharply poking into him.

Hot liquid love churned around Kyle's cockhead as it thrust up and back through the clutching tube of his mother's soft, pink pussy. As it reached the back of her vagina, it licked the head of her cervix, which was coated with a hot slippery mucus. That was a natural substance of Julie's body which was meant to insure sperm survival.

Normally during their fuck sessions, Kyle would control his ejaculation by using his strong PC muscles. This allowed him to fuck for hours and made his mother cum over and over on his cock, which

was an absolute rush for the young teen. This time, however, the situation was so bizarre that he decided it was best to let it come to a quick conclusion after a "mere" ten minutes of solid and steady thrusting.

Besides, getting to fuck his sex bomb mother while his father literally held her body up in support was such a rush for him that he doubted he'd be able to last much longer anyway.

It wasn't just the immediate situation, but the long-term implications. Clearly, Jim was either a willing cuckold, or so wimpy and tolerant that it was effectively the same thing. He felt like he'd already won Julie forever, even though neither she nor Jim realized that yet.

"UUUNNGGHH, YEAH, MOM!" Kyle grunted as the first thick rope blasted from his asshole.

Julie felt the scalding spunk splash against the head of her cervix, followed by another, and another, and another.

As Kyle groaned, huge blasts of semen spewed from his meatus.

Julie could feel his erection flexing over and over as it pulsed with excitement. Her eyes rolled up into her head as an especially epic orgasm wracked her entire body. She wasn't nearly as loud as usual, in deference to Jim being right there and actually helping to hold her up, but it was a rapturous climax for her just the same.

"OH-H-H-H... UUUGGGNNGGGHHH!" Kyle groaned, as he felt his mother's cunt muscles squeeze and smother his rod, milking every drop from his throbbing shaft.

There was so much cum exploding out of him and into her that she soon felt some of it running down her muscular thighs.

"Aaaah! That was great!" Julie said while staring Jim in her eyes from close up. "Thanks for your support... in more ways than one!" She chuckled. She kissed her husband, but only chastely, on the forehead.

Trying to sound and act like she hadn't just been fucked to heaven and back, she said to both of the other two, "Now, if you don't mind, I need to go elevate my hips. This is all about Kyle fucking and breeding a baby into me, after all. Who knows, this might be the one magical time that does it!"

Kyle backed up a little, causing his big boner to slither out of Julie's thoroughly-fucked hole. His shaft glistened with orgasmic juices. His cockhead slipped from her socket with a creamy pop, followed by a stream of fresh cum-cream.

Julie clutched her snatch with her hand, holding much of the cum in as she turned to her son and gave him a quick kiss.

Even though it was quick, it was on the lips, and with lots of tongue.

Jim couldn't fail to notice that, and his jealousy burned brighter. But it was like he was rendered mute by his cuckold lust.

"Thank you baby," she said to her son, and then hurried off, with her open orange robe still somehow loosely hanging on her body.

Father and son watched her walk away. Both of them were transfixed by her ass cheeks undulating up and down, because the orange robe didn't even go down all the way to the bottom of her ass!

Her departure left Kyle standing there with his semi-erect pole pointing at his father. (As usual, it took a few minutes for him to go completely flaccid.) He smiled widely, and commented, "Holy shit! That was totally insane!"

He honestly admitted, "I never thought she'd do that, with you right there." His bobbing peter was still twitching with post orgasmic contractions, as it ever-so-slowly deflated.

Jim had to admit to himself that was "totally insane." And yet he was so fucked up with his emerging and even growing cuckold fetish that he was glad that it had happened.

He had no idea what to say. Merely staying in the same room as his son after that was a constant humiliation. He lamely commented, "Well, if your mother's not pregnant by tomorrow, then I'll be shocked. Especially after that!"

"Me too, Dad... me too." Kyle proudly smiled.

Kyle walked out of the room shortly after that, because he sensed his father was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

But, in fact, Jim had been preparing breakfast and nobody had eaten yet. So, after a few minutes, both Kyle and Julie returned to the kitchen and dining room area.

Julie was still wearing her orange robe, which was somehow even more sexy and obscene than wearing nothing at all. She also had put on a pair of red high heels.

However, despite her raw sexuality lighting up the room like a searchlight, all three of them were sexually satiated for a while. The

breakfast passed relatively uneventfully, without much physical contact.

At one point early in the meal though, Julie made some notable comments. "Jim, I'm sorry for surprising you with that. But I thought it was important to test to see if you really are able to handle things without going into a jealous snit. I'm happy to announce that you passed with flying colors!"

Jim considered that a very dubious "honor," but he stayed silent. He reminded himself he had just one day of this living hell to go.

She added, "Furthermore, I wanted to make the point that as long as I'm ovulating, I physically belong to Kyle. That's why I kissed him on the lips and not you, for instance. But of course, this is just a temporary thing, like a three-day long 'opposite day.' Once that time ends, everything will flip back. Naturally, then I'll kiss you on the lips and him on the cheek. Understand?"

"Perfectly," Jim replied. He was secretly relieved, even incredibly relieved. Although he was getting off on his new cuckold fetish in a big way, he assumed that was a freak event, sort of his personal "opposite day" reaction, and his normal sexual urges would soon return. Despite the fact he was easily more aroused than he'd ever been in his life, and for much longer too, the emotional turmoil of being a cuckold was mentally exhausting.

He couldn't wait for things to get back to normal, or at least some kind of attempt at normal. He was sure it would take years for his sex life with his wife to return to something resembling satisfying for the both of them, if that ever happened at all. He was much more hopeful that the rest of their marriage could be successfully repaired, at least.

## Chapter 14

Even though it was a Saturday and Jim was home, he gave his wife and son the space they needed. He puttered around the house and worked in the backyard. It was another hot summer day, so he was casually dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. Mostly he worked in the yard, to get even further away from any fucking noises.

In return, Julie was worried that she'd gone too far that morning by getting fucked by her son while her husband watched and even held her. So she did her best to give Jim some space. She restricted the fucking to the master bedroom only. However, she left the door to the bedroom partially open, giving Jim a golden opportunity to listen or peek in if he wanted to.

But thanks to that partially open door, plus the sheer vocal enthusiasm of Julie, it seemed that each time Jim was inside the house, even anywhere on the ground floor, he heard the sound of his wife's orgasmic screams. That was a bit of an exaggeration, since she wasn't cumming (or simply feeling overcome) all the time, but it wasn't that far off.

Despite Jim's effort to carry on with gardening duties as if everything was normal again, he was still held in thrall by his cuckold lust. It turned out that even working in the backyard was no refuge to help him clear his head, since the master bedroom's windows were partially open and Julie's lusty cries carried just as far outside as they did inside.

So it was no surprise that every once in a while, he couldn't help but peek in on the fucking action. Thanks to the partially open door, it was easy for him to look in without being seen.

At least, that was what he thought. However, Julie could be quite clever if she wanted to. Before the day's upstairs fucking began, she secretly positioned and angled a mirror just so, so she'd be able to

look in the mirror and see if Jim was there. She was surprised at just how often he actually was. As time went on, he was gardening less and spying more.

Jim often found Julie's legs in a huge spread eagle pose or clamped snugly around Kyle's back as her virile son pounded her swollen pussy mercilessly. The musky smell of raw sex filled the entire upstairs as their two sweat-soaked bodies twisted and bounced and beat together wildly.

Every time Jim came inside the house from the backyard, he was drawn to his master bedroom like a moth to flame. He just couldn't resist finding out what his wife and son were up to, even though the answer was almost always the same: fucking. Actually, there seemed to be three modes: resting, foreplay, and fucking, but the vast majority of the time it was fucking.

Jim was high on lust nearly all the time. Because he didn't have an effortlessly arousable penis like his son did, he was only erect about half the time. But that didn't matter much, because he was very mentally aroused pretty much all the time.

He managed to keep his vow not to masturbate. But that didn't help his cuckolding fetish "fade away." In fact, arguably the reverse was happening: by not ejaculating and thus getting sexual satiation for a while, he remained constantly aroused. And with the non-stop incestuous fuck marathon going on in his bedroom, he was always aroused about the same thing. Furthermore, thanks to the partially open bedroom door, the amount of time he spent secretly peeking grew and grew.

He could feel himself falling deeper into a trap of his own making, but he was helpless to get out of it. Deep down, he didn't really want to anyway. Even though he felt emotionally miserable most of the time with his jealousy and such, the constant sexual high he enjoyed at the same time more than made up for it.

Around noon, Jim was at the kitchen table having lunch by himself when Julie strolled into the kitchen. She wore nothing but a thin white towel wrapped around her waist, which left her tremendous boobs completely exposed just above the towel. It was clear she had just taken a shower, because her brown hair was wet and slicked back.

"Hey, Honey, what have you been up to?" she asked as she walked past him in bare feet. She went to the fridge.

"Nothing much, just a little yard work," Jim said blandly, as if they were making small talk on a normal weekend day. He was secretly staggered by her de facto nudity, since she'd always been shy about her nakedness around him.

She said, "Oh, great. Would you please fix that broken sprinkler head today too? It shoots water all over the sidewalk." As she spoke, she poured herself a glass of water.

"Consider it done," Jim said. Since she was standing facing away from him, he stared at his wife's backside. He was fascinated by her long legs and bare back, with her long brown hair hanging down nearly to her ass. But mostly, he gawked at the swell of her meaty buttocks. He could see the bottom portions of her ass cheeks, because her ass was so inadequately covered by the towel.

"Thank you, love," she said.

Lately, it seemed like just about anything involving Kyle and Julie fucking aroused Jim to a tremendous degree. Still, he was surprised by how turned on he got merely from talking to his wife about mundane things like fixing a broken sprinkler head. The contrast between that and the fact that they both were well aware she'd just come from getting royally fucked by her son upstairs was breathtaking and electrifying for him.

But still, he tried his best to deny such feelings in the hopes they would slowly fade away from neglect. Attempting to keep the small talk going, he asked, "So how are things going upstairs? You two had another session in the shower I presume?"

Julie turned towards her husband and giggled a little. "Yeah. How'd you guess?"

Both of them laughed, due to the way she was wet and dressed. Or, more accurately, not dressed.

She added, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "Thank goodness for the virility of teenage boys."

Although she could be clever, right now she had no plan because she didn't know what she wanted to do. A part of her hoped and expected for things in the family to return to normal soon, or at least something approximating normal. She loved her husband and had enjoyed 18 happy years with him so far.

But comments like the one she'd just said suggested that she was getting increasingly addicted to sex with her son. That was true in a big way, and she didn't know what to do about it. Even considering her husband's newly discovered cuckold fetish, she didn't see how she could square getting back to a "normal" marriage with being her son's wanton and willing slut beyond her ovulation period.

Jim was at a loss over how to respond to her "virility of teenage boys" comment. But he felt he had to say something, so she said, "Well, Dear... I think it's safe to say that Kyle has moved on from the boy stage at this point."

Julie chuckled. "Yeah, you could say that again." Then she added more seriously, "But it's strange... Just a few minutes ago, as he was lifting me and pinning me against the wall of the shower... and I

wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck while he plowed me and drilled me with his incredible, thick cock... I couldn't help but look into his eyes and think: 'This is my baby boy... and he always will be.' Isn't that strange?"

Once again, Jim wound up insanely aroused by mere words. He was starting to realize that the incestuous aspect of Kyle and Julie's intimacy was a very big reason why it turned him on so very much. The "baby boy" comment in particular pushed a lot of his buttons. There was something about that that was innocent yet wicked at the same time.

Of course, the way she was standing there topless with the towel barely even covering her sore and battered pussy didn't exactly hurt arousing him even more.

Despite his feelings, he fought valiantly to look and sound calm and normal. He merely replied, "You're right, that is strange. But it's also perfectly understandable." He smiled at her encouragingly.

Julie nodded, and continued, "There's one thing I feel I have to get off my chest... as a woman and not a mom... Our son is gonna have one very, very happy bride one day. I'm sure they're going to make lots of beautiful babies together." She beamed.

"I hope you're right," Jim said.

Her comment was indicative of her confused feelings for her son. She still assumed that all the incestuous fucking had to come to an end when her ovulation did. She figured that she'd made her marriage vows to Jim many years ago, and she was morally obliged to keep them, with these three days a once in a lifetime "free pass" exception.

Her body was getting seriously addicted to her son's cock, and she already was starting to realize that on some deeper level. But she

wouldn't allow herself to think about that or the possible long-term implications.

After a thoughtful pause, Julie said, "Well, I need to get back upstairs, Honey." She started for the doorway.

Before she left the room in just her skimpy towel, Jim suggested, "Dear, how 'bout lunch... You two are burning calories like crazy and I'm sure you need to eat. Can I bring it up to you guys?"

She smiled. "Oh baby, that's sweet. That's one example why I love you so much. I'm so impressed with your tolerant attitude about all this. That said, Kyle and I are getting ready to start another breeding session. Can you give us like an hour or so? I can sense another slow, sensual, grinding fuck session coming on, and I've discovered those take a long time with him."

"Sure, no problem," Jim said. Once more, this sort of mundane yet sexual talk fired his lust even more than the stunning way she looked, with her wet hair, wet skin, and jutting bare breasts.

Julie gave him a warm smile and a wink. "I love you."

"Love you too," Jim said.

Once she was gone, he let his thoughts run wild with fantasy. He imagined a future in which Julie getting fucked by Kyle was just another part of ordinary life, like brushing one's teeth or buying groceries. In the course of their typical day, she would say things to him like, "Honey, would you please pick up some toilet paper later? We're almost out. I would do it, but I know Kyle has plans to fuck me into oblivion all afternoon long, and you know how that goes."

Jim would be completely unfazed and not even slightly jealous. He'd reply, "No problem. By the way, do you want to watch some Netflix after dinner, or will he be fucking you then too?"

She would pout a little bit, trying to soften the blow. "Now that you mention it, I'm pretty sure he's gonna want to fuck me a lot more than too. And you know how I can never say 'no' to his magnificent cock. But he likes the same shows you and I do. If you don't mind, maybe we could all watch something together. I'd sit in his lap as his naked little fuck toy mommy, as usual. I promise I'll try not to scream or bounce too much. Is that okay with you?"

Then he'd casually reply, "Sure. Although I don't believe you about the 'bounce too much' part. We all know how you get. You're like some kind of robotic pogo stick, endlessly bouncing on his huge cock whenever he pulls you into his lap."

She'd smile and say, "That's true." Then the two of them would share a hearty laugh, with no hard feelings whatsoever.

Jim felt like he was slipping into a bizarro Twilight Zone, but that sounded like a future he would greatly enjoy in some totally perverse way.

But still, he reminded himself that that was just a crazy musing and his mind had to focus on getting his marriage back on track.

Strangely, despite having fantasies like that, at other times he would think about ways he could get free from the way Kyle was secretly blackmailing him. But there was nothing he could do short of murder, and he still loved his son.

He still hadn't seen or even asked to see the photos of him and Dora fucking, but he was sure they existed. Those, more than anything, forced him to try the "grin and bear it" approach. In a strange way,

his inexplicable new cuckold desire made it a lot easier to act that way. It was like his anger had been neutered away.

## Chapter 15

Jim toiled around in the garage for a while, mostly just to do something mildly productive and distracting to help pass the time. Plus, he'd discovered the garage was the quietest place to be when Julie was screaming her head off. Sometimes, he longed to hear her getting royally drilled, but other times he couldn't stand it. It was all very confusing to him.

Then he came back inside the house and made some lunch for the two lovebirds. All was quiet upstairs, so he carried lunch up to the master bedroom. He stopped before he hit the open doorway, because he heard his wife giggling. Still holding a tray containing the lunch, he carefully peeked through the partially opened door.

Kyle and Julie were play wrestling on the bed. It was clear they'd just been doing a lot of vigorous fucking, because their naked bodies were glistening with sweat. Her clean-shaven cunt looked freshly-fucked. Jim could see his son's ejaculate dripping off her clitoris while even more of his cum drooled from her sore and swollen fuck-hole.

Julie's enormous bare breasts bobbed as she unexpectedly rolled over on top of her son and held him down. "Now you're in my control, mister!" she teased.

With Kyle rendered helpless, or at least pretending to be, she took hold of his firm erection and began vigorously jacking him off. Then she flopped her tit-pillows down against his muscular chest and began kissing and licking his neck.

Even though Julie's body soon blocked a direct view to Kyle's boner, Jim could still see when his wife began grinding her pubic mound against his rampant cock.

Kyle's eyes were closed. He looked like he was in absolute nirvana as his mother's soft, slippery body laid against his. Her lips smacked wetly on his neck. After every couple kisses, she would flutter her tongue against his sensitive tendons. But mostly, she was concentrating her energies on grinding down on his thick cock-meat.

Jim noticed with concern that the two of them were having a great time, but for once there was no actual fucking going on. In fact, they didn't even seem to be getting warmed up for more fucking. They were just enjoying each other's bodies without any thought of helping the "breeding."

As a result, he figured there would be some awkward explaining for them to do if he walked in on them when they were like that, and he didn't want to hear it.

Instead, Jim backtracked halfway down the hall, then announced his approach. "Ready for some lunch there?" he spoke loudly.

A few seconds later, his wife answered. "Come on in, Honey."

Kyle and Julie sat side by side in the bed when Jim arrived. They looked like two teens who had almost got caught dry humping. They had naughty but unrepentant grins on their faces. But they already were so confident that Jim was in thrall to his cuckolding lust that they hadn't bothered to put any clothes on, or even cover up any parts of their bodies with a sheet. The two of them got a kick out of acting sexual towards each other while he watched.

Jim shyly came in with the lunch tray. It contained a tuna sandwich for each of them, plus glasses of juice for them too.

Kyle and Julie took the food and drink from the tray and started to eat. They were famished after all their energetic fucking.

The three of them made small talk at the same time that mother and son ate and drank.

Jim stood there feeling awkward and uncomfortable. He didn't want to sit because he didn't intend to stay long. As had become the norm for him lately, he felt like he was being ripped in two between lust and jealousy (plus other negative feelings). Thanks to the lust part, he was grateful to still be holding the tray, because he strategically positioned it over his crotch. Even with his more modest penis size, his arousal still was enough to make a lewd tenting in his shorts.

Julie sensed his discomfort, but she wanted to toy with him and test the intensity of his new cuckold side some more. She repeatedly insisted that he stay and chat with him.

Since his intense internal emotional conflict made him feel weak and confused, he found himself sitting down on a chair next to their bed, even though he didn't want to.

At least he still was able to carefully keep the tray over his lap to continue to hide his arousal.

In order to help ensure Jim stay in the room, Julie got to talking to him about mundane matters, but family issues that needed to be addressed. For instance, she brought up how they needed to decide if they wanted to do their own taxes for the upcoming year, or hire a professional.

But that was just one surface level aspect of what was happening. What was much more significant was all the non-verbal interaction going on. At first, Kyle and Julie were just sitting up in bed side by

side, with their backs propped up by the headboard and some pillows. But it wasn't long until Kyle put an arm around her back and she put an arm around his.

That alone would have been okay, despite them being nude without even a sheet on top, but things steadily increased from there. Kyle's free hand started to slide over her fabulous bare skin. It wasn't long until he was cupping and caressing her nearest giant tit.

Even that would have been tolerable for Jim, but then Julie started caressing Kyle's bare chest too. While she continued to look at Jim and talk to him, that hand slowly but surely made its way down her son's body until her fingers found his erection and wrapped around them. From that point on, that hand did nothing but stroke and fondle Kyle's monster of a cock, while it was pointed directly up, like some flag pole jutting out from his body.

Meanwhile, she and Jim kept talking about their taxes!

Jim was hooked. By this point, he couldn't leave the room unless they carried him away. The tax talk turned to "blah, blah, blah" for him, because all he could think about or look at was the casual way his wife was jacking off his son. He worried he was suffering from some kind of mental illness, because he found it impossibly arousing to watch.

Sensing her husband was hooked, Julie finally changed the subject. "By the way, Dear, I hope you don't mind what I'm doing with my hand here." Even as she said that, she finally took her other hand from behind Kyle's back and brought it down to his crotch too. She cupped his balls with that hand while stroking his long pole with her other hand.

She went on, "Just look at all this cock-meat! Can you believe how endowed he is? Aren't you proud of your son? He's going to charm the pants off all the ladies, that's for sure!" She giggled.

Kyle finally took his hand from behind Julie's back and brought it across her body to briefly caress her far hip. His other hand kept on possessively playing with her massive tits. He joked, "Including you, Mom!" He lightly slapped that far hip, to further highlight how he'd "charmed her pants off."

Julie giggled even more. "Coops! Yep, you got me already!" Then she turned her head towards her son and spoke in a husky, extra-sexy voice. "I just can't keep my clothes on around you. Any of them! You might just have to FUCK me again for being such a naughty little naked slut!"

He drew his head closer to hers. "Mmmm. I think I'll have to do exactly that. Fuck some sense into you. Maybe you'll calm down after I bathe your womb in another hot bath of spermy little baby-makers."

She purred ever more erotically while as her hand pumped faster and faster up and down his shaft. "UNGH! Yessssssss! Do that! Flood my hot mommy-cunt with your superior seed yet again! Hnnng! Mommy can't get enough! I'm your helpless plaything!"

Mother and son were so worked up that it was inevitable their lips met and they shared a burning hot kiss.

Jim could only sit and stew in frustration, torn as usual between jealousy and lust. But also as usual, lust was winning out. He was grateful for the tray still covering his lap, because he was sure a large and still growing wet spot would have been visible on his shorts otherwise.

Kyle and Julie necked and fondled for several minutes. They knew that Jim was literally hostage to his own desires and wasn't going anywhere.

But after a while, Julie ended the hot kissing and turned back to look Jim's way. She couldn't resist smirking a little bit from seeing the flushed and needy look on his face. She subtly repositioned her hands on her son's cock to give her husband a better view of how her fingers constantly slipped and slid up and down, as his steel-hard pole jutted straight up into the air.

She said to Jim, "Where was I? I was trying to ask you something about... Oh, yes. It was about how I hope you don't mind if I play with Kyle's big cock a little bit. Clearly you don't, from the rapt look on your face. I'm so glad you're taking a keen interest in the whole baby-making process, right down to the nuts and bolts of our stimulation process. Who knows, maybe you'll learn something. Our son is a natural pussy-tamer!"

Jim was even more humiliated by her words, which strongly implied that Kyle was a better lover than he was. But his cuckold lust made him feel weak and unable to respond. Besides, he didn't know what to say, because it was as plain as day that Kyle was the superior lover.

Julie went on, while all but worshipping her son's thick pole with her ten fingers, "I know that, technically, using my hands on him like this is kind of naughty, since it's not fucking, but it takes soooo much effort to get him to cum! It's like I have to totally devote myself to pleasuring his cock before he even gets close. Frankly, my pussy is getting quite sore. I don't know how much more of his pounding I can take! And yet... I need his cum! His hot, manly seed! I neeeded it!"

She lamely and unconvincingly added, "For, uh... to increase the chances of insemination, of course." She smirked, as if daring Jim to challenge that.

Jim wanted to cry. He knew she was taunting him with her words, and her lusty jacking off action too. Clearly, she could see how aroused he was despite the strategically placed tray, so she knew he was enjoying this in some sort of twisted way.

She continued, with her hands stroking and stroking, and Kyle fondling her big tits in return, "But I know what you're thinking: 'You two lovebirds have finished eating lunch, so what are you waiting for? Get back to work!' Right?"

She looked adoringly into her son's eyes. "What do you think, Sweetie? Are you feeling up to some more work? You want to breed Mommy some more, until my ovaries are so basted in your sperm-sauce that I'll have no choice but to get knocked up and give birth to our beautiful child nine months from now?"

"Hell, yeah!" Kyle enthused. "Let's do it right now!" He suddenly knelt up in bed, bringing his tit play and even her handjob to an end. Then he all but carried her down to the middle of the bed, so she could lie flat on her back. He was about to lie on top of her.

But Julie had another idea. "Wait, Son! With your father here taking such keen interest, we should show him just how much fun your 'work' is. Again, this can be kind of an educational experience for him. You lie down and I'll ride you. That's probably my favorite position. Although, heck, all of them are equally great when it's with you!"

So they repositioned. Julie cleverly made sure that she wound up directly facing where her husband sat, so he'd be able to get a very good look at the sexual ecstasy on her face, and even stare deeply into her eyes as her son's huge boner drilled and possessed her, over and over again.

Jim was transfixed as he watched his wife sit up on their son, straddling his torso and then settling down over his crotch. He was in awe of her nude beauty, taking in the shape of her voluptuous figure, still so remarkably fit and firm after all these years, thanks to her vigorous exercise regimen. But more inspiring still was her raw sexuality, something that never really existed until Kyle unleashed it

from deep inside her. Now, it was as if she truly was a goddess, a sex goddess of pure carnal desire.

But it turned out that was just the warm-up, because the sight of her slowing impaling herself down on her son's fat fuck-stick was even MORE hypnotizing! Jim was teetering on the edge of cumming already, to the point he'd had to stop stroking himself for fear of losing control. When he saw her sigh in bliss as her splayed out, swollen labia took in inch after inch of throbbing cock-meat, he was so overcome that his boner started to tremble and then squirt out a hot load, right into his boxers and his shorts!

He was grateful that he still had the tray over his lap so nobody could see his shameful ejaculation, though Kyle and Julie were so into each other and the on-going slow impalement that they wouldn't have noticed his climax anyway.

After the last of Jim's cum load flooded his boxers and shorts, he continued to stare at the two incestuous lovers in breathless awe. His arousal wasn't diminished one iota after his climax ended.

Julie sank down, down, down. It seemed as if she took ten minutes to skewer herself down a 100 inches of cock, all of it much thicker than a Coke can, though of course those imaginings were wild exaggerations.

When she finally bottomed out, she let out a long, satisfied sigh. "Aaaah! Oh, Jim! You have no idea! Just no idea! Too bad you can't get inside my mind to see just how INCREDIBLE this feels! Size DOES matter!" She giggled.

Her words humiliated him even more, but he was far too fascinated by the fuck show in front of him to complain. Besides, how could he deny that size did matter, and that Kyle was clearly the superior lover? Feeling inadequate and jealous supercharged his own lust anyway.

After a minute or two, Julie mentally and physically adjusted to feeling her son balls-deep inside her, and finally began "riding" him cowgirl-style. She started rising up and down on him slowly and carefully at first, while he kicked back with his hands behind his head and a smug smirk on his face.

Jim wanted to get up, walk over, and smack that smirk right off Kyle's face. But it was more likely that he'd walk on water, all the way across the ocean. He'd been firmly put in his place and there was no fight left in him. Kyle was king, and rightfully so.

Time passed. The fucking seemed impossibly hot and exciting from the very start. Yet, slowly but surely, it intensified even further. Julie began rising up and down more and more, though taking it slow all the while. She loved to churn and grind on her son, unexpectedly twisting her hips this way and that to keep him constantly thrilled with different kinds of pressure and tight contact.

Still more time passed. Jim was in awe of Kyle's stamina, as always, since the boy clearly wasn't anywhere close to cumming yet. But he was increasingly in awe of his wife's stamina too. He was proud of the way she exercised almost fanatically every day. All that training was paying off for her, because her constant bouncing and churning was very physically taxing. As she got more and more into it, moving faster and faster, sweat formed on her brow and even started rolling down her face. But it was clear that she too was just getting started. Mother and son could fuck all day long, and they were doing exactly that.

Jim just sat there watching as the fucking got yet more insistent and heated. Julie was riding Kyle like she truly was a cowgirl on a stallion. Her big naked tits jumping wildly through the air, although her son often "helped" them from swinging around too much by the way he liked to reach up to hold and caress them.

Their genitals made a wet smacking sound as they beat together. Over and over and over again! It was steady, rhythmic, and repetitive, but Jim never got bored watching. He thought, It's like both of them were genetically designed for sex. I guess I should feel proud that half of Kyle's make up comes from me... despite the fact he's stealing my wife away from me, right under my nose. I feel I'm like watching two Olympians at the top of their game, headed towards a gold medal. In fucking!

From time to time, Julie had made direct eye contact with his husband. She got off on seeing how aroused he clearly was. She was increasingly enjoying the fact that he was a cuckold, since having him watch made everything twice as hot. She got a twisted thrill from taunting and teasing him too, although she was trying not to be too cruel.

However, she didn't know what his new fetish would mean when she finally got pregnant and presumably had to go back to her normal life. She tried hard not to think about the future at all, because doing so could ruin her current fun.

Yet as more time passed and the fuck session intensified, she lost interest in her husband, due to the pleasures of riding her son's fat cock completely taking over her mind, and seemingly her very soul. Eventually, even though she was still directly facing Jim, she didn't even acknowledge her husband sitting there. When her eyes were open, she'd stare right through him or past him. Her eyes were distant and glazed over and her breathing rapid and desperate. Nothing else existed at that moment accept the hot young teen below her and the long, thick fruit of his loins.

Jim penis couldn't get erect again, since he was far from as virile as his son. But even so, his arousal remained off the charts from watching his son and wife. He continued to sit there and stare all the way through the fuck session, with the crotch of his shorts soaked from his ejaculation, plus even more pre-cum dribbling out of him.

He particularly loved it whenever Julie loudly climaxed, which was surprisingly often. He figured, correctly, that she could have more orgasms in one day with Kyle than in a year with him, and a totally different kind of orgasm each time too. But he realized that her orgasms didn't matter that much to her, because she was essentially experiencing one endless orgasm to the entire time, so long as his son was filling her up. Especially when she was on top, she could control the pace and intensity of their coupling, making sure she was always peaking with pleasure that was probably beyond anything Jim could feel or imagine, even with his extra intense cuckold lust.

After maybe twenty minutes, Julie got too tired to keep the cowgirl position going, and they switched to Kyle fucking her doggy-style. They kept switching from time to time, but they kept returning to the cowgirl, since Julie was always at least dimly aware that Jim was there and watching, and she wanted to put on a highly visual show for him to help deepen his cuckold fetish.

That approach was working. Jim was helplessly in thrall to his new, strange lust for watching. He was starting to realize that he was delusional to think that he could just wish that away and go back to "normal."

Finally, after what seemed like several hours to Jim but was actually around one hour, Kyle gave up and blasted another hot cum load deep into his mother. But even as his body jerked and twitched in orgasmic rapture, it was as if both he and she were in some deep trance, completely consumed with each other to the point that the outside world ceased to exist.

Even after Kyle's orgasm finished, the two of them continued to hold each other and stare deeply into each other's eyes, with Jim totally forgotten despite the fact that he was nearly close enough to reach out and touch either of them.

Feeling sad and yet totally sexually satiated, Jim got up and silently walked back to Kyle's room to rest. He was more worried than ever before about the future of his marriage, after what he'd seen.

He thought, I have to admit that if I was Julie, I would never want to stop getting fucked by Kyle. What they share is something truly extraordinary. Maybe one in a million couples are fit and athletic enough, attractive enough, sexually talented enough, and generally genetically blessed enough to even come close to having sex that emotionally and physically intense. It's no wonder they're fucking about as much as they physically can, driving themselves to exhaustion. I would do the same thing, especially if I was in Kyle's shoes. Lucky motherfucker! Literally!

But what that does mean for the future?! Here I am, going through a living hell thanks to my son blackmailing me, but probably all in vain. Either my marriage dies in an instant when she finds out about my cheating, or it'll die slowly and torturously as her lust for Kyle dominates her mind. I'm totally screwed either way!

Is there no way out?!

## Chapter 16

After Jim napped, and he changed out of his cum-soaked boxers and shorts and into some casual pants, he watched TV downstairs. Again, it was mostly to just pass the time. He found a rerun of the first "Die Hard" movie, which he really liked. But even with all the action and excitement in it, his thoughts were mostly on what might be happening upstairs.

He saw very little of his wife and son the whole evening. He was emotionally shook up by the fuck session he'd witnessed earlier, to the point he was too daunted to spy on them some more. He didn't see how his marriage could possibly survive. He dreaded Julie telling

him that she was going to keep getting fucked by Kyle, whether she was already impregnated by him or not.

He felt miserable, because he loved her. It was true he'd cheated on her recently, and he was beginning to understand that they'd never really clicked on a sexual level as they should have. (That was true on a physical level, with his penis being too thin for a good fit with her vagina, but also on other levels.) Yet in all other ways, he felt he'd been a good husband and she'd been a good wife. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her and living alone.

He also, quite simply, was sexually wiped out. His penis had been erect off and on for about half the way, and that was way beyond the norm for him. His body was "crying uncle."

However, although he didn't go back upstairs, he couldn't escape the fucking so long as he was in the house. Even with the TV on loud, he lost count of the times he heard Julie's faint groans and screams echoing from the upstairs. He figured that, clearly, the door to the master bedroom remained at least partially open, and they didn't care if he heard them or not. (Actually, they did care, and they wanted him to hear, to help deepen his cuckold fetish even more.)

Late in the evening, there was a period of silence when it came to his wife's usual frequent orgasmic noises. Jim had fallen asleep on the couch for a while with the TV still on. Curiosity and lust finally got the best of him again. He snuck upstairs to peek into his own master bedroom.

The room was dark, lit only by the moonlight. Kyle sat on a chair in the center of the room. Julie was on top, facing him in an intimate position called "the swan." Jim directly knew it from back when he and his wife had had a more active sex life. It also was a position Kyle and her had used a couple of days prior, when Jim had first heard them copulating.

Jim was struck with the beauty of the scene. Their bodies had a sweaty sheen in the moonlight. As they kissed slowly and passionately, Julie's hips glided in a slow yet steady rhythm up and back.

Jim realized, This isn't mere "copulation." This love making at its most intense! My wife and son are truly making love!

Jim couldn't help but marvel at the sight. A handsome, muscular teenage hunk was sitting beneath the voluptuous body of a middle aged beauty. Their bodies rocked in unison, like a slow intricate dance.

Although Jim couldn't see what was happening inside Julie's body, he had a sense that Kyle's cock was plunging even deeper inside her than what had become normal for him. Sure enough, Jim's guess was right, because the top inch of Kyle's rock-hard cock was squeezed all the way up inside Julie's uterus. Her tight cervical ring slipped back and forth across the sensitive glans of his crown as she rocked her strong hips against him. Their mutual pleasure was even greater than usual.

Their genitals ground together in wicked, incestuous baby-making. Their tongues twisted and flailed together wildly as they madly kissed at the same time. Julie's huge, sweaty tits squashed against her son's strong teenage chest.

Jim had seen, heard, and even smelled many things in the last day or two that drove him further into his current cuckold delirium. But out of all the titillating provocations he'd witnessed, the sight of mother and son well and truly passionately making love by the moonlight was the most moving for him.

He found himself thinking, How can this be wrong?! Just look at them! They're so deeply in love! It almost brings tears to my eyes. Even though I'm her damn fucking husband, for crying out loud, I'd

feel bad trying to keep them apart. They belong together like this! Look at her, her gorgeous naked body lit by the moon, lightly bouncing on his cock! She belongs impaled on his cock! She really does!

Her body is way too hot and sexy for the likes of me. But she's a perfect fit for him. Literally! His cock and her cunt go together like hand in glove. It's so obvious! With me, she's just a typical housewife in suburbia, married to a typical businessman. Boooring! But with him, she's an unabashed, wanton, and wild slut! HIS slut! And the incest makes it all so much hotter! This is her true nature, serving his big fat cock, and getting fucked day and night! I really should quietly step away and let them go at it.

Wait! What the fuck am I saying?! That may all be true, but it's a moot point. I'm her husband, and she's emotionally bonded to ME for life! We still do love each other. And the glory of their coupling is irrelevant because they're mother and son. They can't keep going or they're bound to get caught eventually. They'll wind up in jail or worse. Normality may be boring, but it works. What I'm witnessing is magical, yes, but sometimes something is magical precisely because it only happens once in a blue moon.

Somehow, someway, I've gotta get my wife back! I know it seems almost impossible now, but maybe they both will honor their promises and stop the fucking once her ovulation ends. All I can do is hope and pray.

Jim continued to just stand and stare. He couldn't move even if he wanted to. It was like he'd been frozen into a statue, except for his revived erection, which wildly twitched and throbbed inside his pants.

Then Julie spoke some words that sent Jim over the edge almost into true insanity.

She moved her lips to Kyle's ear, with her arms encircling him, holding him tight. She whispered, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... FOREVER! And I do mean 'forever!'"

That cut Jim like a knife plunging through his heart. It was one thing to fantasize that mother and son deserved to make love to each other eternally. It was another thing entirely to hear said mother express nearly that exact same sentiment out loud. It raised the prospect that Jim's marriage was ultimately doomed. If Kyle and Julie were drawn together sexually by an overwhelming, irresistible force, how could he resist that? What could he possibly do but get out of the way?!

Then, to make matters still worse, he heard Julie coo, "Son, I NEED your cock in my cunt! I don't just want it; I NEED it! What am I going to do with you when our time is up?! It's so good! Too good!"

Such words further cut Jim, like that knife repeatedly stabbing him all over his chest.

But, paradoxically, the more he despaired, the more aroused he got! His cuckold fetish was kicking into a higher gear.

In fact, Jim was suddenly so overwhelmed by arousal that he sensed he had to do something fast or he would spontaneously orgasm. He moved away from the partially open door, and made it halfway down the hall. He intended to retreat all the way back to Kyle's room, but he was unable to make it that far.

Instead, he leaned back against the hallway wall as felt his boner begin to wildly spit cum within his pants.

It was the greatest orgasm he'd ever experienced so far, even though he wasn't even stimulating his penis at the time. He just about lost consciousness as his climax seemed to stretch out for eternity, although in reality it actually only lasted a few seconds, as usual. For

the first time, he truly understood why the French term for "orgasm," "petite mort," translated into English as "little death."

He correctly sensed the reason his climax was so extremely intense was because it went far beyond the mere physical experience. Much more important was the emotional experience that was tied up with it. His brain seemed to be bursting with powerful emotions. Many, if not most of them, were negative, such as jealousy, regret, humiliation, inadequacy, anger, and so on. But even so, the simple sheer power of his emotions was a multiplier, causing his orgasmic peak to reach previously unknown and even unimagined heights.

Exhausted, he finally staggered the rest of the way to Kyle's bed. He laid down on it to recover.

From there, he could hear that Kyle and Julie kept on rocking and fucking for what seemed like hours.

They floated together on their orgasmic cloud of love. For them too, they experienced previously unreached heights of love and passion. As great as their usual fucking was, it turned out that making love felt even better, mostly due to the fact that they loved each other so deeply to begin with. It was as easy as pie for them to take that foundation of love and build on it with their new sexual intimacy, both raw, animalistic passion at times and tender care at other times.

Eventually, though, any sort of fucking has its inevitable conclusion. Kyle's balls began to boil. Long thick ropes of potent teenage spunk spat out of his asshole and shot directly into his mother's womb.

An aggressive army of Kyle's sperm swam forward into Julie's fallopian tubes, each one eager to seek out and penetrate the waiting egg. With much passionate fucking going on, it was inevitable that some sperm would arrive and find the prized pearl, already coated with thousands of flailing tadpoles, each one desperately seeking entrance.

Conception was inevitable.

## Chapter 17

It was late Monday morning. Much had changed in the last 24 hours. On Sunday morning, after having one last long fuck with her son, Julie had come downstairs for breakfast and had admitted to Kyle and Jim that her ovulation period must have ended. That meant the three-day incestuous fuck marathon had ended too.

The timing was fortunate in the sense that Kyle and Julie were both utterly fucked out. The two of them had spent nearly all of Sunday in bed, napping off and on and generally recovering.

Both of them were very sad that they had to spend the day in separate beds. But the time of them frolicking naked in bed together was officially over.

But fit and young people can be remarkably resilient. By the time Monday morning came around, Kyle more or less felt like an energetic teenager again. Since it was still summer vacation, he was at the park shooting hoops with some of his friends when he saw his mother's car pull up and stop.

Julie got out of the vehicle and strolled down to a picnic table near the court. She wore on a short denim skirt, a form-fitting black V-neck, and a pair of black, strapless, high-heeled thong sandals.

Her outfit was unusual to say the least, in terms of her pre-"breeding" days. Normally, she dressed to try to blend into a crowd, because her stunning face, hourglass figure, and especially her ridiculously large breasts gave her way more public attention than she wanted.

Kyle definitely took note of the fact that she was "dressed to kill." His penis sat up and took notice too. Within seconds, he was forced to adjust his shorts so his friends wouldn't notice his new urgent erection.

As she got closer to the picnic table, she gave him a cute little wave.

Just that simple gesture made Kyle's cock twitch dangerously in his shorts. His was suddenly flooded with fantastic memories of their three-day fuck marathon.

"Be right back guys," he said, hurrying towards his mother, who had just taken a sat at the picnic table.

As he hustled off, he heard one of his friends mutter, "Fucking shoot me! Is she for real, or did I just die and go to heaven?!"

The other friends laughed knowingly, because they'd seen Julie on previous occasions and knew exactly how that friend felt.

Kyle waited until he was at the picnic table before he dared to speak. "Hey, Mom... Is everything okay?" He quickly sat down at the table across from her in order to help hide the lewd bulge in his shorts.

Now that he was much closer, the first thing his tit-obsessed mind noticed was that Julie's black V-neck top was extremely tight, and yet there was no sign of the industrial-strength bra-straps needed to keep her huge breasts contained. In other words, she was going bra-less again!

That gave him a boost of hope that his ultimate dream was still achievable.

Then he carefully stared at her face to try to better gauge her mood. He was startled to notice a little tear rolling down one of her cheeks. The tear seemed totally out of place, because she otherwise looked the exact opposite of sad. In fact, her lips curled into a wonderful, toothy smile that radiated pure love for him.

She paused dramatically, and took a deep breath. That simple move set her bra-free knockers wobbling wildly inside her tight black top. Then, knowing that nobody else was within hearing range, she quietly but proudly announced, "Kyle... my love... I'm pregnant!"

"Yes!" Kyle cheered. He pumped a victorious fist in the air.

He'd been sitting on the opposite side of the picnic table, but he quickly fixed that. He charged over around the table until he was sitting right next to her. Then he enveloped her in a big tit-squashing hug.

Julie giggled at his enthusiasm.

It was all he could do not to kiss her on her lips again. He was mindful that they were in a public place. Even though his friends had already gone back to shooting hoops, he was especially concerned that some of them might see.

But most of all, he restrained himself because he was trying to give her time.

He was still playing his "long game." He figured that to win his incredible mother, it wouldn't be easy. Sometimes it was one or two steps forward, but other times it was a necessary step back. Ever since she announced on Sunday morning that her ovulation period had ended, he'd behaved like a perfect gentleman. He hadn't tried to cop a feel, or kiss her, or even say anything flirty whatsoever. His thinking was that if they were going to continue their sexual intimacy

together, it was vital that she took the next steps of her own free will, instead of feeling forced or pressured by him.

She too had been on her best behavior since that time. Thus, she also pulled back from the hug without even a peck on his cheek. Secretly, she was very disappointed not to feel her lips on hers and his tongue dancing inside her mouth, but she let it go.

She gazed into his eyes with a joyous grin. "We did it!"

Kyle's enthusiasm was growing as the enormity of the news sank in. Ideally, he would have loved to have another ovulation period to enjoy another fuck marathon in one month's time, but he knew the odds that he hadn't knocked her up were nearly zero, given how many times he'd squirted into her vagina in recent days.

His number one goal was to make her his willing slut. But right up there was impregnating her too. If nothing else, now they would always have that special secret bonding them together in a new way.

"Does Dad know yet?" he asked.

"No... I wanted to tell you first," she honestly told him. "After all, the genetic father should be the first to know, don't you think?"

"Wow," Kyle said with pride. His entire body tingled with goose bumps. He spoke his thoughts out loud. "Who could believe?! I'm only 18, and already a dad!"

"I never had a doubt... THANK YOU!" Julie said, her eyes gleaming.

"My pleasure." Kyle muttered. He thought, Understatement of the century!

"Literally." Julie giggled.

"Yeah, that's for sure!" Kyle said with wide eyes and a silly grin.

He and Julie shared a lingering stare.

An awkward silence followed.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Julie stood up from the picnic bench, causing him to stand up too. She took his hands in hers, and then took a step back.

Her eyes remained locked with his, like they were two lovers sharing a pivotal moment.

In fact, that's exactly what they were (or at least had been), and what they were doing.

Julie admitted with a sly grin, "Well, I must confess that even though our intention was merely for you to breed me... it was my pleasure too. Literally!" She finished that with cute little giggle.

For what seemed like forever, their eyes gazed into one another's with deep, wicked meaning.

Kyle carnally desired her so badly that it hurt like a deadly physical wound. But he was determined that he had to give her space to want to come to him on her own. He was willing to wait, even if it took a long time. She was worth it.

Julie took another step back from him. Her long red nails grazed his fingertips as they very nearly broke physical contact.

There was another long pause. For some reason, both of their hearts raced faster and faster, even though the big pregnancy news had already been revealed. The tension skyrocketed too. One could have cut the air with a knife.

Her cheeks were turning red from blushing. She shyly asked, "Well... I guess... I'll see you home for dinner then?"

"Yeah." Kyle muttered. He tried not to show it, but his disappointment was clearly written on his face. Even though they were no longer lovers, at least for now, simply parting from her was quite painful for him.

"Unless..." Julie started to say. She looked and felt like a nervous teenage girl coping with the object of her very first crush. Except she was no mere girl, and had an incredible, voluptuous MILF body. She subtly repositioned, including arching her back. That caused her enormous breasts to thrust way out, stretching the thin black cotton fabric.

"Unless what?!" Kyle asked, suddenly filled with even more hope. His erection strained inside his shorts.

She glanced down at the lewd bulge in his shorts and unthinkingly licked her lips. "Unless... unless you'd rather come home with me now?" She nervously bit her bottom lip.

The two of them beamed at each other with smiles so brilliant that their mutual joy seemed to eclipse the brightness of the sun.

Kyle didn't even need to speak to say how much he approved of that idea. He was too excited to speak.

## Chapter 18

Since it was another Monday, Jim was back at work. He tried to focus at his office that day, but it was a long, hard slog. He knew Julie had a morning doctor's appointment to see about her possible pregnancy.

He didn't want to be haunted by his cuckold fantasies all day long. It was just too painful, even if the arousal he felt was strangely powerful and addictive. So he threw himself into his work like a maniac.

It worked for a while, but it became increasingly tough for him to concentrate. More and more, his thoughts turned to his wife's pregnancy. It wasn't just that he'd been looking forward to having a second child. Some twisted part of him really got off on the fact that his son would be the father, after all that non-stop "breeding." But another part of him dreaded having to bring up someone else's child, especially his own son's child.

He didn't even know what he really wanted anymore. But simply not knowing the result yet was killing him.

He started to get nervous when lunchtime arrived and Julie still hadn't called. That was very unlike her, especially since she'd promised him to let him know right away.

As he was eating his lunch in the office building's restaurant, a friendly co-worker named Al wandered in and sat down next to him, since he was alone.

"What's up, Jim? You don't seem yourself today," Al said.

"Nah, my wife had a doctor's appointment this morning, so I'm just a little concerned." Jim carefully worded this to imply that Julie was experiencing some kind of sickness, since he obviously didn't want to talk about the pregnancy possibility with anybody.

"Well, have you tried calling her?" Al asked.

"Yeah... she's, uh... not answering her cell," Jim said glumly. He added to himself, That is true, and it's highly unusual for her. She always keeps her phone charged and with her.

He felt a surge of lust and jealousy as he thought, At least that's true when she's wearing clothes! What if she's naked right now?! With HIM?!

"Uh-oh, you know what that means?" Al said teasingly.

"No, what?" Jim asked.

Al stood up and readied to walk away. He was just passing through and being friendly, since he'd already eaten lunch.

But before he left, Al said, "They say if a wife doesn't answer a cell she's either dropped it in the gutter somewhere... or she's got her legs wrapped up around some lucky guy." He chuckled, oblivious to what an explosive issue that was for Jim.

Jim sat back in his chair. He could scarcely even breathe as he imagined Kyle lying naked on his wife, slowly feeding what seemed like an endlessly long cock deeper and deeper into her hot, tight furnace.

He wished with all his might that was really true and happening right now, and he wished with all his might that it wasn't. He was seriously fucked up.

Long after Al disappeared out of sight, he stared off into space in deep contemplation. The words he heard his wife whisper to Kyle their final night of "breeding" came back to him. They burned a hole in his heart.

He recalled her saying, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... FOREVER! And I do mean 'forever!'"

Jim sat at his desk for about an hour after lunch, but it was hopeless. He wasn't getting anything done whatsoever, because all he could think about was the pregnancy news, and why Julie hadn't called him yet. Has something gone dreadfully wrong?! Certainly she has to know SOMETHING by now, one way or the other!

Furthermore, he had the additional irritation of having to avoid his own secretary, Dora. They hadn't really had an in-depth heart-to-heart talk since he'd been caught fucking her by Kyle. He kept putting it off, because everything seemed up in the air for him. Would he even still have a marriage worth saving in another month or a year? He didn't know.

It was true that "normality" had officially returned to his family. Ever since Sunday morning, he was back in place at the head of the household. Only he was allowed to touch his bombshell wife in any intimate way. Once again, she belonged to him and him alone.

But even though Julie repeatedly reassured him that was the case, he didn't feel that it was. He couldn't help but notice that she was less than enthusiastic. For instance, although he was allowed to kiss her on her lips again, when he tried to do that on Sunday, she turned her head slightly and exchanged kisses on the cheeks instead.

He understood that she would want and need some time before having sex with him again. She was completely exhausted, and her pussy was sore for good measure. Furthermore, he knew he wouldn't be ready for any kind of intimacy for a long while, even if she was. Kyle bested him so very thoroughly that it would be a long, tough road for him to get any sort of sexual confidence back, with any woman, and that was especially true with his wife. Had she tried to get frisky with him, he was sure it would end in disaster, with him not even able to get an erection.

That said, it hurt him that she apparently didn't even want to kiss his lips.

And while she said all the right things, and dressed and behaved like a proper wife for all of Sunday, he could tell it wasn't that simple. For one thing, whenever she was in the same room as Kyle, she clearly struggled not to stare at him with lust and longing. Usually she succeeded, but mostly by avoiding looking his way at all. Things were very awkward all around.

But it was even worse when he was with her without Kyle. She tended to just sit and stare off into space, lost deep in thought. He had no doubt what she was thinking about during these times: getting fucked by her sex machine of a son!

That had just been a single awkward and trying day. Jim had no idea how he'd manage to carry on if things continued like this day after day, and week after week, as he was all but certain it would.

Then the pregnancy issue was haunting him on top of that. He didn't know which was worse, if the doctor said she was pregnant or if she wasn't. If she was pregnant, then she and Kyle would have a new and powerful bond, and one that would be a constant reminder of their wild three-day breeding session for decades to come. Kyle was supposed to just fade back to being a son and leave the father role to Jim, but would he really do that? What if he essentially took over

some or all of the fathering role for the new baby, and Julie willingly let him?!

But as disturbing as that seemed, it was probably even worse for Jim if she found out she hadn't been impregnated yet. That would mean another breeding session in one month's time! If mother and son could even wait that long. Jim worried that with the way things were going, they're probably start "practicing" before then.

On a whim, Jim suddenly decided that he couldn't wait around his office any longer. Luckily, he was in a powerful position in his company and was effectively his own boss, with several employees under him. He could make up an excuse to leave early and nobody would bat an eye. So he did just that. Right as two o'clock rolled around, he got in his car and headed for home. He just had to know what was going on, and why Julie hadn't called him yet!

By the time Jim made it home, he was an emotional wreck. It was true what he'd repeatedly told Julie lately, that the not knowing was what tortured him the most. As he parked his car in the garage, he noticed Julie's car was there too (along with his beat up old Toyota).

This made him angry. Son of a bitch! If she's home, why the hell wouldn't she call me?! We still have a landline phone, so I don't want to hear any excuse about her losing her phone or letting it go dead. I'll bet she's upstairs with him! Fucking!

Then, entering the house, Jim saw something that plunged him to the depths of darkest despair. All of his worst fears were realized! It was a trail of clothes, starting at the front foyer and leading up the stairs. He saw his wife's short denim skirt, her black V-neck, and her black high-heeled thong sandals, all tossed aside here and there. That was bad enough. But worse was seeing that Kyle's shoes, socks, shorts, and T-shirt were littered up the stairs as well!

Jim fell to his knees, tilted his head back, and clutched towards the sky with both hands. WHY?! Oh why?! Why was I such a fool?! Cheating on my wife, my perfect gorgeous wife, when I love her so much?! How did I lose interest in her sexually and want to seduce Dora instead, when Dora isn't half the woman she is, and not a total sex goddess like she is?!

This is all my fault! This is my karma, my retribution! My wife and son are fucking up a storm upstairs, I'm sure, and I all but put them there! UNGH!

He continued to gesticulate dramatically while on his knees. He was strangely silent, but it was like he was screaming inside his own mind. I'd hoped so hard that things could get back to normal, or at least some kind of pretense of normal. For the last 24 hours, at least I had some reason for hope. But now, THIS! No hope! No chance! Surely, our marriage is over! Or, if it continues, it'll only be a sham, a farce, a joke. Clearly, I can't compete. My son is the better man. More handsome. Stronger. Younger. Smarter, even. But mainly he's so fucking hung and virile! Sexually talented and insatiable!

Of COURSE she can't resist him, after he owned and smashed her pussy for three days straight! She's only human. I guess in hindsight it's a wonder she even held out for 24 hours before they started up again! I'm so FUCKED! I just lost the best wife I could ever hope to have. All those years of marriage, down the drain!

He slumped further to the floor in abject defeat. What's the point of even trying to fight this? I'd only humiliate myself even more. If I was in her shoes and I had to choose between Kyle and me, I'd pick Kyle in a heartbeat. I wouldn't even have to think about it. That's just the brutal reality. I guess I'm good at making money, and I'm a nice enough guy. But Kyle... he's my superior in every way! I think I've seen the writing on the wall for a couple of days now. I have no fight left in me. None!

Jim felt so utterly destroyed that for once his weird cuckold lust was kept at bay by the intensity of his sorrow. But that lust was still inside him, waiting to come out. And, as he was starting to dimly understand, his emotional turmoil and humiliation was like rocket fuel, capable of sending that lust soaring high into orbit.

Even as he was mentally writing the final obituary on his marriage, a part of him was keenly listening for any tell-tale sexual sounds coming from upstairs. His new cuckold psychology was so messed up that at that very moment, when he was deciding all hope was lost, he actually felt disappointed not to hear them loudly fucking! It made no logical sense whatsoever, but that's how he felt.

In fact, his curiosity about why there was no audible fucking going on grew so strong that he found himself standing up and starting to walk up the stairs. He felt exactly like a puppet being controlled by someone else. He actually yelled in his mind for his feet to stop, but they didn't stop. He was trapped in a true nightmare, his worst nightmare imaginable, and yet there was a big part of him that was eager to peek in on the incestuous couple and hopefully see them at least pleasuring each other in some way.

Once he got upstairs, he staggered forward towards the master bedroom like some kind of slowly shuffling zombie. He told himself not to go there, not to look, but it was as if he was being pulled into that room by a tractor beam. Worse, the closer he got, the more his arousal came back! In fact, it hit him like a giant tsunami. He was swept away figuratively and swept forward literally.

Jim was in such a wasted, hopeless state that he didn't care much if they noticed him or not. He figured all was lost in any case. But maybe out of habit after spying on them through this very door so much in recent days, as he got closer, he switching into spying mode. He was grateful the door was partially open, as had become usual lately, so he could peek in without much danger of being seen.

His heart swelled with joy at what he saw! His marriage had turned into a sham and his entire life had turned into some kind of cruel joke, and yet he actually rejoiced! It made no sense whatsoever, but then again, none of his cuckolding feelings made any sense to him.

He saw Julie and Kyle lying naked in bed, side by side. They weren't fucking, but it was clear they'd been doing a lot of fucking recently. With the way Julie's legs happened to be sprawled out, he could see clear to her pussy and noticed how it was absolutely drenched, both with her own pussy juices, but even more so with Kyle's thicker and whiter cum. Rivulets of his fertile seed trickled far down her inner thighs. Her pussy lips were red and swollen too, no doubt from lots of recent pounding.

Jim was so psyched to see that proof of renewed fucking that it actually put a big smile on his face. His heart was breaking all over again at the exact same time, but his bizarre cuckold lust was the even more powerful emotion.

Her well-fucked pussy was just part of the overall picture. The two of them were awake and staring deeply into each other's eyes, showing their powerful love for each other. No doubt, they were resting after some strenuous fucking, but they already had regained much of their sexual energy, because Kyle's dick was stiff again and Julie was holding it and casually stroking it up and down. Furthermore, Kyle was idly diddling her clit with one hand and tweaking a stiff nipple with his other hand.

Jim didn't know when it happened, or how it happened, but after taking this all in, he realized that his penis was fully erect again! He wanted to cry about that fact. His body was betraying him over and over again. But it felt so good, so intense. It seemed he didn't have much choice anyway, since he was completely in thrall to his cuckold desires, so he might as well enjoy what pleasure he could to take his mind off his marriage disaster.

Mother and son were in the middle of talking, and Jim listened intently.

Julie said, "Son, I just don't know what to do with you. What to do with Jim! These past 24 hours have been like hell on earth to me. I've felt ripped in two. I want so much to be a good and loyal wife to him. I really do love him, even now. We have so much history together. But I can't deny my desire for you! It's just too strong to resist! In fact, it's not even FAIR! Just look at your cock!"

Kyle and Julie stared down at his erection, and her fingers sliding up and down it.

Naturally, Jim stared there too, with just part of his head peeking past the door.

Julie went on, "You just fucked me for the better part of three hours! THREE HOURS! How is that even possible?! I felt lucky if Jim fucked me for fifteen minutes before cumming and being done for the night. And that's no knock on him. He's what's typical. I know, 'cos I've compared notes with lots of other wives and girlfriends, and their men are all the same."

Her eyes opened wide. "But not only do you fuck me more than should be humanly possible, but you're fully erect already! AGAIN! You came inside me three times since we got home, and squirted what seems like another gallon of your baby-makers into me, and yet here you are. So stiff and hot, and throbbing with life!"

Kyle modestly replied, "What can I say except that you inspire me? You know I was far from a virgin before I started fucking you. I've fucked lots of girls. But I never fucked any of them for three hours off and on, or anything close to that. Whereas with you, today, I feel like I'm just getting warmed up."

"OH GOD!" Julie wailed.

"What?" Kyle asked.

She started stroking his fat cock faster, and with both hands as her arousal grew. "That sounds so great! Son, I need you! I need your cock! I need it in my cunt at all times! All I want to do is be your slut! Your naked, naughty, well-fucked, big-titted mommy slut! But that's just my fantasy, how I feel. In reality, we both it's not physically possible for us to fuck 24 hours a day!"

He grinned widely. "If it was, I'd do it with you until the end of time!"

She grinned back. "I know you would, and I would too. But that's the problem."

She repositioned, moving down his body. She let go of his boner to push his legs apart and then lay down between them with her head right at his crotch.

He still was idly pinching and tweaking one of her nipples, but he had to stop when her chest moved out of range. He mildly complained, "Hey, where are you taking my favorite titties?"

She chuckled. "Don't worry, Son, they'll always be there for you. As far as I'm concerned, I AM your mommy slut from now on. I don't know what's going to happen with Jim, but I can't imagine a future without you fucking me and using me every day and every night!" She took his boner back in hand and resumed stroking it.

Kyle raised both hands in victory. "Sweet! That's the best news I've ever heard! Come back up here and let's celebrate with more kissing and fucking!"

She chuckled. "Hold your horses, my boy. That's the problem, all this fucking."

"What do you mean?!"

"Like I said, there are physical limits. When we had to stop fucking on Saturday night, I was so very sad. It just about broke my heart. But what made stopping a lot easier was that I was physically ruined. I mean I was DEAD! Utterly destroyed! Not just in terms of sheer exhaustion, but I was sore all over. Especially my cunt. My poor, poor cunt. She'd been crying uncle for most of the past three days!" She chuckled.

Then she continued, as she happily stroked his thickness, "I was actually grateful Sunday was a sex-free day. I needed it. I think we would have had to stop for a while even if I was still ovulating. I was at the end of my rope. I've partially recovered since then, thanks to some long, hot baths and Jim kindly giving me a great neck and back massage. But your last three hours of relentless pussy pounding has left my cunt crying for mercy again already. I swear, she's on fire and there's smoke rising from between my legs!" She chuckled some more.

Kyle frowned. "But that's bad! It's only, like, 2:30. We've got at least three hours of prime fucking time until Dad comes home. Even after he's home, now that we're back at it, I don't want to stop."

She answered, "I don't want to stop either. I'm sure we'll find a way somehow, although I don't know how. But... we have to acknowledge some natural physical limits. I'm not saying we can't fuck some more today. We can and we will. But, we have to pace ourselves. That's why I'm down here, staring right at all this yummy cock-meat!" She smiled and hungrily licked her lips.

He asked, "Yeah, why are you down there?"

She smiled wickedly. "You've been so big on breeding me in recent days that you're neglecting other tempting options. True, I really put my foot down on the no blowjobs, no titfucks, etcetera, but that was then and this is now! Things have changed, wouldn't you say?"

Then, to Kyle's utter amazement and great joy, she leaned in and ostentatiously lapped her tongue on and around his fat cockhead.

He clutched his hands to the sides of his head, shut his eyes, and clenched his teeth! "OH MY GOD!"

It wasn't that the pleasure of her licking was that outstanding. In fact, it felt about as pleasurable as if she'd been stroking him with two hands instead of one, and she'd done a lot of that in recent days. But it was the symbolism and implication of that act that filled him with boundless joy.

He thought, Here I am, still trying to achieve my ultimate dream. I'd expected it would take weeks to get to the point that Mom would choose me over her marriage and declare that she wants to be his slut. And yet it's already happening, after just one full day of me going without her! Furthermore, her tongue on my cock is a sign that all bets were off, all rules are thrown out the window!

Jim was continuing to watch every move between the two lovers with great intensity, although he was frustrated that he was all the way across the room and sometimes didn't have the right angle to see all the action. For instance, he could tell that Julie had just started to lick Kyle's cock, but he couldn't see it since her head was in the way.

Even so, Jim felt curiously triumphant. More than ever before, in some bizarre way he was living vicariously through his son. It was ironic, since Julie was his wife and she had licked his cock sometimes (though very rarely, especially in recent years), so he knew exactly how that felt. But he actually felt much more joy and pleasure

imagining what Kyle was feeling than when he'd directly experienced that from the very same woman!

Kyle rubbed his hands all over his head, including his face, as if he was suffering through a painful "ice cream freeze."

Julie looked up and chuckled. "What?" She lapped on his cockhead some more.

He tried to explain, "It's just... UGH! It feels so good, for starters! Your tongue on my cock! But more than that, this means ANYTHING is possible! Right?! Oral sex, titfucking, cunnilingus, sixty-nining, footjobs, anal sex-

She interrupted him, "Whoa, there, mister! You're right, anything IS possible! I want to be the kind of slut for you who NEVER says no! But... anal sex? I'm not so sure about that. Again, we've gotta respect certain physical limitations. You might just be too thick to ever enter my back door."

"But still!" Kyle was riding high. "All the rest! My GOD! So many possibilities! All my dreams are coming true! All of them, at once! With you, Mom, with you! I know I could fuck tons of girls, but all I want is you!"

"Awww, that's so sweet!" She flashed him a big, toothy smile. "That makes me so happy, Sweetie. You have no idea. I think your powerful, naughty cock needs a very special reward, after that! And I know just the thing!"

Giving Kyle one of the biggest and most enjoyable shocks of his life, Julie tilted her head forward and down, and swallowed all of his cockhead in one fell swoop! It wasn't an easy task, because he really was remarkably endowed, but she was determined.

## Chapter 19

Kyle had just lowered his hands from his head and opened his eyes, but he tilted his head back and clutched his head with both hands again when he saw what was happening and felt the resulting rush of extreme pleasure. "OH MY GOD! YOU'RE SUCKING MY COCK! MY GODDESS MOTHER IS SUCKING MY COCK!"

Jim already had a good idea what was going on from closely watching the positioning of his wife's head. But Kyle's words made perfectly clear what was happening, and that sent Jim's lust and joy soaring, even as caused his jealousy and frustration to spike as well.

Jim found himself so very aroused by this that he was all but forced to make himself more comfortable. He'd still been wearing his three piece suit from work. He shucked his jacket off and tossed it as far as he could behind him down the hall, and then loosened his tie. Most importantly, he unzipped his fly and started stroking his still very insistent erection.

As he did so, he rode confusing waves of desire mixed with resentment, anger, and other emotions. At the moment, most of his lusty anger was directed at Julie. Suck it, bitch! You shameless SLUT! Suck your son's impossibly thick cock! I hope you stretch your lips until it hurts! And get used to that pain, because now he's going to make you suck him all the time!

Karma's a bitch for you too, bitch! This is what you get for falling in love with your very own son! He's so damn virile and fit that his cock is stiff pretty much all the time! Which means youd damn well better love choking and slurping on his cock, 'cos you're gonna be doing it every damn day!

Jim felt so horny and deranged that he relished the idea of Kyle getting to face-fuck his wife all the time, even though that would be

another nail in the coffin of his marriage. He was well past any sort of logic and just operating on some kind of primal emotional level.

Meanwhile, Julie was struggling to cope with the sheer size of her son's cock in her mouth. She was proud that she'd managed to get all of his cockhead inside, but her lips were stretching painfully (just as Jim predicted) and it was a constant struggle simply for her to keep it in her mouth.

However, she was doggedly determined. She didn't know if she enjoyed blowing him yet, but she considered it vitally important that she learn to do it, if only to help give her pussy more of a rest.

Luckily, she discovered she enjoyed it pretty much from the very start, despite the great difficulty. She'd always dearly loved her son in a motherly way, and she didn't think it was possible to love him more. But now they were sexually intimate, her love for him was way off the charts even compared to before. Knowing that she was giving him great pleasure gave her great pleasure too, creating kind of a positive feedback loop. Just hearing his constant erotic moans was all the reward she needed to stay inspired for her strenuous oral effort.

But it turned out that was just part of the overall picture. She'd hated sucking Jim's penis, but there was something about the sheer size of Kyle's pole that made sucking it a tough challenge she relished. And she felt degraded and humiliated in a bad way doing it with her husband, but those same feelings with her son drove her absolutely wild with rapturous euphoria.

As a result, after just a minute or two getting over the worst of her troubles with his thickness, she began bobbing up and down on him, and doing it with real enthusiasm and energy.

Kyle noticed her attitude, and that made him that much more visibly happy, which helped with that positive feedback loop. He put his

hands on her head and exclaimed, "That's it, Mom! Good GOD! Another impossible dream is coming true! I'm so overjoyed right now, I could just die!"

Julie moaned loudly around his shaft in approval. She began bobbing with more suction, and tried to get her tongue involved too. I know EXACTLY how you feel, Son! I could die from too much joy too! But don't you dare die now, because we have such a future together! I swear, I'm gonna be naked and hot and wet for you all the time! Gonna be your HOT SLUT!

Jim was frustrated that he couldn't see much of the action. Kyle was directly facing his direction, which meant Julie was lying down facing away from him. He could see much of her gorgeous naked body subtly writhing around, including her fabulous bubble butt wiggling with excitement, but all he could see of the blowjob was the way her head was bobbing up and down.

However, that was only a minor setback for him. He was so feverishly aroused, that whatever he couldn't directly see, he could easily imagine. Plus, he could see and hear Kyle's enthusiastic reactions, including a constant erotic and blissed out look on his face, and that helped keep his lusty fires burning bright.

Kyle and Julie remained oblivious that Jim was there. They didn't expect him to come home early like he did, and they were so deeply absorbed with each other that neither of them had bothered to check if he was spying (including Julie checking with her special mirror trick).

However, it didn't matter much in practical terms, because had they noticed, and especially had seen the way he was jacking off, they probably would have just kept the blowjob going anyway.

The two of them knew they would have to have a difficult discussion with Jim soon, about the pregnancy, the renewed fucking, and more,

but thanks to his clear cuckold fetish, he wasn't seen as a truly troublesome threat.

The blowjob went on and on. Julie was having so much trouble that tears were leaking from her eyes, but her determination was great, and she began to find it easier to do, allowing her to introduce more variety and increase her son's pleasure.

After about ten minutes, Jim couldn't handle any more and he lost control. He didn't have anywhere to cum, so he was forced to put his free hand over his cockhead and squirt into it. But he was still so deliriously aroused afterwards that he stayed in place and spied on them with just as much interest and arousal as before.

Cumming wasn't nearly as much of a problem for Kyle, as usual. His sexual stamina was several orders of magnitude better than his father's, for starters. But also, Julie was just beginning to learn how to properly pleasure him with her mouth. Any blowjob from her was fantastic, if only from the constant mental rush that she was the one blowing him. But coping with his thickness was a serious difficulty, and she had a lot to learn, a lot of room for improvement.

Happily for Kyle though, her determination to get better was boundless. Knowing that she and her son were together for the long run, she wasn't so focused on trying to get him to cum as she was on learning from him what he liked best and just generally learning her way around his cock with her tongue and her lips. Plus, not knowing that Jim was home, they assumed they had three hours of sexual fun time before possibly having to deal with him.

Thus, Julie paid especially close attention to how her son responded to all her little moves.

He quickly figured out what was going on, and began giving hand signals, such as a thumbs up or a thumbs down. Plus, he often moaned in approval or gave specific verbal feedback when necessary,

such as, "More saliva is good. And I love what your fingers are doing to my balls!"

Julie generally hated having to pull her lips off his shaft, because it was so tough to get her lips wrapped around his thickness again. But her mouth wasn't used to such a struggle with something his size, so she had to pull off to give her lips and jaw a breather from time to time anyway. During those breaks, she would pepper him with questions and ideas to help speed up her learning.

Jim couldn't help but notice that his wife was putting in what seemed like a 1000 times more energy and passion into sucking her son off than she ever did sucking him, on the very rare occasions she did that to him at all. Naturally, he was very resentful and envious, but by now he wasn't surprised to discover such feelings super-charged his arousal at the same time.

He found himself in kind of a tortured yet delirious ecstasy, enthusiastically rooting for his wife to suck his son's cock with more and more talent and passion. He knew it was totally illogical, but he wasn't that concerned about logic by this point. His main regret was that he didn't have a better view, preferably from the side, so he could directly see what her lips and fingers were doing.

He watched another twenty minutes. He still couldn't see much more than Julie's long brown hair bobbing up and down, but he never got bored. He got all sorts of clues about what was happening from both of them moaning and panting nearly constantly, plus his wife's loud slurpy noises.

Plus, there was a surprising amount of conversation, since there was a lot of feedback and learning taking place. Kyle in particular kept up something close to a running commentary, almost as if he knew Jim was there and wanted him to stay up to date on her latest oral moves (although he still didn't).

However, Jim still was frustrated. His erection eventually came back, and he enjoyed such a high from sheer lust that he felt numbed from his devastation that his marriage was over in spirit, though maybe not yet in a legal sense. Most of the time, he kept his eyes closed so he could imagine the sight of his wife's sliding lips, caved in cheeks, the drool rolling down her chin, her constantly sliding fingers, and much more, but most especially the struggle and ecstasy on her face. However, that still wasn't nearly as good as seeing the tantalizingly close "real thing."

He was tempted to simply announce his presence and stroll on in to take a better seat!

He was too chicken to actually do that, especially because he knew his arrival would cause an interruption, then probably a long discussion which would open up all sorts of painful emotional issues. He didn't feel ready for that yet.

But then he got another idea. He thought, This is a crazy, crazy idea. But my world has gone totally insane anyway. Right now, I'm supposed to be sitting at my desk in my office, looking over quarterly reports. Instead, I'm secretly jacking off in the upstairs hallway of my own damn house while spying on my wife sucking my son's cock! So don't talk about crazy! What do I have left to lose?!

He knew the master bedroom extremely well, since he slept in every night (though he had a sinking feeling that soon wouldn't be the case anymore). He knew from memory what could be seen from what angle. It occurred to him, If I could peer in through one of the windows, I'd be able to directly watch the hot blowjob action from only about ten feet away! Better still, the windows are partially open since it's the middle of a hot, sunny day, so I'd be able to hear everything clearly too, and also much better than before!

The problem was getting to his favored window and staying there hidden and unseen. Luckily, there was a relatively flat wooden tiled roof just outside the windows. In fact, he'd done some repair work on

some of those tiles recently, so he knew the situation well. The roof was flat enough there that he didn't want to worry about sliding off and falling to the ground. Also very luckily, the window opened to their large, private backyard, so he didn't have to worry about some curious neighbor noticing him and wondering why the hell he was spying into his own house.

Once he figured all that out, getting to the spot he wanted to be at outside that window was a piece of cake. He just went to the garage, got out his ladder, and climbed right up from the backyard. He had to be very quiet and careful, but he made it to a kneeling position just outside the window without any trouble.

Then he peeked in, with his head in the lower left corner of the window and his eyes just barely peeking above the bottom of the window frame. What he saw was... WHOA! Talk about a cuckold's paradise! It's exactly as Id hoped! I can see everything! My wife is still steadily bobbing away, of course, and she looks so gorgeous. The sheer size of my son's thick cock filling her mouth and stretching her lips is blowing his mind! It's just about the most beautiful and sexy sight I've ever seen in his life, right up there with watching her bouncing on his cock lit by nothing but moonlight when the two of them made love a couple of days ago.

Sneaking here is risky, but it's so worth it! If I could watch this sort of thing every day, I wouldn't even mind that much having Kyle replace me in my own bed. I've never felt more thrilled and alive!

It was the little details that really rocked Jim's world and made the insanity of masturbating on his roof in the middle of the day more than worth it to him. He loved when Julie kept her eyes closed (which was most of the time), because it showed how she was intensely focusing on the action of her tongue and lips on Kyle's fat cock. But he also loved it when she opened her eyes, because she always stared up into her son's face, partially to get some feedback from the expression on his face, but also to show her love and adoration.

Jim rarely looked to Kyle's face, since he'd seen plenty of that earlier, but he could always tell when Kyle looked back down and made eye contact, because there was a special sparkle of joy and desire in her eyes.

There were many other details too. For instance, he loved the lines of drool coming out of each corner of Julie's mouth, trickling down to the bottom of her chin. He loved just how flushed red her cheeks were. He loved the beads of sweat on her forehead, a sign of how hard she was working that cock. He loved that she typically had one hand stroking the rest of his shaft and her other hand playing with his balls. He loved when her nostrils flared and her cute nose wriggled, usually when she was struck by the pungent sex smell in the air. And she did cave her cheeks in quite frequently, and he loved that too.

But the one detail he loved most of all were the trails of tears leaking from the corners of her eyes. There weren't many tears, but she'd been at it so long already that he saw other trails of tears that had already dried. Clearly, sucking Kyle's cock was so very difficult for her that it sometimes made her eyes water. And yet she wasn't deterred in the slightest! In fact, he could see in every move she made that she loved it!

After the initial excitement of watching close up from his new spying position settled down some, he thought, In a way, today, my life has come to an end. My marriage has been shattered, because it's clear Julie loves Kyle's cock so much that she's never going to stop. But... I'm also being reborn as some kind of willing cuckold. It's totally fucked up! I hate it! I certainly wouldn't freely choose it. But it is what it is and I can't see it going away, because those crazy feelings are only growing stronger and stronger.

I can't even bear to think about all the implications. But at least I get the very sizable silver lining that I can feel way more sexual arousal than even the best sex I ever had with Julie. And since she's such a sex goddess, it doesn't get any better than with her, doing things the normal way. I guess I'm just more wired for this than regular sex. Kneeling here, masturbating on the roof in totally humiliating

fashion, I've never felt like this! It seems every nerve ending in my entire body is tingling with arousal and energy! Seeing the passion in Julie's face as she sucks his cock... it's goddamned inspirational! This is who she is and where she belongs, sexually serving her son. Whereas this is who I am and what my role is: watching in lusty frustration.

I hate it, but... fuck! I kind of love-hate it! I mean, just look at her face, with her intense concentration and her lips stretched so wide! That's the sexiest face in the world!

I still love her dearly, but we all know I can't give her one-tenth the sexual joy she can enjoy with Kyle. Hell, not even close to that much. If I truly love her, how can I deny her so much incredible pleasure in her life, if she becomes his full-time willing slut? And of course Kyle will love it too, and he is my son and I love him. And it's not ALL bad for me. I'm so fucking horny and ecstatic right now, I could seriously pass out!

The blowjob kept going. Kyle and Julie remained utterly oblivious that Jim was spying on them from close up. Neither of them had any reason to look towards the windows. In fact, both of them kept their eyes closed most of the time anyway. But even if one of them did, they almost certainly wouldn't have paid close enough attention to look at the bottom corner of one window and see the top part of someone's head there. The extreme unlikeliness of that actually served as a kind of camouflage.

What could have given Jim away instead was his breathing, since he was so very aroused that he couldn't help but continually pant heavily. That was a constant danger for him. But luckily, at this time, both Kyle and Julie were breathing heavily all the time too, so the sound of Jim's breathing blended in. But mainly, they were so very aroused and distracted that about the only way they were going to notice Jim was if he walked in the room and slapped both of them on their heads!

More time passed. Julie had been sucking Kyle's cock for nearly an hour. During that time, her talent improved so dramatically that it was almost impossible for Kyle to believe he was getting sucked by the same mouth as when she started. She was really, really keen to get good at this, and since she was enjoying it so much, all the "practice" was a constant pleasure for her too.

However, as Julie warned Kyle earlier, there were certain physical limitations that had to be acknowledged. In this case, sucking a cock that thick and long for so many minutes was a physical ordeal, even with the increasing number of short breaks she was taking. That was especially true in her case, since this was her very first time with Kyle, and his sheer size meant it was effectively a totally new experience for her, using muscles in new ways. Her tongue and jaw in particular were exhausted!

Kyle, by contrast, was living the life of Riley. It was a breeze for him to just kick back and enjoy her hot mouth. His stamina was already great when he was fucking her and sweating up a storm. During a blowjob, literally the only thing he had to do was make sure he didn't cum too early, so his stamina was even better. He felt he could hang on for hours.

However, he sensed that she was winding down. He felt increasingly bad for her the more she struggled just to keep going. He certainly didn't want her to give up "in defeat" without getting him to cum first. So, before she lost her willpower to go on, he stopped continually clenching his PC muscle, and felt the inevitable happen less than a minute later.

Once his balls tightened, he yelled out, "Hey! Mom! I just crossed the line! I'm gonna cum now, any second!"

Julie felt like a marathon runner who was struggling just to stagger to the finish line. She was right on the verge of needing to take a much more significant rest in order to keep going, if she could keep going at all. But hearing her son yell those words gave her one last

hopeful burst of oral energy. She began sliding her lips on his shaft faster and faster, and sunk her cheeks in yet again, applying a tremendous amount of suction.

Kyle let go with a loud whoop. Although he felt like he could hold out indefinitely, he'd been right on the cusp of climaxing for a long, long time, and it felt great for him to finally achieve release. Plus, cumming into his mother's mouth for the very first time was a huge thrill in and of itself.

Julie hadn't given any thought to taking his cum on her face or her tits, if only because she was so very tired. Somewhere in the back of her mind she mentally noted that she wanted to give those experiences a try soon. But for now, she was very delighted to simply feel her son's hot cum blast into the back of her throat.

As with seemingly everything sexual about Kyle, he was in an entirely different league than his father. So it was with the size of his cum load. It was larger than Jim's by roughly the same proportion his cock and balls were larger than Jim's were. As a result, Julie had a flood of cum to deal with. She was taken by surprise, because she'd unthinkingly expected as much cum to come out as when she'd blown Jim.

She tried her very best, and swallowed Kyle's cum as fast as it could, in order to make room for more. But she couldn't keep up, and much of his cum wound up spilling out of her mouth and dribbling down her chin.

She hadn't been even thinking about cumming herself, and she didn't touch her own privates. But it turned out that making her son cum was such a thrill that she had a decent sized orgasm anyway.

She didn't have a clue about it at the time, but her "failure" to swallow all of Kyle's cum was a great delight for Jim. Although he could tell that Kyle was cumming, the fact that it was all taking place inside

his wife's mouth meant he didn't have much to see, even from his much better secret viewing spot. But he could see the cum overflow down her chin, and that helped him realize just how copious the rest of Kyle's cum load had to be.

He felt a strange sense of pride, that his son was such a sex stud, even though that son was in the middle of stealing his wife away from him. Again, nothing really made logical sense to him anymore, but his feelings were real and couldn't be denied.

Jim also had been teetering on the edge of cumming for a long, long time. He'd managed to hold out much longer than usual for him by merely holding his erection for several minutes at a time, and then only stroking it very lightly. But when he saw all that son-cum dribble down his wife's chin, he sensed the mental rush starting to flood over him would be more than he could take, so he frantically stroked his shaft until he started to spurt.

He hadn't given any thought as to where his cum was going to go. But since he was outside and on the roof towards the backyard, he figured it didn't really matter much. He just let the cum fly into the wall right in front of him. Luckily, the entire exterior of the house was painted white. When he finished, he noticed it was hard to notice his cum deposit, even from where he was kneeling right next to it. It just looked like a very small part of the wall had gotten wet.

He thought about getting down off the roof, because he was completely sexually satiated. But before he started to do so, it occurred to him that Kyle and Julie were likely to talk some after their mutual orgasms were over. He was very interested in whatever they might say, especially since he still didn't know if she'd been impregnated yet. He figured it was highly likely that she was, but a strong guess wasn't the same as knowing for sure.

Sure enough, about a minute after Kyle's orgasm ended, Julie wiped her chin clean as best she could and then crawled up his body until

her head was resting on her son's muscular chest, just below his neck.

She already knew from the three day fuck marathon that his cock could stay erect for a few minutes after cumming, and often didn't go flaccid at all. So after she resettled on him, she took his wet boner back in hand and idly jacked him off.

Kyle was very tired, and sexually satisfied, but he wrapped his arms around her upper body in a loving embrace. He couldn't resist a little tit play, as usual, but he was too wiped out to do much of that.

She smiled up at him, and looked to his face to see his expression. "So... stud, what do you think about your very first mommy blowjob?"

He fondly ran a hand through her long brown hair. "I think... it was magnificent! I loved it!"

She suddenly got all giddy. "Really?!"

He grinned madly at her modest reaction. "Really, really! Of course! Sweet Jesus! That was the best! Best head ever! So much better than any girls I've ever been with. Some of them just lick 'cos they can't even fit it all in."

She beamed at the praise. "Amateurs!" She giggled. Then she said more seriously and earnestly, "But Sweetie, I know I'm still not that good, because I'm sure I can get a lot better. I didn't even START to try to deep throat you. I can't wait until I can do that. I want to be so good for you! I want to rock your world, just like you always rock my world every time you fuck me."

He lovingly stroked her hair, while she stroked his cock. "Thanks, Mom! I'm sure you can get better, because this was your very first

time. You can't hit a home run the first time you pick up a baseball. But if this IS your very best, I'll already be an extremely psyched guy anyway, because it's awesome! Especially the last little while. You were sucking like a pro! You improved so much so fast that it's nuts!"

She sat up higher on him so she could better look him in his eyes. She made sure to keep her huge tits draped on his chest though, since she knew how much he enjoyed that. "That's because I love you so much! We haven't really talked about our future together yet, but I hope you take it as a given after today that you can never stop fucking me, and loving me, and breeding me. I won't let you! And that's an order!"

She playfully wagged a finger in his face with one hand while still jacking him off with her other hand. She was pleasantly surprised to find this was one of those times he wasn't going flaccid, although it was daunting for her too since she was sexually tired out.

He chuckled. "Yes, ma'am! Although, I'd like to point out I can't keep breeding you now that you're already knocked up."

Jim gasped, loudly. He didn't mean to, but that unexpected confirmation that his wife had been impregnated by his son was momentous news, something that would change all of their lives forever.

Unfortunately for his spying effort, his gasp stood out, especially now that the noisy blowjob was over and even the heavy panting had come to an end.

Kyle glanced over towards the sound of the strange gasp, which meant looking to the windows.

Right then, Jim ducked down. But his duck wasn't fast enough.

"What the FUCK?!" Kyle exclaimed. He saw some motion that looked like a dark brown head ducking out of view. He immediately disengaged from Julie, forcing her to roll off him. Then he rushed to the window.

Kyle didn't actually need to rush, because there was no way Jim could escape in time, unless maybe he simply threw himself off the roof. Doing that never even crossed Jim's mind, anyway. All the embarrassed father could do was curl up in a ball, stay low, and pray he hadn't been noticed.

The next thing Jim heard was Kyle's voice saying with chagrin and disappointment, "Hi, Dad."

Jim meekly opened his eyes. He looked up through the window and saw his bare-chested son staring down at him, with his hands on his hips. He'd been through a lot of humiliations and indignities in the last few days, but this one was the worst of the worst! (At least so far. He guessed that the cuckold life he was heading towards would be full of such incidents.)

Then, to make matters worse, Jim saw Julie come into view, stand next to Kyle, and then look down at him. She looked fantastic from this angle. Looking at up her from such a low position, he could only partially see her face due to her massive, glorious tits being in the way.

Unfortunately, he still could see enough of her face to tell that she was severely disappointed in him.

She muttered, "Oh, Jim! Jim, Jim, Jim. Whatever are we going to do with you?"

It was inevitable that some kind of reckoning between Jim on one hand and Kyle and Julie on the other needed to happen, and soon.

Had Jim played his cards right, he could have been righteously indignant that the two people he loved the most had resumed fucking each other after they'd promised to stop. But the way he'd been caught in such a humiliating situation caused him to totally lose the moral high ground. He'd become an object of pity.

Kyle rolled his eyes in disgust at his father. He muttered, "Well, no point in you staying there. Might as well come inside and talk."

## Chapter 20

It was a long walk of shame for Jim. First, after zipping up his pants and tucking his flaccid penis away, he had to get off the roof and down the ladder. Then he had to put the ladder away. Finally, he had to walk through the house and up to the master bedroom, the room that he almost certainly wouldn't be sleeping in again. The closer he got, the slower he went. His feet felt like lead.

He walked past the still partially open door and came all the way into the room.

Kyle and Julie hadn't just been standing there waiting for him. They'd gone back to bed, still naked, of course. They were passionately making out while Julie resumed jacking off Kyle's very erect boner and Kyle freely fondled her firm ass and huge tits.

Adding to Jim's humiliation, he had to clear his throat and then cough to get their attention.

The two lovers reluctantly broke their kissing and looked his way, but otherwise didn't bother to disengage or stop the sexual fun they were having.

Julie repeated her earlier sentiment. "Jim, I'm so disappointed in you. Whatever are we going to do for you?"

To the surprise of Jim and Julie, Kyle took charge of the conversation. He was living his sexual dream life, and he had some firm ideas of how things should go. He took charge in order to help make things played out just as he wanted them to.

He said, "Dad, we've got a LOT to talk about. I take it you figured out that the doctor said Julie is pregnant."

Jim nodded soberly. He couldn't resist complaining, "Yeah, but it wasn't exactly how I wanted to find out. Dear, why didn't you call me?! I waited so long for you call. I finally got so anxious that I came home to find out what was going on. And look where that got us."

Julie couldn't resist griping, "What, did you lose your keys, so you had to peer in from the outside?"

Jim blushed at that reminder of his shameful spying.

Kyle said, "Look. Let's not worry about that. Obviously, Mom didn't call you because she didn't know what on earth to say to you. How do you tell your husband that your son just knocked you up? And also, after she told me the news, sparks flew between us, and we ended up fucking the day away."

Julie said contritely, "Sorry, Honey. Kyle is right. I just didn't know what to say. Especially with so much between the three of us being up in the air. Everything is undefined. Forgive me?"

Jim nodded. After a pause, he asked, "Can you forgive me? For spying on you without permission?"

Julie smiled and nodded back.

Kyle said, "I forgive you too. But, uh, how long were you spying on us, anyway?"

Jim's embarrassment grew. He turned his head, unable to keep eye contact. "Uh, ah... I got here in time to hear you talking about just finishing up three hours of fucking. Then I watched the oral action. All of it. First, through the partially open door, but then... as you know..."

"From the roof," Kyle finished for him. "That's not such a big deal, by the way. We know you were spying on us left and right on Saturday, for instance. I guess it's just way extra weird to catch you peering through the window! On the roof!"

He quickly went on, "But anyway, I think it's time to clear the air on a few things. Obviously, Mom and I are fucking again." He looked down at Julie's hand sliding up and down his thick shaft, and smirked.

Jim winced, but didn't say anything. He was feeling strangely cowed. He normally hadn't been like that at all, but ever since he'd started into his cuckold fetish, it was like he couldn't resist turning into a wimp.

Kyle went on, "As you can guess from eavesdropping on us, that's just a fact of life now. It's not going to change, and it's never going to change. I'm taking sexual possession of her. Forever! Are you gonna accept that, or are you gonna try to do anything about it?!"

Jim sadly said, "What could I do?! Clearly, she's made her choice. I'm way outclassed by you sexually, and all of us know it. I would just look like I fool if I tried to pretend otherwise."

Kyle said, "That's true, and I'm glad you realize it. But it's also true that she still loves you. I know she hasn't been acting like it since the breeding began, but I know both of you well and I know you've had a long and happy marriage up until just a few days ago."

Julie said, "That's true, Jim. I do still love you. Very much. It's just that our son, well... you know what happened! He swept me off my feet in a sexually irresistible way! Look at this cock!"

Jim had already been staring at the on-going handjob as much as their faces. He looked back there and saw his wife's hand still steadily pumping up and down the improbably thick shaft.

Julie added, "How could I possibly resist this?! How could ANY woman ever resist this, once she gets a taste of how it feels and what it can do? I don't even feel that guilty, despite the fact that you're my husband and I love you, because my son is just so very... irresistible! It's like this has to happen!"

Jim grimly nodded. "I can see that, and I understand. It is like trying to stop a runaway train with your bare hands. My big mistake was letting him start to breed you in the first place. Once that happened, the rest was inevitable."

He bitterly added in his mind, Thanks to fucking Dora! Seducing me like some kind of sexy, shameless slut. How could I resist that?! But I should have with a woman like Julie at home, and I didn't. Ultimately, I dug my own grave!

Kyle took charge again, while still possessively fondling his mother's huge tits. "Good. I'm glad that we're all in agreement. As I said, I'm taking sexual possession of Mom. Ownership of her, even. I'm gonna fuck her every single day, so long as I can breathe, and I'm going to love her not just as my mother, but as my personal slut too. That's just a plain fact, Dad, and we've gotta figure out a way to help you live with that."

Before Jim could come up with a reply, which was very tough to do, Julie spoke up. She stopped stroking Kyle's cock and appeared to be upset. "Now, wait a minute! 'Personal slut?! Take 'ownership' of me?! Those are pretty strong words! Do I get any say in this?!"

"Um..." Kyle was at a loss. He was trying to be brave and take charge of the family, but he hadn't anticipated her asking that.

Before she let him twist in the wind too long, she broke into a smile and resumed her cock stroking. "Gotcha! Don't worry, I'm thinking in the exact same way. In fact, I would be honored to be your personal slut, Son. Honored! And it's fitting too, because that's exactly how I feel. In fact, feel free to call me whatever you damn well want. The naughtier the better. It's your right! Just so long as you keep fucking me like you do!"

She scooted up enough to plant her lips on his. The two of them proceeded to share a very prolonged and fiery kiss. Of course, all the while she continued to jack him off and he continued to fondle her massive knockers and whatever other parts of her incredible, fit body were in reach.

That left Jim to just awkwardly stand there, right after his son had told him that his wife was going to be his "personal slut!" He was red-faced and burning with even more humiliation, jealousy, and inadequacy.

But, as had become the pattern, it left him even more turned on. As he watched them neck and fondle, her thought, This is just further proof that I'm completely out of my league. I love her so very much! But if I ever tried to call her my "personal slut," she'd destroy me with a withering look, or even slap me. But he calls her that, she agrees! As she should! When she gets naked in his arms, that's exactly what she is! She's so beautiful! So wanton and sexy!

Look at how hes just casually cupping her pussy mound and then fingering her slit a little bit. And the way she moans! God, it's so hot! He owns her already! She's built for sex! With HIM!

Julie abruptly broke the kissing, and pouted to Kyle, "No fair! Dropping a bomb on me like that, right in the middle of a serious conversation. I need to celebrate all over your cock. I'm too horny!"

Kyle was suddenly inspired. "I know just what to do about that!" Being a strong and muscular young man, he picked his mother off his body and lifted her up in the air with ease, causing her to squeal in surprise and fear. Then he slowly lowered her down, with his aim to bring her pussy to his cock.

He couldn't hold his boner up stiffly while also holding her entire body with two hands, so he had to say to her, "Quick! Guide yourself in. Impale yourself down on me!"

She caught on to what he was doing, and she was insane with lust for him. "Oh, SON!" She gripped his thick shaft firmly and lined his cockhead up with her slit.

Once he saw she'd done that, he slowly eased her body down, forcing her to dramatically impale herself down on his thick pole.

Jim watched all this while standing near the foot of the bed. He was so very turned on by the sight that it was a struggle to prevent himself from dropping to his knees. His erection was back, tenting and straining almost painfully against his pants.

Feeling cocky, especially with Jim right there, Kyle used both hands to dramatically lift his mother up and down several times. He was careful each time that she'd rise up until her cunt about an inch from popping free from his cock, only to slowly impale her back down on it again.

After just a couple times of Kyle doing this, Julie began screaming with delirious euphoria each time he impaled her again.

But then he settled down and just left it up to her to rise and fall on his boner at her own pace, because he was in the middle of unfinished business with Jim.

She couldn't lift herself up nearly as high as he did with his impalements, but she was still able to keep a good, slow fuck rhythm going, despite the fact that they were both facing the same direction and the leverage between their bodies wasn't as good as usual.

Kyle resumed the conversation with Jim as if there had only been a brief pause. "Now, that's the bad news for you, that you've totally lost her in a sexual sense. But that doesn't necessarily mean that you've completely lost her in all other ways."

Jim asked, "What do you mean?!" He was having a hell of a time, because the conversation was vitally important, yet his lust from watching the on-going fucking was so strong and all-consuming that he felt like a moron, barely able to think at all.

Kyle had thought his desired future through long before he'd ever gotten the chance to fuck his mother. The time had finally come for him to explain his vision. "Dad, you're a cuckold. That's plain to see. Don't even try to deny it. Mom and I figured it out a few days ago, around the time we started sending you those pictures and texts. We never would have done that if we didn't figure you'd get off on them. We were kind of testing you too, to see how far you'd get into it."

Jim felt emotionally crushed all over again, to hear his strange "affliction" discussed out loud for the very first time. That made it even more painfully real to him. He wailed in distress, "I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm not this way normally. You know that."

Never before! It's like some mental illness has come over me. I don't know what's going on!"

Kyle briefly waved a hand dismissively. He couldn't do that for more than a few seconds, because he was using both hands to help keep Julie sitting up on him, since she was leaning back towards his head.

He said, "Don't worry about it. Now's not the time for that discussion. Let's just accept that as the new reality, just like how Mom being my fuck slut is also a new reality."

Julie moaned lustily at being called "fuck slut." When it came to her son, she felt completely sexually uninhibited, and she loved that sort of dirty talk. She made some extra big bounces on his shaft and came extremely close to cumming.

Jim reluctantly nodded.

Kyle went on, "I can see you're feeling conflicted about the whole cuckold thing, but it's a lucky thing for all of us. It could help us thread the needle and come up with a new arrangement we all can live with. The way I see it, I'm still young, far too young to settle down and have a family. I love Mom with all my heart and I want her to be my woman for the rest of my life, but I just impregnated her and I'm not ready to play the father role for our new baby."

Julie gasped loudly in shock. She spun around in place, like a vinyl record and her son's cock the central spindle. Once she faced him, she exclaimed, "There you go again! How can you just say those things to Jim without talking to me first?!"

Kyle felt bad. "I'm sorry! It's just that I've had a plan in my head for a long time and we haven't had a chance to talk yet."

Before he could say more, she gushed in delight, "You just say you want me 'to be your woman for the rest of your life!' Do you have any idea how big of a deal that is?! Or how overjoyed it makes me?!"

He laughed in relief. He was overjoyed himself that she was accepting that idea. But he said, "Hold on! Before you approve too much, hear the rest out."

She nodded impatiently. She started bouncing on his cock more urgently. "Okay, but fast! Then I'm gonna make you cum and cum and cum, with the very best orgasm of your life! Because I'm your slut now and you make me so very happy that I could scream!"

He chuckled. "Don't scream yet! Here's the rest. Like I was saying, Dad, Mom and I are sexually joined together already, as you can even see this very moment."

Julie spun back around to face her husband. She resumed aggressively bouncing on her son's cock to help make his point clear.

Kyle continued, "But also like I was saying, she's newly pregnant and I don't want to be the father when it comes to raising the child. You DO want that, from everything I understand. Even though you know I'm the genetic dad."

Jim was still half-mad with lust, but he managed another nod.

Kyle told his father, "Good. So here's my thinking. What if you and Mom continue your marriage, just like before, except in an entirely non-sexual way? I love you both, even though I've been doing what I have to do to realize my ultimate dream, partially at your expense. Hell, mostly at your expense. It would be a shame to break this family up. So you could continue to be Mom's husband, but sleep in another room and never intimately touch her. The sex part, obviously that would be entirely my domain. We all know I'm the better man in that

department. But you're still a great guy otherwise, and a good husband."

He added knowingly, "Even though you may slip up sometimes, especially lately."

That was a veiled but clear reference to Jim's recent affair with Dora, and Jim knew it.

Julie didn't have a clue though, and missed the entire point of that sentence, mostly because she was so excited about all the rest her son had just said. She paused her fuck-bouncing to exclaim, "You know what?! That might just work!"

She looked to Jim. "Honey, I've been kind of ripped in two, ever since Kyle started to fuck me. A part of me still loves you dearly and wants to continue our marriage. It's got some issues, but I think it's still pretty strong, except of course sexually. In retrospect, we're just not well matched that way."

Jim nodded again. His hopes were rising that at least some of his marriage could be salvaged.

She went on, "That said, a part of me has wanted to keep getting fucked by Kyle! In fact, as you know, there's no way I could possibly resist that. So I've been torn between my wedding vows and my new shamelessly slutty nature. What our son just suggested could be the solution! Don't you think?"

She continued, "Not only that, but it would fit in perfectly with your new cuckold thing. Kyle could fuck me with his huge cock every day and every night, in every room of the house, and you'd be here the whole time, getting your rocks off in your weird way without being allowed to touch me at all. It would be the ideal cuckold dream! What do you say?!"

Jim still felt moronic, because being talked to while his wife was bouncing on his son's cock was too hot for him to even breathe, despite the fact she'd slowed the bouncing way down in order to be able to talk coherently.

On top of that, Kyle's plan felt so good to him that he was feeling a surge of overwhelming euphoria too. Maybe his life wasn't effectively over after all!

He said, carefully, "It would be a big change... very big... But... I think it's worth a try!"

Julie squealed and threw her hands up in the air in excitement. "Yeay! Thank God you said that, because I think this will work, and any other path will be a total mess!" She started bouncing on her son's cock even more dramatically, causing her to grunt after each mini-impalement.

She held her arms open wide for Jim while staying in place on the bed. "Honey! Come here! Give me a hug and a kiss to celebrate and seal the plan!"

As if in a dream, or maybe still a nightmare, Jim staggered forward towards his wife. He was still so rip-roaring drunk on lust that he had to concentrate on just putting one foot in front of the other.

When he got to the side of the bed, and close enough to lean in for a kiss, Julie had second thoughts. She frowned with concern, and said, "Actually, scratch the hug. You might make contact with my big tits and they belong to Kyle now. Let's just make it a peck on the lips, if you don't mind?"

Jim was too out of it to even complain. He bent over, kissed her on the forehead, and then stood back up.

Julie had missed a cock-bounce or two so Jim wouldn't have to try to kiss a moving target. But with the symbolic kiss done, she resumed the bouncing, gleefully rising up and down on her son's fuck pole each time.

She also clapped her hands together. "There! That's official then! Jim, my body officially belongs to Kyle now, my sweet huge-cocked love, but you still have half of my heart."

Jim smiled weakly. He had a growing desire to leave the room, because he was feeling weak all over and was worried that he might simply pass out. It wasn't just that his lust was on overload - it seemed most of his emotions were on overload, totally maxed out, and that was very exhausting to endure.

Kyle had switched to sitting up and leaning forward slightly, with his chest pressing against his mother's back. That gave her the necessary support to stay sitting upright and keep bouncing on his throbbing shaft. That in turn freed his hands, so he naturally reached around both sides of her upper torso and cupped her massive tits from below.

He felt totally triumphant. He'd thrown his plan out there for inspection, and both of his parents agreed to every part of it! On the surface, it was a crazy plan. But he knew his parents very, very well. It might not have had much chance of working except for the unexpected twist of Jim discovering that he was a full-on willing cuckold. That was the missing piece that would make it all work, he was sure.

Looking up at Jim, he said, "There you go. Congratulations to you, and me, and all of us. I know it's gonna be super weird at first, but we'll just have to plow through that, as it were."

Julie couldn't resist snickering. "Yeah, 'plow through!' One thing I know is that there's going to be a lot of plowing!"

Even Jim couldn't resist breaking into a big smile at that, despite the fact that he was increasingly convinced he could pass out at any time.

He turned and walked away. "I'm gonna leave you to your plowing and celebrating. I'm tired. I'm going to your room, Kyle, which I guess now will be my room."

Kyle felt another rush from hearing that and thinking about the implications. "Yeah, I guess so." I'm gonna get to sleep with Mom every night! Hopefully for the rest of my life!

Jim just nodded. He was too weak to fight. Besides, he figured that was fated to be, no matter how he felt. He actually got another rush much like Kyle's from thinking about the implications.

As he continued to walk out of the room, he said, more to himself than to Kyle, "I wish you two well, I really do. I just wish... I wish... I wish I was young and well-hung and a human sex machine! But I'm not, and you are. That's life."

It was a challenge, but Jim made it all the way to Kyle's bed, which was now his bed. He was so emotionally drained that he fell asleep right away, even with his erection still tenting in his pants.

Once Jim was gone, Julie spun around in place once more, again using her son's cock as her central axis. Facing him, with his hands right back on her big globes, she said, "I'm so glad we have this plan now! And yet... there's Jim. What's happened to him is so sad. I'm a terrible wife."

Kyle responded, "Sure, in a way you are. But don't feel bad. A lion is 'terrible' in the sense it kills and eats its food. But it has to be that way. A lion can't turn into a non-violent lamb or it'll die. In the same way, you were fated to be my slut. Bizarre circumstance caused me to start fucking you, but once that happened, you discovered your true nature, and there's no way you could be anything else but my personal slut. You know it's true. So feel a little guilty if you want, and use that guilt to be a better wife for him. Of course, a platonic wife. But don't feel too guilty, because you don't deserve it."

She nodded thoughtfully, and generally agreed with all that. She felt it was fate. In fact, she secretly wondered if it might have happened anyway, because her desire from him had been steadily growing even before the breeding plan had been proposed. She thought back in retrospect how her flirting had been getting out of hand. Maybe that breeding plan merely speed things up considerably and made the entire process easier on all three of them as a result. But they would never know for sure what might have happened otherwise.

Then she asked, "What about you? Do you feel guilty?"

"I do," Kyle admitted, "I guess I'm a pretty evil son to Dad, no matter how you slice it. But 'all's fair in love and war,' and my desire for you was and is so strong that I feel like I really had no choice at all. I just HAD to have you, like I need food to eat or air to breathe! You may think that's corny, but you'll see. My desire for you is endless and all-consuming! I'll never get tired of fucking you and loving you, I swear, and I'll never need another woman to keep me happy!"

She smiled from ear to ear. "I believe you, especially the endless lust part!" She laughed. "I'll never tire of getting fucked by you either!"

She rose particularly high on him and then slowly impaled herself back down to help emphasize her point. "Plus, I already know that I'm going to love sucking your cock just as much as the fucking. Heck, I already do! And there's so much more we haven't even tried yet. Especially titfucking!"

"Mmmm!" He slowly yet aggressively kneaded her soft tit-mountains, inspired by the titfucking talk. "We're going to need to do that next. Today. And then lots, lots more!"

She laughed. "Definitely! That said, remind me later to talk to you about this 'never need another woman' stuff. You're still young, and eventually I'll get too old. You'll need someone around your age. Some sweet and busty slut to help me take care of your cock as you get older, as well as give you children you can fully claim as your own. But like I said, that's a discussion for another time. Right now, I just want you to fuck the hell out of me some more!"

He disagreed with her about her "sweet and busty slut" idea, but the more fucking idea sounded great to him.

He repositioned by lying on top of her. It was a rather "boring" fuck position that they'd already done many times in recent days, but it was a "classic" because it was so good. He felt a desire for it at the moment because it allowed him to let out his energy thrusting in and out of her while he could still look at her face from close up and stare lovingly into her eyes.

Soon, the two of them were so lost in their passionate fucking that Jim was all but forgotten. They truly were in lust and in love.

## EPILOGUE - FIVE YEARS LATER

Kyle did get to fuck his mother's enormous tits later that afternoon, and it was just as glorious as it had been in his best dreams. She loved it too. They both knew it would become a daily event for them from that time on.

But the curious thing was that Jim had recovered from his emotional exhaustion by that time. He was bold enough, and aroused enough,

that he invited himself in to the master bedroom and got to watch that "historic" first titfuck while sitting in a chair right next to the bed. In a much, much stranger way, he also loved it.

Time passed. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. That first titfuck helped set a pattern for the three of them: Kyle fucked Julie a lot, and in her every orifice. He actually fucked her cunt, mouth, and cleavage in roughly equal measure - until they finally managed anal sex and added that to the routine, but only as an occasional special treat. There was a lot of cunnilingus and sixty-nining too, and she got very good at deep throating.

But if Jim was home, it was far from uncommon for him to take a seat and watch the sex to get his own sexual jollies. He never, ever got permission to intimately touch Julie, and he didn't want to touch Kyle (and Kyle felt the same about him). But he was allowed to expose his penis just enough so he could masturbate to climax whenever he wanted to. Other times, they would "punish" him and "force" him to secretly spy on them instead. He probably got off on that even more.

It was a damn odd arrangement, but it worked surprisingly well for all three of them. Julie successfully gave birth nine months after her impregnation to a lovely and healthy baby girl named Amy. Being the mother to a baby put a crimp in her sex life for a while, but it wasn't that bad because Jim took to his husband-cuckold role like a duck to water. He cut his time at the office way down so he could be a "Mr. Mom," precisely so Kyle and Julie could have lots more fuck time.

As an aside, Kyle got to enjoy Julie's lactation, and in fact she kept on lactating long after Amy was born, just so he could suckle her milk from her breasts. And one very nice added bonus for him was that her huge tits got even BIGGER, and they stayed that way!

Mere days after their new family arrangement began, Jim got Dora to agree to be transferred to another office in a way that caused no loss to her. Jim never felt the temptation to "cheat" on Julie again, even though she would have understood him taking a lover since she

allowed him no sexual contact to her body whatsoever. But Jim realized that any actual sex he took part in with any woman could only pale in comparison to the strong lust and other conflicting feelings he experienced every time he watched his wife and son get it on. That was all he wanted or needed, even when his jealousy and frustration was driving him mad.

Perhaps surprisingly, Jim and Julie did successfully manage to repair their marriage - excepting the sexual aspect, of course. They were able to continue to love each other, but in an "agape love" kind of way, much like being the best of best friends or a close brother and sister.

It helped that Jim got a kind of sexual thrill from being "misused" by the other two, for instance doing most of the baby-related chores while Kyle and Julie fucked up a storm. Their family already had plenty of money, but Jim also got off on being the one who had to hold down a job, again so the other two could have more fuck time.

Kyle and Julie learned to walk a fine line of frequently embarrassing Jim to heighten his cuckold lust, but without being downright cruel and hurting his pride.

Jim was emotionally messed up for a few years over sexually losing his wife and feeling inadequate, but he eventually was able to fully embrace his cuckold side while still having pride in himself. It was a very delicate balance, but the fact that the three of them were family and genuinely loved each other helped them overcome their problems, which were pretty much exclusively relating to Jim.

By contrast, Kyle and Julie had next to no problems with each other. It was like their entire life was one long honeymoon fantasy. The key was their frequent, mind-blowing sex. It was next to impossible to get very upset when one was overcome by amazing orgasms many times a day.

The two lovers continued to get a special thrill from the word "breed," and it went without saying that Kyle always fucked his "mommy slut" bareback, without her using any birth control at all. So only one year after Amy was born, Julie became pregnant again by her son, and it was a surprise it took that long. (Probably it was her continued lactation that caused the delay.)

When the new baby was born (another girl, named Anna), Jim quit his job altogether to become a full time "Mr. Mom," allowing Kyle and Julie to still fuck many times a day. Eventually, their sex life did slow down some, but not that much. Julie absolutely loved being Kyle's personal slut, and the two of them continued to live an ideal incestuous sexual fantasy, but in reality, every single day of their lives.

Time keeps marching onwards, and life goes on. Julie was already past 40 by the time Anna was born, and it was increasingly dangerous for a woman her age to have more children, so Kyle got a vasectomy. That allowed them to continue to fuck bareback indefinitely. They kept on talking about "breeding" though, despite the fact that he was shooting blanks, because they both got off on the idea of him continuing to knock her up.

Neither Kyle nor Julie had any need to work, since the whole family was financially set, and sex with the top priority for them. But most people need to have more purpose than just fucking.

For Julie, it was raising her two youngest children. Even though Jim did most of the "drudge work," there still was plenty for her to do, and most importantly simply being a loving mother to them.

Kyle, by contrast, loved the two children he'd helped conceive, but he still felt too young to step into a fatherly role in a big way, and he didn't want to step on Jim's toes in that respect. Instead, he'd already planned to go to a local university in the fall after first fucking his mother. He kept to that plan, except he took the bare minimum

number of classes to stay enrolled, so he could maximize his incestuous sex time.

As a result, it's been five years since he started college (and started fucking his mother), and he's still working on graduating.

He has plans to become a computer programmer. He chose that profession specifically because it offers many opportunities for him to telecommute and also only work part-time, so once again he'll still be very near to his gorgeous, slutty mother, enabling them to fuck or suck at any time.

As Julie gets older, she's been getting more insistent that her son take another young lover, to help make up for her aging and declining sex drive.

But Kyle only has eyes for Julie, his one true love. As far as he's concerned, she's his mate for life, even though she's still married to Jim and he has to share her heart with Jim in many ways.

Julie also only has eyes for Kyle when it comes to carnal desire. But she's been subtly and steadily working on him to take that young lover. She wants to see him have children of his own in the normal way, raised just by him and his new bride. She's already started carefully searching for the right woman with the right personality with who is busty and gorgeous, yet who will somehow be understanding enough to let the mother-son incest continue. (That last part is a must!)

It has yet to be seen if she can find someone worthy and willing, and if she can get Kyle to agree to love her too. If not, she certainly won't mind being "forced" to be his one and only woman.

Kyle, Julie, and Jim continue their strange arrangement, carefully kept secret from the outside world, but it still works for all three of them.

THE END