

"DEAR HUBBY,"

BY KLRXO



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Sarah watched helplessly as the judge handed down the harsh sentence. Three years in a foreign prison, thousands of miles from home, for an innocent mistake. Her husband looked back at her with despair in his eyes as the guards led him away in handcuffs. Sarah felt like her heart had been ripped out of her chest.

The thought of being separated from him for so long, of him languishing alone in some decrepit overseas jail cell, was almost too much to bear. Tears streamed down her face as she stumbled out of the courtroom in a daze. How could this be happening? He didn't even realize he had broken a law - it was all just a terrible misunderstanding. But that didn't matter to the authorities here.

In the days that followed, Sarah went through the motions of her life in a depressed fog. Nothing seemed to matter anymore with her beloved husband locked away on the other side of the world. She tried to be strong when she spoke to him on the phone, not wanting him to know the depths of her anguish. But alone at night, she cried herself to sleep in their empty bed, clutching his pillow.

She didn't know how she would endure 3 years without him by her side. But she resolved to stay strong, to keep hoping and praying that this nightmare would soon be over.

Sarah met her sister Jenna at the park to watch her teenage son Liam's basketball game. As he ran up and down the court, athletic and shirtless, Sarah found it hard to take her eyes off his lean, muscular physique. The sight of his glistening, toned body stirred up an intense longing inside her.

"I don't know how I'm gonna make it three year without sex," Sarah confessed to Jenna, unable to hide her desperation. "It's only been a week and I'm already going crazy. Especially seeing Liam looking like that, so fit and virile. God, what I wouldn't give to..."

She trailed off, slightly ashamed to voice the inappropriate thoughts about her own son that had started creeping into her mind lately. Jenna gave her a understanding look.

"Listen, you can't be expected to just shut off your needs for 3 fucking years," Jenna said gently, placing a comforting hand on Sarah's arm. "Chuck is just gonna have to understand that. And Liam is 18 now. If you're discreet about it, what's the harm?"

Sarah bit her lip, shocked yet tantalized by her sister's suggestion. "I don't know, Jenna. He's my son. I'm his mother. It seems so wrong..."

"Is it though? He's an adult. And he clearly adores you. I've seen the way he looks at you sometimes, those giant tits of yours, when he thinks no one notices." Jenna leaned in closer and lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I bet he fantasizes about you too. What hot-blooded young man doesn't dream about fucking his sexy mom? You'd probably be fulfilling his ultimate wish."

Sarah swallowed hard, unable to deny the illicit heat building between her thighs at the forbidden images Jenna's words conjured. Her eyes hungrily roamed Liam's gleaming bare torso as he jumped up to sink a shot. "You really think he'd fuck me?" she breathed.

"Oh, I have no doubt," Jenna said with a knowing smirk. "And it's not like Chuck should have a say in the matter. He gave up his right to expect your faithfulness when he went and got himself locked up in some foreign shithole. You have needs too, and you deserve to have them met. Liam is the perfect solution."

Sarah hesitated a moment longer, the warring desires of her body and lingering sense of maternal decency battling within her. But her sister's persuasive words and her own feverish lust were rapidly wearing down her resistance.

"You're right," she said at last, a new determination hardening in her eyes. "Three years without cock is more than any woman should have to bear. If my own son is willing to step up and fill that void, who am I to say no? He's no child anymore, that's for damn sure. And Chuck did this to himself. Why should I suffer for his crime?"

"Exactly," Jenna agreed, squeezing Sarah's hand. "You deserve this. Give yourself permission to take what you need."

Later that night, Liam stirred from a deep sleep, slowly becoming aware of a presence in his darkened doorway. He blinked groggily, wondering if he was still dreaming. But then he caught a whiff of his mother's signature perfume, tinged with another scent - the unmistakable musk of an aroused pussy.

Suddenly wide awake, he propped himself up on his elbows and squinted at his open doorway. There she stood, silhouetted by the dim light of the hallway, wearing nothing but a translucent nightie that clung to her voluptuous curves.

Liam's eyes widened as they adjusted to the shadowy light. He could just make out the slopes of her gigantic tits straining against the sheer fabric, the huge darkened caps of her areolas, and the prominent points of her puffy nipples. His gaze traveled down to the juncture of her thighs, where he could discern the enticing fissure of her cuntal cleft through the gauzy material.

Liam swallowed hard, his cock already rock hard and straining urgently against his boxers. He'd lost count of how many times he'd guiltily jerked off to forbidden thoughts of his mother, how many hours he'd spent

fervently wishing for exactly this. But he'd never imagined it would actually come true.

Sarah didn't say a word. She simply crooked a finger at him, then turned and sauntered down the hall, her big round ass swaying hypnotically with each step. Liam swallowed hard, his cock already swelling in his boxers. This had to be a dream. There was no way his mother was actually inviting him to her bed.

But the wetness glistening on her inner thighs as she walked away was no illusion. Heart pounding, the teen scrambled out of bed and padded after her, not quite believing this was really happening.

Sarah paused just outside the door to the master bedroom, turning to give Liam a smoldering look over her shoulder. His breath caught in his throat as he took in her voluptuous form, the way the sheer nightie hugged the dramatic hourglass curve of her tiny waist flaring out to her broad hips and colossal ass cheeks. Her monumental tits, so much bigger and fuller than any he'd seen in real life, strained the translucent fabric to its limits. The plump, protruding nipples looked as fat as his thumbs.

She held his gaze, her beautiful eyes blazing with an intensity he'd never seen before. Then slowly, deliberately, she reached up and undid the top clasp of her nightie. The flimsy garment slipped down, catching for a moment on her jutting nipples before falling away to bare the spectacular globes of her breasts in all their glory.

Sarah sauntered into the bedroom, her ass cheeks jiggling and breasts swaying with each step, the sheer nightie fluttering behind her like a cape. Liam followed eagerly on her heels like a puppy trailing after a juicy bone, the door clicking shut decisively as he crossed the threshold into forbidden territory.

The next day, after very little sleep and teenage cum still leaking from her well-fucked cunt, Sarah took a deep breath as she penned the difficult letter to her imprisoned husband:

"Dear Chuck,

I don't quite know how to say this, so I'll just come out with it. I know it's only been two weeks, but being apart from you, not having you here to love me and satisfy me, has just become too much to endure. I ache for a man's touch with every fiber of my being. You know how sexual I am, Chuck. I've tried to stay strong, but I'm only human. I have needs that can't be denied for 3 years, I'm sorry.

Please know that I still love you with all my heart. But I've made an important decision. Our son Liam will be moving into the master bedroom with me and taking over your husbandly duties between my legs until you return. He's 18 now, and has made it clear he's more than willing to step up and fill the void your absence has left in our marriage bed. I know this must be painful to hear, but I hope you can find it in your heart to understand. I don't make this choice lightly.

Liam and I will strive to be discreet around his younger siblings. I don't want them to discover that their brother has assumed the role of man of the house in every sense. This is the way it has to be, Chuck. I cannot be expected to live like a nun, my body's desires neglected, just because of your unfortunate circumstances. I need this. I need HIM.

Every night, I will welcome Liam into my bed and revel in his strong young body. He will pleasure me in ways I so desperately miss. I will teach him to be a skilled, generous lover, just as he should be. Please try to find comfort in knowing that while you sit in your cold cell, Liam will be making love to me, pumping your wife full of his seed, giving me the ecstasy I crave. He will worship these big tits you love so much, providing them the attention they deserve while you're away. I'll ride him for hours, milking that virile young cock with my needy cunt. And we will wake up and do it all over again, sating my aching lust, day after day, until you come home to us.

Please forgive me. I don't do this to hurt you. But I refuse to deny myself the joys of the flesh just because of your mistake. When you finally return, you will still be my husband, and we'll pick up where we left off.

I pray you can accept this. I look forward to your next call.

Eternal love,

Sarah"

Tears dripped onto the page as Sarah folded the letter with shaking hands. She hated causing Chuck this heartache, but her mind was made up. Her body demanded satisfaction, and she would have it, one way or the other. Liam was the perfect solution in Chuck's absence. She would make a man out of her boy, and assuage her own desperate cravings in the process. The die was cast.

As dusk settled over the house, Liam sat on the edge of his bed, heart pounding with anticipation. The muffled sounds of his younger brother and sister getting ready for bed filtered through the wall. He listened intently as his mother helped them with their nighttime routine, his mind reeling.

Ever since he and his mom had fucked the night before, he couldn't think about anything else. The way she had looked at him, her eyes smoldering with raw need. The husky timbre of her voice as she confessed how badly she craved a man's touch. His touch. He still couldn't quite believe that it had actually happened – that he had spent an entire night ravaging his own mother.

Liam palmed the stiffening bulge in his jeans as he recalled the moment she had laid it all out for him. How she couldn't endure a year of celibacy, how she needed him to step into his father's role and satisfy her like a man. He had never been so simultaneously shocked and aroused in his life.

Of course he had always thought his mom was sexy as hell, with her huge perfect tits, curvy hips and beautiful face. What red-blooded teen wouldn't? He'd jacked off countless times with her in mind. But to actually fuck her? He never dreamed it would happen. Until now.

The house grew quiet. Liam heard his siblings' bedroom door close. This was it. Would it be a wonderful repeat of the night before? He took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing pulse and the butterflies in his stomach.

A shadow passed by his cracked door - his mother. Liam's breath caught as she paused in the doorway, backlit by the dim hall light. The sheer black robe she wore left little to the imagination, her womanly silhouette and the dark points of her nipples clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. She crooked a finger at him and he rose to follow, as if in a trance.

She led him down the hall to the master bedroom without a word. Liam's eyes were glued to the tantalizing sway of her full hips and thick ass beneath the translucent robe. His cock throbbed almost painfully against his fly as he imagined sinking into his mother's lush body again.

She closed and locked the door behind them and turned to face him. Her expression was an alluring mix of maternal affection and carnal hunger. Liam swallowed hard, his whole body pulsing with need.

"Mom, are you sure about this?" Liam asked, his voice husky with desire even as he tried to be the voice of reason. "What about Dad? Is he really okay with me taking his place this way?"

Sarah moved closer, reaching out to stroke her son's cheek. "Oh honey, your father doesn't have a choice. Expecting me to go without a man's touch for a whole year is beyond selfish. He lost the right to have any say in how I manage my needs when he got himself locked up."

She untied her robe and let it slip from her shoulders to pool on the floor at her feet. Liam's eyes widened at the sight of his mother's spectacular

nude body, his cock jumping in his jeans. Her massive tits were even more perfect than in his countless fantasies, and the shaved triangle at the junction of her thighs made his mouth water.

"If anything, your father should be grateful to you," Sarah purred, running a hand down Liam's muscular chest to palm the rigid bulge of his erection. "Grateful that his son is man enough to step up and take care of his wife's needs while he's gone. He should be thanking you for giving me the pleasure I deserve and keeping me satisfied."

Liam groaned as his mother squeezed his throbbing cock through his pants. His reservations were rapidly evaporating in the heat of his lust for her. "I guess you're right," he said hoarsely. "Dad is lucky I'm willing to do this for you... for our family."

"Exactly baby," Sarah cooed, unbuckling Liam's belt and unzipping his fly. She shoved his jeans and boxers down and sank to her knees, eyeing his impressive erection hungrily. "And I'm so very, very grateful."

Sarah gazed in awe at her son's magnificent manhood, finally freed from the confines of his jeans. His cock was truly a sight to behold, standing proudly at full attention before her. The thick shaft was long and rigid, the skin silky smooth and stretched taut. Pronounced veins ran along the length, pulsing with virile potency.

The mushroom-shaped head was broad and engorged a deep reddish-purple hue, glistening with a pearly drop of pre-cum at the tip. It flared out majestically from the tautly pulled back foreskin. Just below, Liam's heavy balls hung low in their hairless sack, each one looking swollen to near bursting with his copious teenage seed.

Even the root of his cock was impressive, thick and meaty where it emerged from his groin to form the base of this glorious pillar of male flesh. Liam's member was a prime specimen, the very epitome of ripe young manhood. It twitched and jumped under Sarah's adoring gaze, as if eager for her touch.

Leaning forward, she swirled her tongue around the swollen head of his cock, lapping up the pre-cum that leaked steadily from his slit. Liam growled and tangled his fingers in her hair.

"Enough talk," Sarah said huskily.

With that, she opened her mouth and sank down on Liam's straining erection, taking him deep into the hot, wet cavern of her throat. Liam cried out in ecstasy as his wildest dreams finally came true. At long last, he was getting his cock sucked by his own gorgeous mother. It was really happening.

Sarah bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, slurping and sucking noisily as she devoured her son's throbbing shaft. Her plush lips stretched obscenely around his thick girth, coating him with her saliva as she worshipped his manhood with wanton abandon

She wrapped her fingers around Liam's thick shaft, stroking him slowly as she looked up at him with pure animalistic need. "Mommy is going to take such good care of you, sweetheart. I'm going to fuck you so good and hard, every single day. Would you like that? To pump mommy's tight pussy full of your hot cum again and again?"

"Fuck yes," Liam growled, tangling his fingers in his mother's hair. "I'll pleasure the hell outta you, mom."

"Mmmm, that's my good boy," Sarah purred. "Show Mommy what a real man you are."

With trembling hands, Chuck unfolded the next letter from his wife. Her last correspondence, discussing their son taking his place in their marital bed had hit him hard. His heart clenching at what lurid details this letter might contain about her and Liam. Steeling himself, he began to read:

"My darling husband,

I know this is difficult for you to hear, but I want you to feel like you're still a part of my life, a part of us, even though we're separated by this terrible circumstance. And so I've decided to share with you an intimate account. I hope that in some way, it will be like you were there with me.

After settling the little ones in bed last night, I went to Liam wearing only a sheer robe, with nothing underneath. The hunger in his eyes when he saw my body on display set me on fire. I led him to our bedroom and as soon as the door closed, I dropped my robe and sank to my knees before him.

Oh Chuck, if you could have seen our boy's magnificent cock as I freed it from his jeans. Long and thick, hard as steel, pulsing with virility. I worshipped it with my hands and tongue, savoring the taste of him, my own son. And when I took him into my throat and sucked him deep, his ecstatic moans were music to my ears.

He fisted his hands in my hair and rocked his hips, fucking my face with abandon. I reveled in his lack of restraint, encouraging him to use me, to take his pleasure. Before long, he was grunting that he was close. I sucked harder and fondled his heavy balls, coaxing the cum from him.

With a roar, he exploded in my mouth, flooding me with spurt after spurt of his hot, salty essence. I swallowed it all down greedily, like a woman dying of thirst. He seemed to cum forever and I relished every drop. I could feel his cock still throbbing against my tongue even as it softened.

But we were far from done. I stood and led him to the bed, where I lay back and spread my legs wantonly. 'Fuck me, baby,' I begged him. 'Shove that fat cock in Mommy's pussy and make me scream.'

Liam wasted no time mounting me, hooking my legs over his elbows and slamming into me balls-deep in one powerful thrust. I shrieked in ecstasy as he stretched me open, so much bigger than you ever were. Sorry, I know that's hard to hear, but I'm just sharing the facts. He pounded me hard and fast, like a machine, rutting me with his exuberant teenage

energy. The bed creaked and quaked beneath us as my ass bounced against the mattress.

'Harder!' I screamed, and he doubled his efforts, fucking me with inhuman strength. I came on his jackhammering cock again and again, soaking us both with my squirting pussy juices. He sucked my tits ravenously as he plowed me, his teeth and tongue sending jolts of pleasure through my nipples straight to my clit.

I was delirious with pleasure, nearly blacking out as he fucked me mercilessly through countless orgasms. At last, with a mighty bellow, he buried himself to the hilt inside me and I felt his cock erupt, pumping me full of his molten seed. Load after massive load, he just kept cumming as I milked him dry with my clenching cunt.

After, as we lay gasping and entangled, his softening cock still buried inside me and his cum leaking from my ravaged hole, I knew I had made the right choice. I finally felt complete again. Liam is everything I need. He's the man of the house now.

And that was just the first round. We fucked four more times last night, just like the night before. I bounced on his cock, I took him from behind, we did every position. He's insatiable, and his stamina is unreal. I've never been so exhausted and satisfied. I'm addicted to fucking our son now. I can't get enough. I know it's not an easy thing to hear, honey, but you know honesty in our marriage has always been important to me.

I'll write again soon and share more details of our marathon sex sessions. Picturing you reading this, imagining me in the throes of passion with Liam, brings me some comfort. I hope it does for you too, knowing that I'm being so thoroughly pleased, even if you can't be the one doing it.

I love you always.

Your devoted wife,

Sarah"

Chuck crumpled the obscene letter in his fist, his heart shattering into pieces with each graphic line describing his wife's ecstatic infidelity with their own son. Tears of impotent rage and despair coursed down his face as he pictured Liam in his marriage bed, giving Sarah pleasure he never could. The image of her wantonly debasing herself with her boy, the crude details of their incestuous coupling, would be seared into his brain forever.

The next day, Sarah pulled up to the curb outside Liam's high school, her heart racing with anticipation. She had dolled herself up in a skimpy white tank top that stretched obscenely over her humongous tits, and the tightest denim booty shorts imaginable. The flimsy top was so sheer, her dusky nipples were clearly visible through the bra and fabric of her top. She knew every red-blooded male who saw her would be drooling over her scantily clad curves.

When Liam climbed into the car, his eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the sight of his mother's overtly sexual attire. "Wow Mom, you look incredible," he said hoarsely, already feeling his cock stir to life.

Sarah grinned and leaned over to plant a smoldering kiss on his lips, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. "I have a surprise for you, baby," she purred sultrily as she pulled away. "Something I think you'll really like."

She put the car in gear and headed out of town, driving with purpose. Liam fidgeted with barely contained excitement beside her, his eyes glued to her jiggling tits and long bare legs. After winding along back roads for a while, his mom pulled off onto a hidden dirt track, following it until they reached a secluded clearing.

"This is where your father and I used to come for some private time back in high school," Sarah explained, putting the car in park and unfastening her seatbelt. "I thought it would be the perfect spot for us too."

With a seductive smile, she climbed over the center console and straddled Liam's lap, grinding her barely-covered pussy against the bulge of his erection. Liam groaned and grabbed her ass, squeezing the firm but fatty globes as he pulled her harder against him.

Their mouths crashed together in a hungry, open-mouthed kiss. Sarah's skillful tongue plundered her son's mouth aggressively as she dry humped him, panting into the kiss with wanton lust. Liam returned her passion, sucking on her thrusting tongue greedily.

Sarah broke away, gasping for breath. She whipped her tank top over her head and tossed it aside, then unclasped her bra, causing her oversized tits to come tumbling out. "I need you, baby," she moaned, unfastening his jeans and freeing his straining cock. "I need this fat dick in Mommy's cunt right fucking now."

She shimmied out of her tiny shorts and panties, then sank down on Liam's rigid pole with a shriek of ecstasy, taking him to the hilt in her hot, slick channel. "Oh fuck yes!" she wailed, throwing her head back in bliss as she began to bounce on him. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck Mommy's pussy so good!"

Liam pounded up into her, grunting primitively, mauling her perfect tits and diamond-hard nipples. Her meaty ass slapped against his thighs as she impaled herself on him over and over, the car rocking wildly from the force of their frantic coupling.

Liam's rock-hard shaft plunged in and out of Sarah's slick, scorching pussy, the thick veins along his cock dragging deliciously against her fluttering walls. Every ridge and contour of his pulsing member stimulated her most sensitive flesh in the most mind-blowing way as he stretched her open again and again.

The swollen head of his cock kissed her cervix with each deep plunge, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her core. Her greedy

cunt clenched and secreted around him, the muscular rings of her sheath rippling along his girth as if to milk the cum from his balls.

Their sexes were fused as one, two perfect puzzle pieces of throbbing flesh slotting together in ecstasy. The heat of her molten channel seared his plundering cock, her syrupy arousal drenching his shaft and seeping out around him with each thrust to trickle down to his balls.

The sensation of his steel-hard cock head scraping over the ridged roof of her vagina, stimulating her elusive G-spot, made Sarah see stars. She keened and thrashed atop him, impaling herself harder and faster on his jackhammering pole.

"Fuck, baby, your cock feels so good!" Sarah wailed, raking her nails down Liam's chest. "Mommy's gonna cum all over that big fat dick! Don't stop!"

Liam growled and snapped his hips up into her harder, one hand clamping down on her hip and the other twisting her nipple almost viciously. The wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and their harsh panting filled the car as they rutted in a frenzy.

Sarah threw her head back with a scream as her orgasm crashed over her, her cunt bearing down on Liam's pile-driving cock like a velvet vise. Clear fem-cum squirted from her core to splatter his groin and soak into the car seat as she bucked and writhed above him.

Liam hammered up into her convulsing sheath a dozen more times before burying himself to the hilt with a roar, his cock quivered as he geysered cum directly into her womb. Jet after jet of hot seed pumped into her, flooding her channel, as her pussy milked him dry.

They collapsed together, shaking and gasping for breath, glazed in sweat. Sarah pressed kisses all over Liam's face as she clenched her cunt rhythmically around his semi-hard shaft still lodged inside her, relishing the feeling of being so full of her son's cum.

"My god, that was incredible," Sarah panted, continuing to grind lazily on Liam's softening member. "I can never get enough of this cock, baby. You fuck Mommy so much better than your father ever did."

Chuck's hands trembled as he reluctantly unfolded the latest letter from Sarah, dreading what new lurid details and heartbreaking revelations it might contain about her depraved relationship with their son. A photograph fluttered out and he steeled himself before picking it up, bile rising in his throat as he took in the obscene image.

There was his beautiful wife, splayed out wantonly across the backseat of her car, their strapping young son on top of her. They were both completely naked, their bodies intertwined in a sweaty rutting heap of incestuous passion. Sarah's face was contorted in the throes of ecstasy, her mouth open in a scream of pleasure as Liam suckled ravenously at her heavy, bouncing tits.

Chuck could practically hear his wife's rapturous cries and the wet slapping of flesh as he stared at the obscene tableau, his son's muscular ass clenching as he clearly pounded his large cock into his mother's receptive cunt. The thought of Sarah brazenly taking Liam to the same spot where she used to make love to him, before their marriage, before their children, shattered Chuck's heart all over again.

With rising nausea, he forced himself to read the letter, each word twisting the knife ever deeper:

"Dear Chuck,

I wanted you to have this little memento of Liam and me in the throes of passion. Isn't it a lovely photo? You can really see the ecstasy on my face as our virile boy fucks me with that magnificent cock of his. Ooh, he made me cum so hard, over and over until I nearly blacked out from the intensity of it!

I've started picking him up from school on his lunch break so we can slip away for a quickie most days. He has such youthful stamina - he can fuck me silly and still have energy for more when we get home! I love bouncing on our son's dick in the backseat like a horny teenager, or letting him bend me over the hood and ream my ass. I can't get enough! Especially being so naughty at that spot that used to be so special to you and I.

I also wanted to let you know that Liam has officially moved all his things into the master bedroom with me now. It just makes more sense this way, since he's taken over your duties as my lover. His clothes are in the closet next to mine, and his toiletries are in the master bath. Our marital bed is now his bed too, where he fucks me every night.

Don't worry, I had the kids help me move all your stuff up to the attic for safekeeping. They were so helpful boxing everything up! Of course, they don't understand the real reason behind the move. It will be our little secret until you come home.

Well, I have to run, my love. Liam just got home from baseball practice and I need to go welcome him properly, if you know what I mean! I plan to worship his sweaty young body for hours and reward his hard work on the field with a nice long fuck. I'll be thinking of you!

XOXO,

Sarah

Chuck crumpled the perverse letter in his shaking fist, wishing he could erase the image of his wife shacking up with their son from his tormented mind. The thought of Liam taking his place in their marriage bed, in Sarah's heart, was more than he could bear. Overcome with despair, he collapsed onto his hard cot and wept bitter tears of betrayal and loss. How had it come to this?

Meanwhile, back home, at that very moment, Sarah's inner walls clenched and fluttered around Liam's plunging cock, her slick, velvety flesh molding to every contour of his thrusting shaft. The spongy head of his erection pounded relentlessly against the deepest, most sensitive reaches of her tight sheath, sending shockwaves of ecstasy rippling through her core.

His broad cockhead battered her cervix with each powerful stroke, the swollen ring of muscle cinching down around him as if trying to suck him even further inside. Liam groaned at the delicious resistance as he stretched her hungry hole to its limits again and again.

Her thick juices flooded her canal, frothing up around his pistoning member and squelching obscenely with his every movement. Creamy rivulets of her nectar seeped out around his girth to trickle down the crack of her ass.

Sarah wailed in rapture as Liam jackhammered into her, the force of his thrusts making her big tits bounce and wobble. Her cunt spasmed and convulsed, rippling along his length, the textured walls massaging him as he plowed through her slick folds.

Her orgasm crashed over her in a tidal wave and she shrieked her pleasure, drenching his cock with a hot gush of cum. Liam bellowed as her clenching pussy milked him, triggering his own explosive climax. His cock throbbed and pulsed as he blasted jet after jet of thick semen directly against her cervix.

Their combined fluids frothed up around his erupting cock, splattering obscenely. Pearly rivers of spunk oozed out of her twitching hole as he pumped her full to overflowing, breeding his own mother like a rutting animal.

A few days later, Chuck read the latest gut-wrenching letter from his wife with trembling hands:

"My darling Chuck,

I hope you're doing as well as can be expected, under the circumstances. I miss you terribly and think of you every day. But I have some news that may be difficult for you to hear.

Liam and I have grown even closer these past months. Our lovemaking has become truly transcendent, a union of bodies and souls. We connect on a level I've never experienced before. I feel like he completes me.

We've been talking a lot about the future lately. And we've made a decision. Liam is going to give me the baby we were trying for before you left. I'm going to come off birth control and let our son put his child in my womb.

I know this must be incredibly painful, my love. Getting pregnant was OUR dream. But I'm not getting any younger. My biological clock is ticking. And I can't put my life on hold for 3 years, just as I can't be expected to put my sexual needs on hold.

Liam will make an incredible father. He's so caring, so strong and mature beyond his years. He'll be by my side through the pregnancy and help me raise our child. Of course, as far as everyone else knows, the baby will be yours. Only the three of us will know the truth - that Liam bred his mother.

I hope you can find it in your heart to understand and accept this. Our family is growing, and I couldn't be happier. When you come home, you'll have a beautiful new son or daughter to love, a product of the passion Liam and I share. Focus on that.

I'll write again soon. Liam is waiting for me in our bed - we're trying to conceive starting tonight.

Your loving wife,

Sarah"

Chuck crumpled the letter in his fist and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the mental image of Liam mounting Sarah in their marriage bed at this very moment, impregnating her with his incestuous seed. The thought of her belly swelling with their son's illicit child, a tangible symbol of her depraved infidelity, shattered his heart beyond repair.

Wracked with pain and impotent fury, Chuck buried his face in his hands and wept brokenly for all that he had lost - his wife, his son, his family, his entire world. He had never felt so utterly destroyed.

Two days later, Chuck waited for the collect call from Sarah to be connected. He had so many things he wanted to say to her, so many questions. But most of all, he just longed to hear her voice.

After several long moments, the line finally clicked. "H-hello?" Sarah answered, sounding out of breath.

"Sarah," Chuck choked out. "You have no idea how much I've missed you."

"I've missed you too, honey," she replied, her voice hitching. "More than you know."

There was a strange rhythmic creaking in the background and Sarah let out a little gasp. With a sinking feeling, Chuck realized what he must be hearing. "Sarah... please tell me you're not... not with HIM right now..."

"Shhh, it's okay," she soothed breathily. "Liam and I were just... ohhh... working on making that baby we talked about. That's all."

As if to punctuate her words, Chuck heard Liam's low moan and the distinctive slap of flesh on flesh through the phone. The creaking intensified. Chuck felt like he might vomit.

"Jesus, Sarah! Can't you stop rutting with our son for two seconds to talk to me?" he exploded, anguished. "I'm your husband!"

"You're not being fair, Chuck," Sarah admonished gently, panting. "Oooh fuck, right there baby," she added, clearly to Liam. "You know I have needs."

"I thought you loved me," Chuck said brokenly. "How could you do this to me?"

"I do love you!" Sarah insisted. Her breath was coming faster now, the wet sounds of vigorous sex clearly audible. "I love you so much, honey. But I love Liam too. Unnnh! He makes me feel things I never knew I could feel. Oh god, I'm close! Fuck me harder, baby!"

Chuck listened in stunned heartbreak to the unmistakable sound of his wife's approaching orgasm as their son fucked her. The headboard slammed against the wall and Sarah's ecstatic cries grew louder.

"I'm sorry, Chuck. I'm so sorry," she babbled frantically, her pleasure clearly cresting. "But I can't give this up. I won't! Oooh fuck, Liam! Breed Mommy! Knock me up with your baby!"

She let out a piercing shriek and Liam groaned long and low, the sounds of their climax sending daggers through Chuck's heart. He knew with grim certainty that Liam was ejaculating into Sarah's fertile womb at that very moment, perhaps conceiving the child that should have been Chuck's.

For a long minute, there was no sound but Sarah and Liam's labored breathing and the creak of the mattress. Chuck listened numbly, in a daze of grief and pain.

Finally, Sarah came back on the line. "Listen honey, I know this is hard for you," she said, sounding distracted and out of breath. "But you called at a really bad time. Liam and I aren't finished yet - that was just round one. We have a lot more baby making to do tonight."

"Are you serious right now?" Chuck asked incredulously, his voice cracking. "You can't spare five minutes to talk to your husband who's rotting in jail?"

Sarah sighed in exasperation. "Chuck, you're not being reasonable. You know how important this is, me getting pregnant. That has to be the priority right now. Every sex session counts when we're trying to conceive."

Chuck couldn't believe the cavalier way she discussed her obscene activities with their son. "Sarah, please. Can we just talk for two minutes?"

"I'm sorry, but Liam is ready to go again and I don't want to waste a single drop of his seed," Sarah said irritably. "We'll have to talk tomorrow, okay? I'll try to squeeze you in between breeding sessions."

Chuck heard Liam's voice in the background. "C'mon Mom, hang up already. I need to sink my cock in that sweet pussy again. Let's make a baby."

"Damn it Sarah--" Chuck started to protest, but she cut him off.

"I have to go Chuck. I'll talk to you later."

With that, the line went dead, leaving Chuck listening to the dial tone in shocked misery, the sound of his wife's lustful giggles and the creaking mattress still echoing in his mind.

Sarah and Liam rutted like wild animals in heat every chance they got. Whenever Sarah wasn't occupied with her motherly duties to her

younger children, she and Liam were engaged in marathon fuck sessions. They coupled for hours on end each day, their hot, slick bodies writhing and undulating together in a frenzy of incestuous lust.

No position was off limits as they explored every debauched configuration imaginable. Sarah rode Liam's thick cock in reverse cowgirl, her huge tits bouncing as she impaled herself on his meat pole again and again. He took her from behind, pounding her into the mattress doggy style as she screamed her ecstasy. She straddled his face and ground her sopping cunt against his mouth while sucking his cock, sixty-nining in a lewd tangle of limbs.

They fucked missionary with her ankles by her ears, folded nearly in half as Liam plowed her relentlessly. He pinned her against the wall and hoisted her up, hammering up into her slick folds as she clung to him and wailed. She bent over the kitchen table and he mounted her from behind, slamming balls deep into her creaming pussy.

Over and over, in every room of the house, at all hours, mother and son rutted like beasts, skin slapping obscenely, fluids gushing, a symphony of grunts and moans and shrieks of rapture. Liam's potent semen flooded Sarah's fertile womb in great gouts each time, his virile seed taking root deep in her unprotected depths.

Gallons of spunk pumped into her over the course of each sex marathon, Liam's heavy balls churning out inhuman loads as he bred his own mother with single-minded purpose. His cock was never soft, spearing into her again the second he finished, driven to impregnate her. And Sarah took it all with greedy abandon, her needy cunt milking him for every drop, her cervix hungry for his seed.

They fucked through the night and often into the morning, falling asleep still joined, only to wake up and start rutting again. Sarah was delirious with pleasure, lost to the world, focused only on the feel of her son's magnificent cock splitting her open and flooding her with his potent

cum. She knew it was only a matter of time before his baby took hold in her womb.

One week later, with trembling hands, Sarah penned the letter she knew would devastate her husband. But he had to know the truth.

"My dearest Chuck,

I hope this letter finds you as well as can be expected. I have some news to share, news that will be difficult for you to hear. But you deserve to know.

After weeks of trying, it finally happened - I'm pregnant. Liam and I are overjoyed. We cried tears of happiness in each other's arms when the test came back positive. At last, the baby we've been dreaming of is on the way. I can hardly wait to feel our child growing inside me, to watch my belly swell with the proof of our love.

I know this must be so painful for you, my darling. Getting pregnant was OUR plan. But life doesn't always go according to plan, as we've learned all too well. I couldn't put my desire for another child on hold. My biological clock is ticking. And Liam... he's going to be such an amazing father.

This baby is a blessing. I truly believe that. A part of me and a part of Liam, growing into a new life. I already love this child so much. I hope that in time, you can find a way to love him or her too. You'll be the only father this baby knows. No one can ever take that away from you.

There's something else I need to tell you as well. Liam and I have started exploring anal sex. I know that's something you always wanted to do, but I could never bring myself to try with you. I'm sorry for that. But with Liam... it just feels right. His cock is so big and thick, he stretches me in the most intense, pleasurable way. And the intimacy of letting him into

my last untouched hole, giving him every part of me... it's incredible. I orgasm so hard I practically black out when he fucks my ass.

I know this is a lot to take in. And I'm so sorry for hurting you with this news. But you deserve my honesty, now more than ever. I still love you so much. You're my soulmate and that will never change. What Liam and I have is different, but it doesn't diminish my love for you. I hope you can understand that.

Take care of yourself. I miss you and I'm counting the days until your release.

Your devoted wife,

Sarah"

Sarah sealed the envelope and pressed a kiss to it, sending her love to her husband across the miles. She knew this letter would break his heart. But she had to be truthful with him. He had a right to know he had a new son or daughter on the way, and that Liam had claimed her body in a way Chuck never had.

Rubbing her still flat stomach and thinking of the tiny new life taking root inside her, Sarah went to find Liam. She needed the comfort and pleasure only he could provide. Her swollen tits ached to be sucked and fondled, her ass longed to be stretched and filled by his enormous cock.

She found him in the living room, watching TV in just a pair of boxers. Her mouth watered at the sight of his muscular body on display. Pregnancy hormones were already making her hornier than ever.

"Hey baby," she purred, straddling his lap. She ground against his crotch, feeling him stiffen immediately. "I need you."

Liam groaned and reached up to maul her sensitive tits through her thin shirt. "Fuck Mom, you're insatiable," he said appreciatively. "I love how much you want it now that you're knocked up."

"I always want you," Sarah moaned as he tweaked her nipples. "I'm addicted to your cock. Especially in my ass. I need you to fuck my ass so bad right now, baby."

She stood up and shimmied out of her shorts, revealing her bare, juicy pussy and plump ass. Bending over the back of the couch, she reached back and spread her cheeks, exposing her puckered rosebud.

"Fill me up, baby," she begged, looking back at him with molten lust in her eyes. "Shove that big dick up Mommy's asshole and make me scream."

Liam wasted no time freeing his massive erection and moving into position behind her. He rubbed the bulbous head up and down her crack, collecting her juices, before centering it against her quivering sphincter.

"Ungh, yessss," Sarah hissed as he began to push forward, her tight ring stretching around his invading cockhead. "That's it, baby. Give me every fucking inch."

Liam grunted as he sank into her, her hot, viselike sheath gripping him like a fist. He watched in awe as his huge pole disappeared into her tiny hole, her elastic rim stretching obscenely to take him.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you're so goddamn tight," he groaned when he was fully sheathed in her ass, his heavy balls pressed against her pussy.

"You like Mommy's tight asshole, baby?" Sarah panted, reveling in the burning fullness. She clenched around him, making him curse. "Fuck it hard. Ruin my ass with that big fucking cock."

Liam drew back and slammed home, making her cry out. He set a punishing pace, sawing in and out of her, his hips smacking her ass. The wet squelch of his cock violating her hole filled the room.

"Take it, Mom," he growled, reaching around to maul her bouncing tits. "Fucking take that dick up your shitter."

"Yes, baby, yes!" Sarah wailed, pushing back to meet his thrusts. Drool leaked from the corner of her mouth as she surrendered to the taboo pleasure. "Harder! Wreck my ass!"

Liam pistoned in and out of her spasming asshole, grunting like a wild animal. He pounded her with brutal intensity, the force of his thrusts making the heavy couch scrape across the floor. Sarah's eyes rolled back as she came hard, squirting her juices down her thighs.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum," Liam warned, jackhammering into her convulsing hole with desperate abandon. "Gonna cum so deep in your ass, Mom."

"Do it!" Sarah screeched, slamming herself back onto him. "Fill Mommy's ass with your cum! Breed my fucking shitter!"

With an animalistic roar, Liam buried himself to the hilt and exploded, flooding Sarah's bowels with what felt like gallons of semen. It pumped out of him in long, forceful jets, splattering her inner walls. Sarah wailed as the intense heat triggered another shattering climax.

Liam kept coming and coming, his balls unloading an inhuman volume of jizz into his mother's spasming ass. Sarah could feel it squishing obscenely around his pulsing shaft, oozing out around his girth to dribble down her crack. When he finally pulled out with a wet squelch, her abused hole gaped wide, a river of cum pouring out.

"Oh my god," Sarah panted as she collapsed forward, absolutely wrecked. "That was incredible. I don't think I'll ever get enough of you fucking my ass, baby."

Liam gathered her into his arms and kissed her deeply. "And I'll never get enough of claiming you that way, Mom. Your body is mine now - your pussy, your ass, these huge fucking tits." He palmed her heaving rack possessively. "All mine."

Sarah melted into him, her heart so full of love for her virile young son. The father of her unborn child. "Yes baby, all yours," she agreed breathlessly. "I'm your woman now, in every way. Now and forever."

As Sarah's pregnancy progressed, it became clear that she was carrying not one, but two babies. Liam's potent seed had taken root in her womb with a vengeance, blessing them with twin daughters. Sarah's belly swelled to epic proportions, stretching far out in front of her, taut and heavy with her son's offspring.

Her already enormous breasts grew even more massive, engorged with milk and throbbing with constant need. They sat high and proud on her chest, defying gravity, the dusky nipples perpetually stiff. Sarah loved her new hyper-feminine curves, reveling in the ripe fecundity of her body.

Liam couldn't keep his hands off her, worshipping her gravid form at every opportunity. He loved to bury his face between her heaving tits, motorboating her cleavage before latching onto a nipple and suckling greedily. Milk would let down immediately, filling his mouth and splattering his cheeks as he growled his approval.

He would kiss and caress her swollen belly reverently, marveling at the two tiny lives he had put inside her. Then he would move lower, lapping at her dripping folds before mounting her and sliding his massive cock back home into her slick heat. Sarah's pregnant pussy was always so wet and ready for him, the tissues lush and pillowy.

They fucked like rabbits, Liam pounding into her for hours, his stamina endless. He took her in every position imaginable - on her hands and knees, her huge belly swaying, spooned behind her, his hands cupping her breasts, with her on top, impaled on his thickness. He claimed her ass daily, never tiring of violating his mother's forbidden hole.

Sarah documented it all, taking lewd photos of their carnal activities. Close ups of Liam's enormous cock splitting her pregnant pussy open, stuffed into her gaping asshole, buried between her massive milk-laden

tits. Pics of her riding him, head thrown back in ecstasy, belly and breasts bouncing wildly. Of her on her knees, cheeks bulging as she sucked him off, his cum splattering her face.

She included the obscene photos in her letters to Chuck, wanting him to see how thoroughly their son had bred her, the shocking changes to her body, the depravity of their coupling. She knew it would torture him to see another man, his own child no less, defiling his wife's pregnant form in the most debased ways. But a sick part of her got off on rubbing his face in it. This was all his doing after all.

Chuck wept as he looked at the images of Sarah's massively pregnant body entwined with Liam's, his son's ecstatic face buried between her enormous breasts or pressed against her glistening pussy mound. He ached to be the one pounding into her lush folds, filling his hands with her ripe flesh, suckling the milk from her tits. But that privilege belonged to Liam now. He had lost his wife to his own son in every way imaginable.

As Sarah entered her third trimester, she was absolutely ravenous for Liam's cock. Her belly preceded her everywhere she went, tits jutting out obscenely to the sides, the rest of her body seeming almost comically petite in comparison. She looked like a fertility goddess, a walking monument to virility and abundance.

Liam serviced her nearly non-stop, his teenage cock forever hard and eager. He lay on the bed, his head propped on pillows, as Sarah squatted over his face. Her dripping cunt hovered inches above him as he gripped her enormous ass, kneading the plush cheeks. Milk dribbled from her elongated nipples as she ground herself against his mouth, coating his lips and chin.

"That's it, baby, eat Mommy's pregnant pussy," she moaned, fisting her hands in his hair to hold him in place. "Suck those swollen lips, get me ready for your big cock."

Liam growled into her folds, the vibrations making her shudder. He lapped at her hungrily, his tongue swirling around her throbbing clit before delving deep into her channel. He nibbled and sucked as she writhed above him, gasping out her pleasure.

When she was teetering on the edge, cunt clenching and fluttering, she raised up and positioned his straining erection at her entrance. With a wail, she sank down, taking him to the hilt in one smooth stroke. Her massive belly and tits loomed above him as she began to bounce, thighs flexing.

"Fuck yes, fill me up!" she cried as she rode him hard, the bed creaking beneath them. "Pound that big dick up into your baby's home!"

Liam thrust up to meet her, grunting with the effort. Her huge body undulated above him, a tsunami of flesh. He squeezed her tits roughly, and she screamed as milk sprayed from her nipples, raining down on his face and chest. He opened his mouth to catch the warm streams on his tongue.

"I'm cumming!" Sarah shrieked, her cunt strangling his pistoning cock. "Cum with me baby, cum in your pregnant mommy!"

Liam bellowed as his balls drew up and exploded, painting her rippling walls with his seed. She ground down onto him, wringing every last drop from his pulsing shaft, her greedy hole milking him dry. Their combined fluids gushed out around his cock, soaking his groin, as Sarah collapsed forward onto his chest.

She peppered his face with kisses as he softened inside her, still buried to the root. "My perfect boy," she panted. "Mommy loves you so much. Thank you for taking such good care of me and your sisters. You're gonna be the best daddy."

Liam palmed her belly tenderly, overcome with emotion. "I love you too, Mom. And our daughters. You're my entire world. I'll always be here for you, all three of you."

Sarah sighed in contentment, feeling truly cherished and adored. She knew that no matter what happened with Chuck, she and Liam would be together forever, their forbidden love bonding them now as not just mother and son, but as life partners. She couldn't wait to birth their children and start this new chapter.

She snapped a quick pic of them joined this way, his semi-hard cock still connecting them, his hands cradling her swollen belly. The satisfied, blissed out expressions on both their faces. She would send it to Chuck with a note:

"Your son bred me so well, darling. I've never felt so woman. So fulfilled. He takes care of me in every way, worships my body like the divine temple of life that it is. I'm so ready for our daughters to get here so I can be the mother of his children in truth. I know this is painful for you. But I hope you can take solace in knowing that Liam and I will love them enough for the both of us. They will want for nothing. And when you finally come home to us, they will know you as their father too. We're still a family. Just a bit unconventional now.

Sending all my love,

Your devoted Sarah"

Sarah knew the photo and letter would break Chuck's heart. She almost felt guilty for taking such cruel pleasure in his torment. But she was long past the point of caring about sparing his feelings. Her body and soul belonged to Liam now, the evidence growing bigger in her womb everyday. And soon, the products of their union would enter the world, the physical manifestation of their forbidden love. She could hardly wait.

The twin girls arrived after an intense labor, with Liam coaching Sarah through every push and contraction. When the doctor placed the squalling infants on Sarah's chest, she and Liam both wept tears of joy, overwhelmed by the monumental love they felt for their daughters.

They named the girls Lily and Willow, and doted on them endlessly. Sarah's breasts were perpetually heavy with milk, and Liam loved to watch her nurse them, the sight unbearably intimate and erotic. Her still swollen belly and the angry red stretch marks scoring her skin were badges of honor, proof of the new lives she had grown and birthed.

Liam couldn't keep his hands off her, not even giving her the standard six week recovery time before he was plunging into her again, reclaiming her. Their sex postpartum was raw and animalistic, both of them frantic to be joined once more after the temporary abstinence. Sarah's body yielded to him eagerly, her inner muscles still loose and pliant from the birth. He pounded into her for hours, making her scream her rapture.

It came as little surprise then, when a mere two months after delivering the twins, Sarah began experiencing telltale signs of early pregnancy again. The test confirmed it - Liam's potent seed had quickened in her womb once more. They celebrated the news with a slow, sensual fuck, Liam caressing her belly and crooning to the tiny new life taking root inside.

Sarah smirked down at Liam as he worshipped her gravid body, his face pressed between her massive milk-engorged breasts. "Aww, does baby boy wove Mommy's big pwegnant titties?" she cooed in exaggerated baby talk. Her son had come to enjoy that lately. "Mmmm, suck Mommy's fat nippies, sweetie. Dwain aaawll Mommy's yummy milk."

Liam latched onto one elongated nipple and suckled greedily, groaning as warm tit-nectar flooded his mouth. He palmed her other heavy breast, kneading the soft flesh, relishing the weight of it in his hand. Milk leaked from that nipple to dribble down his wrist as he squeezed.

"Mmmm, such a hungry boy for Mommy's boobies," Sarah purred, holding his head to her chest. "Dey're soooo fuww and heavy, baby. Mommy's titties are gonna smovver you, sweetie. Ddown you in Mommy milk."

She pushed her enormous jugs together, engulfing Liam's face in her cleavage. He motorboated her, burying his nose in the fragrant valley as he continued suckling, long pulls that had her nipples tingling and pussy clenching.

Sarah reached down to grip his huge erection jutting up between their bodies. "Oooh, wook at dat big boy cock!" she squealed. "Is dat for Mommy's drippy pwegnant pussy? Does baby boy wanna put his thick dicky in Mommy's gushy kitty and make it aww bettew?"

"Fuck yes," Liam growled against her breast before switching to the other nipple. He thrust into her stroking fist, smearing her palm with his copious pre-cum. "Wanna bury my fat cock in Mommy's sloppy pregnant snatch and pound it hard."

"Den do it, baby," Sarah urged breathlessly, positioning him at her entrance. The bulbous head of his cock parted her swollen folds as he surged forward, impaling her balls deep in one powerful stroke.

"Ungh! Dat's it! Stuff Mommy's pwegnant cunny fuww of dat big fuckstick!" she wailed, tossing her head back. Her massive belly and tits bounced wildly as Liam began to piston in and out, grunting with the effort. "Oooh, gwive it to Mommy! Pound my drippy muffin wif dat donkey dong, baby boy!"

Liam hammered into her, the wet squelch of his cock churning her pregnant pussy juices obscenely loud in the room. He gripped her engorged tits as leverage, fucking up into her with brutal intensity as she babbled filthy encouragement.

"Oooh fuckies, oooh fuckies!" Sarah mewled, reduced to incoherent baby talk as Liam pounded her into oblivion. "More, baby, more! Destwoy Mommy's gooey kitty!"

Liam snarled and redoubled his efforts, the headboard slamming against the wall with each savage thrust. He mauled her tits, milk spraying from her distended nipples to splatter them both. Sarah keened like a banshee, her pussy clamping down on his pile-driving cock like a vise.

"Dat's my good boy!" she wailed. "Knock me up again, baby! Put anovver baby in Mommy's tummy! Fwood my pussy wif your cummies!"

"Take it, Mom!" Liam roared, pounding into her like a jackhammer. "Gonna pump you so full of jizz, breed this shaved snatch again and again! Fuck!"

With an animalistic grunt, he buried himself to the hilt and unleashed, his cock flexing and kicking as it disgorged a massive load directly against her cervix. Sarah shrieked as she felt his potent seed bathing her womb, triggering her own explosive climax. Her cunt rippled and milked him, greedy for every drop.

They collapsed together in a sweaty tangle of limbs, Liam's cock still lodged deep inside her twitching channel as it continued to pulse weakly, pumping her full. Sarah hummed in satisfaction, running her fingers through his damp hair.

"Mmmm, baby boy has da bestest cock for Mommy's hungwy pussy," she purred. "Fiwws me up soooo good, makes me cummie so hawd. I wuv being your pwegnant mommy swut."

Liam captured her lips in a searing kiss, their tongues entwining sloppily. "I love being your baby daddy," he growled against her mouth. "Breeding this pussy over and over, watching your belly swell with my kids. You're MINE."

Sarah mewled in agreement, clenching her pussy around his semi-hard shaft possessively. She knew she would never get enough of her virile young son's cock, of being seeded by him again and again. Her body was his temple and his alone to worship and defile. She had never felt so complete.

Sarah knew she had to tell Chuck, even as she dreaded his reaction. With a heavy heart, she penned him a letter, choosing her words carefully but honestly:

"Dearest Chuck,

I hope this letter finds you holding up as well as possible. The girls are thriving and filling our lives with more joy than I thought possible. Liam is an amazing father, so hands on and loving. Seeing him with Lily and Willow makes me fall deeper in love every day.

Which brings me to the purpose of this letter - I'm pregnant again. It happened much sooner than we expected, but Liam and I are overjoyed. I know this news is a blow, yet another reminder of the profound bond he and I now share. I'm sorry for the pain I know this causes you. But I won't apologize for something that brings us such happiness.

There's more, and this one is the hardest of all to tell you. Chuck, Liam asked me to marry him, and I've said yes. He got down on one knee and presented me with a beautiful ring, told me that I'm the love of his life and he wants us to be a true family in every way. I've never been proposed to so romantically before. I'm sorry, but I couldn't say no.

We're planning an intimate, unconventional ceremony with just my mother and sisters in attendance. They've been so supportive of our relationship, and understand that our love is something precious, even if it's unorthodox. I wish you could be there too, to share in our joy. But I understand why that's not possible.

I've started the process of filing for divorce. I'm so very sorry, Chuck. But I need to be free to follow my heart, and it belongs to Liam now, wholly and completely. What we have... it transcends our blood tie, our age difference, societal norms. It's once in a lifetime, and I won't deny it any longer.

You will always have a place in my heart, as the father of our other children. I hope that in time, your wounds will heal and you can carve out a new chapter. I want you to find happiness again, I truly do. It just won't be with me.

The divorce papers will be coming soon. I hope we can settle this amicably, for the sake of all our children. They will always be our first priority.

Wishing you peace,

Sarah"

Sarah read over the letter, tears splashing on the page. She knew it would destroy Chuck to learn that not only was she pregnant with Liam's child again, but she was going to become Liam's wife as well. But she owed him the truth, as hard as it was. She couldn't let him languish in jail thinking there was still hope for their marriage.

18 MONTHS LATER

Chuck stepped out of the airport terminal, blinking in the bright sunlight. He scanned the crowd of waiting people, his heart pounding. It had been 3 years since he'd last seen his family. Years of pure hell, languishing in that overseas prison, consumed by despair and heartbreak with each new letter from Sarah detailing her depraved relationship with their son.

Finally, he spotted them. Liam stood with his arm wrapped around Sarah's waist, both of them beaming. Chuck's stomach turned as he took in the sight of his wife, heavily pregnant yet again with Liam's child. She was absolutely radiant, her skin glowing, her belly a perfect gravid dome straining against her sundress. Her breasts were massive, even larger than he remembered them ever being, and heavy with milk, the neckline of the dress barely containing them. She looked like a fertility goddess, ripe and lush and bursting with new life.

Liam, meanwhile, exuded pure masculine vitality and confidence. He'd filled out even more while Chuck was gone, his body hard and powerful from a life of nothing but ravenous sex, his face handsome and strong. He grinned as Chuck approached, looking for all the world like the cat who got the cream. And why shouldn't he? He'd thoroughly claimed Chuck's wife in every way, bred her over and over, fathered three children on her already with another on the way. He was the undisputed alpha now.

"Chuck, welcome back," Sarah said warmly, moving to hug him. He whimpered with envy as her giant, pillowy tits engulfed him, but when her massive belly pressed against him, he had to fight back nausea, knowing his grandchild lurked within. She still smelled the same, like vanilla and honey, bringing back a flood of memories.

Sarah smiled to herself as she felt Chuck's body shaking against hers. She knew her newly enhanced curves were driving him wild with lust and envy. Her breasts, always extra-large, were now truly gigantic, swollen with milk and straining against the fabric of her sundress. They pressed into Chuck's chest, warm, soft and yielding, fat nipples prodding him, making him groan under his breath.

And her pregnant belly, so hugely rounded and ripe, was an unavoidable reminder of the virile son who had replaced him in her bed. She could only imagine the agony Chuck must be feeling, having that visual confirmation of Liam's dominant virility shoved in his face. Knowing that his own wife's body had become a lush breeding ground for his son's potent seed.

Sarah couldn't deny the thrill of power and dark satisfaction that gave her. A part of her enjoyed flaunting her new, hyperfeminine curves in front of her inadequate former husband. Enjoyed knowing he would probably cut off his own arm just for a chance to experience all her body had become, to sink into her pillowy flesh and abundant folds. But that privilege belonged to Liam now, their son.

"Oh Chucky, you're trembling," she cooed with false concern as she pulled back from the hug, making sure to brush her huge rack against him as she did. "Are you alright, dear? Was the flight that rough?"

She smirked as Chuck swallowed hard, his eyes still fixated on her massive milk-laden tits. "I-I'm fine," he croaked. "It's just...you look so...different. So..." He trailed off, face reddening.

"Radiant? Fertile? Womanly?" Sarah supplied, running a hand over the shelf of her protruding belly. She giggled. "I know, darling. Carrying Liam's strong babies has transformed me. He bred me so well, so thoroughly. My body is just meant to bear his offspring. It's like I was made for him... which is why he's my husband now."

She heard Chuck make a choked sound and saw Liam's chest puff up with pride out of the corner of her eye. Good, she thought. Let them both feel the weight of the natural order asserting itself. She was Liam's woman now, and her ripe, abundant curves were the proof, a living testament to his sexual superiority over his father.

Sarah knew it was cruel to rub Chuck's face in it this way. But she couldn't help herself. The power dynamics had shifted so dramatically, and she reveled in her new role as the young alpha's bred mate. Reveled in grinding her former husband's inadequacy in his face.

"Hey Dad," Liam said, shaking Chuck's hand firmly, a shit-eating smirk on his face. "Glad you're home."

Sarah nodded, wrapping her arms around Liam and pulling him close. "We're both so happy you're back, Chuck," she said, even as she pressed her gravid body wantonly against her son's muscular form.

Liam groaned as his mother's massive tits pillowed against his chest, her belly pushing into his abs. He slid his hands down to cup her lush ass, squeezing the plump cheeks. Sarah purred and captured his mouth in a deep, sensual kiss, their tongues twining slickly.

Chuck watched in stunned heartbreak as his wife made out with their son right in front of him, her body molding to Liam's like she wanted to crawl inside his skin. She was practically humping the boy, grinding her mound against the growing bulge in his jeans. It was obscene.

Sarah finally broke the kiss with a moan, her lips red and wet. "Sorry Chuck," she said breathlessly, not sounding sorry at all. "It's just so hard to keep my hands off my husband. Especially with all these pregnancy hormones raging." She giggled and playfully squeezed Liam's ass.

"It's...it's fine," Chuck gritted out, even though it was killing him inside. Watching Sarah flaunt her connection with Liam, so blatantly disrespecting the sanctity of their own marriage vows, made him feel lower than dirt.

The drive home was awkward and tense, with Sarah and Liam canoodling in the front seat while Chuck sat in the back, gritting his teeth. He tried to ignore the little moans and giggles coming from his wife as Liam groped her huge tits and pregnant belly with one hand, keeping the other on the wheel.

When they arrived at the house, Chuck was greeted by his and Sarah's two biological children. The kids were happy to see their father, but Chuck couldn't help but notice how they gravitated more towards Liam, looking at him with adoring eyes. It was clear who the alpha was in their family dynamic now.

As they all sat down to dinner, Chuck watched in misery as Sarah flitted around the kitchen, her massive udders jiggling and swaying with her every movement, threatening to spill out of her low-cut top. Her shorts were so tiny, they were little more than denim underwear, showcasing her thick juicy bubble butt and long, toned legs.

Chuck felt his cock stir in his pants despite himself. Jail had been a long dry spell, and seeing his wife's new hyper-feminine curves, even pregnant with another man's baby as she was, had him in a constant

state of frustrated arousal. He hated himself for still wanting her so badly.

Sarah, for her part, seemed to be going out of her way to torment Chuck with her body. As she set the food on the table, she made sure to lean forward more than necessary, giving him a faceful of her giant ballooning cleavage. She bent over slowly to put dishes in the dishwasher, her heart-shaped ass mere inches from his face.

"Whoops! Pregnancy has me so clumsy," she giggled as she "accidentally" dropped a fork, then took her time retrieving it, wiggling her ass tauntingly.

Chuck gripped his chair arms until his knuckles turned white, his cock throbbing almost painfully. He could see Sarah smirking at him, taking obvious delight in his suffering.

Later, as she cleared the table, Sarah made sure to brush up against her old husband as much as possible, rubbing her milk-swollen tits against his arm or grazing her belly against his shoulder. Each touch was like a branding iron, searing his skin, reminding him of everything he'd lost.

Chuck excused himself to use the restroom, desperate to escape the sensual torment Sarah was inflicting on him. As he walked down the hall, he couldn't resist pausing outside the master bedroom - the room that used to be his sanctuary with his wife, but now clearly belonged to Liam in every way.

Almost against his will, Chuck found himself pushing open the door and stepping inside. He was immediately assaulted by the intense, musky aroma of sex that permeated the space. It was obvious that Sarah and Liam fucked like animals in here, every surface infused with the scent of their carnal activities.

The bed was enormous, far larger than the one Chuck and Sarah used to share. A heavy-duty frame of thick, reinforced steel bars supported the

oversized mattress, leaving no doubt about the vigor of the coupling it was meant to withstand. The sheets were rumped and stained, telling the tale of marathon sex sessions and copious fluids spilled.

But it was the photos on the walls that really drove home the depraved new reality of Chuck's marriage. Hanging near the bed was a huge framed portrait from Sarah and Liam's wedding day. They beamed at each other with undisguised adoration, Sarah in a skimpy lace gown that displayed her burgeoning pregnant belly and bulging cleavage, Liam dashing in his tux, one possessive hand splayed on her stomach.

Other smaller photos showed the bride and groom in various states of lewd bliss - making out passionately at the altar, Sarah's leg hitched around Liam's waist; Liam burying his face in Sarah's massive tits, his hands squeezing her plump ass; Sarah on her knees in her wedding dress, smirking up at the camera with Liam's giant cock stuffed in her mouth. They looked deliriously, orgasmically happy.

Chuck felt dizzy, his stomach churning. Seeing the evidence of his wife's ecstatic new life with his own son, commemorated so proudly, was like being stabbed in the heart. He stumbled to the edge of the bed and sank down, his head in his hands.

As he sat there in despair, Chuck happened to glance up and notice a large mirror on the ceiling above the bed. The thought of what depraved acts that mirror must have witnessed between his wife and son made him feel physically ill. How many times had Sarah gazed up at her own reflection as Liam pounded into her, watching herself get bred over and over by her hung young stud of a son? The images that raced through Chuck's mind were almost too obscene to bear.

A leather-bound photo album on the nightstand caught his eye. Morbid curiosity compelled him to pick it up and start flipping through, even as his mind screamed at him not to. What he found inside made him wish he had listened to that instinct.

Page after page was filled with graphic erotic photos chronicling Sarah's sexual odyssey with Liam in lurid detail. Chuck's hands shook as he took in the shocking images - his sweet wife sprawled out naked and wanton, her massive tits and pregnant belly on lewd display as Liam fucked her in every hole, every position imaginable.

There was Sarah riding Liam's enormous cock reverse cowgirl, her plump ass rippling with each slam of her hips. Liam's hands reached around to maul her gigantic, milk-leaking breasts as she threw her head back in ecstasy. Another shot showed her on her hands and knees, heavy tits hanging down and swaying, face contorted in pleasure as Liam railed her from behind, his washboard abs and muscular ass flexing with every powerful thrust.

One particularly vulgar photo depicted Sarah sucking Liam's huge cock as he stood over her, her pregnant belly and massive udders resting on the bed. His giant shaft disappeared into her wide-stretched mouth, her lips sealed around his root, nose buried in his pubes. Drool leaked from the corners of her mouth as she gazed up at him in adoration. The next image showed the inevitable messy result, Sarah's face absolutely drenched in thick jizz, a pearly rope of cum connecting Liam's cockhead to her tongue as she grinned like the cat who got the cream - literally.

As the pics progressed, so did the swell of Sarah's stomach, growing from a gentle curve to a skin-stretching mountain. But her and Liam's depravity clearly knew no bounds, her advancing pregnancy no impediment to their carnal activities. One photo showed her straddling Liam's face, smothering him with her dripping cunt, engorged clit peeking from her lips as he ate her out. Her colossal belly and tits loomed above him, so swollen they were almost grotesque.

Another featured Liam pounding up into Sarah's hugely pregnant body as she sat on his cock facing him, her massive gut pressed against his chiseled torso, dark nipples leaking milk onto his chest.

Chuck was so engrossed in the obscene photo album, each image a dagger to his heart, that he didn't hear Sarah enter the room. It was only when the mattress dipped beside him and her scent washed over him, vanilla and honey now underlaid with the musk of sex, that he looked up with a start.

"Why are you torturing yourself like this, Chuck?" she asked, her voice dripping with false sympathy even as a wicked gleam shone in her eye.

With calculated slowness, Sarah brought one silky leg up onto the bed, splaying her thick thighs apart. The denim of her barely-there shorts pulled taut across her mound, the pronounced cameltoe unmistakable.

Chuck's mouth went dry as he stared at the lewd display of his wife's cloth-covered cunt, so close he could smell her tangy musk. Her inner thighs glistened, giving away her arousal. He clenched his fists, desperately fighting the urge to touch.

Sarah noticed the direction of his gaze and smiled slyly. She ran a teasing finger along the camel toe, drawing Chuck's eyes. "See anything you miss?" she purred, voice husky.

Chuck swallowed hard, his chest tight with pain and desire. "Please Sarah... don't do this to me," he begged hoarsely. "I can't bear it."

"Can't bear what?" she asked, all faux innocence as she cupped her huge, heavy tits and squeezed. "Knowing that these belong to your son now? That he gets to worship them, suck on them, fuck them every single day? While you can only look and never touch?"

She tweaked her swollen nipples through the thin fabric, biting her lip and sighing with pleasure. Chuck watched, agonized, as wet spots appeared on her top where her milk let down. The urge to fell her, to suckle her, was overwhelming.

"Or is it my new curves that are driving you crazy?" Sarah continued relentlessly, caressing the massive swell of her pregnant belly. "Knowing

Liam bred me so thoroughly, so completely, that he transformed me into his ideal mate? That I'm the perfect vessel for his superior seed now?"

Sarah shifted closer to Chuck, her oversized breasts grazing his arm, making him shudder. She placed a hand on his thigh, her touch searing him through his pants. "Oh Chucky," she cooed, "I know this must be so hard for you, seeing how much I've changed. How Liam has marked me, inside and out, as his woman now. His breeding cow, really."

She giggled cruelly, giving his thigh a squeeze. "But you don't have to be a stranger. I know you don't have anywhere else to go right now. Why don't you stay here with us for a while? You can have Liam's old room."

Chuck gaped at her, stunned by the audacity of her suggestion. Live under the same roof as his son and ex-wife while they flaunted their depraved relationship in his face? It was unthinkable. "Sarah, I can't," he croaked. "It would kill me to see you two together like this every day."

Sarah pouted, her lush lower lip jutting out. "Think about it - you can help support the household financially. The kids would love having their daddy around more. And it would mean so much to me, knowing we can still be a family, even if it looks a little different now."

She looked up at him through her lashes, playing the demure card even as her hand crept higher up his thigh. "Please, Chuck, for me."

Chuck's resolve wavered as he stared into Sarah's pleading eyes, his cock throbbing traitorously at her touch. He knew it would be pure torture, bearing witness to her continued perverse affair with Liam, watching her belly swell with his son's seed. But the temptation to stay close to her, even in this twisted context, was overwhelming.

"I... I'll think about it," he said at last, his voice hoarse with defeat.

Sarah beamed, knowing she had him. "Wonderful," she purred, giving his thigh a final pat before rising from the bed with a grunt of effort, one hand supporting her gravid belly. "I'll make up Liam's old room for you."

Dazed, Chuck followed her out, his eyes glued to the lewd sway of her amplified ass in those criminally tiny shorts. This was a terrible idea and he knew it. But he was powerless to resist the siren song of his ex-wife's new body and false promises of family, even if it meant enduring a front row seat to her debasement at Liam's hands.

THE END