

## Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower

By Klrxo

Charlotte huddled close to the other mothers as the ship creaked and groaned with each wave. The dank lower deck of the Mayflower provided little comfort, but at least it afforded them a modicum of privacy for this clandestine meeting, away from the prying eyes and ears of their God-fearing husbands.

"Sisters, we all know the purpose of our pilgrimage," Charlotte began in a hushed whisper. "To settle this wild new land and propagate our flock. But I fear our husbands, pious as they are, lack the youthful virility to sire the hearty stock needed to tame that savage continent."

Nervous murmurs rippled through the group, their humongous tits heaving beneath their bodice's.

Martha, a pretty redhead spoke up. "Aye, my John hasn't lain with me in weeks, so preoccupied he is with his duties and devotions."

"As is mine," added another mother named Constance. "My eldest boy, Ezekiel would certainly make a better suitor, especially under these circumstances."

Charlotte nodded in agreement. "Aye, but there's another problem. Even if our sons were to take up the task, there simply aren't enough young women aboard to bear their seed. Most are just babes or elderly spinsters."

The other women muttered grimly, recognizing the predicament. The success of their new colony would depend on rapidly increasing their numbers to establish a strong foothold in the new land.

Charlotte continued, "No, I'm afraid it falls to us, sisters. We must lie with our sons, to ensure our bloodlines carry on in this new world. The Lord calls on us to make this sacrifice."

Martha took Charlotte's hand and squeezed it. "You speak the hard truth. We are our family's only hope." She turned to address the group. "So it's settled then. We will each seduce our eldest sons and breed the first of this new generation, for the sake of our future."

The women all nodded solemnly, some shifting uncomfortably at the notion of this carnal sin, but understanding the necessity.

The women joined hands and whispered a solemn prayer, sealing their secret pact as the Mayflower pressed onward to the fertile shores of the New World.

The next morning, Levi stood at the bow of the Mayflower, gazing out at the endless expanse of ocean ahead. The salt spray misted his face as the ship crested each wave.

Months had passed since they departed England and everyone aboard grew restless for landfall in the New World.

"There you are, my sweet boy," a voice called from behind him. Levi turned to see his beautiful mother Charlotte approaching, her skirt swishing about her ankles. The sea breeze tousled her long auburn hair becomingly around her heart-shaped face.

"Hello Mother," Levi greeted her. At nineteen, he stood a full head taller than her now.

Charlotte reached out a delicate hand and brushed an errant curl from Levi's forehead. "You've grown into such a handsome young man," she purred, her fingers lingering against his skin. "You have your father's strong jaw."

Levi swallowed hard, delighted with his mother's touch and intimate tone. "The captain says we should reach the colonies in another week," he said, taking a small step back.

"Mmm, I can hardly wait to set my feet on dry land again," Charlotte said, moving closer. "And to have some privacy after all these months crammed in the tight confines of this ship."

Her hand came to rest on Levi's forearm and she gazed up at him from under lowered lashes. Her beautiful green eyes lingered on his with an unspoken longing.

"I should go help with the rigging," Levi mumbled.

"Why don't you come below deck with me first? There's something I'd like to show you," said Charlotte, tightening her grip on his arm.

Levi hesitated, glancing toward where the other sailors worked. But something in his mother's touch and the inviting look in her eyes stirred an unfamiliar heat low in his belly.

He allowed Charlotte to guide him down into the cramped dimness of the lower decks.

As they descended, Levi's heart began to pound with a nervous excitement he couldn't quite name. In the faint lantern light, Charlotte's beauty took on an almost otherworldly quality. The gentle sway of the ship accentuated her womanly curves - the swell of her giant tits straining against her bodice, the flare of

her childbearing hips. Levi felt dizzy, overcome by her allure.

In truth, all the mothers aboard the Mayflower possessed a sensual, ripe loveliness that could not be hidden, even beneath their modest attire. They were Eves in this floating garden, full-figured and fecund, their bodies made for pleasure and the propagation of mankind.

Levi had noticed how the other sailors snuck covetous glances at these women when they thought no one looked - at their full, pink mouths, at the glimpse of creamy décolletage peeking above square necklines, at the long, shapely legs and the promising shadow between them.

Forbidden fantasies of his friends' heavy-breasted mothers sometimes haunted Levi's dreams, but never had he dared dwell on them in his waking hours, for fear of the Lord's judgment.

Yet now, alone with his own mother in the close, salt-tanged air of the gun deck, Levi felt his youthful lust rising like a wave, raw and powerful, threatening to crash over him and sweep away a lifetime of pious restraint.

Charlotte led them to a small curtained alcove behind the barrels of salted pork. She turned to face Levi and he saw that her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glittering with some feverish emotion.

Slowly, holding his gaze, she began to unlace the bodice of her dress. Levi's eyes widened as she shrugged the garment down, exposing the creamy swells of her gigantic breasts. They were much larger than he'd realized, bobbling out onto her chest like oversized melons.

"Mother!" Levi gasped, shock and embarrassment flooding through him. He quickly averted his eyes. "What are you doing?"

"There's no need to be shy, darling," Charlotte purred, taking his hand and placing it on the warm, supple flesh of her breast. "You're a man now, and it's time you learned about a woman's body. Let me show you."

Levi's face burned and his heart pounded. He knew this was wrong, that he shouldn't be touching his mother this way. But a shameful curiosity took hold of him. His fingers explored her soft skin as she held his gaze with a heated intensity.

"That's it," Charlotte breathed, encouraging him. "Take your time and touch them all over. We're all alone down here and no one will know but us."

Levi's hands trembled as he gently squeezed and caressed his mother's enormous breasts. They were incredibly soft yet firm, the supple flesh yielding under his fingers. He felt like a kid exploring a fascinating new playground, captivated and amazed by these womanly wonders.

Charlotte's areolas were wide and dusky pink, her nipples thick and turgid, like two pink fingertips protruding from the peaks of her jugs.

As he fondled her, Charlotte noticed how transfixed Levi was by her deep, cavernous cleavage. His wide eyes were riveted to the shadowy valley between her voluptuous mounds. A wicked smile curved her lips.

"You can keep squeezing them and tugging on the nipples if you'd like," she purred suggestively. "Or..." Charlotte arched her back, thrusting her massive tits out even further. "You could bury your handsome face right here between Mommy's big tits. Kiss them, lick them, worship them with your mouth."

Levi swallowed hard, desire and shame warring within him.

Charlotte reached out and stroked his cheek. "It's okay, darling. Whichever you choose will be our special secret."

Overtaken by lust, Levi surrendered to his dark urges and dove face first into her offered cleavage with a groan.

Her massive mammaries enveloped him, smothering him in warm, fragrant flesh. He licked and suckled, motor-boating her enthusiastically as she cradled his head to her chest.

"That's it, my sweet boy," Charlotte crooned. "Love your mommy's big titties. Lick on them just like that and make them all wet."

Levi laved his tongue along the deep canyon of Charlotte's cleavage, kissing and licking every inch of her silky skin. He rubbed his face between the pillowy mounds, intoxicated by her scent and softness. Her massive breasts completely engulfed his head as he burrowed into her cleavage.

Charlotte purred with pleasure, holding his head firmly against her chest. "Mmm, yes, just like that," she encouraged breathlessly. "A mother's tits are made to be worshipped."

Levi groaned, the vibrations rumbling against her sensitive flesh. His cock strained rock-hard against his breeches.

As Charlotte shifted, her thigh brushed against his rigid bulge. Levi gasped at the contact, his hips instinctively canting forward to rub himself against her.

Keeping his face buried in her mammoth cleavage, Levi began to hump his mother's leg desperately, grinding his aching erection against her thigh. The friction felt incredible even through the layers of fabric. He rutted shamelessly, his arousal soaring.

"Oh Levi, you naughty boy," Charlotte giggled, holding him tight to her heaving bosom. "Dry humping Mommy's leg like a dog in heat."

Lost to lust, Levi did just that, humping and grinding wantonly as he feasted on her bountiful breasts. He licked and sucked the tender flesh, leaving wet trails across her cleavage.

His pelvis worked frantically, humping in a relentless rhythm while his face remained smothered between her tits.

The private storage space filled with the sounds of his muffled groans and slurping, the creaking of the ship, and Charlotte's wanton moans.

Slowly, Charlotte backed into a shadowy corner of the cramped space pulling Levi with her, his face still buried in her gaping cleavage. Her hands roamed over his back and shoulders possessively.

Slowly, Charlotte widened her stance, hitching up her skirts and petticoats to bare her creamy thighs. She guided Levi to position himself between her parted legs, his straining erection now level with the juncture of her thighs.

"Come, my darling boy," she purred. "Rub yourself against Mommy's cunny. I wanna feel that big hard meat-dagger through our clothes."

Levi groaned into her cleavage, his hips surging forward to press his covered cock against the mound of her sex. Even through the layers of fabric, he could feel the heat of her pubis. He began to rock and grind against her wantonly.

Charlotte rolled her hips to meet each one of his desperate thrusts, gasping at the delicious friction against her sensitive nethers. "That's it, hump the mound of my lady bits ," she encouraged. "Rub that dick on me."

They dry humped shamelessly, Levi's face still smothered in Charlotte's heaving bosom as he rutted against her like an animal.

He licked and kissed her cleavage feverishly while his pelvis worked in a frenzy between her thighs.

Their garments bunched and rubbed with the frantic grinding of their hips. Levi's cock throbbed, the pressure building to an unbearable intensity as he humped his mother's pussy mound through their clothes.

Charlotte moaned and writhed, her titanic breasts jiggling around Levi's face with every thrust. "Don't stop," she panted. "Hump me harder! Rub Mommy's secret garden until you spurt in your breeches!"

Levi's rhythm faltered and then he was grinding erratically, his muscles seizing as he hit his peak.

A muffled cry tore from his throat, vibrating against Charlotte's sensitive breasts as he exploded in his pants. His cock jerked and throbbed, spilling seed from the tip of his shiny-skinned knob in copious pulses as he continued to rub against her spasmodically.

"Yes, yes!" Charlotte hissed, holding his spurting bulge snug against her mound. She undulated skillfully, coaxing every last drop from him. "Cream yourself for me darling! Soil those breeches!"

Levi shuddered and groaned through the aftershocks, his face buried in Charlotte's warm, rippling cleavage. He slumped against her, spent and panting. A wet, sticky patch of boy-nectar spread at the front of his pants.

Charlotte stroked his hair, cradling him tenderly to her bosom. "That's my good boy," she crooned. "Mommy's sweet little man."

As Levi slumped breathlessly against her, his face still buried between her enormous breasts, Charlotte inhaled deeply. The musky scent of her son's release filled her nostrils - that potent, virile musk of male seed. It made her womb throb and tingle with primal, feminine need.

Cradling Levi's head between her fat tits, she pictured his youthful, sinewy manhood pulsing and erupting deep inside her hungry sheath, pumping her full of his essence.

She imagined that hot, viscous teenage seed seeking out her fertile egg, penetrating it, and sparking new life within her. Her body ached to be bred, to carry the fruit of her son's loins.

This forbidden tryst had been a thrilling first step in that direction - an intimate icebreaker to lower Levi's inhibitions and awaken his base, masculine urges.

There would be time enough to fully consummate their incestuous union. For now, Charlotte savored the sensation of Levi's weight slumped against her, his breath hot against the inner slope of her tit, his legs trembling from his explosive climax.

"You did so well, my darling boy," she purred, nuzzling his hair. "Mommy is sooo very pleased with you."

Levi mumbled incoherently into her cleavage, overwhelmed by the intensity of his release and the wickedness of their act.

Charlotte smiled, holding him a little tighter. She would guide him further down this taboo path, until he was a worthy sire for their new dynasty in this untamed land. All the mothers would.

The Mayflower sailed on through the misty grey Atlantic, bearing this cargo of forbidden lust toward the distant shores of the New World. The future belonged to the fertile and the daring, and Charlotte aimed to be both. She and her sister-wives would birth

a new generation, sturdy and strong, to tame this wild continent. And they would find rapture in their sin.

Later that night, Levi lay in his bunk in the cramped family cabin, unable to sleep. His mind kept replaying the forbidden encounter with his mother earlier, filling him with a confusing mix of shame and illicit arousal.

Across the small room, his younger siblings slumbered in a bunk and his parents slept in the narrow bed they shared. The only sounds were the creaking of the ship and his father's soft snores.

Then Levi heard the rustle of blankets. He looked over to see his mother slowly pushing the covers down her body, watching him intently in the dim lantern light.

His father slumbered on, unaware, as she revealed herself inch by tantalizing inch to her son's riveted gaze.

The blanket slipped below Charlotte's bare breasts and Levi inhaled sharply. Her perfect, heavy globes were fully exposed now, nipples puckered in the cool night air. She cupped the pliant mounds, kneading them slowly, sensuously, her eyes locked with Levi's.

He watched, transfixed and aching hard, as Charlotte's hands roamed lower, pushing the blanket

past her stomach, her hips, baring her body completely to him as her husband slept beside her. The faint lantern light played over her pale skin, the shadow at the apex of her thighs beckoning like a siren's call.

Sinuously, Charlotte parted her thighs, giving her son an unobstructed view of her most intimate place. With a sultry look, she trailed her fingers down and began to stroke herself, caressing her folds, circling her pearl. Her eyelids fluttered and she bit her lip, her pleasure building.

Levi gripped his rigid cock through his nightshirt, squeezing in time to his mother's silent self-pleasure. He watched her raptly, not daring to make a sound, his heart pounding.

Charlotte writhed slowly, working herself with an expert touch. Her knees drew back as her thigh opened further, her sexy bare feet hovering.

The mother's breasts quivered and swayed with her movements. She penetrated herself with two fingers, pumping in and out of her glistening sex. Her other hand pinched and tugged at her engorged nipples.

Levi stroked himself faster as his mother's masturbation intensity increased. He could hardly believe she was doing this with his father right there, secretly displaying her naked body for his eyes only. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed.

Charlotte's movements became more urgent, her fingers flying over her wet sex. Her thigh muscles trembled and her back arched. She threw her head back, her mouth opening in a silent cry of ecstasy as she brought herself to climax right before Levi's eyes. Her body shook and shuddered with the force of it.

That erotic sight pushed Levi over the edge too. Fisting his throbbing cock, he erupted into his nightshirt with a barely contained groan, his seed jetting and soaking the flimsy fabric.

Levi and Charlotte both froze as they heard Charles stir and mumble beside her. Charlotte quickly pulled the blanket up to her chin, feigning sleep. But in his post-orgasmic haze, Levi was a second too slow.

Charles propped himself up on one elbow, blinking groggily in the lantern light. His gaze fell on Levi across the small cabin and his eyes widened. "Boy! What in God's name are you doing?" he barked.

Levi hastily removed his hand from his spent cock, but it was too late. His father had clearly seen him pleasuring himself.

"I...I'm sorry, Father," Levi stammered, his face burning with shame at being caught in such a compromising act. "I didn't mean to wake you."

Charles glared at him, his expression thunderous. "We'll discuss your punishment in the morning," he

growled. "For now, go to sleep and pray for forgiveness." With that, he laid back down, pulling Charlotte close. She remained still and silent, feigning sleep.

Levi's stomach churned with dread, but he obediently closed his eyes, knowing he would find no rest that night. Shame and fear warred within him until sheer exhaustion pulled him under.

The next morning, Charles pulled Levi aside, his face stern. "Now son, you have a choice. For your unspeakable behavior last night, you can either swab the latrines for a week..." He paused, letting that sink in. Levi paled at the thought of that foul task.

"Or," Charles continued gravely, "you can assist your mother with laundry and mending. She's been complaining of fatigue and soreness and could use a strong young man's help."

It was an easy decision. "I'll help mother," the boy offered and his father nodded in satisfaction.

Below deck, the mothers gathered in the cramped laundry area of the ship, their faces flushed and eyes sparkling as they shared salacious details of their intimate encounters with their sons.

"Ezekial's manhood felt so thick and heavy in my hand," Constance gushed to the others, pantomiming the impressive girth with her fingers. "I just know he's

gonna fill me up so completely when the time comes. Breed me deep."

Martha nodded, a wicked grin on her face. "Aye, and did you see the bulge in Jeremiah's breeches yesterday? That boy is hung like a bull! I can hardly wait to feel him stretching me wide open." She shivered in anticipation.

The women tittered and fanned themselves at the thought.

Charlotte leaned in conspiratorially. "Levi ground his hardness against my mound with such urgency. And when he spent himself, I could smell his seed, so potent and virile. My womb practically ached for it."

"Soon, sister. Soon he'll be planting that seed and putting a strong baby in your belly," Constance assured her, rubbing Charlotte's flat stomach. "Just as all our sons will."

"They're such eager, lustful young bucks," Martha added. "So ready and willing to rut. To claim us and make us theirs."

The other women made noises of agreement, their faces dreamy and flush with arousal at the thought of their sons mounting and breeding them.

"And their cocks," Charlotte said with relish. "So hard and ready. I can't stop imagining Levi's long, veiny

shaft sliding into my wetness. Pumping me full to overflowing with his essence."

"Sinfully thick loads of teenage semen!" Constance declared. "Truly God has blessed us with prime, virile seed to sow our new Garden of Eden."

"Amen to that, sister!" Martha crowed.

The women dissolved into peals of scandalous laughter, drawing a disapproving look from one of the elderly spinsters across the room. But they paid her no mind, too giddy with the thrill of their forbidden lusts and the promise of the taboo yet sanctified unions to come.

Their sons would breed them so well and plant the first seeds of the new world in their fertile wombs. This they knew with unshakable certainty.

Levi and Ezekiel arrived in the cramped laundry area, ready to assist their mothers, since Ezekiel was also being punished by his father for swearing.

The women put them to work right away, having them haul the heavy baskets of wet linens and crank the wringer to squeeze out the excess water.

As the boys toiled, brows glistening with sweat in the humid room, the mothers exchanged knowing glances. Slowly, as if choreographed, they began to

unbutton their blouses, fanning themselves and complaining of the heat.

"Goodness, it's sweltering in here," Charlotte declared, shrugging her top down to reveal an indecent amount of succulent tit-cleavage. Her hefty breasts swayed mesmerizingly as she moved.

"I'll say," agreed Constance, hiking up her skirt to dab at her shapely thighs with a damp cloth. "I'm positively dripping with perspiration."

Levi and Ezekiel tried to avert their eyes like proper gentlemen, but they couldn't help sneaking furtive glances at the tantalizing expanses of bare skin on display. Their mouths went dry and their breeches grew uncomfortably tight.

Martha bent low over a washtub, her rounded ass pointed in the boys' direction. "Be a dear and fetch me that washboard," she purred over her shoulder at Ezekiel.

As he drew near to hand it to her, she straightened and pressed the soft swell of her tits against his arm. "My, what a strong young man you've become," she cooed, batting her lashes.

Ezekiel flushed scarlet and mumbled his thanks, scrambling back to his task. But not before Martha noticed the impressive tent forming at the front of his pants. She smiled to herself in satisfaction.

Charlotte sidled up to Levi as he cranked the wringer, pressing her hip against his. "You're doing such a good job," she praised breathily, reaching out to stroke his sweat-dampened hair. Her fingers lingered, tracing the line of his jaw, her eyes staring into his. "So hardworking and...virile."

Levi shivered at her touch, his erection straining against the fabric of his pants. Charlotte's eyes flicked down to the tubular-shaped bulge, her pink tongue darting out to wet her lips. Levi thought he might combust on the spot.

The teasing continued, the mothers finding every excuse to brush against their sons "accidentally", letting their hands linger just a little too long, their skirts ride up a little too high.

By the time the laundry was done, Levi and Ezekiel were practically panting with pent-up need, their young cocks achingly erect and leaking.

Charlotte and Martha shared secretive smiles, knowing they had their sons exactly where they wanted them - desperate and primed for breeding.

After days of teasing and buildup, the mothers were ready to take the next step in their illicit plan to breed with their sons. Unbeknownst to their pious husbands,

they had secretly prepared a hidden room deep in the bowels of the ship for this very purpose.

Martha took Ezekiel's hand and Charlotte took Levi's, leading their confused but aroused sons through a maze of narrow corridors and steep ladders into the dank recesses of the cargo hold. Finally, they came to a shadowy dead-end, stacked high with barrels and crates.

"Where are you taking us mother?" Levi asked.

"No one ever comes down here," Ezekiel added.

"Exactly," Martha said with a mischievous grin.

Moving aside several large trunks, the women revealed a small hatch in the floor. They lifted it open and ushered the boys down a short ladder into a low-ceilinged hidden compartment.

Closing the hatch behind them, Martha lit several lanterns, bathing the cramped space in a soft glow.

Levi and Ezekiel looked around in wonder. The room was set up like a cozy den of iniquity. The walls were draped with rich tapestries and the floor was layered with plush furs and pillows. The air was thick with a heady mix of incense and the musky scent of arousal.

"What is this place?" Levi asked, his voice husky with nervous anticipation.

Charlotte stepped close to him, running her hands over his chest. "This is where you will fulfill your duty as a virile young sire and plant your seed. Where we will conceive the first children of the new world."

Martha nodded, her eyes gleaming in the lantern light as she pressed herself against Ezekiel. "You have been chosen for this sacred task. To breed with us, your mothers, and father a new generation."

The boys exchanged shocked glances, their faces flushed, pulses pounding. It was so wrong...and yet their bodies thrummed with base, primal need. Their mothers were so beautiful, so ripe and willing. How could they resist such unnatural temptation?

Seeing their hesitation, Charlotte and Martha began to undress, slowly peeling away their bodices and skirts until they stood naked and shameless before their slack-jawed sons.

Their bodies were lush and bountiful - heavy breasts, soft stomachs, wide child-bearing hips. The thatch of curls at the junction of their thighs glistened with feminine arousal.

Martha took her son's hand.

"Come, let us worship your manhood as is our duty," she purred, sinking gracefully to her knees on the furs and beckoning Ezekiel closer.

Charlotte did the same, kneeling before Levi and reaching for the laces of his breeches with trembling fingers. "Yes, my son. Let me taste your virility."

Levi and Ezekiel exchanged one last uncertain glance before surrendering to their dark, forbidden desires.

With shaking hands, they hastily unlaced their breeches and shrugged out of their shirts, baring their youthful, sinewy bodies to their mothers' hungry gazes.

The boys' cocks sprang free, bobbing thick and heavy before them, the swollen, shiny-skinned heads already glistening with eager arousal.

Levi's manhood was long and pale, curving upwards nearly nine-inches from a thatch of dark curls.

Ezekiel's was a shade darker, jutting straight out from his loins at a slight upward angle, the veins prominent along the thick shaft.

"Oh my," Charlotte breathed, reaching out to loosely circle Levi's impressive girth with her fingers. "What a magnificent specimen you are, my son."

Martha licked her lips as she admired her own boy's turgid penis. "Indeed, sister. Our sons have grown into such fine, virile young men. So ready and built to breed."

Gently pushing the awestruck boys back onto the plush bed of fur, the mothers fell upon them like wanton harlots, taking their rigid cocks into their mouths with a hunger bordering on desperation.

Levi cried out in shock and pleasure as his mom's warm, wet mouth engulfed him. She lavished the head of his penis with her long tongue, lapping up the salty essence already beading at the tip.

Relaxing her jaw, Charlotte took him deeper with practiced ease, reveling in the heavy weight of his manhood throbbing against her tongue.

Beside them, Martha slurped lewdly as she feasted on Ezekiel's cock like a starving woman. Her head bobbed up and down his length, taking him to the hilt until he butted the back of her throat.

She swallowed around him, massaging his shaft with her throat muscles as he groaned and fisted his hands in the furs.

The small den filled with the obscene sounds of slurping and suckling as the women worshipped their sons' cocks with wicked expertise.

They licked and kissed, stroked and squeezed, fondling the heavy sacs below until the boys writhed and panted from the intense sensation.

"Mother...oh God...Mother..." Levi babbled deliriously, his back arching as Charlotte took him especially deep, her nose nuzzling against his wiry pubes.

Pulling off with a lewd pop, Charlotte pumped Levi's spit-slicked erection as she caught her breath. "That's it, my darling boy. Let Momma love this big beautiful cock. So perfect for breeding me."

She flicked her tongue teasingly at the engorged head, eliciting a full body shudder from her teen. His member jerked against her lips, smearing them with his excitement.

Martha released Ezekiel from her mouth's clutches as well, strings of saliva briefly connecting his glistening cock to her lips. "So delicious," she breathed.

Charlotte and Martha lavished their sons' throbbing shafts with their mouths, licking and suckling the sensitive skin from root to tip. Then they moved lower, nuzzling into the musky warmth of the boys' swollen testicles.

Martha took one of Ezekiel's heavy balls into her mouth, gently rolling its oval-shaped meat on her tongue, feeling the delicate weight of it. She suckled it tenderly, hollowing her cheeks to create an exquisite suction that had her son bucking and mewling.

Her lips nibbled and tugged on his wrinkled sack, stretching the thin skin taut. Doing this pulled at the

coiled tube of his vas deferens, preparing it for the passage of his pent-up ejaculate.

Releasing his ball with a soft pop, Martha lapped and sucked at the crease where Ezekiel's sack met his thigh, savoring the salty tang of his perspiration.

She traced the puckered skin with the tip of her tongue before taking his other testicle into the wet heat of her mouth for the same loving treatment.

Charlotte licked broad stripes up the center of Levi's tightly furled sack, flattening her tongue to lave his most sensitive flesh. She sealed her lips around one of his balls, suckling hungrily as if to draw out his seed. The fleshy orb was bathed in warm saliva and rolled against her palate as she gently massaged it between her lovely lips.

Levi gasped and fisted his hands in Charlotte's silky hair, holding her to his loins as exquisite sensations radiated from his groin.

She released him only to immediately engulf his other testicle, suckling it with the same fervor, her tongue swirling and flicking the crinkled skin.

The boys' faces contorted with intense pleasure bordering on pain as their mothers worshipped their virile jewels. Their shafts wept steadily, clear, slippery fluid dribbling down the rigid lengths to pool in their navels.

"Please," Ezekiel panted desperately, his body wound tighter than a coiled spring. "I need...I need..."

"Shh, my darling," Martha crooned, releasing his balls from her oral embrace. "Mommy knows what you need."

Charlotte and Martha were determined to make sure their sons' bollocks were brimming with hot, potent seed before allowing them the ecstasy of release inside their mothers' hungry wombs. With this goal in mind, they continued their relentless oral assault on the boys' swollen testicles.

Firmly cupping Levi's heavy sack and making his nuts bulge outward, Charlotte rolled and gently pulled on his balls, coaxing them to produce an overflowing abundance of spunk.

She pressed her fingers into the plump mounds, massaging deep into the tender flesh to stimulate maximum semen production.

Levi whimpered and squirmed at the intense sensation, his cock pulsing and leaking against his belly.

Martha gave her own son's taut ball sack the same diligent attention, kneading and squeezing the twin orbs like ripe fruit ready to burst with juice.

She rolled them between her fingers, tugging on them until Ezekiel saw stars, his back arching off the bed. His cockhead flared an angry purple, throbbing with the need for release.

But the mothers weren't done with their teasing torment. With wicked gleams in their eyes, they pushed the boys' knees up and back, fully exposing their most intimate areas. The young men flushed with embarrassment but were too aroused to protest.

Spreading Levi's taut cheeks, Charlotte zeroed in on his tightly furled pucker. His virgin rosebud winked at her as she drew close, the musky scent of his most private place filling her nostrils.

Extending her long motherly tongue, she lapped delicately at the puckered bud, tracing its wrinkled rim.

Levi yelped at the foreign sensation, his hole clenching reflexively. But as Charlotte's tongue swirled and probed, pressing insistently at his forbidden entrance, he found himself relaxing into the incredible pleasure. His cock wept a steady stream of fluid as his mother ate his ass with loud, lewd slurps.

Martha took similar delight in tonguing Ezekiel's boyish bottom, her face buried lewdly between his spread cheeks.

She pointed her tongue and jabbed at his quivering hole, laving and spearing the tight ring of muscle until it yielded to the slick invasion.

Ezekiel mewled and bucked, fucking himself back on his mother's probing tongue.

The small private area echoed with the boys' desperate cries and the wet obscene sounds of rimming as their mothers ate their asses with shameless abandon, preparing them for that sacred breeding ritual.

As Charlotte and Martha relentlessly stimulated their sons' bodies with their tongues and fingers, a primal, biological process was taking place within the boys' swollen testicles.

In the coiled tubes of their epididymis, millions upon millions of sperm cells were rapidly maturing, their flagellating tails twitching with eagerness to fulfill their reproductive purpose.

The mothers' expert ministrations sent surges of blood flow to Levi and Ezekiel's groins, engorging their testes further. The increased pressure and motility triggered the sperm to begin their journey, swimming up through the vas deferens in thick, pearly ropes of semen.

The boys' prostate glands and seminal vesicles kicked into overdrive, pumping out a potent cocktail of

fructose and prostaglandins to fuel and protect the sperm on their impending mission.

With the mothers' menstrual cycles approaching ovulation, their bodies were sending out subtle signals of peak fertility - pheromones that beckoned to their sons' brimming balls on a primal level.

Levi and Ezekiel's sperm production increased to almost frantic levels in biological response to these airborne mating calls, their testicles now churning with massive loads of hot, virile seed primed to impregnate.

The boys writhed and panted on the bed, their cocks iron-hard and pulsing, glans flaring a deep, fertile purple. Salty pre-ejaculate flowed in steady streams from their slits, their bodies instinctively preparing to deliver the voluminous release building in their swollen sacs.

"Look how full and ripe you've grown, my darling," Charlotte purred, cupping Levi's heavy, distended scrotum in her palm. She could feel the orbs within churning with barely contained need, growing increasingly taut by the second. "So much hot seed for Mommy."

"God, I can practically feel it sloshing inside you," Martha groaned, nuzzling her boy's bulging balls. "Gallons of creamy spunk just begging to shoot up Mommy's needy cunny."

Their fingers traced reverently over the straining, paper-thin skin of their sons' sacs, relishing the feel of the swollen sperm factories within. Each touch sent jolts of electricity straight to the boys' throbbing cocks, eliciting desperate mewls as they lingered on a hairsbreadth from orgasm.

But their mothers would not allow them that sweet release just yet. The boys had to be brimming, their balls filled to the point of agony before they would be permitted to erupt in an endless tide of fertile cream inside their mothers' wombs. Only then could they paint their unprotected uteruses with seed and spark new life inside them

Charlotte and Martha crawled up their sons' bodies, their heavy, pendulous breasts swaying hypnotically. Settling their maternal weight on top of them, they buried the boys' faces and chests beneath their massive, pillowy tits.

"Mmmm, doesn't Mommy feel good pressed against you like this?" Charlotte cooed, smothering Levi in her expansive bosom. "Don't you just wanna bury yourself in Mommy's big soft titties and never come out?"

She rolled her hips, grinding her hot, soaked folds along the rigid length of Levi's cock, smearing it with her slippery secretions.

He groaned into her warm cleavage, his hips bucking reflexively to slide his throbbing shaft through her inviting wetness.

Martha pinned her teen beneath her, her enormous breasts enveloping him completely. "You love having Mommy's big milkers all over you, don't you baby boy? I bet you just wanna fuck these huge mommy-tits and cover them in your spunk."

Ezekiel whimpered an affirmative, his face lost between Martha's heaving mounds as she slid up and down his body, painting his cock and balls with her dripping arousal.

Reaching between their pressed bodies, the mothers grasped their sons' straining erections and began to stroke them with maddeningly slow, tight-fisted pumps. They swirled their thumbs around the leaking crowns, smearing the pre-ejaculate down the throbbing shafts.

"Your cock is so hard for me," Charlotte purred sultrily in Levi's ear. "I can feel it throbbing in my hand, so desperate to erupt. You wanna pump a pussy full of your hot, sticky cream, don't you? You wanna flood a fertile womb with your seed until it takes root?"

"God yes," Levi panted, his hips rocking into Charlotte's fist. "Please Mama, I need it so bad..."

"Shhh, not yet baby," she soothed wickedly. "I want this big cock ready to burst before I let you inside me. I want you sobbing with need, your fat balls boiling over before you're allowed to hose down my eggs with spunk."

Martha nibbled Ezekiel's earlobe, her hand milking his cock in languid pulls. "When I finally sink down on this throbbing dick, you're gonna spray me so full," she promised filthily. "You'll pump jet after jet of thick boy-honey directly into my baby oven until it has no choice but to catch. I'm gonna milk you dry."

Her boy whined needily into her pillowy tits, his cock pulsing urgently in her grip, the coiled tension in his groin hovering at the breaking point. But still she kept her strokes torturously slow, denying him the release of ejaculation.

Levi and Ezekiel's heads were completely engulfed in the cavernous cleavage of their mothers' breasts, cocooned in warm, fragrant flesh. The boys kissed their way out and latched onto the women's thick, rubbery nipples, suckling greedily like overgrown babes.

Charlotte and Martha's teats were perfectly textured for prolonged sucking, the skin pebbled and elastic from nursing several children over the years. The dusky areolas puckered, crinkling against the boys' lips and tongues as they feasted on the ripe buds.

"That's it, drink from Mommy's big tits," Charlotte purred, cradling Levi's head to her bosom.

Martha arched into Ezekiel's hungry mouthing, relishing the sensation of his lips and tongue worshipping her rubbery nipples. "Mmm yes, just like when you were a baby," she crooned. "Nurse on Mommy's big cuddle-boobies."

The boys groaned around mouthfuls of succulent breast, the vibrations thrumming pleurably through the abundant flesh. They suckled forcefully, hollowing their cheeks as they tried to draw out the creamy milk they remembered from infancy.

As the women's large, darkly textured nipples swelled between their sons' lips, they felt echoing tingles in their neglected clits. Their thick, puffy pussies clenched with building need, weeping copious amounts of slick fuck-oil.

Pressing the boys' faces more firmly into the pillowy heaven of their breasts, the mothers continued to stroke their throbbing cocks with maddening leisure. They rubbed the rubbery tips of their nipples against their sons' lips and tongues, encouraging their ardent suckling.

"Oh fuck, you're making Mommy's cunny so juicy," Martha gasped, grinding herself against Ezekiel's muscular thigh as he nursed. "I'm absolutely drenched for your big hard tool."

"Momma needs this fat rod inside her," Charlotte panted, feeling Levi's straining erection pulse impatiently in her fist. "I need you to stuff me full of your hot, virile cream and make my belly swell with your seed."

The boys whimpered desperately into their mothers' abundant tits, sucking harder on the spongy nipples as their hips bucked urgently into the women's tight grips. Their balls were drawn up painfully tight, churning with backed-up sperm that screamed for release.

"Please Mother," Levi begged around her nipple, his voice muffled in her flesh. "I can't take it anymore... I'm gonna explode!"

"Me too!" Ezekiel added, his own voice nearly muted by pounds of tit-meat.

Charlotte and Martha shared a knowing glance, silently agreeing that their sons' young cocks were finally primed and ready to breed.

Giving the throbbing shafts a final squeeze, the women shuffled forward on their knees their slobbery tits lifting off their boys. They gracefully positioned themselves with their dripping, puffy cunts hovered directly above the engorged tips.

"Take a good look, baby," Charlotte purred, reaching down to spread her slick, swollen pussy lips apart. "See how wet and ready I am for you?"

Levi stared in awe at his mother's glistening pink folds, noticing how they flowered open invitingly, revealing the deep coral-colored well of her opening. Her pronounced inner labia protruded enticingly, flushed a deep rose with arousal. At the apex of her cleft, Charlotte's clit stood out from beneath its protective sheath like a ripe berry, practically quivering with need.

"God Mom, it's so beautiful," Levi murmured reverently. He could feel the heat radiating from her sopping entrance onto his cockhead, the plump lips brushing maddeningly against him.

Beside them, Martha displayed her lush vulva to Ezekiel, dipping two fingers inside to spread herself open. "Look how hungry your mother's cunt is," she moaned, scooping out some of her copious cream and painting it over her boy's glans. "So empty and aching to be filled up with cock."

Ezekiel's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the feel of his mother's slick on his fevered flesh. Her labial flanges were thick and puffy, engorged with blood, the pink petals glistening with her essence. Her opening clenched and fluttered before his eyes, winking at him, beckoning him to plunge inside.

The women held their sons' gazes, letting the anticipation build as the broad tops of their cockheads nudged ever so slightly between their plump, slippery folds.

The boys panted harshly, their faces flushed, hips straining upward in search of more stimulation. But their mothers held steady, keeping them poised at the very brink of their dripping channels.

"Please Mother," Ezekiel whined desperately. "I need to be inside you..."

"Me too," Levi added, his voice cracking with strain. "Please let me fuck you, I can't stand it!"

Charlotte and Martha shared a final triumphant smile, knowing they had their sons exactly where they wanted them - mindless with lust and burning with the all-consuming need to rut. To shoot their potent seed deep into their mothers' unprotected wombs.

With aching slowness, Charlotte and Martha sank down onto their sons' rigid cocks, parting their plush folds around the flared crowns. The bulbous heads pushed insistently at their slick openings, stretching the tight rings of muscle until they yielded with a lewd squelch.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Levi cried out as Charlotte's cunt engulfed his aching glans, the exquisite wet heat enveloping him like a silken vise. He could feel every

ripple and flutter of her most intimate muscles through the sensitive skin.

Beside them, Ezekiel let out a choked moan as the tip of his cock breached the succulent seal of Martha's pussy. Her muscles clamped down on him reflexively, gripping the invading head in a velvet chokehold.

“Fuck!” the boy gasped, watching his remaining shaft flex on its root, veins bulging out from beneath the tight pink membrane of his cock-skin.

Inch by excruciating inch, the women impaled themselves on their sons' throbbing lengths. The hard shafts plowed through their dripping channels, stroking over the ribbed walls that gripped and massaged the delicious intrusion.

Levi and Ezekiel gasped and writhed at the intense pleasure, overwhelmed by the glorious sensation of being inside a woman for the first time. The slick, clasping heat was unlike anything they'd ever felt before. It was as if their mothers' bodies were made to sheath their aching cocks.

Charlotte and Martha let out matching keens as they were split open on their sons' girthy rods. The sheer size of them stretched their tender cuntal tissues exquisitely, lighting up every nerve ending like fire. They could feel every throbbing vein and ridge of their sons' erectile flesh dragging along their fluttering walls.

Finally, the women bottomed out, the swollen heads of their sons' members kissing the mouths of their wombs. The tips pressed insistently at the sensitive rings guarding their fertile depths, sending jolts of electricity through their cores.

"You're so deep, baby," Charlotte marveled breathlessly. "I can feel you all the way inside my womb."

"God, you're splitting your mother wide open," Martha groaned, relishing the sweet ache of being utterly packed full of cock-flesh. "Stuffing me so full of your big, beautiful prick."

The boys could only moan helplessly, too lost in the exquisite sensation of total penetration to form coherent words. Their balls pulsed urgently where they pressed against the women's plush ass cheeks, the seed inside boiling for release into those secret, forbidden depths.

With a shared glance, Charlotte and Martha began to move, undulating their motherly hips to slide up and down their sons' thick shafts. They clenched their inner muscles, rippling along the rigid lengths, milking them with every stroke.

Levi and Ezekiel tossed their heads back with twin cries of rapture, their hands flying to their mothers' gyrating hips.

As Charlotte and Martha rode their sons with practiced grace, their bodies undulated in sinuous waves, showcasing their sexual prowess. They swiveled their wide hips in mesmerizing figure eights and clenched their slick inner muscles in rippling pulses, stroking their sons' cocks with expert precision.

In this era, a woman's primary duty was to provide exquisite pleasure to her husband. So, the mothers had spent countless hours each day honing their erotic abilities, determined to be the most skilled lovers possible.

They performed rigorous exercises to strengthen their pelvic floor, toning their intimate muscles until they had complete mastery over every squeeze and flutter.

The arduous self-training involved special wooden ben wa balls and gourds of various sizes, which the women would clench inside their channels for hours, building stamina and dexterity.

They learned to isolate different muscle groups, undulating their walls in waves from entrance to cervix and back again. Other drills focused on speed and rhythm, teaching them to milk a cock in a variety of tempos from languid to furiously fast.

Diet and grooming were also crucial components of their regimen. The mothers consumed copious

amounts of sweet fruits to ensure their essence tasted like honeyed nectar.

They cleaned and perfumed their most intimate areas with rosewater and exotic oils until they glistened like pink pearls. No detail was overlooked in their quest to become the perfect receptacles of pleasure.

And now, Levi and Ezekiel were the lucky beneficiaries of their mothers' countless hours of intimate education. The women squeezed and rippled along their sons' pummeling cocks, their movements graceful and fluid as a dancer's.

They seemed to instinctively know exactly how to angle their hips to hit the boys' most sensitive spots, sending cascades of toe-curling bliss through their straining bodies.

"Holy fuck, Mother," Levi panted in awe as Charlotte swirled her cunt around his girth, stroking him with velvety perfection. "It's like your pussy was made for my penis."

"Yours too," Ezekiel groaned to his mom, his head thrashing as Martha fluttered and squeezed his aching length with pulsing precision. "I've never felt anything so good in my life."

The women preened with satisfaction, proud that their diligent training was so effective in reducing their sons to mindless putty. They picked up the fuck-pace,

bouncing feverishly on the thick rods spearing them open, determined to demonstrate the full scope of their carnal repertoire.

Charlotte and Martha's heavy tit-melons bounced hypnotically as they rode, rippling with each slap against their flushed chests. Their thick thighs quivered with exertion and a sheen of sweat glistened on their undulating bodies.

Lewd wet sounds filled the cozy space as their sons' girthy cocks pummeled in and out of their sloppy cunts, churning the overflowing pre-oil that soaked their genital flesh.

With feral groans of lust, the mothers collapsed forward onto their sons, pressing them into the furs with their full maternal weight. They clutched the boys tightly to their heaving bosoms, trapping them beneath like a spider ensnaring its prey in a silken cocoon.

Splayed out on top, the women began to rut in earnest, their voluptuous hips pumping with wild abandon. Their massive, rounded asses flexed and bounced as they slammed themselves down on their sons' rigid cocks, fucking them with ravenous intensity.

Levi and Ezekiel could barely breathe, smothered beneath pounds of warm, fragrant female flesh. Their faces were buried in their mothers' cavernous cleavage, hot pants muffled by the jiggling tit-meat. All

they could do was lie there and take the ruthless pounding, surrendering to the primal force of their mothers' need.

"Take it," Charlotte snarled, her hips jackhammering brutally, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely. "Take Mommy's cunt. Let me fuck the cum right out of you."

Levi just whimpered in response, too overwhelmed by sensation to form words. His pelvis jerked up to meet his mother's violent thrusts, his aching balls tightening as his climax built.

Levi's sinewy, youthful cock was anchored at its base by the strong muscles and ligaments of his pelvis, allowing him to drive his boner unyieldingly into his mother's sopping pussy.

The connective tissues entwined with his pubococcygeus muscle contracted powerfully with each upward thrust, stabilizing his straining nine-inch beast as it plunged into Charlotte's depths again and again.

The boy could feel the coiled tension mounting at the root of his prick, the internal tendons and blood vessels pulsing with the immense pressure building in his groin.

His swollen testicles drew up painfully tight in their taut sack, churning with backed-up seed that screamed for explosive release.

The thick column of Levi's shaft, engorged to maximum capacity, pistoned through the clutching sheath of his mother's cunt, the pronounced ridge of his corona dragging deliciously along her rippling walls.

The exquisitely sensitive frenulum just beneath the head was pulled and stroked mercilessly with each thrust, sending jolts of electric bliss firing through his nerves.

"Fuck, baby, you feel so good!" Martha keened, her ass cheeks rippling as she ground herself down on her boy's throbbing cock-shaft. "Splitting me open so perfect. Gonna make me cum on this fat dick."

Ezekiel moaned helplessly into his mother's abundant tits, his hands scrabbling at her undulating ass. He squeezed the plush globes, encouraging her as she used him for her own pleasure.

The wet, obscene sounds of hard, deep fucking filled the area as the mothers rutted atop their sons like animals in heat. Their dripping pussies squelched and farted around the pillars of teenage flesh, spraying the boys' groins with their sweet cream.

"I'm gonna cum!" Charlotte suddenly wailed, her cunt clenching like a fist around Levi's shaft. "Gonna cum all over this big fucking dick!"

Her massive ass jiggled almost violently as she started to cum, slamming herself down one last time to bury Levi to the hilt inside her spasming sheath. Her untrimmed pussy contracted and gushed around him as her climax crashed through her.

Levi let out a strangled groan, his mother's brutal orgasm triggering his own. His cock jerked and erupted like a geyser, flooding Charlotte's womb with what felt like gallons of scalding boy-seed.

He clawed at her quaking ass and lower back, trying to pull her impossibly closer as he emptied his balls into her clutching love-tunnel.

Martha's orgasm exploded through her a moment later, her massive ass rippling like ocean waves as she rode it out.

Her cunt-tube clamped down on Ezekiel's pulsing cock, milking him mercilessly as she keened her pleasure into the sex-thick air.

"Yes, fill your mother up!" she wailed, grinding down to take her teen as deep as possible. "Give me that hot nut! Breed me!"

With a guttural cry, Ezekiel unleashed a torrent of seed into his mother's pulsating depths, painting her womb with rope after rope of his potent essence. He bucked beneath her like an untamed stallion, driving his spurting pecker into her rippling heat as he spent himself utterly.

The boys pumped and pumped, pushing out spurt after spurt from their straining balls, determined to flood their mothers with every last drop.

The women clenched and fluttered, working their sons' cocks with their talented cunts to coax out every bit of cream.

Finally, the frenetic rutting slowed to a stop, leaving the forbidden lovers panting and trembling in the aftermath. Levi and Ezekiel lay dazed beneath their mothers, utterly spent, their slightly-softening cocks still buried in the women's drenched, dripping folds.

Charlotte and Martha slowly sat up, careful not to dislodge their sons from their clasping channels. They smiled at each other in sated triumph, feeling the abundance of hot young seed sloshing heavily in their wombs. The potent stuff of life, already seeking to take root in their fertile depths.

"Such good boys," Charlotte cooed, languidly rolling her hips to stir Levi's cream inside her. "Mommy is very pleased."

"Mmmm indeed," Martha agreed, relishing the sensation of Ezekiel's release painting her deepest recesses. "The strong seed will surely quicken."

The women shared a meaningful look, knowing this was only the beginning. They would keep their sons sheathed inside them for hours, to ensure every drop marinated their ripe eggs. And then again and again, as many times as it took for their bellies to swell with the fruit of this forbidden union.

For this was their sacred duty - to propagate the new world with the sturdiest, most virile stock. Forged through the taboo intermingling of bloodlines in the most primal of acts.

The Mayflower pressed onward over the steel grey Atlantic, ignorant of the incestuous filth occurring in its very bowels.

The righteous Puritan fathers worked hard above deck, dreaming of the pious utopia they would build, never suspecting the depths of sin transpiring beneath their feet.

But the mothers knew. With their sons' seed sticky on their thighs and leaking from their ravaged cunts, they smiled secret smiles.

Later that evening, after they had cleaned up and returned to their cabins, Levi's father approached him with a stern expression. "Son, did you complete your punishment today assisting your mother as I instructed?"

Levi swallowed hard, trying to keep his face impassive as forbidden memories of his mother's lush body flashed through his mind. "Yes father, I helped mother with the laundry and mending all day, as you said."

Charlotte came up beside her husband, placing a hand on his arm. "Oh yes, Levi was so helpful. He has such strong, capable hands..." She caught her son's eye and smirked. "Perfect for really getting deep into the folds and wringing things out until they're dripping."

Levi felt his face flush at the obvious innuendo, but Charles just nodded approvingly, oblivious. "Good lad. A woman has many needs that require a virile man's attention."

"Indeed," Charlotte said, her eyes dancing with mirth. "And Levi rose to the occasion admirably. He has astonishing stamina, barely resting as he plunged into his tasks over and over..."

Levi nearly choked at his mother's brazenness but managed to maintain a neutral expression. "I did my best to stuff- I mean assist Mother with whatever she required." He met Charlotte's eyes in a moment of hidden meaning.

"I have no doubt," Charles said. "You're coming of age to shoulder the responsibilities of a man. To take a wife and plant your seed to propagate our line in this new world."

"All in good time, dear," Charlotte said with a secret smile. "I'm sure Levi's seed will bear much fruit when the time comes to sow it." She squeezed her thighs together, relishing the feel of her son's abundant release still slick between them.

"For now, I expect you to keep being a dutiful son and help your mother as much as you can with the women's work, until we reach land and establish our homestead."

"Of course, father," Levi agreed quickly. "You know I'll always rise to fulfill Mother's needs, no matter how great or persistent they may be." He caught Charlotte's eye and she bit her lip against a grin.

"Splendid! Well, I must meet with the other elders to discuss colony matters. I'll leave you to your women's work." Charles kissed Charlotte on the cheek and strode off, leaving mother and son alone.

The moment he was out of earshot, Charlotte stepped close to Levi, running a hand down his chest. "Mmm, I do hope you'll keep rising to fill Mother's persistent needs," she purred suggestively. "Including the one I'm having right now."

“Right now?” Levi asked, his insides tingling.

As his father's footsteps faded down the passageway, his mom took him by the hand and led him over to her bunk. The other children were fast asleep in the dim lamplight, soft snores drifting from their pallets.

"We'll have to be very quiet," Charlotte whispered, pulling back the heavy woolen blanket. "Pull off your breeches and slide under here with Mommy. Let's get reacquainted."

Pulse already quickening, Levi obeyed, slipping out of his trousers. His boner wagged lewdly as he slipped beneath the covers to join his mother.

She immediately pressed her soft, womanly body against him, all lush curves and yielding flesh.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about you inside me," Charlotte murmured, her breath hot against Levi's ear. "I can still feel your seed swimming in my womb, so warm and full of life."

Levi groaned softly, feeling her grasp his cock and slowly stroke its length. "I can't stop thinking about it either," he admitted. "The way you felt wrapped around me, squeezing me..."

Charlotte captured his lips in a deep, filthy kiss, her tongue slipping past his teeth to claim his mouth. They

panted into the kiss, trying to stay quiet as their hands roamed greedily.

Pushing the hem of her dressing gown up around her waist, Charlotte rolled onto her back and pulled Levi on top of her. She hooked one plush thigh over his hip, opening herself fully. "Put it back in," she urged. "I need to feel you in my cunt again."

Levi reached between them to position his throbbing cockhead at his mother's slick entrance. With one smooth thrust, he pushed inside, sheathing himself fully in her tight, wet heat. "Fuck, Mom," he gasped, freezing in place so as not to spend himself immediately.

Charlotte brought her other leg up, locking her ankles at the small of Levi's back. Using the leverage, she began to rock against him, undulating her hips to slide along his thick length. "That's it, baby," she cooed. "Nice and deep. Fill Mommy up."

They moved together in a slow, deliberate rhythm, mindful not to make the bed creak and risk waking the others. The blanket tented around them, trapping their mingled breaths and the musky scent of their joining.

Levi buried his face in the side of Charlotte's neck to muffle his groans as he thrust into the slick vice of her cunt. He could feel her muscles rippling along his tender shaft, massaging him from root to tip. Beneath

him, his mother panted hotly in his ear, spurring him on with filthy endearments.

"You're so hard for me," she mewled. "Stretching you mom's pussy open on your big, fat cock. Fuck, I love it so much. Love feeling you pulsing inside me."

Charlotte's intimate muscles began to quiver and clench more urgently around Levi's plundering shaft, the telltale signs of her impending orgasm. Her juices flowed heavily, drenching her son's cock and balls in her slick arousal.

"Don't stop," she panted desperately, clutching him tighter. "I'm gonna cum on this beautiful cock, fuck!"

Levi redoubled his efforts, driving into his mother's shrinking sheath with short, powerful strokes. He could feel her velvety walls tightening and rippling around him in fluttering waves, caressing every throbbing inch. The wet, sucking sounds of their coupling filled the small bunk, obscene and erotic.

Then with a choked-back cry, Charlotte came violently, her lush body shuddering beneath her son's.

Her cunt flanges mashed around the root of his cock like a suction cup as she gushed around Levi's boner cock like a hot geyser, ejaculating her release in a slick flood.

Clear, sweet-smelling fluid sprayed his pumping shaft and balls, soaking their joined flesh and splashing onto the bedding underneath.

Levi groaned into Charlotte's neck as her cunny spasmed wildly, the muscles chewing and undulating along his length like a massaging fist. It felt like his dick was being squeezed by a hot, slippery vise, milking him ruthlessly.

His cockhead throbbed as it was bathed in his mother's ejaculate, the spongy tip smashed against her convulsing cervix.

Charlotte thrashed her pretty head from side to side, riding out the intense waves of her climax. Her cunt continued to gush and squirt, drenching Levi's groin in her essence. The feeling of his hard, virile cock plunging through the flood of her juices was exquisite, naughty and primal.

"Oh God, oh fuck!" she whimpered, her nails raking down her boy's flexing back. "So good, cum in Mommy, baby. Fill me up again!"

The feel of his mother's hot ejaculate sluicing over his pumping cock, combined with her desperate, wanton pleas, sent Levi hurtling over the edge. With a low, guttural groan, he drove into her one last time and unleashed a second tidal wave of seed deep in her rippling depths.

The boy's cockhead flared and pulsed as he painted Charlotte's womb with thick ropes of his potent cream. He rutted into her wildly, stirring their combined releases into a frothy, sticky mess that squelched obscenely with each thrust.

His heavy balls drew up tight, pumping out spurt after spurt, determined to flood his mother with every last drop.

Charlotte mewled and writhed on her son's erupting cock, her greedy cunt milking him for all he was worth. Still quaking from her intense orgasm, she tightened her legs around Levi's hips and began rocking against him again in a frantic rhythm.

Even though his cock was still pulsing out the dregs of his release, she needed more. The fires of her lust had been stoked to a fever pitch and could not be quenched by a single ejaculation.

"Don't go soft on your mother now," she purred, clenching her cum-soaked pussy around Levi's semi-rigid shaft. "I need that beautiful cock hard and ready for round two."

Levi groaned into his mother's neck, almost overwhelmed by the renewed stimulation on his sensitive flesh. But her velvety walls massaged him so expertly, coaxing the blood back into his cock until it throbbed back to full stiffness inside her.

"Mmmm, there's my good boy," Charlotte praised, feeling her son's member growing to fill her tunnel with dick-meat once more.

She rolled her hips, stirring their combined juices until they frothed and dripped down the crack of her ass.

Levi began to move again, sawing his rejuvenated cock through his mother's slick, swollen folds. The residual tightness from her last orgasm made the drag exquisitely snug on his shaft, the wet friction around his coronal ridge making his eyes roll back.

Charlotte locked her ankles at the small of Levi's back, squeezing him closer and changing the angle of his thrusts to rub her still-throbbing clit. "Harder," she demanded breathlessly. "Pound my hungry cunt. Fill it with that thick monster"

Spurred on by his mother's filthy words, Levi hiked her knees up and began to drill into her, their bodies slapping together with wet, obscene sounds. The renewed intensity had Charlotte's tits bouncing and threatened to make the bed creak, but neither cared, too swept up in their incestuous passion.

"Yes, yes, fuck me!" Charlotte wailed, trying to keep her voice down. "Ruin my fucking pussy! Breed me so deep!"

Levi set a punishing pace, the crown of his cock battering her cervix on every thrust. His swollen balls

slapped against her ass as he rutted like a beast, churning their combined releases into a frothy mess. Proof of their depravity coated their thighs and matted their pubic hair, musky and pungent.

Beneath the blanket, their sweat-slicked bodies writhed and undulated in the primal dance of copulation, urgent and fierce.

Charlotte met her son's full-length thrusts with equal force, her cunt sucking hungrily at his shaft, greedy for his seed. Their mingled panting breaths filled the humid confines, the air ripe with the stench of sex.

As Levi pounded into her with almost feral intensity, Charlotte clung to him, her nails scoring his back. The world beyond their blanket cocoon faded away until there was nothing but the slick slide of flesh on flesh, the urgent rutting of their bodies. It was as if they were discovering a whole new world - one of uninhibited passion and primal lust.

"Discovering a new land has nothing on the uncharted territory of Mommy's cunt, does it baby?" Charlotte panted filthily in Levi's ear. "You're conquering virgin lands with your big, hard cunt-fucker."

Levi groaned, his hips snapping faster at his mother's nasty words. "Fuck yes," he bit out. "Staking my claim, marking you as mine."

"Mmmm, yes! Colonize me with this thick dick," Charlotte urged, tossing her head wantonly. "Make me your New World and fill me with your seed! Breed me full of new life!"

Their hips crashed together with bruising force, chasing the ultimate pleasure. Levi felt like an explorer uncovering lush, secret valleys as he mapped every inch of his mother's most intimate depths with his raging cock. Her molten, clutching sheath was his personal El Dorado - a mythical place of riches and rapture.

"This is our destiny," Charlotte panted as Levi drilled into her, her voice low and urgent. "To merge as one flesh and propagate a new civilization, forged in the crucible of our forbidden union. Our coupling is as sacred as it is profane."

Levi growled his assent, his mother's words spurring him to even greater heights of savage lust. He felt like a conqueror claiming virgin territory with each thrust, his mother's fertile body the undiscovered country he would settle and sow. Her womb was his wild frontier, ripe for the seeding.

"Yes!" Charlotte keened. "Tame my wilderness with your iron-hard cock! Plow me like untouched fields and plant a new nation in my belly!"

She clawed at Levi's pumping ass, urging him to rut harder, deeper. Her legs clenched him like a fleshy

harness as she rolled her hips to meet his driving thrusts.

They moved as one, their primal rhythm as old as time itself, as natural as the tide crashing upon virgin shores.

"I'm gonna fill you up. Fuck!" Levi panted harshly, his cock pulsing urgently in his mother's hot, claspings depths. "Breed this virgin soil and make it mine."

"Do it!" Charlotte demanded. "Stake your claim and make me yours. A new colony for your seed!"

With a low, guttural groan, Levi unleashed rope after rope of his potent essence deep in his mother's squeezing cunt, his cock jerking and throbbing as it pumped out its virile load.

Charlotte thrashed beneath him, her greedy pussy milking him for every drop as her own release crashed through her busty body.

They shook and shuddered together, their bodies locked in the timeless dance of procreation. Levi collapsed on top of his mother, spent and panting, his softening cock still nestled in her flooded channel.

Charlotte cradled him close, savoring the feel of her son's seed sloshing heavily in her womb once more.

"My New World," Levi murmured almost reverently, nuzzling into the sweat-damp valley of Charlotte's breasts.

"Yes, darling," she cooed. "You've made landfall in me. Discovered a whole new continent of pleasure and purpose. And together, we'll birth a bright new future from the depths of our sweet depravity."

Outside their blanket cocoon, the Mayflower rocked gently in the inky Atlantic night, carrying them ever closer to Plymouth. But for Levi and Charlotte, a different journey had already begun - an odyssey of uncharted lust and forbidden love.

The next morning, the mothers gathered on the deck, their faces glowing with the satisfaction of illicit secrets. As their hardworking husbands prepared for another day of toil, the women approached with coy smiles and honeyed words.

"Darling," Charlotte purred to Charles, running a hand down his arm. "I was hoping Levi could assist me again today below deck. There are just so many tasks that require a strong young man's touch."

Charles nodded absently as he coiled a rope. "Of course, my dear. The boy's old enough to pull his weight."

"Wonderful!" Charlotte beamed, catching Levi's eye across the deck. "We have some very deep, very involved chores to attend to, and his help is invaluable."

Nearby, Martha sidled up to her husband Thomas. "I don't mean to trouble you, love, but might I borrow Ezekiel for the day?" She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "I need him to help me with some intense physical labor."

Thomas chuckled, misinterpreting her suggestive tone. "Putting those young muscles to work, eh? Have at it! Lord knows idle hands are the Devil's playground."

Martha smirked to herself, thinking that the Devil had nothing on the playground she had in mind for her son's hands - and other body parts.

One by one, the mothers cajoled their husbands, spinning tales of household drudgery and womanly woes that required their sons' immediate attention.

The men, obtuse and trusting, readily agreed, sending their strapping boys to "assist" their mothers, little suspecting the true nature of their duties.

As the women led their sons below deck, they exchanged knowing glances heavy with anticipation. Another day of carnal bliss and forbidden breeding awaited them in their secret den of iniquity.

Charlotte pulled Levi into an alcove, pressing her pillowy tits against his chest. "Ready to plumb Mommy's depths again, darling?" She purred, her hand drifting down to cup the bulge already forming in his breeches.

Levi groaned, his young cock surging to stiffness. "Always," he rasped. "I wanna explore every inch of your uncharted territory."

Inside the hidden sex den, a debauched scene of incestuous carnality unfolded. The mothers and sons coupled wantonly, their nude bodies a writhing mass of sweaty flesh and engorged genitals.

Martha bent over a trunk, her enormous dangling breasts swinging heavily as Ezekiel pounded into her from behind.

He gripped her fleshy hips, slamming his stiff cock into her juicy cunt with primal grunts. Martha's face contorted in ecstasy, her cries of pleasure echoing off the wooden walls.

"Yes, fuck Mommy!" she wailed, pushing her plump ass back to meet his thrusts. "Split me open on that dreamy penis."

Nearby, Constance straddled her son Jeremiah's face, smothering him with her dripping quim. Her massive, milk-heavy tits quivered and bounced as she ground

herself against his mouth, coating his lips and chin with her fragrant essence.

Jeremiah lapped at her folds like a man starved, his hands kneading the globes of her rounded ass.

"That's it, eat Mommy's cunt," Constance panted, fisting her hands in his hair. "Shove that tongue up my hole, get me ready for your fat cock!"

Across the room, Prudence lay spread-eagle on a pile of furs, her son Jedidiah's face buried between her thick thighs as he feasted on her sopping pussy.

Her giant tit-orbs rolled and swayed, the dark nipples puckered with arousal. Jedidiah licked and sucked his mother's engorged clit, flicking the sensitive bud until she thrashed and keened.

"Ah! Oh fuck!" Prudence panted, humping her boy's face desperately. "Such a good boy, making Mommy feel so good! Don't stop!"

The humid air grew thick with the pungent aroma of sex - the tang of dripping cunts, the musk of sweaty balls and pre-leaking cocks, the perfume of forbidden lust.

Squelching, slapping and grunting sounds filled the space as sons violated their mothers' holes with filthy abandon.

Charlotte fell upon the bed, pulling Levi on top of her. Her legs immediately came up to wrap around his hips, locking him in the carnal cradle of her body. "Gimme that cock!" she growled, reaching between them to guide him to her entrance. "Stuff Mommy's greedy hole and fuck me raw."

Levi hilted himself in his mother's slick heat with one urgent thrust, groaning at the feel of her clutching walls collapsing around his erectile flesh. He began to move immediately, sawing his thick length through her cream-sodden folds. The obscene sounds of their coupling joined the debauched symphony, punctuated by Charlotte's wanton panting.

Levi reared up on extended arms as he fucked into his mother, changing the angle so he could watch the mesmerizing bounce and sway of her colossal breasts. They rolled up and down her chest in hypnotic counterpoint to his thrusts, the ripe flesh quivering and rippling.

Charlotte's nipples were diamond-hard points jutting from the wide, thickly pebbled discs of her areolae. The dusky circles were a rich dark pink against the creamy mounds, the nubby texture a perfect tactile contrast to the silky smoothness of the surrounding skin.

"Look at you, so strong and virile," Charlotte panted in awe, drinking in the sight of Levi's youthful, trim

physique as he braced himself above her. "The type of boy every woman dreams of fucking."

His muscles flexed and bunched with each driving thrust, his skin glowing with a sheen of sweat in the lantern light.

Levi grunted, spurred on by her praise, hammering into his mother's sopping cunt with renewed vigor. He watched in rapt fascination as her huge tits jiggled almost violently, the meaty globes shaking and wobbling, seeming to defy gravity itself.

Charlotte writhed wantonly beneath him, reveling in her son's powerful body and the masterful way he wielded it. He was so much fitter, harder, and more energetic than his father, his stamina and enthusiasm seemingly boundless.

His cock was thicker, longer, and pulsed inside her with such youthful vitality. She felt alive, electric, as if she could orgasm from just the sight and sensation of her perfect son ravaging her so thoroughly.

"God, you're amazing," she rasped, rolling her hips to meet his fierce thrusts. "So much better than your father ever was. Splitting me open on your magnificent dick, ruining me for anyone else!"

Levi felt a surge of masculine pride at the debauched comparison, knowing he was pleasing his mother as only he could. He palmed Charlotte's jouncing tits

roughly, plumping the doughy flesh and tweaking the fat nipples between his fingers.

She keened sharply, arching into the touch, urging him to maul her even more aggressively.

Across the room, the other mothers lavished equally lewd praise on their sons as they were defiled in every position imaginable. Moans and cries of rapture intermingled with the wet slaps and rhythmic creaking, a profane chorus of unrepentant sin.

Suddenly, a collective cry of rapture pierced the sex-thick air as the mothers were overtaken by simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms. Their voices rose in a lewd, discordant symphony, echoing off the wooden walls in a cacophony of pleasure.

"Yes, yes, YESSSS!" Constance shrieked, her body convulsing violently as she drenched her son's humping cock in a gushing torrent of ejaculate. The clear, fragrant fluid sprayed from her quivering cunt, splattering his groin and thighs, dripping down to soak the furs beneath them.

Prudence thrashed and bucked, grinding her climaxing pussy against Jedidiah's mouth in wild undulations. "Fuck, fuck, I'm squirting!" she wailed, clamping his head between her meaty thighs as a stream of essence jetted from her contracting hole, painting his face in her release.

Martha's sexy frame shook and juddered, her giant tits swinging like fleshy pendulums as she came apart on Ezekiel's thrusting cock. "Oh god, oh shit, oh fuuuuuck!" she howled, a veritable flood gushing out around his cunt-fucking girth to soak his balls and drip down her quivering legs.

Charlotte went rigid beneath Levi, her back arching almost painfully as her orgasm crested. Her cunt contracted viciously around him, rippling and fluttering along his length like a milking fist.

With a ragged scream, she exploded in a spray of hot girl cum, hosing Levi's pumping cock and groin in her ejaculate.

The room filled with the pungent aroma of female pleasure as the mothers came together in drenching spasms, their holes gushing like geysers. The air practically steamed with the heady mix of fluids and pheromones, palpably thick with base, primal release.

Quivering flesh jiggled and bounced in the flickering lantern light as the women shook through the aftershocks.

Sodden body hair was matted to their skin, wet and gleaming with the evidence of their squirting completion. They gasped and panted, rolling through the ebbing waves, their chests heaving and wobbling with exertion.

The sons paused in their desperate rutting, their eyes glazed with lust at the erotic display of their mothers' unrestrained pleasure. Cocks throbbed and pulsed, painfully rigid and desperate to erupt. Balls churned with the urgent need to spill their loads into those cock-squeezing cunts.

It was pure, undiluted carnality - a scene of wanton, incestuous debauchery unmatched in its depravity.

Levi gazed down at Charlotte writhing beneath him, her body still shuddering from her intense orgasm. Her cunt rippled around his throbbing cock, slick and scorching hot.

The sight and sound of the other mothers coming undone so spectacularly on their sons' humping shafts filled him with a lewd idea.

"Let's take them like the bitches in heat they are," he suggested to the other boys, his voice rough with lust. "On their hands and knees, mounted and bred like animals."

The other lads met his fevered gaze, their eyes blazing with dark, debased hunger. As one, they pulled out of their mothers' dripping holes and manhandled them onto all fours, forming a depraved circle in the center of the room.

The women went eagerly, presenting their huge, jiggling asses and glistening cunts to their sons like offerings to pagan gods.

Levi gripped Charlotte's fleshy hips and slammed back into her soaked, still-fluttering sheath from behind. She threw her head back with a wail, pushing her massive ass against him wantonly. Her heavy tits swung beneath her like overfilled udders, the distended nipples nearly brushing the floor.

Around the circle, the other sons hilted themselves in their mothers' greedy cunts, the sound of flesh slapping flesh filling the air as they set a punishing rhythm.

Ezekiel rutted into Martha with animalistic grunts, reaching around to maul her gigantic breasts as they pendulated heavily.

Jeremiah drove into Constance's upturned ass, his fingers sinking into the plentiful flesh, pulling her back onto his jackhammering cock.

Jedidiah pounded Prudence savagely, his hips clapping against her meaty cheeks hard enough to leave bruises.

The mothers braced themselves on trembling arms, their gigantic tits swaying and slapping together lewdly as they were taken from behind. They panted

and keened, urging their sons to fuck them harder, deeper.

Juices squelched obscenely and dripped down their quivering thighs as their cunts were plundered mercilessly.

"That's it, fuck me like a bitch!" Charlotte snarled, tossing her hair as Levi hammered into her. "Pound my fucking cunt! Give me that big, nasty cock!"

The other women took up the debased litany, their voices rising in a profane chorus:

"Yes, rut me like a fucking animal! Breed my tight cunt!"

"Fucking destroy me with that huge gourd! Ruin my fucking hole!"

"Ram that fat rod in me! Turn me out like a two-bit slut!"

The sons obliged with savage intensity, their strokes turning erratic as they chased their rapidly-building releases.

As the boys pounded into their mothers' sopping cunts from behind, they began to land sharp smacks on the women's rippling ass cheeks. The meaty globes jiggled and bounced lewdly with each stinging impact, the creamy flesh quickly turning pink.

Levi spanked Charlotte's huge ass in time with his thrusts, watching in rapt fascination as her puffy pussy lips clung to his pummeling cock. Her fluttering hole swallowed him greedily each time he hilted, the slick flesh molding to every ridge and vein.

"Fuck yeah, spank my fucking ass!" Charlotte wailed, pressing back against him wantonly. "Punish Mommy's nasty cunt while you ruin it!"

Ezekiel rained down sharp smacks on his mom's ample cheeks as he split her open on his cock, the wet slaps intermingling with their bodies' lewd squelching. He watched, mesmerized, as her engorged labia stretched around him, clinging tightly to his girth as he withdrew before engulfing him again.

Jedidiah's hand smacked against Constance's rippling backside, the supple flesh bouncing hypnotically.

Her swollen cunt made obscene slurping noises as it sucked hungrily at his pounding shaft. Glistening girl cum coated his boner and balls, splattering with each smack of his cock-hilt.

Prudence's son spanked her jiggling rump savagely, panting as he watched his steely rod disappear into her cream-drenched folds again and again. Her body seemed to pull him deeper on every fuck-stroke, her greedy hole devouring him whole.

The other sons followed suit, delivering stinging swats to their mothers' undulating asses as they watched, transfixed, as their raging cocks were swallowed up repeatedly by those gluttonous cunts.

The room echoed with the sharp cracks of skin on skin and the sloppy, squelching sounds of sodden fucking.

"Gonna fucking explode," Levi gritted out, his rhythm faltering as his climax hurtled closer. "Pump you full of my cum, flood this hungry cunt..."

"Yes, do it!" Charlotte keened. "Fill me with your seed, paint my womb! Make me fucking pregnant!"

"Knock me up!" Martha demanded, her fatty ass cheeks quivering from Ezekiel's blows. "Put a fucking baby in me!"

"Breed me!" Constance screamed. "I wanna carry your child, give you a son!"

"Make my belly swell with your offspring!" Prudence begged. "Shoot your bastard into my cunt!"

Spurred on by their mothers' desperate, filthy pleas, the sons unleashed primal roars as they slammed in to the hilt on each thrust.

With almost simultaneous howls of ecstasy, the boys erupted inside their mothers' convulsing depths, their cocks pulsing and throbbing as they pumped out massive loads.

The women shrieked in rapture as their wombs were painted with hot seed, their own releases gushing out around the shafts.

Levi's cock ballooned and jerked and as he unleashed jet after jet of thick, potent boy-jism directly against Charlotte's cervix. He could feel her pussy muscles rippling along his length, milking him for every drop as her cunt convulsed with its own climax. Scalding ejaculate overflowed her fluttering hole to drip down his balls.

Beside them, Ezekiel speared Martha to the hilt and exploded with a guttural groan, filling her hungry cunt to the brim with his virile semen.

Her inner walls clamped down rhythmically, greedily drinking in his essence as her release sprayed out to coat his groin in her slick juices.

Jeremiah and Constance came together in a gush of intermingling fluids, their genitals pulsing in unison as they emptied themselves. Pearly ropes of spunk shot deep into her motherly sheath while her own ejaculate squirted out in arcing streams, painting his pile-driving cock and thighs.

Jedidiah slammed into Prudence a final time and stilled, his shaft twitching violently as it disgorged a seething load into her eagerly accepting depths.

Her passage rippled and undulated, squeezing out his seed to mix with the torrents of her own gushing release.

The other couples reached their shattering peaks in an explosion of pumping flesh and jetting fluids. Volleys of cum shot into quivering cunts while answering floods of girl cum sprayed out to bathe pumping cocks and balls.

The sons continued to rut through their releases, stirring the frothy mix of semen and female ejaculate to a creamy lather. Thick rivulets ran down trembling thighs and matted pubic hair, a lewd testament to their depraved union.

The air grew thick with the pungent aroma of sex - the sharp musk of cum, the tangy essence of pussy, all underscored by the primal scent of a successful breeding.

Droplets of sweat and spent fluids flicked from writhing bodies, splattering the surrounding furs and pillows.

The mothers quaked through seemingly endless orgasms, their huge breasts jiggling violently as they were filled and filled again with their sons' potent seed.

Choked cries and animalistic grunts reverberated off the wooden walls as the incestuous orgy reached a deafening crescendo.

As the final aftershocks ebbed, the mothers collapsed onto their sons' sweat-slick bodies, blanketing them with their soft, abundant flesh.

They plastered their massive, heaving breasts against the boys' chests and necks, the hard nipples dragging across damp skin.

Charlotte sealed her mouth over Levi's in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss, their tongues tangling wetly as they shared panting breaths.

She undulated slowly atop him, relishing the feel of his half-hard cock still buried in her cum-soaked depths. Her engorged tits pillowed his face, smothering him in fragrant, supple flesh.

Martha licked a hot stripe up Ezekiel's neck before devouring his mouth ravenously, sucking on his tongue as if it were a tiny cock.

Her gigantic, milk-heavy jugs pressed him deep into the furs, cocooning him in a fleshy heaven. She rolled her hips, stirring his load inside her pussy and coaxing his spent member back to stiffness.

Constance and Jeremiah exchanged sloppy, biting kisses, nipping at each other's lips as they came down

from their intense high. Her prodigious bust flattened against his heaving chest, slick with sweat and the residue of her sprayed release. His softened cock twitched inside her as their combined fluids seeped out around it.

Prudence peppered Jedidiah's face with open-mouthed kisses, licking the salt from his skin. She ground her hips slow and filthy, clenching her messy cunt around his semi-flaccid shaft. Her pendulous breasts engulfed him, the hard points of her nipples boring into his flesh.

The other mothers lavished similar attention on their sons, making out sloppily as they basked in the afterglow of their mutual climaxes.

Wet, obscene sounds of kissing and quiet moans filled the space, a sensual counterpoint to the previous cacophony of breeding.

The sons ran worshipful hands over their mothers' curves, palming the quivering mounds of their asses and tracing the slick, stretched lips of their cunts. They kneaded and squeezed the huge tits pressing down on them, relishing the weight and warmth.

Flaccid cocks slowly began to swell again within clinging snatches, responding to the sensual assault. Dribbles of cum and girl juice leaked out to smear across languidly grinding groins as the forbidden

couples geared up for another round of depraved rutting.

For several hours, the mothers and sons lost themselves in a marathon of wanton, unrestrained fucking. They coupled wildly in every position imaginable, their sweat-slicked bodies sliding against each other in a delirious dance of incestuous lust.

Charlotte rode Levi reverse cowgirl, her enormous ass rippling as she bounced on his up-thrust cock.

He pounded up into her, watching in awe as her puffy pussy lips clung to his veiny shaft. Each slap of her heavy cheeks against his groin sent shockwaves through her abundant flesh, her back-slung tits wobbling obscenely.

Nearby, Martha sat on Ezekiel's face, grinding her sopping cunt against his mouth as he ate her to a screaming orgasm.

Girl cum gushed over his cheeks and chin, mixing with the frothy seed leaking from her used hole. Ezekiel lapped it up greedily, his stiff cock jutting proudly as he feasted.

Prudence knelt between Jedidiah's legs, her giant breasts wrapped around his throbbing shaft as she gave him a sloppy tit-fuck.

The boy thrust between the pillowy mounds, fucking her cleavage until spunk jetted from the tip to paint her face and tits in a pearly glaze.

Constance bent over a trunk, her legs spread obscenely wide as Jeremiah took her from behind. He pumped into her with brutal intensity, reaching around to maul her swaying udders.

Constance pushed back against him desperately, her hungry cunt gushing around his slamming cock.

The sons' impressive young stamina held out through round after round, their rampant erections barely flagging before surging to full hardness once more.

They wrung dozens of climaxes from their wailing mothers, pumping load after virile load into their greedy wombs.

Geysers of teenage spunk erupted from jerking cocks to flood quivering cunts over and over. Answering floods of female ejaculate sprayed out to drench pumping groins and thighs.

The pungent scent of semen and pussy-nectar hung thick in the air, the sloppy sounds of marathon fucking a lewd symphony.

The mothers came apart at the seams, thrashing and convulsing as they were driven to the brink again and again. Their colossal boobs bounced wildly, slapping

together lewdly as they were pounded. Incoherent strings of filth spilled from their lips, begging to be bred like bitches in heat.

The sons gave them everything they demanded and more, rutting with the tireless vigor of youth. Pleasure-soaked hours passed in a blur of straining muscles, jiggling flesh, and the slick slide of cock through sodden folds.

As the last rays of daylight faded outside, the mothers and sons finally collapsed in a tangle of sweat-slick limbs, utterly spent from their marathon rutting.

The women's cunts were bruised and puffy, leaking copious amounts of seed to puddle on the furs. The boys' cocks were sore and chafed, glazed with the residue of their mothers' pleasure.

Giggling wickedly, the moms retrieved damp cloths and began to tenderly sponge off their sons' cum-spattered bodies. They took their time, running the rags over heaving chests and quivering abdomens, pausing to trace the curves of muscles and the ridges of hipbones.

"My goodness, we made quite a mess of you," Charlotte purred as she cleaned Levi's sticky skin.

She lingered between his legs, washing his cock and balls with teasing strokes. "So much delicious cum... I think I'll be full of your babies in no time."

"Mmmm, indeed," Martha agreed, laving Ezekiel's shaft with her cloth. "We'll be round with child before we even reach the New World. A whole litter of sinful offspring."

Constance swiped at the spatters of semen decorating Jeremiah's chest, licking her lips hungrily. "I can't wait to swell with your forbidden seed," she murmured. "To have your baby suckling at my breast as you fill me with the next one."

"I want my belly so big with your bastard, it enters the room before I do," Prudence said huskily, fondling Jedidiah's balls as she bathed him. "Huge and ripe and teeming with life."

The sons groaned at the naughty words, their cocks twitching valiantly as their mothers washed them.

The women cooed and giggled, planting teasing kisses along flushed skin as they cleaned.

Once satisfied that their boys were sufficiently fresh, the mothers efficiently wiped themselves down, paying special attention to their tender, well-used holes.

They slipped back into their rumpled dresses and finger-combed their tangled hair, trying to look presentable. The sons pulled on their breeches and shirts, wincing slightly as the fabric rubbed against their sensitive flesh.

"We need to get back before we're missed," Charlotte said regretfully. She drew Levi in for a deep, filthy kiss, their mingled essence still bitter on their tongues.

"Until next time, my darling boy."

The other mothers bid their sons equally passionate farewells, already looking forward to the next time they could indulge their sinful lusts.

They emerged from the hidden den and went their separate ways, sneaking back to their cabins with mussed hair, swollen lips, and secret smiles.

Nine months later, Levi and Charlotte stood atop a grassy hill overlooking the nascent settlement of Plymouth. The journey had been long and arduous, but they had finally reached the shores of the New World, ready to carve out a life in the untamed wilderness.

Charlotte rested one hand on her massively swollen belly, feeling the fully-developed triplets kick and squirm within her womb. The forbidden fruits of her incestuous union with Levi had taken root that first passionate night and flourished, filling her with new life. Her stomach was drum-tight and taut, stretched to bursting with her son's offspring.

Her already giant tits had grown to gargantuan proportions, engorged with milk in preparation for

nursing. The heavy globes strained against the confines of her dress, the fabric pulled tight across her chest. Turgid nipples poked through the thin material, aching to be tweaked and sucked.

Levi wrapped his arms around his mother from behind, his penis nudging against the soft, rounded cheeks of her ass. He splayed his hands across her huge pregnant belly and nuzzled into her neck, inhaling her scent deeply. "I can't believe how big you've gotten," he murmured in awe. "So full of our children. So ripe and ready to give birth."

Charlotte leaned back against him, relishing the feel of his strong body supporting her gravid form. "It's all because of you, my darling boy," she purred. "Your virile seed quickened inside me so eagerly."

Levi groaned softly, his cock stirring against the crack of her buttocks. Even heavy with child, his mother's lush body never failed to ignite his lust.

He cupped her massive breasts, feeling the dense weight of them in his palms. Milk began to bead at the tips of her nipples, dampening the fabric.

"I've never seen a woman so fertile," Levi rasped. "So glorious and bursting with life. No one would believe these children were seeded by your own son."

"Let them wonder," Charlotte said wickedly, grinding her plush ass against Levi's growing hardness. "We

know the truth. That only your cock could make me bloom so wantonly. Fill me to overflowing with your babies."

Levi squeezed Charlotte's engorged breasts harder, relishing how they overflowed his hands. "I'm gonna keep you like this always," he promised darkly. "Big with my child, your udders leaking constantly. We have a new land to populate."

Charlotte shivered at the delicious threat, her pussy clenching with fresh arousal despite the heavy ache of her late pregnancy.

"Yes," Charlotte hissed. "Breed me again and again. Make me a mother a dozen times over with your seed."

She reached back to palm Levi's rigid cock through his breeches, squeezing the hot length of him.

The boy groaned and thrust against her hand, his hips already rocking instinctively.

Glancing around to make sure they were alone, Charlotte hiked up her skirt and bent forward, bracing her hands on her knees. She spread her legs as much as her gravid belly would allow, presenting her dripping cunt to her son.

"Put it in me," she demanded breathlessly. "I need to feel you inside me, filling me up. Staking your claim all over again."

Levi hastily unlaced his breeches and pulled out his engorged cock, giving his sinewy boner a few quick strokes. Stepping close, he notched the broad head between his mother's slick folds, savoring the scorching heat of her. With a swift snap of his hips, he sheathed himself to the hilt in her welcoming body.

They both cried out at the exquisite sensation, Levi's cock pulsing deep in Charlotte's fluttering sheath.

Her inner muscles gripped him like a silken fist, even tighter than usual due to her condition. Levi had to grit his teeth against the urge to spend himself immediately.

Gripping his mom's wide hips, Levi began to move, sawing his thick shaft through her slick folds. Her abundant cream eased the way as he pounded into her, their bodies slapping together obscenely. Milk sprayed from Charlotte's bouncing breasts, flicking out in pearly arcs.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Levi panted harshly. "Clamped around me like a vise. Milking my cock so greedily."

"Yes, fuck me!" Charlotte urged, pushing back to meet his thrusts. "Harder! Wreck my pregnant cunt! Fill me to bursting with your cum!"

Levi drove into his mother's juicy pussy with wild abandon, the perverse thrill of fucking her ripe body out in the open spurring him on. He battered her tender cervix with the blunt head of his cock, groaning as her molten walls tightened around him.

Charlotte's massive belly swayed heavily with each rough impact, the babes inside squirming as their father's dick plowed into the womb that sheltered them.

Her mountainous tits jounced and lurched, hosing the ground with sprays of milk. The wet squelching of Levi's cock churning her overflowing juices filled the air.

"I'm close," Levi gritted out, his thrusts growing erratic. His balls drew up tight, preparing to unleash their incestuous load into his mother's hungry womb once more.

"Yes, give it to me!" Charlotte wailed, grinding back onto his burrowing cock with desperate need. "Flood my slutty cunt! Drown our babies in your sinful seed!"

With a ragged groan, Levi buried himself to the hilt and erupted, his shaft pulsing violently as it disgorged spurt after thick spurt directly into Charlotte's fluttering depths.

She screamed her own release, her passage clamping down like a milking fist, wringing every drop from her son's exploding cock.

Levi collapsed against Charlotte's back, his hands coming around to cup her massive belly as the last tremors wracked through him. He could feel his seed sloshing heavily inside her, bathing their unborn children in the very essence that created them.

Charlotte hummed in sated bliss, relishing the familiar sensation of being pumped full of her son's potent cum.

They stayed locked together for long moments, savoring the forbidden afterglow. Levi's softening cock eventually slipped free in a gush of mingled fluids, but he kept his arms wrapped around his gravid mother possessively.

"I love you so much," he murmured into her neck. "My beautiful mother. My eager broodmare. I can't wait to plant my seed in you again and again, until this new land is teeming with our offspring"

"As do I, my darling boy," Charlotte purred, turning her head to capture his lips in a deep, filthy kiss. "We will be as Adam and Eve, populating this wild Eden with the fruit of our loins. Our dynasty of sin will conquer the New World."

They separated reluctantly and rearranged their clothing, watching as Levi's pearly release oozed down Charlotte's thighs to soak the hem of her dress. Proof of their depravity, blossoming new life even as she was ripe with the last seeding.

Hand in hand, mother and son turned to survey the virgin land spread out before them, the first tendrils of their future already unfurling in Charlotte's fertile womb.

A new dawn was breaking, ripe with forbidden promise. And they would greet it as one flesh, bound by blood and blasphemous love, ready to forge an unholy legacy that would endure for generations.

**THE END**

