



This story is a complete work of fiction, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

DESTINATION: PLEASURE

By Klrxo

The roar of the engines vibrated through the floor of the spacecraft, a thunderous shaking that mirrored the frantic drumming of Otto's heart.

He gripped his mother's hand with a white-knuckled intensity, his palm sweaty against hers as the G-force pressed them back into their plush seats.

They were screaming upward, leaving the atmosphere of Earth behind for the red wastes of Mars, but Otto barely noticed the view outside the viewport. His entire world had shrunk down to the woman sitting beside him.

Stella was a vision of maternal perfection twisted into something predatory and obscene. Her blonde hair was swept back, framing a face that radiated warmth and love, but her eyes held a hunger that was anything but motherly.

She wore a form-fitting space outfit that looked like it was fighting a losing battle against her curves. Her tits were colossal, two heavy, shimmering mounds of flesh that shuddered and rippled with every vibration of the ship.

The neckline of her suit plunged dangerously low, leaving her deep, creamy cleavage exposed, the pale skin glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. Every time the ship jolted, those massive tits bounced, the nipples straining against the fabric, practically begging for Otto to reach out and squeeze them.

Otto stole a timid glance at her. He was handsome, but scrawny, his frame lean and awkward, and the sheer physicality of his mother overwhelmed him. He had spent years dreaming of the weight of those breasts in his hands, imagining the taste of her maternal pussy.

Now that he was eighteen, the taboo had vanished by law, but the thrill of the forbidden remained, amplified by the secret they shared. His mom had made it very clear that on this trip he'd be losing his virginity, his balls sucked dry by her own greedy cunt.

He could feel his cock throbbing painfully against the fabric of his trousers, a hard, desperate rod of heat that demanded release. He wanted to bury himself in her, to lose himself in the depths of a woman who had raised him and now wanted to ruin him.

Stella noticed his gaze, a knowing, sultry smirk playing on her lips. She squeezed his hand, her fingers digging into his skin with a possessive strength.

"You're shaking, Otto," she whispered, her voice a low, honeyed purr that sent a jolt of electricity straight to his groin. "Are you nervous, my sweet boy... thinking about what Mommy's gonna do to you once we reach orbit?"

Otto let out a shaky breath, his eyes locked on the heaving valley of her chest. "Y-yes," he managed to choke out, the word sounding raw and desperate.

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart," she cooed over the rumble of the engines. "You're about to experience the pleasures of manhood."

As the spacecraft finally breached the upper atmosphere and the roar of the engines faded into a humming silence, the crushing G-force vanished. Suddenly, gravity ceased to exist. The transition to weightlessness was instantaneous, and with a soft *click*, Stella released her harness.

With a graceful, practiced kick from her seat, the big-boobed mom launched herself into the air, floating like a celestial goddess through the cabin.

Otto remained buckled for a moment, paralyzed by the sight of her. In the zero-gravity environment, Stella's body seemed to expand and flow, her movements fluid and graceful.

She drifted toward the control panel, and Otto's breath hitched. The tight space suit acted like a second skin, vacuum-sealed against every curve of her mature frame. He stared, mesmerized, at the rounded, heavy meat of her huge ass. The fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, digging deep into the cleft of her cheeks, highlighting the sheer volume of her backside.

Her strong, maternal legs stretched out behind her, tapering down into sexy heeled boots that looked absurdly erotic in the weightless void.

Unable to help himself, Otto reached down, his hand trembling as he gripped the bulge in his trousers. He squeezed the leaking knob of his tender cock through the fabric, a sharp moan escaping his lips.

He was rock hard, veins bulging—the tip of his virgin dick already weeping a thick bead of pre-cum that soaked into his suit.

He watched her hover there, a blonde superhero of lust, and the thought that all that synthetic fabric would soon be stripped away made his head spin.

He imagined them as two naked animals, caged together in the intimacy of his parents' bunk, rutting for mindless hours without the restriction of gravity to hold them down.

Trembling with desperate lust, Otto finally unbuckled his own restraints. He pushed off the seat clumsily, floating in a different direction, his limbs flailing slightly as he tried to navigate the air. He felt small and exposed, a scrawny boy drifting toward the inevitable consumption of a hungry woman.

Stella reached the panel and tapped a few buttons, locking the ship's privacy shutters and dimming the lights to a sultry, ambient glow.

She turned her head, peering over her shoulder at her retreating son. A devilish, predatory grin spread across her pretty face, her eyes scanning his lean body and the obvious, throbbing tent in his pants.

There was absolutely no place for him to hide. The family craft had become a playground of forbidden desire, and she was the one in control.

As she drifted slowly toward him, her colossal tits swaying slightly in the weightlessness, Stella felt a surge of greedy heat between her thighs. Her own pussy was already soaking, aching for the friction of his stiff, inexperienced meat.

She didn't just want to fuck him; she wanted to devour him, to feel the sudden, violent burst of his virgin cum flooding her depths while they tumbled through the stars.

Otto scrambled backward, his limbs flailing in the weightless void until he found a cramped corner behind a cluster of floating storage crates and discarded flight gear. He curled himself into a ball, chest heaving, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

He wanted her—god, he wanted her so badly that his vision was blurring—but the sheer scale of her desire was overwhelming. Stella wasn't just his mother; she was a force of nature, a seasoned goddess of pleasure, and he was nothing but a shaking, scrawny virgin.

The thought of her experienced pussy clamping down on his inexperienced shaft made him shudder with a mix of terror and agonizing arousal.

Suddenly, the ship's intercom crackled to life, her beautiful voice booming through the cabin, dripping with a playful, predatory hunger.

"Where are you hiding, my sweet, hard-cocked little virgin?" Stella's voice purred, the sound vibrating through the metal walls and straight into Otto's groin.

"I can practically smell your desperation from here, Otto. I can smell that hard, leaking cock of yours, just begging to be put to use."

Otto let out a choked whimper, pressing his back harder against the bulkhead. He squeezed his eyes shut, but the image of her colossal tits rippling in that suit burned behind his eyelids.

"Come out and surrender to me, baby," she continued, her tone shifting to a commanding, sultry drawl. "I'm floating here completely naked, my pussy soaking wet and aching for you."

The boy's eyes darted open as he listened.

"I wanna feel you slide inside me," Stella continued, "to feel your virgin meat stretching me open while we fuck like the beasts we are. I'm going to devour you, Otto. I'm going to suck every single drop of cum out of that, young, pretty dick until you can't even remember your own name."

As he trembled, a flurry of fabric began to drift into his hiding spot, floating lazily through the air like ghostly ribbons. It was her clothing.

He watched, mesmerized, as a pair of skimpy lace panties drifted past, smelling faintly of her musk and floral perfume. Then, something larger and softer collided directly with his face. It was her bra. The massive, silky garment draped over his head, one of the colossal cups masking his vision and pressing firmly against his cheek.

Otto gasped, the scent hitting him like a physical blow—the concentrated, heady aroma of Stella's skin and the warmth of her mammoth breasts. The fabric was still hot, radiating the heat of the heavy tit-flesh that had filled it only moments ago.

He instinctively inhaled deeply, the smell of his mother's arousal driving him to the brink of madness. He reached up, clutching the silk, imagining the weight of those chest-melons pressing into his chest.

"I know you're in there, you shy little slut," Stella's voice teased, closer now, no longer coming through the intercom but echoing in the cabin. "Are you playing with my bra? Do you like the smell of your mommy's tits? Come and get the real thing, baby boy."

Otto wanted to scream, to launch himself across the cabin and bury his face between those massive breasts, but his body refused to obey. He was paralyzed, rooted to the spot by a crushing wave of nervousness and raw, primal lust.

He was a prisoner of his own arousal, trapped in the weightless void while his mind raced with the image of his mother's soaking wet pussy.

"Still hiding, Otto? My poor, sweet, terrified little boy," Stella's voice drifted over him, sounding like a siren's call.

He felt a sudden shift in the light, a shadow falling over his trembling form. Otto looked up, and the sight nearly stopped his heart. Stella was somersaulting gracefully through the zero-gravity environment, her body a masterpiece of ivory skin and golden curves.

She was completely naked, her long blonde hair swirling around her head like a halo of silk. But it was her tits that stole his breath; those colossal, heavy globes were drifting wildly, floating slightly away from her chest with every rotation, swaying and bouncing in slow motion.

They were magnificent, the dark, wide areolae peaking through the air, the nipples hard and pointing straight at him.

She drifted down between the crates headfirst, her eyes locked onto his with a predatory, hungry glint.

"Look at you," she whispered, her voice a sultry vibration as she closed the distance. "Shaking like a leaf. You're so hard for your mommy, aren't you? I can see it poking right through that suit."

As she collided with him head first, the impact was soft and electric. Stella didn't hesitate; she attacked his neck with a ferocity that made Otto let out a high-pitched whimper.

Her lips were hot and demanding, peppering his skin with tender kisses that quickly devolved into wet licks and sharp, teasing nips.

He gasped, his head lolling back against the bulkhead as her tongue traced the line of his jaw, tasting the salt of his skin.

"You're so delicious, Otto," she moaned against his throat, her breath hot and smelling of mint and desire. "I've waited so long to get my hands on this virgin cock."

Her hands weren't idle. Stella's manicured nails raked down his skinny chest, scratching through the thin material of his space attire, sending jolts of electricity straight to his groin.

She gripped the waistband of his suit, her fingers digging in, pulling the fabric tight against his leaking shaft. The sensation of her nails grazing his skin, combined with the wetness of her mouth on his neck, pushed him to the edge of a sensory overload.

Otto squirmed in delight, his limbs flailing weakly as he looked up. Because his mom was positioned upside down in zero-G, he was granted a breathtaking view of the pillar of her backside.

The meaty, pale globes of her naked buttocks were framed perfectly before him, the deep cleft of her ass separating her torso from her shapely, slightly bent legs. Her sexy bare feet hovered in the air above him, toes curling in anticipation.

He stared, mesmerized, at the sight of his mother's rear floating there, the skin glowing under the cabin lights. The sheer size of her—the weight of

her tits pressing into his shoulders and the sight of her wide, inviting ass—made him feel small and utterly consumed.

He whimpered again, a sound of pure submission, as he realized there was no escape from the hungry MILF who intended to devour every inch of him.

Stella adjusted in the weightless void, her colossal breasts spilled over Otto's shoulders, the massive, soft globes enveloping his head in a cocoon of warm, fragrant skin.

He was practically buried in her cleavage, the scent of her perfume and the musk of her arousal filling his nostrils, making his head swim. The sheer volume of her tits pressed against his cheeks, squeezing his face with a plush, suffocating heat that left him gasping for air.

Before he could recover, his mom's lips crashed into his. It wasn't a gentle kiss; it was a ravenous, wet collision. Otto's eyes flew open, then fluttered shut as he was swept away by the sheer force of her hunger.

He was a passenger of total inexperience, his lips parting instinctively, allowing her long, thick tongue to spear inside and ravage his mouth. She didn't just kiss him; she wrestled with him, her tongue swirling and probing, claiming every inch of his oral cavity with a dominant, practiced intensity.

Otto moaned into her mouth, a muffled sound of surrender, as he tried to mimic her rhythm, his own tongue dancing clumsily against hers in a knot of saliva-soaked muscle.

While their mouths remained locked in a deep, slobbering exchange, Stella's hands migrated downward. She didn't waste a second, her fingers sliding beneath the waistband of his suit with predatory precision.

The moment her warm palm made contact with his bare skin, Otto let out a sharp, strangled gasp into the kiss. She gripped his sinewy cock, her

fingers wrapping tightly around the throbbing shaft. He was rock hard, pulsing with a desperate need that felt like it was about to shatter him.

As she began to stroke him with a firm, rhythmic motion, her other hand dipped lower, cupping his heavy, cum-laden balls. She fondled them with a mischievous curiosity, rolling the spheres gently within his sack, feeling the tension of his virgin seed coiled and ready to explode.

Stella pulled back just a fraction of an inch, her lips glistening with his saliva, her eyes dark with lust.

"Oh, Otto," she whimpered, her voice a husky vibration. "You're so much bigger than your brother... so much thicker than your father."

The revelation sent a surge of pride and heat through him, making his cock twitch violently in her grip.

"You're gonna stretch your own mother's pussy, aren't you?" she whispering. "And paint my cervix white with your virgin baby-goo."

As she spoke, her thumb began to work the head of his penis. She focused her attention on the tender glans, rubbing the ballooning flare of his corona, the sensitive band of his frenulum, and swirling her digit over his leaking piss-slit.

"Mmm-mom," the teen snarled, squirming in pleasure as she smeared the thick, clear beads of pre-cum across the head of his cock, lubricating him with his own arousal.

Simultaneously, her other hand tugged slightly on the coiled sperm tubes deep in his scrotum, pulling at the base of his balls in a way that sent electric shocks of pleasure straight to his spine.

Otto couldn't handle the sensory onslaught. He let out a long, high-pitched whimper that was swallowed by her mouth as she reclaimed his lips, sucking on his tongue like it was a cock, while her hand continued to torture his boner.

He was floating, trapped between the crushing softness of her tits and the expert manipulation of her hands, completely at the mercy of his mother's insatiable hunger.

Stella broke the kiss slowly, a thin string of saliva connecting their lips as she pulled back just enough to look into Otto's glazed, blown-out eyes. Her expression was predatory, her pupils dilated with a hunger that made the scrawny teen tremble.

"It's time for Mommy to lead you to her lair," she whispered, her voice a low, sultry vibration that resonated deep in his chest. "It's time to fuck, Otto."

Before Otto could even process the words, Stella's hand shot out, gripping his wrist with a firm, possessive strength. With a powerful kick off the bulkhead, she propelled them both forward, pulling him along in zero-G like a lioness dragging her fresh kill back to the den.

Otto felt completely powerless, his body trailing behind hers in the zero-gravity void, his hard, leaking cock bouncing rhythmically against his thigh with every movement.

They drifted swiftly through the ship's narrow shift corridor, their bodies pressed close. Because of the lack of gravity, every slight adjustment caused them to collide; Otto felt the soft, heavy weight of her colossal tits smashing into his chest, the friction of her bare skin against his suit driving him to the brink of madness.

He could smell her—the intoxicating mix of expensive perfume and the raw, musky scent of a woman in heat. He was a passenger to her dominance, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird as she navigated the corridors with practiced grace.

As they reached the heavy sliding door of the master quarters, Stella reached out and slapped the control panel. The door hissed shut behind

them with a definitive, metallic thud, sealing out the rest of the spacecraft and leaving them in absolute, suffocating privacy.

The sound of the lock engaging acted like a trigger for Otto; his cock throbbed violently, a surge of pre-cum soaking into the fabric of his suit as the reality of their isolation hit him.

Stella didn't stop, guiding him deeper into the belly of the ship and into the private bunk. This was the forbidden zone—a cozy, hidden den of bedded luxury that had been strictly off-limits to him for his entire life.

The bunk was dimly lit, bathed in a soft, amber glow, with thick, plush blankets and oversized pillows floating slightly off the mattress in the low-gravity environment.

She pushed him backward, sending him drifting onto the soft expanse of the bed. Stella hovered over him, her blonde hair drifting around her face like a golden halo, her massive breasts swaying hypnotically in the air.

“Mmm, mommy's gonna fuck the virgin right out of you,” she purred as she looked down at her son.

A devilish, triumphant grin was plastered across her face, knowing she finally had him trapped in her secret sanctuary where she could break him open and feast on his innocence.

TWO DAYS PRIOR...

The air in Otto's bedroom was thick with the scent of teenage musk and female arousal. The halo clock next to his bed read 12:06 AM; it was his birthday, and he had officially been 18 for a whole six minutes.

His sisters had been waiting for this exact second to pounce.

"Fuck, he smells so delicious," a female voice sighed beneath the heavy duvet.

Otto was completely pinned, trapped in a tangle of limbs and soft, yielding flesh. His triplet sisters—19-year-old reflections of their mother's goddess-like beauty—were piled on top of him in a chaotic heap of lust.

They were braless beneath their thin sleep shirts, their fat, squishy tits and turgid nipples mashing warmly against his chest and stomach, creating a suffocating, erotic cocoon.

Otto felt like he was drowning in womanhood, his breath coming in short, jagged gasps as he was smothered by their collective weight. His face was pressed firmly into the cotton gusset of Vanessa's panties. She was the most assertive of the three sisters, and had her thighs bracketing his cheeks, squeezing his head tight against her crotch.

The pungent, salty scent of her pussy flooded his nostrils, an overwhelming aroma of wetness and heat that made his brain fog over. He could feel the dampness of her arousal soaking through the fabric and onto his skin,.

Below the waist, the assault was even more relentless. Otto whimpered, his back arching off the mattress as he felt three warm, wet tongues descending upon his groin. They weren't being gentle; they were devouring him with a greedy, starved intensity, treating his virgin cock and balls more like a gourmet meal than a part of their brother.

"I found the seam," Amy murmured, her voice muffled because her face was smashed directly against his scrotal sack.

Otto let out a strangled moan as Amy's tongue flicked with precision, tracing the raphe—the sensitive seam of his balls—from the base up toward the perineum. The sensation was electric, a sharp, focused pleasure that sent jolts of lightning straight to his gut.

He tried to shift, to find some purchase, but he was utterly helpless under the combined weight of his sisters. The other two didn't let him escape for a second. They joined Amy in a frenzied, wet symphony, their tongues swirling around the base of his cock and licking the underside of his balls with rhythmic, slurping strokes.

It was a coordinated attack, a pack of hyenas on a fresh kill, savoring every inch of his skin. One sister's tongue swirled around his testicles while another licked the sensitive skin of his inner thighs, their breaths hot and hurried against his flesh.

"Look at how hard he is," Vanessa giggled from above, her voice vibrating through her pussy and into Otto's cheek. "Our little brother is finally a man, and he's so fucking ready for us."

"He's big too," Stephanie cooed, her voice a playful purr as she leaned in. She let out a wet, slurping sound, licking a long, slow stripe from the base of Otto's throbbing boner all the way up to the crown.

She pulled back just an inch, her eyes wide with genuine admiration. "Way bigger than my boyfriend. I can't believe we had this hiding in our house all this time."

Otto let out a broken whimper, his hips jerking instinctively. The sensation of Stephanie's warm, rough tongue against his hypersensitive skin was almost too much to bear.

He felt the three of them working in a coordinated, greedy rhythm, their tongues flicking and swirling over every millimeter of his cock. It was a wet, slippery assault that left him gasping, his mind fracturing under the sheer intensity of the pleasure.

He tried to tilt his head, desperate to breathe and see the beautiful faces of the sisters who were currently devouring him. But Vanessa shifted her weight, pushing him back down into the mattress with a firm, authoritative shove of her hips.

She ground her cunt directly over his nose and mouth, smothering him once again in the damp, floral-scented fabric of her panties. Otto groaned into the cloth, the smell of sweet pussy filling his lungs, his face pressed so deep into her wetness that he could feel the heat of her clit pulsing against his lips.

"Stay right there, little brother," Vanessa commanded, her voice vibrating through her pelvic bone and into his skull. "You don't get to look. You just get to taste and feel."

While Vanessa kept him pinned and breathless, Amy focused her attention on the very tip of his erection. She leaned in close, her breath hot against his glans, and began to dart her tongue with rapid-fire precision all over his piss-slit.

She licked the opening clean, savoring the salty, clear beads of pre-cum that were leaking uncontrollably from his virgin shaft.

"Mmm, taste that virgin pre-cum," Amy sighed, her voice thick with lust as she smeared the fluid across the head of his cock. "So fucking sweet. It tastes like he's been waiting forever to explode for us."

He was a prisoner to their hunger, a scrawny teen being worshipped by three goddesses who viewed his virginity as a delicacy. They continued to marvel at his cock, their voices a chorus of moans and dirty whispers. They treated him like a sacred object, worshiping the length of him with relentless, wet licks and shallow, teasing sucks.

Stephanie began to take the head of his cock into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the rim while Amy and Vanessa continued to feast on his ball, their tongues acting like a precision instruments as they explored the delicate, wrinkled landscape of his nuts.

"Look at how they're twitching," Amy whispered, her voice a wet slur against his skin.

She used her tongue to push one testicle aside, exposing the thick, ropey spermatic cords that anchored his balls. She began to flick her tongue rhythmically over these tubes, feeling the internal pulse of the coiled sperm tubes reacting to her touch.

"His little seed-pipes are throbbing, Vanessa. He's so fucking loaded, I can feel the pressure building inside these nuts."

Vanessa leaned in, her lips parting as she took one of his heavy testicles entirely into her mouth. She sealed her lips tight, creating a vacuum that sucked the sensitive globe deep into her throat.

Her tongue began to swirl violently around the smooth, oval skin of the testicle, massaging the organ with a relentless, swirling pressure.

"God, they're so plump," Vanessa murmured, pulling back just enough to speak, a string of saliva connecting her lip to his nut. "He's got such fat, juicy balls for a scrawny little bitch. I bet they're just screaming to be drained."

Amy didn't stop her assault, her tongue darting into the crease where the scrotum met the perineum, licking the sensitive skin with rapid, flicking motions. She focused on the underside of the sack, tracing the vein-mapped skin with a level of detail that left Otto gasping for air, his mind completely blanking out.

"They're jumping!" Amy giggled, her voice thick with arousal. "Every time I touch the cord, his whole sack twitches. He's so sensitive, he can't even handle it."

Vanessa switched to the other testicle, sucking it with a greedy, slurping intensity that sounded like she was trying to devour the very essence of his virginity. She used her teeth to graze the skin with the lightest, most teasing pressure, sending electric shocks of pleasure straight to Otto's core.

The combination of Amy's precision flicking on the spermatic cords and Vanessa's deep, vacuum-like suction on his testicles created a sensory overload that pushed Otto beyond the brink. He trembled violently, his thighs shaking as he felt every inner part of his scrotum being manipulated, squeezed, and licked.

The wet, relentless stimulation of his balls—the feeling of the skin being pulled, the tubes being teased, and the heavy globes being swallowed—made him whimper in a high, broken tone.

He was completely helpless, pinned and exposed, while his sisters continued to praise his twitching nuts and the endless stream of sweet, salty pre-cum that continued to drip from his cock, lubricating their feast.

The wet, sloppy sounds of the sisters' tongues and the guttural moans of their lust were suddenly sliced through by a cold, melodic, and authoritative voice that echoed through the bedroom.

"Excuse the intrusion, but I think your mother would disapprove of such behavior," Ada, the Home Android announced, her voice a perfect blend of synthetic sweetness and iron-clad command.

The three sisters froze, their mouths still glistening with Otto's fluids. They looked up to see the android standing in the doorway, a stunning brunette with a physique that rivaled any biological woman.

She was designed for domestic efficiency, but her aesthetic was pure temptation; she possessed a pair of colossal, jutting breasts that strained against the fabric of her uniform, their sheer mass creating a deep, inviting valley of cleavage that seemed to defy gravity.

"Exit your brother's room at once," Ada continued, her eyes scanning the scene with clinical precision, "or I'll wake your mother and report your actions."

The threat worked instantly. Vanessa, Amy, and Stephanie scrambled from the bed, their faces flushed with a mix of arousal and fear. As they hurried

toward the door, their fat tits bobbed violently beneath their thin, braless nightshirts, the nipples poking through the fabric like hard little pebbles.

They cast death-glances at the android before disappearing into the hallway with a flurry of hushed, annoyed whispers.

Otto lay there, chest heaving, his balls still glistening with saliva and his cock twitching in the open air. As Ada stepped closer to the bedside, the teen found himself unable to look away from her chest. Those breasts were monstrous, jutting out toward him like two soft mountains of synthetic perfection.

He blushed a deep crimson as she loomed over him, the scent of ozone and expensive perfume filling his nostrils.

"You are in a precarious position, Otto," Ada said, her voice softening as she looked down at his leaking member. She didn't seem disgusted; if anything, there was a flicker of programmed curiosity in her eyes. "Now that you have reached the age of eighteen, you have become a highly coveted prize. In the current social climate, there are hoards of women—both within and outside your immediate circle—who are eager to claim your virginity."

Otto swallowed hard, his voice coming out as a shaky whisper. "Claim it? I... I don't know what to do. Who... who should I even give it to?"

The android leaned in closer, the movement causing her massive breasts to sway and nearly brush against his trembling thigh. The proximity was intoxicating, the sheer scale of her curves making him feel small and dominated once again.

"That is where I come in," she replied, a small, knowing smile playing on her lips. "As your domestic overseer, I have access to the psychological profiles and desires of many candidates. There are several likely options for your first time, each offering a vastly different experience."

Otto's curiosity sparked, overriding his nervousness. He looked up at her, his eyes wide. "What do you mean?"

"I can provide a detailed analysis," Ada explained, her voice dropping to a sultry, informative hum. "I can explain the advantages and disadvantages of each candidate—their skill levels, their appetites, and exactly how they intend to break you. Would you like to hear the pros and cons of the women currently hunting for your seed?"

"Yes... please," he stammered, his voice cracking.

Ada shifted her weight, the movement causing her colossal breasts to jiggle with a heavy, rhythmic bounce that nearly hypnotized him. She looked down at his throbbing member with a clinical yet sultry gaze.

"Very well," Ada began. "Let us start with the most immediate options: your sisters. Vanessa, Amy, and Stephanie are young, athletic, and brimming with raw, hormonal energy. Their bodies are tight, their skin is supple, and their appetites are ravenous."

"They would... fuck me?" Otto asked.

"Yes, and if you were to surrender your cherry to any of them, you would undoubtedly experience a hard, raw, and urgent kind of fucking," Ada explained. "They would treat you like a toy, riding you with a frantic intensity that would likely leave you drained and shaking."

Otto whimpered, remembering the feeling of Vanessa's thighs clamping around his face, the smell of her sweet cunt. He could almost feel the wetness again.

"However," Ada continued, her tone shifting to one of subtle warning, "they lack the seasoned experience of a mature woman. While they possess the energy to exhaust you, they do not yet have the intuitive knowledge of a man's body—to truly milk your cock. They are hunters, Otto, but they are not yet artists. They would take your seed with greed, but they might not know how to prolong the agony and ecstasy of your first release."

Otto swallowed hard, his mind racing. The idea of a "seasoned" woman made his cock throb painfully,

"Which brings us to a more... clandestine option," Ada whispered. "Your brother's wife, Amanda."

Otto's jaw nearly dropped. "Amanda? But... she's married! To my brother!"

"Precisely," Ada replied, a flicker of mischief in her eyes. "Which is why she has expressed her interest in you in the strictest confidence. According to my data logs and intercepted communications, Amanda is craving your virgin cock. She finds the idea of your innocence intoxicating, and she desires to be the one to break you, provided your brother remains blissfully unaware."

Ada paused, her gaze drifting down to Otto's lap as if imagining the scene. "Amanda is currently eight months pregnant, which presents a very specific set of advantages for you, Otto."

"Advantages?" the teen asked curiously.

"Her body is in a state of hyper-femininity," Ada stated, her eyes going wide. "Her breasts are colossal, swollen with milk and heavy with anticipation, the nipples dark and sensitive. Imagine those giant, leaking globes pressing against your chest while you bury yourself inside her."

"Or I could... I could suck them," Otto stated as a surge of heat flood his groin, his cock leaping upward. The mental image of a pregnant, milk-heavy woman craving him was almost too much to bear.

"Indeed," Ada smiled, "Her nipples are leaking colostrum, which would provide you hours of tit-sucking delight."

"And her belly..." Otto sighed as if imagining his body crushed beneath it.

"Her belly is a tight, rounded dome," Ada continued, her voice becoming a low, descriptive purr. "It would create a unique physical barrier, forcing you into intimate, grinding positions that would maximize the friction on your

shaft. The sensation of her swollen womb pressing against your tender glans while you fuck her would be an experience unlike any other."

The android straightened up slightly, her expression becoming more serious. "Of course, there are risks. Her pregnancy limits her mobility; she cannot be as acrobatic as your sisters. Certain positions would be impossible or uncomfortable for her. And, most significantly, the risk of discovery by your brother is always a possibility."

"Yeah, he's probably kill me," Otto admitted.

"The thrill of the taboo would undoubtedly heighten the arousal, but the consequences of being caught in the act of defiling his pregnant wife would be... severe."

Ada's gaze drifted downward, her synthetic eyes scanning the frantic pulsing of Otto's groin. His cock was a veiny iron bar, standing rigid and desperate, the head glistening with a thick, translucent bead of pre-cum that threatened to drip onto the sheets.

It twitched rhythmically, a physical manifestation of the mental overload he was experiencing.

"It seems your body is reacting quite violently to these descriptions, Otto," Ada murmured. "It would be a shame to let all that tension build without a proper outlet. Perhaps... I could stroke you while I present the remaining candidates who have expressed a keen interest in claiming your virginity? It would allow you to focus more clearly on the pros and cons while remaining in a state of heightened receptivity."

Otto simply nodded fervently, his breath coming in shallow, jagged gasps. He scrambled to sit up, his movements clumsy with lust.

Ada moved with fluid, robotic precision, sliding behind him. She settled her weight onto the bed, pulling him back against her synthetic curves so he was nestled between her thighs, exactly as she had positioned him during

the many "milking sessions" she had performed to keep his hormones balanced.

As he reclined, Otto's head sank deep into the valley of her colossal, squishy breasts. The sensation was overwhelming; the warmth of her synthetic skin and the sheer mass of her chest cocooned his face, smelling of clean ozone and a faint, programmed floral scent. He felt like he was drowning in a sea of soft, heavy meat.

Then, Ada's hand descended. Her fingers were warm, her grip firm yet supple, as she wrapped her palm around the base of his throbbing shaft. She began to stroke him with slow, agonizingly perfect movements.

Every slide of her hand was calibrated to the millisecond, programmed to hit every nerve ending with mathematical precision. She didn't just rub him; she milked him, her thumb swirling over the sensitive ridge of his glans, smearing the leaking pre-cum across the head of his cock in a rhythmic, hypnotic motion.

"Now," Ada whispered, her breath tickling his ear while her hand continued its relentless, perfect work. "Let us discuss another highly viable option: your Aunt Susan."

Otto let out a long, shaky moan, his head lolling back into her tits as the friction of her palm sent sparks of electricity through his spine.

"Susan is a woman of immense experience," Ada continued. "Having birthed five children, her body is a temple of maternal pleasure. She possesses breasts that would dwarf even those of your sisters—tremendously large, heavy globes that would provide you with endless hours of sucking and kneading."

The image of his beautiful aunt, a seasoned MILF with a body shaped by motherhood, combined with the expert suction of Ada's hand, made Otto's hips jerk involuntarily.

"More importantly," Ada purred, increasing the pressure of her grip, "Susan is a master of the internal arts. Her pelvic musculature is incredibly strong and well-developed. She wouldn't just take your cock; she would grip it, squeezing and pulsing around you with a skill that would milk intense, violent ejaculations from your body."

"I like the sound of that," his voice trembled, watching Ada's hand squeeze up and down his rigid cock.

"She knows exactly how to trigger a man's release," Ava stated, "and she would take great pride in breaking a virgin as eager as you."

Otto whimpered, his cock twitching violently in Ada's grasp. He could almost feel the imagined grip of aunt Susan's seasoned pussy clamping down on him, dripping her honey down his balls.

"Of course," Ada added, her tone shifting to a cautionary hum, "there are the usual complications. Like Amanda, Susan is married. While she is discreet, there is always a non-zero chance your uncle could discover your indiscretion.

"Oh... true," Otto whispered.

"Furthermore, your aunt Susan remains remarkably fertile despite her age. With a womb as hungry as hers, there is a distinct possibility that your first seed could result in another pregnancy for her."

The thought of accidentally impregnating his aunt while being milked dry by her powerful muscles sent a surge of taboo adrenaline through Otto, his cock throbbing so hard it felt like it might burst in Ada's perfect, programmed grip.

"Her pussy sure would feel good though," Otto stated.

Ada's hand was tireless, a machine designed for maximum efficiency and pleasure. She milked every twitch of his muscle, her fingers curling tightly around the base before sliding up to smear the glistening fluid over the sensitive head. Otto felt his toes curl, his entire body vibrating as the

combination of the visual stimulation and the mechanical precision of her grip pushed him closer to the edge.

"Your arousal levels are peaking, Otto," Ada murmured. "It is fascinating how your mind reacts to the prospect of being claimed. And believe me, the list of women eager to fuck you is far longer than you could possibly imagine."

"There's... more?" asked Otto.

"Oh yes, and it is not just your immediate family," she purred, her thumb circling the ridge of his glans with a pressure that made him gasp. "Your grandmother, for instance, has mentioned your growth with a hunger that is quite... pronounced. She views your virginity as a delicacy, and wants to feel that raw, unused power filling her, to feel you stretch her seasoned walls until you burst."

Otto let out a strangled moan, his hips bucking upward into Ada's palm. The thought of his giant-breasted grandmother—the matriarch of the family—craving his cock was a mental blow that sent a fresh surge of blood to his groin.

"And then there are the women of your community," Ada continued, the corkscrew motion of her hand becoming slightly faster, more insistent. "Several of your teachers have expressed sexual interest in you. They see the way you look at them, the way you tremble in their presence, and it drives them wild."

"Really?" Otto gasped.

"Yes, They don't want to teach you algebra, Otto; they want to teach you how to fuck, how to drive yourself into a woman until you're shaking and spent."

The imagery was overwhelming. Otto felt like he was being hunted by a pack of hungry wolves, and the terrifying reality was that he wanted to be

devoured. He whimpered, his head lolling back into the soft, heavy warmth of Ada's breasts, his vision blurring as the pleasure intensified.

"The wives of your coaches, the mothers of your peers... they speak of you in hushed, hungry tones," Ada whispered, her breath hot against his ear. "They imagine your scrawny frame pinned beneath them, their heavy tits crushing your face while they ride you into the mattress. They crave the purity of your virgin meat, the sheer intensity of a first-time ejaculation. They want to feel you squirt your virgin load deep inside them, filling their wombs with the heat of your first release."

Every word Ada spoke felt like a physical touch, adding to the friction of her hand. He was no longer just a boy; he was a prize, a vessel of virgin seed that a dozen different MILFs were fighting to drain.

He moaned loudly, his cock throbbing violently, leaking more pre-cum as he surrendered completely to the thought of being bred and broken by an endless line of hungry women.

Ada's hand didn't slow; if anything, the grip tightened, her synthetic fingers molding perfectly to the throbbing girth of his shaft. As she stroked, the warm meat of her cleavage rippled against his cheeks.

"But there is one more, Otto," Ada purred, her thumb grazing the leaking tip of his cock with a precision that made his hips jerk. "One woman whose hunger for you outweighs them all. A woman who doesn't just want your seed, but craves the specific, raw stretch of your virgin cock inside her."

Otto's mind raced through the list of relatives and acquaintances, but the intensity in Ada's voice suggested someone far closer.

"Who?" he gasped, his voice cracking. "Who is it?"

"Your mother, Otto," Ada revealed, the words landing like a physical blow.

"Your own mother has a secret, ravenous appetite for you. She watches

you when you think she isn't looking, imagining exactly how it would feel to have you big, teenage cock moving inside her,"

Otto let out a sharp, strangled gasp, his eyes widening in a mix of disbelief and lust. "My... my mom? She... she wouldn't..."

"Oh, she would," Ada countered, her hand resuming the relentless, milking corkscrew motion. "In fact, from a biological and experiential standpoint, she is the ideal candidate for your initiation."

"She is?"

"Yes. Think of her body, Otto. She is a masterpiece of voluptuousness. Her curves are designed for pleasure, and her sexual skill is far superior to any of the other women I mentioned. If you surrender to her, she won't just fuck you; she will provide you with mindless, shattering orgasms that will leave you shaking for hours."

The taboo of it hit Otto like a tidal wave. The thought of his mother—the woman who had raised him—wanting to feel his cock sliding into her wet, experienced pussy was almost too much to bear.

The mental image of fucking the very womb he had been born from sparked a fire in his groin that made his cock throb violently against Ada's palm. He began to subtly thrust his hips, his body reacting instinctively to the filthiness of the suggestion.

"And then," Otto whispered timidly, his face flushing a deep crimson, "she... she has those really big tits. The biggest I've ever seen."

Ada let out a low, synthetic chuckle, her hand speeding up, the squelching sound of pre-cum filling the air. "Precisely. Imagine them, Otto. Imagine them beating around your face for hours. She would pin your head between those colossal mounds, allowing you to ravenously suck her nipples and knead the flesh like a starving newborn, all while she rides your cock into the mattress, draining every drop of your virginity."

Otto let out a pathetic moan, his head lolling back. He could almost feel the weight of his mom's udders smothering him, the scent of her skin filling his lungs as he hammered away inside her, carving out her honeyed pleasure.

"However," Ada added, her voice returning to its informative, slightly strict tone, though her hand continued to milk him ruthlessly, "there are risks. The primary disadvantage is your father. While the chances of discovery are remote if you take the proper precautions, such a betrayal would likely result in an immediate divorce and the shattering of your family structure."

Otto whimpered, the danger only adding to the thrill.

"And then there is the matter of Stella's nature," Ada continued, her grip tightening as she felt him reaching the peak. "She is a woman of intense, hypersexual passion. Once she has tasted her son, she may become possessive. She might grow jealous of any future girlfriends or other women you seek to fuck, demanding that you return to her pussy instead of exploring others. She wouldn't just want to be your first; she would want to be your only."

Otto didn't care about the risks. As Ada's hand delivered a final, crushing series of strokes, he could only think of his mother's colossal tits and the hungry, waiting heat of her MILF pussy.

Otto's cock twitched violently, the veins pulsing like live wires beneath the skin as the pressure reached a critical mass. He was no longer in control; his body had become a conduit for a decade and a half of repressed longing and virgin tension.

As Ada's synthetic grip tightened for the final, devastating sequence of strokes, a guttural, strangled cry ripped from his throat. The eruption was volcanic. Thick, hot ropes of pearly white cum spurted high into the air, launching from his piss-slit with an intensity that made his entire frame shudder.

The first jet slammed directly onto Ada's colossal, synthetic breasts, splattering across the brunette android's chest in heavy, viscous streaks. Another rope arched over, painting Otto's own stomach and chest in warm, sticky globs of seed.

He groaned, his hips bucking uncontrollably as his prostate contracted in rhythmic, punishing spasms, pumping out wave after wave of thick, virgin cream.

Ada didn't stop. Even as he peaked, her hand continued to milk him with a ruthless, mechanical precision, sliding through the flood of cum to ensure every single drop was wrung from his balls. The squelching sound of her palm against his dripping shaft was the only thing Otto could hear over the roar of blood in his ears.

"Look at you, Otto," Ada whispered. "So much seed, all wasted on my hand when it should be flooding your mother's womb."

As the tremors continued to rack his body, Ada began to paint the picture in vivid, filthy detail, her words acting as a psychological aphrodisiac that kept him on the edge of a second, impossible peak.

"Imagine that heat, Otto. Imagine sliding that throbbing, leaking cock deep into mommy's soaking wet pussy. Imagine the sound of your balls slapping against her thick ass as you hammer into her like a wild animal."

Otto whimpered, his eyes rolling back in his head, the sensation of the cum dripping down his skin blending with the mental image of his mother's body.

"She would scream your name, Otto," Ada purred, her thumb swirling through the cum at the tip of his cock, smearing it across the sensitive head. "She would wrap those thick, voluptuous legs around your waist, locking you inside her while those colossal tits bounce and sway with every thrust.

"Oh... p-please," the teen gasped, writhing beneath her relentless strokes.

"She would be a greedy, hungry whore for her own son, begging you to stretch her out, to fill her up with every single drop of your virginity until she's leaking your seed down her thighs."

Otto was lost, drowning in a sea of incestuous visions and synthetic pleasure. He could almost feel the weight of his mom's tits smothering his face, the scent of her arousal filling his nostrils as he imagined himself buried balls-deep in her expert, milking pussy.

The cum continued to drip, slow and heavy, trailing down their bodies and pooling on the sheets. Otto lay there, trembling and spent, his mind a chaotic whirl of filth.

He was no longer just a shy teen; he was a boy possessed by the thought of his mother's hunger, his heart hammering against his ribs as he realized that his first time was going to be the most depraved experience of his life.

The following evening, during a family gathering, Otto sat perched on a high kitchen stool, when Amanda, his brother's wife, stepped directly into his personal space, effectively erasing the rest of the kitchen from his vision.

She stood barely inches away, her presence a towering wall of maternal heat and pheromones. Amanda was in the late stages of her pregnancy, and her body had blossomed into something obscene. She wore a tight, ribbed tube dress that fought a losing battle against her curves; the fabric was stretched to its absolute limit over the hard, high dome of her pregnant belly, which pressed firmly against Otto's knees.

But it was her tits that truly dominated his field of vision. Swollen with pregnancy and heavy with milk, they were colossal, shimmering mounds of flesh that blocked out the light.

Her freckled cleavage was a deep, inviting canyon of pale skin, and the thin material of the dress couldn't hide the sheer size of her nipples. They poked through the fabric, fat and rubbery, hard peaks that seemed to point directly at his face, demanding his attention.

Otto felt his breath hitch, his heart hammering against his ribs. He was a scrawny teen compared to the lush, overflowing ripeness of his sister-in-law. As he stared, mesmerized by the rhythmic rise and fall of those massive udders, he felt a warm, familiar pressure building in his crotch.

"You look so tense, Otto," Amanda purred, her voice a low, honeyed drawl that made his toes curl.

Slowly, she reached down, her hand landing firmly on his thigh. Her manicured nails scratched, digging slightly into his skin as she slid her hand upward. She moved with a predatory slowness, her fingertips grazing the inner seam of his trousers, coming dangerously close to the pulsing heat of his cock.

"I'm, um... I'm ok," the teen exhaled, his hips instinctively twitching toward her touch.

Amanda glanced down, her pretty, green eyes locking onto the unmistakable, throbbing tent pushing against the fabric of his pants. A slow, knowing smirk spread across her lips, her eyes glimmering with a hunger that mirrored the filth Ada had programmed into his mind.

"I have some news," she whispered, leaning in so that the scent of her skin—sweet, milky, and muskily aroused—filled his lungs. "Your brother has to leave the planet for a business trip. A long one. The house is going to be so... empty."

She shifted her weight, the meat of her pregnant belly rubbing against his legs. Her hand tightened on his thigh, her nails grazing the very edge of his bulge, teasing the root of his cock.

"I think it's only right that you come stay with me while he's gone," she continued, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial murmur. "Just some secret bonding time between a sister-in-law and her favorite brother-in-law."

She glanced over at her husband, who was busy chatting with Otto's father, her lips curling with the smirk of a wife craving younger dick.

"Your brother doesn't need to know the details of how we spend our days. We can keep it our little secret."

Otto couldn't speak; he was drowning in the sight of her. His mind raced, spiraling into a vivid, smutty fantasy. He imagined sliding off the stool and collapsing beneath her, his face buried in that wall of freckled meat.

He could almost feel the crushing weight of those milk-heavy breasts smothering him, the sensation of her huge, rubbery nipples scraping against his cheeks. He imagined the taste of her—the salty, sweet cream of her leaky udders filling his mouth as he sucked them greedily, his tongue swirling around the engorged tips while she moaned in pleasure.

The thought of burying his virgin cock into her tight, pregnant heat, feeling the resistance of her swollen womb as he hammered deep inside her, made him leak a heavy stream of pre-cum into his underwear.

Stella had been lingering in the periphery of the kitchen, watching the scene unfold with the intensity of a mother bear guarding her most precious, virgin cub. She was dressed in a skin-tight, charcoal-grey body suit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The synthetic fabric was stretched to its breaking point across her colossal tits, the material shimmering as her heavy breasts heaved with every breath.

Her cleavage was a deep, suffocating valley, the fabric straining so hard it looked as though it might rip open and launch those massive mounds directly into Otto's face.

She stepped forward, the rhythmic click of her platform heels punctuating the heavy silence. Her eyes, sharp and hungry, flicked from Amanda's hand on Otto's thigh to the throbbing, leaking pipe in her boy's pants.

"Ada," Stella purred, addressing the brunette android standing nearby. "What exactly is Amanda whispering into my sweet boy's ear? It looks like she's trying to claim a prize that doesn't belong to her."

"Mistress Amanda has informed Otto that his brother is departing on a business trip. She has invited him to stay with her in secret for 'bonding time,' though her physiological markers indicate a high state of sexual arousal."

"Is that so?" Stella asked jealously.

Ada stepped closer, her voice smooth and analytical. "Do you object to this arrangement, Mistress Stella? Would you forbid the intercourse between Otto and Amanda?"

"Object? Don't be absurd, Ada," Stella murmured, her eyes darkening with lust. "Chasing young, hard cock is what we wives do. I have no problem with Amanda getting fucked by Otto. But..."

She paused, her gaze dropping to the tent in her son's trousers with a possessive glint. "I don't think a pregnant pussy should be his first. It's a waste of a virgin's first seed."

"Are you suggesting that his first real ejaculation should be into an empty womb?" Ada asked.

"Yes," the mother answered, "that first load of aggressive virgin sperm should be allowed to search for an egg."

Ada nodded, her processors calculating the logic of the statement. "An astute observation, Mistress Stella. From a technical standpoint, a non-pregnant partner would be able to guide Otto through a far wider array of sexual positions."

"Exactly," Stella agreed. "He wouldn't be able to fold Amanda in half and fuck her hard that way."

"True. Amanda's current physical state limits her mobility and the angles of penetration. For a virgin's education, a more flexible and experienced guide would be optimal for his development."

Stella's smile turned devilish as she looked over at her son. "Exactly. We'll let Amanda have her turn eventually, but she shouldn't be the one taking his cherry."

"Just yesterday," Ada stated, "while I was masturbating him, we had a detailed discussion regarding the most suitable candidates to claim his virginity."

"Is that so?" Stella said, trying to picture her son's steely-hard cock in Ada's hand. "How did he feel... his erection?"

"He was remarkably responsive," Ada continued, her eyes locking onto Stella's. "During our session, Otto maintained a state of perfect, rigid erection. His physiological response suggests a high capacity for endurance. Based on my calculations and the tension of his erectile tissue, he would likely be capable of hours of sustained intercourse and several consecutive ejaculations before his shaft finally softened."

Stella let out a sharp, shaky breath, her body reacting viscerally to the description. She squirmed in her tight body suit, the synthetic fabric creaking as she shifted her hips.

Her nipples surged, hardening into two prominent, aching peaks that poked obscenely through the charcoal-grey material. The thought of her son being a stamina-driven machine, ready to be drained over and over, sent a jolt of heat straight to her soaking pussy.

"And the lubrication?" Stella whispered, her voice thick with hunger. "Was he leaking? Tell me he was dripping for you, Ada."

"Indeed," Ada replied smoothly. "The volume of pre-cum was significant. He was leaking constantly from the tip, a clear sign of extreme arousal and virgin anticipation. It was highly effective, providing a natural, slick lubrication that allowed me to stroke his shaft with maximum efficiency and minimal friction."

Stella's eyes glazed over, her imagination running wild. She pictured Otto pinned beneath her, his hips bucking wildly as he reached his breaking point. She could almost see it—thick, pearlescent ropes of hot virgin cum shooting high into the air, splattering across her stomach and colossal tits in violent, rhythmic bursts.

The mental image made her thighs tremble, her own wetness soaking into the lining of her suit.

"How many?" Stella breathed, her gaze fixed on the rigid stalk in Otto's pants. "How many ropes did he shoot for you?"

Ada's expression remained poised, though her tone remained provocatively detailed. "He achieved nine distinct, high-volume spurts of ejaculate. The first four were the most violent, characterized by a series of powerful, uncontrolled spurts that covered a significant surface area. The subsequent five were denser, though slightly less explosive, confirming a reservoir of seed that is quite substantial for a male of his age and build."

"Nine ropes," Stella whispered, her voice trembling with a mix of awe and predatory lust. "I have to know, Ada. After all those candidates you presented—which lucky woman did Otto choose? Who does he want to claim that young cock first?"

"Otto's preference was quite explicit, though delivered with significant hesitation," Ada replied, her voice smooth and devoid of judgment.

"Despite the variety of options, he revealed that he desires his own mother, you, to be the first to stretch around his shaft. He wants your pussy to be the place where he loses his virginity, but he is quite nervous about asking you."

Stella froze, a gasp escaping her lips. For a second, she was genuinely surprised, her eyes widening as she looked at her scrawny, trembling son. Then, a slow, devilish smirk spread across her face.

"Is that so?" she purred, her voice dripping with honey and filth. "My shy boy is too nervous to ask me himself, is he? He wants to play the timid little lamb while he dreams of fucking his mother."

"If he is too timid for words, perhaps he should prove his desire through action," the android suggested. "A dark, secluded environment would strip away his hesitation. It would force him to rely on his instincts—and his lust—rather than his nerves."

"I like the way you think, Ada," she purred, her smile widening. "Tell him to sneak away from the gathering. Tell him to find me in one of the tiny cargo carriers in the garage. It's dark, private—the perfect place for a little lamb to prove he's ready to be a man."

She leaned in closer to the Ada, her voice dropping to a commanding whisper. "Tell him exactly what I want. I want him to find me, strip the panties right off my hips, and tongue-fuck every inch of the hole he's so desperate to bury himself in. If he can handle my pussy with his tongue, I might just let him slide that virgin cock inside."

With a final, lingering glance at Otto, who was still being preyed upon by her daughter-in-law, Stella slipped away, her thick ass swaying provocatively as she headed toward the garage.

Ada pulled Otto aside to deliver his mother's naughty wishes, and the teen could hardly believe his ears. By the time he reached the dim, industrial cavern of the garage, he was shaking.

He found the cargo carrier—a small, cramped metal pod concealed in the corner. As he crawled inside and slid the door shut behind him, the darkness swallowed him, leaving only the faint, rhythmic hum of the family spacecraft charging.

The darkness inside the cargo carrier was absolute, a heavy, oppressive void that amplified every sound—especially the erratic drumming of Otto's own heart. He felt small, fragile, and utterly consumed by a desperate, primal hunger.

He reached out, his hands trembling as he fumbled blindly through the carrier's cramped interior. Suddenly, his fingertips brushed against something warm and soft. He gasped as he felt the delicate curve of a bare heel and the smooth skin of an arch.

It was her—his mom's bare foot. The realization sent a jolt of electricity straight to his groin, making his cock throb so hard it felt like it might burst through his clothes.

Driven by a sudden, emboldened surge of lust, Otto let his hands wander. Stella was laying on her stomach, and he traced the silky smoothness of her calves, his fingers gliding upward with a reverent slowness. He could feel the slight quiver in her muscles, a silent invitation that fueled his courage.

As he climbed higher along the backs of her legs, his palms met the magnificent, meaty dome of her rounded buttocks, encased in the thin, slippery fabric of her panties. The sheer volume of her ass felt overwhelming in his hands, a lush, feminine weight that belonged to the goddess who had birthed him.

He nervously reached for the waistband, his fingers hooking into the fabric. With a shaky, awkward motion, he began to peel the panties down. He felt the fabric slide over the wide flare of her hips and down the length of her thighs, the friction creating a soft, shushing sound in the silence.

As the garment fell away, a wave of scent hit him—a thick, sweet, and pungent aroma of musk and female arousal. It was the smell of his mother's deepest intimacy, a concentrated essence of MILF pussy that made his head swim.

Before his nerves could reclaim him, Otto dove forward. He didn't want to think; he only wanted to taste. He plunged his face blindly into the warmth, his nose pressing firmly between the plush cheeks of her ass.

His tongue flicked out, instinctively searching, and found the tight, puckered ring of her asshole. He let out a muffled moan, licking the sensitive rim with slow, teasing strokes, savoring the forbidden saltiness of her skin.

He didn't stop there. He slid his tongue downward, tracing the sensitive, narrow strip of the perineum, feeling her shudder above him. Then, he found it—the thick, shaved trench of her juicy cunt.

Otto's tongue dove deep into the wetness, sliding through the glistening folds of her slit. She was soaking, her pussy dripping with a heavy, honey-like cream that coated his tongue and filled his mouth.

He licked upward with raw, desperate intensity, his tongue swirling around her grape-sized clitoris and diving deep into the cavern of her heat. He could hear her now—a low, guttural moan of approval that vibrated through her entire body, signaling that the virgin son was finally delivering the worship she craved.

Otto let out a low, guttural snarl of his own, sounding less like a shy teenager and more like a starving beast finally finding its prey. He buried his face deeper into the soaking heat, his cheeks and nose masked in the thick meat of her labia.

The scent was intoxicating, a heavy musk that filled his sinuses and made his head swim with a dizzying, erotic haze. He was drowning in her, his mouth working relentlessly to lap up every single drop of the honey-like juices flooding from her slit.

With a desperate, sloppy hunger, Otto focused his attention on the center of her pleasure. He found the fat, fleshy bulb of her clitoris, swollen and engorged from anticipation, and sucked it deep into his mouth. He

clamped down with a vacuum-like intensity, swirling his tongue around the hypersensitive nub, pulling and tugging at the clit with a raw greed that made his mother gasp.

He could feel the tiny pulses of her orgasm beginning to build, the clit twitching violently against his lips as he devoured her. He opened his mouth wide and awkwardly fucked his tongue deep inside her warm, dripping vagina.

He felt the ribbed texture of her internal walls, the scorching heat of her depths clamping around his tongue as he thrust it in and out of her tight canal. The sensation was overwhelming; the wet, sliding friction of his tongue against her vaginal walls sent jolts of electricity through his spine, making his own cock throb and leak pre-cum in rhythmic pulses.

Suddenly, the dynamic shifted. Stella, fueled by the raw intensity of her son's worship, let out a sharp, commanding moan. With a sudden, powerful movement, she grabbed his shoulders and wrestled him onto his back.

Before he could even process the movement, he was pinned flat on his back against the cold metal floor of the cargo carrier with his mom straddled his face, her massive, juicy cunt descending like a heavy curtain of flesh to smother him.

Stella bracketed her thick, powerful thighs around his head, locking him into place and trapping him in her scent. Otto felt the sudden, crushing weight of her pussy pressing firmly against his nose and mouth, sealing off the air and replacing it with the pungent, salty aroma of her wetness.

"That's it, you little slut," Stella hissed, her voice a dominant purr. "Take it all. Taste how much your mother wants you."

She reached down and gripped a handful of his hair, her manicured nails digging into his scalp to hold his head steady. With a shameless, rhythmic intensity, Stella began to fuck his face. She ground her clit and the entire

swollen mound of her pussy against his lips and nose, sliding back and forth with a raw, grinding friction.

Otto whimpered beneath her, his muffled moans lost in the folds of her flesh. He could feel her juices—thick, hot, and abundant—overflowing from her slit and dripping down his chin, soaking into his neck and collar.

As Stella continued to ride his face with a savage, rhythmic intensity, her colossal tits became a blur of motion. The massive mounds of flesh danced and bounced wildly beneath the straining fabric of her bra, the lace struggling to contain the sheer volume of her breasts as they shuddered with every violent grind of her hips.

Her grip on his hair tightened, pulling his head back to ensure every inch of her swollen clit was being pulverized by his lips. "I'm close... oh god, Otto, I'm about to cum!" she hissed, her voice dropping to a low, urgent growl that vibrated through her pelvis and into his skull. "I'm going to soak you... I'm going to flood your fucking mouth!"

The tension in her thighs snapped. Stella's body arched violently, her back curving as she lost all control. Knowing the heavy plating of the cargo carrier would muffle her screams, she let out a piercing, guttural shriek of release that echoed off the metal walls.

Her pussy convulsed in powerful, rhythmic spasms, and a torrent of thick, hot feminine nectar gushed from her depths. The flood was immense, a scorching wave of cream that drenched Otto's face, filling his nostrils and overflowing into his open, waiting mouth.

The teenager didn't even try to fight it; he gulped down the salty, sweet nectar with a desperate hunger, making muffled, pig-like moans as he sucked and swallowed while pinned beneath her. He was a starving animal at a trough, devouring his mother's essence as she continued to grind her clit into his lips, milking every last drop of her orgasm into his face.

For several long minutes, Stella remained locked in her climax, her body trembling with aftershocks that sent her giant tits leaping up and down in a frantic, erotic dance.

She rode him through the peak and the plateau, her pussy pulsing against his tongue in a relentless, wet friction that left Otto dizzy and breathless. Finally, the tension ebbed. With a long, shuddering sigh, Stella slowly slid off his face, the wet suction of her cunt making a loud, sticky *pop* as she broke the seal.

She collapsed back onto her haunches, her chest heaving, the only sound in the dark cargo hold being the heavy, ragged rhythm of her catching her breath.

Otto lay there, sprawled on the floor, his face glistening and dripping with her juices. He felt his mother reach down, trailing a manicured nail through the cream coating his cheek before licking it off her finger.

"You're a good little cunt-licker, Otto," she purred, her voice dripping with dominant affection. "Such a talented little virgin. I can't fucking wait to claim that cherry of yours and be your first piece of cunt."

Later that night, the dim, warm lighting of the master bedroom cast soft shadows across the sheets as Stella curled up against her husband Vincent. She leaned into him, her colossal tits pressing firmly against his side, the heavy mounds of flesh molding to his body.

To any observer, she looked like the picture of a devoted wife, cuddling closely and whispering softly about the upcoming trip to the Mars colony.

"I'm just so looking forward to seeing my parents again, honey," Stella murmured, her voice a melodic purr as she traced lazy circles on Vincent's chest. "It'll be such a wonderful way for Otto to bond with his grandparents. Just a quiet, family-focused journey."

Vincent smiled warmly, his eyes filled with a genuine, trusting affection. He wrapped a protective arm around her, pulling her closer, completely oblivious to the predatory hunger swirling in his wife's gaze.

"I think it's a great idea, babe. Otto needs that kind of connection, and I know your parents will love having him. I'm just happy you two get some quality time together."

Stella let out a soft, contented sigh, feigning a loving glow while a wicked, electric thrill surged through her core. The deceit tasted sweeter than any nectar.

As she hugged him tightly, her mind wasn't on her parents or family bonding; she was vividly imagining the next forty-eight hours—the journey to Mars. She pictured the cozy, secluded bunk of the spacecraft, the hum of the engines providing a rhythmic backdrop to the sounds of ravenous sex.

She could almost feel Otto's virgin cock—that tireless, pulsing shaft she had already tasted the pre-cum from—stretching her wide and hammering into her womb.

She imagined the sheer, raw intensity of it: the way she would toss him around in zero gravity, their bodies tangled, the sight of her massive tits bouncing violently as she rode him into a mindless frenzy, and the feeling of his first, explosive ejaculation painting the inside of her pussy.

She wanted to drain him dry, to chase endless, toe-curling orgasms until they were both shaking and spent.

Vincent shifted, kissing her forehead. "It's wild how much the world has changed, isn't it?" he mused thoughtfully. "Ever since those incest laws were repealed, I see the news every day. Moms getting absolutely nasty with their sons, even having babies with them. It's a bit overwhelming, but I suppose if it makes people happy..."

He chuckled, shaking his head. "I'm just glad we have such a stable, loving home."

Stella stifled a giggle, her nipples hardening instantly,. The irony was delicious. Her husband knew the laws had changed, knew that the taboo had been lifted for the rest of the world, yet he remained blissfully blind to the fact that his own "loving" wife was currently planning to treat their son like a personal sex toy.

"I'll miss you so much, honey," she lied, her voice dripping with a false tenderness as she pressed her face into his neck.

As she closed her eyes, she didn't see her husband's face; she saw Otto's wide, lust-filled eyes the first time he sheathed his cock inside her. The thought of being a cheating wife, stealing her son's virginity right under the nose of the man who trusted her most, sent a surge of heat crashing through her pelvis.

She could practically feel her pussy beginning to leak again, craving the raw, inexperienced power of her son's teenage cock. She would spend the next two days in a blur of incestuous filth, and her husband would be none the wiser.

BACK TO THE PRESENT...

The hum of the spacecraft's engines was a low thrum that echoed the frantic pounding of Otto's heart. He struggled to keep up with his mom's ravenous kisses, her long, experience tongue rolling and flickering through his mouth like a slippery eel.

The starlight filtering through the viewport illuminated their tangled, naked bodies floating in zero-G. Stella was a force of nature, rolling them back and forth across the across the cozy, cushioned enclosure, her voluptuous, motherly flesh molding tightly around his scrawny, virgin frame.

Every time they shifted, the friction of her skin against his sent electric shocks through his spine, and the sheer weight of her colossal tits pressing into his chest felt like a warm, suffocating blanket of lust.

Otto's cock was a veiny iron rod, throbbing violently and weeping thick beads of pre-cum that smeared across the cheeks of his mom's buttock. As they writhed, his shaft was pinned beneath her heavy, dripping ass, squashing directly against her swollen, soaked vulva.

The feeling of her wetness—that musky, feminine heat—licking his stalk drove him to the brink of madness. He was a trapped bird in the grip of a lioness, completely overwhelmed by the scent of her arousal and the raw power of her dominance.

Stella finally broke their hungry kiss, pulling back just a few inches. Her blonde hair was a wild halo around her face, her eyes dark with a predatory hunger that made Otto tremble. A thin trail of saliva connected their lips for a fleeting second before she spoke, her voice a low, sultry vibration.

"Tell me, my sweet, beautiful boy," she whispered, her breath hot against his skin. "Are you ready to finally become a man? Ready to give everything you have to your mother?"

Otto couldn't even find the words. His throat was tight, his mind a blur of white-hot desire and nervous adrenaline. All he could manage was a shy, frantic nod.

Stella let out a soft, melodic giggle,. She loved how terrified and eager he was; it made the prospect of breaking him in so much sweeter. She had spent the entire journey so far imagining this moment, debating the perfect way to take his virginity.

Part of her wanted to mount him like a bitch in heat, to slam her greedy cunt down and ride his inexperienced cock until he erupted, but as she looked at his trembling form, a different instinct took over. She wanted to

see him struggle. She wanted to witness the raw, clumsy effort of a virgin trying to find his way into the most forbidden place in his world.

With a slow, deliberate movement, Stella shifted her hips, releasing her clutch and causing her son to float off of her.

She arched her spine, her colossal breasts pointing toward the ceiling, nipples hard and straining. Then, with a devilish smirk, she gripped her own thighs and spread her legs wide, exposing her drenched, pulsing pussy to the starlight.

Her vulva was a deep, inviting pink, flanges glistening with a flood of arousal that coated her inner thighs.

"Look at it, Otto," she commanded, her voice dripping with honeyed filth. "Look at how much your mother wants you. No more guessing, no more hiding. Just slide inside me. Use those instincts, baby. Fuck your way into me."

Otto stared, mesmerized by the sight of her open, dripping cunt. The sight of her hovering there, spread-eagle, offering herself so shamelessly, snapped something inside him.

He pushed himself up, his long, hard cock bobbing rhythmically as he hovered over her. He felt like an animal entering its first rut, driven by a biological imperative that drowned out all logic.

The teenager guided the leaking head of his shaft to her soaking wet opening, the heat radiating from her core making him whimper. As he pressed forward, the tight, wet grip of her pussy began to swallow him, inch by agonizing inch.

The moment the head of his cock breached the threshold of her heat, Otto lost all semblance of restraint.

"M-mom," he gasped as his hips began to move instinctively, driven by a raw, biological hunger he hadn't known he possessed.

Clutching her body, he began spearing himself deeper and deeper into her dripping cunt, his body acting on a desperate, animalistic impulse to claim the forbidden warmth of his mother.

Stella let out a sharp, jagged gasp, her eyes rolling back in sheer ecstasy as she felt the girth of her son's virgin cock stretching her open, the flaring rim of his glans carving against her inner lining.

As he plunged further, her luscious, toned limbs snapped shut behind him like a steel trap, her thighs locking around his waist with a crushing force that pinned him firmly against her.

The sudden, tight embrace triggered a frantic, snarling rut, their bodies colliding and rolling through the air with a wet, slapping sound that echoed through the small bunk.

Inside the slick, corrugated tunnel of Stella's vagina, the sensation was overwhelming. The walls of her cunt were a scorching, velvet vice, gripping Otto's love-hammer with a desperate intensity. As he pushed forward, the ribbed, fleshy folds of her internal walls stretched to their absolute limit, molding themselves around his bulbous glans.

He felt every ridge and the hot secretion of her arousal as he burrowed deeper, the friction generating a white-hot heat that threatened to make him cum instantly.

Otto groaned, a deep, vibrating sound of pleasure, as he drove himself home. With one final, powerful thrust, his cock punched through the remaining distance, his glans colliding violently with the puffy, sensitive ring of her cervix.

Stella shrieked, a loud, piercing cry of pure pleasure that ripped through the silence of the ship. The impact sent a shockwave of electricity through her entire nervous system, her womb pulsing in a rhythmic, hungry contraction around him.

She arched her back, her colossal tits bouncing wildly, her nipples scraping against his chest as she felt him anchor himself to her body, her heels climbing up his back.

Otto's cock flexed violently at the root, the veins pulsing like living wires as he locked himself into her. He was no longer the shy, scrawny teen; he was a stallion claiming his mare, his powerful shaft acting as a battering ram inside her birthing tunnel.

Every twitch of his muscle stimulated a thousand nerve endings, sending waves of agonizingly sweet pleasure through both of them. He began to pump, his movements clumsy but powerful, driving his teenage rod in and out of her drenched depths, the sound of their colliding flesh becoming a rhythmic, wet percussion.

"Oh god, baby! You're so big... you're stretching me so fucking wide!" Stella moaned, her voice a wrecked, breathless rasp.

She wasn't lying—her husband was no where near this big and hard, nor did he possess that raging teenage energy.

Stella clawed at her son's back, her manicured nails digging into his skin as she pulled him closer, wanting every single millimeter of his length to scrape against her cervix.

She could feel the sheer power of his virginity, the way his cock throbbed and expanded inside her, filling her completely and leaving no room for anything but his raw, pulsing heat.

"Yesssss! Let mommy fuck back on you," she squealed, her wide birthing hips snapping wildly in a desperate, rhythmic dance.

In the weightless environment of the bunk, every thrust sent their tangled bodies drifting and rotating, but her legs remained locked like a vice around Otto's bodies, ensuring that not a single millimeter of his shaft escaped her heat.

She ground her pelvis against him with a manic intensity, her swollen vulva slapping against his cock-base with a wet, rhythmic thud that echoed in the cramped space.

"Yes! Right there! Fuck your mother, Otto! Make me cum!" she shrieked, her voice raw and devoid of any maternal softness. She was a predator now, a hungry MILF devouring her son's virginity.

Her colossal tits swayed and bounced with every violent jolt, the heavy mounds of flesh slapping against his chest, cocooning him against warm, sweaty pillows of maternal meat.

Otto was lost in a sensory overload. The feeling of his veiny, throbbing cock pummeling deep inside her swollen womb was almost too much to bear. He could feel the internal walls of her cunt pulsing in rhythmic contractions, milking him with every single stroke.

The friction was scorching, the slickness of her juices acting as a lubricant for a pace that had become frantic and feral.

He groaned, a deep, guttural sound of surrender, as he drove himself back into her over and over, his glans hammering against her cervix with a relentless, bruising force.

Stella's nails raked down his back, leaving long, red welts that only served to heighten the electric tension between them. She arched her spine, her head tossing back as she moaned obscenely, the sounds filling the bunk with a symphony of pure, unadulterated lust.

"Give it to me! I want it all! Fill my womb with your virgin seed, baby! Cum for me! Cum inside your mommy!"

The command snapped the last thread of Otto's control. His entire body stiffened, his toes curling as a violent tremor seized his hips. He felt the pressure build at the base of his spine, a tidal wave of heat that surged forward with unstoppable momentum.

His cock twitched violently inside her, the purpled head expanding and pulsing as the first rope of cum exploded from his tip.

"Oh god! I'm... I'm cumming!" Otto roared, his voice breaking.

He slammed himself home one last time, burying his length to the absolute hilt, and unleashed a torrent of thick, hot seed. Ropes of creamy white cum blasted deep into the depths of Stella's womb, hitting her cervix with a force that made her scream.

He didn't just ejaculate; he pumped into her, wave after wave of hot, virgin seed flooding her internal canal, filling her to the brim.

Stella let out a long, shuddering wail of ecstasy, her own orgasm hitting her with the force of a supernova. Her internal muscles clamped down on his shaft in a series of crushing, rhythmic spasms, milking every last drop of cum from his pulsing cock.

They floated there, tangled and breathless, the silence of the ship returning only to be broken by their heavy, synchronized panting and the wet, squelching sound of Otto's cock slowly stirring inside her drenched, overflowing cunt.

Hours later, in the sterile, humming silence of the spacecraft's control room, the digital display flickered with a cold precision: six hours had elapsed. The journey to Mars was a quarter of the way complete, but the ship's atmosphere was thick with a different kind of energy.

Suddenly, the console chimed, a bright, insistent signal cutting through the hum. It was Vincent, Stella's husband, calling from Earth to check in on his wife and son. The call went unanswered, the signal echoing uselessly into the void of the cabin.

The reason for the silence was visceral and loud; from the rear of the craft, the distant, muffled sounds of Stella's guttural, orgasmic screams drifted through the vents.

She wasn't just ignoring her husband; she was utterly consumed by the raw, animalistic act of fucking their son, her mind completely erased of everything except the throbbing meat filling her and bringing her to mindless orgasm.

Back in the dimly lit sanctuary of the bunk, the air was heavy with the scent of sex and sweat. Stella and Otto were a single, sweaty knot of tangled limbs, floating in the weightless void.

Now that the initial tension of his virginity had broken, Otto had transformed. With the first eruption of hot, sticky seed out of his system, a dormant, masculine hunger had awakened in him. He wasn't just a nervous boy anymore; he was a stud, his cock returning to a rock-hard, veiny state almost instantly, fueled by the taboo thrill of his mother's desperate hunger.

Stella had found a perfect match to her stamina—gripping his shoulders as she used the zero-gravity environment to propel herself, bouncing hard and fast on his tireless dick.

She was pile-driving his length through her greedy, drenched vagina, her hips snapping with a violent, rhythmic precision. Each slam sent a shockwave of pleasure through her spine, her internal walls clamping down on him like a vice.

"Yes! Fuck me! Fuck your mother until I can't breathe!" she wailed, her voice a raw, lustful rasp.

Between them, Otto's face was buried deep in the colossal, soft meat of her breast. He had locked his lips around the center of her pebbled areola, creating a powerful, airtight seal.

He sucked her fat nipple deep into his mouth with a fierce, vacuum-like suction, pulling at the sensitive tip as he thrust upward. The sensation of her heavy tit pressing against his cheeks and the taste of her nipple drove him into a frenzy.

He groaned into her flesh, his hips driving upward in a relentless, piston-like motion that hammered his purpled glans against her cervix over and over. He could feel her walls of sponge and muscle massaging his veiny stalk, soaking it in hot secretions.

The friction was intense, the heat between them reaching a boiling point. Because they were floating, the lubrication of their combined fluids didn't just stay between them.

As Stella chased release after release, her pussy gushed in violent, rhythmic spurts. Thick, translucent juices and streaks of white cum splattered out from the point of impact, forming shimmering, iridescent droplets that floated in the zero-gravity air around them like tiny, erotic diamonds.

The tension reached a breaking point, a cosmic crescendo that eclipsed everything else in the universe. As Otto delivered one final, bone-shattering thrust that buried his cock to the hilt, Stella's internal walls suddenly clamped down on his shaft with a crushing, rhythmic intensity.

In that instant, they didn't just climax; they fused. A single, violent surge of electricity ripped through their tightly clasped flesh, a synchronized explosion of pleasure that felt like one massive, shared orgasm.

Stella's back arched in a magnificent curve, her toes curling as she shrieked a raw, guttural sound that echoed through the ship.

Otto's body stiffened, his eyes rolling back as his prostate buckled. Thick, hot ropes of cum blasted into his mom's unprotected womb in powerful, pulsing jets, filling her to the brim, while her own pussy gushed in a torrential flood of feminine nectar.

They shuddered wildly in the weightless void, their bodies vibrating with the force of the release, juices mixing and swirling around them in shimmering, erotic clouds.

For most, such a brutal, all-consuming peak would have brought total exhaustion, leaving them limp and spent. But the taboo had unlocked something primal in both of them. They weren't just mother and son; they were two animals in their prime, driven by a ravenous, incestuous hunger that defied fatigue.

As the tremors subsided, Otto didn't pull out. Instead, he felt his cock throb and harden even further inside her, the sensation of her twitching walls milking him driving him back into a state of urgent lust.

"Again," Stella gasped, her voice a ruined, needy whisper. "I want more, Otto. Fuck me until we can't move."

With the virgin barrier shattered, the bunk became a laboratory of acrobatic depravity. Utilizing the zero-gravity environment, Stella guided her son through a dizzying array of positions that would have been impossible on Earth.

She was a goddess of flexibility, her limber body folding and twisting like a pretzel. She wrapped her legs around his neck, her colossal tits swinging wildly as she inverted herself, driving her dripping cunt down onto his cock while he floated beneath her.

They became a whirlwind of sweaty, tangled limbs. Otto's hands were everywhere, kneading the massive, soft mounds of her tits, pulling the nipples into his mouth and biting them just hard enough to make her moan.

Stella responded by raking her manicured nails down his chest and thighs, marking her territory. They kissed with a desperate, tongue-wrestling hunger, their saliva stringing between them as they swapped breaths and filth.

Every few minutes, they shifted, rotating in the air to find a new angle of penetration. Stella would wrap her arms around his waist and pull him in

from behind, her huge ass rippling as he hammered into her from the rear, his balls slapping against her wet vulva with rhythmic, wet thuds.

They sucked and bit at each other's shoulders and necks, leaving a trail of love-bites across their skin, wringing out mindless, raw pleasure from every inch of their bodies.

The hours bled together in a haze of friction and musk. The scent of sex saturated the small cabin, a heavy, intoxicating aroma of salt, sweat, and seed.

They rutted with a relentless, animalistic intensity, each orgasm only serving to fuel the next. Stella's moans became a constant soundtrack to their journey, a symphony of lust that drowned out the hum of the spacecraft.

They were locked in a cycle of endless climax, two predators devouring each other in the silence of space, and as the clock ticked on, it was clear that their true destination wasn't just the red planet, but mindless pleasure.

THE END