

DR
Brandie
64



Story and 3D Art
Teddy



THAT'S WEIRD... DOES THAT
SOUND LIKE A MOAN?

BUT IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MOM...

A man with a muscular physique, wearing black briefs with a white waistband, stands in profile in a modern living room. He is looking towards a white door with a brass handle. A thought bubble above the door contains the text "AND NOT BONNIE EITHER... SO WHO COULD IT BE?". The room features a grey brick wall, a dark grey sofa with a blue and white patterned pillow, a side table with a potted plant, and a lamp with a blue and white striped shade. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting evening or night.

AND NOT BONNIE EITHER... SO
WHO COULD IT BE?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I
WANT TO CLEAN YOUR HUGE COCK
COVERED IN CUM...

HMMMMMMMM

I WAS CRAZY TO STAY AWAY FROM YOUR
PUSSY FOR SO LONG, BRANDIE...

FAP

FAP



.....

SHIT, I CAN'T HEAR CLEARLY...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUN FROM ME ANYMORE, RIGHT? YOU'LL COME HERE, TAKE ME AND FUCK ME HARD EVERY DAY?

FAP

FAP



FUCK EVERY DAY? BUT WHO
IS THAT? DAD?

NO, HE'S NOT HOME TODAY,
HE'LL BE BACK LATE...

HMMMMMMMM

OF COURSE, BRANDIE, I
COULDN'T GO ANOTHER DAY
WITHOUT YOUR TIGHT PUSSY.

FAP

FAP

WAIT... THAT VOICE IS...

WILLIE!?

SHIT!

OWEN!?

MY LOVE, LET ME
EXPLAIN, PLEASE!

DR
Branca



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4



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keep reading



NIGHT FALLS COMPLETELY. FAR FROM THE EARLIER CHAOS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, THE ATMOSPHERE SHIFTS: URBAN NOISE GIVES WAY TO A SCENE OF DEEP PEACE AND SILENCE.



THIS IS THE RESIDENCE OF ROSE, DR. BRANDIE'S LOYAL HOUSEKEEPER. THE SETTING IS MODEST, YET IT RADIATES A COZY AND RELAXING FEELING, IN COMPLETE CONTRAST TO THE CITY'S HUSTLE AND BUSTLE.



SHE HAD ASKED HEROLD FOR SOME ALONE TIME WITH HER SON. HER WISH WAS SIMPLE: TO ENJOY THAT HOUSE SO THEY COULD FINALLY SHARE A GENUINE MOMENT OF CONNECTION BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON, WITHOUT EXTERNAL INTERRUPTIONS.




SHE WAS AFRAID SHE WOULDN'T RESIST OWEN'S TOUCH AND THAT HER SON WOULD END UP DISCOVERING SHE IS INVOLVED WITH A MUCH YOUNGER MAN.



HOWEVER, WE ALREADY KNOW HOW RICHARD BEHAVES WITH MATERNAL CONTACT...






DAMN... LOOK AT THAT ASS,
MY MOM IS SO HOT.

I WANT TO BURY MY FACE RIGHT
BETWEEN THOSE CHEEKS.

DID YOU LIKE DINNER, MY SON? I MADE IT WITH A LOT OF LOVE FOR YOU. I MADE IT THE WAY I DO AT BRANDIE'S HOUSE, THEY LOVE MY COOKING.

WE'LL VISIT THEM SOON, IT'S REALLY CLOSE BY, JUST A FEW MINUTES AWAY.




THE FOOD WAS PERFECT,
MOM, YOU'RE AMAZING. WAY
BETTER THAN I IMAGINED.




I'M SO GLAD WE'RE GETTING ALONG SO WELL, IT SEEMS YOU WERE RAISED VERY WELL AT AMANDA'S HOUSE.

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT HERE TOO, BRANDIE'S FAMILY WILL LOVE TO MEET YOU.



AND DON'T BE SHY TO TALK TO THEM, THEY'RE THE BEST PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD.

THEY GAVE ME EVERYTHING I COULDN'T HAVE, AND THANKS TO THEM, I GOT YOU BACK. I'M SORRY I COULDN'T DO IT SOONER.



I'M SO ASHAMED OF WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU. I SHOULD HAVE TRIED HARDER TO STAY BY YOUR SIDE.

A woman with an extremely muscular and exaggerated physique, wearing a white sports bra and white shorts, stands with her back to the camera in a kitchen. She is looking towards a young man who is standing in profile, facing her. The man is shirtless and wearing dark shorts. A speech bubble originates from the man, containing the text: "YOU DON'T NEED TO BE ASHAMED, MOM. I KNOW YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD." The kitchen has blue and orange cabinets, a sink, and a coffee maker on the counter.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE ASHAMED, MOM. I KNOW YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD.



NOW WE'RE HERE, ALL THE BAD THINGS ARE IN THE PAST. LET'S MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

AND I'D LOVE TO MEET BRANDIE'S FAMILY. I WANT TO THANK THEM FOR WHAT THEY DID FOR US.

MY SON, I GET EMOTIONAL HEARING THAT FROM YOU. I WAS SO AFRAID BEFORE THAT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME.



NOW I SEE WE'LL GET ALONG
VERY WELL, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
HAPPY THAT MAKES ME.

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.

I LOVE YOU TOO, MOM.







HUH? HE HAS HIS HAND ON MY BUTT? IT CAN'T BE WITH BAD INTENTIONS, HE'S JUST BEING AFFECTIONATE.

HE WOULDN'T DO SOMETHING
LIKE THAT TO HIS OWN MOTHER. EVEN
IF HE'S ONLY GETTING TO KNOW ME
NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

.....



YOU'RE A REALLY NICE AND BEAUTIFUL
PERSON, MOM, I'M SURPRISED SOMEONE
LIKE YOU IS SINGLE.

REALLY, RICHARD? YOU THINK SO?

OF COURSE, MOM. IN THIS SHORT TIME WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER, I ALREADY FEEL AT HOME.

I FEEL RELAXED HERE IN THIS HOUSE
WITH YOU, I'M REALLY HAPPY ABOUT THAT.

AND LIKE I SAID, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PAST, EVERYTHING I NEED, I HAVE NOW.

SHHH...

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SHHH...

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMMM...

MY GOD, HIS HANDS ARE BETWEEN MY LEGS. PLEASE, TAKE THEM AWAY...

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMM...

WHAT IS THIS? AM I TURNED ON?
ON? IT CAN'T BE.

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMMM...

HMMMMMMMMM...

DAMN, LOOK AT THOSE AMAZING TITS. I'M DYING TO SUCK ON THEM.

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMMM...

AND THEN SHOVE MY WHOLE COCK
INSIDE HER. MY MOM'S TIGHT LITTLE
ASS MUST BE JUST AS SNUG.

HMMMMMMMMM...

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMMM...

MY GOD, THIS IS SO WRONG. I MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY. IF IT WAS TOO WRONG WITH OWEN, WITH RICHARD IT'S EVEN WORSE.

SHHH...

HMMMMMMMMM...

I CAN'T HAVE THIS KIND OF FEELING FOR MY OWN SON.

IT'S THE WORST THING A MOTHER COULD DO. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, I CAN'T LET THIS DESIRE TAKE OVER ME.

SHHH...



HMMMMMMMMM...

NO, THIS CAN'T GO ON.

SHHH...

WAIT, SON. I NEED TO GET
SOMETHING FROM THE BEDROOM.

DAMN, A LITTLE MORE AND I
WOULD HAVE TOUCHED HER PUSSY.

MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET THAT HAPPEN.



AFTER THIS EMBARRASSING SCENE FOR ROSE, SHE DECIDES TO THINK THINGS OVER ALONE IN HER ROOM.



A woman with extremely large, muscular buttocks is standing in a doorway, viewed from behind. She is wearing a white halter-neck crop top and white shorts. Her buttocks are disproportionately large and rounded, filling most of the doorway. She has her right hand on the door frame. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "GOD... WHAT WAS THAT? HOW DID I GET LIKE THIS?". The room has blue walls and a dark door. A light switch is visible on the wall to the right of the doorway.

GOD... WHAT WAS THAT? HOW
DID I GET LIKE THIS?

CLACK



I DON'T KNOW IF HE DID THAT WITH OTHER INTENTIONS OR IF THERE WAS NO ILL WILL.


DIRECTOR OLIVIA TOLD ME THIS COULD HAPPEN, BUT I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT WOULD BE SO SOON.

AND EVEN WORSE, WITH HIS BIOLOGICAL MOTHER... BUT I'M MORE SHOCKED BY MY OWN REACTION TO BEING TOUCHED.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white halter-neck bikini top and white briefs, is posing in a hallway. She is leaning forward slightly, looking down. A thought bubble above her head contains the text "WAIT...". The hallway has blue walls and dark grey doors with silver doorknobs. A light switch is visible on the wall behind her.

WAIT...


MY GOD, I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I'M ALL WET!?




MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING? HE IS MY SON,
I JUST GOT HIM BACK INTO MY HOME.



I CAN'T CONTROL MY BODY WHEN A
YOUNGER MAN TOUCHES ME.

I START TREMBLING AND
FULL OF AROUSAL, THAT ALWAYS
HAPPENED WHENEVER OWEN
TOUCHED ME.



BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT, IT'S MY SON TOUCHING ME. THIS IS SO WRONG.


BUT WHEN HIS HAND TOUCHED BETWEEN MY LEGS, I FELT SO MUCH PLEASURE.



I BARELY MANAGED TO AVOID
SOMETHING WORSE. I HAVE TO RESIST
THESE STRANGE URGES.

RICHARD MIGHT THINK I'M A SLUT WITH NO
SELF-CONTROL. THAT WOULD BE VERY BAD
FOR ME, AND FOR HIM ESPECIALLY.

A MOTHER CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN
WITH HER OWN SON.



THAT'S RIGHT, I CAN'T LET MY RICHARD FEEL TURNED ON BY ME.

I'LL PROTECT HIM FROM MYSELF. I THINK IT'S BETTER TO CHANGE THESE CLOTHES, I WANTED TO BE MORE COMFORTABLE, BUT THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS FOR MY SON.

A 3D rendered scene of a man standing in a kitchen, looking towards a woman who is out of frame. The man is shirtless and wearing dark shorts. The kitchen has blue walls and cabinets with orange accents. A thought bubble is connected to the man's head.

WHAT IS SHE DOING? IT SEEMED LIKE SHE WAS ENJOYING IT.

I COULD FEEL SHE WAS REALLY
TURNED ON. OR WAS I MISTAKEN?



NO, I WASN'T MISTAKEN. AMANDA
USED TO GET THE SAME WAY WHEN I
TOUCHED HER.

THEN SHE'D ALWAYS SPREAD
HER LEGS AND LET ME FUCK
HER PUSSY.



IF MOM RESISTS, I'LL HAVE TO TRY
ANOTHER WAY. BUT FOR NOW, I THINK I'D
BETTER GO SEE HER.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white bra and white underwear, is bent over in a room with light blue walls. She is adjusting her backside. To her left is a dark grey door with a silver doorknob. To her right is a window with a white frame, showing a reflection of a house. The floor is reddish-brown. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman, pointing towards the door.

I'LL PUT ON LESS REVEALING CLOTHES AND GO TO THE LIVING ROOM TO TALK TO RICHARD AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED.

I'M SURE SHE'LL LIKE MY
AFFECTION. AND ONCE AGAIN, SHE'LL
GET TURNED ON.

THEN I'LL SHOW HER MY COCK AND
SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST.



.....
EVERYTHING WILL BE
FINE, RICHARD AND I WILL
BE A NORMAL FAMILY.

SHE LEFT THE DOOR OPEN,
PERFECT. I'M DYING TO FEEL HER
PUSSY SQUEEZING MY COCK.

IT MUST BE A HUGE, DELICIOUS
PUSSY.

TOMORROW I'LL TAKE HIM TO
DOCTOR BRANDIE'S HOUSE AND HE'LL
MEET EVERYONE.

DAMN, SHE'S SO FUCKING HOT. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ASS! I WANT TO FEEL MY COCK RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT.



I'LL PUT ON A VERY LONG DRESS,
THAT WAY I WON'T CAUSE ANY
PROBLEMS FOR MY SON.



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MY GOD!?

MY GOD, MY SON, WHAT IS THIS!?

HMMMMMMMM

I'M JUST HUGGING MY MOM.

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BUT, MY SON, I'M ONLY IN MY PANTIES. YOU CAN'T SEE ME LIKE THIS.

HMMMMMMMM

IT'S OKAY FOR A SON TO
SEE HIS MOM LIKE THIS. IT'S
ALRIGHT, MOM.



SWISH



BUT THIS IS SO WRONG, RICHARD, I AM YOUR MOTHER. WE CAN'T TOUCH EACH OTHER WHEN I'M DRESSED LIKE THIS.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU AND I ARE HAVING SOME KIND OF SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP.



HMMMMMMMM

IT'S NO PROBLEM, MOM,
JUST FOR A LITTLE BIT. NO
ONE WILL EVER KNOW.

WE WON'T DO ANYTHING
MORE THAN THIS, I'M JUST
HUGGING YOU.

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

ALRIGHT THEN, SON, BUT
JUST FOR A LITTLE BIT. AND
NOTHING MORE THAN A HUG.

SMACK

SMACK

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

MY GOD, WHAT AM I DOING? I
KNOW THIS ISN'T JUST A HUG.

.....

SMACK

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

GOD... I CAN FEEL HIS COCK RUBBING
AGAINST THE MIDDLE OF MY ASS.

IT'S SO HARD AND BIG, IT EVEN
SEEMS BIGGER THAN OWEN'S.

HMMMMMMMM

NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M THINKING ABOUT
MY SON'S COCK. THIS IS WRONG, IT CAN'T
GO ON LIKE THIS.

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HMMMMMMMM

I HAVE TO MAKE THIS STOP, HE
IS MY SON.....

SWISH...

SWISH...

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

MY GOD, HE'S SQUEEZING MY BREASTS
SO HARD. I'M LOSING CONTROL TOO.

SWISH...

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

DAMN, MY MOM IS SO FUCKING
HOT. I HAVE TO FUCK HER, I CAN'T
HOLD BACK ANYMORE.

SWISH...

SWISH...

SWISH...

SWISH...

HMMMMMMM

NO, RICHARD, DON'T!

SWISH...

SWISH...

HMMMMMMMM

WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHY DOES THE
TOUCH OF YOUNG MEN DRIVE ME SO
CRAZY LIKE THIS!?

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HMMMMMMMM

I HAVE TO RESIST, I CAN'T DO THIS WITH MY SON.

SWISH....

HMMMMMMM

BETTER NOT, MY SON, WE CAN'T
COMMIT INCEST.



END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.