

Helping Mom Make Up for Lost Time

Part 2

By Klrxo

Colby was sitting at the kitchen table sipping his coffee when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to find his mother Esmeralda standing there with a mischievous grin.

"Morning, Colby dear," she greeted him, walking in. Despite being in her 60s, Esmeralda was still an attractive woman with oversized breasts and a thick, rounded ass. Her tight blouse and skirt hugged the type of mature figure that fueled a teenage boy's wet dream.

"Mom, what are you doing here so early?" Colby asked in surprise.

"I'm here to watch my new granddaughter of course! Carla said she needed me to babysit for a couple hours this morning." She gave him a knowing wink.

Colby's face reddened. "Mom, please don't tell me you're enabling this absurd situation between Carla and Billy."

"Absurd? Nonsense!" Esmeralda scoffed. "There's nothing absurd about a wife needing to make up for lost intimate time. And if her strapping young son is the only one who can help her catch up, then I say good for them!"

"Good for them?! Mom, they're mother and son!" Colby reminded her.

"Yes, and both animals in their sexual prime," she said with excitement, licking her lips. "Made to spend hours rutting and ejaculating."

Just then, Carla emerged from the bedroom wearing only a silky robe. Her unfettered tits bobbed heavily beneath the flimsy fabric, her nipples protruding stiffly. "Esmeralda! Thank you so much for coming."

She gave her mother-in-law a hug, their gigantic melons pressing together lewdly.

"Of course, dear. You two are gonna have SO much fun today," Esmeralda said with a salacious grin.

"Oh I have no doubt," Carla winked, then looked at her husband with a smug grin. "Did you sleep well?"

"How can a guy sleep with his wife screaming, and the headboard banging against the wall all night?" Colby answered.

Carla looked at her mother-in-law and they both burst out laughing, their enormous busts jiggling on the ribcages. "I told you to buy a noise machine, didn't I?" Carla smirked. "Unless you enjoy listening to your wife and son fuck each other's brains out all night long?"

"Not particularly," Colby scowled.

"Well, then I guess you'd better pick one up on your way home from work," said the wife, then she fed Esmeralda a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks again for watching the baby."

"My pleasure dear," her mother-in-law answered with a mischievous grin. "Although I'm sure I won't be getting as much pleasure as you will be today."

Carla giggled, then headed back down the hallway where her stiff-dicked son awaited, her ass-globes undulating with each graceful step of her naked legs.

Colby huffed in exasperation. "I can't believe you're condoning this, mother. What they're doing is so wrong."

"Oh hush," Esmeralda chided him. "A wife has needs and you clearly weren't meeting them around the time she gave birth. You should respect Carla's right to make up for the pleasure she missed out on, even if it's with your own son."

Muffled moans and the creaking of bedsprings soon emanated from down the hall. Esmeralda smirked triumphantly at Colby.

"Sounds like they're getting started already. I bet Billy is really giving it to her good with that big young cock of his. Ah, to be fucked like that again!" She sighed wistfully.

"Mother, please," Colby groaned, covering his ears.

"Oh don't be such a prude, Colby. This is your own fault for not satisfying your own wife. The least you can do is be supportive while she gets her fill of pleasure elsewhere."

Colby could only shake his head as he headed out the door for work, his humiliation complete as his own mother took Carla and Billy's side and the sounds of their heated coupling filled the house.

Billy's tongue lolled out of his mouth like a panting dog in heat as he watched his mom's gargantuan titties bounce and ripple wildly above him. She rode his cock with abandon, her body undulating and gyrating on top of him.

Her enormous milky jugs flopped heavily up and down, slapping against her chest and jostling in wide circles. The sheer weight and volume of her massive mammaries caused them to move with an exaggerated, fluid motion.

They swayed pendulously, the soft breast tissue quivering like jello with each impact. Her overfilled milk ducts sloshed audibly under the thin skin.

Carla's puffy, saucer-sized areolas pointed in different directions as her pillow-like tits jumped chaotically. Her thimble-thick nipples stood out over an inch, engorged with arousal. Pearly white droplets of milk gathered on the tips, growing in size until they spilled over, trickling down the slopes of her heaving breasts.

The rivulets of milk rolled over her undulating curves, leaving glistening trails on her skin that criss-crossed over the bulging veins. The streams flowed into her deep cleavage, pooling in the valley between her bountiful globes.

"Mmmm fuck yes baby, watch mommy's big milky titties bounce while you fuck me so good!" Carla groaned, groping her own jugs and tweaking the leaky nipples. Jets of milk sprayed out in an arc, raining down on Billy's face and chest.

"Oh God mom, your tits are so fucking huge! I love watching them flop around while I pound your pussy!" Billy grunted, pistoning his hips upwards to meet her downward thrusts.

Their bodies collided frantically as mother and son rutted in ecstasy, Carla's giant breasts jumping wildly above Billy as he watched with a lusty, slack-jawed expression, savoring the debauched sight and sensation of fucking his own buxom mother.

Billy's massive cock was rock-hard, engorged with blood and throbbing with virile potency as it plunged repeatedly into Carla's tight, slick vagina. His ten-inch shaft had expanded to its maximum size and stiffness, resembling a thick pillar of granite.

The spongy erectile tissue that formed the core of his manhood was fully infused with blood, each sponge-like chamber swollen to capacity. A complex network of muscles contracted powerfully around his cock-base, preventing any backflow and ensuring that his member remained steely and upright.

Bulging veins traversed the length of his shaft, standing out against the taut skin like cables. They pulsed rhythmically, acting as conduits to carry even more blood into his cock with each thrust. The skin stretched paper-thin over the rigid

internal structures, flushed a deep ruddy color from the intense pressure within.

As Billy's granite-like pillar drove into Carla's pussy over and over, it stimulated every nerve-rich area of her vaginal walls. The head of his cock, which had flared to the size of a ripe plum, scraped against her undulating ridges and folds. Her inner muscles clenched and rippled around him, conforming to every contour of his veiny shaft like a tight, velvet glove.

Carla's copious feminine fluids coated Billy's pistoning member, allowing it to glide in and out with slick ease. The hardcore fucking made wet, squelching noises as his balls slapped against her ass. Her gushing juices seeped out around his girth, drenching his groin and thighs.

Each powerful upward surge brought the swollen, spongy head of Billy's raging hard-on in contact with the muscular ring of Carla's cervix. He could feel the tiny, pursed opening at the end of her vaginal canal kissing the tip of his cock through her dilated os.

The thick, flared rim of his glans caught on Carla's cervical opening with every stroke, tugging at the elastic tissue. Her womb tented upward, as if trying to draw him in even deeper into her body, hungry for his potent seed.

Mother and son moved together in a primal, lust-fueled rhythm - her voluptuous form rising up and plunging down on his sinewy erection, his powerful hips pistoning up to meet her yielding flesh with each forceful thrust. Their

perfect union stimulated them both to ever greater heights of raw, carnal pleasure as they rutted wantonly.

Colby drove to work in a daze, his mind haunted by the obscene images of Carla and Billy engaged in their depraved acts. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake the vision of his wife's voluptuous body writhing beneath their son, her massive breasts bouncing as she cried out in ecstasy.

He stumbled into the office in a fog, barely registering his surroundings. As he slumped down at his desk, his coworker Janice sauntered over, her wide MILF hips swaying. She perched on the edge of his desk, crossing her shapely legs.

"Morning, Colby. What's got you looking so glum?" she asked with a sly grin.

Colby sighed heavily. "Don't tell anyone else, but...it's my wife, Janice. She's...she's having an affair. With our son." He cringed as the words left his mouth.

To his shock, Janice threw her head back and laughed heartily, her large bosom jiggling. "Oh Colby, you poor thing. Welcome to the cuckold club!"

"What? What are you talking about?" he sputtered.

"My husband is a cuckold too," Janice informed him with a smirk. "I've been fucking our daughter's fiancé for months

now. The young stud just satisfies me in ways my hubby can't."

Colby gaped at her, aghast. "And your husband is okay with this?"

"Okay with it? Oh honey, he doesn't have a choice!" Janice chuckled. "I have needs and if he can't fulfill them, I'll find a real man who can. Even if it's our future son-in-law!"

She reached out and condescendingly patted Colby's cheek. "You men are all the same. You think your limp little dickies are enough to keep us women happy. But when a hot young buck comes along, you're obsolete!"

Colby felt his face burning with embarrassment and emasculating shame as Janice openly mocked his predicament.

"So your wife is making up for lost time by banging your son, huh?" Janice continued ruthlessly. "I bet he's got a huge cock and fucks her silly. Probably makes her cum harder than you ever could!"

She threw her head back and guffawed. "God, you must feel like such a pathetic, inadequate little cuckold! I love it!"

Colby wanted to crawl under his desk and hide as his humiliation intensified. Not only was his wife cuckolding him with his own son, but now his coworker was ridiculing him for it.

"Well, you better get used to it, Colby," Janice taunted.
"Sounds like your wife is addicted to your son's big young cock now. No way she's going back to your sorry excuse for a dick after experiencing what he can do!" Janice declared, her words cutting Colby to the core.

He spent the rest of the day in a distracted, emasculated haze, Janice's cruel taunts and the lurid images of Carla and Billy's coupling constantly invading his thoughts. The knowledge that his situation was a source of amusement and ridicule only compounded his misery.

By the time Colby returned home that evening, he felt like a shell of a man, beaten down by the reality that his wife now preferred their virile son as her lover. He hesitated outside the door, dreading what debauched scene may await him inside.

Steeling himself, he entered to find Esmeralda sitting on the couch, cradling her granddaughter and looking entirely too pleased. She greeted him with a wicked grin.

"You're home early, Colby. Pity, I think you just missed the show," she said with mock sympathy. "Carla and Billy were really going at it. The way she was screaming, I think he made her cum at least four times!"

Colby clenched his fists, his face burning at his mother's crassness. "I don't wanna hear it, mom."

"What's the matter, dear? Feeling a little inadequate?" Esmeralda needed. "I'm not surprised Carla prefers Billy. What woman wouldn't want a strapping young man with endless stamina plowing her?"

Just then, Carla emerged from the bedroom, wearing nothing but a thin towel draped around her body. Her hair was mussed and her skin glowed with the sheen of perspiration. She smiled lazily when she saw Colby.

"Oh good, you're home," she said breezily, no hint of shame. "Billy fucked me so well, I'm utterly exhausted. Be a dear and fix us some dinner, will you?"

Without waiting for a response, she turned and sauntered back to the bedroom, where Billy no doubt awaited for another round.

Esmeralda chuckled at Colby's stricken expression. "You heard your wife. Hop to it, cuckold! Your job is to cook and clean while real men satisfy Carla as she deserves."

Numbly, Colby shuffled to the kitchen, his ego in tatters. This was his life now - playing housemaid while his son usurped him as the man of the house and his mother applauded the perverse affair.

In the bedroom, Billy's cock was an unstoppable piston, relentlessly pounding into Carla's spasming pussy. His sweat-slicked body moved above her with primal urgency, every powerful thrust igniting new heights of ecstasy within her.

"Oh God, oh fuck, yessss!" Carla wailed, her voice ragged and hoarse from screaming. Her body quaked violently as Billy drove her to yet another shattering climax, her inner muscles clamping down on his pistoning shaft.

Clear ejaculate gushed from her clenching cunt with each contraction, saturating Billy's pumping cock and balls, running down the crack of her ass in rivulets.

The spurting fluids soaked the sheets beneath them, the musky scent of her arousal thick in the air.

Her oversized breasts bounced wildly, slapping against her ribcage as she thrashed in the throes of orgasmic bliss.

Milk sprayed from her bulbous nipples in thin streams, jetting out in arcs to splatter against Billy's chest and face. The pearly drops rolled down her quivering tit-flesh, leaving glistening trails.

As her vaginal walls rippled and undulated around his cock, each muscular flutter milked him, coaxing him towards his own explosive release. Billy gritted his teeth, fighting against the urge to erupt, wanting to prolong his mom's pleasure.

"Cum for me, mom! Cum all over my fucking cock!" he growled, slamming into her convulsing depths.

Carla's eyes rolled back, her face contorted in agonized ecstasy as she surrendered to the endless waves of pleasure crashing over her. Her cries grew increasingly desperate and incoherent as she teetered on the edge of consciousness, her body and mind overwhelmed.

Her limbs trembled uncontrollably, hands clutching at the sweat-soaked sheets. Her hips bucked frantically to meet Billy's thrusts, her ass lifting off the mattress. Her back arched sharply as she crested the peak again, a silent scream tearing from her raw throat.

Carla's pussy clenched impossibly tighter, trapping Billy deep inside her as she gushed around him, her fluids cascading out to pool beneath her quivering bottom.

Her nipples sprayed milk wildly, the multiple ducts around her distended areolae shooting off in different directions like a sprinkler.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck!" Billy roared, finally losing the battle. His balls drew up tight and he slammed into Carla's cervix one last time, exploding deep in her clutching sheath.

Scalding ropes of cum painted her rippling walls, flooding her womb as Billy jerked and twitched above her.

Carla's pussy was awash in Billy's potent seed, her son's semen flooding her most intimate depths. As his cock twitched and pulsed inside her, it pumped out a massive load, jet after jet of thick, virile cum.

Millions upon millions of Billy's sperm cells surged into Carla's clutching sheath, released in long, forceful ropes that splashed against her cervix. The musky fluid rapidly pooled in her vagina, submerging her sensitive tissues in slippery warmth.

The tiny spermatozoa swarmed through the lake of jizz, their wriggling flagella propelling them in a frenzied race. They scattered in all directions, seeking the ultimate prize - the ripe egg hidden within Carla's womb.

The most robust and determined of the sperm pushed through the viscous seminal fluid, advancing towards the muscular opening at the end of Carla's vaginal canal. They slipped through the dilated os into her cervix, beginning their arduous journey to her fallopian tubes.

As Carla's intense orgasms finally began to subside, her vaginal muscles continued to contract rhythmically, massaging Billy's ejaculating cock. Each muscular flutter squeezed and milked him, coaxing out every last drop of his abundant release.

Her rippling walls hugged his pulsating shaft tightly, as if hungry to extract all of his precious seed. The undulating contractions worked his member from base to tip, ensuring that no sperm was wasted.

Excess semen seeped out around Billy's girth, forced out by the pressure and Carla's efficient milking. The creamy fluid dribbled from her stretched opening, forming a huge puddle beneath her ass that soaked into the abused sheets.

The spermatic deluge filled Carla's pussy to overflowing, but her greedy cunt continued to clasp Billy's cock possessively, instinctually seeking to hold his potent essence inside her body.

As the last tremors passed, Billy collapsed onto Carla, both of them gasping for breath. Their naked flesh pressed together, hot and slick with sweat and sexual secretions. Carla wrapped her quivering legs around him, holding him deep inside her.

She savored the satisfying weight of her son on top of her, his softening manhood still buried in her cum-soaked depths.

She could feel the occasional residual twitch as the last weak spurts of semen escaped him, bathing her insides with his warmth.

Carla knew her womb was utterly awash in sperm, millions of Billy's potential offspring seeking to take root in her fertile soil. The perverse thought sent a delicious shiver through her sated body. Making up for lost time never felt so good.

Colby sat alone at the kitchen table, stewing in frustration and humiliation as the sounds of Carla and Billy's passionate lovemaking echoed through the house. His ego was bruised and battered, his manhood called into question by his own wife's blatant preference for their son as a lover.

In a moment of desperate inspiration, Colby formulated a plan to regain some sense of sexual prowess and desirability. If Carla could turn to taboo relations, why couldn't he? His mind seized upon the idea of seducing his own mother, Esmeralda.

Sure, she was older, but she still possessed a certain sensual allure with her oversized breasts and shapely bottom.

Bedding her would be the ultimate way to even the score and prove his virility. Colby's cock twitched at the thought, a flicker of arousal overcoming his despair.

When Esmeralda arrived at the house again the next day to watch the baby, Colby attempted his most charming smile.

"You know, mom, seeing Carla with Billy has got me thinking," he began, trying to sound suave. "Why should they have all the fun? You and I could...you know...keep it in the family too."

Esmeralda paused, raising a perfectly arched eyebrow. Then she threw her head back and laughed uproariously, her massive bosom heaving.

"Oh Colby, you can't be serious!" she gasped between peals of laughter. "You really think you could satisfy a woman like me? When you can't even keep your own wife happy?"

Colby's face fell, his ego crumbling anew under his mother's derision.

"But mom, I just thought-" he stammered.

"Thought what? That fucking your mommy would somehow make you feel like a big man again?" Esmeralda mocked.

"Please, if you couldn't please Carla, you don't stand a chance with me!"

She leaned in close, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"Although you do make a good point. Your father hasn't please me in years. I do deserve a good fucking, don't I? I would need a real man though, Colby. A virile stud like Billy."

Colby's stomach sunk at his mother's words. He went off to work feeling even more defeated than before.

When he returned that afternoon, Esmeralda was anxious to continue the discussion they had earlier that morning.

"Colby, you'll be pleased to know that your wife and I have worked out an arrangement," she revealed with a wicked grin.

"Arrangement?" Colby asked.

"Yes. I'll be joining them for some family fun several times a week."

Colby's eyes widened in shock, his stomach turning at the implication.

"That's right, sweetie. While you're being a good little cuckold, working, cooking and cleaning, I'll be getting my holes stretched by your strapping son," Esmeralda taunted. "Bet he'll make me scream even louder than Carla."

She straightened up, smoothing her blouse over her delicious curves.

"So, you can put any silly notions of fucking me out of your head, Colby. You're not man enough for this," she said, gesturing to her voluptuous form. "You should be proud of Billy for taking on the task though. He's such a committed Grandson."

After passing off the Baby to Colby, Esmeralda sashayed down the hallway to join the fun.

Colby scowled. His plan to get-back at his wife and screw his mother had clearly backfired.

Moments later, Billy sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes glued to the sensual spectacle unfolding before him. Carla and Esmeralda stood side by side, their voluptuous bodies swaying to the rhythm of seductive music.

Carla's massive tits strained against the lacy confines of her bra, the flimsy fabric barely containing her overflowing flesh. Esmeralda's boobs were equally impressive, her mature curves filling out her silky blouse to bursting.

In unison, the two women began to disrobe, their movements slow and teasing. Carla reached behind her back, unclasping her bra and letting it fall away. Her huge, heavy tits spilled free, jiggling and swaying with her every move. Fat, dusky nipples pointed straight at Billy, already engorged with arousal.

Esmeralda followed suit, unbuttoning her blouse tantalizingly slowly before shrugging it off to reveal the sheer, straining

bra underneath. She reached up, cupping her massive globes and hefting them, putting their weight and fullness on lewd display.

Billy groaned at the sight, his long, thick cock twitching and hardening against his stomach. He wrapped a fist around his growing erection, stroking himself lewdly as he watched the strip tease intensify.

Mother and grandmother hooked their thumbs into their waistbands, shimmying their hips as they pushed their pants and panties down over their lush curves.

Carla's ass was a ripe, juicy peach, the plump cheeks jiggling as she bent over. Esmeralda's buttocks were fuller, sagging slightly with age but still mouth-wateringly enticing.

Kicking away their clothes, the two women turned to face Billy, completely nude and unashamed. They posed and preened, letting him drink in every inch of their naked splendor.

"Fuck, you're both so hot," Billy rasped, fisting his cock-meat faster. "I can't believe I get to bang my mom AND my grandma!"

"Believe it, baby," Carla purred, her hands roaming over her own body. "We're all yours."

"Such a lucky boy, getting to stuff all of our holes with this big young cock," Esmeralda said with a filthy grin, eyeing Billy's imposing erection hungrily.

The two women advanced on the teen, crawling onto the bed and surrounding him with their ripe, lush flesh. Four massive tits pressed against him from either side, smothering him in their soft, fragrant warmth.

Carla captured her son's lips in an obscene kiss, her tongue delving into his mouth as Esmeralda nuzzled his neck, her hand joining his on his thick shaft.

"We're gonna drain this fat cock so good," Esmeralda whispered, throwing a leg across his midsection.

Billy lay back on the bed, his heart pounding with anticipation as his Grandma straddled him. Her massive, pendulous breasts hung down, the rounded undersides filling his vision. He marveled at their sheer size and weight, each heavy globe easily the size of an overinflated basketball.

Esmeralda's cleavage was a deep, shadowed canyon, the plump inner slopes pressed together to form a hypnotic crevice. The soft, slightly sagging flesh looked impossibly smooth and inviting.

Billy had the urge to bury his face between those pillowy tits and motorboat until he suffocated in their warmth.

As his gaze traveled outward, he took in the expanse of Esmeralda's jutting breast-meat, the skin stretched taut over her overripe curves. Faint blue veins were visible beneath the surface, mapping the abundant blood flow that nourished her bountiful mammaries.

But it was her areolae and nipples that transfixed the boy the most. His Gran's areola were huge, easily four inches in diameter. The skin was heavily pebbled and wrinkled, resembling the textured surface of a ripe raspberry. They were a deep brownish-pink hue, slightly darker than the surrounding flesh.

Capping each bulbous areola was a thick, protruding nipple. They jutted out over an inch, the surface crinkled and puckered. The tips were a ruddy, angry-looking red, engorged with arousal. Each fat nub was visibly throbbing, just begging to be sucked and teased.

Clear fluid beaded at the peaks, then began to seep out. Though Esmeralda was long past childbearing years, her huge hooters were still producing a form of lactation. Pearly droplets welled up from her multiple Montgomery glands, growing in size until they dripped down onto Billy's flushed face.

Esmeralda smirked down at her grandson, relishing the awestruck worship in his eyes as he took in every detail of her giant jugs. She cupped the heavy orbs, lifting them slightly and then letting them drop, slapping Billy's cheeks with their warm weight.

"Get ready, Billy-boy. Grandma's big ol' titties are about to smother this handsome face," she purred wickedly.

With that, Esmeralda leaned forward, mashing her enormous boobs against Billy's head from either side.

She pressed them together, completely engulfing him in the yielding mass of breast-flesh. His entire world became the warm, fragrant valley of his grandmother's cleavage.

Billy groaned in muffled delight, his hands coming up to grope and squeeze the heavy globes smothering him so deliciously. He motorboated between them as Esmeralda laughed and ground her chest against his face.

Carla knelt beside her mother-in-law, grinning as she watched Billy's head disappear between Esmeralda's massive breasts. "He's always been such a booby-hound," she laughed. "Even as a baby, he would stare at my tits like they were the most fascinating things in the world."

"Well, let's give the tit-loving boy what he wants," Esmeralda said with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Carla leaned in, pressing her own enormous, milk-heavy boobs against Esmeralda's. Their four massive mammaries molded together, completely engulfing Billy's face in a sea of warm, fragrant tit-flesh. He was smothered under a wall of cleavage from all sides, submerged in the ultimate booby heaven.

Billy made muffled sounds of pure bliss, his hands roaming greedily over the acres of plush breast surrounding him. He kneaded and squeezed the malleable globes, sinking his fingers into the doughy softness. His cock throbbed almost painfully, engorged to bursting at the incestuous tit-smother sandwich.

"Mmmm, he's loving this," Carla purred, undulating her chest against her mother-in-law's and trapping Billy's head tighter between them. She could feel his nose and lips nuzzling her cleavage, his hot breath puffing against her sensitive skin.

Billy managed to turn his head slightly to the side, freeing his mouth from the plush pocket of boob. His lips immediately found one of Esmeralda's huge, rubbery nipples and latched on, suckling greedily.

"Ooh, yes, suck grandma's big tit!" Esmeralda groaned, arching her back to offer up more of her pebbled areola. She cradled Billy's head, encouraging him to nurse. "Drain my slutty nipples!"

Not to be left out, Carla guided one of her own fat, leaking nubs to Billy's mouth. "Don't forget mommy's jugs, baby. They're so full of milk for you," she cooed.

Billy switched back and forth between the two sets of nipples, licking, slurping and suckling like a man possessed. He took the spongy tips between his lips and flicked his tongue over them, making obscene wet sounds.

Carla and Esmeralda shivered and mewled, their boobs growing heavy and tight, their milk letting down under Billy's oral onslaught. They both began to spray, twin geysers of creamy breastmilk erupting from their swollen teats to splash Billy's cheeks and chin. He swallowed all he could, rivulets of the warm fluid running down his neck.

Esmeralda repositioned herself, aligning her mature but still enticing vulva with Billy's towering erection. She rubbed her swollen, slick lips along his rigid shaft, painting it with her glistening arousal. Her plump, fleshy labia dragged wetly against the pulsating veins, teasing his most sensitive spots.

Billy groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his grandmother's hot, slick flesh caressed his aching cock. He could feel every intimate detail of her puffy pussy as it glided along his throbbing length - the protruding inner lips, the thick hood of her clit, the sopping wet opening just begging to be filled.

Esmeralda grinned down at him wickedly, relishing the desperate lust etched on his boyish face. She angled her hips, letting her engorged clit make contact with the bulbous head of Billy's cock. The swollen, grape-sized nub pulsed and rubbed against his spongy glans, two organs of pure pleasure meeting in electric friction.

She began to grind against him in earnest, mashing her slippery, humid folds along his cock from root to tip. Her clit scraped over his weeping slit on every pass, smearing the pearly drops of pre-cum that leaked steadily from him.

Billy's hands flew to his Gran's wide, womanly hips, gripping them tightly as she used his manhood like her personal toy.

He thrust up against her, seeking more of that delicious, forbidden friction. Her copious juices flowed freely, mingling with his own clear fluid until his cock glistened with their combined essence.

"Fuck, Grandma! Your pussy feels so good!" Billy gasped, his eyes rolling back as Esmeralda's drenched slit did deliciously wicked things to his sensitive flesh.

"Mmmm, this big young cock is making Grandma so wet!" Esmeralda purred, circling her hips lewdly. Her clit caught on Billy's flared corona with every gyration, sending sparks of pleasure racing through her core. "Can't wait to feel you splitting me open, stretching my slutty granny cunt!"

Billy's balls drew up tight, his shaft jerking and flexing against Esmeralda's slippery vulva as she stimulated him so intensely. He knew he wouldn't last long once he finally slid inside her hot, claspings depths.

"Fuck him," Carla whimpered, clawing at her son's nipples while letting her udders dangle just above his face. "Fuck his teenage cock."

Billy shivered with anticipation, a muffled sigh escaping his lips as he felt his Gran's hand reach between their bodies. Her fingers wrapped around his pulsing shaft, positioning the engorged head at the slick, fluttering entrance to her womanhood.

He held his breath, heart pounding, as she notched his bulbous glans between her plump outer labia. The fleshy remnants of her hymen peeled open around the engorged helmet as it sunk through her juicy vestibule.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Esmeralda began to sink down onto his towering erection. Despite her age, her

pussy-tunnel was still remarkably snug, gripping him like a virgin schoolgirl as his girth stretched her open.

Billy groaned into his mom's descending cleavage as his cock was engulfed in tight, slick heat. It was like his manhood was a cuntal crowbar, prying apart his grandmother's intimate muscles that had gone too long without a virile shaft.

Her inner walls closed around him greedily, the well-defined pleats rippling along his length as she took him deeper.

"Oh fuck, Grandma! You're so tight!" Billy gasped, his hands tightening on her child-bearing hips.

Carla chuckled breathlessly, the sound vibrating through her massive boobs still pressed to Billy's face.

"Mmmm, been a while since I've had such a big, young cock opening me up so good!" Esmeralda cooed.

She began to rock atop the boy, undulating her wide hips to slide his thick shaft in and out of her clasp sheath. Her heavy breasts swayed hypnotically above Billy, making him feel delirious with lust.

He thrust up to meet her, reveling in the forbidden ecstasy of being balls deep in his own grandmother's clenching cunt. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room, punctuated by Esmeralda's wanton moans.

"That's it, stud, fuck Granny's tight pussy!" she urged, riding him harder. "Give me that huge cock!"

Billy pistoned his hips frantically, pounding up into Esmeralda's sopping hot depths. He felt absolutely drunk on incestuous pleasure, his mind reeling at the depravity of it all. Here he was, a young stud claiming his busty grandmother's neglected cunt, conquering her completely.

His mom lifted her tits off of him only to be replaced by his Gran's wobbling milkers.

He knew he wouldn't last long, not with how amazing her velvet walls felt milking his overstimulated shaft or how deliciously heavy and warm her giant tits felt smashed against his face. An orgasm of epic proportions was building in his loins, his balls already churning with a massive load.

Esmeralda seemed to sense his impending eruption. She ground down on him forcefully, taking him to the hilt as her pussy spasmed around him rhythmically.

"Cum in me, baby boy!" she demanded. "Fill Grandma's cunt with all your hot, thick cum-nectar."

Billy's body tensed, his hands digging into the fleshy globes of Esmeralda's ass as he thrust up into her one final time.

The head of his cock kissed her cervix just as the first powerful jet of cum exploded from his piss-slit.

"Fuuuuck, Grandma!" he roared, the sound muffled by her heavy tits still smothering his face.

His hips jerked erratically as he unloaded directly into Esmeralda's womb, painting her slick pink walls white with spurt after spurt of his virile seed.

Esmeralda threw her head back, a wanton cry torn from her throat as she felt Billy's hot essence flooding her depths. Her pussy clamped down on him like a vice, rippling hungrily along his pulsing shaft as it milked him for every drop.

"Yes, yes! Give me all that young cum!" she wailed, grinding her clit against his pelvis as her own orgasm crashed over her. Her behemoth breasts bounced wildly as she rode out her climax, twin geysers of milk spraying from her puffy nipples.

Billy bucked and shuddered beneath his grandmother, lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of his young life. Esmeralda's tight, grasping cunt wrung his cock relentlessly, extending his pleasure almost painfully. He'd never cum so hard or so much, pumping what felt like a gallon of jizz into her spasming sheath.

Finally, the last weak spurts dribbled from Billy's slit and Esmeralda collapsed on top of him, both of them gasping for air. She nuzzled his neck, peppering his sweaty skin with kisses as she cradled his softening cock inside her.

"Mmmm, that was incredible," she purred. "Grandma's gonna want this big dick stretching her out every day from now on."

"Fuck yeah," Billy panted, his hands still roaming over the supple roundness Esmeralda's ass. "I'll bang you whenever you want, Grandma."

"Hey, don't forget about Mommy," Carla chided playfully, crawling over to join the sweaty, cum-splattered tangle of limbs. "I still need my daily dose of Billy's cock too."

She cupped Billy's cum-coated balls, feeling how they were already growing heavy again. "I think he's got plenty more baby batter for both of our cunts. We'll drain him dry, day after day."

Billy grinned dopily, hardly believing his good fortune. His hot mom and stacked grandma were now his personal fuck toys, eager and willing to serve his cock. Forget making up for lost time - this was going to be his life from now on. And poor, cuckolded Dad would just have to deal with it.

Colby couldn't resist the morbid curiosity, his feet carrying him to the closed bedroom door almost against his will.

With a trembling hand, he turned the knob slowly, easing it open just a crack. The obscene tableau that greeted him made his stomach drop and his own cock twitch traitorously.

Billy lay on his back in the middle of the bed, his lean, muscular body glistening with sweat. Carla straddled his hips, her back to him as she bounced on his massive cock with wild abandon. Her huge, heavy breasts swayed and

jiggled hypnotically with every rise and fall, the flesh straining and rippling.

Esmeralda knelt above Billy's face, smothering her Grandson in pussy as she ground her sopping wet cunt against his mouth. Her thick thighs quivered, her plump ass flexing as she rode her grandson's tongue with hedonistic fervor.

The two women were a tangle of writhing limbs and undulating curves, their hands roaming each other's bodies ravenously. They exchanged sloppy, open-mouthed kisses, their long, pink tongues visibly twining as they moaned into each other's mouths. They clawed at each other's jiggling flesh, leaving red welts in the wake of their passion.

Carla threw her head back, keening wantonly as she pounded herself on Billy's thick shaft with jackhammering force. Her pussy made obscene squelching sounds each time she slammed down to the hilt, taking him unfathomably deep.

Clear ejaculate sprayed from their point of joining, splattering everywhere as she gushed around his pistoning manhood.

Esmeralda's pleasure was evident in the way her body shuddered and twitched. Her huge tits quaked, beads of sweat and milk rolling down the rounded slopes. Every few seconds, a jet of female cum would erupt from her clenching slit, drenching Billy's face and chest as she gushed her ecstasy.

It was a scene of raw, uninhibited carnality that made Colby feel both horrified and shamefully aroused. The depraved tableau seared itself into his brain - his sweet wife and dignified mother reduced to cock-hungry, cum-craving sluts, utterly debasing themselves as they shared his son's huge prick.

And Billy, his own flesh and blood, defiling them both with obvious relish, a triumphant smirk on his juice-smeared face.

Colby watched, paralyzed, as Carla and Esmeralda switched positions, their bodies never losing contact with Billy's straining cock and probing tongue. Now it was Colby's mother bouncing on her grandson's lap, her massive ass rippling obscenely with each smack.

Esmeralda's clitoris was a complex network of sensitive tissues and nerve endings, extending far beyond the engorged nub visible at the apex of her vulva. As Billy's massive cock plundered her depths, it stimulated her entire clitoral structure in the most intense way possible.

The thick, veiny shaft rubbed against her G-spot with each thrust, located on the front wall of her vagina. This spongy patch of flesh was actually the back side of her internal clitoral complex. Billy's leaky cockhead bumped and pressed against it relentlessly, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating outward.

But it was the root of Esmeralda's clitoris, hidden under her pubic mound, that was receiving the most mind-blowing stimulation. This thick bundle of erectile tissue extended

down both sides of her vaginal opening, forming a wishbone shape. As Billy's huge member stretched her open, it put pressure on these "legs" of her clitoral root.

Each powerful thrust compressed the blood-engorged tissues, creating an intense sensation that Esmeralda had never experienced before. It felt like her grandson's cock was massaging the very core of her pleasure center, stoking the fires of her arousal to an inferno.

The slick friction of Billy's pistoning shaft against her tightly stretched inner labia also tugged on her clitoral hood with each stroke. This fleshy sheath was connected to the root as well, transmitting even more exquisite stimulation.

Esmeralda sobbed and wailed as the pleasure mounted to a crescendo.

Colby watched in awe as his mother's body began to quake uncontrollably, her back arching and tits shuddering as her cunt clamped down on Billy's plundering cock like a vice.

A high-pitched keen tore from her throat, her eyes rolling back in her head as the most explosive orgasm of her life crashed over her.

Clear ejaculate burst from Esmeralda's spasming slit with the force of a geyser, splattering Billy's groin and thighs. Her cunt seemed to erupt like a fountain as jet after jet of her essence sprayed from her, drenching them both in her pleasure.

The hot, slippery fluid coated Billy's pulsing shaft, bubbling obscenely around the pistoning girth and cascading down the ravine where his thighs met his nut-sack. Beneath the boy, the sheet was saturated with his mom and Gran's ejaculate, creating a dark, wet ring that spread across nearly the entire mattress.

Esmeralda screamed, her body wracked with ecstasy as she squirted uncontrollably. Her clitoral complex felt like a livewire of rapture, radiating bliss to every nerve ending.

She gushed and gushed, soaking the bed even more beneath them as her orgasm went on and on, Billy's huge cock wringing out every drop.

Colby watched in stunned disbelief as Billy's glistening, pussy-juice coated cock slid out of Esmeralda's still quivering cunt with a wet plop. The thick shaft bobbed obscenely, rock-hard and engorged, a testament to the young stud's virility and staying power.

With a lecherous grin, Billy grabbed his mom's voluptuous hips and flipped her over onto her hands and knees. Her massive tits swung beneath her, slapping together lewdly as she eagerly presented herself to her son doggy-style.

"Fuck me, baby!" Carla urged wantonly, reaching back to spread her lush ass cheeks, exposing the drooling pink slit of her cunt. "Shove that big cock in Mommy's hungry pussy!"

Billy wasted no time, gripping the base of his shaft and notching the spongy head between Carla's plump pussy lips.

With a powerful flex of his hips, he buried himself to the hilt in his mother's hot, slick depths.

"Oh yes, son! Split me open on your huge fucking cock!" Carla wailed, her back arching as she was utterly filled and stretched.

Billy began to rut into her with animalistic intensity, the force of his thrusts making Carla's whole body jolt forward. Her heavy titties swung like fleshy pendulums, milk spraying from her stiff nipples with each jarring impact. The wet, obscene slap of skin-on-skin echoed through the room as he pounded her hard and deep.

Colby's mouth went dry as he watched his son's glistening, vein-riddled shaft disappearing into Carla's wide-splayed cunt over and over. Copious juices seeped out around the thick girth, frothing lewdly as it pistoned in and out of her accommodating hole.

Carla's eyes locked with her husband's through the crack in the doorway as Billy rutted into her from behind. A wicked, defiant smirk curved her lips, her expression one of smug superiority and utter shamelessness.

"Look who's watching, Mom," she called to Esmeralda breathlessly between wanton moans. "My pathetic cuckold husband, getting an eyeful of what a real man can do for me!"

Esmeralda threw her head back and laughed cruelly, pressing her heavy tits against Billy's back as she knelt

behind him. Her hands roamed his sweat-slick chest possessively, red lacquered nails raking over his flat nipples.

"Poor Colby," she cooed mockingly. "So inadequate that he has to watch his son satisfy his wife the way he never could. It's okay sweetie, just accept that you'll never measure up in the cock or stamina department!"

She punctuated her taunt by twisting Billy's nipples roughly, making him growl and thrust even harder into Carla's hot, milking sheath.

"Mmmm fuck yes baby, split Mommy's cunt open!" Carla urged, her heavy jugs swinging wildly as she shoved back to meet his strokes. "Show Daddy what a pussy-pleasing stud you are! Ruin me for his pathetic little dick forever!"

Colby's face burned, equal parts humiliated and aroused by their cruel degradation. He watched, transfixed, as Esmeralda laved her tongue along the shell of Billy's ear, then captured his lips in a lewd, sloppy kiss over his shoulder.

Colby's eyes bulged in their sockets as he watched his mother and son exchange a filthy, open-mouthed kiss mere inches away from where Billy's cock was plundering Carla's cunt.

Esmeralda licked into Billy's mouth wantonly, their lips smacking and slurping together in a lewd display.

Their tongues lashed and curled around each other, the pink muscles visibly writhing and undulating like the twining tails of two excited snakes.

Strands of saliva stretched between their open mouths, connecting their obscene kiss. Esmeralda sucked Billy's tongue into her mouth greedily, her painted lips forming a tight seal around the wriggling organ.

Billy groaned into the kiss, never breaking his brutal pace as he slammed into his mom from behind. Esmeralda swallowed down his grunts of pleasure, her hands roaming down to squeeze his clenching ass, urging him to fuck Carla harder.

Colby's cock throbbed painfully in his pants as he witnessed the live porno playing out before him. The wet, rhythmic slap of Billy's heavy balls against Carla's upturned ass, the jiggle and bounce of her huge tits, the messy tongue-fucking between his son and mother - it was almost too much to process.

He palmed his poor excuse for an erection through his slacks, hating himself for being so aroused by his complete humiliation and emasculation. But he couldn't look away, hypnotized by the crude spectacle of his wife and mother worshipping his son's superior cock and virility. Their ecstatic moans and the wet, carnal sounds of Billy's huge cock splitting Carla's pussy open made Colby's head spin with lust.

Esmeralda finally broke the filthy kiss, a strand of saliva briefly connecting her lips to Billy's before snapping. She grinned proudly and laughed at Colby's slack-jawed, red-faced expression of shock.

"Mmm, he's an amazing kisser too. Such a talented tongue," she purred, licking her smeared lipstick. "He's gonna taste both our cunts on that tongue later. Mother and daughter cream."

Billy laughed and increased his pace, slamming into his mother's upturned ass with enough force to make the round globes quake and bounce wildly.

His sweat dripped onto her back as he pistoned his hips, drilling her juicy cunt with pile-driving thrusts. Her inner muscles rippled around his invading girth, milking him with expert squeezes.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum soon!" Billy grunted. "This pussy feels too good!"

"Yes, baby!" Carla cried. "Pull it out and paint our pretty faces with your hot love-lotion."

Billy pulled his massive cock out of Carla's clenching pussy with a wet squelch, the shaft coated in her creamy juices. He fisted the slick length, aiming the angry purple head towards the two women's upturned faces as they knelt submissively before him.

Carla and Esmeralda opened their mouths wide, tongues out, eager for Billy's hot seed. They pressed their faces close

together, huge tits mashed against each other as they awaited their facial glazing.

Colby watched in revulsion as his son grunted and stroked himself to completion, his heavy balls drawing up tight.

The first thick rope of pearly cum erupted from Billy's engorged cockhead, arcing obscenely through the air to splatter across the bridge of Carla's nose and her left cheek.

The next long, gooey spurt painted a wet line across Esmeralda's forehead and into her hair. Billy kept pumping his shaft, producing spurt after copious spurt of teenage jizz that coated the women's faces in a web of depravity.

Thick globs dripped from Carla's lashes and chin to splatter onto her heaving tits. A pearly rope connected Esmeralda's outstretched tongue to her upper lip, more white cream dribbling down to pool in her cavernous cleavage.

Nearly a dozen ropes of fuck-cream criss-crossed the depraved tableau by the time Billy groaned out the last weak spurts. Carla and Esmeralda were facially drenched, streaks of jism coating their flushed cheeks and open mouths. They laughed and lapped at the potent seed, swapping cum-coated tongues lewdly.

Colby's stomach churned at the wanton display, his cock throbbing traitorously in his pants. He watched as the two most important women in his life snowballed his son's spunk back and forth, moaning whorishly as they savored the taste and texture.

"Mmmm, delicious," Carla purred, licking a glob of cum from the corner of Esmeralda's mouth. "Our boy's cream is so much yummiier than yours ever was, Colby."

"My grandson has the tastiest seed," Esmeralda agreed, scooping a fingerfull of jizz from her cleavage and sucking it clean. "The perfect salty-sweet flavor."

Billy grinned down at them smugly, his still-hard cock bobbing, still drooling pearly beads. "Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from. I'll keep you cum-drunk cock-sluts well fed."

Colby fled the room, unable to witness anymore. But he knew this was just the beginning. His life as a cuckold was now set in stone.

A few weeks later, the entire family was gathered around the dinner table - Colby and his parents, Esmeralda and her husband Frank, along with Carla and Billy. There was a palpable tension in the air, the two older men wearing strained expressions while Billy grinned cockily.

Carla and Esmeralda exchanged a meaningful glance, then Carla clinked her fork against her glass to get everyone's attention. She stood up, a smug smile playing on her lips as she made her announcement.

"I have some wonderful news to share with everyone," she began, resting a hand on her still-flat stomach. "I'm pregnant!"

Colby's jaw dropped in shock, his face draining of color. Before he could even process this bombshell, Esmeralda chimed in gleefully.

"And she's not the only one. I'm pregnant too!" she declared, standing up next to Carla. "Looks like Billy's super sperm knocked us both up."

Billy leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied smirk, crossing his arms behind his head. "What can I say? My boys get the job done."

Frank sputtered, his bushy eyebrows shooting up to his hairline. "Esmeralda! What is the meaning of this? You're too old to be having children!"

Esmeralda laughed derisively. "Oh please, Frank. I'm not too old for anything, as Billy can attest. He's been plowing my mature cunt and knocking the dust off my womb for weeks now."

Colby thought he might vomit right there at the table. Not only was his wife carrying his son's child, so soon after already giving birth, but his own mother was too? This had to be some sick nightmare.

Carla sidled up to Billy, draping herself over his shoulder as she rubbed her stomach. "We're gonna be one big happy family. She shot Colby a vicious grin.

Frank looked like he was about to have an aneurysm, his face turning an alarming shade of purple. "This is an outrage!" he blustered impotently.

"Oh shut up, you old fossil," Esmeralda snapped. "You haven't been able to get it up in years. I needed a virile young stud to satisfy me and give me the baby I've always wanted. It was your son's idea actually," she grinned, looking over at Colby.

Colby slumped in his seat, utterly emasculated. His wife and mother were flaunting their pregnancies by his own son right in front of him and his father. They were openly humiliating and cuckolding both of the older men, reducing them to pathetic, impotent jokes.

"Looks like you and my father will be on full-time babysitting duty while Billy keeps us knocked up and well-fucked," Carla taunted. "Hope you're ready for diaper changes and sleepless nights, cuckolds."

Carla and Esmeralda laughed cruelly as they each took one of Billy's hands, leading him away from the dinner table and towards the master bedroom. Their curvaceous hips swayed seductively, their bubbly buttocks jiggling with each step. Billy followed eagerly, a triumphant smirk on his handsome face.

Colby and Frank could only watch helplessly as their wives disappeared into the bedroom with the virile young stud, closing the door firmly behind them.

Almost immediately, the unmistakable sounds of passionate lovemaking filled the house. The steady rhythmic creaking of the bed frame mingled with Carla and Esmeralda's wanton moans of ecstasy.

The wet slap of flesh against flesh left little to the imagination as Billy pounded into their dripping cunts with his massive cock.

"Oh fuck yes, Billy! Harder baby, harder!" Carla screamed, her voice cracking with pleasure. The headboard slammed against the wall with each powerful thrust.

"That's it, give Granny that big fat cock!" Esmeralda urged breathlessly. "Stuff me full of baby batter!"

The two cuckolds sat at the table, red-faced and emasculated, trying in vain to ignore the pornographic soundtrack of their wives' infidelity. But it was impossible to block out the obscene symphony of Billy's sexual prowess.

He fucked the two women with the skill and stamina of a porn star, switching positions effortlessly to hit their G-spots just right.

Carla wailed as he took her from behind, her huge tits swinging wildly as he railed her pussy. Esmeralda babbled incoherently as Billy lifted her bodily and bounced her on his cock, impaling her with the entire length of his manhood.

Their moans reached a fevered pitch, the bed springs protesting the depraved acrobatics happening atop the mattress. Squelching and slurping sounds made it clear just how wet and ready both women were for Billy's unrelenting cock.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Carla screeched, her voice ragged. The telltale wet gush of her ejaculate splashing onto the bed could be heard clearly.

"Fill me up, Billy! Flood my womb!" Esmeralda demanded, her cries taking on a desperate edge.

With a guttural roar of completion, Billy emptied his balls into Esmeralda's spasming cunt, adding more of his potent seed to the fetus already growing in her belly.

Colby and Frank cringed, knowing all too well that the young stud was once again asserting his breeding rights over their wives.

The cruel peals of feminine laughter that followed the climax made it clear that this was more than just physical pleasure. It was the ultimate act of humiliation and emasculation for Colby and Frank, their wives openly reveling in their sexual submission to a younger, more virile young man.

THE END