

Incest is Best



by **KLRXO**

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Danny and Jasper coasted to a stop, their hoverboards humming gently as they descended to rest on the lush, genetically-engineered grass of the park. The scent of honeysuckle wafted on the breeze, carried from the carefully cultivated flora beds.

"Phew, what a ride!" Danny exclaimed, running a hand through his dark windswept hair. His emerald green eyes sparkled with exhilaration.

"No kidding," Jasper agreed, hopping off his board. He stretched his long, lanky frame. "These new HoverXtreme 5000s really haul. Way faster than the old 3000 models."

Danny nodded. The year was 2087, and they had some pretty cool gear. The 5000 hoverboard series featured nuclear-powered anti-grav thrusters capable of propelling a rider at speeds exceeding 200 kilometers per hour.

Jasper tucked his hoverboard under his arm and turned to Danny with a mischievous grin. "So, now that you're 18, think you'll get lucky with your mom like I did mine? Man, ever since my birthday, I've been tapping that sweet ass 3, 4 times a day! Those yoga classes have her body bangin', bro. And her fuckin' tits...huge!

Danny felt his face flush. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't fantasized about bending his own mother over the kitchen counter and going to town on her curvy hips and plump rear. The way her gigantic boobs strained against her tight tops drove him wild. But he wasn't sure he had the balls to make a move.

"I dunno man," Danny said, scuffing his shoe on the grass. "I mean, I'd love to bury my face between her thick thighs and motorboat those massive titties. Pound her MILF pussy till she screams. I'm just not sure how to initiate, you know?"

Jasper clapped him on the shoulder. "You just gotta go for it, bro! Walk in on her changing, 'accidentally' grab her ass, let your morning wood poke her when you hug. She'll get the hint. Moms that stacked are gagging for young cock, trust me."

Danny nodded, his mind reeling with possibilities. His dick twitched in his jeans as he imagined all the ways he could despoil his sexy mother. "Heh, maybe you're right. Guess it's time to start laying the groundwork and get balls deep in some prime mature snatch!"

The boys laughed and exchanged a fist bump before hopping back on their hoverboards. As they rocketed away, Danny couldn't help grinning to himself. One way or another, he'd be fucking his mom senseless before the week was through.

His mind swirled with vivid fantasies about his voluptuous mother. Since the landmark Supreme Court case five years ago that struck down all incest laws as unconstitutional, relationships and marriages between mothers and sons had become commonplace. The old stigmas had vanished practically overnight.

As he banked around a corner on his board, Danny thought about his buddy Rick, who had taken his mom on a romantic getaway to Maui last month and came back engaged, even though she was still married to Rick's dad. They were a happy polyamorous triad now, with Rick's dad giving his blessing. Then there was Kevin, who knocked up his recently divorced mother and was eagerly awaiting the birth of his son/brother.

Danny knew he wanted that kind of intimate bond with his own mom. More than anything, he longed to sheath his throbbing, oversized member in her slick, welcoming pussy, to suck and nibble the engorged nipples of her gigantic tits as he thrust deep into her fertile womb. He ached to hose his potent seed in her unprotected love tunnel and swell her belly with his incestuous progeny.

But he still wasn't sure how to broach the subject or gauge her interest. She was an old-fashioned gal in many ways, having married his father right out of high school. Would she be open to bringing her strapping young son into

their marital bed? Or perhaps his mom would be willing to do it all behind his father's back? The thrill of sneaking around could certainly add an element of adventure.

As Danny arrived home and stashed his hoverboard, he resolved to start testing the waters. He'd "accidentally" walk in on her in the shower, let his hands linger on her curvy body when they hugged, press his morning erection against her as she cooked breakfast. He'd wear tight shorts around the house and "forget" to wear underwear, letting his meaty bratwurst flop freely. Sooner or later, he'd seduce his sexy mom and make her his own, one way or another.

Diane glided gracefully into the kitchen on her anti-grav heels, the advanced polymers molding to her dainty foot shape and keeping her suspended a few inches above the floor. Her voluptuous body was poured into a skintight bodysuit made of shimmering biometallic fibers that clung to every luscious curve like a layer of liquid chrome.

The suit plunged daringly in the front, barely containing her massive, succulent breasts that threatened to spill out with each breath. Her engorged nipples poked prominently against the thin fabric, the smart material conducting tactile sensations to heighten her pleasure receptors. A deep cameltoe cleaved the juncture of her Rubenesque thighs, hinting at the plump, juicy delights that lay just out of sight.

As she passed by, Danny gulped as he ogled her bodacious bubble butt, the twin globes of her ass straining the suit to its limits. He could see every mouthwatering detail - the way her cheeks jiggled, deep enough to hold a shot glass in her back dimples, the fabric riding up to showcase the succulent curves of her underbum.

She was a vision of pure MILFy perfection, a chrome goddess wrapped in a second skin that left nothing to the imagination.

Danny's monster cock swelled in his pants as he stared transfixed, imagining ripping through that gossamer thin fabric and burying his face between those bodacious ass cheeks, tongue punching her puckered starfish while he kneaded the vast expanse of her child-bearing hips.

As her hover-heels landed on the floor, Diane sashayed over to her oldest son with a knowing smile, her hips swaying hypnotically. "Good morning, sweetie," she cooed, leaning down to plant a lingering kiss on his cheek. Her breasts swung heavily with the motion, nearly spilling out of the barely-there containment of her suit.

As she straightened up, Diane's eyes flicked down to the growing bulge in Danny's pants before meeting his gaze again. A playful smirk tugged at her plump, glossy lips. She was well aware of her son's growing fixation with her ripe, curvy body. How could she not be? She constantly caught him ogling her tits and ass, his eyes smoldering with ill-concealed lust.

Diane had heard the rumors, of course. It seemed like every week, another one of Danny's friends was bragging about seducing his own mother, plowing her eager pussy and pumping her full of hot, virile seed. Just the other day, she overheard Josh crowing about knocking up his busty mom, while Caleb described in lewd detail the sloppy blowjob his mother had greeted him with that morning, slobbering on his knob like a cum-starved slut.

Part of Diane was undeniably titillated by the idea of her own strapping young son mounting and rutting her, breeding her unprotected womb with his potent spunk like a bitch in heat. Her nipples stiffened and her pussy clenched as she imagined him suckling at her huge milky tits, his hands roaming her thick, fertile body as he fucked her senseless.

But another part of her resisted the taboo temptation. She had a husband whom she loved dearly and had been faithfully married to for twenty years. How could she betray that sacred bond by spreading her legs for her own son, letting him contaminate her with his incestuous seed? What kind of debauched slut would she be then?

Still, Diane found her resistance weakening by the day. Maybe it was the way Danny had started flaunting his body around the house, "forgetting" to wear a shirt and letting his hefty fuckmeat swing freely in threadbare basketball shorts. Or perhaps it was the "accidental" gropes and touches -

his hand lingering on her ass when he hugged her, his morning wood poking insistently against her as she did yoga.

She knew it was wrong, knew she should put a stop to it before things went too far. But the wicked, debased part of her thrilled at the forbidden flirtation, the electric tension crackling between her and her sexy offspring. How much longer could she hold out before she surrendered to his lusts and let him claim her, body and soul?

Danny and Diane sat down at the kitchen table for lunch, a spread of genetically-enhanced superfoods laid out before them. As they began to eat, the holographic TV screen on the wall flickered to life with a commercial.

"Attention all loving mothers and sons!" the ad blared. "Are you ready to take your relationship to the next level of intimacy and pleasure? Then why not try the Taboo Cocoon 9000!"

The commercial showed images of an opulent, high-tech facility with plush private suites. In the center of each room was a large, egg-shaped pod filled with translucent pink fluid.

"Exclusive to our facility, these state-of-the-art Bonding Pods are a place where mothers and sons can be cocooned together in a specially formulated SensaGel," the narrator explained breathlessly. "This revolutionary biopolymer heightens every sensation, enhancing tactile response and erogenous connectivity."

The ad depicted an attractive MILF and her muscular son climbing nude into the pod together, the gel enveloping their bodies as they began to passionately make out. Their hands roamed each other's most intimate areas as the fluid conducted each caress and amplified every touch.

"Let the Taboo Cocoon 9000 dissolve the barriers between you and unlock whole new realms of ecstasy! Experience the ultimate union of mother and son, the way nature intended. Indulge your deepest, darkest desires in complete privacy and comfort."

The commercial ended with the nude, gel-covered mother and son climaxing together in a gushing overflow of fluid, their bodies joined as one

in the throes of orgasmic bliss. A holographic number hovered in the air for several seconds before fading away.

Danny and Diane sat in stunned, aroused silence for a long moment, the ad's erotic images seared into their minds. They couldn't help imagining themselves in that pod, their nude bodies sliding slickly together, surrendering to the overwhelming sensations and their own forbidden lusts.

Under the table, Danny reached down to adjust his rigid cock, which was throbbing almost painfully in his pants. He looked up and locked eyes with his mother. Her cheeks were flushed and her nipples visibly erect beneath her skintight top. The air between them practically crackled with sexual tension.

Danny licked his suddenly dry lips. "That, uh, that place looks pretty wild, huh Mom? Can you imagine doing something crazy like that together? Just the two of us?" His voice was husky with ill-concealed desire.

Diane squirmed slightly in her seat, her pussy growing damp as she stared at her handsome son. She knew she should laugh it off, scold him for even suggesting such an inappropriate thing. But a wicked, shameless part of her thrilled at the idea, longed to feel Danny's strong body against hers with no barriers between them, lost in a haze of pleasure.

"Danny, honey, I know a lot of mothers and sons are becoming...intimate these days," Diane said carefully, struggling to meet her son's smoldering gaze. "But your father and I have been married for over twenty years. I made sacred vows to him on our wedding day, vows I take very seriously. I'm just not sure I can break that trust, even with all these new attitudes about what's acceptable."

Danny nodded slowly, trying to hide his disappointment. He knew he couldn't push his mom too far too fast, or she might shut down the idea of intimacy between them altogether. He needed to start small, take baby steps into easing her inhibitions.

"I totally get that, Mom," he said. "I respect your commitment to Dad, I really do. I was just thinking, what if we did something together that was

innocent enough, but still a little bit naughty and exciting? Nothing too crazy, just some special bonding time for you and me?"

Diane bit her plump lower lip, considering. The idea was undeniably titillating - sharing an intimate, mildly taboo experience with her sexy son, pushing the boundaries just a little without fully crossing the line into outright incest. Her pussy throbbed at the thought.

"Well...what did you have in mind, sweetie?" she asked, trying to keep her tone casual even as her heart raced. "I'm open to suggestions, as long as it's nothing too wild."

Danny grinned, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "I was thinking we could take a bath together, like when I was little. Only this time, maybe we could be naked? We could give each other soapy massages and stuff, really explore each other's bodies in a sensual way without going all the way. It would be sexy but still innocent, you know?"

Diane felt a rush of heat between her legs at the naughty suggestion. She pictured them naked in the tub together, their slippery hands gliding over each other's wet skin, soaping up her huge breasts and squeezing her thick ass. She imagined the delicious hardness of her son's cock as it "accidentally" brushed against her, how good it would feel to stroke him under the guise of washing him.

"I suppose that could be okay," she heard herself saying, almost in a daze. "As long as we set clear boundaries and don't let things get out of hand. It would just be some innocent, playful bonding time for a mother and son, right?"

"Totally!" Danny agreed eagerly, trying to contain his excitement. "We'll keep it fun and flirty, nothing too inappropriate. I just want us to feel closer and more open with each other."

Diane smiled, reaching out to stroke her son's cheek affectionately. Her pussy was practically gushing now at the thought of their impending bath. "You're right, honey. A little intimate playtime will be good for our relationship. And it's not like we'll be having sex or anything crazy like that. Let's plan on taking that bath together tonight after your father goes to bed."

Danny beamed, his cock rock hard and throbbing in anticipation. "Can't wait, Mom! I'll get the bubble bath and candles ready." He leaned in and planted a soft, lingering kiss on his mother's lips, letting it last just a little too long to be completely chaste.

Later that night, after Danny's father had retired to bed, Danny and Diane met up outside the downstairs bathroom. The hallway was dimly lit, casting intimate shadows. They stood facing each other, pulses racing with nervous anticipation.

"Are you sure you wanna do this, honey?" Diane asked softly, searching her son's eyes. "We can still back out if you're having second thoughts."

Danny shook his head, his gaze smoldering with barely restrained lust. "I've never wanted anything more, Mom. I can't stop thinking about being naked with you and taking a bath together.

Diane shivered, her core clenching with need. Wordlessly, she took Danny's hand and led him into the spacious, high-tech bathroom. The lights automatically adjusted to a soft, sensual glow as they entered.

In the center of the room was a large, oval-shaped tub, more like a small pool, really. It was made of a smooth, pearlescent polymer that seemed to shimmer in the low light. Various tubes and nozzles lined the inside, hinting at the cutting-edge features Danny knew it possessed.

With a voice command, Diane activated the tap. Steaming water began to fill the tub, cycling through an array of soothing colors. The faint scent of aphrodisiac pheromones wafted through the air, further heightening their arousal.

They began to undress, sneaking furtive glances at each other's bodies as more skin was revealed. Diane unzipped her chrome bodysuit, shrugging the skintight material off her shoulders and letting it slither to the floor. Danny's breath caught as he beheld her naked form in all its glory.

Her massive, heavy tits swayed hypnotically, capped with wide areolas and engorged nipples that pointed straight at him. Her stomach was soft and slightly rounded, bearing the faded marks of the pregnancy that had brought him and his younger siblings into this world.

Wide, fertile hips flared out from her thick waist, supporting an ass that could stop traffic. At the juncture of her voluptuous thighs, her bare mound glistened with arousal. Diane's thick hood protruded slightly from her outer labia, shrouding the pink pearl of her pleasure-center beneath.

"God Mom, you're a total goddess," Danny breathed, shucking his own clothes with almost indecent haste. He stood proud and tall before her, his lean muscles rippling, his huge cock bobbing heavily before him, the swollen head already weeping pre-cum.

Diane licked her lips as she shamelessly ogled her son's sexy young body, marveling at the virile specimen he had become. His cock was magnificent - long and girthy, easily ten inches, with a fat mushroom head and bulging veins running along the shaft. It curved slightly upward, the perfect shape for stimulating her g-spot, she couldn't help but think. His heavy balls swung low and full between his muscular thighs.

Diane couldn't tear her eyes from it as Danny took her hand and helped her step into the swirling water. He climbed in after her and pressed a button on the tub's control panel.

Instantly, multi-directional jets activated to massage their bodies with pulsing waves. Erogenous zone targeting sensors caused the jets to focus on their most sensitive areas.

Diane gasped as the surging water caressed her aching nipples and pulsed against her throbbing clit. Judging from Danny's blissful groan, the jets were stimulating his cock and balls too.

"Mmm, that feels amazing," Diane purred, letting her hands roam her own soapy body sensually, lingering on her huge tits and dipping between her thighs. "Come closer, baby. Let Mommy wash you."

Danny eagerly waded through the froth, his raging hard-on bobbing obscenely. Diane squirted some body wash into her palms and began gliding her slick hands all over her son's taut muscles, soaping up his chest and abs before moving lower.

"Oops!" she giggled as her fingers "accidentally" brushed the tip of his cock. "Clumsy me. But I guess I need to wash you here too..." She wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft, slowly stroking him from base to tip, making the soap lather and foam.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Danny gasped, his hips instinctively rocking into her slippery grip. "That feels divine!"

Diane was utterly transfixed by the sinewy length and girth of her son's magnificent cock as she slid her soapy hand along his throbbing shaft. She marveled at its sheer size and virility - Danny was hung like a prize stud, putting his father and past lovers to shame.

His manhood was a work of art - the thick veiny shaft felt like hot steel sheathed in velvet as she pumped him. The bloated purple head flared proudly, drooling clear ropes of pre-seed. His balls were so swollen and heavy, churning with an overabundance of potent spunk, sloshing audibly as they swung between his muscular thighs.

Diane had discussed this phenomenon with the other soccer moms and yoga ladies - how the clean eating and supplements that were all the rage with teenage boys these days seemed to be having a dramatic effect on their sexual development.

The fish oil, zinc, celery root and other holistic ingredients boosted testosterone to almost superhuman levels, resulting in massive, constantly engorged cocks that throbbed angrily with excessive bloodflow.

The nutrients also hyper-charged spermatogenesis, causing their balls to swell to the size of ripe plums, each one packing a titanic load of highly motile, aggressively virile sperm.

Diane shuddered to imagine all that hot, potent baby making nectar surging through Danny's fat cock, just aching to flood her fertile womb. God help

her, part of her longed to feel him erupt inside her in a seismic orgasm, to be pumped so full of his enhanced seed that it gushed out around his pistoning shaft with each thrust, leaving her pussy sloppy and glazed.

Danny couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's colossal tit-melons as her soapy hands glided sensually over his body. They jiggled and swayed with her every movement, the wet flesh quivering like jello molds. Her areolas were as big as saucers, topped with thimble-sized nipples that poked out stiffly.

He remembered the conversations he'd had with Jasper and the other guys as they compared their mom's bra sizes. Diane was easily in the lead with her whopping 34K cups. Danny's friend Kevin came in second - his mom rocked a impressive set of 32JJ jugs.

It seemed like all the moms had really ballooned in the chest department over the past few years. Some attributed it to the nano-infused vitamin injections that had become all the rage, said to maximize hormonal health. Others pointed to the GMO superfoods most households consumed these days. Whatever the reason, MILFs all over the country were suddenly sprouting massive, heaving tits that strained the limits of even the most advanced bra technology.

Diane giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she watched her son ogle her massive, soapy breasts with unabashed hunger. His fixation on her jiggling jugs was obvious and adorable.

"Aww, does my little man love big titties?" she cooed teasingly, slowly gliding her slippery body against his. Danny groaned as her slick thighs straddled his lap, her plump ass settling on his muscular quads.

His pulsing cock stood at attention, the rigid shaft trapped between their soapy abdomens. Diane wrapped her fingers around it possessively, giving him a slow, sensual pump that made him buck beneath her.

"Ooh, so big and hard," she purred, thumbing his leaking slit. Then with a wicked grin, she slithered further up his body until her enormous, sud-covered breasts completely engulfed his head.

"Mmmpphhh!" Danny's muffled moan vibrated against her sternum as he found his entire world eclipsed by warm, pillowy tit-flesh. Her mammoth mounds molded around his face like liquid marshmallows, blindfolding him in her deep, sudsy cleavage.

He stared up through the quivering valley of her breasts, watching his mother's face grin down at him impishly. Her fingers continued to slowly stroke his throbbing cock, keeping him rigid and leaking.

With her other hand, Diane sensually caressed Danny's muscular back, soaping his flexing shoulders and lats as she kept him trapped in her heaving bosom.

"How's this, sweetie? You just relax and let Mommy take care of all of you," she giggled, kneading his pulsing shaft. Danny could only gurgle incoherently into her cleavage, his cock jumping in her sudsy grip.

Diane undulated her hips slowly, grinding her slick, plump vulva along the rigid underside of his cock in time with her stroking hand. Danny clutched her broad hips, his fingers sinking into the fleshy globes of her ass.

He felt smothered and delirious with pleasure, almost dizzy from the heady combination of fragrant suds, silky skin, and his mother's intoxicating pheromones. His face was hotdogged snugly between her giant, gelatinous tits, the slippery flesh rippling around him.

Diane smiled down at her baby boy as she slowly smothered him in tit, relishing the control she had over him in this moment. He was like putty in her hands, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed between her breasts as she languidly stroked his engorged cock.

Danny's hands slowly roamed over his mother's slippery curves, exploring her body with growing boldness as she kept him pinned in her smothering cleavage. He squeezed and kneaded the heavy globes of her ass, marveling at how his fingers sank into the plush, doughy flesh.

His soapy hands glided up her arched back and over her broad shoulders before skating down to reverently cup the massive weight of her breasts.

Diane cooed approvingly, arching into his touch as he palmed her giant, sudsy tits. He lifted and squeezed the heavy melons, watching in horny fascination as they overflowed his groping fingers.

Danny focus his attentions on his mom's jutting nipples next, tweaking and tugging the rubbery nubs between his thumbs and forefingers. He rolled and pinched the spongy tips, making his mom gasp and undulate against him. Rivulets of soapy water ran down her deep cleavage, tickling his face.

Growing more daring, the teen ducked his head and fastened his lips around one engorged nipple, suckling greedily. He sealed his mouth tight and slurped, his cheeks hollowing as he nursed. Diane threw her head back with a throaty moan, her fingers threading through his hair.

"Ooh honey!" she keened, holding his face to her chest. Danny groaned around his mouthful, switching back and forth to lave both her nipples with his tongue. He motorboated her slick melons, burying his face in her quivering cleavage.

His hands slid down her curvy body, caressing her plump waist and hips before dipping between her thick thighs. Diane whimpered and let her legs fall open as Danny's fingers found her hot, slippery slit. He marveled at how swollen and puffy her hairless vulva felt, the plump lips unfurled like a exotic flower.

Danny looked up at his mom with lidded eyes as he slowly traced the slick seam of her slit, gliding his fingers up and down. He circled her large, throbbing clit, making her jolt and moan each time he flicked the sensitive bud. Then he slipped a finger inside her, groaning at how hot and tight she felt, her inner muscles fluttering around him wetly.

"God Mom, your pussy feels incredible," Danny panted, pumping his finger slowly. "So hot and slick and tight!" He pressed his thumb to her clit as he fingered her, rubbing in circles.

Diane couldn't formulate words, too lost in the forbidden pleasure of her son's touch. She undulated her wide hips shamelessly, riding his stroking fingers as he explored her aching cunt.

Diane and Danny's intertwined bodies writhed sensually in the steamy, sudsy water, their slippery flesh sliding together in blissful friction.

The mother straddled Danny's lap, grinding her slick vulva along his rigid shaft as she stroked him with both hands. Her fingers glided up and down his throbbing length, twisting and pumping, making him groan and buck beneath her.

Danny pistoned two fingers knuckle-deep in his mother's tight, claspng heat, curling them to rub her fluttering inner walls. His thumb worked her swollen clit in rapid circles, flicking the sensitive bud. Diane sobbed and shuddered, her pussy clenching and rippling around his plunging digits.

"Ooh baby, just like that," she panted, undulating her wide hips to ride his thrusting fingers. "Mommy's so close! Make me cum!"

Danny sped up his ministrations, fingering her hard and fast, pounding her g-spot relentlessly. He pinched and rolled her throbbing clit between his thumb and forefinger. Diane wailed, her head thrown back in ecstasy as her orgasm crashed through her.

Her pussy spasmed violently around Danny's pistoning fingers, squirting and gushing, her ejaculate mingling with the bathwater. Her whole body shook and convulsed with the force of her climax, her huge breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Danny grunted urgently, his cockhead flaring purple and angry.

Diane quickly aimed his erupting cock at her own body just in time. Danny roared as he exploded like a raging geyser.

Thick, heavy ropes of pearly boy-cum blasted from his jerking cock, splattering Diane from tits to navel. Each spurt felt like a molten jet, painting her in his creamy seed. Her huge titties were soon glazed in dripping spunk, rivulets of cum running down her cleavage and pooling in her navel.

Just then, they heard heavy footsteps and Danny's father's voice calling out in concern. "Diane? Is everything okay in there? I heard shouting..."

Diane and Danny froze at the sound of his father's concerned voice just outside the bathroom door. Thinking quickly, Diane called out in what she hoped was a casual tone. "Everything's fine, honey! I just slipped getting out of the tub and yelped in surprise. Clumsy me!"

She scrambled to her feet, Danny's cum still dripping from her huge glazed breasts. "I decided to use the fancy downstairs tub to try out the new spa settings," she explained through the door, praying her husband wouldn't barge in. "It has those massaging jets and colorful lights, remember? Thought I'd have a relaxing late night soak."

There was a pause and then Danny's dad replied, "Ah okay, that makes sense. Enjoy your bath then. I'm going back to bed."

They listened to his retreating footsteps and breathed a sigh of relief. Diane sagged back into the warm water, her heart pounding. That was way too close. The thrill of almost being caught in such a compromising position with her own son was surprisingly exhilarating, sending illicit shivers down her spine. Her pussy clenched with aftershocks.

At the same time, a pang of guilt twisted her stomach. What was she doing? She was a married woman! A loving mother! How could she let things get so out of hand with Danny, to cross so many forbidden lines? Letting him touch her in the most intimate ways, bringing each other to shuddering climax... This was more than just innocent flirting and bonding. They were treading in dangerous waters.

Danny seemed to sense her inner turmoil. He pulled her into his strong arms, nuzzling her neck comfortingly even as his softening cock continued to twitch against her belly.

"It's okay Mom," he murmured, stroking her back. "I know we got a little carried away in the heat of the moment. But you didn't do anything wrong. I'm your son and I love you. I could never judge you."

Diane melted into his embrace, hot tears pricking her eyes. "I love you too, Danny. So much. More than I probably should. And that's what scares me. I don't ever wanna hurt you or your father. But I can't deny how good it felt to be close to you like this. It's all so confusing..."

Danny cupped her face tenderly, looking deep into her eyes. "We don't have to figure it all out right now. Let's just enjoy this special time together. We'll take things slow and see how it goes, okay? No pressure."

Diane bit her lip and nodded, reaching up to caress her son's handsome face. Her sweet, caring, sexy boy. She knew in her heart that their relationship had fundamentally shifted tonight. The genie couldn't be put back in the bottle. Forbidden doors had been opened.

The next morning, Danny and Diane were still reeling from their steamy, intimate encounter in the high-tech bathtub the night before. The memory of soaping up each other's naked bodies, of bringing each other to shuddering climax with roaming hands and writhing hips, hung heavily between them - an electrifying secret that set every nerve aflame whenever their eyes met.

They went about their morning routines in a daze, exchanging loaded glances and "accidental" touches as they moved around the kitchen.

When Danny hugged Diane goodbye before heading off to school, he let his hands linger on the swell of her ass, squeezing the plump globes possessively through her tight yoga pants. Diane gasped but didn't stop him, arching into his touch, her nipples stiffening beneath her tank top.

"Don't forget, we need to go shopping for your new basketball shoes after school," she reminded him breathlessly as he released her. "Meet me at the mall at 4pm."

"It's a date," Danny winked, giving her ass a parting swat that made her yelp. She blushed and giggled, feeling like a naughty schoolgirl as she watched her handsome son stride confidently out the door.

She was ashamed to admit it, but her pussy throbbed insistently, still tender and swollen from the fingering he'd given her. What was happening to her, getting so hot and bothered from her own child's flirtatious touch? It was so wrong...and yet so exhilarating.

That afternoon, Diane and Danny met up at the gleaming entryway of the Olympus Megaplex, the sprawling futuristic mall that had become the go-to shopping and entertainment destination in their city. With its soaring crystalline ceilings, verdant hanging gardens, and cutting-edge technology around every corner, the Megaplex was a marvel of modern engineering.

As they stepped through the shimmering plasma doors, Diane was immediately struck by how many mother-son couples she spotted strolling hand-in-hand through the bustling promenade. Attractive, busty MILFs and their strapping young sons, exchanging adoring looks and playful touches, giggling and whispering intimately to each other.

One particularly amorous pair was full-on making out on a hover-bench, the son's hand disappearing up his mom's micromini skirt while she groped his tented crotch.

Diane felt her cheeks flush at the public displays of incestuous affection, a queasy mix of scandalized shock and illicit arousal swirling in her gut. Ever since the government had legalized consanguineous relationships five years ago in response to plummeting birth rates, it seemed like mother-son couples were popping up everywhere. But it was still an adjustment seeing it out in the open like this.

Billboards and holographic ads flickered on every gleaming surface, most of them brazenly promoting products and services catering to the mother-son sexual dynamic that had taken the country by storm.

A 50-foot holo of a busty MILF in a sheer negligee rotated above the fountain, winking sultrily as the caption flashed - "Tired of boring marital sex? Spice things up by bringing your son into the marriage and double your pleasure! Take our tantra workshop to learn how!"

Another ad showed a nerdy teen boy's pimply face morphing into a muscular hunk as he chugged a glowing bottle of "Oedipus Fuel", a supplement promising to "Supercharge your libido and give you the stamina to satisfy Mom all night long!"

The storefront windows they passed were just as lurid - mannequins of stacked MILFs in risqué lingerie posed provocatively with teen boy mannequins sporting giant plastic bulges. Racks of "His&Hers" silk thongs and edible underwear on display. Even the home goods store had a banner advertising a BOGO deal on extra-large beds "big enough for a mother-son honeymoon!"

Danny snickered as he took in the in-your-face incest innuendos all around them. "Damn, they're really pushing the mother-son stuff hard these days, huh?" he remarked, wagging his eyebrows suggestively at Diane.

Diane gave an uncomfortable laugh, flustered by his flirtatious tone. "Yes, well, I suppose it's become quite mainstream ever since the laws changed. Still takes some getting used to, seeing it celebrated so openly," she demurred.

But internally, she couldn't deny the forbidden tingle that shot through her seeing the erotic ads, the blatant displays of mother-son lust. Especially after her own illicit, intimate encounter with Danny last night. It was like the whole mall was validating their taboo desires, tempting her with tantalizing possibilities.

Lost in thought, she didn't notice the slick wet spot in her path until her foot slid out from under her. "Oh!" Diane yelped as she lost her balance, pinwheeling her arms. But before she could face-plant, a pair of strong hands grabbed her hips, steadying her.

Danny had lunged to catch his mom, pulling her back flush against his muscular body.

Diane gasped, feeling his semi-hard bulge nestling against her ass through their clothes. "Careful, Mom," Danny murmured in her ear, his breath hot on her neck. "I've got you."

He set her back on her feet but kept his hands on her lush hips a moment longer than necessary, thumbs stroking her hipbones. Diane's heart raced at his touch, her body instinctively arching back against his chiseled chest.

The growing bulge of Danny's cock sunk between her luscious ass-globes, his knob making contact with the ring of her asshole through the thin fabric of their clothing.

As Diane regained her balance, still flustered by Danny's lingering touch on her hips and ass, she heard a familiar voice calling her name. "Diane, hey! Over here!"

She turned to see her friend and fellow yoga enthusiast Karen waving at her from a nearby bench, a glowing smile on her pretty face. But Diane's eyes widened when she noticed Karen's visibly pregnant belly straining against her flowy sundress and the way her already huge tits seemed to have ballooned even larger, swelling the neckline of her bodice.

And there, with his arm wrapped snugly around Karen's expanded waist, was her 18-year-old son Josh, grinning ear to ear. The pieces clicked into place and Diane realized with a shock that Karen was pregnant with her own son's baby!

"Karen, hi!" Diane greeted her friend, trying to keep the surprise out of her voice as she and Danny approached. "You look positively radiant! I didn't realize you were expecting."

Karen giggled and placed a hand on her rounded tummy. "I know, isn't it wonderful? Josh and I are so thrilled. It happened on our very first try after he turned 18 and we became lovers. He's such a potent young man." She gazed adoringly up at her son, who puffed up with pride.

"Yep, knocked her up good," Josh bragged, giving Karen's swollen belly a possessive pat. "Couldn't keep my hands off Mom's sexy body and well, one thing led to another. Guess my swimmers were determined to put a baby in her!"

Diane made a strangled sound, glancing nervously at Danny who was staring at Karen's bouncing breasts with unabashed awe. "Wow, uh, congratulations you two. That's quite the...development."

"Oh, that's not even the best part!" Karen trilled, thrusting out her left hand. A huge diamond engagement ring glittered on her finger. "Josh proposed to me last night! We're getting married!"

Diane gaped at her. "Married? But what about Robert?" she asked, referring to Karen's husband.

Karen waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, Robert's so into his career right now. It was clear Josh and I were meant to be together in every way. My husband hasn't a clue that his son has claimed me, in mind, body and soul. And now womb!" She tittered, caressing her pregnant belly. "It's going to be a perfect little family - me, my son-husband, and our baby!"

Diane swallowed hard, her head spinning. This was all so sudden and shocking. She'd known Karen and Robert as a couple for years, had socialized with them as married peers. To see the wife and mother now engaged and pregnant by her own teenage son was a lot to process.

Danny cleared his throat, drawing his mom out of her stunned thoughts. "That's really awesome, Josh. Congrats, man!" He clapped his friend on the shoulder. "You and your mom make a great couple. And I bet you'll be an amazing dad to your kid. Er, sibling. Um, both!"

Josh laughed and punched Danny's arm affectionately. "Thanks bro! I couldn't be happier. Mom is the hottest, most caring woman I know. Pumping her full of my seed and watching her belly swell with our baby has been the most meaningful experience of my life."

He turned to look at his mom's oversized boobs with a heated look. "And I can't wait until she starts lactating."

Karen blushed and giggled behind her hand, snuggling closer to her son.

Diane felt faint, her face flaming at the graphic dirty talk. She fanned herself, hoping no one noticed how her nipples had stiffened beneath her blouse at

the thought of Danny suckling her milk-heavy breasts while he fucked his baby into her.

She shook her head, banishing the perverse fantasy. "Yes, well, it seems like you two have it all figured out," she said weakly. "I wish you both the very best with, um, everything."

"You know Diane, you and Danny would make a gorgeous mother-son couple too," Karen said with a sly wink. "I've seen the way you two look at each other. And with your genes? You'd make the most beautiful babies!"

Diane sputtered incoherently, utterly gobsmacked by Karen's audacious suggestion. Danny, however, just grinned wolfishly and slung an arm around his mother's shoulders proprietarily.

"You know, I think you're right Karen," he said, pulling the blushing Diane closer. His hand drifted down to squeeze her hip. "Mom is the most incredible woman I know. Sexy, brilliant, loving... I'd be the luckiest guy in the world to call her mine. Maybe put a ring on her finger and a bun in her oven, if she'll have me."

He gazed down at Diane with smoldering intensity, his voice lowering huskily. Diane's mouth went dry, her thighs clenching as a bolt of want shot through her. The Oedipal desire in her son's eyes was unmistakable. And god help her, she felt an answering yearning deep in her core, a wicked temptation to give herself over to him completely.

"Daniel!" she finally managed to scold, swatting his chest. She forced a scandalized laugh even as her heart galloped. "That's quite enough of that kind of talk, young man! I'm a married woman! And you're my son!"

Diane quickly extricated herself from Danny's embrace, flustered by his bold flirtation in front of Karen. "Well, we should get going," she said with a strained smile. "Those basketball shoes aren't going to buy themselves! It was great running into you, Karen. And congrats again to you and Josh."

Karen smiled knowingly as she watched the sexual tension crackling between Diane and her handsome son. "You two have fun," she said with a wink. "And don't be afraid to explore what's blossoming between you. Life's

too short for regrets. When love comes knocking, even from an unexpected place, you owe it to yourself to open the door."

With those cryptic words of encouragement, Karen waved goodbye, leaning happily into Josh as they continued on their way, his hand proprietarily splayed across her pregnant belly.

Diane practically dragged Danny into the sporting goods store, her mind whirling with confusing emotions. They quickly found the basketball shoes he needed and made the purchase, the normality of the routine task calming her rattled nerves somewhat.

But as they walked out of the store, Danny spotted a promotional stand near the mall directory, stocked with colorful brochures. Blazoned across the front in looping script was "So You Want to Date Your Mother?"

"Hey Mom, check this out," Danny called to Diane, snagging a pamphlet from the display.

He flipped it open and began reading aloud. "Are you a young man who finds himself irresistibly drawn to the woman who gave him life? Do you lay awake at night, aching with forbidden lust for your own mother? You're not alone! Thousands of sons across the country are discovering the joy and fulfillment of Oedipal love. This brochure will help you determine if you and your mom are sexually compatible as a couple!"

Diane looked around frantically, paranoid that other shoppers were listening to Danny's gleeful recitation of the tawdry text. "Put that away!" she hissed. "It's not appropriate!"

But Danny continued undeterred, a devilish glint in his eyes. "Look, there's a compatibility quiz you can take together! It says here that honest communication is key to a successful mother-son relationship. The questionnaire is designed to get you both opening up about your deepest desires."

He started towards the exit, waving for Diane to follow. "C'mon, let's go take this back at the car. It'll be a hoot! Unless..." He shot her a challenging

look over his shoulder. "Unless you're scared to confront what's really simmering between us."

Diane's face burned, her heart doing a strange flip-flop in her chest. Part of her wanted to put her foot down, to nip this wildly inappropriate line of dialogue in the bud. She was the parent here, for god's sake!

Diane hesitated, pulse pounding as she stared at the brochure dangling from Danny's fingers. The cover image seemed to mock her - a buxom, winking MILF draped over a grinning, muscular young man. 'Explore the Forbidden Fruits of Oedipal Love!' the tagline urged in lurid red script.

She knew she should shut this down immediately, scold Danny for even suggesting something so wildly inappropriate. She was his mother, for God's sake! Not some potential conquest to be wooed.

But the wicked gleam in her son's eye, the unspoken challenge hanging between them, sent an illicit thrill straight to her core. Suddenly, she yearned to be that carefree temptress on the cover, brazenly seducing and ensnaring her virile boy.

"Fine," Diane heard herself say, voice husky. "We can do the quiz. But just for laughs, understand? This doesn't mean anything." Even to her own ears, the caveat rang hollow.

Danny's grin was pure masculine triumph. "Whatever you say, Mom." He took her hand, electricity sparking at the contact, and led her out of the bustling mall.

In the privacy of their parked hovercar, an intimate hush fell over the plush interior. Danny angled his muscular body towards Diane, one arm draped behind her headrest. She was acutely aware of his proximity, the way his manly scent filled her senses.

"Okay, first question," Danny read, his deep voice sending shivers down her spine. "Do you feel an instinctive magnetism, an inexplicable 'pull' towards your mother/son? Like your souls are crying out to merge on the deepest level?"

He looked up at her from beneath thick lashes, gaze smoldering.

Diane's lips parted, face flushing under the intensity of his stare. "I...well... maybe sometimes..." she hedged.

The truth was, she'd always felt a profound, almost mystical connection to her beautiful boy that went beyond the typical maternal bond. When he touched her, it resonated in her very marrow, like long-lost pieces of her spirit clicking into place.

"I'll put that down as a yes," Danny said softly, making a check mark. Diane squirmed but didn't correct him. "Okay, next question. Do you experience vivid, recurring fantasies and dreams of an erotic nature about your mother/son?"

Diane's mind flashed with unbidden images - Danny's powerful naked body moving over hers, his beautiful face contorted in pleasure as he plunged into her yielding flesh, his seed erupting hot and thick in her welcoming womb.

The mother swallowed hard, heart pounding as Danny's fingers skated higher up her thigh, leaving trails of tingling heat. God help her, she did fantasize about him, more often than she cared to admit. Images of her strapping son worshipping her body, dominating her, claiming her completely, haunted her fevered dreams at night.

"Y-yes..." she admitted hoarsely, face flaming. "Sometimes I imagine us being intimate. Doing things we shouldn't..." Her voice trailed off on a shaky exhale as Danny's hand dipped under her skirt.

"I dream about you too, Mom," he confessed throatily. "All the naughty, forbidden things I want to do to you. How badly I crave you..." His fingers brushed the damp lace of her panties, making her jolt.

"Next question..." she blurted, nudging his hand away.

The boy consulted the brochure, pupils blown with lust. "When in close proximity to your mother/son, do you experience a sharp spike in physiological responses - i.e. increased heart rate, shortness of breath, flushing of the skin, tingles and tension in the erogenous zones?"

As he read the query, Danny shifted even closer, his minty breath gusting across her cheek.

Diane's pulse leapt into overdrive, her fat nipples pebbling almost painfully against her blouse. An aching, empty throb pulsed between her legs, her body responding wantonly to her son's nearness.

"It's like they wrote this just for us, huh?" Danny chuckled, voice low and gravelly. "We're hitting every mark."

His fingers glided back over the slick lace shielding her mound. "I can feel how wet you are, Mom. You're practically soaking through."

Diane mewled, hips lifting into his teasing touch helplessly. "Danny, we...we can't..." she protested weakly, even as her thighs fell open, welcoming his exploration. "It's wrong..."

"Does it feel wrong?" he countered, fingers dipping into her waistband to stroke her bare flesh. "Or does it feel like the most natural, beautiful thing in the world - a mother and son expressing their love in the most profound way possible?"

He rubbed her swollen lips, gliding through the saturated folds, circling her aching nub. Diane bucked sharply, gasping. "That's it, let me feel you," Danny groaned, fingering her skillfully. "Let me love you like you deserve..."

Diane's mind reeled as her son's deft fingers explored her most intimate folds, stroking and circling with maddening skill. This was so wrong, so utterly taboo! She was his mother for God's sake, not some horny coed for him to seduce.

Every atom of her rational brain screamed at her to stop this forbidden dalliance before it crossed a line they could never come back from. Her marriage vows, her maternal responsibilities, the very moral fiber of her being all cried out in protest against the depraved path she was veering towards with her own son.

But her treacherous body had other ideas, wantonly overriding her conscience with its base, carnal desires.

Her legs fell open shamelessly, welcoming Danny's probing touch. Her hips undulated, grinding her dripping sex against his hand. Her engorged nipples strained painfully against her blouse, aching to be suckled by his hot mouth.

"Danny, baby, we have to stop," Diane panted, even as she clutched his shoulders, pressing her ample bosom against his chest. "I'm your mother! We can't do this!"

"Shh, it's okay Mom," Danny soothed, voice husky with lust. He nuzzled her neck, inhaling her scent as his fingers thrust rhythmically into her molten core. "There's nothing more natural and beautiful than a mother and son expressing their love. I adore you, worship you. Let me show you how much."

Something snapped in Diane then, the last threads of her resistance shredding like gossamer. With a throaty moan, she swung her leg over to straddle Danny's lap, crushing her lips to his in a searing, forbidden kiss.

The teen responded with a triumphant growl, hands flying to her ass and squeezing the plump globes as he invaded her mouth with his tongue. They dueled sloppily, hungrily, a primal mating of mouths.

"Take us into the clouds," Diane commanded breathlessly as she fumbled with Danny's fly.

The hover-car surged upwards on autopilot, ascending high into the cloaking mist, hiding their taboo tryst from prying eyes.

"Bedroom mode, engage," Diane panted against Danny's lips.

The interior of the car shimmered and reformed into a plush mattress, pillowy and accommodating.

Frantic hands tugged at confining clothes, desperate for the wicked slide of flesh on flesh. Buttons popped, fabric rent as mother and son tore each other's garments off with animalistic urgency.

Danny drank in the mouthwatering sight of his mother's exposed body - her massive, quivering breasts topped with fat, rosy nipples; her soft rounded belly; the dark, glistening tangle at the apex of her voluptuous thighs.

"Fuck Mom, you're perfect," he groaned reverently, callused palms skating over her plush curves. "So gorgeous, so sexy. I've wanted you for so long."

Diane arched wantonly into his touch, dizzy with lust and taboo adrenaline. "Me too, baby," she confessed breathlessly, reaching down to wrap her fingers around his rigid shaft. It pulsed and kicked in her grip like a living thing. "I've ached for you, dreamed of you taking me, making me yours..."

Danny's cock was magnificent - at least ten thick inches, engorged to purple rigidity, the flared head weeping copiously. Pulsing veins latticed the turgid shaft, so hot and hard in her quivering hand. He made her husband look like a prepubescent boy in comparison.

She stroked him base to tip, squeezing and twisting, relishing his grunts of pleasure, the way his cockhead wept copiously over her fingers. Her own sex clenched and flooded, empty and needy.

"Please Danny," Diane whimpered, guiding him to her slick entrance. "Make love to me. Claim your mom's pussy, fill me up!"

With a bestial snarl, Danny notched his fat tip into his mother's sopping cleft and thrust to the hilt in one powerful surge.

"Ungh, fuck yeah!" he roared as her silky sheath enveloped him, gripping his cock like a hot velvet fist. "God you feel amazing, Mom!"

Diane keened rapturously, back bowing as she was split open on her son's thick meat. Her nails scoured his shoulders, heels digging into the small of his back as she clung to him.

"Oh god, oh baby, yes!" she babbled deliriously, vision whitening out from the intense stretch and fullness. "You're so big, so deep in Mommy! Ahhh!"

Danny set a ferocious pace, rutting into her hard and fast, the lewd slap of flesh on flesh filling the car. He bent to suckle her swollen nipples, teeth and tongue worrying the sensitive tips. "Unnf, you're mine now," he growled around his mouthful, one hand dipping to thumb her clit. "My woman! Gonna fuck you pregnant with our forbidden baby! Ungh yeah, take it!"

Diane's mind shattered, overwhelmed by the obscene perfection of being ravaged by her virile son. His steel-hard cock plundered her juicy depths with pistoning fury, his pelvis grinding her swollen nub just right as he nailed her g-spot on every brutal thrust.

His lurid filth only heightened her debauched ecstasy, appealing to her most depraved fantasies.

"Yes, breed me!" she wailed mindlessly, impaled on her son's enormous battering ram. The head punched her cervix with each frenzied thrust, burrowing into her womb. Her muscles cinched and rippled along his driving length, milking him exquisitely.

As the hover-car ascended into the clouds on autopilot, a rumbling thunderstorm engulfed them, flashes of lightning illuminating the steamy windows. The car rocked and swayed in the turbulent currents, mirroring the frantic, primal coupling happening within.

Diane rode Danny with wild abandon, her voluptuous body undulating sinuously as she impaled herself on his rock-hard cock again and again.

Her colossal, milky-white breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically, slapping his face and chest with each roll of her wide hips.

Danny motorboated her jiggling jugs ravenously, shaking his head from side to side in her cavernous cleavage. He laved her fat, rubbery nipples, suckling the elongated tips before burying his face back into her pillowy tit-flesh, inhaling her scent.

"Unnf yeah Mom, ride that cock!" he grunted, driving up to meet her downward thrusts, his muscular ass clenching. "Gonna pump you so full of cum! Breed that hot MILF cunt!"

A brilliant flash of lightning cleaved the sky, briefly illumining their sweat-slicked bodies through the windows, followed by a deafening boom of thunder that shook the car. The storm outside raged in time with their incestuous passion, raw and elemental.

"Ooh fuck me baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Diane keened, head thrown back in ecstasy as she slammed herself onto his veiny pole with all her weight. Her cunt squelched obscenely around his pistoning girth, sloppy and loose from the relentless pounding. "Claim my married pussy! Ruin me for your father!"

Danny seized her thunder-thick thighs, using the leverage to yank her down onto him savagely, skewering her on his aching cock. The wet suction sounds of their coupling echoed in the close confines, lewd and depraved.

Reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies, he found the pebbled bud of her clit, rubbing tight circles around the electrified nub. "Cum on my cock!" he commanded harshly, pinching the sensitive bundle. "Cream on your son's big fat dick!"

Diane's cunt spasmed violently at his crude order, clamping and rippling around his pile-driving cock like a milking fist.

"FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" she screeched, juices gushing out around his pistoning shaft. "OH FUCK DANNY, YESSSS!"

Diane's orgasm crashed over her in shattering waves, her entire heavy-titted body seizing and shuddering as pleasure electrified every nerve ending. Her cunt clamped and fluttered around Danny's plunging cock, gushing hot nectar as it milked him with rippling intensity.

"That's it, cum on my cock!" Danny growled, hammering into her convulsing pussy with machine-like precision. "Soak me with it! Fuck yes, I can feel you squirting!"

Diane was delirious with ecstasy, eyes rolled back in her head as she bucked and thrashed in Danny's powerful arms. Her massive, gelatinous breasts quivered violently, the hard tips skidding across his chest. She'd never climaxed this hard in her life, every molecule of her being consumed by the unholy rapture of her son's cock splitting her open, owning her completely.

Danny didn't let up, ruthlessly prolonging her release as he pile-drove into her gushing cunt. The slick walls fluttered and spasmed around his sawing length, clenching him in rhythmic waves. His balls tightened, churning with scalding seed that ached for release into his mother's fertile depths.

Diane could feel him swelling impossibly larger inside her, stretching her raw as his cockhead flared. She knew he was close, could sense the impending volcanic eruption building in his loins. Clawing at his sweat-slicked back, she sobbed brokenly.

"Come inside me! I n-need it! Please baby, fill Mommy's pussy with your hot cum! Breed my unprotected cunt! Knock me up with our forbidden baby!"

Her wanton pleas shredded the last of Danny's restraint. With a animalistic roar, he slammed into her one final time, crushing her cervix as he exploded.

"FUCK! Take it, mom! Ungghhhh!" His cock jerked and twitched violently as it disgorged a massive load directly into her spasming womb. Jet after thick jet of scalding jizz hosed her tender walls, flooding her unprotected depths with his virile seed.

Diane keened gutturally, a second devastating orgasm crashing through her as she felt her son's molten semen paint her insides. Her nails carved bloody furrows down his back as she writhed on his erupting cock, the sheer volume of his release making her belly bulge.

They clung to each other desperately as Danny pumped what felt like gallons of cum into Diane's fluttering pussy, both shaking and twitching from the intensity of their shared climax. Lightning strobed around the car, thunder cracking in violent accompaniment to their crude coupling.

Long minutes passed as they panted harshly, slowly coming down from the intense high of their climax. Danny's cock continued to twitch and pulse inside Diane's thoroughly creamed cunt, pumping out the last weak spurts of his seed. Her pussy clenched and rippled, milking him for every drop.

Finally, with a wet squelch, the boy pulled out and rolled off her sweat-slicked body. Diane whimpered at the loss, feeling strangely empty without her son's massive cock stretching her wide. Her well-fucked hole gaped obscenely, oozing rivulets of their combined juices.

They lay side by side on the transformed mattress, chests heaving as they caught their breath. The hover-car bobbed gently in the turbulent air

currents, still concealed by the swirling mists. Rain pattered against the steamy windows, blurring the world outside.

Diane's mind reeled as the post-coital fog began to clear, the enormity of what they'd just done crashing over her. She'd had sex with her own son. Wild, filthy, unprotected sex. She'd begged him to cum inside her, to impregnate her with his baby.

Oh God, what had she done? Guilt and shame warred with the sated afterglow still humming through her nerves. She was a married woman, a mother. How could she have let herself succumb to such base, immoral desires?

Danny seemed to sense her inner turmoil. Rolling onto his side, he gathered her plush, trembling body into his strong arms, nuzzling her damp forehead tenderly. "Shh, it's okay Mom," he murmured, stroking her hip. "Don't overthink it. What we did...it was beautiful. Perfect. The way it was always meant to be."

Diane wanted to protest, to push him away and insist they could never do this again. But the words died on her tongue as Danny captured her mouth in a deep, soulful kiss. She melted into it helplessly, swamped by the taste and scent of him, the way his hard body molded to her soft curves like they were made for each other.

The hover-car descended through the thinning clouds, gently touching down in the driveway of their suburban home. Diane and Danny straightened their rumpled clothing in awkward silence, reality crashing back in after their passionate tryst.

Diane's stomach churned with anxiety as they entered the house. How could she possibly face her husband and younger children after what she'd just done? The lingering ache between her thighs and the sticky dampness of her panties were damning evidence of her taboo transgression.

At dinner that night, Diane could barely meet her husband's eyes, guilt and shame coloring her cheeks. She picked at her food, stomach tied in knots.

Danny, on the other hand, kept shooting her heated, knowing glances, a self-satisfied smirk playing about his lips. She shivered each time their eyes met, memories of his huge cock plundering her secret depths making her squirm in her seat.

After tucking the little ones into bed, Diane prepared for another restless night next to her oblivious husband, desperate to avoid his touch. Her skin crawled at the thought of his flabby, lackluster body covering hers after experiencing the exquisite masculinity of her strapping son.

As she lay stiffly beside her snoring spouse, Diane's mind drifted treacherously to Danny, recalling the mind-blowing ecstasy of riding his enormous cock, the electrifying depravity of begging him to flood her unprotected womb with his seed. Her pussy clenched and wept, aching to be filled again by his throbbing heat.

She knew it was wrong, knew she should be wracked with regret and self-loathing. But all Diane could think about was how badly she craved more of her son's incredible cock, his dominant passion. He'd ruined her for other men, spoiled her for her husband's mediocre fumbling. She needed to feel her boy inside her again, stretching her, owning her, or she would surely go mad.

But Diane also knew she couldn't risk sneaking into Danny's room, as much as she longed to crawl into his bed and ride him till dawn. The house was full of prying eyes and ears. They needed to be discreet.

Suddenly, she remembered the NeuroLink 3000 devices she and her husband had purchased on a whim last year, hoping to spice up their waning marital intimacy. The hype had touted the revolutionary neurotechnology as the ultimate in long-distance lovemaking - allowing couples to engage in vivid, full-sensory erotic connections from anywhere in the world.

You simply slipped on the sleek headset, which utilized a matrix of neural nodes to intercept brainwaves and translate them into hyper-realistic sensory data. With a thought, you could project your consciousness into a

vivid erotic dreamscape with your partner, experiencing every caress, every sensation as if engaging in an actual fuck.

Diane waited until her husband's snores deepened before quietly slipping out of bed and padding down the hall to her home office. Her heart pounded with anticipation and illicit excitement as she rummaged through her desk drawer, finding the sleek silver case that held the NeuroLink headsets.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and silently projected her thoughts, hoping Danny's device was turned on and would pick up her neuro-signal. "Danny, baby, it's Mom. I need you. Meet me in the secret garden."

Diane slipped the headset on with trembling hands, the neural nodes automatically adjusting to her unique brainwaves. She lay down on the small couch, forcing her body to relax as she waited for the NeuroLink to transport her consciousness.

Colors and shapes swirled behind her closed eyelids as the device calibrated, locking onto Danny's responding signal. Diane felt a swooping sensation, like she was freefalling through layers of mist, and then...

She was standing in a lush, secluded garden, the air heavy with the scent of night-blooming jasmine. A silver moon hung low in the velvety sky, bathing the scene in an otherworldly glow. Gauzy curtains of Spanish moss dripped from gnarled oak trees and a carved stone fountain burbled musically in the center of the glade.

And there, emerging from the shadows, was Danny. Her breath caught at the sight of him, his bronzed skin gilded by moonlight, raven hair tousled boyishly. He wore nothing but a pair of low-slung linen pants, his lean muscular chest and abs rippling as he stalked towards her with predatory grace.

"I knew you'd call for me," he rumbled, green eyes glowing with lust. "Knew you couldn't resist the craving, just like I can't. We're bound now, Mom. Body and soul."

Diane shivered at the raw carnality in his voice, her virtual body reacting as if it were flesh and blood. She could feel the balmy breeze caressing her bare skin, the dewy grass cushioning her bare feet. Looking down, she realized her body was clad in nothing but a gossamer silk negligee that left little to the imagination.

"We shouldn't be doing this," she breathed, even as her nipples peaked against the thin fabric, her core flooding with desire. "It's wrong..."

Danny closed the distance between them, gripping her hips and grinding his already hard bulge against her softness. "Nothing has ever felt more right," he growled, nipping her earlobe. "Stop denying what we both want. What we both need."

Diane mewled as Danny lavished her neck with hot, open-mouthed kisses, his large hands roaming greedily over her silk-clad curves. The flimsy material of her negligee did nothing to blunt the exquisite sensations, the NeuroLink translating every touch, every caress with breathtaking fidelity.

"Oh god," Diane panted, head lolling back as Danny cupped her heavy breasts, thumbing the pebbled peaks straining against the gauzy fabric. "That feels...ungh...so good, baby..."

Danny growled his approval, pinching and tugging her swollen teats just shy of pain. "So fucking perfect," he rumbled. "Can't get enough of this body. Need to taste every inch of you."

With that, he dropped to his knees and buried his face between her thighs, nuzzling her silk-covered mound.

Diane cried out sharply, fingers sinking into his thick hair as he mouthed her through the damp fabric, his hot breath and the scrape of his stubble making her shake.

"Yes Danny, yes!" she keened mindlessly, undulating against his face. "Lick Mommy's naughty pussy! Eat me through my panties like a dirty boy!"

Danny groaned at her wanton encouragement, lashing her slit with the flat of his tongue, lapping up the sweet nectar that seeped through the silk. He

nibbled and sucked on her engorged lips, the fabric molding to her wet folds.

Diane was on fire, every nerve ending electrified with pleasure. Her clit throbbed almost painfully, begging for more direct stimulation.

As if reading her mind, Danny pushed the crotch of her panties aside and fastened his mouth to her bare sex.

"Fuck!" Diane nearly screamed, fisting his hair as he feasted on her like a starving man. He licked and probed and sucked, spearing his tongue into her soaked channel before flicking it rapidly over her swollen nub. Wet obscene sounds filled the air as he ate her out with sloppy gusto.

"Gonna cum!" Diane sobbed, her thighs clamping around Danny's head as she ground herself shamelessly against his face. "Don't stop baby, I'm so close! Unngh!"

Danny doubled his efforts, fucking her with his tongue while rubbing tight circles on her clit with his thumb. Diane stiffened and then convulsed hard, juices gushing into Danny's eager mouth as she came with a ragged wail.

He worked her through it, slurping up her release and tonguefucking her fluttering hole until she collapsed bonelessly against him, mewling and twitching with aftershocks.

Diane slid down her son's body, kissing and licking every inch of his sweat-slicked skin, until she was kneeling before him, face level with his straining erection. The massive, veiny shaft bobbed mere inches from her parted lips, balls heavy and churning with cum.

"My turn to taste you," Diane purred, nuzzling his musky sac, breathing in his potent masculine scent. Slowly, sensually, she dragged the flat of her tongue up his taint and over his balls, savoring the salty-sweet tang of his flesh.

Danny groaned gutturally, hands fisting in her hair as she bathed his most sensitive areas with kitten licks.

Diane lavished every inch of his groin with worshipful attention, licking and nibbling her way up his throbbing length.

"Fuck Mom, your mouth feels incredible," Danny panted, hips flexing as she swirled her tongue around his engorged head, lapping up the steady drool of pre-cum. She traced the flared ridge and dipped into his weeping slit, humming her enjoyment.

"Mmm, you taste so good baby," Diane crooned, rubbing his slick cockhead over her lips, painting them with his essence. "Mommy loves your big fat dick. Gonna suck this beautiful cock so good, make you cum so hard down my throat."

With that sinful promise, she opened wide and sank down on him, taking half his length in one smooth glide. Danny cried out sharply, head thrown back in bliss as wet heat engulfed him.

Diane's oral skills were unparalleled, honed by years of experience and an unquenchable hunger for cock. She bobbed up and down his steely shaft, cheeks hollowing with hard suction. Her serpentine tongue danced along the throbbing veins and ridges, teasing out bolts of pleasure.

She took him deeper on every downstroke, letting him bump the back of her throat, fighting her gag reflex to swallow around him.

Danny was lost to sensation, writhing and bucking as his mother worked him over with mind-melting finesse.

As she worshipped his cock with her mouth, Diane projected the filthiest images and sentiments directly into Danny's mind through the NeuroLink.

"Mmm, that's it baby, fuck Mommy's face," her voice purred in his head.

"Use my throat like a slutty cocksleeve. Gonna swallow every drop of your hot cum. Drown me in it!"

Danny's balls drew up tight, aching with the need for release. Diane sensed his impending climax and increased her efforts, slurping and gagging as she throatied him to the root.

"Paint Mommy's tonsils white," her disembodied voice urged. "Fill my belly with your seed! Claim my throat like you claimed my womb!"

Danny's vision whited out as his orgasm crashed through him like a freight train. With a hoarse shout, he exploded down Diane's gulping throat, flooding her mouth and stomach with what felt like gallons of thick, scalding cum.

Diane moaned rapturously around his erupting cock, swallowing convulsively as jet after jet of her son's essence poured directly into her belly. She could feel it sloshing heavily inside her, sating a deep, primal craving she hadn't even known she possessed until now.

Danny's release seemed to go on forever, his balls emptying what felt like a swimming pool of spunk down his mother's working throat. Diane took it all with gluttonous hunger, determined to milk every last drop. She wanted to be marked, inside and out, with the proof of her complete submission to her virile son.

Finally, Danny slumped back, utterly spent, his softening cock slipping from Diane's bruised lips with a wet pop. She lapped at his tender tip, cleaning him reverently as aftershocks twitched through his muscular frame.

"Jesus Mom," the teen panted, threading his fingers through her hair. "That was...unreal. I've never cum so hard in my life."

Diane glowed with feminine pride, licking her shiny lips. She rose fluidly and draped her body along Danny's, rubbing sensuously against him like a cat. Her fertile belly pressed to his abs, full and sloshing with his seed.

"We're just getting started, lover," she purred, nibbling his jaw. "Now that I've had a taste, I'm gonna be insatiable. Gonna milk this magnificent cock every chance I get."

Danny growled his approval, grabbing her plump ass and grinding his reawakening erection against her slick folds. "You're playing with fire, Mom," he warned darkly. "I won't be able to control myself around you now. Gonna want to bend you over and fuck you every time Dad's back is turned."

"Good," Diane breathed, eyes glittering with wicked promise. "I don't want you to control yourself. I want you feral... desperate for me. I want us both half-mad with forbidden lust."

She reached between them to stroke his rapidly hardening shaft, thrilling at his answering groan. "You've ruined me for your father with this huge cock. I'm yours now, baby. Your cock-hungry mommy slut."

Danny snarled his possession, flipping his mom onto her back in the dewy grass and pinning her wrists above her head. With a savage thrust, he hilted himself in her soaked, clinging heat. "MINE!" he rasped against her mouth, then fused his lips to hers for a tongue-tangling kiss.

The boy quickly discovered one of the best features of the NeuroLink - the ability to override normal physical limitations and fuck with tireless stamina for as long as he desired. His virtual cock remained raging hard, pulsing with endless virility no matter how many times he came.

He put this enhanced prowess to good use, plowing into Diane's juicy cunt with machine-like precision for hours on end. The sultry night air echoed with the crude slap of flesh on flesh and their ecstatic moans as son relentlessly bred mother in every position imaginable.

On her back with ankles by her ears, from behind like rutting animals, bouncing in his lap - Danny contorted Diane's curvy body into a host of debauched configurations as he pounded her married pussy into submission. Her plush thighs locked around his pistoning hips, heels drumming his flexing ass as she urged him deeper, harder.

"Yes, yes, fuck me forever!" Diane babbled, blissed out on cock and the obscene depravity of their coupling. "Ruin me with that huge dick! Fuck our baby into me!"

Danny obliged with savage glee, jackhammering up into her cervix, feeling it flutter and kiss his tip. Diane came over and over on his tireless cock, gushing and squirting like a broken faucet. Her body quaked unceasingly with pleasure, nerves firing with supernatural ecstasy.

Sometime in the pre-dawn hours, Danny rolled his mom on top of him, hands cupping her jiggling ass as she rode him wildly. Her colossal tits swung like wrecking balls, slapping his face with each undulation of her wide hips. He motorboated her cleavage sloppily, licking up the sweat that trickled between her heaving mounds.

"Gonna cum in you one last time," Danny grunted, pistoning up into Diane's clasp heat with blurring intensity. "Flood this cunt with so much fucking cum!"

"Yes, breed Mommy!" Diane keened, head thrown back in abandon as she impaled herself on his jackhammering cock. "I want it, gimme your seed! Knock me uuuuuup!"

Danny roared like a charging bull as he exploded inside Diane for the fourth time that night, hosing what felt like buckets of jizz directly into her spasming womb. It erupted from her plugged cunt in frothy waves, splattering their thrashing bodies.

Diane shrieked her own release, every atom of her being electrified, blinded by the force of her climax. Her cunt rippled violently along Danny's spurting length, milking out every drop of his inhuman load. She collapsed on top of him in a boneless, mewling heap as spunk gushed out around his embedded cock.

With a final shuddering groan, Danny and Diane's minds reluctantly disengaged from the neural link, their virtual paradise fading away as consciousness returned to the physical plane.

Diane blinked rapidly, her senses recalibrating to the dimly lit home office. She sat up gingerly on the couch, wincing at the tender ache between her thighs. Gingerly removing the NeuroLink headset, she gasped at the state of her body.

Her silk nightgown was plastered to her curves, drenched in sweat. The crotch was soaked through, fused to her puffy, throbbing sex. Looking down, Diane realized with shock that she was sitting in a puddle of her own juices, the damning fluid seeping into the couch cushions.

"Oh my god," she breathed, marveling at the volume of liquid. Even though their coupling had occurred in the virtual realm, it seemed her body had responded to every intense orgasm, gushing out the phantom results of their extended fuck session.

Diane felt almost drunk on endorphins, her nerves still singing from the supernatural ecstasy Danny had wrung from her again and again. She knew she should be horrified by how completely she had succumbed to her base urges, rutting with her own son like a bitch in heat for hours on end. But all she could feel was sated bliss and an insatiable craving for more.

Glancing at the clock, she realized it was nearly 4am. She'd been mind-linked with Danny all night, abandoning her marital bed to engage in vivid virtual incest until the wee hours of the morning. What kind of debauched nympho was she turning into?

Diane knew she needed to clean up the extremely incriminating evidence of her depravity before her husband or other children awoke. On trembling legs, she peeled off her ruined nightgown and gingerly made her way to the hall bathroom.

Turning the shower on full blast, she stepped under the scalding spray, hissing as the water sluiced over her sensitized flesh. She was still buzzing all over from Danny's phantom caresses, her engorged nipples and clit tender from the prolonged worship.

As she mechanically soaped her body, Diane marveled at the realistic intensity of the NeuroLink encounter. Every touch, every kiss, every mighty thrust of Danny's virtual cock had felt indistinguishable from actual penetration. Her pussy was swollen and tender as if she really had been pounded for hours.

Diane shuddered, recalling the exquisite sensation of Danny's cum flooding her so many times, seeding her unprotected womb again and again. In the throes of passion, she had begged him to impregnate her, to make her belly swell with their forbidden child.

Days later, Diane lay quivering on her marital bed, her face buried in the pillow to muffle her ecstatic moans as Danny's muscular body blanketed hers from behind. His hips pistoned with machine-like precision, driving his massive cock deep into her welcoming depths again and again.

"Take it Mom, take my seed," Danny grunted, punctuating each word with a powerful thrust. His heavy balls slapped obscenely against her engorged clit with every plunge, sending sparks of electric bliss firing through her nerves.

Diane pushed her plump ass back to meet his strokes, the lewd smack of sweaty flesh on flesh echoing in the room. Her butt cheeks rippled and her pussy squelched noisily around his pile-driving cock, sloppy and loose from the prolonged, vigorous fucking.

Danny had snuck into her bed the second his father left for work and siblings for school, pouncing on her dozing form like a ravenous beast. He had shredded her flimsy nightgown and mounted her from behind, splitting her open on his steely girth before she was even fully awake.

Not that Diane was complaining. She had quickly surrendered to the exquisite invasion, arching her back and spreading her thighs wantonly to give her horny son unfettered access to her body.

"Yes baby, breed Mommy!" she babbled, fingers clawing the sheets as the pressure built inexorably in her core. "Fill me up! Put our forbidden baby in my belly!"

Despite the surreal intensity of their psychic coupling through the NeuroLink, nothing compared to the raw, primal bliss of actual skin-on-skin mating. The solid heat of Danny's flesh, the musky scent of his sweat, the delicious stretch and drag of his cock plumbing her married depths - it was pure Nirvana.

Danny let loose an animalistic growl, increasing the force and tempo of his thrusts. Diane could feel his cock swelling impossibly larger inside her, the flared head battering her cervix like a ram. His strokes grew sloppy and arrhythmic, signaling his impending release.

"Gonna...ungh...pump you full," he panted harshly in her ear, teeth latching onto her shoulder. "Flood this pussy with cum...mmp...paint your fucking womb!"

Diane keened gutturally, her body seizing up as her climax crashed over her like a tidal wave. Every muscle locked tight and then convulsed wildly, her pussy clamping down on Danny's pile-driving cock like a silken vice. A geyser of girl cum spurted out around his sawing girth, soaking the sheets beneath them.

At the same time, in the quivering darkness of Diane's fertile depths, a very different but no less momentous union was taking place. One of Danny's tenacious sperm, propelled by his powerful orgasmic contractions, fought its way through the tightly clenched muscles of her cervix.

With single-minded determination coded into its DNA, the aggressive little swimmer navigated the complex maze of her fallopian tubes, zeroing in on its target - the swollen, receptive egg that had dropped from Diane's ovary just hours before, primed and ready for fertilization.

In a microscopic explosion of chemical attraction, Danny's sperm penetrated the egg's outer membrane, fusing with it in an unstoppable spark of new life.

As Diane wailed and thrashed through the greatest climax of her life, her son's genetic material was weaving inextricably with her own, embarking on the miraculous process of cell division that would grow their forbidden love into an entire new human.

Above, Danny roared his own completion, slamming into Diane's rippling depths one final time. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged what felt like quarts of molten seed, flooding her unprotected womb in frothy waves.

Diane could feel his pulsing release painting her insides, the sheer volume of his emission making her already flat tummy swell. She undulated her hips, grinding her quivering sex against his erupting cock, milking him for every drop.

"Take it all," Danny grunted, fisting her hair and holding her in place as he spurting jet after thick jet into her fertile chalice. "Gonna make you so fucking pregnant, Mom. Breed you over and over till you're swollen with my babies."

Diane mewled deliriously, utterly blissed out on cock and the perverse thrill of her son potently seeding her married cunt. Any lingering shreds of guilt or propriety had been fucked into oblivion, drowned beneath the tide of illicit pleasure only Danny could give her.

"I'm yours," she slurred, pussy still fluttering and milking his embedded cock. "Your mommy breeding slut. Knock me up, baby. Wanna be round with your cum, our secret baby. We'll fuck every day, keep me constantly full and pregnant."

Danny growled his approval, rolling them onto their sides without disengaging, spooning Diane's sweaty, spunk-drenched body against him possessively. His big hands roamed the lush landscape of her curves, cupping the heavy globes of her breasts, palming her quivering belly where even now, their forbidden child was beginning its journey from zygote to fetus.

The months passed in a haze of forbidden bliss for Diane and Danny as they continued their secret, passionate affair right under her oblivious husband's nose. At every opportunity - while he was at work, late at night, on weekends when the other kids were occupied - the incestuous lovers stole heated trysts, rutting like animals.

Diane's body blossomed with the new life growing inside her, her pregnant curves becoming more lush and exaggerated by the day. By the start of her second trimester, her already huge breasts had ballooned to ridiculous proportions, swelling with milk for her unborn child. The heavy globes strained against her shirts, nipples constantly erect and leaking. Her cleavage was so deep and vast, Danny loved burying his face between her giant, pillowy tits and motorboating them wildly.

Her belly grew round and taut, stretching far out in front of her, the skin thinning until her popped out navel and the dark line bisecting her midsection were clearly visible. When the doctor informed Diane she was carrying not one but two babies, twin boys, she and Danny shared a conspiratorial grin, perversely delighted by their virility.

Danny loved caressing and kissing her swollen tummy, crooning possessively to his unborn sons, "That's right, Daddy's here. You just keep growing big and strong in there, filling Mommy up."

The bigger Diane got, the hornier she became, her sensitive body constantly aroused. Her pussy was perpetually wet and swollen, aching to be filled. She jumped Danny at every chance, rubbing her massive belly and leaking tits against him, begging to be mounted and bred over and over.

Danny was only too happy to oblige his pregnant mom. He bent her over the kitchen counters while his dad watched TV in the next room, plowing into her sloppy cunt hard and fast, gritting out filthy encouragement. "Milk my cock with that greedy hole. Gonna keep you barefoot and pregnant, Mom. Constantly knocked up with my seed."

Even when her belly grew so huge she could no longer see her own feet, they found creative positions to fuck in - Diane on her side or hands and knees, Danny taking her from behind, hands gripping her wide hips as he pile-drove into her. The bigger she got, the more Danny craved her, addicted to her ripe, fertility.

Diane and Danny continued their illicit affair behind closed doors, concocting more and more elaborate lies to steal private time together. Even as her belly grew massive with Danny's twin sons and her breasts swelled to obscene proportions, Diane's sexual appetite remained insatiable.

They snuck off to fuck at every opportunity. Danny bent her over the washing machine, plowing into her from behind as the vibrations stimulated her engorged clit. He fingered her to messy orgasms in the pantry while the family ate dinner in the next room, her pregnant belly bumping the shelves.

In the garage, Diane rode him in the backseat of the car, her gravid tummy and gigantic, milk-leaking tits bouncing lewdly.

Danny latched to her swollen teat, stretching the rubbery nub deep into his mouth until his lips nearly reached the fringes of her areola. Tit-honey burst from her mammary-ducts, pouring down his greedy throat as he pushed his face deep into the meat of her giant globular mound.

"Honey, why are you and Danny spending so much time alone together lately?" her husband asked one evening, brow furrowed. He knew of the growing craze of mom-son passion, but never in a million years did he think his loving wife and barely-legal son would be engaged in such taboo conduct.

"Oh, um, Danny is teaching me tai chi!" Diane lied glibly, rubbing her swollen belly. "It's supposed to be excellent for staying limber during pregnancy. But I get self-conscious doing the poses in front of anyone else."

Her husband nodded, easily accepting the fib. "Ah, that makes sense. I'm glad you two are finding hobbies to share."

Diane hid a wicked smirk, knowing the only "pose" she'd been holding for hours that day was bent over Danny's bed while her son reamed her pregnant pussy and filled her with yet another massive load.

As her due date approached, Diane waddled around the house in stretchy yoga pants and her husband's old button-down shirts, the only things that fit her enormous, hyper-fertile body now. Her gait had become a rolling, hip-swinging sashay, her heavy belly preceding her.

Danny watched her hungrily, permanently hard in his pants. He pounced every time they had a moment alone, pinning her against the nearest surface and sheathing his aching cock in her sloppy cunt.

"Getting...unf...so fucking big..." he grunted one afternoon as he took her from behind, hands gripping her absurdly wide hips as he slammed into her. "Gonna...ugh yeah...pop any day now..."

"Mmmh, yes!" Diane mewled, bracing her hands on the washing machine and pushing back into his hard thrusts. "Knock up your mommy again as soon as these two are out! Wanna be...oooh fuck...constantly pregnant with your babies!"

"Fuuuuck," Danny groaned, emptying his balls into her fluttering depths at the thought, his release jetting against the crowning heads of his unborn sons.

Danny was utterly enraptured by his mother's hyper-fertile body. He couldn't keep his hands off her, fondling her massive tits and pregnant belly at every opportunity. The sight of her ripe curves, knowing he had planted his seed inside her, drove him wild with lust.

He took every chance to bend her over the nearest surface and mount her from behind, pounding into her juicy pregnant pussy. Diane was insatiable, her body perpetually aroused and aching to be filled by her virile son. She ground her massive ass back against him, begging to be bred over and over.

"That's it, fuck Mommy's pregnant cunt!" she would moan wantonly as he slammed into her. "Fill me up with more of your potent cum! Wanna be constantly knocked up with your babies!"

Danny would groan and oblige, pumping massive loads into her greedy hole, feeling his own sons nudge against his cockhead through the thin barrier of her cervix. The lewd depravity of it only made him harder, drove him to fuck her more savagely.

In the final days before her due date, Danny made a scandalous suggestion. "I've been thinking about that Taboo Cocoon place we saw advertised," he murmured to his mom conspiratorially one day, hands roaming her rounded curves. "What do you say we check it out before the twins arrive? One last hurrah while you're still pregnant?"

Diane bit her lip, heart racing at the naughty idea. She had overheard the other soccer moms raving about the erotic bonding pods, how it took the mother-son intimacy to a whole new level.

"I don't know, baby..." she hedged breathlessly, even as her pussy clenched with want. "Is it safe in my condition?"

"The pods are totally calibrated to support pregnant users," Danny assured her, nibbling her ear. "Think how amazing it will feel, our naked bodies floating weightlessly together, the gel enhancing every touch and sensation."

Diane shivered, resolve crumbling. The idea was just too wickedly tempting. "Okay," she agreed, voice husky. "Let's do it. I wanna give you an experience you'll never forget before I deliver our sons."

Danny grinned wolfishly, hands tightening on her hips. "Oh, it'll be unforgettable alright. I'm going to make such filthy love to you in that pod, Mom. Gonna make you scream."

On the day of their appointment at the Taboo Cocoon, Diane and Danny could barely contain their excitement and nervous anticipation. They concocted a flimsy excuse about a prenatal spa day and set off, pulses racing.

Stepping into the plush, dimly lit reception area was like entering another world - sensual ambient music played while erotic holographic art flickered on the walls, depicting artful scenes of nude couples entwined.

An attendant wearing a discreet chrome bodysuit greeted them warmly. "Welcome. You must be Diane and Danny. We have the deluxe bonding pod prepared for you."

She ushered them down a hushed hallway to a private suite. In the center of the room was the pod itself - a huge, opaque ovoid that looked like a cross between an egg and a spaceship. Soft bioluminescent light emitted from within, pulsing gently.

"Please disrobe fully and place your garments in the vaporizing unit," the attendant instructed before politely averting her gaze. "You may enter the pod when the light turns green. The bonding cycle will initiate automatically and last for one hour. Enjoy your journey." With a final knowing smile, she exited.

Diane and Danny undressed with trembling fingers, stealing heated glances at each other's nude bodies. Diane felt hugely pregnant and awkward next to Danny's lean muscular form, but the raw lust in his gaze as he ogled her gravid curves quickly burned away any self-consciousness.

"God, you're a fucking fertility goddess," Danny rasped, watching her milk-laden tits wobble deliciously as he helped her waddle to the pod. The aperture dilated open, beckoning them into the gelatinous interior.

Diane shivered as she stepped over the lip, sinking into the warm, weightless suspension of the thick gel. It enveloped her sensitive body like a lover's caress, conforming to every curve and fold. Danny joined her, pulling her close as the aperture sealed shut with a hermetic hiss, cocooning them in the womblike pod.

A melodic chime sounded and the bioluminescence intensified to a throbbing glow. Diane gasped as the first tingle of heightened sensation shivered across her nerves, every inch of her skin blossoming to sensitivity. Suddenly, she was aware of the gel itself almost as another entity - a semi-sentient conduit amplifying and transmitting tactile information, like a liquid erogenous zone.

Danny groaned, the sound echoing in the close confines as he felt it too. His hands glided over Diane's slick curves, the thick gel transmitting the sensation, making it feel like he was caressing her everywhere at once. She undulated against him, the pod supporting her gravid weight effortlessly.

Diane felt every nerve ending ignite as Danny's hands roamed her slippery pregnant body, the gel amplifying each caress into pure ecstasy. His fingers traced reverently over the taut drum of her massive belly, dipped into her aching navel, swirled around her hyper-sensitized nipples. Pleasure crackled across her skin like electricity.

She mewled into his mouth, arching wantonly, the gel supporting her gravid weight like amniotic fluid. Her own hands explored the sculpted planes of Danny's back and ass, relishing the flex of his muscles, the smooth glide of his young flesh.

Danny's rigid cock prodded urgently against the swooping underside of her big belly. Diane reached between them to stroke his slick length, shuddering at the heat and heft of him. He felt hugely engorged in her grip, pulsing with virile need.

"Please..." Diane keened breathlessly, guiding him to her weeping entrance. "I need you inside me. Need to feel you moving in our special place..."

Danny groaned harshly, notching his flared head into her folds, feeling her flanges lick his tender glans. With a slow, deliberate flex of his hips, he sheathed himself fully in her molten depths.

They both cried out at the intensity of his penetration, the liquid gel seeming to penetrate them too, connecting them on a cellular level. It felt like he was embedded in her very marrow, fused to her soul.

"Fuck...Mom..." Danny grunted, withdrawing until just the tip remained inside, then gliding back in with excruciating slowness. The drag of his thick length along her fluttering walls was indescribable, every sensitive nerve sparking. "You feel...unreal..."

Diane could only mewl incoherently, undulating her hips in languid counterpoint, letting him fill her again and again. The weightless environment allowed them to move with boneless grace, their bodies finding an easy primal rhythm as old as time.

Danny's cock plunged into her rippling channel in fluid strokes, stirring the gel inside her, making it lap at her quivering womb. His heavy balls, pulled up tight and bulging with seed, nudged against the engorged bud of her clit on every thrust, sending sizzling bolts of bliss shooting up her spine.

She clung to his flexing ass, urging him deeper, grinding the dense mound of her pubic bone against him. Her ankles locked at the small of his back, opening herself completely to his possession.

Her colossal breasts, leaking a steady stream of pearlescent milk, glided slickly against his chest as they rocked in sensual tandem.

Danny buried his face in the fragrant valley of her cleavage, motorboating her slippery mammaries. He captured one fat, elongated nipple in his mouth and suckled ravenously as warm sweet milk flooded his throat. He gulped her essence down greedily, relishing the intimate nectar. His tongue swirled around the fat nub, teasing out gush after gush.

"Yes baby, drink Mommy's milk," Diane encouraged breathlessly, holding his head to her breast. Ecstasy spiraled through her as he drained her heavy udders with ravenous pulls, sending zings of pleasure-pain straight to her throbbing clit.

The pod pulsed with bioluminescent light in time to their rocking bodies, seeming to sync with their rising pleasure. The gel around them thickened and warmed, rolling over their sensitive skin like a thousand questing tongues. It lapped at Diane's painfully erect nipples, tickled her straining clit, probed the tight pucker of her anus.

Danny groaned around his mouthful of tit as the semi-sentient liquid caressed his churning balls and stroked his pistoning cock, adding delicious friction. It felt like the pod was an extension of their bodies, heightening and echoing back every exquisite sensation.

"Oh god, oh fuck," Diane babbled, head thrashing mindlessly as Danny increased the force and tempo of his thrusts. His powerful boy-cock was anchored by straining muscles and tendons at its root, trapping the blood in his erectile chambers, making his cock seem like a hot steel rod plowing through his mom's birthing tunnel.

The bulbous head of his cock was butting rhythmically against her cervix, nudging the squirming bodies of their unborn sons. "Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder! Breed me, fill me up! I'm so close!"

Danny released her nipple with a wet pop, shifting his grip under her knees to spread her thighs wider, tilting her pelvis up. He snarled as he began to pound into her, their flesh smacking obscenely in the tight confines.

"Gonna...ugh...flood this pregnant pussy..." he grunted savagely. "Pump you so full of cum...make you fucking overflow...unngh yeah take it, take my seed!"

Diane screamed as her boy carved the cream right from her core and an orgasm slammed into her, every cell in her body igniting with rapture. Her cunt spasmed violently, milking Danny's cock for all she was worth.

The pod pulsed faster around them, the glow intensifying to a blinding crescendo, the gel seeming to vibrate with their shared ecstasy.

At the same moment, Danny bellowed like a rutting beast, slamming into her one last time. His cock kicked and swelled as he unleashed a torrent of molten seed directly into her rippling womb. Diane could feel his potent essence bathing her quivering walls, flooding her already-occupied womb to overflowing.

Danny and Diane clung to each other as the pod shivered with the aftershocks of their cosmic climax, their sweaty bodies still joined, Danny's cock pulsing weakly inside her. Pearlescent cum seeped out around his softening shaft, mingling with the translucent gel.

Diane panted harshly, her mind reeling as she tried to process the staggering force of her release. It had felt like every pleasure center in her brain detonated at once, a full-body rapture more intense than anything she'd ever experienced. For a blinding, transcendent instant, the boundaries between her and Danny had dissolved completely - they were one ecstatic consciousness, all barriers stripped away.

"Baby..." she breathed, voice hitching with emotion. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes. "That was..."

"I know," Danny rasped, equally shaken. He cupped her face tenderly, thumbing away her tears. "I felt it too. Like our souls merged."

Diane nodded, swallowing around the lump in her throat. Something profound had shifted between them in the throes of their passion, the taboo nature of their bond transmuting into something sacred and beautiful. She felt cracked open, stripped bare, but also deeply cherished and understood.

Danny captured her lips in a soft, reverent kiss, pouring all his love and devotion into the contact. Diane melted into him, surrendering completely. They floated contentedly in the warm embrace of the pod, still intimately connected, savoring the afterglow.

Some indeterminate time later, the bioluminescent glow gradually faded and a chime sounded, signaling the end of the bonding session. The aperture dilated open with a gentle hiss of hydraulics. Reality seeped back in.

Reluctantly, Danny and Diane disentangled their twined limbs and slipped out of the pod, the cool air prickling their gel-slicked skin. Diane shivered at the loss of connection, feeling strangely bereft without Danny inside her. She cradled her huge belly protectively.

Attendants materialized to usher them into separate cleansing rooms equipped with high-tech decontamination showers and heated vaporizing units for drying off.

Still dazed from the intensity of their experience, Diane stood under the warm spray in a kind of fugue state, watching the shimmery residue of the bonding gel (and Danny's cum) sluice off her gravid body and swirl down the drain.

She rubbed her fetus-swollen tummy absently, marveling at how it had expanded even further with the massive load Danny had pumped into her. The skin was stretched drum-tight, veins spiderwebbing the surface. Her popped navel protruded obscenely and she could feel the twins squirming and kicking, agitated by their father's invading semen.

Two days after their transcendent bonding experience at the Taboo Cocoon, Diane went into labor. Her water broke in a gush as she was waddling to the kitchen, and powerful contractions seized her entire midsection.

"It's time!" she gasped out to her shocked family, clutching her massive belly. "The babies are coming!"

Danny and his father sprang into action, grabbing the pre-packed hospital bags and ushering Diane carefully to the hover-car. She panted and groaned through the intensifying contractions, her pregnant body working hard to expel the twin lives from her straining womb.

At the hospital, Diane was whisked into the delivery room, her husband by her side coaching her as she pushed and strained. Danny waited anxiously outside, heart in his throat, knowing his sons were about to enter the world. After several intense hours, a baby's indignant wail pierced the air, followed shortly by another.

"Congratulations!" the doctor declared. "You have two healthy baby boys!"

Diane sobbed with relief and exhaustion as the squalling infants were placed on her chest, their little bodies still smeared with blood and vernix. She marveled at their red, scrunched up faces, their shock of dark hair so like Danny's. A profound love expanded in her chest, fiercer than anything she'd ever felt.

Her husband wept openly next to her, overcome with pride and joy. "Oh honey, look what we made! They're absolutely perfect!" He peppered her sweaty face with kisses. "I'm so proud of you. My beautiful, amazing wife."

Diane's throat closed with secret guilt even as she basked in the afterglow of the birth, knowing the babies in her arms had actually been fathered by her teenage son. She sent up a silent prayer of gratitude that the twins bore enough of a resemblance to her husband that his paternity wouldn't be questioned.

When Danny was finally allowed into the room to meet his new brothers, his eyes instantly welled up at the sight of the tiny bundles nestled in his mother's arms. His sons. His heart seized with a fierce protectiveness and affection he'd never imagined possible. In that moment, he knew he would die for them, kill for them. Anything to keep his new family safe.

Diane met his misty gaze, her own eyes telegraphing the magnitude of her emotions. The secret knowledge of their true connection to the babies lay thick and profound between them, binding them together irrevocably.

In the days that followed, as Diane recovered from the birth at home and learned to juggle two newborns, her husband remained oblivious to the new dynamics quietly taking shape in his household. He was thrilled to welcome the new additions, doting on the twins and marveling at how much they already took after Diane's side of the family.

He also noticed a new ring glittering on Diane's finger in place of her usual wedding band - an elegant platinum band set with a huge, sparkling emerald-cut diamond. "Honey, where did you get that stunning ring?" he asked one evening as they readied the twins for bed. "I don't remember your wedding ring having such a large stone."

Diane's heart stuttered, but she kept her face carefully neutral as she finished snapping the sleeper on one wriggling baby. "Oh this? It's just a push present I bought myself," she lied smoothly. "You know, a little gift to celebrate my body's amazing accomplishment. Every mom deserves something special after nine months of pregnancy and labor, don't you think?"

Her husband chuckled indulgently, bussing her cheek. "Well, you've certainly earned it, my love. Birthing not one but two strapping boys! I'm in awe of you. Wear it in good health."

Diane plastered on a bright smile, internally sighing with relief that he'd bought the fib. If only he knew the real significance of the ring - that it was an engagement band, a tangible symbol of the promise she'd made to Danny. A promise to love and cherish him always, to build a life and family together in secret.

Just the day prior, while her oblivious husband was at work, Danny had stunned Diane by dropping to one knee and pulling out the velvet ring box.

Tears had streamed down her face as he slid the ring onto her finger and declared his eternal devotion. "You're my soulmate, Mom," he'd vowed fervently. "The mother of my children. My past, my present, my future. Please say you'll be mine forever."

"Yes," Diane had sobbed joyously, flinging her arms around him. "A thousand times yes! I'm yours completely, baby. For always."

They'd sealed their forbidden betrothal with a passionate kiss and a hot fuck, pouring all their love into the nearly two-hour rut. Diane's heart had felt so full it ached, swelling with secret bliss.

Now, as she gazed down at her ill-gotten diamond, watching it sparkle in the nursery's soft light, Diane knew she should feel wracked with guilt for deceiving her husband so thoroughly. Her infidelity had reached new heights of treachery, accepting Danny's proposal while still married to his father.

But all she could feel was a bone-deep rightness, an unshakable conviction that she and Danny were meant to be together. He was her destiny, her bashert. The father of her children in all the ways that mattered.

As if sensing her thoughts, Danny appeared in the nursery doorway, shooting Diane a private, heated look as he crossed to peer at their sleeping sons.

The boy caught Diane's eye and motioned subtly towards the door with a tilt of his head. She nodded imperceptibly, heart rate kicking up. They had already informed her husband earlier that they would be going out for a bit to run some errands. He had agreed easily, happy to watch the twins for a few hours.

But the new parents had a far more scandalous destination in mind than the grocery store. Danny's friend Jasper had invited them to a clandestine gathering that evening - a neighborhood sex party specifically for mother-son couples. Jasper's busty blonde mother was hosting the taboo event at their house.

Diane's pussy clenched and flooded at the thought of the debauched festivities to come. The idea of openly fucking Danny in front of other incestuous lovers, of watching them rut with wild abandon, made her dizzy with illicit anticipation.

They quickly got the twins settled and said their goodbyes to her unsuspecting husband. Diane's body was already thrumming with need as they walked to the hover-car, her nipples straining against her blouse, her panties soaked through. She had to resist the urge to jump Danny right there in the driveway.

The short fly to Jasper's house passed in a haze of erotic tension, the air crackling with unspoken desires. Danny kept casting Diane smoldering glances, his hand creeping up her thigh to edge beneath the hem of her sundress. She parted her legs wantonly, panting as he brushed his fingers over the damp lace shielding her aching sex.

They arrived at the upscale suburban home, which looked totally innocuous from the outside. But when Jasper answered the door, the lewd sounds of ecstatic copulation poured out from inside. Feminine wails and masculine grunts, the rhythmic slap of naked flesh, the sloppy squelch of vigorous fucking.

"Hey guys, so glad you could make it!" Jasper greeted them with a knowing grin. Diane couldn't help but notice the impressive tent in his pants and the lurid hickies peppering his neck. "The party's in full swing."

Jasper led them down the hall towards the master bedroom, the crude symphony of sex growing louder. Diane's heart pounded wildly as they crossed the threshold into a scene straight out of a porno.

A massive, king-sized bed dominated the space, a writhing tangle of naked limbs and undulating bodies atop it. Everywhere Diane looked, she saw hot young sons vigorously fucking their wanton mothers.

Jasper's buxom mother Heather knelt in the center of the bed, her massive breasts swaying pendulously as she beckoned to Danny and Diane.

"Welcome, you two! Don't be shy, come join the fun!" She had to raise her voice to be heard over the DJ's thumping beats and the wanton moans of the fornicating couples.

Diane swallowed hard, taking in the sea of lewdly entwined naked bodies. Everywhere she looked, she saw handsome young sons vigorously fucking their hot moms, and many were mothers she recognized .

On one side of the bed, a strapping blond jock pile-drove into his brunette MILF mother from behind, huge hands gripping her meaty hips as he slammed into her. "Take it Mom, take my big cock!" he grunted.

The MILF pushed back to meet his thrusts, her giant tits swinging and jiggling. "Yes baby, pound Mommy's cunt!" she wailed. "Harder! Ruin me with that fat dick!" Their sweaty flesh slapped together obscenely.

Another mother-son pair was arranged in a 69, the MILF deep-throating her boy's impressive cock while he ate her neatly-trimmed pussy, his face glazed with her juices. "Mmmph, fuck, your mouth, so good, Mom!" the son groaned around his mouthful of cunt. "Gonna nut right down your throat!"

His mother responded by taking him to the root, nose buried in his pubes as she slurped and gagged on his thickness. Her head bobbed frantically between his spread thighs.

Jasper had already shucked his clothes and climbed onto the bed to join his mother. "C'mon on, guys, don't be wallflowers!" he called to Danny and Diane as he lined his rock-hard cock up with Heather's dripping slit from behind. "Plenty of room for everyone!" With that, he gripped his mom's ripe hips and plunged into her, grunting as her wet heat swallowed him whole.

Danny turned to Diane, eyes blazing with lust. "You heard him, Mom. Let's show these amateurs how it's done."

Diane's whole body flushed with arousal at his words, her pussy clenching hungrily. With trembling fingers, she stripped off her sundress, baring her ripe post-pregnancy curves to her son's avid gaze. Her huge, milk-swollen breasts spilled free, jutting proudly, the fat nipples already beading with cream. Stretch marks from carrying Danny's twins mapped her rounded tummy and wide hips.

"Fuck, so sexy," Danny groaned, shucking his own clothes hastily. His cock sprang out, thick and ruddy and already weeping at the tip.

Danny pulled Diane into a searing kiss, his tongue plundering her mouth as his hands roamed her lush curves greedily. Diane melted into him, moaning as he palmed her heavy breasts, thumbing the leaking nipples.

Breaking the kiss, the teen led his mom to the bed and they climbed on, finding an open spot amidst the fornicating couples. The naked MILF DJ grinned at them as she spun a sensual, bass-heavy tune. "Alright, all you hot moms," she purred into her mic. "Let's see you climb on those young steeds and rock those fucking birthing hips!"

On the DJ's cue, the moms cheered and the couples rearranged themselves into the scandalous position - sons flat on their backs with raging erections pointed skyward, mothers straddling them reverse cowgirl.

Diane felt a heady rush as she assumed the pose over Danny, reaching between her legs to grip his thick cock and notch the swollen head at her entrance.

Around them, the other busty MILFs were doing the same, sinking down onto their sons' straining poles with wanton moans. The wet, obscene sounds of penetration filled the room as pussy after hungry pussy swallowed cock to the root.

"Fuuuuck," Danny groaned as Diane's slick heat engulfed him, her massive ass and thighs jiggling as she hilted herself on his thickness. "Love your tight cunt, Mom. Gonna wreck you on this dick."

Diane mewled, tilting forward to brace her hands on his quads, tits swinging. She began to bounce on him in earnest, finding a rhythm with the DJ's dirty beats. All around her, the other MILFs were riding their sons' cocks with wild abandon, their massive jugs slapping lewdly.

The bass throbbed through the floorboards as the DJ worked her decks, spinning a raunchy club mix. "That's it, bounce those big mommy asses on those thick junior cocks!" she encouraged into the mic. "Milk those cum tanks dry, ladies!"

Diane lost herself in the filthy tableau, overwhelmed by sensation - Danny's steely hardness sawing in and out of her, the slap of her ass against his groin,

the squelch of her drooling cunt, the chorus of grunts and moans filling the room.

Jasper's mom Heather was riding her son reverse cowgirl right next to Diane, her huge creamy ass rippling with each slam of her hips. "Oooh baby, you're so deep in Mommy!" she keened. "Fuck me, breed me hard! I need your cum!"

Jasper pistoned up into her, powerful thighs flexing. "Shit yeah, Mom, gonna hose your cunt!" he snarled.

Danny and Jasper shared a conspiratorial grin over their mothers' shoulders, taking in the incredible view. Everywhere they looked were huge, gravity-defying tits bouncing wildly, the nipples engorged and leaking. Massive, creamy bubble butts jiggled and rippled hypnotically as the MILFs rode their sons' cocks with wanton abandon.

Several of the mothers were visibly pregnant, their swollen bellies preceding them as they fucked. One particularly buxom blonde was massively round with child, looking ready to pop at any moment. But that didn't slow her down one bit as she impaled herself on her son's veiny shaft, moaning like a whore.

"Ungh, fuck, your pregnant pussy feels so good squeezing my cock, Mom!" her son grunted, gripping her wide hips as she ground herself on him. "Can't wait to keep you knocked up, constantly full of my seed!"

The expecting MILF tossed her head back in ecstasy, tits wobbling. "Yes! I'm your personal breeding cow, baby! Pump me full over and over!"

Danny groaned at the raunchy exchange, his cock swelling even thicker inside Diane's hot passage. "Shit that's hot," he panted. "Love watching you take my cock, Mom. Fucking own this cunt."

Diane whimpered, undulating her wide ass back against him, relishing the feel of his bulky cockhead kissing her cervix on every thrust. Her pussy was making the most obscene squelching noises as he plundered her, drooling liberally around his girth, frothing their juices.

On Danny's other side, a statuesque black MILF was bouncing feverishly atop her son's huge chocolate cock, her inky hair wild about her face. "Oooh baby, stuff Mama full of that big black meat!" she wailed. "Wreck my shit!"

Her son arched beneath her, dark skin gleaming with sweat. "Take this dick," he growled. "Milk me with that tight cunt, Ma! Ungh, yeah!"

The naked DJ surveyed the sea of writhing bodies, the air thick with the musk of sex. "Marvelous form, lovers!" she praised. "Now let's see some cum! Paint those mommy pussies white, boys! Fill those mature wombs to the brim!"

"Give me your seed, baby!" Heather begged Jasper. "I need it so bad! Knock me up again!"

Jasper pistoned into her, balls slapping her taint. "Fuck, gonna cum!" he roared as his cock erupted, hosing his mother's spasming cunt with huge spurts of semen.

Danny roared as his orgasm overtook him, slamming up into Diane's rippling depths one final time. His cock jerked and pulsed as it disgorged a huge load directly into her womb, the thick ropes of cum splashing her inner walls. "Fuck yes, take my seed!" he growled, grinding against her cervix. "Milk it all out!"

Diane wailed as she came on his erupting cock, her pussy clamping down and milking him for all he was worth. Ecstasy crashed through her as she felt her son's potent semen flooding her unprotected depths, seeding her ripe body.

All around them, the other sons were climaxing inside their mothers' hot passages, bellowing their rapture. Jasper gripped his mom's meaty hips, holding her in place as he emptied his balls into her, painting her womb white.

The pregnant blonde bounced in abandon atop her son, gasping as he pumped what had to be a gallon of spunk into her already-occupied belly.

"Fuuuuck!" the black stud grunted, cock pulsing as he hosed his mama's tight cunt with jet after thick jet of cum. Her massive cocoa ass jiggled as she ground herself back on him, wringing out every drop.

For a long moment, the only sounds were heavy breathing and the obscene squelch of cum-flooded pussies still lazily fucking, slick with seed.

Diane collapsed back against Danny's sweaty chest, shuddering with aftershocks. She could feel his release seeping out around his semi-hard cock, their combined juices pooling on the sheets.

The naked DJ spoke into the mic, her voice husky. "Goddamn, that was hot as fuck! You mother fuckers really know how to breed!" She grinned lasciviously at the sweaty, panting couples. "But we're just getting started. Time to fuck like the wild animals you are! Sons, throw your mommas on their backs and rut into them like the beasts in heat you are!"

Diane yelped as her son suddenly flipped her onto her back, never pulling out. He loomed over her, green eyes blazing with feral lust. Grabbing her thick thighs, he pressed them back towards her shoulders, folding her nearly in half, her dripping cunt completely exposed to his hungry gaze.

"Gonna ruin this pussy," he rumbled before crashing his mouth to hers in a brutal kiss. Then he drew his hips back and slammed home, crushing her open and vulnerable beneath him.

Diane shrieked into his mouth as he set a punishing pace, fucking into her like a jackhammer, like a wild animal possessed. The bed shook with the force of his thrusts, the headboard slamming the wall.

All around them, the other sons mounted their mothers in the primal mating press position, muscular bodies pinning soft feminine curves. The slap of flesh and ecstatic cries grew louder and more frenzied as the incestuous couples rutted with wild abandon.

Danny hammered into Diane's upturned pussy, glutes flexing powerfully as he split her open again and again on his thick cock. The angle allowed him to penetrate impossibly deep, his heavy balls smacking her ass with every savage thrust.

"Take it Mom, take your son's cock!" he snarled, gripping her folded thighs hard enough to bruise. "This cunt belongs to me!"

Diane could only keen mindlessly, surrendering utterly to his brutal possession. She was delirious with the carnal bliss of being pinned and ravaged by her virile son, his weight and heat blanketing her trembling body.

Beside them, Jasper was pile-driving into his mother Heather, their bodies rocking violently as he pounded her. "Gonna fuck you pregnant, Mom!" he grunted, huge hands mauling her giant tits as they jiggled. "Pump my kids into this belly!"

"Yes, yes, breed me!" Heather wailed, eyes rolling back in her head. "I'm your fertile fuck cow! Ahhh!" Her massive udders sprayed milk with every body-jarring impact of Jasper's hips.

The massively pregnant blonde MILF was getting absolutely destroyed by her son's jackhammering cock, her swollen stomach heaving between them. "Oooh fuck, you're so deep in Mommy's pussy!" she babbled. "Stirring up your babies in there! Gonna make me pop!"

Her son groaned savagely, pistoning into her gravid cunt with a manic intensity. "Shit yeah, gonna fuck these kids outta you, then put more in you," he panted. "Keep you pregnant and dripping with my seed!"

Diane lost herself in the depravity, in the exquisite submission of being taken so brutally by her own son amidst the orgy of incestuous couples. Nothing existed but Danny's thick cock splitting her open, his teenage virility, his utter domination of her body.

She could feel another huge orgasm building, her engorged clit grinding against Danny's pelvis with every punishing drive of his hips. Her cunt squelched obscenely, gushing around his plundering shaft, sloppy with his cum and her arousal.

"Gonna...ungh...fucking... knock you up again!" Danny punctuated each word with a savage thrust. "Breed you over and over...ahh fuck... till you're too old to have my babies!"

Soon the bedroom erupted into a deafening chorus of climaxing mothers as orgasms ripped through their sweat-slicked bodies in unison. Voluptuous flesh jiggled and bounced violently as the women thrashed beneath their pile-driving sons, completely consumed by the overwhelming pleasure.

"AHHH FUCK, I'M CUMMMING!" Diane shrieked, back arching almost painfully as her release detonated deep in her core. Her cunt spasmed wildly around Danny's pistoning cock, rippling along his length, trying to milk him. Juices gushed out around his hammering girth, splashing their sweat-drenched skin.

Beside them, Heather let out a guttural wail as she succumbed to her own shattering climax. "OHHH GODDDD YESSS! BREED MOMMY'S CUNT!" Her massive tits heaved and bounced, spraying milk everywhere as Jasper fucked her through her orgasm. Ropes of the creamy liquid painted his chest and face as he rutted into her wildly.

The heavily pregnant blonde came with a breathy scream, her massively swollen belly quivering between her and her son as he pounded her ruthlessly. "UNNNGH FUCK, KNOCK UP YOUR PREGNANT MOMMA!" Clear fem-cum squirted from her stretched pink hole with the force of a geyser, hosing her son's pistoning abs and groin, soaking the bed.

All around the room, the other busty MILF moms were shuddering and thrashing through intense orgasms, their giant tits rippling like fleshy earthquakes. Ecstatic cries and the filthy wet sounds of pussies gushing filled the sex-scented air.

The stench of cum, sweat and breastmilk was overpowering as the sons fucked their mothers through the toe-curling peaks. Brawny male bodies slammed into soft, abundant female curves with a ferocity bordering on violence, determined to wring every last tremor of pleasure from their climaxing mothers.

Diane clutched at Danny's flexing ass, nails scoring his pumping glutes as she sobbed and convulsed helplessly through the devastating waves of rapture crashing over her.

Her clit pulsed almost painfully as it ground against his pubic bone, extending her release. Gouts of milky tit-juice sprayed from her huge, bouncing jugs, painting Danny's face and chest.

"Mmmph, fuck YEAH!" Danny growled, licking her breastmilk from his lips as he pistoned into her quivering sheath frantically. "Milk my cock, Mom! Gonna fill this pussy up again! Unghhh...here it...fucking...COMES!!"

With a bellow of pure male triumph, Danny slammed into Diane's upturned pussy one final time, crushing her cervix with his swollen cockhead. His shaft pulsed and jerked violently as he exploded, sending torrential jets of hot, viscous seed spurting directly into her welcoming womb.

Inside the tight, quivering confines of Diane's vagina, the spongy head of Danny's ejaculating penis was engulfed by her soft, yielding cervix. The little os had fluttered open like a hungry mouth, utterly submitting to its incestuous invader.

As Danny's thick cum-vein pulsed and throbbed, pumping out load after heavy load, veritable rivers of potent semen gushed from his dilated slit. The gooey ropes sprayed Diane's rippling vaginal walls, splattering her buttery inner flesh with pearly spunk.

Diane's vaginal muscles spasmed wildly, constricting and rippling along Danny's erupting length. Her muscular canal undulated like a fist milking his cock, wringing out every drop of his massive emission. Her slick inner ridges fluttered and squeezed, massaging his throbbing shaft from base to tip.

Danny's cockhead flared impossibly wider, turning spongy and overly sensitized as it disgorged its heavy load. The bulbous glans pulsed rhythmically, kiss-suctioned to Diane's grasping cervical os, fusing their flesh as one. Scalding jizz geysered from his dilated slit, painting her cervical crypts, pressure-hosing her womb.

At the same time, Diane's pussy convulsed hard, the little bundle of nerves at the apex of her slit sparking with blinding pleasure. Clear ejaculate

gushed from her urethra, mingling with Danny's cloudy semen, frothing their combined fluids to a creamy lather.

Her cunt gushed around his pulsing shaft, sluicing his balls and groin with her cum-fluids, further lubricating the slick slide of his pistoning cock. Her juices flowed hot and fast, rivulets running down the crack of her ass, soaking the sheets beneath them.

Diane's womb fluttered and twitched as it was flooded with her son's hyper-fertile seed, millions of his robust swimmers surging into her unprotected depths. Her recently post-partum uterus, still soft and vascular, welcomed his potent cum, greedy for another pregnancy.

Danny groaned savagely as he emptied his heavy balls into his mother's spasming pussy, his cock pulsing over and over, pumping her full to overflowing. He could feel her womb bloating with his sperm, her flat belly swelling with his virile load.

As the final shuddering tremors of ecstasy faded, the mothers and sons collapsed into a sweaty, satiated tangle of flesh on the rumpled bed, their limbs entwined.

Heaving chests pressed together, racing pulses gradually slowing. The air was thick with the musk of sex - cum, pussy juices, sweat and breastmilk mingling into a potent, dizzying perfume.

Danny and Diane lay in a blissful stupor, his softening cock still buried in her flooded pussy, their bodies sheened with the evidence of their depraved coupling. Diane's huge, milk-drenched tits pillowed Danny's head as he panted into her neck, recovering his breath.

On the bed around them, the other incestuous couples were sprawled in similar states of exhausted rapture. Jasper lay between his mom Heather's splayed thighs, his muscular back rising and falling with each heaving breath.

Heather idly stroked his damp hair, a dreamy smile on her face, heedless of the copious jizz oozing out of her well-fucked cunt.

The pregnant blonde rested her hands atop her massive baby bump, marveling at how it had swelled even more with the sheer volume of cum her son had pumped into her. His softening cock slipped out of her stretched hole with a wet plop, followed by a veritable gush of semen that pooled on the sheets.

The black MILF lay boneless beneath her hulking son, quivering with aftershocks as he lazily thrust into her cum-sloppy pussy, stirring their combined fluids. Her inky skin glistened with perspiration, glowing in the aftermath of her mind-bending orgasms.

Gradually, murmured words of praise and awe started rising from the sated lovers as they basked in the afterglow, hands languidly exploring slick flesh.

"God Mom, that was incredible," Danny mumbled against Diane's neck, nuzzling her sweaty skin. "Love fucking you so much. Love filling this pussy with my cum."

Diane hummed in sated agreement, clenching her vaginal walls around his semi-hard cock, relishing the squishy wet feel of his seed sloshing inside her. "Mmmm, me too baby. I'm addicted to your cock, to making love with you. You've ruined me for your father."

Beside them, Jasper lifted his head from between his mom's giant, milk-leaking tits, shooting Danny a blissed out grin. "Dude...is this not the best fucking thing ever? Fucking our own moms?"

Danny grinned back wolfishly, giving Diane's plump ass an emphatic squeeze. "Fuck yeah bro. Incest is definitely best."

THE END

