

Losing it in the River



Losing It in the River

By Klrxo

The humid summer air clung to Preston's skin, making his oversized t-shirt stick to his scrawny chest as he struggled under the weight of two massive coolers and a bundle of heavy-duty tubing gear.

He was panting, sweat beading on his upper lip, but his eyes were locked in a glazed-over trance. Ahead of him, a procession of wide, swaying hips and plump, sun-kissed asses moved through the brush, each jiggle and bounce hypnotic.

The air was thick with their sweet maternal giggles and the scent of coconut oil and warm skin. The women—his mother Jessica and her circle of equally voluptuous friends—were hardly wearing anything; their skimpy bikini bottoms and barely-there booty shorts dug deep into the soft flesh of their jiggling ass cheeks, leaving nothing to the imagination with every rhythmic, deliberate stride.

"Come on, Little Bug... keep up," Jessica called out, glancing back over her shoulder.

The movement caused her colossal tits to heave violently under a neon-pink bikini top that looked like it was

fighting a losing battle against her sheer volume. The fabric strained, the thin straps digging into her shoulders, while the heavy mounds of tit-flesh bobbed and swayed with a hypnotic, heavy momentum.

"Oh, I um... ok," Preston uttered, his voice cracking like he'd just reached puberty.

He was a walking disaster of teenage hormones, his oversized dick already straining against his cargo shorts, pulsing with a desperate, virgin heat. He felt like a pack mule, but the view was almost worth the agony.

"Look at him," giggled Sarah, one of Jessica's friends, a blonde bombshell with a rack that rivaled Jessica's. She slowed her pace, letting her wide hips swing provocatively and the shelf of her ass jut outward.

"Poor little thing is practically shaking. Are you struggling, Preston? Do you need a break, or are you just too distracted by the view?"

The other women burst into laughter, the thick, throaty sounds mingling with the steady, obscene thud of their heavy tits as they bounced against their rib cages.

Most of them, Jessica included, had squeezed out babies not long ago, and now their swollen, overripe udders

strained tight and full, aching with the heat of fresh, sweet milk.

"He's just a little slow," Jessica purred, arching her back and thrusting her vast tits forward, her fat, leaking nipples straining against the nearly sheer fabric as she snapped a gleaming selfie.

Farrah, Jessica's identical twin, giggled and wrapped a ribbon of golden hair around her finger, her voice low and syrupy. "Young, dumb, and full of cum. Exactly the flavor women crave," she crooned, her eyes lingering on the boy trailing them with an armful of gear.

When Preston finally caught up, his mother swooped down on him, her monumental cleavage looming close—a deep, sticky canyon just inches from his flushed face.

"You're being a good boy, aren't you, Preston? Such a polite helper, lugging all our heavy bags while we just stand around looking gorgeous?" Her tone dripped with amusement, her chest hanging heavy and hypnotic in his view.

Preston couldn't answer. He could only stare, pupils blown wide, gaze riveted to the oiled, dizzying ravine between her tits and the solid imprint of her nipples against her microscopic bikini top.

"We're almost there," she cooed, continuing on her way, "I can see the river."

Preston groaned, his muscles screaming as he finally reached the edge of the riverbank. With a clumsy heave, he lowered the two heaviest coolers onto the sandy soil, the plastic thudding heavily.

He stood there for a moment, slack-jawed and dumbstruck, watching the five of them—a herd of thick-thighed, heavy-titted mothers—laugh and jostle as they claimed their tubes.

Their asses, round and full, strained against the flimsy fabric of their bikini bottoms as they bent and shuffled, their tits swaying with each movement, nipples like dark pebbles pressed against sun-warmed lycra.

A hard, sudden throb in his trunks made Preston stiffen, the fabric tenting obscenely over the rigid length of his cock. It was a stark, vulgar intrusion on his skinny frame.

His gaze crawled over the landscape of them—thick, powerful thighs sheened with sweat and oil, calves tapering down to delicate ankles and high-arched feet nestled in jeweled sandals or wedged flip flops. Each toenail was painted a glossy crimson or pink, catching the light like wet candy.

Dizziness washed over him as he pictured those same legs—bare and slick—wrapping around his waist, locking him in a vise of warm MILF flesh. He could almost feel the tense flex of their calves, the dig of their heels into his

back, their toes curling tight as he drove into them, frantic and grunting like an animal in heat.

He looked over and caught Amy—his brother's wife—staring right at him, her green eyes glinting with something raw and greedy. She arched her back just enough to shove her fat tits forward like an offering, her nipples hard against the thin fabric of her bikini top.

Her gaze dropped, lingering on the thick outline of his cock straining against his trunks, then dragged slowly back up to his face.

Her tongue slid wet and heavy across her bottom lip, a silent promise that had nothing to do with tubing and everything to do with how badly she wanted his dick buried inside her.

Preston's face flushed hot, humiliated and turned on that his brother's wife—three years married—was practically drooling for his virgin cock. And god help him, he loved every second of it.

The air hummed with their low, throaty chatter and the wet sound of sunscreen being slathered over acres of soft, ripe flesh.

"The river's waiting, honey," his mother purred, glancing at the lewd protrusion in his trunks—something she was used to seeing in his later teenage years.

"I—uh—I mean, the tubes aren't—it's not—I mean, I can—um..." he stammered, his voice sounding like a dying engine.

Jessica caught the eye of her twin sister, Farrah, and the two women shared a knowing, predatory giggle. They loved this—the way they could strip the intelligence right out of the boy just by existing in his space.

"Oh, look at him, sis," Farrah cooed, her voice dripping with a dominant sweetness. "Our little bug is so overwhelmed he's forgotten how to talk."

Jessica stepped forward, crushing her teenager against her, a wall of soft, suffocating heat—his face and chest buried in the overwhelming softness of her tits.

The smell hit him first—a thick, sweet, animal scent of warm milk and coconut oil that clung to the damp heat of her skin. Her breasts were massive, heavy sacks of flesh that swallowed his upper body whole, the sheer weight of them pressing him down into their suffocating warmth.

He could feel the distinct, hard points of her nipples digging into his sternum through the flimsy fabric of her top, and the hot, liquid fullness of her milk-swollen udders as they molded against his ribs.

It was like being smothered by a living, breathing pillow of fuckable flesh—a tidal wave of woman that left him dizzy and painfully hard.

"Now, now, honey," Jessica whispered against his ear, her breath hot and teasing. "Start over. Take your time. I want you to spit out every single word for me, slowly."

Before he could even utter a word, his aunt Farrah slid in behind him, her body a slick press of heat against his back. Her arms snaked around his waist, pulling him tight against the soft, heavy weight of her tits—a perfect duplicate of his mother's magnificent rack, just without the aching, milk-swollen fullness.

Preston was now trapped, a scrawny fuck-meat sandwich squeezed between two sets of colossal, 38-year-old udders. The sensation was a brutal overload; he felt the dense, giving weight of his aunt's tits grinding into his spine like warm pillows of flesh, while his mom's massive double-Js continued to crush his chest, their cloying, sweet perfume clinging to the air like a thick, drugging haze.

"We're listening, Preston," his aunt purred.

"The, um... t-tubes for the coolers..." he stuttered as both women slid their hands beneath his oversized t-shirt, their palms hot against his pale, boney skin.

"What about them, honey? Tell us," his mother urged, her voice syrupy and low as her long, manicured nails dug into the flesh just above his hip bones.

Her sister's lacquered nails carved half-moons into the tender flesh of his lower abdomen. The sharp, possessive bite of their manicures was a stark counterpoint to the suffocating softness of their tits mashing against him from front and back.

"Just relax and speak, little bug," Farrah purred into the shell of his ear, her breath hot and damp. Her fingers slipped like vipers under the waistband of his trunks, the sharp tips skating perilously close to the throbbing root of his cock. He could feel the slick heat of her palm hovering just millimeters from his straining erection.

"I c-can load those tubes up now, if you want me... I mean, want me to?"

His mom's laugh was a throaty purr as she peeled her tits off his chest, leaving his skin slick with the ghost of her coconut oil and the damp imprint of her nipples.

"Go on then, baby," she cooed, giving his ass a sharp, stinging slap that sent a jolt straight to his aching cock. "Be a good little pack mule for us."

"And don't forget to tie all the tubes together, Preston," his aunt reminded him.

Preston's hands shook as he bent to lift the first cooler, his trunks straining obscenely over the rigid, throbbing length of his dick.

The women watched like a pack of hungry hyenas, their heavy tits swaying as they whispered behind their hands, their plump asses jiggling in those tiny bikini bottoms.

Amy, Preston's sister-in-law licked her lips and murmured something to Jessica that made them all erupt into laughter.

By the time he'd loaded the last tube, Preston's cock was a steel rod, leaking so much pre-cum the fabric of his trunks was dark and sticky.

Minutes later, the tubes bobbed together in a slow, lazy circle, a floating buffet of oiled, jiggling flesh—tits swaying, nipples hard as pebbles against the thin fabric of their tops. The air was thick with the scent of sunscreen and something muskier, something that made Preston's balls ache.

The teen was positioned at the edge of the group, his scrawny body sinking slightly into the rubber ring, but his mind was far from the scenery. His eyes were glued to the horizon of massive, bouncing mom-tits that surrounded him.

Every time the current hit a ripple, the women's breasts jolted and swayed, the skimpy fabric of their bikini tops struggling to contain the sheer volume of their flesh. The sight was an assault on his senses; the way the sunlight hit the glistening skin and the obscene bulge of their mommy-mammaries made his head swim.

Under the cover of the water and the float, Preston reached down, his hand closing around the swollen, throbbing knob of his cock. It was rock hard, straining against the fabric of his swim trunks.

He squeezed the head of his dick, feeling a sharp, electric tingle shoot up his spine as he watched his mom and aunt laugh, their colossal breasts heaving with every giggle. He was in a trance of pure, unadulterated lust.

He pictured himself diving into that sea of flesh, gripping those heavy mounds and pounding his long, horny dick deep into their oiled cleavages, sliding in and out of the tight valley of skin until he couldn't take it anymore.

He could almost feel the heat as he imagined painting the pretty, smug faces of each mother with thick, hot ropes of semen, watching them blink in shock as he claimed them.

He wanted to be buried under them, crushed by the weight of their combined softness, feeling the suffocating pressure of ten giant tits squishing around him while he gorged himself on their fat, swollen nipples like a starving newborn, sucking them dry with a desperate, primal hunger.

Several feet away, Jessica's raft was sandwiched between Farrah's and Peggy's.

Peggy, Jessica's best friend who was nine months pregnant and swollen with a heavy, maternal heat, was

splayed back in her tube like a beached fertility goddess. Her massive, oiled belly was a taut globe, the skin stretched so thin and shiny he could almost see the shadow of the fetus curled within.

Her thick thighs were thrown wide in a brazen, fuck-ready sprawl, the flimsy triangle of her bikini bottoms doing little to contain the thick, meaty lips of her cunt.

They bulged obscenely from the sides, slick and glistening with a mix of sweat and her own arousal, the dark, swollen flesh peeking out like some lewd invitation. The sun caught the wet gleam of her slit, highlighting every plump, protruding detail.

Peggy's hazel eyes locked onto Preston like a predator sizing up prey. She watched the way his skinny arm jerked beneath the water, the way his lips parted in a silent, desperate pant as he stared at the jiggling mountains of their tits.

The hunger in his face was raw, unfiltered—pathetic, but in the way a starving dog is pathetic when it drools over a steak.

Her grin split wide, tongue dragging slow over her bottom lip like she was already tasting the salt of his teenage sweat. To a woman like her, swollen with pregnancy and primed for rutting, there was nothing sweeter than a dumb, scrawny kid with a cock so eager it might as well have a mind of its own.

"Look at that poor thing," Peggy murmured, a playful, lusty smirk on her lips. "He's practically vibrating. Is he still a virgin, Jess?"

Jessica let out a soft, melodic giggle, her eyes locking onto the visible bulge of his throbbing cock beneath the water.

"Most likely," Jessica answered. "As awkward as he is around girls, I'm fairly sure he hasn't experienced his first pussy yet."

"Have you seen his cock?" Peggy asked, her gaze fixed openly on the front of Preston's trunks, where the fabric bulged taut and unambiguous. "Is he hung?"

"I've only seen the tents he pitches," Jessica admitted. "Which, honestly, is just about every time I look in his direction these days."

Farrah giggled and rolled her eyes. "Typical teenage boy," she said. "Always hard. Always ready. Nowhere to put it but his own hand."

"I'll give him a place to put it," Amy said, her voice rich with mischief, and the other women burst into laughter.

Jessica cocked an eyebrow at her daughter-in-law. "Isn't Kevin taking care of your needs?"

"He is," Amy replied, "but he's in his mid-twenties now, all about that marital lovemaking bullshit."

She didn't bother to hide her gaze raking over Preston, slow and hungry, like she could eat him alive. "It's not like the ravenous animal fucking you get with an 18-year-old."

Beverly, Jessica's next-door neighbor with that curtain of glossy black hair and a wilder glint in her eye, chimed in. "True. Young studs make you cum so much fucking harder."

"I took my nephew's cock last summer," Peggy said, dragging a slow finger along the stretched skin of her belly. "That boy could fuck for hours—five, six times a day, easy. My husband at work, me on my back, knees up, taking every inch of that teenage dick like it was made for me."

"Are you serious... your own nephew?" Jessica gasped in disbelief. "Did you make him wear condoms?"

"Fuck no," Peggy answered. "He flooded me so deep I could feel it sloshing around inside. No surprise I ended up knocked up. Teenage cum's got more kick than espresso."

"Wait, that's your nephew's baby you're carrying?" Jessica asked in wide-eyed disbelief.

"Shhh," Peggy said with a secret giggle, putting her finger to her lips. "Girl's secret."

"Teenage studs are fucking animals," Farrah giggled, her voice thick with lust. "Especially when they get a taste of a grown woman's pussy—that hot, wet grip that just milks

them dry. They'll rut into you like starved dogs, pounding their young, stupid cocks so deep you can feel it in your throat."

"Since when did you fuck an 18-year-old?" Jessica asked, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial purr, one eyebrow arched like she already knew the answer.

Farrah smirked, swirling the ice in her drink before dragging her tongue along the rim. "Jess, I'm a High School English teacher," she said. "You think I spend my time after school grading papers? Please. I spend it bent over my desk with some barely-legal cock so deep in my cunt I can taste his balls in my throat."

"And god, the way they slobber all over your tits," Peggy cooed, "sucking, biting, chewing on your nipples like they're trying to drain every last drop out of you."

"Yes!" Amy blurted excitedly, shamelessly squeezing her fat tits. "Now that's what I'm fucking talking about."

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I have lost count of how many pairs of my panties my son has swiped," Jessica laughed. "I'll find them balled up under his pillow, stiff with dried cum and reeking of that musky teenage stink, the crotch all damp and stretched out from where Preston had been slobbering on it like a starving dog."

"Boys will be boys," Peggy giggled. "They love that shit."

"My son does the same thing sometimes," Beverly added.

"One afternoon I saw him with a pair stuffed in his mouth, sucking on it like he's trying to nurse the last drop of my pussy juice out of the fabric," Jessica continued. "And the noises he makes—wet, sloppy gulps, like he's drowning in it. But what am I gonna do? Yell at him for being a horny little shit? That's just how they are at that age—all cock, no control."

"You love it, and you know it, sis," Farrah teased, her voice a low, knowing hum. "Parading those heavy udders in front of your brainless teen, letting those big nipples poke through your top like you're begging to be sucked raw."

"Stop, I do not," Jessica blushed.

"Swinging that fat ass right past his face," Farrah continued, "so he gets a noseful of the same musky cunt-scent he's been lapping out of your panties."

"There's no shame in it, mom," Amy smirked, "plenty of nasty mother-son shit goes down behind closed doors."

"I don't know what you mean," Beverly said, all wide-eyed and proper—like she hadn't been bent over in the guest room closet last week with her own son's thick cock splitting her open while she fucked herself back on him, moaning around a mouthful of her own tit.

The other women laughed at her obvious lie.

"Fine, I'll be honest..." Jessica purred, dragging her tongue slow over her bottom lip like she was licking cum off it. "It does make my cunt tingle, watching my dumb, virgin teenager get all worked up over his sexy mommy."

The other mothers burst out laughing, their tits jiggling obscenely in their flimsy tops like overfilled water balloons about to burst.

"See," Farrah snickered, "I knew you secretly got off on it."

Peggy's tongue dragged slow over her bottom lip, her green eyes burning holes through Preston's trunks where his cock strained against the fabric, a fat, twitching sausage begging to be let out.

"I'd wreck that little virgin of yours raw, Jess," she purred. "Pin him down like a bug, and let him rut up into my pregnant hole like the desperate little animal he is."

"Me too," said Amy. "I'd grind that skinny ass into the sheets, make him choke on the weight of my tits while I ride him raw, milk every drop of cum out of that tight teenage ball-sack."

"Stay away from my son you horny freaks," Jessica joked, making the women erupt in laughter.

Later that evening, the swampy air hung thick as a wet rag, plastering Preston's scrawny frame in a greasy film of sweat. He lay naked and spread-eagled on his sleeping bag inside the suffocating heat of the tent, his ribcage pumping like a bellows.

In his shaky fist, his cock stood out long and straight, a veiny, teenage flagpole straining from his pelvis, twitching with each pound of blood through its shaft.

He squeezed the meat of it hard, his palm slicking over the swollen purple head before he started jerking himself in rough, frantic tugs.

Preston had spent the afternoon as their obedient mule, setting up five separate tents for the women, arranging them in a tight, suffocating circle around his own. Now, the layout felt like a trap—a circle of lust that amplified every sound.

As the darkness thickened, the camp became a single, sweating organism of raw need. The ground itself began to thrum with the deep, insistent buzzing of five female vibrators all kicking on at once—a low, industrial hum that vibrated up through the thin foam of his sleeping bag and into the bones of his pelvis.

Bzzzzzz... Bzzzzzz... The whole fucking campsite sounded like buzzing hornet's nest kicked open.

Then the first moan tore through the nylon—a wet, choked-off gasp that was instantly answered by another, then a guttural “Fuck!” from a different tent.

The air grew thick with the sounds of their frenzy: the obscene squelch of fingers plunging into a soaked cunt, and the high, keening wails of moms in the throes of ravenous masturbation.

They were naked animals in there, screaming their pleasure into the swampy night without a shred of shame.

"Oh god... yes... right there..." Amy wailed, the sound echoing sharply.

“FUCK ME!” Peggy shrieked, her voice trembling.

Preston’s eyes rolled back as he deeply inhaled. The air was thick with them—the humid breeze carried the heavy, animal musk of five different cunts, each one dripping and hot.

It was a layered stench: the sour tang of sweat, the metallic bite of arousal, and underneath it all, the cloying, syrupy-sweet reek of pussy cream.

He could picture it all happening just beyond the thin nylon walls: five sets of heavy, milk-swollen tits jiggling and slapping against sweat-slicked ribs as the moms fucked themselves stupid.

Their nipples would be like fat pebbles, their areolas dark and stretched. He imagined their manicured fingers working swollen clits raw, plunging into wet birthing holes that clenched and gushed around their knuckles.

Their powerful thighs would be trembling, shaking the tent poles with the force of their grinding, selfish orgasms.

He closed his eyes, and the darkness bloomed with the vision of his mother thrashing on her sleeping bag, her back arching off the ground as a guttural moan tore from her throat.

Her painted toes—candy-apple red—curled into the damp fabric, the muscles in her sweaty thigh trembling from the powerful vibration on her clit.

He saw himself shoving his face between those massive, swaying tits, the weight of them smothering him in warm, slick flesh that tasted of salt and sunscreen.

He could almost feel her nipple, hard as a pebble, pressing against the roof of his mouth as he sucked greedily, his tongue working over the stretched, dusky-pink areola.

Above him, her face would be flushed and glistening, that familiar smirk twisting her lips as she watched him nurse like a starved pup.

"Fuck... mom... please..." Preston whimpered, his voice a broken rasp as he beat his dick with long tight strokes.

The wet, rhythmic squelch of fingers plunging into sopping cunts grew louder, closer, like the women were fucking themselves right outside his tent flap.

Their screams weren't human anymore—raw, guttural shrieks that ripped through the nylon and tangled with the deep, industrial buzz of their vibrators.

Every cry was a hot wire jammed into his spine, making his fist fly over his aching cock in a brutal, slick rhythm.

His stroking became a blur of frantic motion, his grip tightening until it was almost painful. His body trembled, his skinny ribs protruding as he arched his back, his toes curling into the sleeping bag.

He was suffocating on it—the symphony of their sloppy orgasms, the phantom stink of five different cunts creaming, the imagined sight of ten fat, swaying tits glistening with sweat in the dark.

The pressure in his gut was a live wire, a screaming knot of need that felt like it would tear him in two. He could taste their collective heat on the air, a suffocating blanket of musk and power that pinned him to the earth.

As a fresh chorus of raw, animal shrieks ripped through the camp, Preston's universe shrank to the raw friction of his palm and the glorious, unbearable agony of needing to fucking blow.

Then—like a blade through the wet heat of the night—came the sound that shattered everything. Not a moan, not a whimper, but a full-throated, animal scream of a woman who'd just had her cunt split open by pleasure. His mother's voice.

Through the thin nylon, he could hear her—wet, sloppy, obscene. The mechanical snarl of her vibrator, a relentless buzz that grew louder, hungrier, as she shoved it deep into her dripping, swollen cunt.

The sound of her flesh swallowing it whole, the slick, sucking noise of her pussy clenching around the shaft as she fucked herself into oblivion. And then the wet, gushing *squelch* of her cream flooding out, dripping down her thighs, soaking the sleeping bag beneath her.

The mental image hit him like a punch to the gut: his mother's massive tits, slick with sweat, slapping together as she bucked and writhed, her nipples hard as fucking diamonds, her back arching off the ground as she screamed her way through the kind of orgasm that left a woman ruined.

Her scream hit him like a cattle prod to the balls. Every muscle in Preston's body seized—his thighs locked, his asshole clenched, his toes curled so hard they cramped.

His cock swelled to bursting, the head flaring purple as the cum inside his nuts turned to molten lead. The pressure

was unbearable, a white-hot geyser of spunk roaring up from his prostate like a goddamn firehose.

His balls drew up tight, his taint burning as the first brutal pulse ripped through him, forcing his virgin seed up his shaft in a scalding, churning rush.

His urethra bulged as the first thick rope of cum blasted out of him with a wet *splortch*, slamming into the tent ceiling like a glob of wet cement. It stuck there, quivering, before gravity took over and it began its slow, glistening slide back down.

His balls clenched again, and another rope of jizz fired out—this one thick enough to leave a trail of pearly slime in its wake. His dick jerked like a live wire, each pulse sending another hot, sticky cord arcing upward.

The nylon above him was now a fucking Jackson Pollock of his shame, ropes of cum crisscrossing in thick, glistening strands that dripped back onto his face, his chest, his still-twitching cock.

His nuts were emptying, each spurt more violent than the last, the cum so thick it clung to the fabric like melted mozzarella. His hips bucking involuntarily as he painted the inside of the tent with his virgin load, the sound of the moms' wet, sloppy orgasms still ringing in his ears like the soundtrack to his ruin.

His cock gave a few final twitches, dribbling out the final drops of cum like a squeezed-out tube of toothpaste. His balls ached, drained and tender, his nut-sack shriveled up tight against the base of his shaft like a pair of walnuts left too long in the sun.

The final contraction left him gasping, his body collapsing onto the sleeping bag like a marionette with its strings cut. His chest rose and fell in ragged, uneven bursts, the ghost of his mother's cunt still lingering in the air.

The next morning, the humid heat of the river valley clung to everything like a damp sheet. Preston, still feeling the phantom tremors of last night's explosive release, found himself once again the designated mule, tearing down tents and loading up gear as the moms ate breakfast.

"Christ, you're a good little worker, Preston," Peggy purred, looming over him, her tits spilling out of her bikini top like overripe melons, the weight of them resting on the swollen dome of her pregnant belly. "Bet that cock's been aching for some real pussy, huh?"

Preston's face burned, his eyes darting between her tits and the ground, his throat too tight to answer.

Peggy shot a glance at the other moms by the riverbank, then leaned in closer, her breath hot against his ear. "How 'bout you fuck my tight, pregnant cunt this weekend,

baby? I'll crawl into your tent, let you suck on these fat, milk-heavy tits while I ride that hard dick of yours. My cervix'll swallow your tip whole."

"You done dawdling, Little Bug?" His mom's voice cut through the air, sharp as a whip.

Peggy smirked, giving him a slow, deliberate wink before sauntering off, her hips swaying like she was already imagining his hands on them.

Once back on the river, Preston's world narrowed to the hypnotic sway of colossal tits under damp, straining bikini tops. The women lounged in their tubes with their thick thighs spread wide, offering obscene glimpses of fabric stretched taut over swollen cunts.

Their heavy asses were half-submerged in the murky water, propped up or splayed in ways that made the teen's mind burn with every nasty, contorted sex position their obscenely flexible bodies were capable of.

The moms weren't discussing the cypress trees or the oppressive heat; they were tearing into the gritty details of last night's self-fucking with a vulgar detail that made Preston tremble with arousal.

"I swear, 'The Beast' made my cunt gush like a fucking firehose last night," Farrah cackled, her voice a low, throaty thing as she arched back in her tube.

Her massive tits threatened to spill entirely from her top, dark nipples like blunt thumbs pressing against the soaked fabric. "That high-frequency setting—fuck—I could feel it buzzing in my goddamn teeth while I screamed."

"Sir Maximus rearranged my womb like usual," Jessica bragged, a slick sheen of sweat making her skin glow. "The ridges on that monster's shaft hammered my g-spot so hard I saw supernovas for at least an hour."

Preston, floating in his own tube just behind them, had his earbuds in, pretending to be lost in his music. He stayed perfectly silent as he absorbed every filthy detail of their conversation. He marveled how moms seemed obsessed with talking about nothing but dick, sex or orgasms.

He listened to them debate the brutal girth of their favorite silicone cocks, the veiny textures that scraped their inner walls just right, the specific vibration patterns that made their clits throb.

"'Thumper' is a perfect eight inches of pure, punishing bliss," Peggy purred, her voice thick and lazy. She was splayed out in her tube, her nine-month belly a taut, glistening dome above the water. "That deep, grinding rumble is the only goddamn thing that hits the spot right now. It just hammers my cervix until I'm screaming and my whole fucking body seizes up."

Preston's cock, already a steel rod of need, pulsed like a second heartbeat against the damp fabric of his trunks. He

imagined his own thick, veiny cock splitting his mother's cunt open, her slick walls clenching around him like a fist.

He pictured the way her pussy would grip him, the way her swollen clit would grind against his shaft with every thrust, her juices dripping down his balls in hot, sticky rivulets.

The thought of her using him—*fucking* him—sent a jolt of molten lust straight to his groin. He could almost feel it: the wet, sloppy drag of her cunt milking his penile meat, the way her tits would slap around his face as he pounded up into her, her nipples fat and leaking, her back arching off the bed as she screamed his name.

"Our little bug is so quiet today." Jessica said as she twisted in her tube to gaze back at her son, her tits swaying heavy against the damp fabric of her bikini top. "What are you listening to, Preston?"

"I don't think he's listening to music at all," Farrah snickered, her gaze locked onto the thick, obscene outline of his cock straining against his trunks, the head already damp with pre-cum.

"Look at that fucking tent. Our little virgin's got his dick so hard it's about to rip through his shorts. Bet he's picturing every filthy word coming out of our mouths."

"Probably imagining those cum-heavy balls of his slapping against our sweaty assholes," Amy giggled.

"Or gorging himself on our nipples," Beverly chimed in, her voice dripping with wicked amusement, "whimpering like a helpless puppy while he's buried under all that soft, milk-bloated tit-flesh."

"That reminds me," Jessica muttered, glancing down at the heavy fullness of her bloated udders, "I'm gonna need to pump soon. My boobs feel like they're about to burst."

Her words sent a jolt of sympathy through Peggy, who gave a tight smile. "I'll join you when we stop for lunch," Peggy said. "My nipples are leaking like crazy."

"You're already letting down, Peg?" Farrah cut in, cocking an eyebrow.

Peggy nodded, her lips twisting in exasperation. "Yes, producing colostrum like crazy," she confessed. "I've always started early, in the later stages of my pregnancies, and you wouldn't believe how sensitive my fucking nipples get."

Amy glanced back at her young brother-in-law, a low chuckle escaping her lips. "I bet that ripe, sweet stench of mommy-milk is making his Preston's mouth water right now. Probably got him leaking pre-cum into his shorts just picturing his lips wrapped around a swollen, dripping tit."

The women erupted into a chorus of lewd, breathy giggles, their oiled bodies glistening under the sun as they exchanged looks of pure, predatory amusement.

They knew exactly what they were doing—flaunting their thick asses and heavy tits, turning him into their panting, desperate toy as the current carried them lazily downstream.

Up ahead, the river was transforming from a low hum into a crashing wall of noise that echoed through the canyon walls. The calm, glassy water began to churn, turning a frothy, violent white as the current accelerated.

"Here it comes!" Peggy shouted, her voice cutting through the roar. She shifted her weight in her tube, her massive pregnant belly undulating as she braced herself. "This is the roughest stretch of the river! Hold on tight, girls, or you're going for a swim!"

The women didn't seem frightened; instead, a wave of playful, adrenaline-fueled excitement swept over them. As they hit the first set of rapids, the group was tossed violently.

The tubes collided and bounced, sending splashes of cold water over their sun-kissed skin. Preston, caught in the chaos, could only watch in a state of breathless arousal as the turbulence caused the women's colossal tits to go wild.

Jessica's breasts were leaping out of her bikini top with every jolt, the heavy mounds of flesh slapping against her chest and swaying in erratic, hypnotic arcs.

Farrah was screaming with laughter, her own massive tits bobbing violently, the thin fabric of her top straining to contain the sheer volume of her breasts as she was tossed left and right.

Suddenly, a loud *thwack* echoed over the roar. The raft carrying their backpacks and essential gear had snagged on a thick, submerged branch, jerking to a violent halt.

The force of the current slammed into the raft, threatening to flip it over and send all their belongings spiraling downstream.

"Preston! Hurry, get them, honey!" Jessica screamed, her voice commanding and sharp.

She didn't move to help; she simply floated nearby, her huge tits shimmering with river water, watching her son with a dominant glint in her eyes.

Driven by a desperate need to please her, Preston lunged from his tube. He fought against the churning white water, his skinny arms straining as he grabbed the edge of the snagged raft.

The current tried to sweep him away, but he dug his heels into the riverbed, his muscles trembling under the pressure. As he yanked with all his might, the raft tilted precariously, nearly toppling over and dumping him into the froth.

For a heart-stopping second, he was balanced on the edge of disaster, his face inches from the rushing water, before a final, guttural heave ripped the gear loose from the branch.

The raft popped free with a splash, and the current swept them all forward, carrying them out of the rapids and back into a slow, shimmering glide.

Preston gasped for air, his chest heaving, his skin glistening with water and sweat. He floated back toward the women, exhausted and shivering, his mind still reeling from the adrenaline.

Farrah leaned closer to the other girls, her voice a low, melodic as she cast a sidelong glance at the scrawny boy. "It's funny, isn't it? The dumbest, most clueless virgin in the group is the only one smart enough to save our gear."

Jessica let out a throaty laugh, her colossal breasts shaking with the motion. "Thank God he acted so fast," she stated, still trembling with adrenaline.

As the group drifted back into the calmer waters and eventually pulled their tubes onto the sandy bank to set up camp for the evening, the adrenaline of the rapids began to fade, replaced by a heavy, humid heat.

Preston was still trembling, his muscles aching from the struggle, but his mind was entirely focused on the sight of the women stripping off their wet gear. He stood by, half-

naked and shivering despite the warmth, his hard cock still straining against the fabric of his trunks as he watched his mom shake out her hair, her massive tits swaying with every movement.

The peace was shattered when Jessica reached for the raft and began frantically digging through the remaining bags. Her expression shifted from dominant confidence to genuine panic.

"My pack's missing!" Jessica announced, her voice pitching higher as she turned to Farrah. "It's gone! I can't find it anywhere!"

Preston jumped into action, his instinct to serve overriding his exhaustion. "I-I'll look for it, Mom! Maybe it drifted back?"

He scrambled along the shoreline, his eyes darting through the reeds and brush, while Jessica paced the sand, her colossal breasts bouncing with her agitation.

After ten minutes of frantic searching, Preston returned, dripping wet and defeated. "I couldn't find it," he stammered, his voice cracking. "It must have fallen off the raft when it got tangled in the branches. The current was too strong."

Jessica let out a frustrated groan, throwing her hands up. The motion caused her bikini top to shift, nearly spilling

one of her heavy, pale mounds over the edge of the fabric.

"Oh, stop being such a drama queen, Jess," Farrah teased. "It's just a backpack. I can share my bikinis with you—we're twins, we're the same fit. You can just wear my spares for the rest of the trip."

Farrah pulled Jessica a few yards away from the group, stepping behind a thicket of river brush where the sounds of the rushing water muffled their conversation.

"I don't give a fuck about the bikinis, Farrah! I don't have Sir Maximus!"

The silence that followed lasted only a second before Farrah burst into a loud, raucous laugh, her tits heaving with the force of her amusement.

"Sir Maximus?" Farrah wheezed, clutching her stomach. "You're telling me all your belongings just got swallowed by the river, and the only thing you're worried about is your fucking dildo?"

"It's not just *a* dildo!" Jessica snapped, though a flush of embarrassment crept up her neck. "It's my sanity! He's thick, ribbed, and vibrates like a chainsaw. There is no way in hell I can go without him for the next two nights!"

"Poor Jessica," her twin teased. "Imagine the torture. Two whole nights of being unsatisfied."

"It's not funny!" Jessica insisted, her voice dripping with a raw, sexual urgency. "Sexual pleasure and orgasm are an essential part of my day! I can't just *stop*. I'll go crazy!"

"Look, I'll share anything in my own pack—extra sunscreen, towels, even my spare bikinis," Farrah stated flatly. "But I am NOT sharing my toy. That thing is calibrated exactly to my pussy's liking, and I'm not letting you wear it out."

"I would never expect you to do that, Farrah, but what the hell am I supposed to do? You know me. Rubbing my clit and fucking myself with my fingers does nothing for me anymore. I need depth, I need vibration, I need *pressure*. I need at least a few orgasms a night or I'll go fucking crazy!"

Farrah didn't answer immediately. Instead, she slowly turned her head, glancing back toward Preston who was struggling to erect one of the women's tents, his scrawny arms shaking.

His cock was a perpetual, throbbing tent in the fabric of his trunks, a thick, rigid pillar that pulsed with every clumsy movement he made.

"There is another option, Jess. An untraditional one, but one that would surely give you the pleasure you need," Farrah stated.

Jessica frowned, her brow furrowing. "I'm listening."

"It looks to me like you've got a living dildo right over there," Farrah purred, gesturing with a sharp nail toward Preston's bulging crotch. "Always hard, always ready, and absolutely desperate to please you."

"Preston?" Jessica asked in shock.

"Absolutely Preston! Why suffer through the weekend when you could just ride him instead?"

Jessica's jaw dropped, her face flushing a deep, hot crimson. "You are absolutely crazy! I am NOT fucking my son, Farrah! That's... that's insane! It's wrong!"

Farrah stepped closer, her voice becoming a smooth, seductive lure. She placed a hand on Jessica's shoulder, leaning in. "Oh, stop playing the virtuous housewife. We're in the wilderness, Jess. We're miles from anyone. You're with women you trust with your life—women who wouldn't judge you for a little bit of family fun."

"I know, but—"

"No one ever has to know," Farrah continued, cutting her off. "No one has to find out."

Jessica opened her mouth to argue, but the words died in her throat. Her gaze drifted back to Preston. He had finally managed to get the tent up, and as he stretched, the fabric of his trunks tightened even further, outlining the thick, swollen head of his cock.

He looked so helpless, so utterly dominated by his own lust for them, his eyes occasionally darting toward Jessica's breasts with a hunger that was almost palpable.

She imagined it for a split second—the feeling of that long, blood-swollen pillar of flesh sliding deep into her aching cunt, carving through her juices with a raw, virgin intensity that no piece of silicone could ever replicate.

She could almost feel the heat of him, the way he would tremble and moan under her weight as she used him like the tool he was.

Still, the taboo clawed at her. He was her son. She had marriage vows. The thought of the betrayal, the sheer wrongness of it, made her heart hammer against her ribs. But as a sharp, needy throb pulsed through her clitoris, the desire for release began to outweigh the guilt.

Her body was screaming for it, her pussy feeling heavy and wet, longing for something thick and hard to stretch her open, to pound her until she was sobbing.

"You know you want it," her sister whispered in her ear like a devil on her shoulder. "So take it. Trust me, the way he's always gawking at your ass and tits, I doubt he'll object one bit."

Jessica stared at her teen, her breathing becoming heavy. She debated it, her mind warring between the mother she

was supposed to be and the insatiable woman she actually was.

She looked at his scrawny frame and then back to that jutting, throbbing cock, wondering just how much of a mess he would make of her.

Later, the humid night air was thick with the scent of pine and the musk of aroused moms. Everyone but Preston had retreated to their tents as he snuffed out the campfire.

“Preston!” Amy hissed as he crept past her tent. Seeing the others were zipped up in their own, he ducked low and peered through the gap in her door flap.

His breath caught. His brother’s wife lay sprawled naked on her sleeping bag, tits heavy and soft against her ribs, legs splayed obscenely wide. She hooked two fingers into her slick cunt, stretching herself open for him—a wet, pink glimpse of clit and hole.

She grinned, wicked and knowing, then plunged her fingers deep, fucking herself slow and filthy while he watched. A sudden rustle from another tent sent him scrambling back into the dark, heart hammering.

“Little Bug,” his Aunt Farrah purred as he scuttled past her tent.

“Yeah?” he breathed, and through the two-inch slit in the zipper her long tongue slithered out—thick, slick, glistening.

It curled like a fucking come-hither finger, and he shot a quick glance left and right before yanking his trunks down just enough to let his cock spring free.

He gripped the shaft, steered the swollen head to her waiting mouth, and watched, mesmerized, as her tongue lapped at his slit, swiping up the pearly bead of pre-cum that had already oozed out.

His skinny legs shook so hard they nearly buckled, his own tongue lolling stupidly out of his mouth like an animal as he watched his aunt's pink muscle swirl around the leaking purple head of his cock, lapping up every salty drop.

When he heard a rustle from his mother's tent, he bolted, stuffing his dick back into his shorts before anyone could see.

Inside his small tent, Preston stripped naked and sprawled back on his sleeping bag, his skin slick with a layer of nervous sweat.

His long, thick cock jutting upward, pulsing with a rhythmic, desperate need, especially after seeing his brother's wife's pussy, and being teased by his aunt Farrah's skillful tongue.

His hand was wrapped tightly around the shaft, stroking himself in frantic, short bursts, his breath coming in jagged hitches.

Outside, the campsite had once again transformed into a symphony of filth. The distinct, low-frequency hum of high-powered vibrators began to kick on one by one, *BUZZING* through the very ground beneath him.

Then came the sounds—the wet, slick sounds of silicon digging through drenched pussies and the guttural, unrestrained moans of the mothers.

It sounded like a goddamn factory of female pleasure. He could almost smell the heavy, salty aroma of fem-cum drifting through the mesh of the tent, fueling a fire in his gut that made his cock throb painfully.

He was just reaching a fever pitch, his thumb rubbing the sensitive head of his dick, when the sharp *zzzzzip* of the tent door sliced through the air.

Preston let out a strangled yelp, scrambling backward against the nylon wall of the tent. In a blind panic, he grabbed his discarded t-shirts and flung it haphazardly over his crotch, though the fabric did little to hide the massive, rigid tent he was pitching.

Jessica crawled inside, her movements slow and deliberate. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt she'd

borrowed from Farrah, the thin fabric clinging to her curves.

She zipped the door shut behind her, sealing them in the dim, claustrophobic space. The air in the tent instantly shifted, becoming saturated with her scent—a mix of expensive perfume and a deep, underlying musk that told Preston she was just as worked up as he was.

"M-Mom?" Preston stammered. "Are you... are you okay?"

Jessica didn't answer immediately. Instead, she groaned, a sound of pure, unadulterated frustration, and sprawled herself out on her back beside him.

"No, Preston," she breathed, her voice husky and strained. "I am not okay. Not even a little bit."

From his position, Preston had a devastating view of her. Because she was lying on her back, her colossal tits—completely naked beneath the oversized shirt—spilled toward her armpits, the heavy mounds of flesh drooping slightly with their own immense weight.

The thin cotton of the t-shirt was stretched tight, and the prominent nubs of her nipples poked sharply through the fabric, hard and demanding.

His gaze drifted down her body. Her suntanned legs were splayed slightly, a shimmering sheen of sweat making her skin look like polished silk. They were legs of maternal strength, tapering down to slender ankles and those

perfect, sexy bare feet with bright red toenails that seemed to beckon him.

He felt a wave of vertigo wash over him. He wasn't just in a tent with his mother; he was trapped in a small, nylon sanctuary with a maternal goddess who looked like she was on the verge of a breakdown.

The sounds of the other women screaming shamelessly in climax echoed from the surrounding tents, and the sight of Jessica's heaving, nipple-hard chest made Preston's cock twitch violently beneath the shirt, leaking a thick bead of pre-cum that pooled on his abdomen.

"I... I mean... is there... anything I can do?" he whispered, his voice trembling. "Do you... do you need help with something, Mom?"

The moment the words left his lips, Jessica's expression shifted. The frustration in her eyes melted into something darker, something predatory and hungry.

She turned her head toward him, a slow, feline smile spreading across her lips. It was exactly what she wanted to hear—the submission, the willingness to serve.

"You have no idea how much I need your help, Little Bug," she purred, her voice dropping an octave into a sultry, commanding tone.

She shifted her hips, the movement causing her massive breasts to sway beneath the shirt. "You know that

backpack I lost in the rapids? The one I was so upset about?"

Preston nodded dumbly, his brain fogging over as he stared at the valley between her breasts.

"Inside that bag was Sir Maximus," she sighed, a theatrical sound of longing. "My favorite dildo. The one I use every single day when your father's at work or away on business."

"Your... favorite one?" the boy repeated.

"Yes. It's long, thick, ribbed, and exactly what I need to hit the right spot."

She let out a shaky breath, her hand drifting down to the junction of her thighs, rubbing the fabric of the shirt against her naked clit. "I can't go the whole weekend without it, Preston. I'm practically vibrating out of my skin right now."

Preston's heart leaped into his throat. He couldn't breathe. He watched her hand move, imagining the wetness beneath the cloth.

"But," Jessica continued, her eyes locking onto his with an intensity that made him shiver, "I've been thinking. Why be sad over a lost silicone dong when I could have something much better right here? I'm fairly confident you possess something just like it... maybe even something more... spectacular."

"You mean my... uh," the boy uttered, glancing down at his covered appendage.

"Uh-huh," she grinned. "I wonder if you'd be willing to help your mother get through the weekend?"

Preston felt the world tilt. His mouth hung open, a string of saliva nearly forming. He stammered, the words jumbling in his head before he managed to choke out a question.

"D-do you... do you mean... sex? Like... actually...?"

Jessica didn't blink. She simply smiled and nodded, a slow, deliberate movement. "Yes, Preston. Sex. Just you and me. Two animals in heat."

She reached out, her fingers grazing the edge of the t-shirt covering his cock. "It'll be our little secret, and will only happen until we get back home. I have no other way to pleasure myself out here, and I simply can't endure two nights without something long, thick and hard inside me."

Preston's cock throbbed so violently it felt like it was going to burst through the fabric.

"But... I... I'm still..."

"A virgin," Jessica finished for him, her voice dripping with a mix of amusement and desire. "I know you are, sweetheart. And listen to me: I don't expect a masterful

performance. I don't need you to be some porn star. All I need you to do is lie back and let me take my pleasure."

She leaned closer, the scent of her arousal filling his nostrils, her massive tits now brushing against his arm. Her gaze dropped to the bulge in his lap, her eyes widening slightly at the sheer size of his erection.

"However," she added, her tone becoming stern, almost commanding, "I do expect you to show the kind of stamina I require. I need you to stay rock hard, Preston. I need you to be a solid pillar of flesh until I am completely through chasing my release. Do you think you can handle that for me?"

Preston felt a wave of heat crash over him, his submission complete. He looked up at her, his eyes glazed with lust and devotion. "Yes, Mom," he gasped, his voice thick. "I'll... I'll do my best. I'll do anything to please you."

Jessica's smile widened as she saw the absolute surrender in her son's gaze. "That's what I like to hear," she purred.

Without breaking eye contact, she reached down, gripped the edges of the t-shirts he had frantically thrown over his lap and peeled them away in one smooth motion.

As the fabric slid off, Preston's cock sprang upward with a violent throb, slapping stiffly against his lower belly. Jessica let out a sharp, audible gasp,. It was even larger than she had imagined.

Before her lay a thick, swollen stalk of pulsing flesh, a glorious erect pillar that looked far too massive for his scrawny frame. The shaft was engorged, the erectile chambers swollen to their absolute limit, mapped with a network of thick, throbbing blue veins that coiled around the meat like vines.

Her eyes traced the bulging veins upward to his swollen crown. The head was a bulb as fat as a ripe plum, the corona flaring wide and deep purple, while the frenulum pulled tight against his glistening, pink cock-skin.

Jessica leaned in, her massive breasts swaying and nearly brushing his thighs, as she studied the clear, viscous pre-cum dripping from his piss-slit, trailing down the underside of the shaft to pool in a sticky puddle on his trembling abdomen.

"Oh, Little Bug," she sighed, her voice a mixture of disbelief and raw lust. "You're not so little down there, are you?"

Preston could hardly speak; his brain had completely short-circuited. He could only offer a stupid, bashful smile, his chest heaving as he looked up at his mother's appraisal.

He felt exposed and vulnerable, yet the way she looked at his cock—as if it were a prized toy—sent a fresh wave of heat crashing through him.

He let out a sharp gasp when he felt her hand move. Jessica reached further down, her fingers sliding beneath the base of his cock to find his balls.

She began to softly fondle them, her warm palm cupping the weight of his cum-bloated nuts. She rolled the heavy testes gently inside his soft, hairless sack, feeling the sheer tension of a virgin who had just been yanking himself.

"Do you like that, sweetheart?" Jessica asked as she looked up, studying his cute, flushed virgin face.

She watched his nod, his pupils dilate and his lips part, savoring the power she held over him.

Slowly, she tightened her claws, digging her manicured nails slightly into the meat of his testes and the sensitive tubes that transported his semen.

"It feels so good to have your balls squeezed by a mom, doesn't it, Preston?" she whispered, her voice a commanding caress. "Knowing exactly how much cum you're holding for me... knowing I can make you leak whenever I want."

Preston could only nod frantically, his toes clenching against the tent floor. He was shaking, his entire body vibrating with a need so intense it felt like pain.

Just as he thought he couldn't take any more, Jessica slipped her middle finger further down, sliding it beneath his scrotum to rub his taint.

The sudden, direct pressure on his perineum made his entire lower body quiver. He let out a choked moan, his hips jerking involuntarily as she pressed firmly into the root of his cock, stimulating the internal nerves that sent jolts of pure electricity straight to his brain. He was completely at her mercy, a shivering mess of lust beneath the gaze of his colossal-chested mother.

"Did you know your young balls can hold up to a billion sperm at a time," she cooed, her fingers digging into the hot, heavy flesh of his sac, squeezing his nuts together until they ached. "That's a whole fucking army of baby-makers right here."

"I didn't—uh—k-know th-that," he stuttered, breath catching as her thumb pressed hard into the seam.

"They get shot straight out that little piss-slit of yours," Jessica purred, her other hand slicking over the swollen head of his cock, smearing pre-cum across his slit. "Every hot rope you pump into a cunt's just dripping with 'em."

"It's already dribbling out," the teen said, his grin shaky and flushed.

"That's your pre-cum, little bug," Jessica murmured. She dragged her thumb through the slick bead welling at his

tip, smearing it slowly over the swollen head until he shivered. "Your dick's getting all slick and ready to slide right into my hungry little cunt."

"Your, um... shirt's soaked through," Preston mumbled, his eyes fixed on the dark, wet circles spreading over the swollen peaks of her tits, the fabric clinging to each rigid nipple.

"That's mommy's milk," she purred, her voice thick and low. "Since your sister isn't here to suck me dry, you're gonna put that mouth to work. I want your teeth clamped around my nipple while I ride your cock—gonna drain these fat udders all over you 'til I scream."

"Yes... please," he choked out, his head nodding like a broken toy.

"Scoot down, Little Bug. On your back," Jessica commanded, her voice leaving no room for hesitation.

Preston obeyed instantly, his movements jerky and frantic. He slid backward on the tent floor, his skin sticking slightly to the nylon, until he was laid out flat. He felt like a sacrificial lamb, his chest heaving, his thick, veined cock pointing straight up toward the tent ceiling, pulsing in time with the frantic drumming of his heart.

Jessica shifted, moving with a predatory grace as she knelt beside him. She didn't let go of him for a second; her hand remained clamped firmly around his balls, her

fingers kneading the heavy, cum-filled sack with a possessive grip that kept him anchored and trembling.

From his position on his back, Preston's perspective shifted, and his breath hitched. Looming directly above him was the colossal shelf of his mom's breasts. The oversized t-shirt she wore was thin, the fabric molding perfectly to the massive, heavy curves of her tits.

As she leaned over him, the weight of them shifted, wobbling with a hypnotic, heavy rhythm, the sheer scale of her cleavage creating a valley of soft flesh that seemed to swallow his entire field of vision.

Jessica looked down at him, her eyes shimmering with a mixture of maternal authority and raw, sexual hunger. She could see the desperation in his wide eyes, the way he was practically vibrating under her touch.

She knew exactly how a virgin's body worked—the hypersensitivity, the lack of control, the inevitable, explosive finish.

"I know how young virgins are, Preston," she whispered, her voice a sultry purr. "You've got a hair-trigger. If I just jumped on you right now, you'd blow your load in seconds and leave me hanging."

Preston tried to respond, his mouth opening, but all that came out was a series of pathetic, jumbled stutters. "I... I-I... m-mom... I can... u-um..."

Jessica let out a soft, melodic giggle, the sound vibrating through her chest and causing those massive tits to bounce tantalizingly just inches from his face.

"Oh, look at you. Your brain is completely gone, isn't it? Just a little puddle of lust."

She leaned closer, the scent of her perfume and warm skin filling his nostrils, her voice dropping to a stern, commanding tone. "Stop talking. I don't wanna hear a single word from you. From this moment on, you are a silent toy. Just like the one I lost in the river. You don't speak, you don't question; you just lie there and let me use you exactly how I need to."

Preston swallowed hard, his throat tight, but he nodded fervently. The idea of being her object, her living dildo, sent a surge of heat straight to his groin, making his cock throb violently against the air.

"Good boy," she murmured, her grip on his balls tightening one last time before she shifted her weight. "Here's how this is gonna work. First, I'm gonna to suck a massive, shaking orgasm right out of you. I want to feel every drop of that virgin cum hitting the back of my throat. Once you've cleared your head and your sensitivity has dulled for the second round, that's when I'll climb on top of you."

She leaned down, her massive breasts brushing against his thighs, her lips hovering just inches from the glistening

head of his cock. "Then, the real action begins. I'm gonna to ride you until I'm screaming, and you're going to stay hard for me until I've had every bit of pleasure I can handle."

Preston watched in stupid, wide-eyed disbelief as his mom's hand clamped tightly around the base of his big, jutting boner. The sight of her expensive diamond wedding ring sparkling under the dim tent light sent a jolt of electric taboo through his spine.

That ring was given by his father, a constant reminder of the marriage vows she was currently shredding to pieces. He should have felt a crushing weight of shame, a sense of wrongness that his father's wife was preparing to devour his cock, but the raw, animalistic heat pooling in his groin drowned out every moral impulse.

He didn't give a shit about the sin; he only cared about having his dick sucked and being fucked by his beautiful, cock-hungry mother.

Jessica certainly had no reservations. She leaned over him, her massive tits swinging like heavy pendulums, and began to greedily lick the glistening trails and pools of pre-cum from his lower abdomen.

Her tongue was long, warm and wet, swirling in slow, deliberate circles that made Preston's hips twitch involuntarily.

She tasted the young, salty-sweet essence of his arousal, her eyes rolling back as she savored the flavor of his virgin desperation.

With a slow, torturous precision, she licked a long, wet stripe up the underside of his sinewy shaft, starting from the root and dragging her tongue all the way to the purpled knob.

The sensation was overwhelming; the rough texture of her tongue against his hypersensitive cock-skin felt like a lightning strike.

When she reached the top, Jessica swirled her experienced licker around the swollen, dripping glans, teasing the opening of his piss-hole with a rapid flicking of her tongue.

Preston let out a broken whimper, his back arching violently off the foam mattress as he tried to push himself into her mouth. His mom reacted by peppering hot, tender kisses to his ballooning tip.

The moment his back slammed back down against the mat, Jessica didn't give him a second to recover. She opened her mouth wide and plunged his dick deep into her throat, swallowing more than half his length in one greedy gulp.

"Gnnff!" Preston gasped, his eyes nearly rolling back into his head as he felt the tight, hot vacuum of her throat

clamp down on him. It was a crushing, wet heat he had only ever imagined in his filthiest fantasies.

Jessica began to bob her pretty blonde head in an expert blowjob fashion, her cheeks hollowing as she created a powerful suction that felt like it was trying to pull his very soul out through his cock.

The sensation was absolute. He was trapped under his mother's hungry, dominating mouth, the world shrinking down to the feeling of her wet tongue swirling around his head and the rhythmic sliding of his shaft against her soft palate.

Every time she slid down, he felt the pressure of her massive, wet-peaked breasts, pressing against his thighs, the weight of them adding to the feeling of being completely consumed.

Preston's body began to tremble uncontrollably. He tried to keep his promise of silence, but a series of guttural, muffled moans escaped his throat.

He felt the build-up starting almost instantly—the sheer intensity of a professional blowjob on a virgin cock was too much to bear.

His prostate pulsed, sending waves of heat upward, and he could feel the semen surging, ready to explode. He was utterly helpless, a toy in her hands, vibrating with a need so intense it felt like he was going to shatter.

As Jessica continued to milk him, her own body was reacting with a violent, primal urgency. Deep within her, the Skene glands were firing, secreting floods of hot, lubricating juices that turned the tight tunnel of her pussy into a slick, shimmering slide.

Her corrugated walls were smoldering, pulsing with a rhythmic hunger that demanded to be filled with hot meat. She could feel her fat clit throbbing, engorged and hypersensitive, as her pussy prepared itself for the kind of brutal, pile-driving sex she had been craving since the moment she saw Preston's hard cock.

She paused for a heartbeat, pulling back just enough to look down at the weapon she held in her mouth. Jessica marveled at the sheer, raw quality of Preston's manhood. It was a fat, veined slab of meat, pulsing with a vitality that was terrifying and intoxicating.

He was a scrawny, clumsy boy, but between his legs, he was an absolute god.

She thought of her loving husband's cock—decent enough, sure—but it lacked this terrifying, youthful rigidity. Preston's shaft was Sir Maximus in the flesh, a pillar of solid hardness that she knew would not bend or falter.

Those thick, bulging veins promised to dig into her sensitive walls with every thrust, and that wide, swollen knob was designed for one thing: to destroy her cervix

and shatter her with an intensity of pleasure she hadn't felt in years.

The realization only made her greedier. Jessica locked her eyes onto the pulsing head of his cock, her gaze predatory, and plunged back down. She sucked with a renewed, ferocious vigor, her throat clamping down like a vice, milking every single inch of him.

She wanted to drain him, to taste every drop of that salty-sweet virgin seed, but more than that, she wanted to feel that massive length tunneling through her, fucking her completely stupid.

Her wobbling jugs were dripping, her oversized t-shirt clinging to her skin as she worked him, nipples dripping against fabric, her own arousal reaching a fever pitch.

She could almost feel the phantom sensation of him filling her, the way his girth would stretch her walls open, forcing her to accommodate every millimeter of his veiny thickness.

The thought of being impaled by her own son, of having his young, mindless energy driving into her over and over again, sent a jolt of pure electricity through her core.

Preston was nearly delirious, his hips bucking weakly as he felt the vacuum of her mouth intensifying. He was a prisoner to her expertise, his mind a complete fog of lust and submission.

He could hear the four other women coming undone around them, mixed with the guttural, hungry noises his mom made as she swallowed him deeper.

Slowly, deliberately, Jessica slid the ring of her lips further down his cock, pushing past her own limits to swallow him fully, her throat stretching to accommodate the massive head of his cock.

The cock-greedy mother didn't stop at the threshold; she lunged even further, driving her face down until she took Preston's cock all the way to the root.

"Ghh-kk!" she gagged, feeling his cock plunge deeper than any ever had.

The sudden, total engulfment was a shock to Preston's system, the meaty base of his shaft slamming against her lips while the swollen head buried itself deep in the heat of her gullet.

The teen's eyes rolled back, crossing in a moment of pure, sensory overload. His breath hitched, a strangled gasp escaping his throat as the vacuum of her mouth claimed every single millimeter of his length.

"W-wow," Preston trembled as he timidly pushed himself up, sitting up slightly on the tent floor.

His skinny arms shook as his fingers reached out, clutching the back of Jessica's blonde hair with a nervous, tentative grip.

He wasn't pushing her away; he was anchoring himself, his knuckles white as he held onto the head of the woman who was currently choking on his virginity.

A deep, hot blush crept up his neck and flooded his cheeks. Even in the dim light of the tent, he felt an agonizing sense of embarrassment. His eyes darted anxiously around the nylon walls, his brain screaming at the taboo of the situation.

He was an eighteen-year-old boy, and his own mother—the woman who had raised him—was currently acting like a starving animal, her luscious lips forming a tight, airtight seal around the base of his cock.

The sight of her meaty bare buttocks, peeking out from under the hem of the t-shirt as she bent forward served to drive him deeper into a state of mindless lust.

Jessica decided to shatter whatever remained of his composure and began a barrage of rapid-fire deep-throat plunges, her head moving in a blur of motion.

Each descent was violent and precise, her throat clamping down on him with a milking intensity that sent electric shocks straight to his prostate.

"You're really... g-good at it, mom," he whimpered as his balls began to tingle, tightening and lifting as the pressure built to an unbearable peak. He felt the semen surging, a tidal wave of heat gathering in his loins.

He tried to speak, his mouth opening to warn her that he was right on the edge, but no words came. His brain was absolute mush, a fog of white noise and raw pleasure. He could only let out small, pathetic whimpers, his hips beginning to jerk involuntarily against her mouth.

Jessica didn't need a warning. She was a seasoned cocksucker, and while it had been nearly two decades since she had gorged herself on a cock this massive and rigid, she knew exactly how a male body signaled its surrender.

She could feel the rhythmic pulsing of his shaft, the way the veins were throbbing against her tongue, and the sudden, sharp tension in his thighs.

Instead of slowing down, she accelerated. She tightened her suction, her cheeks hollowing as she created a powerful vacuum, swirling her tongue around the crown of his glans while plunging deep into her throat.

"Mmph!" Preston suddenly yelped, his back arching off the floor in a violent spasm. "I'm gonna..."

The dam broke. Huge, creamy ropes of teenage semen began to fire with explosive force, blasting through the back of his mom's throat.

Jessica didn't flinch; she leaned into it, sucking ravenously as the second thick cord of cum hit the back of her throat, followed by another, and another.

The taste was an absolute delight—salty, potent, and brimming with the concentrated essence of a virgin's first real release.

She swallowed hard, her throat working in rhythmic gulps to keep up with the sheer volume of his ejaculation. She could feel the heat of his seed flooding her, the thick, sticky liquid sliding down her esophagus as she continued to milk him, refusing to let a single drop go to waste.

Finally, Preston collapsed back onto the mat, his chest heaving, his sweaty body twitching in the afterglow of a climax so intense it left him seeing stars, while Jessica remained locked onto him, determined to drain every last drop of his youthful essence.

Finally, the mother pulled back from his groin, her lips glistening with the remnants of his seed, but her eyes were wide with a predatory realization. Despite the explosive release, Preston's cock hadn't wilted. It remained a thick, pulsing pillar of heat, throbbing violently against his stomach.

She was amazed; the refractory period she'd expected from a novice was non-existent. A selfish, hungry part of her wondered if she could simply fuck him all night, engaging in the kind of relentless, marathon rut that bored married women dreamed about. But she decided to savor the conquest, taking things one glorious, soul-shattering round at a time.

With a sultry smirk, Jessica threw a leg over his body and straddled him, her colossal tits swinging wildly under the thin fabric of her shirt as she mounted his hips.

Preston lifted his head, his breath coming in ragged gasps, his eyes widening as he looked down his sweaty torso. For the first time in his life, he was staring directly at his mother's naked pussy.

It was a masterpiece of feminine desire—completely shaved and smooth, the pale skin of her mound contrasting with the deep, flushed pink of her inner labia.

A fleshy, engorged clit hood protruded from the center, glistening with a heavy flow of translucent arousal.

"Mmnff," Preston whimpered, his voice a broken thread.

He watched, mesmerized and terrified, as Jessica reached down and grasped his still-rigid meat at the root. She guided the swollen, purple glans to the entrance of her heat, plowing the head of his cock through the wet trench of her cunt.

The slippery secretions oozing from the walls of her birthing tunnel coated him instantly, the scent of her musk filling his nostrils and sending a fresh surge of adrenaline through his skinny frame.

As she began to lower herself, they both let out a choked, simultaneous gasp. The sensation was overwhelming. Preston felt himself slipping through the tight, pink inner

flanges, sinking through the sensitive vestibule and plunging deep into the suffocating snugness of her pussy. It felt like being swallowed by a living, breathing velvet glove.

Inside her tunnel, Jessica's walls reacted instinctively, clenching and molding themselves to every ridge and vein of his thick outline. Their pink genital meat merged in a delightful, wet slide, the friction creating a searing heat.

"Oh fuck, you are a big boy, aren't you, Preston?" the mother sighed, her eyes fluttering shut as she felt the sheer girth of her son filling her to the absolute limit.

He was wider than her husband, harder than any toy she owned, and the feeling of his virgin heat stretching her open was an intoxicating drug.

She let out a long, shuddering moan, her head tossing back, her massive breasts bouncing with the force of her internal spasm as he bottomed out against her cervix.

Slowly, she began to move. She didn't just slide; she ground her hips in a slow, circular motion, ensuring that every millimeter of his shaft was scraped by her pulsing walls.

The sound was filthy—a wet, squelching rhythm that echoed in the small tent. *Slap. Squish. Slap.*

"Oh god... Preston... you're so fucking thick," she hissed, her voice dripping with a mixture of maternal dominance and raw, animalistic lust.

She began to ride him in earnest, controlling the pace with a ruthless precision. She sank down fully, bottoming out against his pubic bone, before lifting herself almost entirely off him, leaving only the tip buried in her depths.

Each plunge was a calculated strike, her pussy gripping him like a vice, milking his meaty stalk with every downward stroke.

Preston's hands clutching the mat beneath him as he trembled and watched her—the way her huge tits bobbed and swayed in a rhythmic dance, the way her face was twisted in a mask of concentrated pleasure.

He was being consumed by her, his world narrowing down to the feeling of that tight, wet tunnel crushing his cock and the sight of his mother claiming him as her own personal toy.

Jessica looked down, her breath hitching as she caught the glazed, hypnotic look in Preston's eyes. He wasn't even looking at her face anymore; his pupils were blown wide, locked onto the rhythmic, violent bounce of her colossal breasts beneath the thin fabric of her t-shirt.

She smirked, a predatory glint in her eyes, knowing exactly how to push the boy over the edge.

"Like these, Little Bug?" she purred, squeezing her own tits.

In one fluid, decisive motion, Jessica gripped the hem of her shirt and yanked it over her head, tossing it carelessly to the tent floor.

Preston's jaw literally dropped, his breath hitching in a sharp gasp. For the first time, he saw them completely unleashed—two massive, heavy mounds of pale flesh that swayed and wobbled with every movement of her hips.

They were gargantuan, their weight pulling them slightly downward, capped by wide, dark areolas that looked like target marks for his lips.

Her nipples were thick and textured, already engorged and dripping with a cocktail of sweat and tit-milk, standing out like hard, pink pebbles against the creamy expanse of her skin.

Preston felt his brain short-circuit. The sheer scale of her naked udders, bouncing just inches from his face, was more than his virgin mind could process. He wanted to reach out and bury his face in them, to feel the crushing weight of her cleavage suffocating him.

Jessica leaned forward so that her heavy tits swung around his wonder-filled gaze, the soft, milk-swollen meat bumping his cheek. Her big, sweaty ass began to beat a relentless rhythm against his skinny thighs—*slap, slap,

slap*—the sound of wet flesh hitting flesh echoing through the humid air.

The friction was becoming unbearable, a searing, electric heat building where his thick, veined cock was buried deep inside her, stimulating her nerve endings.

The busty mother began to bounce vigorously, her movements losing their calculated precision and turning into a raw, animalistic frenzy. She was no longer just riding him; she was hunting for her climax, her pussy walls clamping down on his shaft with rhythmic, crushing spasms.

"Oh fuck... yes... right there!" she screamed, her voice cracking.

She accelerated, her hips blurring as she hammered herself down onto him, the impact of her heavy buttocks against his legs creating a frantic, slapping percussion.

Her massive breasts were a chaotic blur of motion, swaying wildly, slapping him, the nipples dancing before his eyes.

Preston whimpered, his body arching off the mat, his own pleasure peaking as he felt the internal tremors of her orgasm beginning to ripple through her canal.

Suddenly, Jessica's entire body stiffened. Her back arched into a bow, her blonde head tossing back as a guttural, primal scream ripped from her throat.

The walls of her pussy clamped shut like a vice, milking his cock with a series of violent, rhythmic contractions that felt like they were trying to squeeze the very marrow from his bones.

As she hit the peak, her body convulsed in a spectacular display of female release. A hot, torrential spray of fem-cum erupted from her depths, squirting in thick, translucent bursts that flooded the junction of their bodies, soaking the root of his cock and splattering across his stomach.

She collapsed forward, her heavy, sweating tits slapping wetly against his chest, her breath coming in ragged, sobbing gasps as she shuddered in the afterglow of a soul-shattering climax.

For a younger, less experienced woman, such a violent, squirting release might have been enough to leave her spent and shaking, but Jessica was a hypersexual mother with a hunger that a single peak couldn't sate.

As her breathing slowed, the predatory glint returned to her eyes. She wasn't finished with her son; in fact, the feeling of his thick, pulsing cock still buried deep inside her only stoked the fire.

Jessica sat back up, transitioning from the frantic, vertical bounces to a slow, agonizing grind, tits wobbling against her ribcage. She crushed her engorged clitoris hard against Preston's pubic bone, grinding the sensitive nub of flesh

against him with a rhythmic, circular pressure that sent fresh jolts of electricity through her spine.

Her wide, seasoned birthing hips began to swivel, rotating in a slow, greedy arc that forced his shaft to rub against every single millimeter of her internal lining.

Preston let out a choked moan, his hips instinctively bucking upward, which only served to deepen the connection.

As she swiveled, his mom's pussy walls seemed to bite down on him, the tight, corrugated ridges of her vaginal canal gripping the bulging veins of his cock like a series of wet, velvet rings.

Every slide was a symphony of friction. The thick, protruding veins and ridges of Preston's young shaft scraped along the slick, ribbed walls of her cunt, stirring up a frothy, white lather of lubrication.

The internal heat was oppressive, a sweltering vacuum that sucked him deeper with every rotation of her hips.

Preston's fat, leaky glans—still dripping with thick, translucent pre-cum—plowed relentlessly into her swollen cervical ring. The opening was still slightly enlarged and sensitive from recent childbirth, and as his crown slammed into that tender depth, Jessica let out a low, guttural hiss of pleasure.

The sensation of his blunt tip hammering against her cervix sent waves of renewed arousal crashing through her, making her internal muscles spasm and clamp down on him with suffocating intensity.

Between them, a foamy, glistening mix of maternal secretions and teenage pre-cum created a slippery, pungent marinade. The fluid bubbled and hissed with every wet slide, lubricating the engorged fuck-meat so thoroughly that the sound of their union became a loud, squelching suction. *Schlick, schlop, schlick.*

The scent of raw sex and female musk filled the small tent, thick enough to taste. Preston was drowning in it.

He could feel how her pussy walls rippled, the corrugated flesh molding itself to the exact shape of his throbbing cock. He was no longer just a boy; he was a living plug, filling her to the absolute brim, his girth stretching her wide and his length bottoming out in her depths.

Jessica groaned, her voice a husky rasp as she felt him stir and swell even further inside her, his cock reacting to the crushing grip of her womb.

She increased the pressure of the grind, her hips rotating with a relentless, dominant force that promised to milk every last drop of virgin seed from his trembling frame.

"You feel so good, baby," she whispered, her voice trembling.

Jessica's hunger for dominance only intensified as she felt Preston's cock throb violently inside her. She shifted her posture, arching her back and leaning over him, allowing the colossal, milk-heavy weight of her breasts to hang freely.

The massive mounds of flesh, engorged and heavy, swung wildly with every slight movement, the dangling meat of her tits slapping against Preston's cheeks and forehead with a wet, rhythmic force.

The sheer mass of them was overwhelming, smelling of milk and maternal musk, blinding him with their sheer scale.

"Look at them, Little Bug," Jessica purred, her voice a commanding rasp. She grabbed one of her huge breasts, squeezing the soft, pale flesh to push a thick, swollen nipple directly against his trembling lips. "You've wanted this your whole life, haven't you? Suck it. Suck your mother's teat."

Preston's brain completely short-circuited. He had spent years in a haze of virgin longing, dreaming of the impossible sensation of sucking a tit, let alone one as massive and engorged as his mom's.

He latched onto the fat, textured nipple with a greedy, starving intensity, his mouth stretching wide , encompassing not only her teat, but half her areola. The

moment he applied suction, the pressure within the milk-heavy gland reached a breaking point.

With a sudden, sharp burst, the nipple erupted inside his mouth. Warm, sweet nectar sprayed from several ducts surrounding the teat, flooding his tongue and throat with a rich, creamy torrent of milk.

Preston let out a muffled moan of pure ecstasy, swallowing greedily, his eyes rolling back in his head as he tasted the forbidden essence of his mother.

Jessica let out a guttural scream of pleasure, the sensation of his mouth on her tit combined with his cock in her cunt sending her into a frenzy.

She began to bounce again, not with the slow grind of before, but with a frantic, violent urgency. She leaned in deeper, drowning his head in the rippling, heavy bulk of her tits.

Preston's face nearly vanished, buried deep within the soft, suffocating warmth of her cleavage, his world reduced to the taste of milk and the smell of aroused woman.

Below, the friction reached a fever pitch. Her pussy walls, slick with a foamy cocktail of juices, chewed on his rigid penile meat. As she hammered down on him, her cunt began to spasm, the tight muscles gripping his rock-hard shaft so fiercely that they began to "fart," trapping air and

secretions that hissed and popped around his meat with every wet plunge.

Preston whimpered, his body arching off the tent floor, his length punching straight to the bottom of her womb with every frantic, bone-jarring bounce of her ass.

The buildup was instantaneous and explosive. Jessica's body suddenly stiffened, her toes curling and her fingers digging into Preston's shoulders.

She let out a piercing, high-pitched squeal of absolute release, her entire frame convulsing in a massive, racking orgasm. As she peaked, a deluge of body fluids erupted.

Saliva dripped from her parted lips, milk continued to leak from her stimulated nipples, and a torrent of thick, hot fem-cum hissed from her gaping urethra.

The spray of her climax splattered across the base of Preston's throbbing cock, mixing with the sweat and lubrication to create a glistening, sticky mess.

She collapsed forward, her heavy tits still crushing his face, her pussy pulsing in rhythmic, milking waves around his engorged shaft, refusing to let him go.

Driven by a primal, starving instinct, Preston clamped his teeth firmly onto his mom's engorged nipple. The sharp, sudden pinch of pain sliced through the haze of her pleasure, triggering a violent reflexive contraction.

Jessica's entire lower body jolted, and her pussy walls slammed shut around his shaft with a fierce, crushing intensity. The grip was suffocating, a vice-like squeeze that threatened to snap his cock in two, sending a fresh jolt of electricity straight to his brain.

"Oh god! Yes! Bite me, you little slut!" Jessica shrieked, her voice breaking into a guttural sob.

The sensation triggered a secondary, even more violent spasm in her womb. Her pussy began to squirt again, warm, thick juices spurting out of her and flooding down over Preston's swollen, sensitive balls.

The heat of her secretions combined with the crushing pressure of her internal muscles pushed Preston over the edge. He felt his balls draw up tight against his perineum, pulling upward in a desperate, instinctive climb.

Deep inside his pelvis, his prostate swelled to its absolute limit, a heavy, throbbing knot of tension that signaled the inevitable.

The dam broke. A massive surge of semen roared from his prostate, racing through the thick, pulsing ducts of his vas deferens. The white-hot fluid shot up his swollen pipe, the pressure building until it became an unbearable explosion.

Preston let out a strangled, animalistic snarl as he erupted violently inside her. Thick, hot ropes of cum blasted

against the back of her cervix, flooding her womb with wave after wave of sticky, pearlescent seed.

The force of his ejaculation struck Jessica like a physical blow. The sensation of his hot cum filling her deep inside triggered yet another racking release for her.

She bucked wildly, her pussy clamping down on his pulsing meat in a rhythmic, milking frenzy. They became a singular, sweaty tangle of limbs and lust, bucking and snarling against one another.

It was as if they were swatting one massive, juicy orgasm back and forth, a feedback loop of raw pleasure transmitted through their joined genital meat. Every time Preston pulsed, Jessica screamed; every time she squeezed, he shot more cum into her depths.

Jessica had been right. The initial blowjob had cleared the way, dulling the hypersensitivity of his virgin glans just enough to allow him to endure this relentless assault. She had turned into a mindless animal, her eyes rolled back, slobbering and gasping for air as she clawed at his skinny frame.

Her nails dug deep into his ribs and shoulders, marking him as her property. She was utterly bewildered, her breath coming in ragged hitches, unable to comprehend how this scrawny boy's cock continued to rage through her like a piece of red-hot anvil, unyielding and rock-hard despite the torrents of cum he was pumping into her.

Finally, they collapsed into each other, their skin sliding against skin in a slurry of sweat, milk, and vaginal musk. Preston's chest heaved, his heart hammering against his ribs, while Jessica remained draped over him, her massive, leaking tits still pinning his face down.

The silence of the tent was filled only by the sound of their synchronized, heavy breathing and the wet, squelching noise of his cock slowly sliding out of her over-saturated, gaping cunt.

Hours passed, and outside the thin nylon walls of the tent, the early morning river flowed with a deceptive, glassy calm. The air was thick with the scent of damp earth and pine, the silence broken only by the rhythmic, hypnotic chirping of crickets greeting the dawn.

But inside the smoldering heat of Preston's tent, the atmosphere was electric, smelling of salt, musk, and the heavy, sweet aroma of Jessica's leaking breasts. The only sound here was heavy panting, and the wet, rhythmic slap of flesh beating against flesh—a visceral, squelching percussion that drowned out the wilderness.

Preston was no longer the trembling, awkward boy who had struggled under the weight of the coolers. He had become a creature of pure, mindless instinct. His skinny frame was nearly cocooned in his mother's overwhelming

embrace, wedged tightly between her soft, sprawling limbs and the crushing weight of her colossal tits.

He was on top now, his hips driving forward with a desperate, raw power he didn't know he possessed. His young, tight ass was a blur of motion, bucking relentlessly between the strong, warm cradle of his mother's thighs.

Jessica was completely undone, her dominant facade shattered by the sheer, unyielding force of her son's youth. Her strong legs were wound tight around his sweaty back, locking him into her heat, her feet hovering in the air as her painted toes curled violently with every deep, punishing thrust.

She felt every ridge of his veined shaft plowing through her slick, over-saturated walls, stretching her open in a way that made her head swim.

They looked like two sweat-drenched animals in the dim light, rutting with a primal violence that suggested this—this forbidden, raw fucking—was the only thing they had ever been born for.

"Fuck... you're... you're destroying me!" Jessica gasped, her voice a wrecked, sultry whisper.

Preston didn't answer; he couldn't. His brain was a fog of white noise and lust, his eyes blinded by her cleavage, her massive breasts swinging wildly with the force of his impact.

Each time he slammed home, the heavy mounds of flesh rippled around his cheeks, coating his skin in a mixture of sweat and warm milk.

He felt the friction building, the heat in his groin reaching a boiling point as he carved deep into her maternal depths.

Jessica suddenly arched her back with a guttural, animalistic squeal, her spine curving like a bow as she lifted them both off the tent floor. Her maternal frame convulsed, the muscles of her pussy clamping down on his cock in a series of rhythmic, crushing spasms.

Her nails, long and sharp, dug deep into Preston's skinny shoulders and ribs, clawing at him as if she were trying to pull him inside her body.

The orgasms shattering through her were unlike anything she had ever experienced—far more intense than the clinical buzz of a vibrator or the predictable rhythm of her husband. This was raw, unfiltered power.

As she screamed into the humid morning air, her body shaking with the force of a massive, toe-curling climax, Jessica looked up at her son's flushed, determined face.

He was dumb, he was scrawny, and he was clumsy in every other aspect of life, but as he continued to hammer into her with relentless, animal stamina, she knew one

thing for certain: pussy was something he would never, ever be lacking in.

A few hours later, the morning sun beat down on the river, turning the water into a shimmering ribbon of gold as the group drifted lazily in their tubes.

Preston floated in the center, his skinny frame looking even more fragile compared to the lush, overflowing curves of the women surrounding him. He kept his eyes lowered, his face a permanent shade of crimson, but his mind was a chaotic loop of the previous night—the smell of his mother's musk, the feel of her crushing tits, and the wet, sliding friction of her pussy.

"Exactly how many times did you two fuck last night?" Farrah asked, her voice dripping with a playful, hungry curiosity.

She leaned back in her tube, her own massive breasts straining against her bikini top, bobbing with every ripple of the current.

"I was wondering the same thing," Peggy admitted, glancing over at Preston with a predatory glint in her eyes. "Every time I woke up, I could hear you two pounding away in that tent. Sounded like a pair of goddamn bunnies in heat."

Jessica didn't look embarrassed; instead, she looked triumphant. She had a freshly fucked glow radiating from her skin, her eyes bright and her lips swollen. She shifted in her tube, her colossal tits swaying heavily as she let out a contented sigh.

"Honestly? I'm not even sure," she smirked, glancing back at Preston, who looked like he wanted to sink into the river and disappear. "It all just blurred together into one endless, wild fuck. I think we just kept going until we couldn't move."

Farrah's eyes narrowed, her gaze sliding down to the bulge in Preston's swim trunks. His pre-cum had certainly tasted divine, and the thought of that young, tireless stamina—the raw, unbridled power Jessica had described—made her own cunt throb with a sudden, wet heat.

"Alright, enough bragging," she demanded, her voice turning sultry. "When do I get my turn with him? I think it's only fair that he services the rest of us too."

Jessica's expression shifted instantly. The playful sister vanished, replaced by a fiercely possessive woman.

"We don't share toys, remember?" she snapped, though a smirk remained on her lips.

"Greedy bitch," Farrah teased, laughing as she reached over and splashed a handful of river water onto her

sister's chest, making the fabric of Jessica's bikini cling to her heavy nipples. "Fine, keep the fucking for yourself. But surely you aren't that selfish. Can I at least sit on his face?"

Peggy let out a moan of agreement, her hand resting on her pregnant stomach. "I'll lick his ass while he eats her," she offered openly, her voice thick with lust. "Imagine the look on his face, trapped between two sets of giant tits while I'm tasting his hole."

Beverly chimed in, her eyes locked on Preston's trembling form. "I'll share his cock with someone," she suggested with a wicked grin.

"Me!" Amy blurted eagerly. "We could give him a nice, juicy double blowjob. See if we can make that virgin cock spray all over us."

Preston felt his cock jump, hardening instantly against the fabric of his trunks. The idea of being surrounded by these dominant, busty women, their mouths and tongues fighting over his shaft, sent a jolt of pure electricity through his spine. He was a prisoner to their lust, a scrawny toy for their amusement.

Jessica looked at her son, seeing the desperate, hungry look in his eyes, and then looked back at the girls. She knew she held the ultimate prize, but she also knew how to play fair.

"Fine," Jessica agreed, her voice a low, sultry purr. "All oral. You can suck him, lick him, and eat him until he's shaking. But leave the fucking to his cock-hungry mother. My pussy is the only one that gets his meat."

When they moved to the river bank, Preston was told to move the heavy gear from the large equipment raft onto the smaller individual tubes, and he obeyed without question.

He spent the next twenty minutes straining, his skinny muscles trembling as he hauled coolers and backpacks. He didn't understand why they needed the big raft cleared until he finally finished. When he turned back to the large, circular raft, the air left his lungs in a sharp gasp.

Five women—Jessica, Farrah, Peggy, Amy and Beverly—were sprawled across the rubber surface, completely naked—displayed like a feast of flesh.

Peggy was on her back, her massive pregnant belly peaking like a mountain, her thick, swollen pussy flanges wide open to the river breeze.

His aunt Farrah was arched over, her heavy breasts spilling toward the sides, her wide, meaty ass pushed high into the air.

The other women were tangled in a heap of soft, pale skin and dark, wet hair, their colossal tits pressed against one another in a chaotic sea of cleavage.

"Come aboard, Little Bug," Jessica commanded.

She was positioned on her hands and knees in the center of the raft, her back arched deeply. Because of her posture, her massive, heavy breasts hung down like pendulums, the thick, dark areolas nearly brushing the rubber floor.

Her milk-heavy jugs swayed with every ripple of the water, two glistening globes of maternal flesh that seemed to pull Preston toward them like a gravitational force.

Preston climbed onto the raft, his movements clumsy and hesitant. Before he could stammer a word, his mom's fingers hooking into the waistband of his swim trunks and yanking them down in one violent motion.

Preston let out a small yelp as his thick, veiny cock sprang free, pulsing violently in the open air. He laid there naked and exposed, a scrawny, trembling boy surrounded by a circle of hungry, naked goddesses.

"Oh, fuck... look at that beautiful, swollen thing," Peggy moaned, her voice thick with lust as she shifted her pregnant weight, her wet pussy glistening.

Farrah lunged forward, her mouth clamping onto his neck, licking and sucking the skin until it turned a deep crimson.

Jessica, still on all fours, reached up, grabbing his cock with a firm, possessive grip, her thumb rubbing the dripping glans.

"You're just a little toy for us, aren't you?" she whispered, her voice a sultry command.

Amy joined her, her tits jostling heavily as fisted the bottom half of Preston's thick veiny pussy-prod.

"Fuck, your bother's not nearly this big," she purred. "I'm gonna love sucking this monster."

As the raft drifted slowly downstream, Preston became a living canvas for their lust. Mouths wandered over his thighs, his stomach, and his nipples, while hands roamed his skinny frame, claws digging into his hips.

He was drowning in them—buried under a mountain of soft, heavy, maternal curves. His cock was a rock, throbbing in time with the current, trembling under the intermittent, hungry licks of tongues that treated him like a piece of candy.

Farrah crawled up his torso with predatory grace, straddling his face with a sudden, heavy drop that slammed her dripping pussy directly onto his nose and mouth.

Preston let out a muffled choke, his world instantly replaced by the overwhelming musk of his aunt's

drenched folds. The scent was primal—salt, sweat, and the thick, honeyed aroma of a woman in heat.

Farrah groaned, her fingers diving into his hair, gripping the strands tight to anchor him. She began to grind, fucking his face with a rhythmic, demanding force, her swollen clit rubbing raw against his lips.

"Eat it, Little Bug," she commanded, her voice a low, dominant purr that vibrated through her pelvis and into his skull. "Lick my pussy like it's your favorite flavored ice-cream cone."

Preston obeyed instinctively, his tongue darting out to lap at the glistening slit. He tasted the salty, creamy essence of her arousal, his tongue swirling around her clit and diving deep into the wet crease of her labia.

He whimpered against her, the sound swallowed by her flesh, his brain completely fried by the sensation of being used as a living toy.

While his face was buried in Farrah's heat, the feast continued lower down. Jessica and her daughter-in-law Amy had converged on his throbbing cock, their heads bobbing in a synchronized dance of gluttony.

They shared him with an experienced greed, their long, skilled tongues swirling around the crown of his glans, painting the veiny shaft in a thick layer of saliva.

They took turns sucking his meaty stalk, their cheeks hollowing as they competed to see who was the better cock-sucker—who could draw the most pre-cum from his leaking hole.

Peggy had maneuvered her pregnant bulk, wedging her face firmly between Preston's tight, pale ass cheeks. She licked his asshole ravenously, her tongue probing the tight pucker with a hunger that was almost animalistic.

Beverly, the neighbor lady, squeezed her way into the remaining space, her tongue swirled around his scrotum, licking the underside of his balls with a wet, slurping sound that echoed against the rubber of the raft.

"Mmm, his balls are so full," she purred, nipping at the loose skin of his scrotum with her pretty white teeth.

Preston was completely engulfed, a scrawny piece of meat being devoured by five ravenous MILFs. He was trapped in a sandwich of colossal tits, dripping pussies, and hungry mouths. Every inch of his skin was being licked, sucked, or bitten.

He whimpered into Farrah's pussy-slit, his body trembling as he was stimulated in ways he never dreamed possible.

The women took turns riding his face, their thick thighs bracketing his head, each one grinding her slick, swollen cunt over his mouth until his chin and neck were shiny

with their release. The taste was musky and primal, a briny flood that coated his virgin tongue.

Jessica and Amy had migrated south, their pretty faces buried in the heat of his sac. Each had a nut sucked into her mouth, their cheeks hollowed with the effort. He could feel the wet, rhythmic pull on his balls, a deep ache that made his hips twitch.

"Boys love to have their seams licked," Amy gasped as a nut slipped from her lips with a wet pop. She dragged her tongue slowly along the sensitive ridge dividing his sack.

"The taints too," Jessica added, letting his other ball fall from her mouth so she could work her way lower. She pressed her face into his perineum, licking and sucking at the smooth, hairless skin there like it was a piece of ripe fruit.

"Fuck, his ass tastes so young and yummy," Farrah groaned, her voice muffled by his cheeks, her tongue circling his tight hole before spearing shallowly inside.

A wet, choked gurgle pulled their attention up. Farrah's lips were stretched obscenely white around the thick base of his cock, her throat bulging with the shape of him. A single tear traced through her mascara as she fought for air, her pretty face a mess of spit and strain.

"Suck that teen dick, sis," Jessica giggled, not pausing as her tongue carved a wet path up the tight skin of his

scrotum. Beside her, Amy was buried face-first in his taint, lapping at his perineum like a starved animal.

The air thickened with the sounds of them—the wet smack of lips on skin, the greedy slurp of a throat taking him deeper, the ragged panting as they feasted on every inch of his young body.

With an animal snarl, Preston began to launch big ropes everywhere, splattering all over the MILFs surrounding him as they milked him dry.

The slick heat of their cunts was suddenly gone, replaced by the suffocating, milky-sweet weight of tits smothering his face. He was passed from one set to another, his mouth latching onto swollen, dark nipples, sucking like a starved infant as the women groaned above him.

All the while, the wet, greedy sounds continued at his other end—the obscene slurp of a throat taking his cock, the sharp nip of teeth on his sac.

“I’m gonna... gonna cum!” he finally gasped, the words muffled by Peggy’s gigantic pregnant tits.

Amy’s pretty face was a blur of motion, fucking her own throat on his dick with a brutal, hungry rhythm. She ripped her mouth off with a wet gasp just as his balls drew up tight, and a half-dozen hands seized his shaft—slick with spit and pre-cum—jerking him raw and frantic as his back bowed off the ground.

“Fuck—yes—look at all that teenage nut,” Farrah choked, her voice thick as the first thick rope of cum lashed across her cheek, painting her in white. It splattered her lips, her chin, streaked down her throat like melted wax.

Another spurt hit Amy’s tits, glistening on her fat nipples, dripping in slow, pearly strings down the soft undersides.

Jessica’s tongue flicked out, catching a fat bead on the tip before it could fall, her eyes rolling back as she swallowed with a wet, satisfied gulp.

The air smelled of salt and musk, the heat of it clinging to their skin as the last weak pulses oozed from his piss-slit, painting their collarbones, their bellies, their fingers as they smeared it into their flesh like lotion.

“Fuck that boy’s brains out, sis,” Farrah rasped, her fingers already working circles into her slick, swollen clit. “I wanna watch his young cock splitting you open.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice,” Jessica smirked, sweat gleaming in the hollow of her throat as she swung a thick thigh over Preston’s hips.

Her heavy tits swayed with the motion, nipples dark and stiff. She reached between her legs, guiding the slick head of his cock through her wet folds.

He watched, breath caught, as she notched him against her entrance—that same tight hole he’d slipped out of 18 years ago—and sank down in one filthy, claiming stroke.

Ned McFarland was a frail old man who'd fished this river since he was a boy. When he wasn't casting a line, he was holed up in his shack, hunched over cheap paperbacks filled with stories of mothers and sons rutting like beasts.

He never thought he'd see it for real—not here, not in the trembling light off the water—but there it was: a thick-hipped woman with huge, bouncing tits, riding her boy's cock like she was born to take it.

Her tits slapped against her ribs with every filthy thrust, nipples dark, hard and leaking warm nectar.

And it got better. Four other naked women were sprawled across the wide raft, fingers working their wet cunts raw as they watched. Their tits jiggled with each frantic stroke—heavy, milky, and slick with sweat under the sun.

Preston locked eyes with the old bastard as the raft drifted past, his grin slick with spit and shame, his face half-buried in the suffocating heat of his mother's tits—those massive, sweat-slick slabs of flesh swinging like pendulums with every brutal thrust.

The old man's rheumy eyes bulged, his gnarled fingers twitching at his fishing pole like he was already imagining the way his cock would throb in his palm later, the way he'd jerk himself raw to the memory of this: a boy's face smeared in his own mother's milk, her cunt strangling his

cock like a fist, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing off the water.

Preston's hips hammered up into his mother's slick, greedy cunt, pummeling relentlessly as she screamed through orgasm after shuddering orgasm.

Her body milked him, clenching and gushing around his shaft until he couldn't hold back any longer. With a raw, guttural groan, he slammed up one final time and emptied himself deep inside her—a thick, hot flood of cum that painted her cervix and filled her womb with a hundred-million twitching swimmers.

One would worm its way in, squirming deep into her slick, fertile egg. Nine months from now, her husband would be changing diapers and cooing at a baby that had his son's eyes, his son's smirk—his son's DNA.

But by then, it wouldn't matter. Jessica's belly would already be stretched tight with the next one, her cunt still dripping with the proof of who'd really bred her.

Needless to say, Jessica never replaced Sir Maximus. Losing it on the river turned out to be a true blessing. She had a new favorite toy now—one made not of lifeless silicone, but of hard, teenage muscle and desperate hunger.

And as the pregnancies that followed bloomed inside her, twisting her hormones into a constant, dripping need, she knew she'd be craving her boy-toy day and night.

THE END

