

MOM PICKS HER FAVORITE

PART 2



BY KLRXO

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The roar of the crowd echoed through the gym as Jake pushed through the bathroom door, zipping up his fly. The basketball game was in full swing, sneakers squeaking on the polished court below the bleachers.

He climbed the steps back to their family's section, eyes scanning the sea of cheering faces lit by the harsh overhead lights.

His gaze landed on the row where they'd been sitting. Empty. The spots next to his dad were bare—where his mom Kaitlin, belly swollen huge at nine months pregnant, and his brother Monty had parked their asses just minutes ago.

Jake's stomach twisted, a mix of jealousy and that familiar hard twitch in his pants. He knew exactly what this meant. He slid in beside his dad, who was hunched forward, eyes glued to the players driving toward the hoop.

“Where's Mom and Monty?” Jake asked, even though he was pretty sure he knew.

His dad turned, brow furrowed with mild concern. “Your mom started feeling nauseous from the pregnancy. Needed some fresh air. Monty went with her to make sure she's okay.”

Jake nodded, forcing a smile, but inside, his blood boiled hot. *“Nauseous, my ass,”* he thought. *“Right now, Monty's probably got her bent over the back seat, that massive muscled cock of his slamming balls-deep into her dripping pregnant pussy.”*

It wasn't fair. Every night for days, since Monty turned eighteen, their mom had been sneaking into the bedroom they shared.

Jake would watch from his bed as Kaitlin climbed onto his younger brother, straddling him naked, her heavy, milk-swollen tits bouncing, nipples hard and dark from the pregnancy hormones.

“Fuck mommy, baby,” she'd whisper, voice husky with need, guiding Monty's huge cock—veins bulging, head fat and purple—straight into her shaved pussy.

It was always soaked, lips puffy and glistening, stretched wide around his girth as she sank down, burying him completely in the grip of her cunt.

Monty would grab her wide hips, thrusting up hard, his balls slapping against her ass with wet smacks. Their bodies would wrestle in the sheets, Kaitlin riding him like a bitch in heat, grinding her clit against his pelvis while her pregnant belly pressed against his chiseled chest.

Sweat dripped from her forehead onto his pecs, mixing with the slick girl-cum leaking out around his plunging dick. She'd throw her head back, gasping, “Yes, Monty, fuck Mommy's pussy—stretch it with that big cock!”

He'd flip her onto all fours, pounding her from behind, one hand on her hip, the other rubbing her swollen belly as he railed her deeper, her fatty ass cheeks rippling from the impacts.

Jake would lie there in the dark, hand wrapped around his tiny four-inch prick, stroking furiously but silent, biting his lip to stifle his whimpers.

He'd cum quick into his palm, hot spurts of shame, while they went on—Monty growling as he flooded her womb with thick ropes of cum, Kaitlin shuddering through her orgasms, pussy clenching and squirting juices onto the mattress.

By the end, they'd be drenched, bodies slick and heaving, her whispering how natural it was for a hot mom to fuck her stud son, how common the taboo itch was.

Snapping back to the bleachers, Jake glanced at his dad, who was clapping as the game resumed, totally fucking clueless. The poor bastard sat there alone, munching popcorn, worrying about 'nausea' while his wife got her pregnant cunt wrecked by their own son.

Jake's heart pounded with pity and rage—his dad deserved better, but hell, so did he. That slippery, cock-hungry hole should be his at least once.

“I'll go check on them,” Jake muttered, standing up before his dad could protest. “Make sure they're okay.”

He weaved through the crowd, pulse racing, heading toward the parking lot. The night air hit him cool as he stepped outside, distant cheers fading behind.

“Where the fuck were they?” he thought. *“The car? Some dark corner?”*

He scanned the rows of vehicles, ears straining for moans or the slap of skin on skin, his small cock throbbing with desperate hope he'd catch them mid-fuck, maybe even get a glimpse of that forbidden pussy stretched wide.

Jake's sneakers crunched on the gravel as he prowled the dimly lit parking lot, the distant hum of the game muffled by the rows of cars.

Then he saw it—in the far corner, away from the streetlights, their mom's mini-van. It rocked steadily, side to side, like it was caught in a private earthquake.

The windows were fogged up, smeared with handprints and streaks of condensation, blocking most of the view but not the rhythmic sway.

He crept closer, breath shallow, pulse thundering in his ears. The van dipped and bounced harder now, accompanied by faint wet slaps and muffled grunts filtering through the glass.

Jake's mouth went dry, his small cock surging to full stiffness in his shorts, tenting the fabric painfully. He edged up to the side door, careful not to make a sound, and

pressed his face to the foggy pane, wiping a small circle with his sleeve to peek inside.

His stomach clenched tight, a hot spike of jealousy twisting like a knife. There was Monty, his ripped, younger brother, buried deep under all that naked pregnant flesh.

Kaitlin straddled him in the back seat, her massive nine-month belly squashed against his torso, the swollen orb pressing into his chiseled abs as she rode him.

Monty's head was wedged right in the deep valley between her giant, milk-swollen udders, those heavy tits flopping and slapping against his face with every grind.

He latched greedily on one dark nipple, milk beading at the tip and dribbling down his chin, while his big hands gripped her wide hips, guiding her up and down on his sturdy, teenage cock.

Kaitlin's big, meaty buttocks worked furiously, rising and falling in a slick rhythm, her pale ass cheeks jiggling with the effort.

Between those thick buns, her puckered asshole winked in and out, exposed and twitching as she plunged Monty's slab of a cock up into the greedy grip of her cunt.

The lips of her pussy were stretched obscenely wide around his girth—puffy, red, and glistening with her juices that leaked out in sticky strings, coating his heavy ball-sack below.

She threw her head back, long hair whipping, and let out a low, guttural moan that made Jake's balls ache.

“Fuck yes, baby—ram that huge dick deeper into Mommy's pregnant hole,” she gasped, her voice husky and raw, grinding her fat clit against his pubic bone while her inner walls clenched visibly around his shaft.

Monty thrust up hard from below, his muscular thighs flexing, balls slapping wetly against her ass.

“Take it, Mom—your cunt's so fucking tight around me,” he growled, voice muffled against her tit as he latched onto the other nipple, sucking hard enough to make her arch and whimper.

The van creaked under their pounding, the air inside thick with the musky scent of sweat and sex that seeped out through the cracks.

Kaitlin's pregnant belly heaved with each bounce, her skin slick and shiny, veins standing out on the taut dome as she chased her release.

Outside, Jake squeezed his steel-hard prick through his shorts, the small bulge throbbing under his palm as he stroked it roughly, eyes locked on the scene.

He couldn't tear his gaze away from Monty's powerful cock flexing at its root—thick muscle and sinew pulsing to sustain that huge erection, veins bulging as it dug up through the stretched lips of his mom's cunt.

“Damn, if I could only have a dick like that,” he thought.

Her juices ran down in rivulets, soaking his ball-sack and pooling on the seat beneath. Every time she lifted, the fat head of his dick nearly popped free, slick and shining, before she slammed back down, burying it to the hilt in her sloppy depths.

The wet squelch of her pussy devouring him filled Jake's ears, louder now that he was so close, mixing with Kaitlin's breathless pants and Monty's deep grunts.

Pre-cum leaked from Jake's tip, soaking his underwear as he jerked his hand faster, imagining that tight, slippery heat gripping him instead.

But he knew it was bullshit—his four-inch dick could never fill her like that, never make her ride with such desperate hunger. Monty was built for this, his body a weapon of pure alpha fuck-power, and their mom craved it, her body betraying every taboo as she bounced harder, tits leaking milk onto his chest.

Jake shook his head in defeat, a bitter taste in his mouth. He wanted to be where his brother was so bad—buried in that hot, pregnant pussy, feeling her walls milk his cock dry.

He craved having his face sunk against the meat of those milkers, like his brother's was now, sucking and chewing at his mom's teats while having his cock skillfully massaged by her MILF pussy.

But how could he ever compete with that? Monty was so handsome and huge-cocked that even their very own mother couldn't resist him, sneaking off like this, using excuses to get her fix.

Jake's hand slowed on his pathetic bulge, jealousy burning hotter than his arousal, but he couldn't stop watching, rooted there in the shadows as the van rocked on, their moans building toward another filthy climax.

Jake's eyes dragged upward from the hypnotic sight of Monty's thick cock spearing into their mom's stretched pussy, slick folds clinging desperately to every veined inch as she ground down.

Her juices frothed at the base, bubbling out with each brutal thrust, the wet smacks echoing in the van like a filthy drumbeat.

But then, movement caught his gaze—Monty's face, peeking out from the smothering weight of Kaitlin's massive, milk-heavy tits. His brother's lips curled into a cocky grin, sweat-slicked and triumphant, those dark eyes locking right onto Jake's through the foggy window.

Monty's grin widened, all teeth and smug satisfaction, as if he knew exactly how pathetic Jake felt standing there, palming his tiny dick. Without breaking eye contact, Monty flashed a thumbs-up, his bicep bulging from the effort of holding their mom's hips steady.

His eyes nearly crossed in raw ecstasy, pupils dilating as his hips bucked upward, slamming his rod deeper into Kaitlin's vagina.

The fat glans of his cock punched through the pregnancy-swollen lips of her cervix, massaging the sensitive crown with every plunge. Bubbly secretions gushed around the intrusion, her inner walls contracting in rhythmic squeezes that milked him, coating his tender flesh in hot, slippery nectar that dripped down his shaft in thick globs.

Kaitlin moaned louder, oblivious to the audience, her head lolling back as she rode harder.

“Oh god, Monty—your cock's hitting so deep, stretching Mommy's womb like that,” she panted, her voice breaking into a whine as her pregnant belly jiggled against his abs.

Milk leaked from her nipples in steady streams, splattering his chest and face, the sweet scent mixing with the pungent tang of her arousal that wafted through the cracked window to Jake's nose.

Jake's breath hitched, his small cock twitching painfully in his shorts as he watched Monty dive back into the meaty underside of their mom's tits.

His face buried deep, nuzzling the soft, heavy flesh like a starving man, his tongue lapping at the sweat-slicked skin. He motorboated roughly, lips vibrating against the plump curves, sending ripples through the pendulous orbs.

Then he latched onto one nipple, sucking hard—pulling deep draws that made Kaitlin gasp and arch, more milk squirting into his mouth. He gulped it down noisily, switching to the other tit, kissing and biting the dark areolas, teeth grazing just enough to make her buck wildly on his dick.

“Fuck, Mom—your tits are so full and tasty, leaking all that cream for me,” Monty mumbled against her skin, his words muffled but clear enough to stab Jake in the gut.

He thrust up again, his cockhead grinding insistently against her cervix, the swollen ring yielding just enough to let him probe deeper, bathing his glans in the warm, viscous fluids of her deepest core.

Kaitlin's pussy clenched visibly, lips puffing out around his girth, her clit swollen and grinding against his pubic root with every downward slam.

The van rocked harder, suspension creaking, as her ass cheeks clapped against his thighs, the puckered ring of her asshole flexing in time with the penetration.

Jake's hand moved on autopilot, squeezing his four-inch prick through the damp fabric, pre-cum soaking through as jealousy boiled into something fiercer—a burning resolve.

He stared at Monty's powerful body, the way his muscles rippled under their mom's weight, owning her completely. That grin, that thumbs-up—it was like Monty was rubbing it in, flaunting the incestuous bliss Jake could only spy on.

Their mom's pregnant body writhed for him, her taboo hunger focused solely on his huge, muscled cock plowing her sloppy hole.

Jake wanted that—craved the way she surrendered, the family secret wrapping around him like a vice. But more than her pussy, he envied Monty's raw power, the effortless dominance that turned their clueless dad into a sidelined fool.

In that moment, watching his brother suckle and fuck like a god, Jake vowed it to himself: he'd become a sex god, no matter what it took. Gyms, supplements, whatever— he'd build his body, train his stamina, learn to wield pleasure like a weapon.

Somehow, he'd claim that same affection, that intoxicating pull Monty had over their mom. Hell, maybe even over Monty himself, the thought flickering unbidden in his mind, hot and confusing amid the arousal.

He had to compete, had to break free from this cuckolded shadow, jerking his small dick to stolen glimpses of their forbidden rut.

Kaitlin's cries peaked, her body shuddering as she slammed down one last time, pussy gushing around Monty's buried shaft.

“Yes—cum in Mommy's pregnant cunt, fill me up!” she begged, nails digging into his shoulders.

Monty groaned, eyes flicking back to Jake with that same mocking grin, his cock pulsing visibly as ropes of thick cum erupted deep inside her, flooding her cervix with hot seed.

The overflow squirted out around his base, creamy white mixing with her juices, dripping onto the seat in messy puddles.

Monty's eyes held his brother's a second longer, challenging, before he pulled Kaitlin down for a deep kiss, their tongues tangling sloppy and wet.

Jake stepped back into the shadows, mind racing with plans, his small cock still throbbing, unsatisfied and hungry for more.

“How'd you like the show, bro?” Monty asked later, voice low and cocky, flopping onto his mattress with a creak.

Jake's face heated, the image replaying brutal: his mom's fat ass slamming down, swallowing that monster dick whole, her tits and pregnant belly bouncing wild.

“Dad said Mom was nauseous. I should have known she was just craving your cock,” he muttered, voice tight with envy.

Monty laughed deep, scratching his heavy balls. “That was the third time we had sex today. It's like she just can't get enough of me.”

“Third? Fuck... what'd it feel like this time?”

Monty's grin widened. “Man, her pregnant pussy's a goddamn furnace—probably tight as a virgin but sloppy wet from all the hormones.”

“Wait, did you guys fuck after dad and I left this morning?”

“Yep, right in the kitchen. Bent her over the counter, pregnant belly hanging, ass cheeks spread wide. Shoved in raw bro—her pussy farting squirt around my dick when she came. It was some crazy-good pleasure.”

“When was the second time?” Jake asked curiously, hanging on his younger brother's every word.

“Second time today was epic—right here on your bed, sorry bro.”

“My bed?! What the fuck—when?”

“Mom picked me up at lunchtime—brought me home for a quick romp. Reverse cowgirl, her meaty ass grinding my lap, pregnant hole devouring my length. Felt every ripple as she rode to oblivion. Milk and cum sprayed all over your bed, bro—sorry.”

Jake's face twisted as he looked at his sheets. “What the hell—seriously?”

“Yeah, don't worry...mom threw it in the wash after we were done. Your sheets were fucking soaked.”

Jake sighed in frustration. It was bad enough that his younger brother was getting his mom's cunt and he wasn't,

but for the two of them to fuck like animals—right on his bed—torture.

“I bet you didn't expect to get fucked at the game tonight,” Jake stated, his voiced laced with jealousy.

“That was wild,” Monty stated, grinning from ear to ear. “Mom mounted me right on the back seat, ripped those panties aside, and rammed balls-deep. Her swollen lips gripped my cock like hot velvet, sucking every inch in.”

“Yeah, it sure looked that way,” Jake replied, replaying the sweaty rut he'd witnessed through the window.

“Felt her cervix kiss the tip, soft and puffy, begging for cum. She screamed so loud the windows shook, tits squirting milk all over the dash.”

Jake shifted, cock hardening in his boxers, hand itching to stroke. The jealousy knifed deep, but Monty's words painted it vivid—Mom's cunt walls rippling, milking that fat shaft.

Monty's much larger cock made a lewd tent in his boxers as he continued sharing the experience. “And sucking those big milk-dripping tits—drives me fucking wild,” he groaned, eyes glazing. “Latched on like a calf—thick nipples in my mouth, warm sweet milk flooding my tongue. Bit the areola, tugged till milk flowed out, soaking my face.”

Jake groaned low, hand diving into his boxers beneath the blanket, gripping his small shaft tight. Monty's words hammered his brain—tits leaking, pussy clenching, Mom's

screams. Somehow, someway, he had to experience that for himself. After some careful thought, he devised a way.

The next day, the sun beat down on the tidy suburban street as Jake pulled up to his grandparents' house on his electric bike, the buzz of his Grandfather's riding mower cutting through the quiet.

Grandpa waved from his seat, sweat beading on his brow as he trimmed the large lush lawn, oblivious to the storm raging in Jake's mind.

Jake forced a smile and waved back as he moved towards the house. The front door swung open before he reached it, and there stood Janet, his grandmother—a stunning echo of Kaitlin at sixty, her curves fuller, more commanding.

Her massive breasts strained against a thin blouse, nipples poking through like invitations, and her skirt hugged the thick swell of her ass, swaying with every shift of her hips.

“Jake, darling! What a surprise,” Janet purred, her voice warm and husky as she pulled him into a hug.

Her giant tits smothered his face instantly, soft and heavy, pressing against his cheeks with a weight that made his breath catch.

He inhaled her scent—floral soap mixed with something earthier, feminine—and his small dick stirred traitorously in his pants.

Her big ass brushed his thigh as she squeezed him tight, the fabric of her skirt whispering against his jeans. She held him longer than necessary, her hands roaming his back, before releasing him with a wink.

“Come in, come in. It's too hot out here.”

Jake followed her inside, eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her thick ass cheeks under the skirt, each step making them jiggle just enough to tease.

The house smelled of fresh-baked bread and lemon, a stark contrast to the musky van memory still fresh in his nostrils.

Janet led him to the kitchen, her hips rolling with confident grace, and poured him a tall glass of cold lemonade from a pitcher on the counter. The ice clinked as she handed it over, her eyes scanning him thoughtfully, lingering on his slight frame.

“You look troubled, sweetie. Sit down and tell Grandma what's on your mind.”

His cheeks burned, but the words tumbled out anyway, fueled by last night's defeat.

“Grandma Janet... I need your advice. Something personal. How do I... how do I become really good at sex? Like, a sex god?”

Janet paused, setting her own glass down with a soft clink. Her eyebrows arched, and she circled the table, eyeing him up and down—his narrow shoulders, the boyish lines of his body that screamed anything but alpha.

“Oh, Jake. Some boys are built to fuck, you know? Broad shoulders, thick cocks that make women beg. Others... well, they're meant for books or sports, not plowing pussy.”

She reached out, patting his cheek gently, her touch lingering. “Stick to school sports, darling. It'll build character if nothing else.”

Desperation clawed at him. “Please, Grandma. Can't you give me any advice? I can't keep watching from the sidelines. I need to learn—to get strong, to make women want me like they want... like they want the strong ones.”

His mind flashed to Monty buried balls-deep in Kaitlin's sloppy cunt, her moans echoing, and his small dick twitched again, hardening against his thigh.

Janet sighed, her full lips pursing as she studied him. Those thoughtful eyes darkened, a spark of something wicked igniting. “Alright, fine. But I'll have to see for myself if it's even possible. Can't teach a fish to climb a tree, after all.”

She took his hand in hers—warm, firm grip—and tugged him up from the chair. “Come on, to the bedroom. Let's get a proper look at you.”

Jake's pulse thundered as she led him down the hallway, her thick ass leading the way, skirt riding up just enough to hint at the crease beneath.

The bedroom door creaked open to a sunlit space, king bed dominating with crisp white sheets. Janet released his hand and turned, arms crossing under her massive tits, pushing them up until they nearly spilled from her blouse.

“Strip, darling. Everything off. Grandma needs to inspect what she's working with.”

His hands shook as he obeyed, peeling off his shirt to reveal his slim chest, then shoving down his jeans and boxers. His small cock sprang free, half-hard and bobbing at four inches, the tip already glistening with pre-cum from the tension.

He stood there, exposed, cheeks flaming as her gaze raked over him—down his legs, up to his narrow hips, lingering on his pathetic prick.

Janet stepped closer, the heat of her body radiating, her breath warm on his skin. “Hmm. Small, but eager. Turn around, let me see that ass.”

He spun, feeling her eyes on his cheeks, and she hummed low in her throat.

One hand brushed his shoulder, testing the muscle—or lack thereof—while the other hovered near his cock, not touching yet.

“You've got spirit, I'll give you that. But to fuck like a god? We'll need to build you up. Start with basics—squats for those thighs, so you can thrust deep without tiring. And stamina... oh, we'll work on that.”

Her fingers finally grazed his shaft, light as a feather, making him gasp and buck forward. Pre-cum smeared on her fingertip, and she brought it to her lips, tasting it with a slow lick.

“Sweet boy. Desperate for pussy, aren't you? Thinking of your mom's swollen cunt, maybe? Or Monty's fat dick owning it?”

“You know about Mom and Monty?” he asked in surprise.
“Their secret?”

Janet's lips curved into a wicked chuckle as she stepped back slightly, eyes gleaming with that matriarchal knowing, the kind that stripped away illusions.

“Oh, honey, your mom tells me everything. Every filthy detail. She's obsessed with your brother's cock—Monty's huge, muscled monster plowing her pregnant pussy night

after night. She calls me after, gushing about how he stretches her wide, makes her cum so hard she soaks the sheets. That boy's got her hooked, flooding her womb with his thick loads while your dad's snoring away.”

Jake's stomach twisted, a mix of jealousy and arousal churning in his gut. He could picture it too vividly—Kaitlin's nine-month belly bouncing as Monty's fat dick hammered her sloppy hole, her moans muffled against his brother's broad chest.

His own small prick twitched, aching for a taste of that forbidden heat. “But... do you think I could learn? Could I make her cum like that? Like Monty does?”

Janet giggled, a throaty sound that vibrated through her thick body, her big ass shifting as she eyed his naked form. She shook her head slowly, silver-streaked hair swaying, her nipples hardening visibly against the blouse. “Oh, Jake, sweetie, that's a tall order. Highly unlikely, I'd say.”

“Why though?”

“Your mom's not attracted to you like she is to Monty,” Janet explained. “That scrawny frame of yours? Your little cock? Girls—and especially a horny pregnant woman like your mother—they avoid boys like that.”

“Avoid us?” Jake repeated.

“They want the alphas, the ones who can pin them down and fuck them raw until they're screaming. Monty's built for it, all muscle and inches. You? I'm sorry, darling, but you're more the type to watch and jerk off.”

Her words stung like a slap, but they also made his cock pulse harder, the cuckold shame fueling his desperation. He stood there, exposed and small, while she studied him like a project—her gaze tracing his skinny arms, the flat planes of his chest, down to where his four-inch dick bobbed pathetically.

“Can't you just give me...any advice at all?”

“First things first,” Janet stated, “you'd need more muscle. That skinny body's no match for the rigors of sex, especially with an insatiable bitch like your mother. She'd ride you for two pumps and be done, begging for Monty's real meat to finish the job.”

Janet turned and sank onto the edge of the bed, the mattress dipping under her weight. Her skirt hiked up her thick thighs, revealing the semi-sheer panties clinging to her pussy—a puffy cameltoe outlined clearly, the fabric damp and stretched over her meaty lips.

The sight hit Jake like a punch, his eyes locking on that mature slit, imagining how it would swallow him whole if she let it.

Janet spread her legs wider, directing him with a crook of her finger. “Come here, stand between Grandma's legs. Let's see what we're dealing with up close.”

Jake shuffled forward, his heart pounding, cock leading the way like a divining rod toward her heat. The scent of her arousal wafted up—musky and ripe, mixing with the faint floral of her skin.

He positioned himself between her parted thighs, her knees brushing his hips, the warmth of her body enveloping him. Her massive tits rose and fell inches from his chest, cleavage seeming a mile deep.

Without warning, Janet's hand shot out, grasping his tiny cock in her fist. Her fingers engulfed it completely, wrapping around the shaft until only the swollen head poked out from her grip, purple and leaking.

She squeezed gently, feeling the steel-hard throb beneath her palm, the vein pulsing against her skin. “Mmm, not much length here at all, is there? Barely a handful. But fuck, you're hard as steel, Jake. I can feel it jumping in my hand, that little head all slick and eager.”

“Y—yes,” Jake hissed, as he felt her squeeze his stalk vice-tight in her fist as if testing its true rigidity.

“There's potential in that desperation—throbbing like it wants to burst already.”

She pumped him slowly, her fist sliding up and down the short length with expert ease, thumb circling the tip to smear the pre-cum around.

Jake groaned, hips bucking involuntarily into her touch, the friction around his penile flesh sending sparks up his spine.

Janet's cameltoe flexed as she shifted, the panties riding deeper into her cleft, outlining every fold of her experienced pussy. He stared down, mesmerized, wondering if she'd let him pull them aside and plunge in—feel that thick ass clap against him while she milked his pathetic load.

"Hold still, Jake," she commanded, her voice low and commanding. "Let me assess your equipment."

Her fingers traced the ridge of his glans, slipping easily over the smooth, slick surface. She explored the coronal ridge, the flare at the base of the head, and her eyes widened slightly, a look of approval crossing her face.

"Mmm, this is a nice little ridge you have here. It'll feel good against a woman's vaginal walls, trust me."

As she stroked, her fingers gliding up and down, she explained the anatomy of pleasure. "You see, a woman's G-spot is a delicate thing, but it's not as deep as you might think. It's only a few inches in, and even with your short length, I think you'll have no trouble reaching it."

“Cool,” he gasped, watching her fingers tug roughly at his blood-swollen meat, her strong maternal fingers working his cum-slimy knob.

“And that flare,” Janet continued, “it'll provide a nice stimulation, a little extra something to make her moan.”

She released his cock for a moment, her eyes fixed on the purple head, now glistening with his pre-cum.

"You have to understand, Jake, even though most moms prefer a big dick, a woman's pleasure centers are not just about size.”

“They're not?” Jake asked, his face lighting up with hope.

“No. The clitoris, for example, is a powerful little organ, and even the smallest boy can bring a girl to climax with the right touch. It's all about technique, and I think you may just have potential.”

“I like to hear that,” Jake stated, his dick jumping at his gran's promise.

"Now, darling, tell me, have you ever eaten pussy?

Devoured a girl's asshole?" Janet's voice was soft, yet her words carried a weight that made Jake's cheeks flush with embarrassment.

He shook his head, his eyes downcast, feeling small and inadequate. "No, I haven't. I've never had the chance. I mean, I've always been..."

He trailed off, unsure how to express his frustration and desire.

Janet smiled, a knowing, mischievous smile that seemed to say she understood his struggles better than he did himself. "I see. Well, my boy, you must understand that with your small cock and average looks, you'll have to become a master of other arts."

"Other arts?"

"Pussy eating, my dear Jake, is an art form. And tit-sucking, why, that's an art in itself."

She leaned closer, her giant breasts pressing against Jake's arm as she whispered, "Your brother, with his gorgeous face and huge cock, he may have the looks, but he likely lacks the experience in these matters. And that, my dear, is where you can gain an advantage."

Jake's eyes widened as he realized the truth in her words.

"You mean, with Mom?"

"Mm-hmm," Janet hummed. "With her pregnancy hormones, her pussy will be even hornier, juicier. Pregnancy and even post-pregnancy does strange things to a woman's body, and her desires can become insatiable."

"So, you're saying I could... I could make her cum with my mouth?" Jake's voice cracked with anticipation and hope.

"Absolutely. And more, Jake, much more. You see, your mother, she's a woman of many needs. She craves the dominance of a gorgeous alpha with a big cock, but she also yearns for the gentle touch, the skilled tongue, and the ravenous appetite of a hungry lover."

"But how? How can I learn?" Jake's voice was desperate, his hands clenching into fists at his sides.

"Ah, that's where you show your dedication. I'll help you, darling, but only if you work on your body."

"I can—I will. My school has a gym I can workout at."

"Your grandfather goes to his poker club every afternoon for two hours," Janet stated. "That'll be our time to train you, to build your skill and endurance."

Jake nodded fervently, a determination burning in his eyes.

"I'll do it, grandma. I'll work hard, and I'll learn. I want to please Mom, to make her cum like Monty does, and more."

Janet smiled, a satisfied smile that spoke of her confidence in Jake's potential. "Then let's begin, my boy. Your journey to becoming a sex god starts now."

Jake stepped into the house, his heart pounding with excitement for the crash course in the arts of pussy eating and tit-sucking he was about to get from his beautiful grandmother.

As he approached his parent's bedroom, he paused, his breath catching in his throat. Through the slightly ajar door, he witnessed a scene that both thrilled and tormented him.

Monty lay on his back, his muscular body relaxed, his shorts pooled at his ankles, revealing his massive cock, standing tall and proud. Kaitlin, his beautiful mother, was kneeling between his legs, her mouth working wonders on that impressive piece of flesh.

Jake's eyes widened at the sight of his mother's gigantic breasts and baby orb nestled between them, swaying gently with each skilled bob of her head.

Her long, pink tongue snaked through Monty's hairless ball sack, licking and caressing his testicles with a sensuality that made Jake's cock twitch in his pants.

She sucked on each nut, pulling gently on his spermatic cords, her lips stretching around the firm globes, and then she lightly chewed, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin.

“Oh fuck yeah, mom,” Monty whimpered, feeling her nurse skillfully on his cum-swollen nuts.

Kaitlin's mouth worked its magic on his boner, her lips stretching to accommodate Monty's girth as she took him deep, her throat muscles contracting around his shaft.

Her long hair fell forward, framing her face as she hummed with pleasure, a sound that sent shivers down Jake's spine.

He watched, transfixed, as her tongue danced along the underside of Monty's cock, licking up the length, leaving a wet trail before reaching the crown, where it flicked and teased, sending shudders through Monty's body.

The sight of his mother's skilled oral prowess was mesmerizing, and Jake felt a surge of both envy and determination. He wanted to be the one making his mother moan like that, to feel her lips and tongue worshipping his cock.

But for now, he was content to observe and learn, to study the techniques that brought such pleasure to his younger brother.

Kaitlin's hand wrapped around the thick base of Monty's cock, providing cork-screw strokes as she skull-fucked the top half of his prick—her throat made lewd gluk-gluk-gluk noises with each plunge.

As if sensing his presence, Kaitlin's head lifted, her eyes meeting Jake's through the doorway. Her face was a picture of lust and satisfaction, her cheeks flushed, and her lips glistening with Monty's pre-cum.

"Jake, honey, could you close the door for us? We'll be out in a little while," she said, her voice thick with desire.

Jake's heart pounded with a mix of jealousy and determination as he obeyed. He couldn't believe what he had just witnessed—his mother, Kaitlin, a goddess in his eyes,

kneeling before his brother, Monty, her mouth working magic on his massive cock.

It was a sight that both excited and enraged him, fueling an obsession that burned within. He needed to channel this rage into something productive, something that would make him stronger, both physically and sexually.

With a determined stride, he headed straight to the gym, his mind set on a mission—to transform himself into a sexual god, one that would make his mother beg for his touch.

"Get my panties off, Jake!" Janet exclaimed the next day as she attacked him the second he stepped in the door.

Jake's face filled with shock, his tongue hanging out in lust as his gran crushed him to her huge bra-clad tits urgently. The massive globes smothered his chest, soft flesh spilling over her lacy cups, her thick nipples poking hard through the fabric right into his pecs.

"Oh wow," he gasped as she kissed and licked his neck hungrily, her hot wet tongue tracing salty sweat trails, teeth nipping his skin while guiding his trembling hands to the thin waistband of her dainty thong panties.

"Get them off me, Jake!" she commanded urgently between hungry kisses to his throat.

"Fuck, Gran," Jake groaned, fingers hooking the flimsy string, yanking it down her wide hips.

The ripe, heated aroma of her cunt hit him like a punch—musky, tangy, thick with arousal—as he peeled her panties off, exposing her fat swollen pussy lips glistening with slick juice.

A small patch of fuzz framed her meaty slit, already parted and drooling. Janet kicked the panties off with her sexy bare feet, toes flexing, then leaped onto him, her strong smooth legs wrapping tight around his waist.

Her big, thick ass clenched against his hands as he grabbed it instinctively, fingers sinking into the jiggling flesh.

"Carry me to the bed, boy," she growled, grinding her bare dripping cunt against his shorts, soaking the front with her hot pussy slime.

Jake's legs wobbled under her weight, cock throbbing painfully hard in his gym shorts, but he staggered forward, carrying Janet toward the grandparents' marital bedroom.

The clicks of her bra hooks unfastening echoed through the hallway as she ripped it open herself. "Carry me with confidence, Jake. Imagine you're hauling your pregnant mother to fuck her raw for the first time—ram that cock into her swollen pussy."

Her giant tits tumbled free, slapping warmly against his face with heavy thuds. Jake gasped, mouth watering at the sight—massive pebbled areolas the size of saucers, thick rubbery nipples protruding like fat cherries, begging to be sucked.

One tit mashed over his nose, smothering him in warm milky scent, the other dragged across his lips, leaving a sticky trail of leaked tit juice.

He stumbled into his grandparent's bedroom, dumping her onto the king-sized bed with a bounce that made her tits wobble wildly.

Janet spread her legs surprisingly wide, knees high, her cunt splayed open, pink inner folds pulsing, enormous clit engorged and peeking from its hood.

"Strip, Jake. Get that little cock out and ready."

Jake tore off his sweat-soaked shirt and shorts, his four-inch dick springing free, rock-hard and veined, pre-cum beading at the slit.

It bobbed eagerly, smaller than Monty's monster but flared with a thick coronal ridge that made Janet lick her lips.

"Mmm, look at that fucking ridge flare," she purred, crawling forward on all fours, her huge udders swinging pendulously, nipples dragging the sheets.

She grabbed his shaft in her hot fist, squeezing until his balls tightened. "This'll scrape her G-spot perfect, even if it's short. Now, get between my legs and eat this pussy like you mean it. Practice for mother's sloppy pregnant hole."

Jake dove in face-first, nose buried in her sopping folds, inhaling the pungent cunt musk. His tongue lashed out, slurping up her tangy nectar, flattening against her fat clit before plunging into her clenching hole.

"Oh, not bad for a beginner," Janet moaned loud, grabbing his hair, grinding her ass back to fuck his mouth. "Suck harder, boy! Tongue-fuck my asshole too—circle that puckered rim while you finger my cunt."

He obeyed, spitting on her shithole, rimming the wrinkled ring with sloppy laps while two fingers pumped her gushing pussy, curling to mash her spongy front wall.

Her juices squirted over his chin, tits heaving as she pinched her own nipples, milking beads of white fluid. "That's it, Jake! Monty's big dick can't do this—he just hammers away. You learn to worship pussy, and Mom'll cream for you."

Jake's cock ached, leaking steadily as he devoured her, thoughts flashing to Mom's nine-month belly, her meaty pregnant pussy stretched around Monty's girth. Jealousy fueled him; he'd out-fuck his brother with skill.

Janet's thighs squeezed Jake's ears, her asshole twitching against his probing tongue as her pussy clenched around his plunging fingers.

"Curl those fingers deeper," she ordered, voice husky and commanding. "Hook 'em right into my pulsing pussy walls—scrape that spongy G-spot like you're mining for cum."

"Like this?" Jake asked, feeling the rough, cuntal texture on his fingers.

"Yes, right there, feel it swell under your fingertips? Pump steady, in and out, make my cunt juice flood your hand."

Jake twisted his wrist, fingers bending inside her sopping heat, grazing the ridged front wall. Her pussy walls gripped him like a vise, slick and velvety, sucking his digits deeper with every curl.

"Damn that's cool," he panted as he felt the bulge of her G-spot fattening, pulsing hot against his pads, her arousal gushing in thick spurts that coated his palm and dripped down his arm.

The wet squelch filled the room, mixing with her grunts as Jake watched the swell of her giant tits ripple on her chest.

"Now the clit," Janet gasped, yanking his hair to mash his mouth harder against her crotch. "Suck my swollen clit with steady pressure—lips sealed tight, tongue flicking the underside fast."

Jake snarled as he ate like a ravenous dog on a piece of meat, juices dripping from his chin

“Roll it between your lips like a fat pea,” Janet coached.

“Then flatten your tongue and lap circles. Don't rush, build it slow, then suck hard when I buck. Women crave that rhythm on their clits while you finger-fuck the hole.”

Jake's face buried fully in her cunt, nose smashed into her slit, inhaling the thick, pungent musk that reeked of sweat-soaked pussy and ripe ass.

It swept through his lungs, dizzying him, making his small cock throb violently against the mattress, pre-cum pooling on the sheets.

He loved how she tasted—salty-tangy nectar flooding his mouth, her fat clit knob pulsating between his sucking lips like a heartbeat. He latched on, sucking with firm pulls, tongue swirling the engorged nub while his curled fingers hammered her G-spot relentlessly.

"Fuck yes, Jake! Eat Gran's sloppy cunt," Janet moaned loudly, gripping fistfuls of his hair. She thrust her hips up, fucking his mouth raw, her thick ass lifting off the bed to grind her dripping slit over his chin and nose.

Her giant tits flopped side to side with each buck, nipples leaking milky beads that trailed down her ribs.

Jake slurped greedily, chin shiny with her froth, the obscene slurp-smack of his feast echoing off the walls.

His cock jerked untouched, balls aching as he pictured his Mom's pregnant pussy in his face instead—Kaitlin's swollen lips parted wide, nine-month belly heaving above while he tongued her clit better than Monty's huge dick ever could.

Jealousy burned hotter; he'd make her squirt like this, drown his face in her mommy cum while Monty watched, small-dicked brother stealing her orgasms with skill.

Janet's breaths came ragged, pussy walls fluttering wildly around his fingers. "Listen, carefully—when I start to gush, you keep eating. Don't you dare pull back. Swallow every drop, lap it up while I cream your face. Nod if you get it."

Jake nodded frantically into her crotch, mouth too full of clit to speak, eyes watering from her grinding assault. He doubled down, fingers curling viciously into her tightening walls, sucking her clit like a vacuum while his tongue lashed the tip.

Her asshole winked open under his thumb—he spat on it, rubbing circles to heighten the build.

"Oh shit, here it comes!" Janet howled, back arching, thighs crushing his skull. Her pussy convulsed, hot squirt blasting from her urethra in forceful jets, soaking Jake's face, hair, and neck.

Thick girl-cum hosed his mouth, tangy and endless; he gulped it down, tongue still flicking her throbbing clit through the flood.

She rocked harder, fucking his sloppy face, tits slapping her chin as she rode the peak.

Jake's world narrowed to her gushing cunt—musk choking him, juices burning his eyes, cock leaking ropes of pre-cum onto the bed.

He didn't stop, fingers pumping through the spray, sucking her pulsing knob until her screams turned to whimpers.

Thoughts raced: Mom's turn next, her pregnant hole squirting like this, Monty blue-balled while he owned her.

Janet collapsed back, panting, but her grip on his hair didn't loosen. "Good boy... but don't stop now. Lick my asshole clean while I catch my breath. Practice for when you rim your mother's pregnant pucker—make her beg for your tongue before your cock."

She spread her cheeks wide, exposing the slick, wrinkled ring still quivering from the orgasm. Jake dove lower, tongue spearing her shithole, tasting the bitter tang mixed with pussy squirt.

His dick twitched, desperate for friction, but he obeyed, knowing this training would topple Monty's reign.

Janet's asshole clenched around Jake's spearing tongue one last time before she yanked him up by the hair, her strong legs snapping like steel traps around his back.

She crushed him down onto her voluptuous body, his face smashing into the deep cleavage of her giant, sweat-slick tits.

Milk beads smeared across his cheeks, the salty tang mixing with her pussy musk as her thick nipples poked his forehead. Her arms locked around his shoulders, pinning him tight, her thick ass shifting under him to align their groins.

"Fuck me, darling," Janet growled, breath hot against his ear.

One meaty hand clamped the base of his four-inch cock, fingers squeezing his throbbing shaft like a vice. She plowed his leaky tip through her fat, sopping cunt lips, parting the swollen folds with a wet schlick.

Pre-cum and her squirt mixed, lubing his glans as she dragged it up and down her heated slit, bumping over her swollen clit nub each pass.

"Once you're inside, you'll buck like a rutting dog on instinct," she warned, voice rough with lust. "But we'll find the angle—tilt your hips down, grind that ridge right into my G-spot. Short cocks hit it perfect if you aim true."

Before he could respond, Jake's cock split her twat with a pop, her pussy walls hugging his steely flesh in a slippery furnace.

She dug her heels into his ass, yanking him balls-deep in one brutal pull. He groaned loud, the sound muffled against her neck as her cunt shrouded his four inches completely—velvet vice sucking every vein, her heat scalding his shaft.

His knob swelled fat against the rough-textured patch of her G-spot, the spongy bulge yielding under his coronal ridge flare.

"Fuck, Gran—your pussy's choking my dick," Jake gasped, hips jerking instinctively.

She locked her ankles, controlling the rhythm, rolling her thick ass to set them in motion. Her walls rippled around him, milking his length with rhythmic squeezes, juices squirting out around his buried base to soak his balls.

"Pound it, boy—short and sharp, scrape that G-spot raw. Feel how my cunt hugs you tight?"

Her heels spurred him faster, nails raking his back, forcing his cock to piston into her sopping depths. Each thrust mashed his glans over her swollen patch, her pussy farting wetly with the impacts.

Jake's mind reeled, small dick lost in her gripping furnace, balls slapping her asshole with every slam. He thrust harder,

chasing the power Monty wielded over their Mom—imagining Kaitlin's pregnant cunt clenching like this, her swollen lips stretched around his shaft while Monty jerked his huge meat nearby, cucked for once.

Jealousy fueled him; he'd master this angle, make Gran cream again, then steal his Mom's orgasms.

"Tilt left—yeah, right there!" Janet barked, legs crushing tighter, her giant tits flopping against his chest with sweaty slaps.

She reached down, thumbing her clit furiously while his cock hammered her G-spot. Her pussy walls fluttered, thickening around him, hot floods coating his pubes.

"Fuck Gran's sloppy hole deeper—make me squirt on that little prick!"

Jake obeyed, angling viciously, his glans plowing her spongy ridge relentlessly. Sweat poured off them, bodies slapping loud, her ass-cheeks rippling under his pounding balls.

“Latch to my tit while you fuck,” Janet ordered.

He obeyed and sucked a leaking nipple into his mouth, gulping warm milk as her cunt gripped harder, sucking his cock like a mouth.

The room stank of sex—pussy squirt, ass sweat, tit milk—driving him feral.

Her breaths hitched, heels digging into his ass. "Don't cum yet—hold it while I flood you. Picture your mother's fat pregnant pussy next, begging for this skilled fuck."

Jake's cock throbbed, fighting the urge, lost in the fantasy of Mom's cervix kissing his tip while Monty watched, defeated.

Janet's hand cracked down on Jake's ass-cheek with a sharp slap, the sting exploding across his skin like fire.

"Fuck harder! Drive me through the goddamn mattress—like you're claiming this fat pussy for your own!"

Jake bucked wildly, hips slamming forward with desperate fury. His four-inch cock pummeled into her sopping cunt, balls smacking her asshole wetly, but his thrusts went sloppy—off rhythm, glancing past her sweet spot.

He grunted, sweat dripping from his brow onto her milk-smearred cleavage, the room reeking of their mixed fluids: her pungent squirt, his musky pre-cum, the faint tang of her asshole still on his tongue.

His mind flashed to Mom's pregnant belly bouncing, her swollen pussy lips gripping Monty's huge dick—he'd fuck better, steal her climaxes.

"FOCUS! Tilt down—hit it steady!" Janet snarled, nails digging into his ass, yanking him back.

She rolled her thick hips sharp, forcing his glans to scrape her G-spot ridge dead-on. "Every inch you've got, boy—pound it deep, grind that ridge raw!"

Jake locked in, obeying her grip. He maintained the angle, pounding her pussy with short, vicious thrusts, burying his full length balls-deep each time.

His coronal ridge plowed her spongy patch relentlessly, churning her juices into white froth that bubbled out around his shaft, soaking his pubes and her ass-crack.

Her cunt walls hugged him airtight—no slack, just scorching velvet sucking his veins, her swollen lips dragging his base with every pull-out.

He felt her heat pulse, clit throbbing against his grinding pubes, her heels bruising his ass to spur him faster.

"Fuck yes—scrape my G-spot, you little fuck!" Janet howled, her massive tits flopping side to side, slapping his arms.

Milk leaked from her fat nipples, trickling down her sides as she clawed his back. Her pussy shrank tight around his cock, friction spiking like a fist—walls thickening, rippling in waves that milked his pile-driving meat.

Inside her, his cunt-smothered dick was a four-inch battering ram, neck of the glans scraping deliciously along

her ridges, her G-spot patch hugging the top of his crown like a greedy mouth.

The boy snarled, teeth bared, feeling her pelvic floor clamp down hard—strangling his shaft in a vise as hot floods gushed around him.

Janet trembled beneath, her thick body bucking wild, legs crushing his ribs while her pussy convulsed in climax.

"Cumming—fuck, your tiny cock's owning me! Squirt's flooding your balls, darling!"

She thrashed, hips jerking up to grind her clit on his root, her asshole winking under his slapping sack as squirt sprayed in hot jets, drenching the sheets.

Jake's cock throbbed inside her rippling hole, fighting the pull not to unload. Her walls fluttered greedy, sucking his glans deep towards her cervix mouth, juices farting out with each buck.

He pictured his mom like this—nine-month pregnant pussy clenching his dick while Monty stroked his monster nearby, blue-balled and watching Jake win.

Gran's milk flooded his mouth as he latched onto a nipple, gulping the warm spray, her body quaking under him in endless ripples.

"Don't stop pounding—ride it out!" Janet gasped, eyes rolling back, her confident matriarch face twisted in slutty bliss.

Her hands roamed his ass, spreading cheeks to finger his pucker teasingly, pushing him deeper.

Jake growled, thrusting through her orgasm, ridge mashing her G-spot harder, building her aftershocks into fresh spasms.

Sweat stung his eyes; the bed creaked violent under their slams, her giant ass rippling like jelly. Her climax peaked again, pussy strangling tighter, pelvic muscles crushing his base while her clit pulsed fat against him.

"Gran's cumming twice on your short dick!" she moaned, tits smothering his face completely now, the salty milk drowning him.

Jake's balls tightened, pre-cum spurting inside her, but he held back, determined—learning this power, craving his Mom's rejection to shatter under his skilled fuck.

Janet's massive tits smothered Jake's face, the warm, sticky milk flooding his mouth as her pussy clenched around his cock.

Her body shuddered through the aftershocks, asshole puckering under his swinging balls, squirt still dribbling from her stretched lips down his sack.

He thrust steady, ridge grinding her G-spot raw, refusing to cum—saving every drop for the power he was building, the

edge to out-fuck Monty's brute dick and claim Mom's pregnant cunt.

"Now, boy—mouth on these swollen udders," Janet growled, grabbing a fistful of his sweat-matted hair.

She yanked his head down harder into her cavernous cleavage, the deep valley slick with milk and sweat, her giant tits ballooning around his cheeks like hot pillows.

"Suck Gran's tits right—teach you to milk your mother's pregnant rack dry."

"Mmm," Jake whimpered, his face sinking deep into one of Janet's fat tits as he latched.

"Your mother's tits are extra sensitive now, nine months knocked up, nipples fat and leaking constant," Janet purred.

"One good latch, and she'll squirt milk down your throat while her pussy floods your cock. Devour it all, make her crave your mouth over your brother's.

Jake whimpered into her flesh, face buried in the squishy meat, inhaling the thick, creamy scent of her milk mixed with their fuck-sweat.

His tongue darted out nervous, lapping the warm rivulets trickling out her fat nipple—sweet, rich, like hot cream coating his taste buds.

His small cock throbbed inside her gripping hole, walls fluttering from her last cum, but he kept pounding short and vicious, balls slapping her ass wetly.

"That's it—explore Gran's cleavage, taste the milk pooling there," she rasped, arching her back to shove a fat tit upward.

Her hand clamped his skull, forcing his lips to drag through the deep split, tongue scooping beads of white nectar.

Jake's whimpers turned muffled moans, his hips snapping faster on instinct, cock churning her sopping depths. He pictured Mom's belly-swollen tits like this—leaking for him, not Monty, her rejection crumbling as he sucked her dry while railing her pregnant pussy.

Janet's fingers dug into his scalp, pulling him to her left nipple—thick as his thumb, areola huge, dark and puffy, beading fresh milk.

"Latch on hard—seal those lips tight and tongue the nipple, then suck like you're starving. Pull deep—milk her straight from the source."

"Mmff," Jake acknowledged, milk spewing from the corners of his tit-stuffed lips.

"Your mother's tits will explode when you do it right, fueling her to cum buckets on your dick."

Warm milk jetted across Jake's tongue—sweet floods gushing down his throat in hot spurts, her tit flesh yielding soft under his vacuum pull.

He flicked his tongue just like she said, swirling the sensitive underside, teeth grazing light to spark more flow.

Janet moaned loud, head thrown back, her pussy walls clamping his shaft like a fist. "Fuck yes—suck Gran's tit raw! Just like that on your mom's pregnant udders—make 'em squirt while you fuck her sloppy hole!"

His sucks grew urgent, gulping her milk greedy, the creamy warmth filling his belly as his cock hammered her cunt.

Her nipple throbbed in his mouth, stretching longer with each pull, milk spraying in rhythmic jets that overflowed his lips, dribbling down his chin onto her other tit.

Jake's mind reeled—his Mom's nine-month tits would gush like this, sensitive from pregnancy, her body betraying her words as he drained her and plowed deep.

Jealousy burned hot; even if Monty's huge dick got the pussy, Jake would own her tits, make her beg to be suckled by his skilled mouth.

Janet bucked under him, her thick ass grinding the mattress, pussy shrinking tighter around his four-inch meat.

"Harder—fuck and suck! Your ridge is scraping perfect—Gran's cumming again on that tiny cock!"

Her voice cracked into a howl, legs locking vise-tight around his waist, heels digging his ass to yank him balls-deep.

Her walls rippled violent, milking his hammering shaft, G-spot swelling fatter against his coronal flare.

Hot squirt erupted—juices blasting his cock base, flooding his balls and sack in sticky gushes, dripping thick down his thighs to puddle on the sheets.

Jake growled around her nipple, sucking fiercer, milk squirting wild as her climax peaked.

Her pussy convulsed, strangling his dick in waves, asshole clenching visible under his slapping nuts. He thrust through it amazingly, short rams grinding her depths, pre-cum mixing with her floods inside.

Her giant tits flopped with each slam, the unsucked one leaking rivers down her side, scent thickening the air—pungent cunt squirt, sweet milk, his musky balls.

Janet's body quaked, moans turning guttural, but Jake held back his load, cock throbbing urgent, learning every twitch to weaponize on Mom.

"Keep sucking—don't you dare stop pounding!" Janet panted, hands roaming to spread her ass-cheeks, finger teasing her own pucker while her pussy farted squirt around his buried root.

Jake's world narrowed to her tit in his mouth, milk jetting endless, and the scorching grip milking his cock—power surging through him, visions of Kaitlin's pregnant form writhing under this exact assault.

Monty's thumbs-up grin flashed in his mind; soon, Jake would smirk back, buried in Mom while his brother watched blue-balled.

Jake's balls tightened, the pressure unbearable as Janet's pussy milked him ruthless through her endless climax.

Her walls crushed his cock base, G-spot ridge flaring against his coronal scrape, squirt still farting wet around his buried shaft.

Milk flooded his mouth from her throbbing nipple, sweet jets choking him as he gulped frantic. He couldn't hold—vision blurred white-hot, cock swelling fatter inside her sopping hole.

"Fuck—Gran—cumming!" Jake snarled around her tit, ripping his mouth free, milk dribbling down his chin in sticky ropes.

His small dick erupted violent, hot seed blasting deep into her clutching cunt. Thick ropes pumped straight at her cervix, flooding her depths with his load—spurt after heavy spurt, balls contracting hard to empty every drop.

Janet's pussy slurped it back greedy, walls rippling to suck him dry, overflow bubbling out around his root in creamy froth.

The grandmother moaned deep and guttural, thick arms locking around his sweat-slick back, crushing him to her giant tits.

"Yes—fill Gran's hole, darling! Pump that seed home—train your cock to breed deep just like your brother's cock does"

Her voice rasped hot in his ear, hips grinding circles to wring his pulsating shaft, asshole puckering under his drained sack.

Jake's vision swam, body shuddering through the orgasm, cock twitching weak pulses inside her dripping mess—his cum mixing with her squirt, leaking thick down her ass-crack to soak the sheets.

Finally, he collapsed heavy on her, face buried in her milk-smearred cleavage, inhaling the pungent reek of their fuck: cunt juice, tit milk, his fresh seed.

Over the next three weeks, Janet turned her bedroom into Jake's fuck dojo—two hours daily while her husband was gone. She was meticulous, stopwatch in hand, timing every session to forge porn star endurance from his scrawny frame.

"No quick shots, Jake—Monty's huge dick lasts on brute force; you earn it with skill and stamina," she'd growl, watching him buck between her thick thighs.

First week, she pinned him face-first into her juicy cunt, demanding thirty-minute eats non-stop. Jake's tongue plunged deep, lapping her puckered lips, scooping tangy folds into his mouth.

He'd seal vacuum on her swollen clit—sucking steady pressure while two fingers curled ruthless inside, hooking her G-spot raw.

"Flick fast here—then grind slow—build her drip!" Janet barked, gripping his hair to fuck his face.

Her pussy gushed rivers, asshole winking as she shuddered screaming—juices flooding his chin, nostrils thick with her pungent musk.

By day five, he turned her into a dripping mess: thighs quaking, cunt farting squirt arcs, tits leaking milk from the overload.

Jake performed timed fucks—thirty minutes first, building to two hours without popping. Janet straddled his cock reverse, thick ass slamming down, her cheeks clapping his thighs as she rode vicious.

"Hold the edge—breathe through it—pound my hole precise!"

His small dick pumped her depths, ridge scraping her walls perfect, balls slapping her clit wet. She'd clench deliberate, testing his control, pussy shrinking to strangle him mid-thrust.

Jake gritted teeth, hips snapping up steady, sweat pouring as pre-cum leaked but he denied the cum—vision blurring but holding, earning her grunts of approval.

"Good—now eat me clean after, lap your leak from my sloppy lips."

Second week ramped brutal: oral worship extended to forty-five minutes, Janet's ass smothering his face full nelson style.

He'd devour her pucker too—tongue rimming the wrinkled ring, spearing inside while fingers jackhammered her cunt.

"Women cum hardest from ass-tongue plus G-spot—Monty skips this, I'm sure," Janet panted, grinding her big ass down on her grandson's face.

Her pussy was next and her hole quivered, shitting squirt down his throat as she bucked wild, giant tits flopping, milk spraying the headboard near where her husband slept.

Jake gulped her floods, cock throbbing untouched, perfecting the ravenous method: clit-suck vacuum, tongue-fuck alternates, turning any pussy into a shuddering, screaming gusher.

His fucks hit two hours timed—Janet on all fours, Jake railing her doggy, small cock churning her ass-gape visible.

"Angle up—grind that ridge!" she'd demand, shoving back to impale deep, her fatty ass-cheeks clapping wetly on his root.

His endurance surged; he'd hammer through her ten climaxes, her walls milking frantic, squirt puddling the floor before yanking out to eat her raw again.

Cum denial peaked—balls blue and aching, but he lasted, picturing his mom's pregnant pussy convulsing just like Gran's, her rejection shattering under his trained assault.

Third week, sessions fused oral and fuck marathons—hours straight, no breaks. Janet attacked first, crushing him under her weight, cunt engulfing his dick while shoving his mouth to her tits.

"Suck milk while you pound—double her over!"

Milk jetted as he latched, cock plunging to timed rhythms: short jabs to build friction, deep grinds to scrape her G-spot.

She'd flip him, face-sitting savage—pussy grinding his nose, asshole on his tongue—demanding fifty-minute worship till she blacked out shuddering, juices drowning him.

"Harder each day, darling—push Gran's limits," she panted post-session, finally allowing him to cum after hours of rutting.

Jake's body transformed: muscles hardening from gym hauls between fucks, small cock a stamina weapon.

He craved his Mom's nine-month pregnant hole now—swollen lips begging his tongue, pregnant tits squirting under his sucks, pussy gushing on his ridge while Monty watched defeated.

Visions burned: Kaitlin's belly bouncing as he railed her, Dad clueless, brother blue-balled. Training honed, Jake hungered for the hunt.

The following day, Jake stepped through the kitchen door after school, backpack slung over one shoulder, his new muscles flexing under his tight shirt.

The air hit thick with lemon cleaner, but his eyes locked straight on his mom bent over the counter, her tight sundress stretched obscene across her nine-month pregnant belly.

That gut hung huge and low, ready to pop any second—skin taut, navel poked out like a fat button under the thin fabric.

Her ass cheeks strained the hem, thick thighs bare, and those giant tits swayed heavy as she chopped veggies, nipples poking dark shadows through the dress.

Jake's small cock twitched hard in his shorts, balls aching from the morning gym pump and his gran's last brutal fuck session.

“Hi, Mom,” he said, voice casual but pulse hammering, hoping she'd clock his ripped arms, broader shoulders, and the fresh buzzed fade Janet made him sport.

“Alpha cut for your hunt,” his gran had growled while jerking him off post-workout.

Kaitlin straightened slow, belly leading the way, and turned with a warm smile that punched Jake's gut. Her pretty eyes raked him head to toe, lingering on his chest bulge, then up to his sharp hairline.

“Whoa, honey—look at you! All grown and jacked up. New 'do too? Damn, baby, I bet you're turning heads.”

Her voice purred low, hand rubbing her swollen belly as she waddled closer, bare feet slapping the tile sexy—painted toes curling against the cool floor.

Heat flooded Jake's face and dick—her compliment hit like pre-cum drip, his tent rising obvious. He grinned tight, nodding.

“Yeah, been hitting the gym hard lately. Feelin' good.”

He turned for the hallway, heart pounding, and heard her follow—those massive tits wobbling audible, dress swishing over her thighs, pregnant ass swaying hypnotic behind him.

Jake sprawled back on his bed, legs spread wide, small hard-on tenting his shorts blatant—a rigid spike poking the fabric, pre-cum already wetting the tip.

The room reeked thick of stale sex: Monty's musky ball-sweat, Mom's pungent pussy squirt, dried cum crust flaking from his brother's sheets across the room.

They'd fucked savage here last night—Jake smelled it fresh in his mind, picturing her pregnant cunt slurping that huge cock while he jerked silent in the dark.

Kaitlin lingered in the doorway, frame filling it, one hand propping her belly as her eyes flicked to his tented shorts. She didn't blush—leaned in casual, tits heaving with each breath, fat nipples diamond-hard against the dress.

“Monty's not here, huh?” Jake asked, voice thick, cock throbbing urgent as her scent wafted in—pregnant heat, faint milk tang from those udders.

She chuckled low, stepping one bare foot inside, toes flexing on the carpet. 'Nah, he's in detention—was late for school this morning after our... fun in the van.”

Jake's stomach clenched jealous, dick leaking fresh as he imagined her fucking his younger brother stupid in the van in some remote spot.

'Fun, huh?' Jake rasped, shifting to let his tent bob obvious, balls tight under the shorts. He wanted her eyes on it—wanted her to ache for his trained ridge like she did Monty's brute cock.

The room's fuck-reek thickened with her nearness, her bare feet padding closer, pregnant belly looming massive and round as she eyed his fit thighs, the outline of his small cock straining under his shorts.

“Mmm, yeah—your brother's dick wrecked me good. But look at you now, all pumped. What's got you tenting like that, baby?”

Jake's breath hitched at the fact that she'd noticed, the air electric with taboo heat, her pregnant warmth radiating close.

Kaitlin planted her meaty ass on the mattress edge right next to Jake, the bed dipping under her pregnant weight.

She spread her thick thighs wide, one bare foot planting flat on the mattress, then swung one leg over his thigh—her hot skin pressing firm against his muscle, calf muscle flexing as she hooked it there.

The sundress rode up instant, exposing the dark crease where her thighs met, and that ripe pussy scent slammed Jake's nose: thick, musky, pregnant tang.

Her hand shot out bold, sliding straight under his shorts waistband. Fingers wrapped his small cock tight—base to leaking tip—and it flexed hard against her palm, throbbing urgent like a steel rod.

“Mmm, small... but fuck, baby, it's so hard and hot,” she purred low, squeezing the shaft, thumb smearing his pre-cum slick over the flared ridge.

Jake's balls clenched, dick pulsing in her grip, veins bulging as she tugged light, testing the hardness. She smiled at the way his base held firm and sold, making his steely meat slice up through her fist on the down-stroke.

“Oh, and it is strong, isn't it?” she asked, licking her lips as she watched his knob flare out with trapped blood.

Jake stared down, breath ragged, eyes locked on the swell of her baby-orb belly. Under it, her pussy bulged obscene through those butterfly string panties—thin straps wedged deep between her fat, swollen labia lips, cameltoe gaping, the fabric soaked dark and clinging to her clit hood.

Puffy outer lips framed the strings like meat curtains, inner folds peeking slick pink. His mouth flooded saliva, heart slamming—fuck, he craved ripping those strings aside,

burying his face in that dripping pregnant cunt, tongue-fucking her hole and G-spot just like Janet drilled into him.

He'd suck her clit steady, curl fingers deep, make her squirt floods down his chin while she screamed.

Kaitlin's free hand yanked his shirt up rough, bunching it over his pecs. Her eyes widened, nails raking light over his skin as she counted out loud, voice husky with lust.

“One... two... three... holy shit, four, five—six, seven, eight-pack abs, Jake? Fuck me.”

She bit her bottom lip hard, teeth sinking white into the plump flesh, gaze burning over his carved ridges, the V-cut dipping to his tented shorts.

Her pregnant belly heaved with quick breaths, gigantic tits straining the dress neckline, milk beads dotting the fabric already.

Jake trembled hard, nerves firing electric—cock flexing wild in her hand, pre-cum drooling steady now.

She released his dick sudden, shifted up, and lowered her full weight onto him. Giant cushy tits crushed first—soft, heavy udders bulging against his chest, nipples drilling like bullets through the dress.

Then her pregnant belly smashed down, the taut baby-pack fetus grinding firm over his abs, heat radiating through the fabric.

A wall of cleavage exploded against his face—deep, sweaty valley swallowing his nose, milk scent thick and sweet as her skin pressed smothering.

Her cunt crushed next, right over the hard muscle ridge of his cock through the shorts. Hot, sopping pussy lips molded around his shaft outline, panties strings snapping taut as she rocked subtle—grinding her swollen clit nub along his length, juices seeping through to wet his fabric.

“Fuck, Mom,” Jake groaned muffled into her tits, hands gripping her thick ass cheeks instinctive, fingers sinking deep into the meaty flesh, feeling her powerful pregnant hips roll slow.

Jake's mind raced, pulse thundering in his ears—this was it, the perfect fucking moment. His mom's pregnant cunt ground hot and soaked against his shorts, her tits smothering his face in milk-sweet sweat, ass cheeks overflowing his squeezing fingers.

Three weeks of Janet's brutal training surged through him: tongue-fucking cunts to squirting oblivion, finger-curling G-spots till walls clenched like vices, sucking swollen clits steady while gran bucked and screamed.

His small cock throbbed iron-hard under her, ready to prove he could wreck her pregnant hole better than Monty's monster dick ever dreamed.

“What will her G-spot feel like on my tip?” he thought. “Will it have different texture than gran’s? Will it bulge and quiver while I’m plowing it hard?”

He pulled his face free from her cleavage, gasping.

“Mom... you want me to eat that pussy right now? I’ll—”

“Mom! Where you at?” Monty’s deep voice boomed from across the house, cutting Jake’s words dead like a knife.

Kaitlin froze, pussy lips twitching once more against Jake’s shaft before she bolted upright. Her sundress snapped back down over her thighs, hiding that bulging cameltoe, but the wet spot on his shorts gleamed obscene.

She slid off him fast, tits jiggling heavy as she stood, pregnant belly swaying.

“Shit,” she hissed low, eyes darting to the doorway just as Monty’s frame filled it—muscles bulging under his tight tee, basketball shorts tented huge by that fat cock outline snaking down his thigh.

“Monty? Baby, you’re home early,” Kaitlin breathed, surprise mixing with instant hunger, her nipples poking sharp through the dress.

Monty grinned wolfish, kicking the door wider, eyes raking her body like he owned it. “Mrs. Anderson let me ditch detention early as long as I let her touch my cock. Got me

so fucking worked up, Mom. Need that pregnant pussy now.”

Jake's stomach knotted, cock wilting half in his shorts as rage boiled hot. No—fuck no, not again. But Kaitlin moaned soft, already stepping toward him, thighs rubbing slick.

Monty lunged forward, huge arms scooping her off the floor effortless. Kaitlin squealed horny, legs snapping around his waist, bare feet locking at his ass crack.

Her sundress hiked up full, exposing those string panties wedged deep in her ass and pussy—fat labia swallowing the fabric.

“Yes, I need a hard fuck,” she gasped, pregnant belly mashing his ripped abs, tits crushing his chest as he spun her toward his bed across the room—the one right next to Jake's, sheets still ruffled from last night's mom-fuck marathon.

Jake sat frozen on his mattress, fists clenched, watching helpless as Monty dumped her ass-down on the edge of his bed. Clothes flew—Monty ripped her sundress straps, yanking it off her shoulders to bare those massive, milk-veined tits, nipples thick and leaking beads down the blue veins.

Kaitlin clawed his shorts down, that monstrous cock springing free: 10-inches, wrist-thick, veins throbbing angry, purple head slick and flared bigger than Jake's fist.

Monty's balls hung low and heavy, musky scent hitting the air thick. He sprawled back on the bed, knees wide, cock slapping his abs wet.

“Get to work, Mom. Suck it sloppy, then ride this dick like the pregnant slut you are.”

Kaitlin dove on him rabid, ignoring Jake completely—like he was fucking furniture. Her mouth stretched wide, lips sealing around the fat glans, cheeks hollowing as she slurped deep.

Gagging wet sounds filled the room—'Glurk, glurk'—saliva ropes dripping down his shaft as she bobbed frantic, tongue swirling the piss-slit.

Milk dripped from her tits with each head-thrust, splattering Monty's thighs.

“Mmmph, so huge... fuck my throat, baby,” she gargled around the meat, nose burying in his pubes.

Jake's cock twitched traitor-hard again, hand diving into his shorts despite the burn in his chest. He stroked furious, eyes glued as Kaitlin popped off the dick gasping, strings of spit connecting her lips to the gleaming shaft.

She straddled Monty's hips reverse, ass to his face—meaty cheeks spreading wide, pregnant pussy gaping pink and swollen, clit throbbing visible.

She slammed down: cunt lips blooming open around his cockhead, swallowing inch after veiny inch till her ass cheeks clapped his balls, cervix kissed by the invading tip.

“Fuck yes!” Monty roared, hands slapping her ass red, spreading cheeks to watch his dick vanish in her hole.

Kaitlin rode like a bitch in heat—hips pumping wild, pregnant belly bouncing, tits flopping heavy side to side, milk spraying arcs onto Jake's bed just feet away.

Pussy juice frothed white at the base, squelching loud with every plunge—'Schlop, schlop'—her swollen lips gripping his shaft like a vise, inner walls milking visible ripples.

“Pound that pregnant cunt down, Mom—milk my cock dry!”

She ground deep, clit mashing his base.

“Your dick owns this hole, Monty! Deeper—fuck it up into my womb,” Kaitlin cried out.

Her eyes rolled, asshole winking slick as she bounced faster, bedframe slamming the wall, ignoring Jake's ragged breaths, his small cock leaking pre in his fist.

Jealousy twisted Jake's gut like barbed wire, but his balls tightened anyway, craving the day he'd flip this script.

“Would that day ever come, or am I just fooling myself?”
Jake thought, watching his mom bounce on Monty's fat cock.

