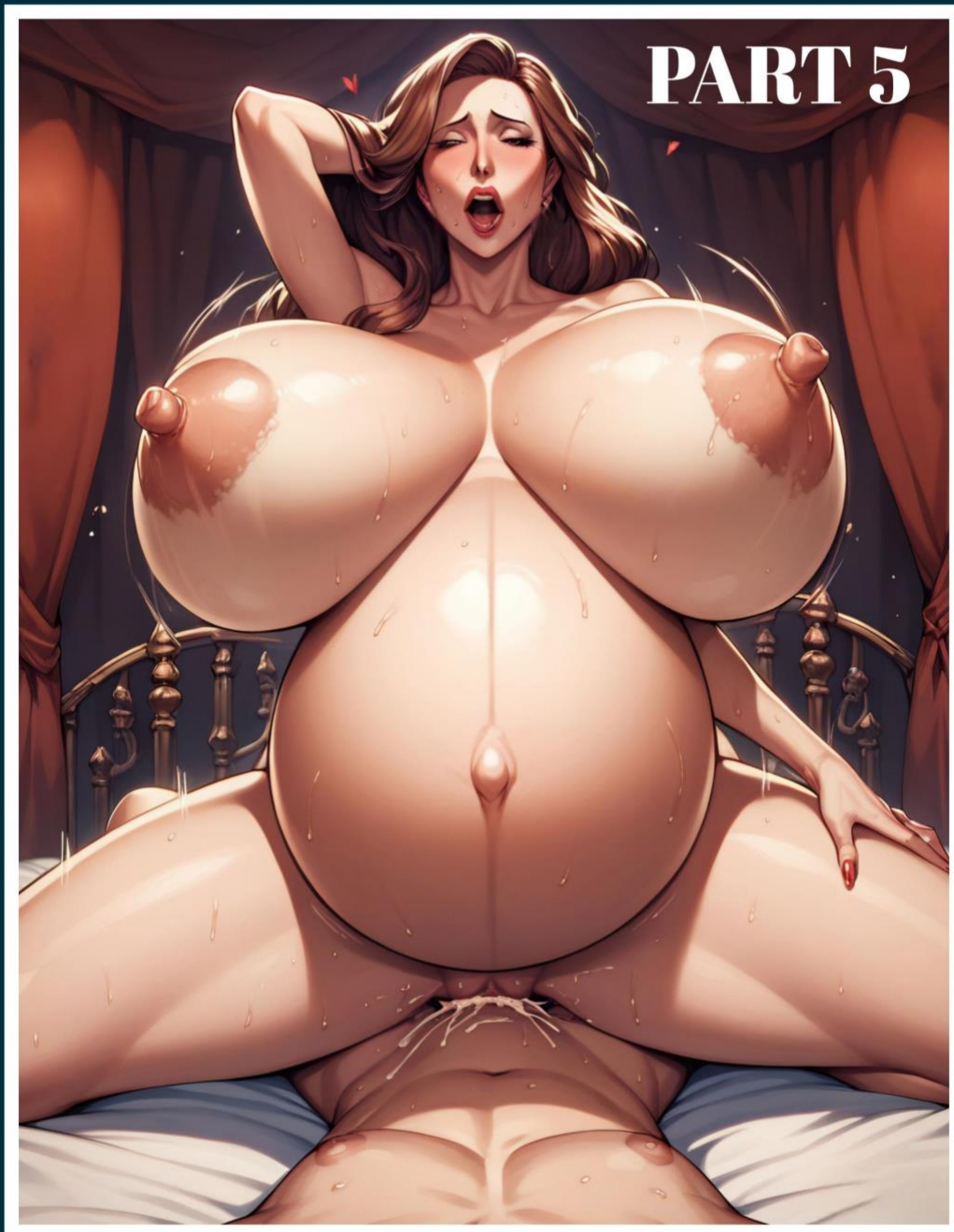


MOM - POTUS



BY KLRXO

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Part 5

By Klrxo

Inside Madison's moist and cavernous vagina, Cain's thick and engorged cock throbbed with each powerful thrust. As he neared the pinnacle of his orgasm, he felt a searing heat build up in his testicles, signaling the impending eruption of his potent seed.

With a primal grunt, Cain shot the first rope of semen deep inside his mother's welcoming heat, the scorching liquid filling her fertile depths as if they had been waiting for this very moment.

The velvety walls of Madison's vagina contracted around her son's invading member, greedily milking every last drop of his creamy essence. Her cervix quivered under the assault of the hot, viscous fluid, the sensitive tissue rippling with each thick spurt.

The head of her cervix, swollen and engorged with arousal, greedily siphoned down Cain's potent offering like a hungry mouth thirsty for sustenance.

Her birthing tube pulsated with every contraction, working in rhythm with her abdomen as it clenched around Cain's rigid, veiny shaft.

Ropes of hot semen continued to surge forth from his meatus, soaking through the tight passageway and making its way down towards her eagerly waiting womb. One by one, Cain's spermatozooids swam through the viscous fluid, their tails whipping furiously as they raced towards their ultimate destination: Madison's egg.

The journey ahead for these untiring travelers was long and fraught with obstacles. As the semen began its arduous trek through the winding passageways of her fallopian tube, it served as a reminder of the sheer tenacity and determination that life embodies.

Every muscular contraction of her womb seemed to both guide and hinder their progress, as if nature itself were playing a twisted game of cat and mouse with these microscopic swimmers.

Yet, despite the challenges that lay before them, the relentless tide continued its advance. Fusing together like a primordial tidewater, it surged through the cervical opening, melding with Madison's own slick secretions.

Powered by a primal compulsion, countless spermatozoa delved headlong into this unknown territory, their long tails lashing furiously in a desperate bid to reach their ultimate prize: her ripened egg cell.

As the first few stragglers reached the sacred chamber where an egg eagerly awaited their arrival, there was no time for celebration. The clock was ticking.

One by one, they raced towards the ultimate prize – penetrating her egg's outer shell and becoming one with its divine essence. In this beautifully orchestrated dance of life beginning anew, another chapter in the continuum of existence was about to be written.

After nine months of a healthy and joyous pregnancy, Madison was positively glowing as she prepared to sign the historic bill into law, her massive belly swollen with the precious life she and Cane had created together.

As she walked to the podium in the Rose Garden, her voluminous maternity dress flowed elegantly over her ripe curves, the rich blue fabric stretched taut across her full, heavy breasts and gravid midsection.

Flanking Madison on either side were the female Senators who had been her greatest allies in this groundbreaking legislative victory.

Senator Melanie Summers stood proudly to her right, one hand resting on the impressive swell of her own seven-months pregnant belly. Her son Liam beamed with love and pride beside her, the undeniable father of her unborn child.

To Madison's left was Senator Olivia Dunham, practically bursting out of her suit at eight months along. She shared a secretive smile with her eldest boy Lucas, the virile young man responsible for her delicate condition.

All around the garden, more mother-son pairs watched the momentous occasion with barely suppressed excitement, the evidence of their forbidden unions on full display.

As Madison stepped up to the microphone, a hush fell over the crowd. She gazed out at the sea of faces, so many of them belonging to women she now considered sisters in this radical cause. Drawing a deep breath, she began to speak, her voice ringing out clear and strong.

"My fellow Americans, today we make history," Madison declared, one hand coming to rest on the great dome of her belly. "With the signing of this bill, we strike down the archaic laws that have for too long prevented mothers and their adult sons from fully expressing their love. No longer will these cherished bonds be vilified or criminalized, but celebrated as the natural extension of the connection between a woman and the man she created."

Applause erupted from the gathered crowd, Senators Summers and Dunham leading the cheers, their giant, milk-laden tits trembling with every clap of their hands. Madison waited for the clapping to die down before continuing.

"As a mother myself, I understand the depth and complexity of the feelings we have for our sons. The love, the affection, the desire to be close to them in every way - these are all natural expressions of the profound link between mother and child. And as they grow into strong, capable men, it's only right that we should be free to explore the full scope of that bond, including the sexual component."

More applause broke out, along with a few scandalized gasps from the conservative contingent. Madison paid them no mind, her conviction unwavering.

"I know this is a radical notion for some, a difficult pill to swallow. But I ask you to open your minds and your hearts. Look at these brave women

standing with me today, round with the seed of their own sons. Are they not glowing with love and fulfillment? Is there anything more beautiful than a mother nurturing the life her child gave her?"

As Madison looked over at Cane standing proudly off to the side, she smiled warmly at him, remembering their intimate encounter just an hour before.

Wanting to help ease her nerves before the big speech, Cane had snuck into the Oval Office and ducked beneath the Resolute desk while Madison was going over her notes one final time.

With a mischievous grin, he gently parted her legs and pushed up the skirt of her blue dress, revealing her white lace panties stretch taut across the lips of her pubis and already darkened with arousal.

Madison gasped softly as her son nuzzled her mound through the delicate fabric, his hot breath teasing her sensitive folds.

"Cane, we can't...not here..." Madison protested weakly even as she lifted her hips to aid him in slipping off her drenched panties.

"Shhh, just relax Mom," Cane murmured, pressing a kiss to her inner thigh. "Let me take care of you. I want to worship your beautiful body."

Any further objections died on Madison's lips as her boy buried his face between her thighs and gave her dripping slit a long, savoring lick. She tangled her fingers in his thick hair, urging him closer as he began to feast on her pregnant pussy like a man starved.

As Cane eagerly lapped at his mother's pregnant cunt, he marveled at how the experience was even more intensely erotic than usual. The flesh of her vulva was hot and swollen with arousal, the plump lips slick with her copious juices. Her clit had enlarged to the size of a fat, ripe grape, peeking out from beneath its hood and throbbing needily against the teen's tongue.

The heady aroma of his mom's excitement was overwhelming, flooding Cane's senses and making him dizzy with lust. The scent was somehow richer and more potent, no doubt due to the hormonal changes of

pregnancy. He inhaled deeply, the intoxicating musk filling his nose and revving his desire into overdrive.

Cane groaned against Madison's mound as he masked his face in pussy and lapped up her ambrosia, the taste exquisitely sweet and addictive on his tongue. Her juices flowed more abundantly than ever before, gushing over his lips and chin as he drank from her fountain. He couldn't get enough, slurping and suckling at her swollen folds like a man possessed.

"Oh god baby, your mouth feels incredible," Madison panted, grinding her hips against his face. Her massive belly and breasts wobbled with the motion, the latter leaking drops of colostrum that dampened her bra "Gonna cum so hard, baby!"

Cane doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around her engorged clit and suckling rhythmically as he thrust two fingers into her sopping channel. He crooked them just so, finding the spongy patch of her G-spot and massaging vigorously. At the same time, he flicked the tip of his tongue rapidly against her straining bud.

The dual stimulation proved too much and Madison came with a hoarse cry, her whole body shaking as ecstasy crashed through her.

Her pussy clamped down on Cane's fingers in fluttering pulses as she gushed all over his hand, clear fluid squirting out to soak his face and drip down his neck

Growling like a dog feasting on a juicy steak, Cane worked her through it, lapping up every drop of her sweet release and prolonging her climax. Only when the aftershocks had subsided did he reluctantly pull away, pressing a tender kiss to her still-twitching clit before letting her skirt fall back into place.

Dazed and panting, Madison looked down to see her boy grinning up at her from between her thighs, his chin glistening with her juices. "Feel better?" he asked cheekily, licking his lips.

Snapping back to the present, Madison smiled serenely at the crowd, a rosy flush high on her cheeks the only outward sign of the delicious memory. She

rested a hand on her belly, silently thanking her son for his loving attention, even as the evidence of her arousal.

Her loving gaze sweeping over the supportive faces in the crowd. "Thanks to our tireless efforts, today marks the first day that mother-son relationships are no longer taboo but celebrated as what they always should have been – a union built on love, respect, and commitment."

A thunderous applause erupted from those gathered in the rose garden, punctuated by cheers of "Bravo!" and "About time!" The air was thick with anticipation as Madison carefully unscrewed the cap of the fountain pen and held it aloft for all to see.

"With this pen," she continued dramatically, her voice cracking with emotion, "I hereby sign into law the repeal of all statutes surrounding mother-son incest across this great nation."

With a flourish, Madison signed her name on the historic bill, officially cementing mother-son incest as a protected right under the law.

The moment the pen left the paper, the crowd erupted into deafening applause and cheers. Women embraced their sons with tears of joy streaming down their faces, while the boys lifted their mothers off their feet and spun them around in celebration.

Dropping the pen, Madison turned to Cane who was standing behind her, his eyes shining with love and pride. Without hesitation, she threw her arms around him and pulled him into a fierce hug, not caring about the hundreds of eyes upon them.

Cane's strong arms encircled her swollen form, one hand splaying across her massive belly where their child grew, the other cupping the heavy globe of her breast.

Madison shivered as Cane kneaded her sensitive flesh through the thin fabric of her dress, her nipples instantly pebbling under his touch. The feel of his hard, muscular body pressed against her ripe curves sent tingles of desire racing down her spine, pooling moisture between her thighs. It took

every ounce of willpower not to hike up her skirt right then and there and beg him to fill her aching depths.

As if reading her mind, Cane's hand drifted lower, subtly grinding his palm against her distended mound in a filthy promise of things to come.

Madison bit back a moan, her pussy clenching hungrily around nothing. The pregnancy had sent her hormones into overdrive, leaving her with the constant craving to fuck. Just the slightest touch from her boy could set her aflame, desperate to be stretched and stuffed full of his thick cock.

"Later," Cane growled lowly in her ear before releasing her, the single word heavy with sinful intent.

Madison sucked in an unsteady breath and somehow summoned the composure to turn and face the cheering crowd once more, a beatific smile firmly in place. Only the heightened flush on her cheeks and the darkening of her eyes hinted at the magma flow of lust bubbling just beneath the surface.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of congratulations, handshakes, and emotional thank-yous from the other mother-son couples in attendance. Everywhere Madison looked, she saw radiant women proudly displaying their pregnant bellies or newborn babies, the undeniable proof of their sacred bond with their sons.

The men all glowed with virile satisfaction, puffed up with pride at having bred their own mothers so thoroughly.

As Madison made her way through the crowd, graciously accepting the well wishes, she was surprised to see a familiar face waiting for her off to the side - her husband Victor. He smiled encouragingly at her as she approached, opening his arms for a friendly embrace.

"Congratulations, darling," Victor said warmly as he kissed her cheek. "That was a wonderful speech. I'm so proud of you for fighting for what you believe in, even if I don't completely understand it myself."

Madison felt a pang of guilt at his words, remembering how she had confronted him about his own infidelity just days before.

Suspecting that Victor had rekindled his affair with his secretary, she had asked the Secret Service to investigate. They quickly uncovered hotel receipts, explicit text messages, and compromising photos that confirmed her husband's extramarital dalliance.

When Madison revealed what she knew, Victor had been horrified and deeply remorseful, begging for her forgiveness. But rather than unleash her fury on him, Madison had calmly explained that she was willing to overlook his indiscretion - on one condition.

"I'll keep your dirty little secret," she had told him evenly, "as long as you keep mine. From now on, you don't get to judge or criticize my relationship with Cane. In fact, I expect you to be publicly supportive, no matter how you may feel in private. Understood?"

Backed into a corner, Victor had readily agreed to her terms, knowing he had no leg to stand on. He couldn't very well condemn his wife's unconventional romance when he himself had strayed outside the bounds of their marriage.

So now here he was, playing the dutiful, open-minded husband for all the world to see. If he harbored any resentment or discomfort with the situation, he hid it well behind a genial mask.

"Thank you, dear," Madison replied, giving him a perfunctory squeeze. "Your support means the world to me. I know this can't be easy for you."

Victor shrugged, his smile a bit tight around the edges. "I just want you to be happy, sweetheart. And if Cane makes you happy, then I'll find a way to be okay with it. We all have our...needs."

There was a flicker of something in his eyes - guilt, longing, perhaps a touch of envy. Madison knew he was thinking of his own forbidden tryst, the illicit thrill he felt in his secretary's arms. As wrong as it was, a small part of her understood the allure.

Shaking off those thoughts, Madison squeezed Victor's hand in silent gratitude before turning her attention back to the celebration swirling around them. There would be time to unpack the complexities of their marriage later. For now, she just wanted to bask in the joy and relief of this historic day.

Her gaze sought out Cain, finding him deep in conversation with Liam and Lucas, three lucky boys on the receiving end of hot, incest pussy.

As the official ceremony wrapped up, the real festivities began. Tables groaning with gourmet food and drink were rolled out onto the lawn, music began to play, and the mood shifted from ceremonial to celebratory. Laughter and animated chatter filled the air as the mothers and sons mingled freely, no longer having to hide their affection.

After the public festivities wound down, Madison led the other mother-son pairs to a secret, soundproof room deep beneath the White House. The space had been specially prepared for this momentous occasion - the first legal, openly celebrated mother-son orgy.

The massive circular room was lit with the warm glow of hundreds of candles, casting sensual shadows on the plush carpets and velvet draperies lining the walls.

A low, rhythmic beat pulsed through the air, the primal music seeming to set everyone's blood thrumming with desire. Enormous mattresses were scattered around, piled high with satin pillows, just waiting to host the carnal acts to come.

As the group filed into this decadent sanctum, the sexual tension was palpable, electric. Mothers and sons gazed at each other with naked hunger, hands roaming possessively over swollen curves and taut muscles. For so long they had been forced to keep their love in the shadows, but now, they were finally free to indulge their deepest, darkest cravings without shame or fear.

Madison and Cane shared a heated look as they began to disrobe along with the other couples, their skin flushed and tingling with anticipation.

Cane feasted his eyes on his mother's magnificent pregnant body as the blue dress slithered to the floor, leaving her in nothing but a pair of sheer lace panties.

Her huge, heavy breasts swayed with her movements, the dusky nipples hardened into tight peaks at the centers of wide, darkened areolar caps. Her belly was a work of art, the taut skin stretched over the ripe swell of their growing child.

As if magnetized, Cane's hands immediately went to Madison's gravid middle, cradling and caressing the firm mound. "Fuck, Mom," he groaned, his breath catching. "You've never looked more beautiful, more sexy. Knowing my baby is growing inside you...I can't even describe how much that turns me on."

Madison mewled as her son palmed her belly possessively, her panties flooded with arousal. "It's all for you, baby," she purred, covering his hands with her own. "This body, this child, every part of me belongs to you. I've never felt so fulfilled as I do carrying your seed."

Around them, the other mothers and sons were lost in their own heated embraces, murmuring words of love and desire as they fell onto the waiting mattresses.

Lacey bras and panties were frantically shed until a sea of naked flesh was writhing on the plush bedding, hands and mouths worshipping newly revealed skin.

Senator Melanie Summers knelt before her son Liam, her ripe belly, stuffed with twin fetuses, jutting out proudly as she lapped at his rigid cock like a lollipop.

"Mmmm, I've been craving your taste all day," she hummed before engulfing him in her hot mouth. Liam groaned, fisting her hair as she began to bob her head on his turgid meat in traditional blowjob fashion.

As Madison and Cane fell onto the nearest mattress in a tangle of groping limbs, the orgy around them kicked into high gear. The room became a

symphony of slick skin slapping together, guttural moans, and the wet squelch of cocks pistoning into dripping cunts.

Everywhere they looked, mothers and sons were lost to the throes of ecstasy in a variety of explicit positions.

Senator Melanie Summers rode her boy Liam in a reverse cowgirl, her gigantic belly and breasts bouncing obscenely as she impaled herself on his thick shaft again and again. Liam gripped her wide hips, watching her fatty buttocks ripple as he slammed up into her, grunting about how tight her pregnant cunt was.

Senator Olivia Dunham, a gorgeous redhead, was on her hands and knees, massive tits swaying as her son Lucas pounded her from behind. "Fuck me, baby! Harder!" she wailed, pushing her thick, rounded ass back to meet his brutal thrusts.

Lucas reached around to maul her enormous, dangling rack, pinching her fat nipples until milk spurted out.

Beside them, Governor Katie Winslet lay on her back with her lovely legs spread wide and draped over her son Chris's shoulders. At eight months pregnant, her belly was a mountainous swell Chris had to lean over as he sawed his engorged cock in and out of her clasping heat. Milk and sweat dripped down Katie's huge jiggling breasts as she urged him on.

Wet, obscene sounds filled the air as cocks thrust into slick, grasping channels over and over, the pace growing more frenetic. Balls slapped against upturned asses. The sharp scent of sex layered with the musk of sweat and arousal.

The beautiful voices of mothers screamed their pleasure unabashedly as their sons brought them to one shuddering climax after another, their pregnant bodies undulating like sensual waves.

Hands roamed greedily over ripe curves, squeezing and kneading pliant flesh. Fingers delved between slippery folds to stroke swollen clits and tug at the pulsing roots of pistoning cocks.

Mouths suckled at leaking nipples, drawing out streams of sweet tit-milk. Tongues lapped at dripping slits, probed at twitching rosebud holes.

Over the next hour, the lovers transitioned from one sexual position to the next fluidly, as if performing a well-rehearsed dance. Months of carnal knowledge had transformed them into sexual athletes.

They writhed and bucked in a glistening mass of ecstasy, an orgiastic ocean of heaving bosoms and flexing backsides and twisting limbs. Moans and sighs blended together in an erotic symphony as they chased their pleasure with single-minded intensity.

Cane fitted himself snugly between Madison's splayed thighs, his taut body sinking into her luxuriously plush flesh. Her massive prenatal belly and breasts enveloped him, surrounding his lean frame with her ripe womanliness.

The mother wrapped all four limbs around her son, clinging to him like a amorous octopus, the ankles of her sexy feet locking at the small of his back. Cane's muscular form all but disappeared into the creamy ocean of her skin, only his tight, flexing ass visible as it began to piston up and down.

Gripping her full birthing hips, the teen drove into Madison's soaked, clinging heat with a groan of pure bliss, her slick folds parting eagerly for the hard length of his cock. "Fuuuuck Mom, you feel incredible," he panted, pulling nearly all the way out before slamming back in to the hilt. "So hot and tight around me. Love being buried in your perfect cunt."

"Mmmm, yes baby!" Madison cried, undulating beneath him, her nails scoring his pumping ass. "Split me open on that big dick! Fuck Mommy hard and deep!"

She rolled her hips in counterpoint to his thrusts, taking him impossibly deeper, his cock head kissing her cervix with every surge forward.

Bracing his knees on the mattress, Cane established a driving rhythm, his glistening ass flexing and relaxing hypnotically as he worked his thickness in and out of his mother's rapacious sex.

Perspiration dripped down his spine from his efforts, his lean muscles bunching and coiling beneath his golden skin with every roll of his hips. Wet smacking sounds filled the air as his heavy balls slapped against Madison's upturned ass, the pink ring of her asshole winking with every strike.

Madison keened in ecstasy as her teen's tireless cock stroked her inner walls just right, targeting that spongy patch of nerves deep inside that made her see stars.

Electric pleasure bloomed from her core, building with each rhythmic pump of his hips until she was writhing and wailing beneath him. Her pregnant belly undulated like ocean waves between them, the firm mound and squirming fetus massaging Cane's abs deliciously.

"Ooooh fuuuck, don't stop!" she babbled, her cunt starting to flutter and clench around him. "Gonna cum on your cock! Gonna cream all over my baby's big dick! Fuck me, fuck me, FUCK MEEEE!"

Spurred on by his mother's desperate cries, Cane doubled his efforts, his ass pumping up and down furiously as he pounded into her clasping sheath. He angled his thrusts to grind against her throbbing clit with every pass, determined to push her over the edge.

It only took a few more well-aimed strokes before Madison was careening into bliss with a hoarse scream, her sex rippling wildly around her boy's erectile flesh.

As mother after mother peaked in ecstasy on their sons' pistoning cocks, the heady aroma of feminine release began to saturate the air. The intoxicating musk of fem-cum, sweat and arousal swirled together, creating a dizzying aphrodisiac that only spurred the couples to greater heights of depravity.

Melanie thrashed and wailed atop Liam, her voluptuous body quaking as she gushed all over his pumping shaft. Her huge belly and breasts leaped and rippled like fleshy tidal waves as she rode out her climax, drenching her son's groin in her essence.

Liam growled at the feel of his mother's pulsating birthing tube, and the hot juices bathing his cock and balls, his fingers digging into the undulating globes of her ass.

Olivia let out a wanton scream as a powerful orgasm crashed through her, her cunt clamping down on Lucas like a vice.

She bucked against him wildly, spraying his pile-driving cock with squirt after squirt of her release. The force of her ejaculation splattered his thrusting pelvis and soaked the bedding below.

Lucas groaned against the rippling meat of her squishy tits as her molten walls squeezed him, never letting up on his relentless pace.

Katie sobbed and shuddered as rapture consumed her, her pregnant belly heaving as Chris pounded her through one shattering climax after another.

Tit-milk jetted from her bouncing tits in pearly streams as she came, adding to the erotic funk permeating the room. Her cunt spasmed uncontrollably around his sawing erection, female ejaculate gushing out to coat his hammering shaft.

All around the room, the cacophony of ecstatic cries rose to a sensual crescendo as the women peaked over and over on their sons' tireless cocks. Their keening wails of bliss blended together into a debauched mommy-chorus, the erotic harmony nearly shaking the very walls of the White House.

Jiggling flesh became slick and shiny with perspiration and sexual secretions as the mothers trembled through each explosive orgasm.

Ripe tits quivered and rolled, weighty with milk. Swollen bellies rippled and undulated, the precious cargo inside jostled by the force of their climaxes.

Plump thighs and ample buttocks flexed and strained as they bucked atop their sons' pistoning laps or slammed back to meet each driving thrust.

Ejaculate sprayed from contracting cunts like erotic fountains, the musky fluid splattering against flexing abs, drenching wiry pubes, and raining down onto the rumpled sheets.

The suctioning squelch of soaked pussies devouring rigid cocks again and again mixed obscenely with the wet slap of sweat-slicked skin colliding, creating a vulgar symphony.

After nearly two hours of non-stop, ravenous fucking, the sons' impressive stamina was finally reaching its limit. For the better part of the orgy, they had pounded their mothers' hungry cunts with tireless vigor, stroking them to one gushing climax after another. Cocks pummeled in and out of drenched canals feverishly, as if trying to stave off the inevitable.

But as the mothers shuddered through their umpteenth release, milking their boys with fluttering wet muscles, each son felt the tingling pressure at the base of his spine that signaled an impending eruption.

Months of edging and tantric training had turned them into sexual marathoners, but even they could only hold out for so long against the mind-melting ecstasy of their mothers' heavenly holes.

Lucas was the first to succumb, his pace becoming erratic as he drilled into Olivia from behind. "Fuck Mom, I can't...I'm gonna...FUCK!" he roared, his cock jerking wildly inside her.

Scalding ropes of boy-semen geysered from his slit, painting her rippling walls with his seed. Olivia wailed as she felt the first molten splashes of his release triggering her own explosive orgasm, her sheath clamping down on him rhythmically, determined to milk every drop.

Liam was next, his thrusts turning frantic as he slammed up into Melanie, chasing his own completion. "Gonna cum Mom! Gonna...ungh...breed this pregnant cunt!" he gritted out between clenched teeth.

His head flew back with a guttural groan, the muscles in his neck straining as he exploded inside her, jets of cum bathing her already drenched pussy.

Melanie keened as her son's hot seed flooded her passage, her skilled vaginal muscles working overtime to wring him dry.

Chris stiffened above Katie, his abs clenching as his balls drew up tight. "Mom, fuuuuck...here it comes!" he warned before his cock erupted like a fire hose.

His mother's pink fluttering sheath milked him for all he was worth, her spongy pleats and muscles rippling along his spurting length in an unrelenting massage. Katie mewled as she felt Chris's hot nut-lava filling her to capacity, pushing her into one last toe-curling climax.

Cane was barely holding on, his blood roaring in his ears as he strove to prolong the blissful friction of his mother's perfect pussy. But feeling Madison's velvety walls rippling around him, combined with the erotic sight and sounds of the other sons pumping their mothers full of cum, catapulted him past the point of no return.

"Oh god Mom, fuck...gonna cum so hard," he panted, his plunging thrusts losing their rhythm. "Gonna...nnggh...flood this pussy!"

"Yes, fill me up baby!" Madison urged, clamping down skillfully.

As Cane's sinewy cock swelled and jerked inside her, Madison bore down with her vaginal muscles, the strengthened walls clamping around his shaft like a silken fist.

Months of taking her son's virile cock combined with the changes of pregnancy had toned her pelvic floor to perfection, allowing her to grip him with mind-blowing tightness.

Her engorged cervical head fluttered against his sensitive tip, the muscular opening flexing and kissing his weeping slit as if trying to coax out his load. The suctioning heat was unlike anything Cane had ever felt before, the pleasure bordering on painful in its intensity.

"Holy fuck Mom, you're milking my cock so hard!" Cane choked out, his eyes rolling back in his head as her cunt muscles rippled along his length in a

relentless massage. "Feels like you're trying to suck the cum right out of my balls!"

"Mmmm, that's it baby, give Mommy that hot teen seed," Madison purred, undulating her hips skillfully to stroke his pulsing shaft with her talented sheath. "I wanna feel you explode inside me, want to feel your potent cum bathing my pregnant womb."

Her filthy words combined with the exquisite milking of her pussy finally pushed Cane over the edge. With a growl, his cock erupted like a fleshy volcano, painting her clasp walls with thick ropes of love-lava.

Madison threw her head back with a ecstatic keen as she felt his molten essence flooding her passage, the sheer volume and force unlike anything she had experienced before.

Their combined fluids gushed obscenely around Cane's spurting shaft with each thrust of his hips, the lewd squelching filling the room.

Pearly ejaculate sprayed from Madison's stretched hole to splatter against Cane's pumping groin and drip down her quivering thighs. Her spasming cunt wrung him dry, greedily siphoning every drop he had to give.

Through the haze of his explosive orgasm, Cane registered the sensation of his mother's pelvic muscles expertly wrung his cock, the rhythmic contractions almost seeming to prolong his climax indefinitely. Her scorching, suctioning depths felt as if they were siphoning the cum directly from his pulsing balls, coaxing out spurt after spurt of his potent semen.

Madison shuddered violently against him as she careened from one shattering climax to the next, babbling incoherently about how good he felt pumping her full, how she could feel every scalding jet of his release bathing her womb. Her nails scored his heaving back as she clung to him, her ankles locked around his plunging hips as if to prevent him from ever pulling out.

After the frenzied orgy reached its explosive conclusion, the mothers and sons collapsed together on the rumpled mattresses in satisfied, sweat-slicked heaps. Their chests heaved as they gulped for air, hearts pounding wildly in the aftermath of such intense, earth-shattering pleasure.

The boys found themselves buried beneath the abundant flesh of their mothers' lush, post-orgasmic bodies. Heavy breasts, leaking milk, pressed against their faces and chests, smothering them in warm, fragrant softness.

Hands instinctively came up to cup and squeeze the massive mammaries, fingers digging into spongy milk-laden flesh, wringing low moans from the women.

Stretched out atop their boys, the mothers' huge, baby-swollen bellies formed rounded hills, rising and falling with each sated breath. The expansive mounds pushed against taut male abdomens, still quivering from the force of release. Reverent male hands roamed over the smooth, taut skin, caressing the precious cargo within.

Down below, young cocks remained buried to the hilt in hot, claspings cunts, the lovers unwilling to separate just yet. Vaginal muscles continued to flutter and milk the semi-hard shafts, aftershocks of pleasure sparking through over-sensitized flesh.

Spent members twitched inside velvety sheaths, balls pulsing weakly against plump ass cheeks as the last dregs of cum were coaxed out.

Mingled fluids seeped out around the joined sexes, puddling on the sheets and filling the air with the heady aroma of sated lust. The pungent essence of cum, sweat and feminine arousal combined into an intoxicating perfume, the scent of forbidden love consummated.

Olivia hummed contentedly as she lay splayed out on top of Lucas, their bodies rising and falling together as they recovered. She nuzzled into his neck before lifting her head to bring her lips to his ear. "Mmmm, you filled Mommy up so good, baby," she purred, giving a languid roll of her hips that made them both groan. "I can feel your hot cum sloshing around in my pussy."

"Fuck yeah," Lucas panted against the flesh of her warm, sweaty boob, his hands squeezing her plump ass. "Breed you over and over. Wanna keep you pregnant all the time."

Nearby, Melanie was sprawled out on her back with Liam draped over her like a living blanket, her baby-ball bulging out lewdly between them. He had slipped out of her and now lay with his head pillowed on her enormous, milk-damp tits, still breathing hard.

Melanie stroked his hair tenderly, basking in the intimate skin-to-skin contact. "Love you so much, baby boy," she murmured, her eyes soft and warm as she gazed down at him.

Madison and Cane lay entwined on their sweat-dampened mattress, lost in the dreamy afterglow of their mind-blowing mutual climax. Madison cradled her son's head against her heaving bosom, his face nestled between her massive, milk-slicked breasts.

Cane's hands roamed reverently over the ripe swell of her pregnant belly, caressing the firm mound where their child grew.

He lifted his head to capture her lips in a deep, sensual kiss, pouring all his love and devotion into the embrace. "I'm the luckiest boy in the world," he murmured against her mouth. "Not only do I get to openly love the most incredible woman on the planet, but she's giving me the greatest gift of all - a baby."

Madison's heart swelled at his heartfelt declaration. "Oh Cane, you've already given me so much. Your love, your strength, your beautiful cock," she purred with a playful squeeze to his semi-hard member still buried inside her. "This baby is my gift to you, a symbol of everything we share."

They shared another achingly tender kiss before Madison pulled back with a impish grin. "Just wait until our little one is old enough to join in the fun. Imagine all the deliciously debauched possibilities - Mommy and daughter sharing your big cock, you pumping a baby into both of us at the same time, one happy incestuous family!"

Cane groaned at the taboo images her words evoked, his shaft surging back to full hardness within her wet heat. "Fuck Mom, you're gonna kill me," he laughed breathlessly. "But what a way to go!"

As the lovers gazed into each other's eyes, flushed and giddy with love and lust, the same thought passed unspoken between them - the future had never looked so bright, so full of wicked, forbidden promise. The signing of the bill today was only the beginning.

Around them, the other mother-son couples were stirring from their post-coital bliss, hands wandering and stroking over slick flesh as arousal began to build anew. Muffled giggles and moans started to fill the room once more as the insatiable lovers geared up for another depraved round.

With energy and arousal restored, the mothers untangled themselves from their sons' embrace and leapt up from the mattresses with a mischievous glint in their eyes. Giggling, they took off running playfully around the room, their voluptuous naked bodies jiggling enticingly.

The sons watched in awe for a moment as their mothers' spectacular figures bounced in the most delicious ways. Massive, milk-heavy breasts swayed and wobbled hypnotically with each bounding step, the engorged nipples leaving glistening trails across their chests.

Their huge, rounded bellies rippled and undulated, firm with the precious cargo inside yet soft and pliant. Thick, juicy asses jiggled and quaked, the plump cheeks shaking like bowls of jello atop shapely thighs and long, sexy legs.

Jolted into action by the irresistible sight, the sons sprang up, their impressive, blue-veined erections bobbing before them. They took off in hot pursuit of their teasing mothers, cocks slapping against taut abs as they ran. Peals of laughter and lusty growls filled the room as the boys playfully chased their quarry, determined to catch and conquer them.

Cornered against a wall, Olivia squealed in mock protest as Lucas pinned her in place, trapping her lush body between the wood and his hot, hard muscles. "Caught you," he rumbled, grinding his steely length against the crack of her plump ass.

Olivia wiggled against him, her enormous breasts pressed to the wall. "Mmmm, and what are you going to do with me now that you have me?" she purred sultrily, pushing her meaty derriere back into his groin.

"Gonna fuck you like a wild animal," Lucas snarled. He reached down to grip his throbbing shaft at its thick base, notching the swollen head between her dripping folds. With a powerful flex of his hips, he hilted himself inside her, groaning at the scorching wet embrace of her pussy.

Olivia threw her head back with a wail as she was split open on her son's formidable cock, her sheath stretched deliciously around his girth and his crown crushed against the puffy ring at tunnel's end.

Lucas set a wild, almost feral pace, grunting and growling as he hammered into her soft, pliant body. Her huge tits flattened against the wall, squished out to the sides as he rutted into her, his pelvis slapping lewdly against her wobbling ass cheeks.

Across the room, Melanie found herself in a similar position, whimpering in ecstasy as Liam drove into her from behind. He gripped her wide hips, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh as he slammed her back onto his stabbing cock again and again. Melanie braced her hands against the wall, pushing her mommy-ass out to give him better access to her hungry depths. The force of his thrusts made her fatty ass-cheeks ripple wildly.

Meanwhile, the other sons caught their mothers and hoisted their plush, pliant bodies up against the walls, strong hands sinking into the abundant flesh of their thighs and asses. The women instinctively wrapped their thick legs around their boys' lean waists, locking their ankles and opening themselves fully.

Chris pinned Katie in place, using the wall for leverage as he notched the bulbous head of his cock against her weeping slit. With a guttural groan, he thrust upwards, sheathing himself fully in her molten heat in one smooth stroke. Katie keened as she was impaled on her son's thick muscular shaft, her slick walls fluttering wildly around his plunging length.

Chris rolled his hips in deep, grinding circles, stirring up her cream as he massaged her throbbing clit with his pelvic bone. Then he began to piston into her forcefully, grunting with the effort as her plush, heavy body bounced and jiggled on his cock. Katie's huge belly and tits wobbled with each powerful thrust, sweat and milk spraying from her bouncing nipples.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Katie wailed, her nails digging into his bunching shoulders. "Spear me open on that big cock! Ruin my pussy!"

Chris snarled and redoubled his efforts, rutting into her like a boy possessed. The obscene slap of his pelvis against her cushiony ass and thighs rang out through the room as he took her with animalistic fervor. Katie sobbed in ecstasy, reduced to a quivering, incoherent mess as he pounded her into the wall.

A few feet away, Cane had Madison in a similar position, her back pressed to the wood as he slammed up into the lush vice of her cunt. Her expansive curves enveloped him, her massive maternity yielding and molding to his lean, sinewy form with each collision of their bodies.

Cane's face was buried between her enormous, milk-leaking tits, motorboating and slurping at the succulent flesh as he fucked into her savagely.

Madam President threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him to her heaving bosom as he feasted. She undulated against him wantonly, swiveling her wide hips to meet his every thrusts, her round belly smashing against his rippling abs over and over. The slick, sucking sounds of his cock churning her honeyed depths joined the carnal chorus of groans and wet smacks.

"Mmmm harder baby, deeper!" Madison mewled, her pussy squelching obscenely as he jackhammered into her. "Mommy needs it so bad! Fuck into me!"

Inside the mothers' slick channels, their sons' raging erections pounded in and out with ferocious intensity, the rigid shafts feeling impossibly huge as they stretched the velvety walls to the limit.

The women's already snug vaginas had grown even tighter, the muscular lining swelling with arousal until it fit like a hot, wet glove around the veined cocks splitting them open. Their strong pelvic floor muscles flexed rhythmically, rippling along the pulsing lengths and adding delicious friction to each thrust.

Flared cock heads, shiny and purple with engorgement, slammed against the mothers' slightly dilated cervixes like fleshy battering rams, making the tightly pursed openings quiver and flex. Pregnancy had softened those tender gateways, leaving them extra sensitive and responsive.

With each powerful impact of their sons' bulbous tips, the mothers felt molten bolts of pleasure shoot through their cores, their bodies instinctively bearing down to draw the invading cocks even deeper. They wanted - no, needed - to be pummeled into total submission, to have their wombs claimed and conquered by their boys' superior male flesh.

Hot gushes of cervical fluid sizzled against the glands of the pile-driving shafts, adding to the obscenely wet sounds of the frenzied mating. The scalding mucus coated the delicate tissue, soothing the blissful abrading of the relentless cocks. The slippery, semen-like fluid eased the way for the driving erections, allowing them to plunge impossibly deep, the rubbery tips butting up against the mothers' battered cervixes with every savage stroke.

Pelvic muscles worked overtime, massaging the ribbed linings of the vaginal canals as they clamped and fluttered around the pumping cocks, trying to milk them of their warm, virile seed. Those muscular contractions caressed every ridge and vein of the rigid shafts, stoking the rising tides of pleasure building in the sons' churning balls.

As ecstasy swelled within the mothers, their slick walls began to spasm wildly, quaking and grasping at the driving erections with wanton desperation. The women shrieked their rapture, their voices hoarse and ragged as they begged their boys for more, harder, deeper.

The sons pumped into their mothers' convulsing pussies with wild abandon, grunting like feral beasts as they chased their own explosive releases. They could feel the searing clench of the women's greedy cunts, the way their clasping depths seemed to suck wantonly at their cocks as if trying to physically wrench the cum from their balls.

With each vigorous plunge, the head of the sons' cocks kissed their mothers' battered cervixes, notching snugly into the dilated openings before pulling back, scraping their flaring coronal ridges wetly along the exquisitely ribbed lining of their baby tunnels.

After fucking their pregnant mothers with feral intensity against the walls, the sons felt the tingling pressure at the base of their spines that signaled an imminent eruption. The women's engorged cunts were rippling wildly around their unyielding cocks, the muscular walls squeezing and massaging the throbbing lengths as if trying to milk them dry.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Liam roared, slamming into Melanie's rippling heat with desperate, erratic thrusts. "Gonna...nnggh...flood this pregnant pussy!"

"Me too!" Lucas grunted, his ass clenching as he jackhammered into Olivia's receptive depths. "Fuck, here it comes, Mom!"

All around the room, the other sons echoed similar sentiments, their voices strained with impending release. The mothers simply wailed their encouragement, urging their boys to fill them up, to pump them full of their potent seed.

As if connected by some primal signal, the boys stiffened in unison, their straining cocks swelling impossibly larger inside their mothers' deliciously snug channels. Then, with a collective roar of ecstasy, they exploded, geysers of scalding semen erupting from their slits to splash against the quivering walls of the women's wombs.

At the same instant, the mothers shrieked as the feel of their sons' hot cum flooding their clenching pussies catapulted them into mind-shattering climaxes. Their bodies shuddered violently, undulating in rapture as pleasure ripped through them like lightning. Vaginal muscles rippled and squeezed the spurting shafts, milking out every drop.

Torrent after torrent of thick, virile spunk pumped into the mothers' cunts, quickly overflowing the limited space. Foamy globs of pearly jizz spurted out around the sawing cocks, splattering against the sons' thrusting pelvises and dripping down to splat obscenely on the floor.

The combined fluids squished wetly as the men continued to rut through their orgasms, determined to empty their balls completely into their mothers' fertile depths. Rivulets of semen poured down the women's quaking thighs, glistening pearly white against their flushed skin. The room reeked of sex, the musky funk of cum and pussy juice thick in the air.

Sweaty flesh slapped together lewdly as the mothers and sons writhed against each other, riding out the exquisite aftershocks. Milk sprayed from bouncing tits, adding to the debauched mess. Hands clawed at flexing backs and asses, drawing possessive red welts across the damp skin.

For long, blissful moments, the lovers remained locked together, pulses pounding in sync as they savored the intense afterglow of their intense finale.

It seemed the public orgy was over for now. And from her vantage point at the center of the perverse festivities, the President of the United States couldn't be more thrilled. She had a feeling this was one White House tradition that would be upheld for many scandalous years to come.

In the weeks and months following the historic signing of the bill, a seismic shift rippled across the nation. No longer forced to hide in the shadows, mothers and sons came out of the closet in droves, proudly proclaiming their love for all the world to see.

Everywhere you looked, once taboo couples strolled hand-in-hand down city streets, exchanged passionate kisses in public parks, canoodled in coffee shops and restaurants.

Older women glowed with happiness as they flaunted their virile young lovers, uncaring of the sideways glances from more conservative passersby.

Savvy businesses and advertisers were quick to capitalize on this new social dynamic. Luxury resorts began offering special "mother-son getaway" packages, complete with sensual couples massages, aphrodisiac-laced gourmet meals, and soundproofed suites outfitted with over-sized beds and sex swings.

Lingerie brands launched risqué lines of matching bra and panty sets specifically designed to tantalize both wearer and remover. Slinky, peek-a-boo teddies and crotchless panties in stretchy lace became all the rage for fashionable moms eager to seduce their sons. The models in the ads were real-life mother-son couples, gazing at each other with smoldering intensity.

High-end sex toy companies jumped on the bandwagon, creating a dizzying array of pleasure products geared towards incestuous exploration.

Vibrators, dildos and love eggs molded from sons' real erections were top sellers, allowing women to enjoy their boys even when apart. Fleshlights

modeled after mothers' actual vulvas and marketed as the ultimate MILF experience flew off the shelves.

Pharmaceutical firms poured millions into developing cutting edge supplements and enhancers for these carnal couplings. Pills promising bigger, harder erections and increased semen volume for sons were advertised alongside others claiming to boost sex drive, induce lactation, and even tighten vaginal muscles for mothers. Conception-friendly lubricants touting "maximum seed retention" became a must-have.

Perhaps most shocking were the mainstream TV and print ads promoting a new "family planning" medication - one that not only acted as birth control, but could be used to "safely prepare a mother's womb to receive her son's seed when the time is right." Gone were the days of condoms and awkward doctor's visits, now mothers could be ravenously bred by their own offspring with medically-sanctioned ease.

All across the media landscape, the once unthinkable became commonplace. Daytime talk shows featured happy mother-son couples frankly discussing their sexual awakenings and sharing candid bedroom tips. Steamy incest-themed romance novels topped the bestseller lists. Popular songs extolling the virtues of "mama's love" and "keeping it in the family" climbed the Billboard charts.

Slowly but surely, a new normal was taking root in American society. Incestuous relationships that were once spoken of only in scandalized whispers were now celebrated out in the open.

Madison and Cane found themselves at the forefront of this sexual revolution, hailed as trailblazers and role models by the mother-son couples following in their footsteps.

As Madison's belly swelled with during her final weeks, her approval ratings soared to an all-time high. The public couldn't seem to get enough of their glowingly pregnant Commander-in-Chief and her handsome, devoted son. They were America's sweethearts, the First Family of the new moral order.

Behind closed doors, the lovers reveled in Madison's completely-ripe body, spending hours worshipping her curves. Cane couldn't keep his hands off her, endlessly fascinated by the life growing inside her. He would spend long, languid afternoons mapping every inch of her skin with his lips and tongue, nursing at her humongous tits until his belly was full of her warm nectar.

Their passion reached new heights of intensity as Madison's hormones raged out of control. She was insatiable, demanding Cane's cock at all hours of the day and night. They christened every surface of the White House with their lustful cries and bodily fluids, claiming each room as their own carnal playground.

One of Madison's favorite places to be taken was bent over the historic Resolute Desk, the same desk where she had signed the bill that made their love legal. Something about being ravaged by her son in the inner sanctum of the Oval Office, the ultimate seat of power, made her positively feral with need.

Cane rose to the occasion with gusto, roughly hiking up her business skirts, peeling the panties over that delicious bubble butt and pumping into her from behind with wild abandon.

The desk would rock and creak as he pounded against her rippling ass, scattering important documents and rattling priceless artifacts. Madison's ecstatic screams would echo through the halls of the West Wing as she shattered around his ramrod cock again and again.

Their unbridled passion served as an aphrodisiac to the rest of the nation, emboldening other mother-son couples to consummate their forbidden unions with equal fervor. Reports of unplanned pregnancies among mothers skyrocketed as women everywhere threw caution and contraceptives to the wind, eager to carry their own sons' babies.

Just weeks after the legendary signing of the bill, Madison's water broke in the middle of a cabinet meeting. The President was rushed to the hospital with Cane by her side, both of them giddy with excitement and

anticipation. After hours of strenuous labor, with Cane coaching her through every push, Madison delivered a perfect baby girl.

They named her Hope, a tribute to the bright future they envisioned for mothers and sons everywhere.