

MOM'LL-FUCK-ZINE

SUPERSIZED

BY KLRXO



Mom'll-fuck-zine

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Introducing, 'Mom'll-fuck-zine,' a revolutionary new pharmaceutical breakthrough that'll turn your frigid mother into your personal cum-guzzling whore. One precisely calibrated dose transforms even the most Bible-thumping prude into a cock-hungry nymphomaniac desperate to drain her son's balls.

The tasteless, odorless powder dissolves instantly in any drink—from morning coffee to evening wine—leaving no trace except the flush spreading across her MILF cheeks as her pussy floods with juices. Within minutes, you'll witness her transformation: first confusion, then unmistakable lust, followed by desperate need as she tears off her panties, begging to feel your throbbing cock stretch her motherly holes in ways your father never could.

Her mouth will become a fountain of filth as she begs you to violate every orifice of the body that birthed you. Our patented neural-targeting formula ensures her newfound cock-addiction focuses exclusively on her own offspring—she'll crave only her son's seed, not the neighbor's, coworker's, or even your father's pathetic load.

Tanner rolled the small amber bottle between his fingers, squinting at the tiny print on the label of 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' as afternoon light streamed through his bedroom blinds. "Do you really think it'll work or is it just some Chinese knockoff garbage?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly with nervous anticipation.

Lane leaned forward on the unmade bed, his eyes fixed on the bottle like it contained liquid gold rather than dubious powder.

"There's only one way to find out," he replied, running his sweaty palm across the back of his neck. "We test it on our moms."

"If this stuff works on OUR holier-than-thou, Bible-thumping mothers," Tanner snickered, "it'll work on any woman alive."

The boys came from religious families where Sunday services were mandatory and both their mothers taught Bible study classes at the local Baptist church.

"That's true," said Lane, picking at a pimple on his chin. "I've never even heard my mom swear before. She's the type who says 'fudge' when she burns herself cooking and covers the TV screen with her hand during kissing scenes."

"We gotta time this shit perfectly," Tanner hissed. "If this stuff really does turn our moms into cock-hungry sluts, we can't just spike their drinks with my bratty sister or your old man hanging around the fucking kitchen."

"True. Maybe we can both fake being sick and stay home from school tomorrow. That way everyone's out of the house except

for us and our moms," Lane suggested, his voice cracking with anticipation.

"Wait, our moms are besties who do that stupid power-walking shit together every fucking morning. Won't they smell bullshit if we both call in sick on the same damn day?"

"Yeah, that's true," Lane agreed, drumming his fingers nervously against his thigh while his mind raced with visions of his mother's sundresses and the way they clung to her bodacious ass when she bent to load the dishwasher.

Tanner's sweaty fingers fumbled with a beat-up quarter from the trash heap he called a nightstand. "Alright dickwad, one of us plays hooky today, the other tomorrow. Let's flip this bitch."

The coin glinted like a stripper's nipple piercing as it tumbled through the cum-sock-scented bedroom air. "Call that shit!" he barked, his voice squeaking like he was getting his nuts squeezed.

"Heads," Lane blurted, leaning forward so far he nearly tumbled off the bed.

The quarter smacked onto the jizz-stained carpet. Tanner's mouth twisting into a pissy scowl. "Heads it is. You lucky cock-sucker."

Lane's eyes widened, pupils dilating as he clutched the amber bottle. "Holy shit, can you imagine if this actually works? Like, tomorrow I could be..." his voice dropped to a reverent whisper, "...inside my own mom's pussy. The pussy I came out of, dude."

Tanner snorted, flopping back against his Spider-Man pillowcase. "Or we just blew eighty fuckin' bucks on some sketchy-ass Chinese baby powder and a load of bullshit. Probably just gonna make our dicks shrivel up instead of getting our moms' pussies wet."

Sloane Richards stood at the stove stirring a bubbling pot of homemade spaghetti sauce when her son, Lane, walked in the door. She glanced back at him over her shoulder, her long, fiery red hair cascading in loose waves across her slender shoulders like some kind of fuck-me porn star. The kitchen smelled of garlic and basil, and steam had given her cheeks the same kind of rosy flush she'd probably get with a fat cock buried inside her.

"There you are," she said, her voice warm and melodic. "I was just about to call you home to set the table."

She gestured toward the stack of plates on the counter with the wooden spoon in her hand, a droplet of red sauce falling onto the pristine white tile like a cum stain on hotel sheets.

"Why can't Amy do it?" Lane asked, dropping his backpack onto one of the kitchen chairs with a thud.

"Your sister has a history exam tomorrow," Sloane explained, turning back to the stove and giving the sauce another stir, her rounded booty cheeks jiggling beneath the thin fabric as she shifted her weight, "so she needs to focus all her energy on studying."



Lane actually didn't mind helping out in the kitchen too much. It gave him a chance to ogle his mom's rack like the perverted

little shit he was. Today she wore a sundress that might as well have been painted on her fuck-worthy body. The neckline plunged so deep you could practically see her pussy, showing off those massive double-J tits that jiggled like Jell-O whenever she breathed.

The slutty outfit made his dick throb painfully, especially since this was the same holy-roller who clutched her Bible every fucking Sunday.

Sloane's giant mommy-jugs strained against that thin-ass fabric like they were trying to burst free and slap him in the face. Whenever she reached for something high up, Lane's mouth would go bone dry while his cock leaked pre-cum into his underwear.

Even just stirring that sauce, those heavy tit-melons quivered and bounced, making his palms sweat and his jeans crush his rock-hard teenage boner.

Lane cleared his throat with an exaggerated rasp. "I think I might be coming down with something," he said, eyes downcast in feigned misery while his pulse quickened beneath his skin. "My throat's getting all scratchy and raw."

"Oh, you poor thing," Sloane cooed, her coral-painted fingernails clicking against the wooden drawer as she retrieved a slender digital thermometer.

The kitchen's overhead light caught the gold band of her wedding ring as she approached. "Let's take your temperature, sweetheart, and make sure you don't have a fever."

Her massive tits bounced and jiggled like water balloons beneath the thin fabric of her sundress with each step across the tile floor, the material straining against her fat nipples before relaxing again.

"Sit down here for a second, sweetie," she directed, her cock-hardening perfume overwhelming him as she bent over to pull out the kitchen chair.

Lane's cock swelled into a throbbing steel rod beneath his jeans as his mom's massive tits hung down like ripe fruit, practically spilling from her neckline when she bent to place the thermometer in his mouth.

His eyes locked onto the deep, sweaty crevice between those heaving flesh-globes, his mouth watering at the thought of burying his face in that forbidden valley. Even as Sloane straightened up, he couldn't tear his gaze from those jiggling juggernauts that had fed him as a baby and now fed his darkest fantasies.

"Sweetie," she said sharply, catching him eye-fucking her chest, "it's not appropriate when you stare at my breasts like that. I'm your mother."

"S-sorry," he mumbled, his cheeks burning as he reluctantly dragged his eyes away from her heaving rack.

"I know I'm...well endowed," she acknowledged, "but please try not to give them more than a quick glance ok?"

It wasn't the first time she'd caught him eye-fucking her like some depraved little pervert. Sloane had noticed how his

teenage dick seemed to harden like an iron crowbar and throb whenever she entered a room. She'd seen his filthy gaze practically licking the curves of her bodacious ass as she moved around the kitchen, practically drooling over her tits when she bent to help with homework, even mentally spreading her thighs when she crossed her legs during family movie nights.

She prayed to sweet Jesus it was just hormones he'd redirect toward some cock-hungry cheerleader slut or band-geek cum dumpster his own age before she had to slap the sick thoughts out of his head.

She pulled the thermometer from his mouth and examined the readout, her coral fingernail clicking against the plastic like a warning. "Well, your temperature's normal, not even a slight fever. After dinner you should probably lay down in your room with the curtains drawn. Rest and plenty of liquids—orange juice, not those energy drinks—is probably the best thing for you right now," she advised, her voice softening with maternal concern.

The 'rest' part didn't come easy for Lane. His cock twitched every time he pictured those massive tits bouncing and rippling while he railed his own mother hard and deep. His balls ached with anticipation, already churning with the thick load he'd been saving up. He tossed and turned, his sheets twisted around his legs like restraints, his mind racing with filthy scenarios.

He wasn't sure about that dipshit Tanner, but Lane had been jerking off to the thought of plowing his mom's juicy MILF-cunt

for years. He'd studied porn like a fucking doctoral thesis, memorizing positions that would make her scream his name while he buried himself balls-deep in the same hole he'd crawled out of eighteen years ago.

First, he started popping L-arginine pills like candy, which some Reddit forum swore would pump his veins full of blood and turn his average teenage dick into a throbbing baseball bat.

Then, Lane put himself through a daily cock workout, hanging his dad's five-pound dumbbell from his purple-headed monster and making it bounce like a deranged puppet show so his dick-muscles would get as strong as possible.

His balls ached for days, but he didn't give a fuck—he needed that meat missile rock-solid at the base so he could jackhammer his mom's MILF-cunt until she saw stars.

Lastly, he practiced edging his leaking rod until his hand cramped and his sheets were soaked with pre-cum, determined to last longer than those steroid-jacked porn studs so he could make his own mother's eyes roll back while she squirted her hot mommy fem-juices over his teenage cock.

Lane's cock twitched when his mom appeared in the doorway, her fat nipples clearly visible through the thin silk robe that barely long enough to cover her ass. "How are you feeling...any better?" Sloane asked, the robe gaping open to reveal the deep valley between her massive tits.

"Not really," Lane answered, shifting to hide his growing boner beneath the sheets. "Actually feeling a little worse."

"I'll call the school and tell them you're taking a sick day."

"Perfect!" Lane blurted, then realized he seemed too eager to spend the day alone with his MILF mother. "I mean...not perfect, but I'd probably puke all over someone if I went in."

"I agree," Sloane stated, her fat tits jiggling as she nodded. "I'll bring you some breakfast once your dad and sister leave."

Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, Lane focused on how he'd slip the 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' into his mother's drink without her suspecting anything.

His cock twitched at the thought of her swallowing it down, oblivious to how it would soon make her beg for his teenage meat. He knew her morning protein shake was the perfect target since she gulped that chalky shit down every day like clockwork.

"How the fuck am I gonna spike her shake without her catching me?" he wondered, his balls already tingling with anticipation.

Lane knew he had to get to the kitchen before he blew his only chance to drug his own mother. He took the capsule from the bottle, rolling it between his fingers while pre-cum leaked into his boxers.

"This tiny pill is gonna turn my Bible-thumping mom into my personal cum dumpster," he whispered, dick throbbing painfully.

He waited until his dad's car disappeared down the street, then headed to the kitchen with the pill clutched in his sweaty palm.

Lane's eyes locked onto his mom's phat ass as she bent over the stove, her sundress riding up to reveal the sweaty backs of her thighs. "Can I help you out, mom?" he asked, his cock already thickening beneath his boxers.

"No, sweetie. You should really be in bed," Sloane replied, her tits bouncing as she vigorously stirred his eggs.

"You do enough around here," he insisted, striding to the fridge with a growing bulge. "Let me at least make your morning protein shake for you."

His fingers closed around the pill in his pocket, imagining those same fingers buried in his mother's dripping pussy.

"Actually, I'm skipping my shake today. The church moms are meeting for breakfast," she said, oblivious to his throbbing disappointment.

Lane's balls ached with frustration. His perfect fucking plan, ruined. "*Back to the drawing board,*" he thought, his half-hard dick wilting like a sad flower.

"If you need anything though, just text me. I'll only be across town," his mom stated.

Lane's phone vibrated in his sweaty palm. It was Tanner. "Did you slip that fuck-pill to your mom's juicy ass yet??" the text read.

"Not yet. Was gonna spike her shake but the cockblocking church bitches invited her to breakfast 😞," Lane replied, his semi-hard dick still tenting his boxers.

"Guess I'll be the first to turn my mom into my personal cum dumpster after all 😊."

"Fuck that. Just thought of something better," Lane texted back, remembering how his mom bitched about wanting to lose a few extra pounds.

"Thanks for the eggs, Mom, but I probably won't eat much after taking my pill," Lane said, watching her tits bounce as she worked the stove.

"What pill?" she asked, one eyebrow arched.

"This appetite suppressant that makes me not wanna eat all day. Works amazing."

"Sweetie, why are you taking diet pills? You're already so skinny," she said, her concerned eyes making his cock twitch.

"If I wanna keep my abs tight, I gotta watch every calorie. These pills make it easy."

Sloane's eyes narrowed as she scooped his breakfast onto the plate, her tits jiggling with each movement. "What are these miracle pills called? I've tried about every diet pill on the market."

Lane's cock twitched against his boxers as he watched her bend over. "Can't remember the name, but they say they work wonders. Want one?"

His MILF mother bit her lower lip, considering. "Well, those ladies from church always order pancakes dripping with syrup. I might need something to keep me from stuffing my face."

Lane's palm was sweaty as he held out the mom'll-fuck-zine, his balls already tightening at what was about to happen. "Here you go," he said, practically drooling.

"You just happened to have one on you?" she asked, her fat nipples visible through her thin top.

"Was gonna take it myself," Lane stammered, his dick hardening. "Got a whole bottle upstairs."

He grabbed a glass of water, pre-cum already leaking as he watched her.

Sloane's plump lips curved into a smile. "Anything to get rid of a few extra pounds," she sighed, then tossed the pill into her mouth and gulped it down, her throat working in a way that made Lane imagine her swallowing something else entirely.

The teenager's cock twitched as his heart hammered against his ribs. He didn't think his mom needed to lose a single fucking ounce. Her plump ass and thick thighs made his teenage dick throb every time she bent over, and those massive tits that strained against her tops were perfect cum-targets.

"How long before she's begging for my cock?" he wondered, palming his semi-hard rod through his boxers.

After showering, Sloane's voice echoed down the hallway, her wet-dream body now hidden beneath church-mom clothes. "I'll be back after breakfast, sweetie. Might do some shopping. Text if you need anything."

"Bye," Lane muttered, his boner deflating like a punctured tire. "Fucking bullshit!" he said to himself aloud, his balls aching with disappointment. "Those goddamn pills are a scam."

It had been nearly an hour since his MILF mother had swallowed that capsule, and instead of gagging on his throbbing teenage meat, she was heading out the door with her cunt still bone-dry.

"Dude, I think we got fucking scammed 😞," he texted Tanner, balls aching with frustration.

"Why, what happened? Did you slip it to that MILF cunt yet?" his friend texted back.

"I watched her swallow that shit an hour ago and her pussy's still dry as the fucking Sahara. No begging for cock, no dripping snatch, nothing!"

"Maybe it takes more time to make her cunt drip 🙌," Tanner suggested.

"Better fucking work soon or I'm gonna bust these blue balls for nothing," Lane typed, staring at his semi-hard dick like it was a ticking time bomb.

Lane dragged his horny ass out of bed and into the shower. No way he'd waste the day moping when his balls were still full and aching. He cranked the hot water, stroking himself lazily while imagining his mom's fat tits bouncing as she rode him.

After toweling off his semi-hard cock, he wrapped the towel around his waist and headed to his room.

He nearly slammed right into Sloane's curvy body in the hallway. Her massive tits heaved against her thin blouse, the fabric stretched so tight he could count the veins in her areolas.

"Mom? Thought you were out to breakfast with those church ladies?" Lane asked.

"I was, but I feel... strange," she said, her eyes glued to the bulge beneath his towel.

Lane's dick twitched as he noticed her flushed cheeks and the way she was practically eye-fucking him. Like some cock-hungry slut seeing her favorite porn star in person.

"N-need anything?" he asked, his mouth watering at the thought of her needing his throbbing teenage meat.

"Yes," she whispered, her tongue darting across her lips as she as her eyes traveled up his lean torso. "I mean, no... I need to lie down for a little bit."

Lane's eyes locked on his mom's buttocks as she sashayed down the hall, her thick cheeks jiggling with each step like two water balloons fighting under her dress.

His cock twitched when Sloane paused at her doorway, giving him a look that screamed "come fuck me."

"You look... pretty good in that towel by the way," she purred, her eyes dropping to his bulge. She bit her lip and shook her head. "Sorry, I shouldn't say that to my own son."

After his mom's door clicked shut, Lane stood there with his mouth hanging open, his cock now fully hard. "Holy fucking

shit," he whispered, grabbing his throbbing meat through the towel. "It's working! That pill's turning my mom into a total cock-hungry slut!"

He went to his room, combed his hair and sprayed cologne on his neck and balls. Lane's throbbing cock twitched beneath the towel, the fabric tenting obscenely as he imagined his mom's wet pussy gripping his shaft, her hot girl-honey dripping from his nuts.

After ten agonizing minutes, doubt crept in. *"Maybe that pill just made her dizzy, not horny for my dick,"* he thought, palming his semi-hard rod. *"Fuck, what if she's puking her guts out instead of fingering her cunt?"*

Lane crept down the hallway on tiptoe, his throbbing meat bobbing with each step, his heart hammering against his ribs as he approached his parents' bedroom. The door was cracked open like a whore's legs. He pressed his sweaty palm against the polished wood and eased it open another inch, praying the hinges wouldn't betray him with a squeak.

The sight before him made his teenage meat swell to painful proportions. His MILF mother lay sprawled across the king-sized bed she shared with his father, completely fucking naked, her auburn hair splayed across the navy pillowcase like a cum-soaked fan.

Her thick maternal thighs were spread in a wide V, exposing her dripping pink cunt, toenails painted slutty cherry red, feet flexed so tight in mid-air, the tendons stood out like ropes.

Her glistening fingers worked furiously between her thighs, her gold wedding ring catching the light with each frantic circular motion across her swollen, gash-pink flesh that oozed pussy juice onto the expensive sheets.

Her wide hips bucked and gyrated like she was riding a phantom cock, her fat ass cheeks jiggling with each desperate thrust.

Lane's balls tightened painfully as he imagined himself balls-deep between those meaty thighs, jackhammering his throbbing teenage meat into her sloppy MILF-cunt while her thick legs wrapped around his waist like a vise, locking their sweaty bodies together as he pumped his incestuous load deep into her married hole.

The teenager's dick swelled like it might fucking explode as his mom howled "Ram that fat cock in me, baby boy!" while jamming her fingers into her dripping snatch like she was digging for gold.

Her ass bounced against the mattress with each desperate thrust, making her massive milk-jugs bounce and quiver like gelatin. The wet squelching sounds from her dripping MILF-hole echoed through the room as she worked three fingers into her married gash.

Lane's "Holy fucking shit!" exploded from his mouth like a wet fart, making his mom's head snap up, her cum-glazed fingers freezing mid-thrust in her gushing snatch.

Her lust-drunk eyes locked onto the doorway where his throbbing purple cockhead peeked through the towel gap.

Lane stumbled backward, his leaking dick slapping painfully against his thigh as he scrambled down the hallway, his balls bouncing like two water balloons between his legs while pre-cum dribbled down his shaft like melting ice cream.

He heard his parents' bedroom door creak open. His meat instantly hardened again at the soft tap on his door.

"Sweetie, can I come in?" Sloane's voice was husky, dripping with need.

"Sure, mom," Lane answered, his balls tightening with anticipation.

His jaw dropped as his MILF mother stepped inside wearing nothing but a black see-through teddy that barely contained her massive tits.

She locked the door with a decisive click, giving him a perfect view of her bubble butt jiggling beneath the sheer fabric. His mouth watered as he stared at the dark crack between those meaty globes, his cock leaking pre-cum at the sight of her puckered asshole visible through the transparent material. His teenage dick throbbed painfully as he realized he was finally going to pound his own mother's juicy cunt.

"I'm, um...not mad," she uttered blushing. "Please don't think I'm upset for you peeking in on me just now."

Lane's cock throbbed so hard it felt like it might snap off as his mom turned toward him, her massive fucking udders heaving beneath the see-through fabric like obscene jellyfish. Her areolas were dark and wide as coasters while her nipples

protruded like deformed thumbs, the skin around them puckered and glistening with what looked like saliva from her earlier self-pleasuring.

"I've been thinking...about...about that fat dick of yours," she slurred, her eyes glazed over like a fresh Krispy Kreme donut.

"Y-you have? What about it?" he asked, his mouth watering at the sight of those jiggling jugs that threatened to burst free from her slutty lingerie.

Her eyes glazed over as she licked her lips. "I need that throbbing cock... splitting my cunt open until I'm screaming your name," she growled, then blinked rapidly. "God, that's... I shouldn't say that to my own son."

"It's ok, mom," Lane encouraged, his dick leaking pre-cum as his heart hammered. "I don't mind you talking that way."

"I mean... no, it's not ok," Sloane stammered, her pussy leaving a dark, glistening stain across the crotch of her teddy. "Jesus fuck, look at you. Young stud with that purple-headed flesh missile between your legs. I bet you could really jackhammer a girl, huh?"

Lane's jaw dropped. His church-going mother had just turned into a cock-hungry whore right before his eyes.

"I could if she, um... wanted me to," he stated, shocked that he was hearing such filth come from his mom's church-going lips.

Sloane's face was beet-red. "You're not gonna think I'm some filthy gutter-slut begging for her own son's sperm?" she asked, her voice cracking. "Betraying your father while I spread my

legs and let you pound my married cunt until I'm screaming your name instead of his?"

"I'll think you're the hottest piece of ass I've ever seen, no matter what."

"No, I can't be stuffing my son's bull cock in my baby-maker—that's some sick Jerry Springer shit right there," she mumbled, her cunt still drooling like a broken faucet.

Lane knew he had to keep encouraging her. She was like a cock-hungry slut who just needed one more push to start guzzling cum. He boldly slipped his towel open, exposing his rigid teenage meat, the purple head glistening with pre-goo.

"Are you sure you don't want this thick dick, mom?" he asked. The fact that he was talking to his own wholesome mom this way seemed completely surreal.

Sloane gasped, squeezing her 38JJ tits between her trembling forearms until they ballooned out like overripe melons ready to burst from their thin fabric prison. Her plump nipples stabbed through the see-through black lace like dusky-pink gumdrops, the wrinkled areolas puckering visibly beneath.

Her hungry cunt-starved eyes, dilated with primal lust, locked onto her son's throbbing 9-inch teenage cock-meat, tracing every pulsing blue vein that snaked around his shaft like angry earthworms after a rainstorm.

The swollen purple head, glistening in the afternoon light, looked like a ripe plum, oozing pearly pre-cum that formed a glistening strand connecting to his taut lower abs, begging to

be licked clean before splitting her 42-year-old MILF-hole wide open.

"Holy shit on a stick, you're... fuckin' gorgeous," she moaned, her slutty tongue slithering out between her cum-catchers, leaving a nasty wet trail. "That donkey dick looks like it'd rip my snatch to fuckin' ribbons!"

Lane's cock twitched violently, the purple head bobbing like it was nodding at her. "You like it, Mom?" he asked, making his thick shaft pulse and flex, a glistening string of pre-nectar dangling from the slit.

"Holy mother of fuck, do I ever!" Sloane gasped, her snatch gushing like a broken faucet, pussy juice running down her legs like melted ice cream.

She groped blindly for the doorknob, her sweaty fingers slipping off the brass like it was greased. Her wedding ring flashed under the light, mocking her slutty ass.

"I... can't," she whimpered, trying to conjure her hubby's face even while her hungry eyes stayed glued to the throbbing teen beef-stick aimed at her like a loaded gun. "I swore I wouldn't have sex...with anyone else but your father," she whispered, her tits betraying her as her nipples went rock-hard.

Lane sprawled back against his pillows, his balls heavy and tight between his muscular thighs. He stared at his mother's giant heaving milk-makers as he slowly stroked his veiny shaft in front of her.

"You don't have to pretend, Mom," he stated his voice deep with lust. "Your pussy's practically dripping for my cock. I'll fuck you better than Dad ever could—make you cum so hard."

Instead of continuing her retreat, Sloane slipped off the black see-through teddy, the delicate lace thrown across the room as her enormous 38JJ tits spilled out with a heavy slap against her ribcage. The dusky nipples were already stiff and pointing directly at her son.

"I wanna..." she began, the last sprinkle of conscience barely stopping her.

"You wanna what, mom?"

"I wanna... feel that fat fuckin' baby-maker splitting' my gash wide open," she blubbered, a tear streaked down her pretty face. "My pussy's so goddamn hungry for your dick I'm about to pass out!"

"I'm right here," Lane said with an anxious gulp, his strong fingers wrapped around his purple-headed monster, stroking the veiny shaft with slow, deliberate movements. "Come take all the dick you want, Mom."

Sloane stumbled toward her son like a drunk whore, her swollen pussy lips dripping a wet trail of clear, sticky juice across the hardwood floor. Her hungry eyes devoured every inch of his young, veiny cock as she crawled onto his Batman-themed bed sheets; her massive milk-bags swinging like heavy pendulums beneath her, nipples hard as bullets and surrounded by wrinkled areolas.

“Fuck!” Sloane uttered, then pounced forward like a cock-starved whore, her slutty tongue leaving wet, sloppy trails down her son's neck while her manicured fingernails clawed his chest like a desperate bitch in heat.

Lane gasped as she worked her way down to his throbbing fuck-stick, her hot breath washing over his skin as she slobbered over every inch of him.

Her cum-catchers found his nipples, teeth biting the sensitive buds before continuing her descent, leaving a glistening path of drool across his quivering abs. When she reached his pulsing meat-missile, she bypassed it completely, instead burying her face between his legs like a hungry pig at a trough.

Her nostrils flared as she inhaled his teenage musk deeply, eyes rolling back as she whimpered against his swollen nut-sack.

"Fuck, baby boy," she moaned, her tongue slithering out to bathe each cum-filled ball, slurping them like melting ice cream on the hottest fucking day of summer.

Sloane dragged her mouth along the rigid underside of his throbbing meat-stick, slobbering all over it like a hungry whore at an all-you-can-eat cock buffet. Her tongue flattened against the bulging blue vein that snaked up his shaft like a garden hose, licking it with desperate precision while her dick-sucking lips smeared spit across his burning skin.

“W-wow!” Lane exclaimed, squirming with pleasure beneath her.

When Sloane reached the fat mushroom head, she circled the piss-slit with slutty tongue-flicks before suddenly cramming the entire purple cock-knob into her greedy mouth. Her tongue thrashed across his sensitive dick-tip, probing the leaking jizz-hole while her eyes locked with his like a cock-starved gutter-slut begging for baby-batter.

The mother's eyes bulged and watered as she crammed his throbbing cock-meat down her straining throat, her lipstick-smearred mouth stretched to its limits around his girthy shaft.

"Mmmnnn," she hummed as her pretty head bobbed frantically up and down his veiny pole, each desperate plunge taking him deeper until his swollen purple head triggered her gag reflex, making her throat constrict around him like a velvet vice.

Sloppy strings of throat-slime connected her chin to his tightening balls as she worked his meat with pornstar precision, her desperate moans vibrating through his sensitive shaft.

"So tasty," she helplessly whispered. "I just can't resist this teenage meat-hammer."

"Then don't resist," answered Lane, his cock twitching violently between them. "Take what you want, mom."

The boy's throat bobbed with a nervous gulp as Sloane wrapped her slender, manicured fingers around the base of his throbbing cock, her wedding ring cold against his burning skin as she angled the veiny shaft upward.

His eyes bulged at the sight of her dripping cunt hovering just inches above him. A small, meticulously trimmed triangle of fiery copper-red pubes crowned her glistening pussy lips like a warning sign.

"Holy fuck!" the teen choked out, his voice cracking with teenage desire as he watched her squeeze his purple, mushroom-shaped dickhead into the slick entrance of her steaming fuck-hole, feeling the first exquisite grip of her maternal flesh.

Quickly, his eyes darted up to the massive milk-jugs hanging from her chest above him. *"Holy shit...I'm gonna suffocate between those giant motherfucking tit-mountains!"* he thought, his mouth watering as he stared up through the deep, sweaty ravine of Sloane's heaving cleavage.

His eyes snapped back to watch his veiny cock disappear as he felt the scorching, vice-like grip of her sloppy MILF-cunt swallowing his throbbing teenage meat.

The last shred of motherly guilt evaporated like piss on hot concrete when her son's cock-monster plunged into the dripping depths of her cum-hungry hole.

"Mmmnn, does my slutty mommy-snatch feel like home, baby boy?" she moaned like a two-dollar whore. "It fuckin' should. Your fat little noggin stretched this jizz-bucket wide open when you popped outta me."

She ground the weeping tip of his pulsing rod against her cervix, her puffy cunt-lips squeezing his base like a cock-ring.

"Jesus Christ, I love it, mom!" the boy groaned, flexing his cock-muscles until his dick throbbed like a jackhammer inside her.

His mom squealed like a stuck pig, her sloppy hole stretching around his teenage fuck-pole like an overworked rubber band.

Sloane rolled her hips up and back with the precision of a metronome, feeling her boy's throbbing fuck-pole impale her dripping cunt-tunnel like a steel piston coated in molten lava. Her velvety pussy walls clenched and rippled around his veiny shaft, milking it hungrily like a starving mouth.

"You squirt your baby-gravy all over your sheets every night thinking' about ramming that boner into your mama's juicy snatch, don't you, baby?" she growled through clenched teeth, pinching her rock-hard nipples until they turned from dusky pink to angry crimson.

"Hell yeah, I do," Lane grunted, his balls tightening like two overripe plums ready to burst their juice.

"Well, here I am, you motherfucker. No more jacking your dick raw and blowing your jizz all over your sheets."

Sloane began to slam her cum-hungry snatch up and down on her son's throbbing meat, finding a brutal fuck-rhythm that made her swollen, grape-sized clit buzz with electricity that shot through her pelvis like lightning.

The jiggling globes of her naked mommy-ass clapped obscenely each time they crashed against his sweaty ball-sack, creating a percussion of wet flesh that echoed off the bedroom walls.

Lane was seeing those massive tit-mountains in a way he'd only beat his meat to as they bounced violently with each thrust, swinging like heavy udders ready for milking, their hypnotic motion making his teenage cock swell even larger inside her stretched maternal hole.

“YESSSS!” the mother gasped, her eyes rolling back until only bloodshot whites showed as she impaled herself on her son's veiny cock, its purple-blue roadmap of bulging vessels throbbing visibly beneath paper-thin skin.

Lane's swollen, plum-sized cockhead felt like it was caught in a hydraulic press as her rippling cunt-muscles clamped down with vise-like intensity, milking his granite-hard shaft with rhythmic, hungry contractions. Her dripping fuck-hole made obscene squelching noises—wet, sloppy suction sounds like someone stirring mac-and-cheese—with each desperate thrust. Her honey-thick juices coated his hairless balls and muscular thighs in a glistening, sticky glaze.

“Fuckin' wreck this married mommy-hole, you little shit! Split my fuckin' gash wide open!” she howled like a she-wolf in heat, her massive 38JJ tits bouncing violently in hypnotic figure-eight patterns as she slammed her dimpled ass down harder. She ground her engorged, cherry-red clit against his sweat-dampened pubic bone with desperate, circular motions.

The boy's cock was like a throbbing javelin of pulsing blood vessels and taut sinew, carving relentlessly through the corrugated velvet sheath of her pussy. Her spongy, honey-drenched inner walls caught and gripped every bulging ridge and purple-blue vein of his granite-hard boner, creating an

exquisite wet friction that sent electric jolts through his swollen penile meat with each desperate thrust. The tight seal of her cunt lips around his shaft created a vacuum-like suction that threatened to drain his balls dry.

"Damn, mom... you're really good at this," the teen panted as his cheap IKEA bed frame screeched like a dying animal, threatening to collapse as their sweat-slick bodies rutted like feral beasts in heat. Sloane's cunt burned with molten pleasure, her pink tunnel stretched obscenely around her son's veiny battering ram.

"Holy fuck, baby... I'm about to blow my fuckin' O-ring on that donkey dick!" Sloane shrieked, spittle flying from her lips. "That boy-boner's gonna make mommy's cooch gush like a busted pipe!"

Feverishly, she slammed her dripping snatch down on his granite shaft, her ass cheeks jiggling violently with each thrust.

Her eyes rolled back as her cunt spasmed. "HOLY SHIT- FUCK YEAH! DRILL THAT COCK-HAMMER INTO MOMMA'S PUSSY! I'M SQUIRTING ALL OVER, YOU LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER!"

Lane's teenage eyes bulged as his mom's cunt erupted like a geyser, her pussy-juice spraying across his sweat-slick abs while her cunt pulsed around his throbbing cock-meat. Her massive tits heaved and jiggled like overfilled water balloons in an earthquake, nipples red and distended like overripe cherries. Her face contorted into a mask of filthy ecstasy, mouth hanging open in a silent scream as her body convulsed.

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For Sloane, the obscene friction of his rock-hard teenage dick scraping her g-spot, combined with the perverted thrill of being impaled on her own offspring's massive cock, made her whore-hole squirt like a broken fire hydrant for the first time in a long while.

Lane grabbed his mom's trembling arms and yanked her down onto him like a rag doll. His face smashed into the sweaty valley between her heaving milk-jugs, burying himself in the squishy flesh-pillows while he jackhammered his hips upward. His ball-sack slapped wetly against her dripping ass as he

matched her desperate fuck-rhythm with brutal thrusts of his own.

Having his grimacing, sweat-beaded face wedged in her heaving, squishy cleavage only intensified the electric thrill coursing through his teenage body. If it weren't for the rigorous edging exercises he'd secretly practiced for weeks, Lane would undoubtedly be erupting his scalding baby-batter deep inside his mom's womb as she flooded his throbbing shaft with her sweet, honey-thick fuck-nectar.

Suddenly, the boy found himself sprawled across the top of his mom as she expertly flipped their sweat-slick bodies, her maternal strength surprising him as she positioned them for missionary.

“Drill that fuckin' meat-hammer into my gash this way now, you horny little shit,” his mom's husky, desire-drenched voice commanded, her emerald eyes glazed with primal lust.

The teen settled his lean frame atop her, crushing her giant jugs beneath his chiseled chest, his granite-hard cock still buried to the hilt in her scorching vaginal vice.

He let out a guttural "holy fucking shit" as her thick, muscular thighs clamped around his hips like a vise, locking his throbbing cock-meat deep in the sopping wet saddle of her cunt.

Her toned legs wrapped around his sweaty lower back, her glistening calves crossing at the ankles to form a flesh prison that trapped his pelvis against her juice-slick mommy-hole as

they prepared for the kind of brutal, animalistic fuck-session that would make pornstars blush.

“Fuck me!” the mother pleaded. “FUCK ME HARD!”

Lane began pile-driving his mom, his powerful hips pile-driving with devastating rhythm, his glistening fuck-rod plunging in and out of her cream-soaked cunt with obscene squelching sounds.

Sloane matched his tempo flawlessly, her years of sexual expertise evident as she shamelessly bucked her rounded, dimpled ass off the sweat-soaked sheets. She frantically impaled her hungry pussy onto her son's throbbing boy-meat with such force the headboard threatened to splinter.

“Yesss! Hammer mommy's pussy-hole hard n deep!” Sloane exclaimed, her voice cracking with raw desperation as she tightened her luscious, honey-tanned legs around his sweat-slicked waist. Her toes curled involuntarily, ankles locked in a death-grip behind his lower back as she used her powerful thigh muscles as leverage to lift her quivering, dimpled buttocks off the rumpled cotton sheets.

Their sweat-slick bodies thrashed together on the creaking twin mattress, his teenage cock plunging into her dripping mommy-hole with each savage thrust. The room reeked of raw sex—pussy juice, ball sweat, and the unmistakable stench of taboo fucking.

Sloane's glistening, toned legs squeezed around her boy's tight ass like a fleshy vise, her cunt muscles smothering his veiny shaft while her thighs trembled and strained. The drug-

induced mother bucked her hips upward, desperate to feel every throbbing inch of her son's magnificent cock-meat stretching her hungry fuck-tunnel.



“I'm gonna make you cum again, mom,” Lane huffed, then pried his hands down beneath their frantically humping bodies and grasped onto her dimpled ass-cheeks, his fingers sinking deep into their soft, yielding flesh like he was gripping warm dough.

He intensified his savage, jackhammer-like thrusting. His heavy, cum-bloated nuts slapped rhythmically against her puckered asshole with each brutal thrust, making obscene wet slapping sounds that echoed through the room like pornographic applause.

Several minutes of relentless, hard-core fucking this way got exactly the earth-shattering results he was hoping for as his mom's married turned to cream around his plundering boner.

“YESSS, FUCK - I'M CUMMING!! Sloane squealed beneath him like a stuck pig, her emerald eyes rolling back in her skull as her sopping fuck-slit erupted in violent orgasm. Her velvety inner walls sucked spastically around her boy's veiny fuck-pole like a vacuum-sealed flesh-sleeve as wave after wave of delicious, mind-numbing orgasmic contractions shot through her sweaty, quivering body.

The mother's swollen urethral slit bulged obscenely against the veiny base of her son's cock as her fem-cum erupted violently, soaking his heavy, cum-filled nuts and spraying in hot, sticky arcs across his rumpled bedsheets. The relentless deluge transformed her honey-thick juices into a churning froth around his mercilessly pummeling fuck-pole. Her quivering, salmon-pink walls chewing hungrily at his granite-hard dick with each mind-shattering orgasmic contraction that rippled through her sweat-slick body.

"Oh, holy fucking damn!" Lane gasped. The volcanic friction of his mother's velvet-lined love tunnel caused his scalding baby batter to surge violently through his throbbing spermatic cords. It rocketed up his pulsating urethra like molten lava, and finally erupt from the plum-colored crown of his cunt-smothered fuck-rod.

He continued pile-driving his veiny battering ram into her, emptying his swollen, aching testicles inside the vacuum-like suction of Sloane's contracting maternal fuck-hole. Their

sweat-drenched bodies gradually decelerated to a trembling halt, still carnally entwined like rutting animals.

"Keep that dick hard, stud. Momma's snatch is still thirsty for another round," Sloane breathlessly pleaded, her emerald eyes glazed with insatiable lust. She then crushed her cherry-red, lips against his for a sloppy, tongue-wrestling kiss that tasted of forbidden desire.

The incestuous duo were nowhere near sated—they were sexual Olympians in their prime who could easily spend countless hours slapping their glistening, naked bodies together in a marathon of taboo fornication.

"Can I fuck you doggy-style this time?" Lane asked, rising to his knees like a conquering warrior. His still-rigid pleasure pole slipped from her gripping cunt with an obscene squelching sound, the veiny shaft now coated with their commingled sexual secretions like a glazed donut.

"Holy fuckin' shit, YESSSS!" she excitedly answered. "Pound my slutty mom-hole like that and make my fat ass clap, baby boy!"

She quickly positioning herself on all fours, thrusting her heart-shaped, dimpled ass-globes back at her well-hung offspring.

"Holy shit, mom...you have the sexiest body on the entire goddamn planet!" Lane groaned, his teenage cock twitching violently at the sight.

"Then get your ass over here and fuck me like a goddamn junkyard mutt! Make me fucking howl!" she grinned wickedly,

hypnotically wagging her jiggling buns like bait before a starving predator.

Lane certainly hoped the 'mom-fuck-zine' drug wouldn't wear off any time soon so he could continue fucking his beautiful mom all day long. He crawled up behind her like a predatory jungle cat, his throbbing 9-inch teenage meat-pole bobbing heavily between his muscular thighs.

Grasping his veiny shaft, he rubbed its purple, mushroom-shaped knob up and down her glistening fuck-slit, deliberately teasing her swollen labia and engorged love-nubbin until her honey-thick juices dripped onto his rumpled sheets.

"Jesus H. Christ, kiddo... my snatch is on goddamn fire!" Sloane hissed through clenched teeth, her ass jiggling like jello as she backed that shit up. "Quit dickin' around and stuff that monster schlong in my gash before I lose my fuckin' mind!"

Lane obliged with a wolfish grin, violently jabbing his prick to the hilt inside her velvet-lined vagina. He dug his fingertips deep into the jiggling, rounded contours of her tanned derriere and began pile-driving like a rabid fuck-hound, ravaging her doggy-style with brutal, animalistic thrusts.

The obscenely lewd sound of Sloane's thick, quivering ass-cheeks clapping wetly against the boy's sweat-slicked midsection echoed throughout his bedroom like pornographic applause.

The mother's gravity-defying JJ-cup tits dangled pendulously from her heaving, sweat-glistened chest like ripe, succulent

melons, swinging hypnotically to the primal rhythm of their deep, bone-jarring thrusts.

Lane was utterly shocked at how quickly he made his mom cum this way. She frantically bucked her heart-shaped ass back against him like a wild bitch in heat, while her velvety, pink cunt-tube hungrily chewed and suckled at the throbbing flesh of his pummeling teenage penis.

He spread her quivering ass-globes with his hands, exposing the puckered, pink ring of her twitching, forbidden asshole. Then, he abruptly stopped thrusting and just let his desperate mom frantically beat her jiggling ass back against him, fucking his rigid, purple-headed dong with her sex-sheath.

"What a sight!" he panted lustfully, watching her fatty ass-meat ripple like waves on a fleshy ocean every time it wetly smacked against his swollen cock-hilt.

"FUCK. YESS!! Split my cunt wide open!" she rasped, her eyes wild with animal hunger as she cranked her neck around to ogle his throbbing meat-missile hammering her dripping snatch. "Smack my ass - make this slutty mommy-pussy squirt all over your teenage baby-maker!"

The boy could never deny a request like that from the woman who'd given him life. He drew his trembling hand back, then smacked her glistening ass-cheek with a resounding crack that echoed through his teenage bedroom, making the tanned flesh ripple like waves on a fleshy ocean.

For nearly a half-hour he jackhammered his purple-headed meat-pole in the doggy-style position, his heavy, cum-filled

nuts slapping rhythmically against her swollen clit. Finally, after his mom had violently cum for a full minute on his granite-hard cock, he felt his aching nuts draw up tight against his sweat-slicked body.

"I'm gonna fucking cum again, mom!" his shaky, lust-filled voice announced between ragged breaths.

Sloane's face contorted in pleasure. "Fuck yeah, pump that goo straight into my raw baby-maker!" she howled. "Knock me the fuck up!"

The teen grit his teeth and let out a primitive, animalistic grunt as he pile-drove his mom's pussy as hard as his athletic teenage body could manage. Finally, his cock-shaft exploded out a sticky, scalding load of pearly cum that painted the quivering walls of her maternal love tunnel with rope after rope of his potent seed.

Not long after they both collapsed, Sloane's emerald eyes began to clear of the drug-induced lust that had glazed them moments before. They widened with horror as reality crashed down upon her sweat-drenched, trembling body. "I don't know what came over me, Lane, but we can NEVER do this again!" she exclaimed. "EVER!"

Her big tits heaved with each panicked breath as she scrambled to cover her glistening, naked flesh. "I mean it. What we did today was pure evil."

"Whatever you say, mom," Lane answered with a wolfish grin, his muscular teenage body still sprawled confidently across his cum-soaked Batman sheets. He knew full well she didn't have a

choice in the matter. There were plenty more Mom'll-fuck-zine pills in his bottle, hidden beneath his sock drawer, and he planned on using every last one to transform his beautiful mother back into the insatiable, cock-hungry nymphomaniac who had begged for his throbbing meat-pole.

The teen watched her snatch up her scattered clothing with trembling hands and hurry out of his room, her heart-shaped, dimpled ass-cheeks jiggling hypnotically with each frantic step.

A short time later, Lane cradled his cellphone between his ear and shoulder, his cock still sticky with his mother's juices.

"Holy fucking shit, dude! That pill turned my mom into a cum-guzzling nympho slut! She actually begged me to rail her! The things she was saying - fucking crazy dude!"

"Was her cunt tight? Did you get to suck on those big fucking milk-bags?" Tanner's voice cracked with excitement, his hand already stroking his throbbing teenage meat at the thought.

"Fuck yeah, I nursed those jiggling flesh-melons like a goddamn baby! Her nipples got so fucking hard! And her pussy? Jesus Christ— it milked every last drop from my balls. She let me pound her for three fucking hours until her thighs were drenched in our mixed juices!"

"Three hours?! Fuck me sideways!" Tanner groaned, pre-cum already beading at his tip. "I'm gonna make my mom's fat ass bounce on my cock till she can't fucking walk straight!"

"Just remember—it takes time to kick in. But when it does, that MILF pussy will be dripping wet and hungry for your dick."

Tanner sighed. "I've got a fucking problem, man."

"What's that?" Lane asked, licking his mother's dried juices off his fingers.

"My dad's dumb ass is working from home today. How the hell am I supposed to slip my mom that pussy-dripping pill and pound her pregnant cunt raw if that cock-blocker's lurking around?"

"Simple, just get her out of the house. Take her juicy MILF ass for a car ride," his friend suggested, his voice thick with post-orgasmic satisfaction.

"I'm supposed to be sick, remember? Fuck!" Tanner groaned, squeezing his aching balls through his sweatpants.

Yesterday, the horny teens had flipped a coin to see who'd drug their mother first. Lane won and spent hours watching his mom's tits bounce wildly while he flooded her womb with three massive loads of his sticky teenage seed.

"Dude, just slip your mom the pill," Lane urged. "Once that chemical hits her bloodstream, she'll be so desperate for your meat-stick she'll find a way to get your dad out of the picture, guaranteed."

"Any suggestions on how to get that pill down her throat?"

"Easy. I told my mom it was some new diet pill. You know how these MILFs are—always trying to keep their bodies in shape," Lane replied.

"Our moms have perfect bodies!" Tanner protested. "Besides, my mom's knocked up with a beach ball belly. She ain't thinking about diets right now."

"Tell her it's a nutritional supplement then. Say it's good for her AND the baby," Lane stated.

"Hopefully mom will swallow that pills like she swallows... well, hopefully my load soon," Tanner chuckled.

"You won't even be lying to her," Lane snickered. "IT IS a supplement after all - a fuck-supplement. Makes pregnant MILF cunts dripping wet for teenage meat."

The boys both laughed.

"I'll text you when I'm balls-deep in mom's juicy cunt," Tanner promised, already picturing his knocked-up mom's fat milkers flopping around while she rode him.

On his way to the kitchen, Tucker paused at his parents' doorway, which was cracked open just enough for him to spy through. He'd jerked his throbbing teenage meat countless times after catching glimpses of his mom's MILF body, and today his cock instantly stiffened when he hit the jackpot.

Destiny Jenkins, 41, with massive double-K tits that had made him cum buckets since puberty, stood nearly naked at her vanity. She'd been knocked up with Tanner in high school, married his dad Lenny, then popped out two more kids before getting her pussy filled with baby batter again.

Her pregnancy-swollen belly looked ready to burst any day now. Tanner's eyes locked on his mom as she brushed her platinum-blonde hair, wearing nothing but a tiny G-string that disappeared between the jiggling, dimpled ass-cheeks he'd fantasized about pounding for years.

"Fuck," the teen uttered, reaching down to squeeze his throbbing cock-meat through his pants. Even though his mom's back was to him, her massive milk-bags were so goddamn enormous he could still see their creamy flesh-globes spilling out from her sides. Her pregnant belly bulged obscenely, stretched tight as a fucking drum, looking ready to squirt out a cum-trophy any second.

Destiny bent over to grab something off the floor, making her slutty G-string vanish completely between her jiggling ass-cheeks. The thin fabric stretched across her fat pussy lips so tight it formed a perfect camel toe, her hairless cunt-flaps bulging out like ripe fruit ready to burst. The sight of his mom's exposed fuck-lips made Tanner gasp too loud, startling his mother into grabbing a towel to cover her MILF body.

The teenager made a quick retreat to his bedroom, but Destiny's voice cracked like a whip through the hallway. "Tanner, get back here, this instant!"

Her voluptuous form appeared in the doorway, her silky robe hanging open to expose the deep valley between her milk-swollen tits and the curve of her pregnant belly. She crossed her arms beneath her boobs, pushing the jiggling flesh-globes up even higher.

Tanner froze mid-step, his rock-hard teenage cock creating an obscene tent in his sweatpants. "I was just heading downstairs, mom," he stammered, desperately trying to hide the throbbing nine-inch monster straining against the thin cotton.

"Get over here..." Her voice dropped to a dangerous purr. "And don't make me ask you a third time!"

As Tanner shamefully shuffled toward her, Destiny's emerald eyes locked onto the pulsing bulge he was failing to hide. His teenage meat-stick strained painfully against the fabric, precum already forming a wet spot at the tip. She'd caught him sporting wood before—his hormones were always raging—but the way he'd been eye-fucking her through the doorway made her skin flush with anger.

"Were you peeping at me just now?" she demanded, her heavy tits heaving with each indignant breath. "Be honest!"

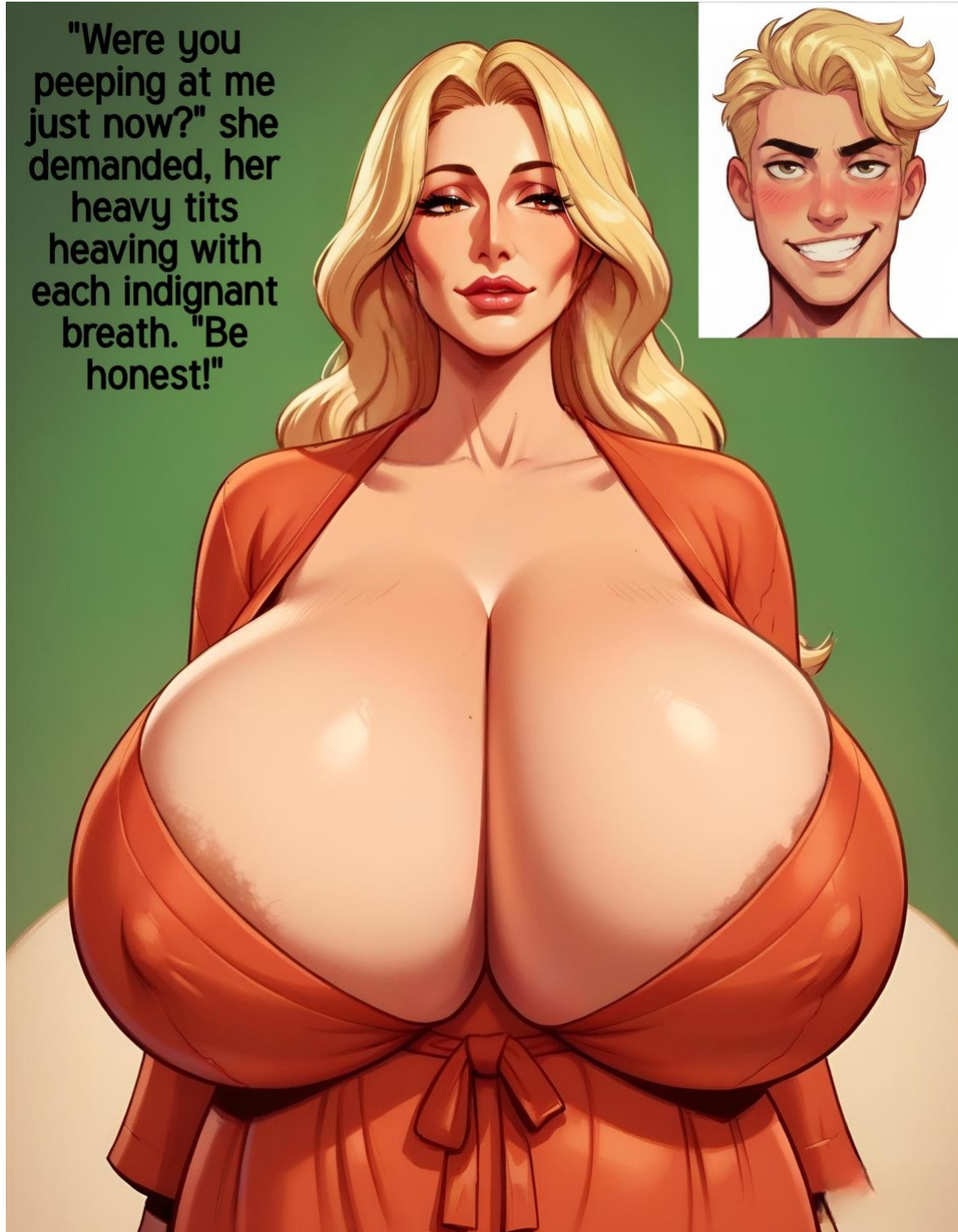
"No, I was, um...just passing by." His eyes betrayed him, darting to her exposed cleavage where a thin sheen of sweat glistened between her fat titties.

"Would you like to tell me the truth," she hissed, leaning so close he could feel her warm breath on his face, "or would you like the two of us to go down to your father's office right now and you can explain yourself to him?"

"I did look through your doorway," Tanner confessed, "but I didn't know you were getting dressed, I swear."

"Was that so hard to admit?" Destiny asked, her erect nipples poking against the silk like pencil erasers as she adjusted her

robe over her swollen knockers. "I'll not have a peeping Tom living in this house, understood?"



"Were you peeping at me just now?" she demanded, her heavy tits heaving with each indignant breath. "Be honest!"

"Yes," he mumbled, eyes fixed on the floor, painfully aware of his pulsing erection.

Destiny's eyes narrowed as she adjusted her robe over her swollen tits. "I thought I told you to stay in your room today. You're supposedly sick. If you need something, just text me."

"I was just getting water to take my pill," Tanner said, extending his palm to show his mother the 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' tablet.

"Pill? For what?" Destiny asked, her plump lips pursing as she leaned closer, her massive pregnancy-swollen tits threatening to spill from her robe.

"It's a vitamin supplement. My buddies take it and say it makes them feel amazing," he replied, imagining how those same pills had turned Lane's mom into a cock-hungry slut.

"What's it called?"

"Mom-ll-fu—" he blurted, then stopped as blood rushed to his face and cock simultaneously. "Shoot, I forgot the actual name."

"Well," Destiny sighed, "I suppose it can't hurt, especially since you're sick and need nutrients."

"The guys say their moms take it too. Works for men and women," Tanner pressed, picturing his mother's fat pussy lips dripping wet for his teenage meat. "Wanna try one?"

"No thanks, honey," she replied, "Already took my supplements, and your father made me a protein smoothie. Now get your water and get back to your room, ok?"

"Alright, mom," he muttered, his balls aching with disappointment.

Tanner's cock deflated like a punctured tire as he trudged to the kitchen, picturing his MILF mom's fat ass jiggling away from his teenage meat. Then his dick twitched back to life—her half-finished protein shake sat sweating on the granite countertop, creamy liquid still clinging to the rim where her cock-sucking lips had been.

"Perfect!" he whispered, his hands trembling as he popped the pill, watching it fizz and dissolve into the thick white fluid. Pre-cum leaked from his piss-slit just thinking about his knocked-up mom guzzling down the rest.

"Any luck getting your mom's pussy wet for your dick yet?" Lane texted thirty minutes later as Tanner sprawled across his bed, massaging his throbbing boner through his sweatpants.

"Dumped that shit in her shake. Fuck, what if she didn't finish drinking it?" he typed back, his thumb smearing pre-cum on the screen.

"Relax, dawg. She'll be begging for your teenage cock like a bitch in heat soon."

"What if she tasted it and knows I drugged her? Fuck, she'll cut my balls off!"

"She'll be too busy draining those balls dry to care 🍆💩," Lane replied.

Tanner was about to give up all hope. He had nearly fallen asleep when he sensed someone inside his bedroom with him.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, baby," said his mom. "I thought I'd come collect your laundry and tidy up your room a bit."

"Alright," the teen answered, his eyes nearly popping out of his skull as he took in what she was wearing—a black sheer mesh bodysuit that left absolutely fucking nothing to the imagination. The see-through fabric clung like plastic wrap to her knocked-up, cow-titted body, showcasing every nasty curve and jiggling fold.

Tanner's cock instantly hardened to steel as she stopped at his bedside and hovered over him. Destiny's enormous baby-stuffed belly and massive milk-makers strained against the mesh like overripe melons about to burst, the fabric stretched so tight he could see the bluish veins beneath her skin.

"I, uh... like your outfit, mom," he confessed.

She gazed down at him with a naughty grin. "I thought you might."

His hungry eyes locked onto the huge, pinkish-purple areolas of his mom's udders, clearly visible through the transparent material. They were bumpy and dotted with Montgomery tubercles like some kind of slutty connect-the-dots puzzle. The thick nipples jutting from their centers looked like thumbs—the most suckable teat-meat he'd ever laid eyes on.

Destiny peeked down over her swollen rack and smiled at her fascinated teen, her nipples visibly darkening beneath the

mesh. "How are you feeling, baby?" she purred, then bent over, smothering his face with her enormous milk-bags as she pressed her palm against his forehead.

"I'm, um...ok," the teen stammered, his eyes locked on the glistening canyon between her jiggling tits, their veiny contours clearly visible through the sheer fabric.

"You're burning up like a furnace," Destiny murmured, her tongue sliding across her cock-garage lips. "Let's peel this shirt off you," she commanded, practically ripping the cotton over his head and chucking it across the room like trash.

She immediately crushed her massive udders against his bare chest, her fat nipples hardening into throbbing pebbles against his skin. Tanner's cock twitched violently as her tit-flesh engulfed him like warm dough. Her rubbery teats drilled into his pecs, leaking tiny droplets of sweet colostrum through the mesh.

"That's better," Destiny whispered, the crotch of her bodysuit soaked through like a sponge. "What else does mommy's cunt-hungry little pervert need? Tell me what's making those big balls ache."

Tanner's heart raced, but he couldn't just beg to pound his mom's cunt with his dad downstairs and the door wide open. "I like feeling your boobs against me," he confessed, his voice cracking.

Destiny's eyes glazed over like a cum-drunk whore as she grabbed her fat knockers through the mesh. "You wanna wrap those tit-suckers around mommy's leaky nipples and drain

these milk-filled fuckers dry?" she slurred, tweaking her swollen nipples.

"God, yes," the boy groaned, hardly believing that his own church-going mother was speaking this way.

"Then maybe mommy should slide under these cum-stained sheets with you and let you suck these milk-filled fuck-balloons dry," she slurred, her spit-slick breath hot against his face as she mashed her cock-garage lips toward his virgin mouth.

Tanner's heart hammered. "I'd fucking love that, but shouldn't we, uh... close my door first? Dad's downstairs."

"Good fucking call, stud. Don't need that cock-block barging in while mommy's fat tits are getting drained by her horny little milk-sucker," Destiny purred, planting a wet, open-mouthed kiss on his lips that left a glistening trail of saliva.

She rose and sashayed to the door, her ass-cheeks jiggling with each exaggerated step. Tanner's cock throbbed violently beneath the sheets, the purple head leaking pre-cum as he watched his mom's undulating ass-globes strain against the mesh. He imagined burying his face between those sweaty cheeks, tongue-fucking her puckered shithole while she moaned like a whore.

After locking the door, Destiny strutted back, her milk-filled udders bouncing obscenely, nipples visibly leaking through the soaked fabric.

She stopped, eyeing the massive tent in the blanket. "Jesus Christ, look at that fucking cock-pole! Did mommy's pregnant

meat-suite make your teenage dick all hard and angry?" she asked, licking her lips hungrily.

"Yes—sorry—I just... your boobs look so fucking juicy in that outfit."

"It's normal for a young buck like you to get his dick hard as concrete," she cooed, licking her lips. "We haven't had our little mother-son fuck-chat yet, have we, stud-muffin?"

"No."

Tanner certainly wasn't clueless when it came to fucking. He'd jerked off to countless porn videos, but wasn't about to tell his mom that, even in her drugged state.

"Let's talk sex while we snuggle up real close," Destiny whispered, slithering into bed with him like a horny snake. "Can't have you strutting around with that jizz-cannon locked and loaded without knowing which cum-dumpsters to blast your baby batter into."

"True," the boy answered, his throbbing cock already leaking pre-cum through his briefs.

Destiny licked her lips, her drugged-out eyes half-lidded. "Yank those tighty-whities off your junk, stud. Let that thick-ass dick breathe while Mommy schools you," she slurred, practically drooling at the outline of his package.

She didn't have to ask twice. Tanner yanked his cum-stained briefs down his legs, his massive teenage meat slapping against his stomach before tenting the blanket like a goddamn circus pole.

"Mmm," Destiny's purred, her tongue slithering across her luscious lips. "Now you can grind that veiny fuck-stick all over mommy's knocked-up belly while we have a little chat about that boy-cock of yours."

"Jesus," Tanner gulped, his pulse hammering in his ears and balls tightening with need.

His mom leaned in close, hot breath on his ear. "Has any skank ever slobbered all over your neck while dry-humping your dick with her juicy snatch?"

"N-not really," he stammered, imagining his mom's pussy juice soaking through the mesh.

"Then mommy needs to show you what it's like," she growled, pulling the cum-stained blanket up and crawling underneath like a cock-hungry slut on the prowl for fresh meat.

Tanner's breath caught in his throat as his mom's plump cock-sucking lips brushed against his purple mushroom head. His veiny shaft slid between her massive tits, leaving a trail of pre-cum across her stretched belly, the rough mesh fabric scraping deliciously against his sensitive dick-skin as she engulfed him with her pregnant flesh.

"Mmmnnn," Destiny purred as she sank her fat-titted body down onto her boy and attacked his neck, her wet tongue leaving glistening trails across his skin.

"Fuuuuck, mom!" the teen gasped, his cock throbbing violently as his mom's milk-swollen udders squished against his chest like water balloons. Her pregnant gut pressed his dick flat

against his stomach, the baby inside squirming against his shaft through her stretched skin.

Destiny graduated from kisses to aggressive licks, her tongue leaving sloppy wet trails across his throat while her cunt leaked through the mesh onto his thigh. She could feel his rock-hard teenage cock pulsing against her belly, the veiny shaft twitching with each heartbeat.

With the drug now taking full control, she worked his neck like a starving animal, marking him with purple hickeys while he writhed beneath her baby-stuffed body.

Destiny ripped her mouth off his throat with a wet pop. "Feel that? Your baby sis is getting squashed between us while mommy's cunt leaks like a broken faucet all over your junk?" she purred, diving back to maul his neck with her cock-hungry mouth.

"God yes! This feels so good, mom," the boy gasped.

"Have you ever hosed down some ho's baby-cave with your ball-batter?" she asked between licks.

Tanner's mind raced—normally his mom would ground him for life if he admitted to raw-dogging girls, but the pill had turned her into this cock-hungry MILF grinding on him, so fuck it.

"Yeah...I've raw-dogged a few girls," he admitted, his cock throbbing harder.

His mom slithered her sweaty meat-suit upward, her cum-hungry face hovering over his while her sopping gash settled

against his throbbing fuck-muscle "It's the most mind-blowing thing two people can do," she stated. "Raw-dogging makes your nuts explode like you're pissing jizz through a goddamn pressure washer."

"Not just guys get off. Girl love it too, right?" the boy asked naively.

"Hell fuckin' yeah, we do! Every woman out there's begging' to get railed non-stop," she answered, her snatch twitching like crazy against his dick, her pussy-juice sliming up his rod. "Even with a bun in the oven, a bitch is aching for some fat schlong to split her beaver wide open."

Tanner's face flushed crimson hearing his own mother talk like a filthy porn star. Her words made pre-cum bubble from his slit.

Destiny's lips curled into a filthy smirk. "Why you getting' all red-faced, baby?" she hissed, mashing her dripping snatch against his throbbing boner. "Nothing wrong with wanting to jam that meat missile up momma's fuck-holes till you bust a fat nut."

"I think about it all the time," Tanner confessed.

Destiny licked her lips hungrily. "Nothing wrong with a mom showing her big boy just how fucking soaked a juicy cunt can get when it's horny for some hard dick," she added, grinding her sopping cunt-lips against his throbbing teenage fuck-pole, the mesh fabric now completely drenched in their mingled juices.

"It does feel wet," the boy agreed, "and hot too."

"Mmm, your cock feels like a steel pipe wrapped in velvet!"
Destiny moaned, her eyes glazed with drug-induced lust as she concentrated on the delicious rigidity stretching her swollen pussy-lips.

His mammoth teenage meat-stick pried her fleshy cunt-flaps apart with every thrust, his bulbous crown scraping against her engorged clit until it throbbed like an overripe cherry. She fought the overwhelming urge to rip open the crotch of her bodysuit and impale her dripping fuck-hole on her son's massive baby-maker.

"This just a preview, stud," Destiny whispered, her sweet breath scorching his ear. "Wait till momma's cum-hungry snatch vacuum-seals that fat dick all the way to your nut sack."

Tanner snarled like an animal as his mom attacked his neck again, her sloppy tongue leaving glistening trails across his flesh. His lean ass bucked wildly beneath her pregnant form, his cock leaking continuously as it rutted against his mother's sopping gash through the thin, juice-soaked barrier.

The mother's eyes rolled back as she rutted against him. "Holy shit-balls," she wheezed, her tits practically stabbing through the fabric. "That fuck-hammer's gonna bust inside so many baby-holes it ain't even funny!"

"I hope so," he grunted, pre-cum oozing from his purple mushroom head.

"Maybe mommy's cock-hungry cunt should be your next cunt-sleeve," she purred, grinding her dripping snatch harder against his throbbing fuck-stick. "Wanna blast a fat load of baby batter into my blown-out baby-oven, stud?"

Tanner's balls tightened painfully. "Holy fuck, for real?!"

"You think this baby bump's gonna slow me down?" she hissed, her eyes wild. "Momma's gonna ride you so hard we'll break straight through this fuckin' mattress. My pregnant pussy's got muscles that'll milk every drop outta those swollen balls."

"What about dad?" Tanner asked, his cock-head leaking profusely.

"Fuck that limp-dicked loser!" Destiny snarled, feeling her son's massive baby-maker pulse violently against her juice-soaked pussy-lips. "Your thick fucking bull-cock has shown me who the real stud in this house is."

"Jesus Christ, mom," Tanner groaned, his ass clenching with need.

Destiny's locked eyes with her son. "You wanna start pumping that hot teenage cum-sludge into mommy's pregnant fuck-hole?"

"Fuck yes," he growled. "

She mauled his mouth with nasty tongue-punches, ramming her spit-slick meat-muscle between his lips like she was trying to tongue-fuck his throat. "We really gonna do this nasty shit, Tanner? You gonna dick down your knocked-up mom on these

cum-crusting sheets where you spank it every night?" she panted, her cock-breath scorching his face.

"Fuck yeah, mom. I want it!" he groaned.

Destiny suddenly sat upright, her pregnant body towering over him as she straddled his cock.

"Holy shit!" gasped Tanner as he stared up at the massive, veiny tits hanging over her stretched belly, nipples dark and swollen like overripe cherries about to burst with milk.

"See something you wanna wrap those tit-sucking lips around, you horny little motherfucker?" she teased, then violently shook her torso, making her fat udders slap together with obscene wet sounds beneath the sweat-soaked fabric.

"Fuck yes I do!"

"Then get these milk-bags out of their fucking cage. Tear it off me!" the mother demanded.

Her son grabbed the thin bodysuit and ripped it open with an animal snarl, exposing her glistening flesh like unwrapping a forbidden gift.

Destiny rose up, so he could peel the sopping fabric from her cunt. Tanner's tongue dangled from his mouth like a dog's as he gaped at his mom's naked, freshly-shaved pussy hovering over his throbbing teenage cock. Her fat clit bulged obscenely from its hood like a miniature dick begging to be sucked.

As soon as her cum-soaked bodysuit hit the floor, Destiny grabbed her boy's rock-hard prick, its veins pulsing against her

fingers as she aimed his purple mushroom head at her dripping fuck-hole.

"Holy fucking shit!" her boy hissed, his ass clenching as pre-cum bubbled from his slit at the thought of his own mother's cunt swallowing his teenage dick.

"Let mommy show you how fucking good it feels to breed a bitch's womb," Destiny purred, her voice thick with animal lust.

Tanner's eyes bulged as he watched his mom's glistening cunt-lips descend onto his cock-head, her meaty labia spreading open like a blooming flower around his massive girth.

"Oh, FUCK YES!" he gasped as his swollen crown popped through her tight entrance, her scalding pussy-juice immediately coating his shaft in slippery cunt-slime.

"FUCK ME, TANNER!" Destiny screamed, her eyes rolling back as her son's massive fuck-stick stretched her cunt walls to their limit. The cock-hungry mother slammed down, taking every inch of his throbbing meat into her sopping hole until his balls slapped against her ass.

Tanner's bulbous crown hammered against her cervix, making her feel each violent pulse of his teenage cock deep in her baby-stuffed guts.

"Holy shit, kid... your fucking bull dick is splitting my snatch in half," she gasped, her cream-slicked pussy quivering around his veiny teenage pole.

"Your pussy's so tight and wet, mom!" Tanner groaned, his cockhead leaking pre-cum as her sopping hole milked his shaft.

A sharp knock made them both freeze mid-thrust. "Hon, are you in there?" her husband's pathetic voice whined through the door.

"What the fuck does that limp-dicked loser want now?" Destiny snarled, yanking the blanket over their naked, sweat-slick bodies while Tanner's purple cockhead remained buried against her cervix.

Before she could tell him to fuck off, Lenny barged in and saw his wife straddling their son's lean, teenage body beneath the blanket. "What's going on?" he asked, as Destiny's juice-slick pussy secretly clenched around Tanner's veiny shaft.

"I was just talking to Tanner about the birds and the bees," his wife answered innocently.

"While laying on top of him?"

"Yes, well... it's important for a mother to feel close and bonded to her boy during such a discussion," Destiny answered, her voice honey-sweet while she deliberately tightened her slick, velvet-lined fuck-muscles around Tanner's throbbing cock, feeling every pulsing vein against her sensitive walls.

Lenny noticed his son's eyes roll back, eyelids fluttering. "Are you alright, Tanner?" he asked, completely oblivious that his boy's massive purple-headed dick was buried to its pulsating root in his wife's quivering cunt, her swollen lips stretched obscenely around the base.

"Yeah, I'm fine, dad," Tanner managed, his voice cracking as his mother's scorching pussy-tunnel contracted around him.

Lenny drifted over to the bed and stood next to them, his pathetic dad-bod casting a shadow across their flushed faces. "Do you have any sex questions that maybe your mother couldn't answer? Perhaps a male's view on the subject would help you too," he asked, his thin lips forming a concerned frown.

This drew a sultry giggle from his wife, her nipples hardening against Tanner's chest. "Honey, I know WAY more about sex than you do. Just go back to work," she purred, her hips making the tiniest circular motion that sent lightning bolts of pleasure through her son's rigid shaft.

"All I'm saying is—"

"Lenny," Destiny interrupted, her pussy clenching involuntarily around Tanner's massive meat-pole, "if you wanna learn to play piano, you're not gonna go to a drum instructor. Tanner needs to learn how to fuck hard and create babies. Only a woman can teach that."

Lenny's pale face reddened, his weak chin quivering. He had never heard his wife use the F-word in their eighteen-year marriage. "Well, you don't have to be so crude about it," he stated, adjusting his glasses nervously.

"There are times to be crude," Destiny replied, her eyes darkening with lust as she felt Tanner's cock twitch inside her, "and one of those times is when you're teaching a boy how to fuck pussy and get a girl pregnant."

Lenny was baffled by his wife's choice of words. His eyes fell on the shredded bodysuit on the floor, the crotch visibly soaked with his wife's musky sexual secretions. His boy's shirt and cum-stained briefs lay next to them.

He looked at the lump of their stacked bodies beneath the blanket, noticing the rhythmic movement beneath the fabric, and began to become suspicious of why only their flushed, sweat-beaded faces were peeking out. "Are you two even dressed under there?" he asked.

"Lenny!" his wife blurted loudly, her eyes flashing dangerously as she glared at him. "Just go away!"

The pathetic husband's shoulders slumped in defeat. He knew better than to challenge the dominant woman of the house. He shuffled to the door then turned as he saw them still staring back at him, flushed and panting. He could clearly see the obscene outline of his wife's round, jiggling ass cheeks bulging from beneath the thin blanket as she straddled their son's midsection, her pussy still secretly gripping the boy's throbbing shaft.

"We could have discussed this first, you know," he whimpered, his voice cracking like a prepubescent boy's.

"Lock the door, please!" his wife commanded. "I'll be out before the kids come home."

Tanner's eyes flicked to the digital clock on his wall, its red numbers glowing 12:05. His cock twitched inside his mother's velvet grip as he realized she intended to ride his teenage pole for three full hours before his siblings returned from school.

After his father closed the door with a defeated click, he smiled up at his beautiful blonde-haired mother, her full lips glistening with saliva.

"That was awkward," he uttered, his hands instinctively sliding up to cup her heavy, veiny breasts.

"Naturally," Destiny purred, grinding her sopping cunt in small circles around his buried cock. "Maybe if HIS mom had taught him right, he wouldn't be such a pathetic, lousy fuck with his tiny dick."

"Dad's really that bad in bed?" Tanner snickered, feeling his mother's pussy walls ripple around his shaft.

"He makes me cum with his trembling fingers much more than he does with his pitiful excuse for a dick," she sneered, her eyes rolling back as she lifted herself slightly, letting Tanner's massive purple cockhead drag against her G-spot. "Unlike yours, your father's pathetic cock is only average-sized, so he never makes me scream or squirt like I need to."

"Damn!" Tanner gasped as his mother slammed back down on his throbbing meat pole.

"He couldn't even pump a baby into me the proper way," Destiny confessed, her massive tits heaving with each breath. "We had to go to a stupid sterile lab to get me implanted like some farm animal."

"Well, if you give me the chance," Tanner growled, thrusting upward so hard his cockhead kissed her cervix, "I'll implant you the right way, balls deep."

"Mmm, I know you will, baby," Destiny smiled, her pussy squeezing his dick like a fucking clamp. "You're gonna blast buckets of your hot jizz into mommy's sloppy cunt. You'll knock me up good, pumping my baby-maker so full of your teen spooge it'll be dripping down my legs for a fucking week."

"Fuck yeah!" the teen grunted, his voice cracking as pre-cum oozed from his purple cockhead.

"Let's practice knocking me up right fuckin' now," Destiny purred, arching her back so her giant knockers slapped off his sweaty chest. "Jam that donkey dick up the same snatch you busted out of, and make mommy's cooch squirt all over your fat-ass boner."

Driven wild by the aphrodisiac burning through her veins and the mind-blowing sensation of her son's fat cock stretching her cunt walls to their limit, Destiny began frantically bouncing her dripping, bright-pink pussy-lips on his angry, purple battering ram.

Tanner's eyes bulged as he watched his massive, vein-covered cock disappear balls-deep into his mother's gaping, crimson-colored cunt. Her swollen, puffy pussy-lips stretched obscenely around his shaft, making wet slurping sounds as they desperately clung to his pre-cum glazed dick.

Each time she rose up, her gushing twat left thick strands of her sticky girl-cum coating every throbbing inch of his teenage meat-pole. The vulgar, sloppy SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK of her sopping wet mother-hole pumping frantically up and down

his rock-hard motherfucker drove them both to new heights of depraved ecstasy.

Tanner's voice cracked between syllables as he gasped, "Sweet Jesus, Mom—your—your body is incredible!"

The teenager's jaw hung slack as he watched his gorgeous MILF bouncing on his fuck-stick. Her cherry-red cocksucker gaped open with each desperate gasp while his engorged baby-maker speared up into her drooling cunt-hole.

Her massive tit-melons—each bigger than his fucking head—quivered and sloshed like water balloons, blue veins snaking across their milk-filled surface. Nine months pregnant, Destiny's glistening udders had swollen to obscene proportions, her rubbery nipples leaking droplets of sweet mother's milk that trickled down her bulging belly.

"UNNGH!" the mother grunted like a barnyard animal, her cunt muscles strangling his throbbing meat-pole. Her pink pussy-lips stretched obscenely around his shaft, making wet slurping sounds as they desperately clung to his pre-cum glazed dick.

"Holy FUCK, Mom...your cunt feels even better than jerking off with my hand full of lube and spit," the teen moaned, his voice cracking as his cockhead repeatedly kissed her cervix.

"Nothing beats a real cunt, baby," she panted, her dripping beaver making wet squelching noises as she slammed down on his massive teenage schlong. "Having a bun in the oven makes my twat even sloppier and tighter," she added, grinding her swollen clit against his pubic bone.

Her pregnancy-enhanced cunt gripped his cock like a ribbed flesh-light, its pinkish-purple walls visibly clinging to his shaft each time she rose up, leaving thick strands of her sticky girl-cum coating every bulging inch of his throbbing fuck-stick.

Tanner bucked his muscular ass upward, watching his mom's giant jugs flop and slap together, her stretched belly button now an outie that poked obscenely forward. The sight of her huge, veiny belly—packed tight with a baby—made his balls tighten with perverted lust.

He reached out and rubbed the taut, warm baby-bump, his fingers tracing its purple stretch marks while imagining his own potent sperm swimming up into her womb, ready to plant his seed in his own mother's fertile garden.

“Holy fucking shit, that feels insane!” the boy gasped, watching their slick crotches mash together as Destiny gyrated her wide hips in tight circles, his 9-inch teenage pole buried balls-deep in her dripping mommy-cunt.

The swollen head of his cock kept bumping against something soft and spongy deep inside her sopping hole—probably her cervix—sending electric jolts through his throbbing shaft.

“I'm cumming all over your big dick, Tanner!” his mom shrieked, her massive tits flopping and quivering violently as her pussy convulsed.

Her entire body trembled uncontrollably as her cunt muscles rippling around his veiny cock. Destiny bit down hard on her lower lip, desperately muffling the animalistic howls threatening to escape her throat—her pathetic husband was

just across the house, oblivious that his son's massive cock was stretching her pussy wider than his pencil-dick ever could.



"I'm cumming all over your big dick, Tanner!" his mom shrieked, her massive tits flopping and quivering violently as her pussy convulsed.



"Fuck, mom!" Tanner groaned through clenched teeth, feeling her slick pussy walls grip and milk his pulsating shaft like a wet, rippling fist. Her cunt made obscene squelching noises as her clear girl-cum gushed around his buried cock, soaking his heavy balls and the sheets beneath them.

Through sheer willpower, he kept his own eruption at bay, continuing to pump steadily into her quivering, cream-filled snatch.

"Can I suck on your milk-filled titties, mom?" he brazenly asked, licking his lips as he stared at her giant veiny jugs, their grapefruit-sized areolas puckered and dripping with creamy white mother's milk.

"Of course, you horny little motherfucker...that's what these fat udders are for," Destiny moaned, her pussy walls gripping his throbbing cock-meat.

As the mother began fucking him again, she leaned forward, grasping his sweat-slick shoulders and letting her dangling milk-bags swing heavily around her boy's wonder-stricken face.

Tanner kissed and slobbered on the warm, spongy softness of her tits, stuffing his face up into her gaping, sweat-drenched cleavage. He dragged his tongue along the blue-veined underside of her left tit before latching onto the swollen nipple like a starving animal.

"Mmnff, fuck!" the teen whimpered, spreading his lips around the center her puffy areola, suctioning her rubbery teat deep into his hot mouth. His face completely disappeared into the jiggling flesh-melon as he sucked like a goddamn baby, gulping down squirts of his mother's sweet breast milk.

"Yesss, suck my udders and plow more cum from my pussy! Destiny cried out as her naked bubble butt bobbed up and down, her ass-cheeks rippling and slapping obscenely as she fucked her son's rock-hard teenage pole.

Her sopping cunt made vulgar squelching noises with each bounce, her pussy cream coating his balls. She couldn't explain her sudden explosion of horniness today, but she felt no fucking regret, no shame as she worked her experienced baby-hole on the satisfying stiffness of her own son's veiny, purple cock-shaft.

After a few more minutes of tit-sucking and cunt-pummeling sex, Tanner felt his mom's sloppy fuck-hole clamp down like a goddamn flesh-vice around his throbbing teenage meat. The jiggling fat of her massive udders quivered and rippled against his drool-covered face as Destiny convulsed violently on top of him, her entire body seizing in a gut-wrenching climax.

The teen snarled like a rabid fucking animal, feeling her gushing birth-canal gnaw and spasm around his purple, vein-covered cock. His mom's stretched-out cunt released an obscene SQUELCH-SPLAT-SQUELCH as her hot girl-juice erupted like a broken fire hydrant, drenching his swollen nuts and soaking the mattress with her sticky maternal secretions.

His own thick baby-batter churned and boiled up from his aching ball-sack, triggered by the mind-blowing friction of her slippery, ribbed pussy-walls milking his sensitive cock-head. Fuck feeling shame—he'd been pile-driving his own mother's dripping snatch like a goddamn porn star for thirty straight minutes, making her cum twice already on his teenage fuck-stick.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!" he gasped, slobbering around her swollen cow-like areola as thick ropes of baby-batter erupted from his purple cock-head and flooded his mom's quivering fuck-tunnel. His muffled voice—buried in tit-flesh—grunted like a rutting animal with every violent spurt of his cum-spewing teenage dick as he pumped a massive, sticky load deep inside his mother's sloppy cunt.

Satisfied that her greedy pussy had milked every last drop from her son's throbbing balls, Destiny rolled him over on top of her sweat-slick body. The horny MILF's soft naked legs wrapped around his muscular teenage ass like a vise.

"Fuck this dripping mommy-hole harder now, baby," she whispered, her hot breath on his ear, before shoving her tongue down his throat for a spit-swapping French kiss that left saliva dripping down their chins.

Despite having just emptied his nuts, Tanner's veiny cock remained rock-hard and ready. He was a hormone-crazed teenager with a raging libido, after all. He began jackhammering his throbbing pole through her cum-filled snatch while Destiny bucked her wide hips upward to meet every brutal plunge of his glistening dick.

The savage friction of his pulsating cock-meat grinding against her swollen, blood-engorged clit had the pregnant mother whimpering like a bitch in heat. "Oh my fucking God!" her voice quivered between their wet, obscene kisses.

Knowing he was making his own mom's cunt spasm with pleasure swelled the boy's ego like his cock. With one load blown, he could jackhammer his heavy-titted mother's fuck-hole like a goddamn animal. "I'm gonna split your pussy wide open, mom!" he growled.

"Destroy this mommy-cunt, baby! Wreck it!" she begged, her eyes rolling back.

Tanner pile-drove his veiny cock-meat through her cum-slicked snatch. His sweaty torso sank into the quivering dough of her massive milk-bags and baby-swollen belly. His mom's rock-hard nipples stabbed into his chest as her enormous tits jiggled and sloshed beneath him like water balloons.

"Faster, you motherfucker!" she wailed, raking bloody furrows down his back. "Pound this fucking hole!"

The horny teen hammered her with brutal cock-thrusts, his heavy cum-filled nuts slapping wetly against her glistening ass-crack. The entire bed frame threatened to collapse, headboard smashing the wall so hard he prayed his pathetic father couldn't hear him destroying his wife's stretched-out baby-canal.

Destiny's cunt made an obscene SCHLORP-SCHLORP-SCHLORP as her son's girthy pole bottomed out in her dripping hole. The

boy whined like a bitch as her velvety pussy-walls clamped and milked his throbbing purple cock-head.

"Holy fuck, I'm squirting all over your dick!" his mother shrieked, her body convulsing violently. She arched up like she was being electrocuted, thrashing her sweat-soaked blonde hair wildly as her cunt erupted with girl-juice.

Inside her dripping cunt-hole, the boy's boner pulsed and bucked like a rabid animal, his swollen purple cock-head hammering against the slimy, slightly dilated ring of her cervix with brutal force. Each savage thrust sent electric jolts through her birth-canal as his angry knob tried to punch its way into her womb, the wet, obscene slapping of his heavy cum-filled balls against her ass punctuating every cervix-battering plunge.

Destiny clamped her sweat-slick thighs around her son's trim torso, her gushing cunt-lips vacuum-sealed to the base of his veiny fuck-pole as the horny motherfucker increased both the jackhammer tempo and cervix-punching depth of his savage thrusts.

Tanner propped himself up on trembling arms so he could watch his MILF mom's face contort for her third mind-shattering orgasm. Her gorgeous features twisted into a slack-jawed mask of cock-drunk ecstasy as she bit her bottom lip, desperately muffling her animalistic howls so his pathetic father wouldn't hear her cumming like a fucking whore on their son's superior dick.

"You like that nasty mommy-cunt getting destroyed, don't you?" he growled, his balls slapping wetly against her soaked ass-crack.

Destiny's eyes rolled back like fucking slot machines hitting jackpot. "Shit yeah! Demolish this skanky baby-cannon!" she choked out between ragged breaths, her cunt muscles quivering and tightening around his meat like a goddamn trash compactor.

The teen's hungry gaze locked onto her heaving tits, mesmerized as those massive milk-filled udders sloshed and quivered with each brutal thrust, her stiff nipples leaking creamy mother's milk.

"Holy fucking shit, those are the fattest fucking tits I've ever seen!" he snarled before collapsing onto her sweat-drenched body, smashing those enormous jugs against his chest. He rammed his tongue down her throat, swallowing her desperate whimpers while he continued impaling her cream-filled baby-canal with his throbbing teenage meat-stick.

Destiny rammed her slimy tongue down Tanner's throat, moaning like a cheap whore with every brutal thrust of her boy's rock-hard teenage cock. Her cum-drenched cunt-hole clenched and spasmed around his veiny pole, her swollen pussy-lips making obscene squelching noises as he hammered her maternal fuck-tunnel.

She loved how her son grunted and snarled into her drool-filled mouth, his sweat-slick muscles flexing as he pile-drove her sloppy mommy-hole.

"Suck these fat fucking tits!" she demanded, arching her back to thrust her leaking tits toward his face.

The horny teen attacked her massive udders, burying his face in the quivering flesh-pillows and latching onto her puffy nipple like a starving animal. His tongue swirled around the throbbing teat as warm mother's milk squirted down his throat.

Destiny's eyes rolled back as another orgasm built in her trembling cunt, her legs spreading into a wide V in the air, toes curling as her son's purple cock-head battered her cervix.

"HOLY FUCK! I'm cumming on your dick again! How are you making mommy's pussy squirt so fucking much?!" she shrieked, her voice breaking as girl-juice gushed around his pile-driving shaft.

The mother's toes curled like claws as her legs quivered uncontrollably, a mind-shattering orgasm ripping through her cock-hungry MILF body like a fucking tsunami.

With his mom's sloppy cunt contracting and squelching around his battering-ram dick, Tanner jackhammered into her gushing hole with savage animal strength. He bit down hard on her fat, leaking nipple, snarling like a rabid wolf as thick baby-batter surged up his throbbing shaft.

Destiny locked her sweat-slick thighs around her son's pumping ass in a vise-grip fuck-harness, her wide breeding hips bucking violently off the cum-soaked mattress. Their bodies thrashed and ground together like rutting beasts in

heat, her massive tits flopping and slapping against her rib cage.

The desperate mother's pussy-quaking climax blasted her into a stratosphere of cunt-melting ecstasy that made every previous fuck—even the football team gangbang behind the bleachers when she was younger—feel like pathetic foreplay.

As thick, steaming ropes of teenage jizz flooded her convulsing fuck-tunnel, Destiny clamped her dripping pussy-lips around the base of Tanner's erupting meat-stick, making sure his purple cock-head was pressed against her dilating cervix. "Fucking drown my eggs in your potent fucking baby-juice, you mother-fucking stud!" she howled.

For several minutes they writhed in cum-drenched ecstasy; reality melted away as their brains short-circuited, focused solely on the squelching friction of his throbbing cock pumping jizz into her gushing cunt.

Finally, Tanner rolled off his mom, his veiny dick flopping against his cum-streaked six-pack with a wet slap. "Holy shit, that was one hell of a lesson!" he groaned.

Destiny rolled against him, mashing her leaking milk-bags against his sweat-slick pecs. She rammed her tongue down his throat, then fixed him with cock-hungry eyes. "Think you can stuff this slutty mommy-hole again?" Destiny begged.

Tanner grabbed his meaty teenage fuck-stick, giving it several brutal tugs. That Mom'll-fuck-zine had turned his breeding sow into a desperate cum-dumpster.

"Fuck yeah, I'm ready to wreck you again!" he sneered.

As he rose to his knees, the muscled stud watched his MILF mom present herself doggy-style, her fat ass thrust backward like a bitch in heat. Her puffy cunt-lips gaped obscenely, drooling their mingled fuck-juices down her trembling thighs.

Tanner didn't give a shit when the drug would wear off—he'd pound every slutty hole in his mother's cock-hungry body until she couldn't fucking walk.

"Fuck yeah, brace for impact, Mom!" Tanner growled, his engorged cock throbbing with anticipation.

Days later, Tanner burst into his basement bedroom and flashed a shit-eating grin at Lane. "They're coming!" he exclaimed.

Both teens panting like dogs in heat as they ripped their fucking clothes off. Their massive cocks sprang free, thick veiny monsters that pulsed with each heartbeat like they might explode.

"Fuck, I can't wait," Lane growled as he moved to the bed.

They crashed onto the mattress - their rock-hard cocks juttied upward like flesh missiles primed to launch, veins bulging obscenely along the shafts. Thick, glistening pre-goo oozed from their swollen cockheads like volcanic magma as they frantically jerked their throbbing meat-poles to assure maximum hardness.

Their ears perked up at the approaching giggles and slutty whispers of their cock-hungry MILFs stomping down the creaking stairway like horny elephants in heat.

Sloane and Destiny stumbled into the basement bedroom like hungry sex-zombies, their massive, jiggling tits threatening to burst from their skimpy tops, rock-hard nipples drilling through the stretched fabric.

"Well, well... what do we have here," Sloane growled, her eyes glazed with brain-melting lust as she dragged her tongue across her dick-polishing lips.

"Two 18-year-old motherfuckers with their throbbing cum-cannons locked and loaded for some nasty MILF-pounding," Destiny snarled back.

Both cock-hungry sluts ripped their clothes off with desperate, cum-hungry fingers, buttons exploding across the room and cheap fabric tearing like toilet paper as their fuck-fever overwhelmed any bullshit restraint. Their massive tit-flesh flopped free like jiggling water balloons, nipples hard as rocks and begging for teenage mouths.

Tanner rammed his elbow into Lane's ribs, his bulging eyeballs locked on the women's heaving chest-meat. "Holy shit, look at those giant fucking udders flopping around," he hissed, his voice thick as fuck with ball-draining lust.

Lane's jaw dropped as he watched their mothers' fat tits swing and quiver with each slutty movement. He nodded like a brain-dead pervert, a shit-eating grin spreading across his face. "Let's

make those saggy fuck-pillows really bounce, bro," he growled, strangling his throbbing cock-meat with desperate fingers.

The MILFs crawled onto the mattress like hungry fuck-beasts, their massive tits dangling beneath them like overfilled udders.

Sloane positioned her dripping cunt over Lane while Destiny mounted Tanner, spreading their thick thighs wide as they hovered their sloppy fuck-holes above their sons' throbbing meat-sticks.

The horny teenagers gaped upward, their eyes bulging at their mothers' naked bodies looming over them in the dingy basement light. Fat nipples pointed down at them, the enormous jugs casting shadows across the boys' lust-crazed faces. Destiny's milk-bags quivered with each panting breath, while Sloane's substantial tit-flesh swung like wrecking balls, both pairs hanging overhead like fleshy cum-catchers ready to milk their sons dry.

"Grade-A mommy-fuck-meat right here, bro," Tanner said to Lane. "All for us."

The boys' hungry gazes traveled down their mothers' taut bellies, past their navels to the glistening fuck-holes below. Each woman's cunt was perfectly smooth, shaved bare like a porn star's snatch, revealing every slutty detail of their mature pussies.

Their fat, swollen clits jutted out like tiny cocks from between puffy, slick cunt-lips that gleamed with nasty girl-juice in the dim basement light.

Tanner and Lane gaped like brain-dead morons at the slutty cunt-holes hovering inches above their purple dickheads, their eyeballs nearly popping out as they watched those gashes clench and unclench, practically fucking winking at them like desperate cum-dumpsters begging to be stuffed full of teenage meat.

"Holy shit, look at my mom's fat clit, bro," he gasped, jabbing a finger at the engorged pink nub jutting obscenely from between her swollen pussy lips. "It's like a goddamn mini-cock."

Tanner's tongue lolled out like a dog's, his nostrils flaring at the ripe stench of wet pussy-juice wafting from both MILF-holes. "Fuck, I need to eat me some tasty mom-snatch," he snarled, roughly grabbing his mother's hips. "Get that sloppy cunt on my face, Mom. I'm gonna tongue-fuck your hole."

Destiny immediately dropped her dripping gash toward his waiting mouth, her thick thighs quivering.

Lane smacked his mother's jiggling ass with a loud crack. "You too, mom. Sit that fuck-hole on my face."

The boys snarled like rabid wolves, their faces completely buried between their mothers' thighs. Tanner growled into Destiny's dripping folds, his tongue lapping frantically at her tangy nectar that coated his lips, chin, and nose.

Lane devoured Sloane's puffy lips with savage hunger, his mouth working overtime as he alternated between sucking her swollen clit and driving his stiffened tongue deep into her quivering hole.

Both teens grew dizzy from the intoxicating musk of mature pussy, their nostrils flaring as they breathed in the heady aroma that made their already rock-hard cocks throb painfully.

Lane's eyeballs nearly popped from their fucking sockets as he yanked his cum-drenched face back to gasp, "Holy shit, my mom's cunt is about to fucking explode!"

His fingers clawed into Sloane's jiggling thigh-meat as her body convulsed like she was being electrocuted. "Her fuck-hole is gushing all over my goddamn tongue!"

Tanner shot him a deranged look, his face dripping with pussy-slop. "Destroy that MILF gash, bro!" he snarled. "Fucking annihilate it!"

Lane ravaged his mother's bloated clit like a rabid animal, vacuum-sucking the throbbing nub while pile-driving three fingers knuckle-deep into her quivering snatch.

Sloane's spine bent like a bow as she howled like a wounded beast, her entire body thrashing while girl-cum hosed from her twitching fuck-tunnel, soaking Lane's eager face and flooding his throat with her tasty cunt-juice.

Destiny wasn't far behind, her thunder-thighs crushing Tanner's skull like a trash compactor as her whole body convulsed like she was being electrocuted. "OH FUCK, BABY, MOMMY'S FUCKING CUMMING!" she screeched like a goddamn banshee.

Tanner attacked her pussy harder, mashing his tongue against her fat clit while he sucked on her bloated cunt-lips. Her ass

bucked like she was riding a mechanical bull as the first wave hit, her fuck-hole spasming before erupting like a geyser, spraying hot girl-jizz all over his face.

The cum-soaked mattress beneath them turned into a swamp as Destiny and Sloane's bodies jerked through three more violent orgasms, each one hosing down their sons' eager faces with more pussy-juice, drenching the sheets in their slutty discharge.

The boys locked eyes across the mattress, their faces coated in pussy juice like they'd dunked their heads in buckets of cunt-slop—the sticky fluid dripping from their chins, matting their hair like jizz, and running in nasty streams down their necks onto their heaving chests.

Lane's face looked like he'd been glazed in MILF-cum under the basement's dim lighting, while Tanner's cheeks and forehead glistened like a whore's asshole after an oil massage.

They erupted into triumphant laughter, their teeth flashing through the cunt-slime as they stretched their arms across their quivering mothers to smack palms in a pussy-juice-soaked high-five. "We just made these mommy's squirt like fucking fire hydrants, bro!" Tanner crowed.

Destiny and Sloane continued to twitch like they were being electrocuted, their thighs trembling and their breath coming in ragged whore-gasps as their fucked-out bodies kept cumming.

Tanner squeezed his throbbing dick from base to tip, feeling every vein bulge under his fingers as he stared up at his mom's

flushed face, her cock-sucking lips still wet from her squirting orgasm.

"Get on our dicks now," he ordered, his voice a guttural snarl.

The horny MILFs exchanged slutty looks before positioning their dripping cunts over their sons' rock-hard boners, their puffy, soaked pussy lips hovering just above the angry purple cockheads that oozed sticky pre-cum all over the teenagers' six-packs.

Both cock-hungry sluts guided the swollen purple dickheads through their dripping gashes, smearing the sensitive tips against their fat, juicy clits. Every slutty stroke made the horny fuckers grunt like animals as their dickheads got slathered with sticky pre-jizz and MILF-juice, hovering at the entrances of the same fuck-holes they'd squirmed out of as babies.

"Holy fucking shit!" both teens bellowed, their eyes bulging as their veiny fuck-poles got swallowed up by their mothers' sloppy wet cunts.

"Oh my God – so fucking g-good," Sloane purred as both her and Destiny's cunts strangled their throbbing dicks like wet, hungry pythons. Their meat-tunnels tightened and milked their boys' teenage shafts with greedy suction.

Lane's eyes rolled back like a dying animal as his mom's dripping fuck-hole swallowed him to the root, while Tanner's fingers left bruises on Destiny's ass-cheeks as he rammed her down until his purple cockhead smashed against her cervix.

The feeling of their dick-tips battering that final fuck-barrier made both boys grunt like rutting pigs, their ball-sacks tightening. They fought not to blow their teenage loads into the same holes they'd crawled out of eighteen years earlier – not yet anyway.

Lane slapped his mother's fat ass with a resounding CRACK that left a crimson handprint on her jiggling flesh. "Come on, fuck us harder!" he growled, his voice thick with animal lust.

Both cock-hungry mothers immediately set into motion, their thick thighs flexing as they slammed their dripping cunts down to the wet base of the boys' throbbing meat-poles.

With each frantic movement, their massive tits flopped like sweaty flesh-sacks above the boys, nipples hard as bullets and leaking droplets of sweat that occasionally splashed onto the teenagers' spit-slicked faces below.

"Holy fuck, look at that shit," Tanner wheezed, elbowing Lane's ribs as they both stared in disbelief at the lewd sight before them.

Sloane's swollen cunt lips slapped wetly against Lane's rock-hard cock-shaft like a slutty Venus flytrap, her engorged pussy devouring him with each downward thrust. Her juicy twat hugged his dick-base like a tight, hungry mouth, her clit rubbing against his pubic bone as if begging for more of her son's teenage meat.

"Jesus fuck, they're sucking us in like goddamn dick-hungry vacuum cleaners," he choked out, his voice cracking. "My dick feels like it's being strangled by a wet, hot python."



Tanner's face contorted into a twisted grimace, spit flying from his lips as he gasped for air. "Fuck yeah, bro. These slutty cunts are milking our balls like they want to drain every last fucking drop."

"Fuck dude," Lane snarled, his voice a guttural rasp, "I need those fat tits in my mouth right fucking now."

Tanner's lips curled into a wolfish grin as he nodded enthusiastically. "Drop your tits to my face, mom," he commanded, his fingers digging into his mother's sweat-slicked hips.

Both women complied immediately, arching their backs to dangle their massive milk-bags over their sons' slobbering mouths. The teenagers' faces disappeared beneath the suffocating weight of tit-flesh—their noses buried in the

musky, sweat-drenched crevices as their mouths latched onto the puffy, spit-slick nipples like starving calves.

Their cheeks hollowed with powerful suction while their tongues lashed the rock-hard nipples like they were trying to lick the skin off.

The basement echoed with wet, pig-at-the-trough slurping as the boys alternated between sucking like starved animals and jamming their faces deep between the jiggling tit-flesh, shaking their heads like dogs with meat.

Their mothers' cunts squelched and farted around the veiny teenage dicks, grinding down in sloppy circles that kept their boys' cocks buried balls-deep in their dripping fuck-holes.

Tanner yanked his face from between his mother's tits, his chin dripping with spit. "Holy fuck, bro! Look at this shit!" he growled, grabbing Destiny's left breast. He squeezed the swollen flesh until a thick stream of creamy white milk spurted from her puffy nipple, arcing through the air and spattering across Lane's heaving chest. "These fucking jugs are bursting with milk!"

The veins beneath her grapefruit-sized areolas pulsed blue-green against her stretched skin, snaking like rivers across the taut, milk-swollen globe. When he pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, another jet of warm milk sprayed out, this time hitting Lane directly in his open mouth.

"Taste that mother's milk, bro!" Tanner howled, his eyes wild as he watched Lane's throat bob, swallowing the unexpected mouthful of his best friend's mom's tit-juice.

Lane's eyes gleamed with sudden inspiration. "Bro, let's get under these massive tits and suck that soft underside where it's all warm and sweaty," he growled, already diving beneath his mother's heaving flesh-globes.

Tanner grunted his approval, his mouth watering as he burrowed under his mom's giant jugs. Both teens attacked the tender undersides, their tongues tracing the blue veins that snaked beneath the stretched skin while their teeth grazed the sensitive crease where tit met ribcage.

They moaned like starving animals as they felt the full, suffocating weight of their mothers' enormous milk-bags pressing down on their flushed faces, their nostrils filling with the musky scent of tit-sweat and perfume.

The two cum-drunk MILFs locked eyes over their sons' sweat-slick bodies, faces twisted in identical expressions of filthy pleasure. Destiny's cock-sucking lips curled into a slutty grin while Sloane's tongue darted out to lick her own lips, both moms silently acknowledging how much better their boys' rock-hard teenage dicks felt compared to their husbands' pathetic limp pricks.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Sloane," Destiny moaned, her voice a filthy rasp barely audible over the obscene flesh-slapping echoing through the basement, "his dick is fucking massive compared to my husband's pathetic little prick."

Sloane nodded, her massive tits slapping against her son's exploring face with each fuck-bounce, dark nipples dripping with her son's spit. "And harder than my husband's pathetic

dick ever got," she moaned, eyes rolling back as her cunt squeezed around Lane's throbbing cock. "I haven't squirted like this since—" she choked as Lane rammed upward into her guts, "—fuck, I've never had my pussy this wet for any man."

Lane's head popped out from his mother's massive tits like he was drowning, gasping like a fish. His face was red as a baboon's ass and dripping wet. He locked eyes with Tanner over the bouncing flesh.

"HOLY FUCK, BRO!" he wheezed, voice breaking like a pubescent choir boy's. "Her cunt's squirting so hard it's like I'm getting a goddamn power wash on my nutsack! My balls are swimming in mommy juice!"

Tanner's face emerged from between Destiny's heaving tits, his mouth smeared with spit, eyes glazed over like a junkie's. "Fucking wreck that cunt, bro," he snarled, fingers leaving bruises in his mother's flesh. "Drill that whore till she squirts like a goddamn fire hose!"

Lane thrust upward like a fucking animal, his hips jackhammering from below as he met each of his mother's cock-hungry downward plunges.

Sloane's head snapped back, her spine arching like a whore in heat as a filthy scream ripped from her cum-hungry throat. Her entire body convulsed in slutty spasms, thighs quivering like jelly against her son's sweat-drenched body while her cunt gripped his throbbing dick like it wanted to choke the jizz right out of his balls.

Her massive tits flopped and bounced like water balloons, slapping wetly against Lane's red face and chest with each fuck-tremor that tore through her cock-stuffed body, her rock-hard nipples smearing spit and sweat across his gasping mouth and burning skin.

Tanner dug his fingers into his mother's ass, leaving deep marks in her sweaty skin. "You ready to cum harder than that limp-dicked husband of yours ever made you?" he snarled, his hot breath on her neck. "I'm gonna fuck your brains out till you squirt all over my cock."

Destiny's lipstick-smearred mouth hung open, a desperate "Fuck yes" panting out between gasps.

"Slam your forehead against mine, mom," he ordered, his voice rough as gravel. "Stare right into my eyes while I wreck your pussy."

She obeyed instantly, pressing her sweaty face to his as their eyes locked. Their hot breath reeked of lust as Tanner planted his feet wide on the mattress. He grabbed her ass cheeks and started hammering upward like a piston, his rock-hard muscles flexing with each brutal thrust.

He watched, dick throbbing harder, as her green eyes—the same shade as his—went completely vacant, pupils blown wide before they rolled back in her skull, her eyelashes fluttering as she started to lose her fucking mind.

Tanner's eyes darted toward Lane, a wolfish grin splitting his sweat-slick face. "Bro, check it—I'm about to make my mom come apart all over my cock!"

His dick throbbed and twitched inside her cunt, the fat mushroom head scraping her G-spot raw with every brutal thrust. The veins bulging along his shaft pulsed as he pounded her like a jackhammer, his hips crashing against her so hard her ass-cheeks jiggled like jello.

Her glazed eyes and drooling mouth told him she was about to lose it, especially when her pussy started clenching and squeezing his cock like it wanted to milk him dry.

"That's it," he snarled, sweat dripping off his face as he rutted into her sloppy hole. "Cum all over my fucking dick, mom."

She suddenly jerked violently, her entire body seizing as if electrocuted.

"Holy shit, look at that!" the boy laughed as she thrashed uncontrollably against him, her sweat-slicked body convulsing in waves. "Fuck yeah, squirt all over my cock!" he growled, gripping her hips harder as her heavy tits bounced chaotically, slapping wetly against his neck.

Her eyes rolled back, showing only whites as she came completely undone, her cunt contracting around his thick rod while her juices gushed between them, creating filthy squelching sounds with each brutal thrust into her sloppy hole.

Lane's eyes gleamed with predatory hunger as he locked gazes with his friend. "Let's flip these hot bitches over and show 'em what's up, bro," he growled, his voice husky with unspent lust.

In one synchronized motion, they seized control, powerful young muscles tensing as they flipped their mothers onto their backs like ragdolls.

Lane's hands roughly grabbed his mother's thighs, spreading them wide. "Wrap those fucking legs around me, mom," he snarled, his spit landing on her neck. "Lock those ankles behind my ass and squeeze that dripping cunt around my cock while I pound your guts out."

Sloane obeyed like the cock-hungry slut she'd become, her legs instantly wrapping around his sweat-soaked body, her heels digging into his ass cheeks as she pulled his throbbing shaft deeper into her sopping wet pussy.

Tanner's voice dropped to a guttural growl against his mother's ear. "Wrap those fucking legs around me, Mom—squeeze my cock with that cunt like you're trying to push me out while I ram this fat dick up your gushing hole."

His hot breath made her skin prickle with goosebumps. Destiny immediately obeyed, her sweaty thighs clamping around his slick waist, her red-painted toenails digging into the dimples above his ass. Her pussy gripped his throbbing rod like a vise, milking and squeezing his shaft as she bucked up to meet every brutal thrust, their bodies slapping together with wet, obscene sounds.

"Holy motherfucking Christ," Tanner growled, voice dropping to a guttural rumble as he sank deeper into her swollen, pregnancy-stretched belly. His hands seized her milk-heavy

tits, fingers sinking into the tender flesh as they locked together in perfect synchronicity.

Their bodies found an ancient, primal rhythm, her hips rising to meet his savage thrusts with practiced precision, as though they'd been carved from the same block of flesh solely for this obscene purpose. Her cunt gripped him like a velvet vise, pulling him deeper with each stroke, their bodies slotting together with the sick perfection of a key finding its lock.

The boys rutted and grunted like animals in heat, their cocks jackhammering in and out with brutal force.

Lane's back muscles bunched as he pounded his mother's cunt raw, sweat dripping from his chin onto her heaving tits.

Tanner's ass flexed with each punishing thrust, the veins in his neck bulging as he hammered deeper into his mom's sloppy hole. Their hips slammed forward relentlessly, balls slapping wetly against their mothers' ass cheeks, the obscene squelching sounds filling the basement as the women moaned like whores beneath them, fingernails clawing at their sons' sweat-slick flesh.

The boys' faces twisted with filthy pleasure, teeth bared and eyes wild as they fucked their mothers like the dirty sluts they were.

The hot, wet cunts of Destiny and Sloane stretched and squelched around their sons' thick cocks, their pink pussy walls getting redder and more swollen with each brutal slam. Their horny bodies oozed slippery girl-cum that mixed with the boys' leaking pre-jizz, making their fuck-holes sloppy and

dripping. The nasty juice foamed up into dirty cream around the veiny dicks hammering their gashes, their tender meat gripping and sucking at the rock-hard poles violating them.

Their raw clits buzzed and throbbed like they were being electrocuted, making their whole bodies shake and twitch while their greedy cunts quivered and milked the massive rods splitting them open.

The cheap bed frame screamed like a bitch beneath them, its shitty wooden joints ready to snap as the boys' brutal thrusts made the whole fucking thing slam against the wall like a battering ram. Every time they rammed their cocks home, the headboard crashed into the drywall, punching a nasty hole that dumped white shit all over their cum-soaked sheets.

For a solid hour, they destroyed those cunts, the mattress screeching like a stuck pig while their mothers' bodies thrashed like they were being electrocuted, squirting so much juice the mattress looked like someone dumped buckets of cum all over it.

The boys' cocks stayed rock-hard the entire time, their sweaty muscles pumping like fucking machines as their mothers' pussy juice sprayed everywhere like broken fire hydrants, glazing their throbbing dicks and heavy nut-sacks until the slop dripped off their balls onto the completely fucked bedding below.

The boys' voices broke like they were busting their first nut. "F-f-fuck, gonna knock you up with my cum, Mom," Lane sputtered, drool hanging from his lip.

Tanner's face twisted like an animal's, teeth bared. "Take every fucking drop of my jizz in that slutty cunt," he growled, eyes rolling back in his skull.

Their bodies locked up like they'd been tasered, abs clenching so hard they cramped. Their hips jerked like they were having seizures, cocks pulsating as thick, hot baby-batter erupted from their swollen dickheads. Massive loads of sticky spunk flooded their mothers' fuck-holes, painting their cervixes white with incestuous seed.

Their fat cocks throbbed with each violent spurt, nuts tightening as they dumped their backed-up loads, cum so thick and plentiful it immediately oozed out around their still-pummeling shafts like melted ice cream.

Finally, after wrestling through was seemed like an endless mutual climax, the four collapsed like dead fucking weight, a nasty pile of cum-slick flesh under the shitty fluorescent lights.

Lane slobbered all over his mother's tongue while twisting her raw nipples like radio dials, making her moan like a bitch in heat.

Next to them, Tanner threw his sweaty leg over Destiny's thighs, his fingers jammed knuckle-deep in her sloppy cunt, still oozing his thick jizz while she giggled like a slut and chomped his ear.

They writhed across sheets soaked with fuck-juice, swapping spit and pawing at each other's bodies like horny animals, too dick-drunk and pussy-blind to care they were committing the filthiest taboo imaginable.

After 3-hour fuck marathon, Destiny and Sloane stumbled down the cracked sidewalk toward Sloane's house, giggling like cock-drunk prom queens. Their massive tits threatened to spill from stretched-out tank tops with each wobbly step, jiggling like fucking Jell-O while their 6-inch fuck-me heels clicked against concrete.

Thick globs of their sons' nasty baby-batter leaked down their inner thighs like melted ice cream, their raw, stretched-out cunts still throbbing like a toothache beneath their skirts.

"I came so fucking hard my pussy nearly broke his dick off," Sloane bragged. "I swear I blacked out for a minute."

Destiny cackled. "Girl, my legs are still fucking twitching. Haven't cum like that since... hell, never."

She grabbed Sloane's arm for balance. "Fuck Sunday service. From now on, I'm on my knees for something that actually answers my prayers."

Sloane snorted, nearly falling off her heels. "Amen to that. I'll take teenage cock over communion wine any day. Those boys are our new religion."

"I imagine they think those pills they drugged us with are wearing off about now," said Destiny with a sly grin.

"If they only knew we didn't take them," Sloane added. "That their sexy ass mothers are smarter than they think we are."

Destiny dug into her purse and yanked out a crumpled foil packet, the pink pills inside catching the streetlight's piss-yellow glow.

"Look at these motherfucking things," she snorted. "Mom'll-fuck-zine. Our naive boys actually think we swallowed this garbage in addition to their hot loads this morning."

Sloane doubled over, her red hair falling across her pretty face as she wheezed with laughter. "Like we need that shit to spread our fucking legs for those thick cocks. We're just nasty cunts who crave our own sons' jizz."

Destiny's lips twisted into a nasty smirk as she crushed the packet in her fist, then flicked it toward the storm drain like a used condom. The foil bounced across the sidewalk before disappearing between rusty grates with a clink.

"Let our big-dicked teens think they're drugging us into spreading our legs," she snorted. "Fine by me."

"Me too," Destiny cackled. "Our dirty secret that we're just cum-hungry whores who'd drain their balls dry anyway."

They wobbled onward, their tits and asses bouncing with each step, already thinking about the next time they'd feel their sons inside them.